

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

Edinburgh, 24th March, 1650.

MY LORD,

I do with all humble thankfulness acknowledge your high favour, and tender respect of me, expressed in your Letter, and the Express sent therewith to inquire after one so unworthy as myself.

Indeed, my Lord, your service needs not me: I am a poor creature; and have been a dry bone; and am still an unprofitable servant to my Master and you. I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness; but the Lord seemeth to dispose otherwise. But truly, my Lord, I desire not to live, unless I may obtain mercy from the Lord to approve my heart and life to Him in more faithfulness and thankfulness, and 'to' those I serve in more profitableness and diligence. And I pray God, your Lordship, and all in public trust, may improve all those unparalleled experiences of the Lord's wonderful Workings in your sight, with singleness of heart to His glory, and the refreshment of His People; who are to Him as the apple of His eye; and upon whom your enemies, both former and latter, who have fallen before you, did split themselves.

This shall be the unfeigned prayer of,

My Lord, your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.