

For my esteemed Friend, Mr. Cotton, Pastor of the Church at Boston in New England: These.

'London,' 2nd October, 1651.

WORTHY SIR, AND MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

I received yours a few days since. It was welcome to me because signed by you, whom I love and honour in the Lord: but more 'so' to see some of the same grounds of our Actings, stirring in you that are in us, to quiet us in our work, and support us therein. Which hath had the greatest difficulty in our engagement in Scotland; by reason we have had to do with some who were, I verily think, Godly, but, through weakness and the subtlety of Satan, 'were' involved in Interests against the Lord and His People.

With what tenderness we have proceeded with such, and that in sincerity, our Papers (which I suppose you have seen) will in part manifest; and I give you some comfortable assurance of 'the same.' The Lord hath marvellously appeared even against them. And now again when all the power was devolved into the Scottish King and the Malignant Party, -they invading England, the Lord rained upon them such snares as the Enclosed will shew. Only the Narrative is short in this, That at their whole Army, when the Narrative was framed, not five men were returned.

Surely, Sir, the Lord is greatly to be feared and to be praised! We need your prayers in this as much as ever. How shall we behave ourselves after such mercies? What is the Lord a-doing? What Prophecies are now fulfilling? Who is a God like ours! To know His will, to do His will are both of Him.

I took this liberty from business, to salute you thus in a word. Truly I am ready to serve you and the rest of your Brethren and Churches with you. I am a poor weak creature, and not worthy the name of a worm; yet accepted to serve the Lord and His People. Indeed, my dear Friend, between you and me, you know not me, -my weakness, my inordinate passions, my unskilfulness, and every-way unfitness to my work. Yet, yet the Lord, who will have mercy on whom He will, does as you see! Pray for me. Salute all Christian Friends though unknown.

I rest,
Your affectionate friend to serve you,
OLIVER CROMWELL.