

PAUL. (*Alone.*) You have returned me my son; you are forgiven. Go once more into the world; dismiss crime, and become an honest citizen. (*PAUL goes to D.C.*)

HERB. Stop! I want. You shall not go empty-handed. (*Takes out money.*) Here is one hundred pounds. Be careful how you use it.

PAUL. One hundred pounds? Mester Walston, I ha' been too bad. Ya ha' saved my life, ya ha' saved me from prison. Take it back. (*Hands back money.*) I cannot take it.

HERB. You will need it all. Without you I could never have proven my innocence, so I give you a start again. Leave London, with all its haunts. Leave England. Go to America. Begin a new life, and remember, all you have done against me is forgiven.

PAUL. I will go to America; and when we meets again ya'll see another man. (*Exit, C.*)

SIR J. (*Coming forward with OPH.*) Mr. Harking, I—I have long admired your charming sister, Ophelia, and—and—

OPH. I have long admired Sir Joseph.

SIR J. (*Smiling.*) So, you see, practically speaking, we have at last decided to be—be each other's—ahem.

HARK. So you have taken advantage of this happy moment? Well, if you can make Ophelia happy the rest of her life (*joins hands*)—take her, she is yours. (*OPH. and SIR J. embrace.*)

PAUL. (*To HERB.*) I am so happy. This is Christmas as it ever should be.

HERB. (*Kisses her.*) Yes, a Christmas long to be remembered.

HARK. (*Taking HERB. and PAUL. by hands.*) My dear children, I have caused you both to suffer, but it was owing to my blindness. May God spare me many years to see you living happily together.

CURTAIN.