

DAE. So much the better luck for the man who lost it ; but that doesn't make the wallet any more your property.

GR. That's why you're a poor man—you're too much of a saint for this world.

DAE. Ah, Gripus, Gripus ; man's life is everywhere beset with snares, wherein he is craftily caught. And in good sooth most of them are baited with a tempting morsel, and whoso in his greed greedily snaps at the bait is taken in the snare for very greed. But whoso warily, cleverly and craftily takes heed, to him it is given long to enjoy what has been well earned. That prize of yours, I fancy, will be so made prize of as to bring a greater blessing in its going than in its coming. (*indignantly.*) What, am I the man to conceal what I know was another's property before it came to me ? Far, indeed, will that be from the Daemones I know. It is the bounden duty of wise masters ever to be on their guard against being privy to the wrong-doing of their people.

GR. I have lately heard players utter wise saws of that sort and get applauded for it, when they preached to the people their sage maxims. But when they left the place and went, each to his own home, nobody was what they had told him to be.

DAE. Go indoors and cease your bother. Restrain your tongue. I'm not going to give you anything ; make no mistake about that !

GR. I pray heaven that everything in that wallet, be it gold or silver, will be burned to ashes. (*Exit GRIPUS into cottage, R.*)

DAE. That explains why slaves are rogues. For if that slave had happened to come across a dishonest master, he would have implicated both in theft ; while seeking to plunder others, he would find himself the plundered man—the biter would be bit. Now, I'll go away into the house, and then I'll order our dinner to be cooked at once. (*Exit DAEMONES into cottage, R.*)

CANTOR. Now, farewell, friends, and give us your applause !