

This joyful thing, too, happened there—

Sir James came up to speak to me
When I was propped in easy chair ;—

He said he was quite glad to see
That I was getting round at last—
And thus our little feud blew past ;
He shook me warmly by the hand—

We both regretted friendship broken,
And each could other understand
As if a thousand words were spoken.

The Medico, with solemn look,
Said, he must give me to the cook.
Why will some stupid men refuse
With cheerful air to tell good news ?
One would have thought the undertaker
Was hinted at, and not the baker !

Dear Rosa red aloud to me—

The City article, and stocks
She would attempt, but I could see
She knows far more of gowns and frocks.

But sometimes, though, she'd rather chat,
And I did not object to that,
And learned to understand her ways
Much better than in former days.

My wife has taken to her books,
And works with energy and zeal ;
I must not have her spoil her looks,
Nor let her work her roses steal.