

first of the Quakers, hat on head, commanding Cromwell to lay down his crown; and the greatest potentate in Europe seating himself on the edge of the table, trying to overtop the Quaker, and bantering him for his infallible assurance. But the good humor of the Lord Protector soon returned. "I have good news for you," he said, later in the day, to one of his wife's maids, who was a Quakeress, "George Fox is come to town." "That," she replied demurely, "is good news indeed." So there were Quakers in Cromwell's household, even as of old there were "saints in Cæsar's household;" and they dearly loved their spiritual guide and friend.

One other interview only, in this world, were George Fox and Oliver Cromwell destined to have. Two years later, just after the death of his favorite daughter, Lady Claypole, Cromwell was seized with the fever which soon after terminated fatally. At the outset, he struggled against the disease, and rode out to take the air at Hampton Court. While thus engaged, at the head of his guards, he saw once more the figure of George Fox approaching. Courteously he stopped and awaited the Quaker. Some of his followers had again been imprisoned, and George well knew where to go for redress. Having stated his case, he was requested to come to the Protector's house; but when he came next day, the fever had increased, and he could receive no one. A few days more, and Cromwell was on his death-bed in Whitehall, praying for his enemies, blessing his children, and humbly and in peace committing his spirit into the hands of his Creator. George Fox's account of their last interview, is thus given in his Journal: "I met him riding in Hampton Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft (or apparition) of death go forth against him; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him, as I was moved to speak to him, he bid me come to his house. ⁱⁿ So the next day, I went to Hampton Court to have spoken further with him. But when I came, he was sick, and the doctors were unwilling I should speak with him. So I passed away and never saw him more." Let us hope that Puritan and Quaker have met, long since, in that better land, where no clouds come between good men, and now understand one another better than when on earth.

At the time of Cromwell's death George Fox was but thirty-four