

never play me false; and she came to-night to tell me so. Ah! it's well to have an angel for a mother! Dear Angélique!"

And the fingers of his disengaged hand stole upwards to his neck, and began toying with a small chain of gold Calvert had never before observed.

"You never saw her, Calvert, and wouldn't know her."

"No, father: I never knew a mother's love," said the boy, softly.

"No more you did, poor child!" said his father, deeply affected.

"Well; draw out this locket. Saving my own, no mortal eye has ever looked upon it since she placed it there. But I would like you to know your mother."

Reverently fingering the relic of the dead, the youth touched the spring. The father—who was as anxiously scanning his son's face, as the latter was eagerly bending over the image of her so dear to them both—started at the expression of amazement, almost of terror, that swept over the speaking countenance of the boy.

"What is it, Calvert? Surely you have never seen it before?"

"No, father. I do remember now a portrait like it in the old picture-gallery at my grandfather's, that he used to keep covered with a veil. Old Nannette lifted the veil one day, and bade me kneel to the angel. But I have never seen any one like it till to day—"

"—Till to-night, you mean, my son."

"No, father: I saw the counterpart of that face to-day, and she who bears it is with us now in the house."

"My boy, are you crazed? What mean you? Who is it? Bring her here:" said his father, with wild, incoherent utterance.

"They are strangers, father, that I met in the ruins of the old castle."

"Why, what brought you there?"

"I thought I had a clue to the villain who —"

"What! Is that what took you off in such haste?"

"Yes. I saw through the window a suspicious character lurking about the grounds, and chased him for a mile or so; but my mare got mired, and I lost him. I thought he went that way, and followed him up; and when I rode into the old courtyard, I saw the face there that I am looking at now. She was perched up in an empty niche in the old chapel, and her brother was sketching her."