

"...rages of the wind, and other
natural fact

"Good meaning good to man, his
father's will.

"Meaning immediate, all things
impartial

"To make that's settled: be our
father's son

"We are His children!" So, they
now arrange

About the invention, the contrivance,
all

That keeps up an incessant play of
Love

See the Bridgewater book.

Amen to it!

Well, sir, I put this question: I'm a
child?

It's no time, but take you at your
word?

How shall I act a child's part prop-
erly?

Your sainted mother, sir,—used you
to live

With such a thought as this a-worrying
you?

"She has it in her power to trouble me,
Or stab or poison: she may turn
me out.

"Or lock me in, nor stop at this
to-day.

"But cut me off to-morrow from the
estate

"I look for"—(long may you enjoy
it, sir!)

"In brief, she may unchild the child
I am."

You never had such crotchets? Nor
have I!

Who, frank confessing childship from
the first,

Cannot both fear and take my ease at
once.

So, don't fear,—know what might be,
well enough.

But know too, child-like, that it will
not be,

At least in my case, mine, the son
and heir

O' the kingdom, as yourself proclaim
my style.

But do you fancy I stop short at this?
Wonder it suit and service, son and
heir

Needs must expect, I can pretend to
find?

It, looking for signs proper to such an
one,

I straight perceive them insensible?
Concede that homage is a son's plain
right.

And, never mind the nois and raps
and wink,

'Tis the pure obvious supernatural
Steps forward, does its duty: why, of
course!

I have presentiments; my dreams
come true:

I fancy a friend stands whistling all
in white

Little as a holdlink, and he's dead I
learn.

I take dislike to a dog my favourite
long,

And sell him: he goes mad next
week and snaps.

I guess that stranger will turn up
to-day

I have not seen these three years;
there's his knock

I wager "sixty peaches on that
tree!"—

That I pick up a dollar in my walk.
That your wife's brother's cousin's
name was George—

And win on all points. Oh, you
wince at this?

You'd fain distinguish between gift
and gift.

Washington's oracle and Sludge's
itch

O' the elbow when at whist he ought
to trump?

With Sludge it's too absurd? *True,*
draw the line

Somewhere, but, sir, your somewhere
is not mine!

Bless us, I'm turning poet! It's time
to end.

How you have drawn me out, sir!
All I ask

Is—am I heir or not heir? If I'm he,