

that came in through the stained glass window, but there was Harry, apparently oblivious of him and of everyone, kneeling in a pew, with his head bent down in his hands. Praying, actually praying. The subaltern was thunder-struck. He felt as if he had received an electric shock. He had come face to face, as it were, with a reality.

The youth waited. Something surely must happen—but the moments stole by and Harry did not stir. Then the subaltern began to take note of his surroundings. He saw the altar representing, the to him unknown symbol, the Tower of David, marking a long past conquest through the intercession of our Lady of Victories. There were but a few other worshippers in the church, a couple of children, two or three market women, who had come in from their traffic, one or two men, and all seemed as oblivious of the young officer as he was of them. They did not seem to think it strange that he should be there, with his head in his hands praying, though that was what the subaltern felt to be the strangest of all.

Then, the young man's eyes fixed themselves upon the red light burning in the lamp before the sanctuary. What was its significance, and why did its probable meaning, of which he had very vaguely heard seem to seize upon him all at once and terrify him. He was conscious of a mysterious Presence and a sensation, such as never before in his young thoughtless life, had come to him.

He had, at first, intended to say nothing of this discovery. Wager or no wager, he would respect, that secret, that mystery. But in spite of his good intentions, he was at times weak. In the boisterous gayety, following a mess dinner, when Harry Onslow was absent from the room, the subject of his mysterious afternoon outings was broached and the subaltern was twitted with having lost the wager and summoned to pay.

Thus challenged, he began a more or less confused account of what he had witnessed, which was received with exclamations of wonder, incredulity and—in one or two instances one—of derision. For even among the most thoughtless or irreligious, there is more respect for a man's deeper feelings, than is commonly supposed. In the middle of the story, Harry suddenly walked in.