

would win Rosiland to his way of thinking. I may say here that she never did this, for while the Puritan maid made it impossible for her ever to believe again in the faith of her childhood, she could never accept the stern Calvinism of the Independent preacher.

When he came to bid her God-speed, however, he told me that Johnnie Wilson, for whom I went to Pontefract, was hale and strong, and living happily with his mother at the little farm near Spalding.

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes," said Andrew Marlow to my father as the two men parted. "The Lord hath chosen the weak to put down the mighty. The Lord, I say, hath done all this."

My father answered him never a word. A few months before he would have spurned him as a traitor to his God and his King, but now he was silent.

We travelled slowly to Cornwall, for my wounds were not even yet healed; nevertheless, as I saw the fires that were lit in the Park at my homecoming, I forgot all about them. Giving Blossom rein, I rode ahead of my father and Rosiland, and heeding not the shouts of those who bade me welcome, I did not stop until I reached the door of my old home, where my mother waited to welcome me.

"Welcome home, my brave boy," was all she said as she kissed me again and again; but I knew what was in her heart.

And now there remains but little more for me to write, for it is not for me to describe those after years when Oliver Cromwell became master of England, and when the King's head fell at Whitehall. I have simply told what I saw, and of what happened to me