

EPILOGUE

IT was in the following July that I went down again to Crowston to take news of Algy. Mrs. Banister herself invited me to do so. I had stayed the previous night at St. Hugh's, on purpose to make a first-hand report. Let me describe first what I saw there, for it was not in the least the same thing that I described to the Banisters.

I stayed the night in the guest-house, not seeing Algy that night at all, except in such disguise that I did not know him. I only watched from the high west gallery of the church that strange leisurely procession of white figures, hooded and hidden, pass in beneath me, each bearing his lantern ; and, after that two hours' deliberate ceremony of the night-office, in the depth of the summer night, hearing the sonorous rolling psalmody rock like a ship in the high nave, I watched that same leisurely and steadfast procession of princes come out. But of his face I caught no glimpse.

Then, on the next morning after breakfast, I was taken through to the parlour, where a year ago, in shy bewilderment, we four had stood together.

He came in presently, very naturally, smiling, in his