

The Lady Elizabeth Cromwell to her Husband the Lord General at Edinburgh.

'Cockpit, London,' 27th December, 1650.

MY DEAREST,-I wonder you should blame me for writing no oftener, when I have sent three for one: I cannot but think they are miscarried. Truly if I know my own heart, I should as soon neglect myself as to 'omit' the least thought towards you, who in doing it, I must do it to myself. But when I do write, my Dear, I seldom have any satisfactory answer; which makes me think my writing is slighted; as well it may: but I cannot but think your love covers my weakness and infirmities.

I should rejoice to hear your desire in seeing me; but I desire to submit to the Providence of God; hoping the Lord, who hath separated us, and hath often brought us together again, will in His Good time bring us again, to the praise of His name. Truly my life is but half a life in your absence, did not the Lord make up in Himself, which I must acknowledge to the praise of His grace.

I would you would think to write sometimes to your dear friend, my Lord Chief Justice, of whom I have often put you in mind. And truly, my Dear, if you would think of what I put you in mind of some, it might be to as much purpose as others; writing sometimes a Letter to the President, and sometimes to the Speaker. Indeed, my Dear, you cannot think the wrong you do yourself in the want of a Letter, though it were but seldom. I pray think on; and so rest,-yours in all faithfulness,

"ELIZABETH CROMWELL."