

"She did more than that. She told me many things I did not know about this terrible war; she made me see that you were fighting for a holy cause."

At this I made no reply. It seemed as though God had indeed wrought a miracle.

"At this," she went on, "I told Sir John, your father, who grew very angry, and even hinted that his guardianship over me should cease. I do not think he meant it really, but you know how he felt about it all, Roderick. This gave me the opportunity I longed for, and so I returned with Rachel. I wanted to be near you."

After this she told me many things which had taken place while Rachel was in Cornwall, but which I may not set down here, for it would take too long to describe. Moreover, she described to me her journey to London, and how she and Rachel pleaded with Andrew Marlow that they might be near him as he accompanied Cromwell's army to battle.

"Oh, forgive me, Rosiland," I cried, as she told the story, "but I have been blind, blind!"

"Ay, you have, Roderick," she answered with a laugh. "You thought it was Rachel's sister who accompanied you from Pontefract."

"And it was you!" I cried. "And it was you who planned my escape."

"Ah, that was because, being your father's ward, was able to gain speech with one of the King's officers. This was not easy, but I was able to do it."

"And you did not tell me," I cried, "even though I rode near you through the darkness."

"I was afraid."

"Afraid!"