**Great Expectations by Charles Dickens**

**Chapter 27**

‘Which I say, Sir,’ replied Joe, with an air of legal formality, as if he were making his will, ‘Miss A., or otherways Havisham. Her expression air then as follering: ‘Mr. Gargery. You air in correspondence with Mr. Pip?’ Having had a letter from you, I were able to say ‘I am.’ (When I married your sister, Sir, I said ‘I will;’ and when I answered your friend, Pip, I said ‘I am.’) ‘Would you tell him, then,’ said she, ‘that which Estella has come home and would be glad to see him.’’

I felt my face fire up as I looked at Joe. I hope one remote cause of its firing, may have been my consciousness that if I had known his errand, I should have given him more encouragement.

‘Biddy,’ pursued Joe, ‘when I got home and asked her fur to write the message to you, a little hung back. Biddy says, ‘I know he will be very glad to have it by word of mouth, it is holidaytime, you want to see him, go!’ I have now concluded, Sir,’ said Joe, rising from his chair, ‘and, Pip, I wish you ever well and ever prospering to a greater and a greater heighth.’

‘But you are not going now, Joe?’

‘Yes I am,’ said Joe.

‘But you are coming back to dinner, Joe?’

‘No I am not,’ said Joe.

Our eyes met, and all the ‘Sir’ melted out of that manly heart as he gave me his hand.

‘Pip, dear old chap, life is made of ever so many partings welded together, as I may say, and one man’s a blacksmith, and one’s a whitesmith, and one’s a goldsmith, and one’s a coppersmith. Divisions among such must come, and must be met as they come. If there’s been any fault at all to-day, it’s mine. You and me is not two figures to be together in London; nor yet anywheres else but what is private, and beknown, and understood among friends. It ain’t that I am proud, but that I want to be right, as you shall never see me no more in these clothes. I’m wrong in these clothes. I’m wrong out of the forge, the kitchen, or off th’ meshes. You won’t find half so much fault in me if you think of me in my forge dress, with my hammer in my hand, or even my pipe. You won’t find half so much fault in me if, supposing as you should ever wish to see me, you come and put your head in at the forge window and see Joe the blacksmith, there, at the old anvil, in the old burnt apron, sticking to the old work. I’m awful dull, but I hope I’ve beat out something nigh the rights of this at last. And so GOD bless you, dear old Pip, old chap, GOD bless you!’

I had not been mistaken in my fancy that there was a simple dignity in him. The fashion of his dress could no more come in its way when he spoke these words, than it could come in its way in Heaven. He touched me gently on the forehead, and went out. As soon as I could recover myself sufficiently, I hurried out after him and looked for him in the neighbouring streets; but he was gone.