

months since the King they had loved and served so well had laid down his head on the block at Whitehall, and joined "the noble army of martyrs;" and now the royalists sat downcast and despairing, without a ray of hope to lighten their horizon, while Cromwell and his soldiers ruled England.

Lord and Lady Newbury had at last made up their minds to leave England, and join King Charles the Second at the Hague. Dorothy and her friend were talking, as they strolled in the garden, of this departure.

"I cannot go," she said, clasping her hands together, "dear Kate, do not ask me. Let me go to Dering; Christopher and Adah will give me shelter in their house."

"You would leave me then, Dolly! But remember, you are my charge; I am responsible for you. Your cousin trusted you to me."

"The trust will never be claimed, and you know it."

"My child, what sad fancies are these? Do we not tell you that he will return? If he was forced to follow the prince to Ireland, this delay is but natural."

"Then, if he returns here, and finds no one—"

"He will follow us to Holland."

"But he will not return—I know it,—I have lost him, and am left alone in the world. Ah! that I had not been so cold, so hard! I knew not what he was, till I had lost him for ever."

"Tell him so when he comes, and the absence will soon be forgotten," said Lady Newbury, with something of her old brightness. "In the meantime, be persuaded, and come with us to the Hague."

"But I love England," said Dorothy, wistfully; "and if he finds no one here, I believe he will come to Dering. He will never think that I could go so far away. Ah! what a life it is. I must gather some of these pretty primroses; they grew in the garden at Dering."

Lady Newbury stood by, perplexed, while her friend stooped over the flowers.

"Hark!" she said suddenly, "I hear his lordship calling me. Follow me with your flowers, Dolly. Think better of it,

sweetheart, and do not send me abroad without you. Indeed, I cannot part with you now, we are such old friends."

She went towards the house, and turning into another path among the trees, found herself face to face with a tall cavalier, roughly dressed and weather-beaten. Frank Audley had left his courtier self behind upon the sea. This gentleman was very brown and thin, with the lines of the sea about his eyes, and the brightness of the sea upon his hair; he had looked like a soldier when they saw him in the autumn, but now he looked like a sailor, and a storm-tossed one too.

Lady Newbury put out her hand, while her face lighted up with joy.

"We had well-nigh given you up for lost," she said.

"I have been to Ireland, and further—"

"Ah! so I thought. Your cousin is here in the garden, gathering primroses."

She smiled at him, and hurried on towards the house. Two or three steps brought Frank to the end of the path, and in sight of Dorothy. She was standing upright, listening; she had a few primroses in her hand, while some more had fallen to the ground at her feet; and as Frank sprang towards her, she put out both her hands to him.

"I thought you were dead," she said, as soon as she could speak.

King Charles's soldier had done his duty, and here was his reward; the look of perfect happiness which he had never seen before in Dorothy's grey, wistful eyes, and the flush of joy in her pale cheeks. Without words, almost without a thought, Frank knew that she was his at last.

There was a strange mixture of joy and sorrow at Bagshot Lodge that evening. The loss of the King cast a shadow over their happiness; they talked of his last days, his noble death, and his funeral, of which Lady Newbury was able to tell Frank the particulars, her brother-in-law, Richmond, having been one of those noble men who bore him to his grave. Then their own plans had to be discussed, and Lady Kate soon saw that she must give up all idea of taking Dolly with her to the Hague.