

"Ah!" said he, "you that saved my body is now come to save my soul."

There was the murmur of the priest's voice in answer. (The two of them were not more than three or four yards away from me, at the most.) Then again I heard the King, very clear and continuous, though still weak, and not so loud as he had first spoken.

"Yes," said he, "I desire to die in the Faith and Communion of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. I am sorry with all my heart that I have deferred it for so long; and for all my sins."

(He said it quite distinctly, as if he had rehearsed it beforehand.)

Then the priest and he spoke together—the King repeating the priest's words sometimes, and sometimes volunteering a word or two of his own.

He said that through Christ's Passion he hoped to be saved; that he was in charity with all the world; that he pardoned his enemies most heartily, and desired pardon of all whom he had offended; that if God would yet spare him, he would amend his life in every particular.

All that I heard with my own ears, and with inexpressible comfort. His Majesty's voice was low, but very distinct, though sometimes he spoke scarce above a whisper; and I do not think that any man who heard him could doubt his sincerity—however late it was to shew it. But he was not altogether too late, thank God!

So soon as His Majesty began his confession, after Mr. Huddleston's moving him to it, I slipped away from the door and began, as softly as I could to walk up and down the little chamber again. I was satisfied beyond measure; yet it seemed to me sometimes near incredible that I should in very truth, be here at such a time, and that I should have been, under God's merciful Providence, the instrument in such an affair. My life was ended, I knew well enough now, in all matters that the world counts life to consist of; yet was there ever such an ending? I had seen all else go from me—my natural activities of every kind, my ambitions, even the most sacred thing that the world can give, after