

Which we had a small game,
 And Ah Sin took a hand :
 It was euchre. The same
 He did not understand ;
 But he smiled as he sat by the table,
 With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
 In a way that I grieve,
 And my feelings were shocked
 At the state of Nye's sleeve,
 Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
 By that heathen Chinese,
 And the points that he made,
 Were quite frightful to see—
 Till at last he put down a right bower,
 Which the same Nye had dealt unto me

Then I looked up at Nye,
 And he gazed upon me ;
 And he rose with a sigh,
 And said " Can this be ?
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour ; "
 And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued
 I did not take a hand ;
 But the floor it was strewed
 Like the leaves on the strand,
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
 In the game " he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
 He had twenty-four packs—
 Which was coming it strong,
 Yet I state but the facts ;
 And we found on his nails, which were taper,
 What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
 And my language is plain,
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinese is peculiar—
 Which the same I am free to maintain.

" Cicely " of Alkali Station, is very fine. A poor fellow with no soul for poetry tells to a poet the story of the birth of his child, and asks him " just to sling it into rhyme." His wife, a poor crazy thing, starts off and runs away one cold night in October. The husband tells the story thus :

One night—the tenth of October—I 'woke with a chill and fright,
 For the door it was standing open, and Cicely warn't in sight ;
 But a note was pinned on the blanket, which it said that she " couldn't stay,"
 But had gone to visit her neighbour, seventeen miles away.