

of"—she kissed the miniature, and held it to her cheek—"of my mother?"

"Your father," said Saxham, "was an officer and gentleman. The surname that you exchanged for mine poor child! was really his. His Christian name is engraved there"—he pointed to the inner rim of the band of brilliants—"with that of the lady who was your mother. She was beautiful; she was tender and devoted; she loved your father well enough to give up every social aim and every worldly advantage for his sake. She died loving him. He died—I should not wonder if he died of sorrow for her loss. For hearts can break, though the Faculty deny it!"

He swung about to leave the room. She was murmuring over her new-found treasure.

"'Lucy to Richard' . . . 'Richard' . . ." she repeated. A wave of roseate colour broke over her with the memory of the hand that had touched and the voice that had spoken to her in her Heaven-sent vision of the previous morning, when the Beloved had come back from Paradise to lay a charge upon her child.

"My father knew the Mother?" It was not a question; it was a statement of the fact. Saxham wondered at the assured tone, as he told her:

"It is true. They had been friends—in the world they both gave up afterwards—the man for the love that is on earth, the woman for the love of Heaven."

"She never told me then, but she must have known who I was from the beginning," Lynette ventured. "She gave me the surname of Mildare because it belonged to me. Do not you think so too?"

Saxham made no answer. He swung about to leave the room. She slipped the miniature into her bosom, where his letter had lain, and asked:

"Where are you going?"

He answered, with his eyes avoiding hers:

"You have been travelling all night; you must be tired and hungry. Go to bed and try to rest, while I forage for you downstairs. You shall not suffer for lack of attendance. I am quite a good cook, as you shall find presently. When you have eaten you must sleep, and then we will talk of your returning home to your friends."