

When we sat down to our scanty meal, and bitterly we cried.
 And ere the running moon was round the dreaded man appeared.
 Oh, when I saw him coming how I trembled as he neared :
 " Lord, help us, Jane," I said, " he's bent upon the cow."—
 " What a gentleman can do, Giles—another picture now."—
 " We'll have to let her go, Jane—there's nothing got by law ;
 With our small means to face him might but distress us more."—
 " Say something to him first, Giles—a word sometimes will do."—
 I might as well have prated to the passing wind that-blew :
 To nothing would he listen—not a moment would he wait ;
 With a heavy, heavy brow I followed to the gate.
 It was a trying moment—man is not made of clay,
 But my heart was in my home, so—the dark thought went away.
 I leaned upon the gate till the man was out of sight,
 And glad was I when came the coming on of night ;
 When, by the very bed where Jane and I had knelt
 And blessed the kindly man, I spoke out as I felt ;
 There may have been a c—e, or something in that way.
 (May God forgive me if I knew not how to pray.)
 My heart was full of anger : I couldn't bear to see
 The misery about us, and the tear in Janey's e'e ;
 But—the God of all is goodly :—upon that very night
 I slept a sleep as sound as had everything been right ;
 And when the morrow came, unconscious of sin,
 A peace of mind came o'er me, like a comforter within ;
 I went unto my Janey, who was sorrowing alone,
 And I tried to make her bosom as tranquil as my own :
 ' I'll still do for thee, Jane, the very best I can,
 And leave to tide and time that kindly gentleman."