

“ Had I turned e'er I crept down the stairway
— I did, but my heart not my head

“ Led me back toward the gold that should
save them, and now,—Teddie and
mother are dead ! ”

* * *

See, blood—black blood on the bargains !

Only loss shall ye gain from such ;

Go, read in the Book of the *Bag with holes*, *
of the *Breath* that makes *little of much*,

Of the kept-back wage of the hireling, of the
God that still hears his cry,

And then think on the Bargain-Counter, and
the reckoning bye and bye.

* Haggai. Chap. 1.