

As taper also, time-piece, weather-  
glass,  
And almanac? Are stars not set for  
signs  
When we should shear our sheep,  
sow corn, prune trees?  
The Bible says so.

Well, I add one use  
To all the acknowledged uses, and  
declare  
If I spy Charles's Wain at twelve to-  
night.  
It warns me, "Go, nor lose another  
day.  
"And have your hair cut, Sludge!"  
You laugh; and why?  
Were such a sign too hard for God to  
give?  
No! but Sludge seems too little for  
such grace:  
Thank you, sir! So you think, so  
does not Sludge!  
When you and good men gape at  
Providence.  
Go into history and bid us mark  
Not merely powder-plots prevented,  
crowns  
Kept on kings' heads by miracle  
enough,  
But private mercies—oh, you've told  
me, sir,  
Of such interpositions! How yourself  
Once, missing on a memorable day  
Your handkerchief just setting out,  
you know.—  
You must return to fetch it, lost the  
train,  
And saved your precious self from  
what befell  
The thirty-three whom Providence  
forgot.  
You tell, and ask me what I think of  
this?  
Well, sir, I think then, since you  
needs must know,  
What matter had you and Boston  
city to boot  
Sailed skyward, like burnt onion-  
peelings? Much  
To you, no doubt; for me—un-  
doubtedly

The cutting of my hair concerns me  
more,  
Because, however sad the truth may  
seem,  
Sludge is of all-importance to himself.  
You set apart that day in every year  
For special thanksgiving, were a  
heathen else:  
Well, I who cannot boast the like  
escape,  
Suppose I said "I don't thank  
Providence  
"For my part, owing it no gratitude"?  
"Nay, but you owe as much"—you'd  
tutor me,  
"You, every man alive, for blessings  
gained  
"In every hour o' the day, could  
you but know!  
"I saw my crowning mercy: all  
have such.  
"Could they but see!" Well, sir,  
Why don't they see?  
"Because they won't look,—or per-  
haps, they can't."  
Then, sir, suppose I can, and will,  
and do  
Look, microscopically as is right,  
Into each hour with its infinitude  
Of influences at work to profit Sludge?  
For that's the case: I've sharpened  
up my sight  
To spy a providence in the fire's  
going out,  
The kettle's boiling, the dime's stick-  
ing fast  
Despite the hole i' the pocket. Call  
such facts  
Fancies, too petty a work for  
Providence.  
And those same thanks which you  
exact from me  
Prove too prodigious payment: thanks  
for what.  
If nothing guards and guides us little  
men?  
No, no, sir! You must put away  
your pride,  
Resolve to let Sludge into partner-  
ship!  
I live by signs and omens: looked at  
the roof