

To this I made no answer, but simply hung my head,
 It seemed as if a something had struck me almost dead.
 "Come, come, my friend," said he, "an honest man need never
 Be out of heart—the store's as free to you as ever ;
 If any little thing—for yourself—or for your wife—
 I never was—to say—*particular*—in my life."
 No answer still ; he near'd me, put his hand upon my shoulder,
 And talked—as if a father,—or something even older ;
 But I could see beneath the guise that craft was putting on.
 And I waited for a moment till the wicked man had done.
 "I'm but a lowly man, sir, and little of a scholar,
 And, possibly, I do not know the interest on a dollar ;
 But take thou heed, that when to thee thy last account is given,
 The interest *thou* wilt have to pay don't shut thee out of heaven."

Ah, why, when hieing homeward, on the roadway did I linger ?
 Why loiter at my door with the latch still on my finger ?
 Too well I knew the trouble I was bearing to my wife ;
 Ah, then it was I tasted of the bitterness of life.
 By the half tear in my eye, by the heaving of my breast,
 That something *there* was wrong my Janey quickly guessed :
 She took me in her arms, she looked me in the face—
 "Full well I know, my Giles, thou art not in disgrace."
 And when I told her all the gentleman had done,
 She kissed me on the brow and looked an angel one :
 "And will they come and take thee"—she could not say the word,
 But in the look she gave me 't was plainly to be heard.
 "Ah, no, my Janc," I said, "but much I fear the *cow*
 Will go to pay a debt we never owed till now ;
 There is a way of lawing him, but then the fees I grudge.
 And I hear too that he is first cousin to the judge."
 "First cousin, Giles, to *something else*," my angered wife replied,