

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at his House at Hursley:
These.

Alnwick, 17th July, 1650.

DEAR BROTHER,

The exceeding crowd of business I had at London is the best excuse I can make for my silence this way. Indeed, Sir, my heart beareth me witness I want no affection to you or yours; you are all often in my poor prayers.

I should be glad to hear how the little Brat doth. I could chide both Father and Mother for their neglects of me: I know my Son is idle, but I had better thoughts of Doll. I doubt now her Husband hath spoiled her; pray tell her so from me. If I had a good leisure as they, I should write sometimes. If my Daughter be breeding, I will excuse her; but not for her nursery! The Lord bless them. I hope you give my Son good counsel; I believe he needs it. He is in the dangerous time of his age; and it's a very vain world. O, how good it is to close with Christ betimes; there is nothing else worth the looking after: I beseech you call upon him, -I hope you will discharge my duty and your own love: you see how I am employed. I need pity, I know what I feel. Great place and business in the world is not worth the looking after; I should have no comfort in mine but that my hope is in the Lord's presence. I have not sought these things; truly I have been called unto them by the Lord, and therefore am not without some assurance that He will enable His poor worm and weak servant to do His will, and to fulfil my generation. In this I desire your prayers. Desiring to be lovingly remembered to my dear Sister, to our Son and Daughter, to my Cousin Ann and the good Family, I rest,

Your very affectionate brother,
OLIVER CROMWELL.