

For my worthy Friend, Oliver St. John Esquire, Solicitor-General; These, at Lincoln's Inn:

Knarborough, 1st September, '1648.'

DEAR SIR,

I can say nothing; but surely the Lord our God is a great and glorious God. He only is worthy to be feared and trusted, and His appearances particularly to be waited for. He will not fail His People. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord!-

Remember my love to my dear brother H. Vane: I pray he make not too little, nor I too much, of outward dispensations:-God preserve us all, that we, in simplicity of our spirits, may patiently attend upon them. Let us not be more careful what men will make of these actings. They, will they, nill they, shall fulfil the good pleasure of God; and we shall serve our generations. Our rest we expect elsewhere; that will be durable. Care we not for to-morrow, nor for anything. This Scripture has been of great stay to me: read Isaiah Eighth, 10, 11, 14;-read all the Chapter.

I am informed from good hands, that a poor godly man died in Preston, the day before the Fight; and being sick near the hour of his death, he desired the woman that cooked to him, To fetch him a handful of Grass. She did so; and when he received it, he asked Whether it would wither or not, now it was cut? The woman said, "Yea." He replied, "So should this Army of the Scots do, and come to nothing, so soon as ours did but appear," or words to this effect; and so immediately died.--

My service to Mr. W. P., Sir J. E., and the rest of our good friends. I hope I do often remember you.

Yours,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to Frank Russel and Sir Gilbert Pickering.