

## The Calvert Motto

impatience another moment, "it was *he* who killed Father Mohl."

"I know."

"Thou knowest? In God's name, how didst thou know?" Neville exclaimed.

"The emerald tag."

Margaret Brent had entered unperceived, and now her questioning eyes said, "Who wore it?"

"Ralph Ingle, to-day, on his left arm, as if it were a badge to be proud of,—he, the man whose presence I tolerated, whose hateful love-making I permitted. Oh, Christopher, canst thou forgive me?"

"*Forgive? Dearest, I love thee!*"

"And canst thou forgive one who cannot lay claim to that mantle of love that covers all sins?"

It was the voice of Giles Brent, who had staggered to the door and stood leaning against the post, a new expression of humility on his proud face.

"Sir Christopher Neville," he went on, "I have been hopelessly wrong, honestly but fatally wrong, and I do most earnestly entreat you who have been so deeply injured to believe in the depth of my grief and repentance."

"You had every reason —" began Christopher.

"Ay, but of what use are faith and friendship but to warm the fires about reason when she