

## "THE HEATHEN CHINEE."

When Sandy ga'ed hame wi' the washing yestreen,  
The callant cam back again rubbin his e'en  
Wi' his raggit coat sleeve, an' his heart like to brak,—  
"The leddy" had tauld h'm he "needna come back;"  
For tho' that the washin' had ne'er failed to please,  
She would send a' her claes to the Heathen Chinese.

Weel ken'd that leddy his father was deed,  
That his puir widowed mither was toilin' for bread;  
But little she kent, an' less did she care  
For the hunger she caused, an' the hearts she made sair.  
Her reason was only, "Chinese can wash cheaper,"  
An' looked what she thought. "Am I my brither's keeper?"

"Oh, Sandy, my laddie, what can I dae mair,  
Unless, aiblins, I shave off a' my gray hair,  
An' stick an auld switch tae the croon o' my head,—  
Onything, onything, laddie, for bread—  
An' change the guid name o' auld Tibby Gun  
To the new-fangled ane o' Fee-fa-Fum,

"An' crook in my feet tae Sandy's auld shron  
(But their oot at the taes an' winna haud in),  
An' your daddy's long sack, tied round wi' his sash,  
Would bring in the washin', mair than I could wash;  
Ha! I kent, when I joked about changin my name,  
You would laugh like the sunshine after the rain.

"Weel, I dinna wish wrang to the queer blinkin craturs,  
Sae lang's they'll no tak tae sellin' the papers;  
For Sandy, ye ken, they bring in the bawbees,  
An' it waurna for them, we often wad freeze;  
And the flannels an' boots, frae the friends o' the WITNESS,  
Were sic a great boon, and held awa sickness.

"So Sandy, my laddie, be honest an' true.  
The Lord has been guid, and He'll bring us through;  
We mauna be downcast, or sit down an' wae,  
But aye put a stout heart untae a stey brae;  
When God feeds the ravens He disna forget  
The widow an' orphan—they aye get a bit!"