

For my honoured Lord Wharton: These.

Stratford-on-Avon, 27th Augustust, 1651.

MY LORD,

I know I write to my Friend,-therefore give me leave to say one bold word.

In my very heart: Your Lordship, Dick Norton, Tom Westrow, Robert Hammond have, though not intentionally, helped one another to stumble at the Dispensations of God, and to reason yourselves out of His service!-

Now 'again' you have opportunity to associate with His people in His work; and to manifest your willingness, and desire to serve the Lord against His and His people's enemies. Would you be blessed out of Zion, and see the good of His people, and rejoice with His inheritance,-I advise you all in the bowels of love, Let it appear you offer yourselves willingly to His work! Wherein to be accepted, is more honour from the Lord than the world can give or hath. I am persuaded it needs you not,-save as your Lord and Master needed the Ass's Colt, to shew His humility, meekness and condescension; but you need it, to declare your submission to, and owning yourself the Lord's and His peoples!-

If you can break through old disputes,-I shall rejoice if you help others to do so also. Do not say, You are now satisfied because it is the old Quarrel:-as if it had not been so, all this while!

I have no leisure; but a great deal of entire affection to you and yours, and those named 'here,'-which I thus plainly express. Thanks to you and the dear Lady, for all loves,-and for poor foolish Mall. I am in good earnest 'thankful;' and so also

Your Lordships
Faithful friend and most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.