

knowing her meaning, told the bishop the queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half-hour after, and then thought to leave her. Elizabeth, speechless, agonizing, and aware of the utter inefficiency of the aid of the physician or the nurse, was eager now for spiritual medicine. She had tasted in that dark hour of the waters of life, and the thirst of the immortal spirit was not lightly satiated,—the weakness of the dissolving tabernacle of feeble clay was forgotten. She made, a second time, a sign to have the archbishop continue in prayer.¹ "He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit that the queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat," continues the eye-witness of this impressive scene, "and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but the women who attended her. . . . This," pursues he, "that I heard with my ears, and did see with mine eyes, I thought it my duty to set down, and to affirm it for a truth upon the faith of a Christian, because I know there have been many false lies reported of the end and death of that good lady." As those of a trusted and beloved kinsman of Elizabeth, the statements of sir Robert Carey are doubtless of great importance. Few, indeed, of those who are admitted to visit the death-beds of sovereigns have left such graphic records of their last hours. It is melancholy to add, that there is every reason to believe that, while death was thus dealing with the aged queen, this very Carey, and his sister lady Scrope, were intently watching the ebbing-tide of life, for the purpose of being the first to hail the impatient king of Scots as her successor.

The spirit of the mighty Elizabeth, after all, passed away so quietly, that the vigilance of the self-interested spies by whom she was surrounded was baffled, and no one knew the moment of her departure. Exhausted by her devotions, she had, after the archbishop left her, sunk into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke, and about three in the morn-

¹ Auto-biography of sir Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth.