

indeed! but one full of that longing desire of the great Apostle "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

The next morning, the third of September, his Fortunate Day, "the day of Dunbar Field and Worcester's laureate wreath," he became speechless as the sun rose, and so he lay quiet until between three and four in the afternoon, when he was heard to give a deep sigh. The physician in attendance said softly, "*He is gone!*" And some knelt to pray, and all wept, but unmindful of his tears, Israel Swaffham cried in a tone of triumph —

"Thou good Soldier of God, Farewell! Thou hast fought a good fight, thou hast kept the faith, and there is laid up for thee a crown greater than England's crown, a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give thee."

But Doctor Verity went slowly to the beloved Dead; he put tenderly back his long gray hair, damp with the dew of death, and closed the eyelids over his darkened eyes, and kissed him on his brow, and on his lips; and as he turned sorrowfully away forever, whispered only two words:—

"*Vale Cromwell!*"