

For my beloved Daughter, Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, General's Quarters:
These.

London, 25th October, 1646.

DEAR DAUGHTER,

I write not to thy Husband; partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed at this time, having some other considerations.

Your Friends at Ely are well: your Sister Claypole, I trust in mercy, exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind: bewailing it: she seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be of the best sect next to a finder; and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self, vanity, and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of His, and could go less in desire, -less than pressing after full enjoyment? Dear Heart, press on; let not Husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy Husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me.

My service and dear affections to the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations.

I am
Thy dear Father,
OLIVER CROMWELL.