

come to me thus was undreamed of even in my wildest hopes.

"I have seen him," he said at length.

"Seen who?" I asked.

"Oliver Cromwell."

I was silent, for I knew not what to say.

"Can you bear that I should tell you, my son? Are you strong enough?"

"I am strong enough for aught now, father," I made answer.

"I can no longer fight for the King," he said.

I looked up at him in astonishment.

"You know what I used to say to you: 'For the King, right or wrong, always for the King!' I believed in what I said, for I believed that the King could do no wrong. I believed in the King's Royal word, and in the King's Royal honour, even as I believed in God. My faith was shaken in him when I heard that he had deserted Strafford, and had consented to his death; but still I held on. Then it came to me that the King had commanded you to be an envoy to the Pope in order to seek the aid of Italian soldiers, to fight against his own countrymen; but I felt so bitterly towards you that I would not believe it. But again my faith was shaken in spite of myself. After this, rumours came to me that the King had broken his word, and had played not only the part of a coward, but a liar. I am a plain man, but my life's motto hath always been, 'Honour even to my enemies.' Still I tried to believe in him, and maintained the King's cause against all comers. But when the news came of the capture of the Royal papers, and of their contents, then it seemed to me that my feet had no resting-place, especially when it