

LETTER

Ralph Brownrigg (1592–1659), Bishop of Exeter (1642–1659)
to William Sancroft (1617–1693)

30 January 1652

It is your love that makes you undertake so readily Mrs. Prime's employment in writing to me, and making inquiry after my welfare. I owe it to you both that you are so mindful of me as, in truth, my thoughts of you both are always wakeful, every week looking and longing for the good tidings of your health. I bless God, mine has not suffered any impairing since I came to London; yet still I wish to suck in Triplow air, and shall hasten home when I shall meet with that dismissal, which Mrs. Prime questions what it meant in my former letter.

The overtures that were made to me are laid aside (as I am told) till some greater affairs may be transacted and some differences composed, so that partly good manners makes me continue here, not being willing to turn my back upon those that so friendly invited me hither, and partly I am requested still to stay by those that conceive some hope that good may be done, which in truth I do not see makes any approach towards us; but I will not desert any opportunity so long as it offers itself.

Mr. Carter's anniversary is an invitation which I desire to lay hold on; but if I shall be disappointed of it, the sad anniversary which this day recurs upon us may well quench the thoughts of any festivities, and turn all our rejoicings into mourning. "Son of man, write the name of this day, even of this same day,"¹ as Ezekiel has it; but write it with juice of wormwood mingled with tears; or rather blot it out of the calendar, and let it not be reckoned amongst the days of the year.

I am glad to hear that all with you are in good health. I pray remember your own thin body, and cherish it with warmth. Salute my loving friends, your young gentlemen; and my best respects must never be forgot to Mr. Carter and his wife.

The nearer to London, the further from news. I see none of their books, nor hear much of their affairs; only I hear yesterday there was an ordination of five young striplings at Mr. Carter's parish in the Poultry by the incumbent of that church and the other presbytery. These super-seminations are still practiced, though it be in secret.

With my very affectionate love assured to you, I betake you to the good hand of our gracious God, in Whom I am.

Henry Cary, *Memorials of the Great Civil War in England* (London: Henry Colburn, 1842), II:402–403.

¹ Ezekiel 24:2