

and you may feel 'God save the King' in the air. If you had married Stephen, he would have been alive to join in the cry. I could weep at your obstinacy, Jane."

"Let it pass, dear. I was suckled on Puritan milk. Stephen and I never could have been one. My fate was to go to the New World. When I was a little child I dreamed of it, saw it in visions before I knew that it existed. Stephen has escaped this sorrowful world and ——"

"Oh, then, I would he were here! This sorrowful world with Stephen in it was a better world than this is without him. Jane, Jane, how he loved you!"

"And I loved him, as a companion, friend, and lover, if you will. When you lay his body in de Wick, I wept and a flower on his coffin for me. God give him peace!"

At length their "farewell" came. Jane could not shed it; she was sure Matilda would wear emotion to tears and exhaustion. But it was not so. She wept, but she was solemnly silent; and the last words between them were soft and whispered, and only those sad, loving monosyllables which are more eloquent than the most fervid protestations. And so they parted, forever in this life —and if this life were all, Death would indeed be the Conqueror. But it is not all; even through the death struggle, the Son of God holds high her cup of Love, unspilled.

The next afternoon Jane and Cluny rode through London streets for the last time. They were full of busy, happy people, and mingling with them all the bravery and splendid show of the great company of courtiers that were in the train of Mazarin's two nephews, the Duke of Crequin and Monsieur Mancini; Ambassadors from the King of France to congratulate Cromwell—"the most invincible of sovereigns, the greatest and happiest of princes—" on the surrender of Dunkirk.