

"Have you, then, seen his gracious Majesty, the King?"

"Yes, reverend sir, and but a few days ago."

"And carried his message safe through these rebellious hordes now desecrating the land?"

"There was some opposition, but I won through, thanks to my horse."

"And thanks, no doubt, to your own loyal courage. God bless you, sir, and God save the King. The lady you have chosen is worthy of you, as you of her. In God's shattered temple, I will marry you, if its walls remain."

When the colonel came in with Frances, the girl turned a frightened look upon the group as she saw who stood there.

"Oh," she cried impulsively, "I told you not to come."

"'Tis you who are to obey, not he," said Cromwell harshly. "He has come for you. Will you marry him?"

The girl allowed her eyes to seek the floor, and did not answer him. Even in the candle-light her cheeks burned rosy red.

"Come, come," cried Cromwell impatiently, "yes, or no, wench."

"I will not have her so addressed by any," spoke up Armstrong, stoutly stepping forward; but the girl flashed a glance from her dark eyes on the commander.

"Yes," she said, with decision, then directed her look on her lover, and so to the floor again.

"Are there candles in the chapel?"