

remember forevermore that they have a joint in their necks. Oliver has done, to the last tittle, the work he was sent to do. It is Oliver the Conqueror! not Oliver the Failure. But I could weep my eyes out for the cruelties his tender heart has had to bear. There are some men I could wish a tenfold retribution to, and I think they will get it. Baxter has whined and whined against Cromwell, but he will have plenty of opportunities yet to wish Cromwell back. And there is Vane! he will not find Charles Stuart as forbearing to his fine mystical unreasonableness as Cromwell has been; he may lay his head on the block before long. As for Lambert and Fairfax and the rest, the subtle Monk will be too much for them. Let them alone, their sins will find them out; and we will sail westward in good hope. Remember, Israel, it is not incumbent on us to finish the work; we can leave it in God's hands. And though we have to leave it behind us incomplete, God will use it some way and somewhere, and the news will find us, even in heaven, and sweeten our happy labours there. I believe this, I do with all my soul."

On Thursday night, the second of September, being the ninth day of his hard fight, he bade his wife and children "a good-bye"; but into this sacred scene not even the tenderest imagination may intrude. Afterward he appeared to withdraw himself entirely within the shadow of the Almighty, waiting the signal for his release in a peaceful, even a happy, mood, and saying in a more and more laboured voice, "Truly God is good—indeed He is—He will not—leave. My work is done—but God will be—with His people." Some one offered him a drink to ease his restlessness and give him sleep, but he refused it. "It is not my design to drink or to sleep," he said; "my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." The last extremity