

more. And whoever rebuilds the brewery, as you said, I never shall. How did you know so well what I intended ?'

'I hoped you would be persuaded,' returned Robert, as he rose to go. 'Well, I must go home. I may give your love to Lucy and the boy, I suppose. Perhaps you'll come in some day when you are able to drive as far ?'

'Ay will I. I have something to make up to you and yours, Bob. I've been a foolish, wicked old man. May God have mercy on me for my sins !'

'Brighter days are at hand, father,' said Robert, and his eyes were dim. 'Good-bye. Keep up your heart. We'll see you a hale, hearty man yet.'

Mary was restlessly pacing the passages and stairs awaiting the result of the interview. She met Robert on the landing, and slipped her arm through his.

'It is all right, dear. The sun has risen over Hazelwood,' he said, as he stooped to kiss her. 'Say good-bye, and let me go. Go to papa now. I believe he must have a great deal to say to you.'

When Mary entered the room she found her father sitting by the window, looking out with a far-away expression in his eyes.

'Is that you, wife ?'

'No, it is I, papa,' returned Mary softly. 'Mamma is not down yet. She feels very nervous after her excitement. May I tell her you are so much better ?'

'Yes ; tell her I hope, with the grace of God, that I am a changed man. Kiss me, my darling, and tell me if you forgive me.'