

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

'Near Knaresborough,' 2d September, 1648.

MY LORD,

You know how untoward I am at this business of writing; yet a word. I beseech the Lord make us sensible of this great mercy here, which surely was much more than 'the sense of it' the House expresseth. I trust 'to have, through' the goodness of our God, time and opportunity to speak of it to you face to face. When we think of our God, what are we! Oh, His mercy to the whole society of saints,-despised, jeered saints! Let them mock on. Would we were all saints! The best of us are, God knows, poor weak saints;-yet saint; if not sheep, yet lambs; and must be fed. We have daily bread, and shall have it, in despite of all enemies. There's enough in our father's house, and He dispenseth it. I think through these outward mercies, as we call them, Faith, Patience, Love, Hope are exercised and perfected,-yea, Christ formed, and grows to a perfect man within us. I know not well how to distinguish; the difference is only in the subject, 'not in the object;' to a worldly man they are outward, to a saint Christian;-but I dispute not.

My Lord, I rejoice in your particular mercy. I hope that it is so to you. If so, it shall not hurt you; not make you plot or shift for the young Baron to make him great. You will say, "He is God's to dispose of, and guide for," and there you will leave him.

My love to the dear little Lady, better 'to me' than the child. The Lord bless you both. My love and service to all Friends high and low; if you will, to my Lord and Lady Mulgrave and Will Hill. I am truly,

Your faithful friend and humblest servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.