

afternoon they took the plain dull road to Peterborough, where men were cutting grain and grass in the low level fields ridged by drains that sometimes seemed to take the place of hedges.

Eye Green was brick-red chimneys and old grey beautiful windmills. Beyond Eye came tram-lines and a black-and-yellow wicked sky promising the storm that caught them savagely in the narrow zigzag streets of Peterborough, where the large seventeenth-century Market Cross is now a barracks, and the gleam of a grand old gateway showed the base of that towering spire which had stood bold and grey against the black for some time past.

Peterborough was the Colonel's own town, and Surrey swung straight for his own hotel and through to the garage, where they gasped, dripping, while the thunder rocked the earth and the yellow clouds split with lightning.

"It will pass in an hour or two," said the Colonel. "Then we'll get home. You must go in and be dried, Peggy, but I expect Wylde would sooner go and see the Cathedral."

He did not offer to go with him, and Wylde was thankful. He was feeling utterly restless and at war with himself. His promise to Surrey had been given with effort, and he guessed well that it would be kept with effort. And yet that night in the dim room at the George was one which neither man would have forgone, or would forget. For the first time the Colonel's dream of the good which might come to those dissimilar natures by their understanding of each other had the possibility of realization—now, when it was almost too late.

And yet it was not quite too late; and Wylde knew it when he beat through the rain to the door of the Cathedral and entered suddenly into a sense of enormous height and width and length, dark with the storm raging without, except where a few lights in the choir made the dusk darker, and silent, except when the echo of the organ rolled down the nave and passed