

he, "though it turn the father against the son and the son against the father. Though the house be divided against itself yet the Lord's work shall be done."

Turning his blazing eyes upon John Enderby, he said:

"Troublous and degenerate man, get gone from this country, and no more set foot in it on peril of your life. We recalled you from outlawry, believing you to be a true lover of your country, but we find you malignant, seditious and dangerous."

He turned towards the young man.

"You, sir, shall get you back to prison until other witnesses be found. Although we know your guilt, we will be formal and just."

With an impatient nod to an officer beside him, he waved his hand towards father and son.

As he was about to leave the room, John Enderby stretched out a hand to him appealingly.

"Your Highness," said he, "I am an old man."

"Will you bear witness in this cause?" asked Cromwell, his frown softening a little.

"Your Highness, I have suffered unjustly; the lad is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. I cannot—"

With an angry wave of the hand Cromwell walked heavily from the room.

Some touch of shame came to the young man's cold heart, and he spoke to his father as the officers were about to lead him away.

"I have been wrong, I have misunderstood you, sir," he said, and he seemed about to hold out his hand.

But it was too late. The old man turned on him, shaking his shaggy head.

"Never, sir, while I live. The wrong to me is little. I can take my broken life into a foreign land and die dishonoured and forgotten. But my other child, my