

60 Thou good and faithful servant, thou
 Hast laid up thy treasure now,
 Which nor moth nor rust shall destroy,
 Which after death thou shalt enjoy.
 What treasures after death shall gain
 The man, whom Memory would fain
 Not present to the public view---
 But I must give each one his due.
 And there he is, retired at night,
 In a closet, where the faint light 100
 Of a half-penny candle, just
 Shows him his heap of yellow dust :
 70 And by it he can dimly trace
 The old furniture of the place,
 Which comprises a musty chest,
 A flock-bed and it vilely drest ;
 A superannuated chair,
 And a table antique, that there
 Boasts of a jug of water cold,
 With a brown loaf all full of mould, 110
 And difficult to masticate :
 80 A staler loaf could not be eat,
 Or exhibited to the sight,
 By the artful Gibeonite.
 Beside the loaf the Miser stands,
 On which he places both his hands ;
 Then draws back, as if afraid,
 To plunge in it the rusty blade.
 Now he advances, now recedes,
 His heart for what he must do, bleeds. 120
 He vowed from the loaf to refrain
 His jaws, until starvation came.