

'Hush, oh hush! there can never be any talk of forgiveness between us two,' said Mary, as she bent over his chair.

'Do you know what I have been thinking since Robert went out? That I have had good, dutiful children, and was not grateful for my blessings. I will try now to show what I think of my children. I have been a poor father to them.'

Mary laid one hand on his lips, and with the other smoothed away the grey hair from his brow.

'How quickly one's thoughts travel. I have made fifty plans this morning. Shall I tell you the latest? I am planning a trip to the New World for mamma and Madeline and you and I, to visit Bertie and his wife. Suppose we leave after the New Year, and Robert and his wife will live here in our absence; and he can drive daily to and from Ladywell, if he has not made a change before then. Wouldn't that be a pleasant change of scene for us all?'

But Mary only answered with her tears.

Mr. Hazell's proposal became an accomplished fact, and soon after the New Year the party sailed for the New World. In the interval the affairs of the brewery had been wound up, but Michael Ford, wisely judging that he had coined a good penny, which he had better take care of, did not present any claim. He disappeared from Medlington, and as yet there is no talk of the brewery being rebuilt. The ringleaders in the work of incendiarism got off with a light imprisonment, there being no prosecuting parties; and Mr. Hazell took good-