

He rose at once, he would not stay
One single moment more ;
And much ashamed, indeed he was,
He had not gone before.

“ I’ll not go out again,” he thought,
As he walked slowly home ;
“ It is not right, I know, to leave
Poor May so much alone !”

He raised the latch, and stepped within,
His wife was sitting there,
Just where we saw her—now asleep
Within the old arm-chair.

When first he left, though sad enough,
She still kept thinking o’er
The words he said before he left :
“ I will go out no more.”