

"We wouldn't find it, Peggy. Don't you remember that time we saw the sign 'Ten mile limit through the village' and we went on looking for the village till we found the end of the limit? But we never found the village."

"The angels forgot to take it out of the toy-box that morning. Mr. Wylde, you will have to go over to Tickencote Church some day. It has the most glorious Norman Arch. And there are all the Stamford spires marshalled along the sky-line. This feels quite like getting home, doesn't it? Which way do we go into Peterborough, dear?"

"Wylde wanted to go round by Crowland to see the bridge and something of the fens. And the day is young yet. We'll lunch here, I suppose, Surrey."

Peggy approved, for in her heart she felt a strange dread of coming to the end of this day which was to mean the end of so much more. The Manor had never been the home to her it was to Surrey, who had spent many holidays there. But the Colonel had so seldom lived at the Manor since his wife's death, and almost all Peggy's years had been spent abroad. And it would be so empty. In a few days Surrey would go to London, and then to India, and so out of her life. In a few weeks at most Wylde would go back to Canada, and so out of her life more surely still. And these intimate months which meant so much more than years of ordinary intercourse could not snap off short without leaving loneliness and pain. Even yet Peggy could scarcely believe that the tone of Surrey's voice, the sound of his step would mean nothing to her any more. It had shocked her into a terror lest she was fickle, heartless, lest her love had not been love at all. And yet, knowing with a knowledge that would not go with years, how she had suffered before she allowed her love dead, she wore a brave face, even as Surrey did, and kept her eyes from the future.

At lunch she forbade Wylde get his guide-books.

"I can tell you all you want to know," she said.

"There are four old churches here, but they are only