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To a Wee Glasgow Arab.

WRITTEN WHILE ON A VISIT TO GLASGOW IN 1862.

WEE destitute, deserted wean! Cast on the world thy leefu-lane, To fecht wi' poverty and pain, And nane to guide thee; No ane to lead thy steps aright, Or back thee in the weary fight,
What's to betide thee?

Oh it micht mak' a heathen greet, To see thee chitt'rin' mang the weet, Wi' hungry sides and shaeless feet A' bare and blae; Yet ev'ry door's slammed in thy face, As ye belanged na to our race, This winter day.

We boast about oor Christian laun, And a' the weath at oor commaun, And yet there's ne'er a helping haun Stretched oot to thee: And a' thae crouds o' thrifty folk, They pass thee like a dirty brock They hate to see;

Or tell thee thou'rt a perfect fricht, That "Bang the Brats" should targe thee ticht, Do keep on Sabbath oot o sicht! Don't come abroad! For thrifty folk, in pious mood, Hate to hae thochts o' thee intrude 'Tween them and God.

My puir, neglected, helpless creature! Starvation writ on ev'ry feature, What thou canst think o' God and Nature Beats me to ken; This earth maun seem to thee a hell, Whar mony heartless deevils dwell In shape o' men.

Frae ither bairns thou'rt kept apart, Nae words o' kindness ever start The sweet emotions o' thy heart, My poir wee bairn ! Raised amang dirt and degradation, Vile slang and horrid imprecation Is a' ye learn.

Hoo desolate thy heart must be ! Nae mither takes thee on her knee, To sing Auld Scotia's sang to thee, Baith aer and late: But drucken dyvours teaze and trick thee, And swearin' carters cuff and kick thee Oot o' their gate.

Ye canna spen' the simmer days In rambles mang the broomy braes, Or flowery haunts by lonely ways Whar burnies rin; But in dark cellars thou maun brattle, Mong filthy hoards o' human cattle And fumes o' gin.

Ye never heard the blithe cuckoo, Nor croodle o' the cusha-doo, Nor lav'rock singing in the blue, Nor blackbird clear; But curses deep, and words o' hate, And ribald sangs in filthy spate, Salute thine ear,

The glory o' the dewy dawn, The purples o' the hill and lawn, On thee, my bairn, hae never fa'n Like gleams frae God, To waken in thee thochts sublime, And see, e'en through the chinks o' time, His bright abode.

And do we juist gang tae the kirk, To pray for heathen, Jew and Turk, That a oor duties we may shirk To sic as thee? I scarce daur look thee in the face, For its a shame an' a disgrace Thy plight to see !

O Lord! what time and siller's spent On savages we never kent, And coaxing heathens to repent. Here is a sample, Which should be sent to let them see What oor religion's done for thee, Thou great example !

It's no in singing or in saying, It's no in preaching or in praying; But it's in working oot and daeing A' these in deeds O' love and mercy to ilkither; It's helping o' a helpless brither, That crouns a' creeds.

ALEXANDER McLachian.

THAT DOLLAR UMBRELLA.

Before starting on my spring trip, I purchased a light grey suit and a fawn-colored hat to match. Soon after arriving in Hamilton the rain set in, in such a manner as to necessitate the purchase of an umbrella for the proper protection of my spring turnishings. Being of an economical turn of mind, I determined to try a dollar umbrella.

The clerk was a gentlemanly fellow with blonde moustache and a mild eye. I do not blame him, poor fellow though he might have warned me. I remember now that there was a quiet compassionate look, but I heeded it not. He carefully unwrapped it and opened it with an assuring flourish. I took it to the hotel, and in the secrecy of my chamber examined my purchase.

It was certainly a substantial umbrella, with a brass band round the handle stamped with a neat and simple design of forget-me-nots. Inside up in the cupola in golden letters was the legend, "Superior Steel Ribs."

I was so satisfied with the general appearance that I

scratched my name on the handle with a pin.

That afternoon business took me some distance outside the city, and although it rained heavily, I sallied forth confident in the possession of my dollar umbrella.

The first thing I noticed was an aggravating spray floating gently down from the direction of the "Superior Steel Ribs."

Next I observed with dismay that from the little knobs at the end of the spokes, were flowing streams of a gluecolored liquid which soon deepened into a dark coffee color.

Presently I saw my new sixteen-dollar pants spotted with a pronounced walnut stain, and meanwhile, the canopy of that dollar umbrella was undergoing a change like the approaching dawn in a transformation scene slowly but firmly assuming the neutral tint of a circus tent, while the spray or mist had become quite a shower. I concluded that the maker had put all his capital into those steel ribs and the golden legend in the hub. When I reached my friend's house I left my dollar umbrella in the hall and remained nearly an hour for the rain to cease. When it had slackened a little I sallied forth and there, to my unspeakable horror, was a great dark stain on the hall carpet as indelible as marking ink.

But why prolong this painful history? Reader, gather up the lesson it teaches. Never buy a dollar umbrella. Far better to borrow a genuine silk one—and cheaper in the long run! McArone.