

captive, for whom her Marmaduke had given up his life; and Charles, on his part, looked kindly at the loyal maiden, and sometimes spoke to her.

"You do not look so hopeless as the rest," he said; and Lady Newbury responded, smiling:

"So please your Majesty, Mistress Lyne's motto is, 'Nil desperandum!' and a Phoenix rising from the ashes is the crest of her house. They have helped her through troubles enough of late years."

"'Nil desperandum!'" replied the King, thoughtfully. "Ay, the Phoenix will rise from his ashes, if not in this world, in one brighter. But I would fain compare him to this poor realm. Surely she has passed through a sharp fire of suffering. One day she will arise, grander and purer than before, and thus be noble England again. And thus it will be with Mistress Lyne's own fortunes, and with all those faithful ones who live through the bitter struggle."

The afternoon passed on, all too quickly, and it was already dusk when Colonel Harrison sent in a request to the King that he would be pleased to make himself ready for their further journey. It was but a short one, as he was to spend a day or two at Windsor, before he was carried to St. James's; but it was the final parting between King Charles and some of his truest friends. He kissed Lady Newbury on the forehead, also Dorothy and Frank, saying a few words of blessing to each. "He took a sad farewell of them," says the chronicler, "appearing to have little hope ever to see them again." Frank held his stirrup; and they stood watching him with tearful faces, as his escort closed round him and he rode away. Lord Newbury was allowed by Harrison to ride some miles into the forest with his royal master; the others turned back sadly into the old Lodge. All her life Dorothy remembered that last sight of the Royal Martyr, as he turned and raised his hat to her and her friend,—so courteous, so gentle, so grand and kingly, among the rebels and traitors who crowded round him in their glittering steel.

Dorothy had forgotten Henry Corbet's existence, and saw no face in the troop

except that of its prisoner. She returned into the parlour, while Lady Newbury, crying bitterly, went away to her own room. Frank, after lingering a moment in the hall, followed Dorothy.

"It is farewell again, my sweet cousin," he said.

"What! Oh, Frank, you are not going too!"

"I have his Majesty's commission. I must hurry away at once with these letters, or the Prince will have sailed."

"And will you return here afterwards?"

"If I am not sent farther by duty, you will see me again. If the Prince has sailed, I must follow him to Ireland. But if you would have me return, Dorothy, be sure that I will."

"Yes, come back," said Dorothy: "we shall rejoice to see you."

Her cousin looked at her, as if he would have said more, but then he changed his mind. This slight encouragement was enough to send him away with a brave and cheerful heart: the expedition might be perilous, and if any evil befel him, it would be better for his treasure that she should only feel herself to be losing a dear cousin. So Frank, noble-hearted and unselfish as he was, kissed her hand and went away, to pass through the midst of enemies and sail on stormy seas, while she stayed with her friends at Bagshot, and prayed night and morning, though he did not know it, that he might return to her in safety.

CHAPTER XXII.

PRIMROSES.

"Sigh not, ladies, neither sorrow,
To every night there comes a morrow;
And it may be, o'er land or sea,
My falcon will come back to me."

E. D. Cross.

It was on a sweet soft day in April, 1649, that two ladies in deep mourning were walking together in the garden of Bagshot Lodge. Birds were flying across the blue misty sky; trees were bursting into leaf, and spring-flowers were smiling from every corner; but in spite of all this the hearts of the ladies were heavy, and their faces looked sad. It was barely three-