

somewhere before. Where had I seen these faces with their long curls?

“ ‘Where are you, my poor children?’ cried the old nurse, bursting into tears.

“ ‘I shall never see my darlings any more, my angels, my angels!’

“ I looked at them again as she spoke.

“ Suddenly I recognized them, as I heard them called by their name. The same long curls encircled their brows, but their faces had become so white and grave in the fading light of the day. It was the little row of angels’ heads from the Cathedral of Rheims that looked at me from the wall of the nursery.”