

“Well, be thankful it *is* so,” advised Mabel. “And now I’m off. Good-bye.”

That evening Minnie, seizing a favourable moment when the boys were all out, and she and her father alone, unfolded to him her scheme for the reformation of Hollowmell. He was, of course, greatly surprised, and at first very reluctant to allow his daughter to go among these people, even for the purpose she had at heart.

“You don’t know what sort of people these miners are, my dear,” he said when Minnie had made known to him in as few words as possible what she wished to do. “And as for reforming them, I don’t think that possible, I don’t indeed. You had better leave that to the missionary, I think, or to some one who knows the sort of folks they are, and how to deal with them.”

“But they have proved that they don’t know how to deal with them, they have all failed, so I mean to try a different plan from any of the common methods, besides I shall only have to do with the children at first ; I want to try to influence the older people through them. Come, papa, *do* let me have the cottage and make a trial, and I promise if the result does not please you to give it up at the end of a month.

Mr. Kimberly shook his head a good deal, and grumbled a little that she might find something better to occupy her time than amusing a lot of dirty ragamuffins who would never thank her for her trouble, but finally gave in, to the unbounded delight of Minnie, who, it may be remarked, had