

Bellefonte, Pa., July 19, 1907.

A FRANCISCAN SERMON.

Little children, for His sake, Who a baby's form did take, Who disclaimed not at all Ases' dumb, oxen's stall— Love His manger things for His sake. From that stall at Bethlehem His child's gaze was turned on them, Very sweetly it might be For their hospitality; Inns were full at Bethlehem. All the world went round and round, Ignorant; might none be found Worthy to behold His birth Save those lowliest things on earth, While the ignorant world went round. Not by chance, O children dear, Read His lesson; it is clear: Not the lowliest living thing Stands outside His fathering: Read His lesson, children dear, He, God's Lamb and little Child, Surely He was sweet and mild As those innocent lambs you know, Gambolling in their coats of snow; Imaging God's Lamb and Child. For His sake, the blessed Lamb, Love dumb creatures in His name, Our poor brethren, patient, mild, Lower than the lowliest child, Ass and oxen, sheep and lamb. And the dear birds of the air, All their pretty nestings square; And the fly upon the pane; And the butterfly, and the bee, Of his wings that light the air. Not alone your dog so wise, With his kind heart in his eyes; Nor your bird that sings in mirth; Nor your pussy on the hearth— Love all living things likewise. Let your love be wide as His, With the whole world round His knees; Gather into your warm heart All His creatures—not a part; So your love shall be like His. Save from want and cruelty Things that walk and things that fly; Make for them the world most sweet By your coming into it; Fight His fight 'gainst cruelty. O, believe me, little ones, Much a tender heart aches, Making a child's heart like His: He rejoices when He sees Kindness in His little ones. —(Katharine Toman Hinkson.)

SHIRAZ.

I first met him near the cross road that cuts in two the golf course in the Happy Valley at Hongkong. He and three of the little Chino caddies had been passing a tennis-ball, one from another, with their feet, after the usual inverted Chinese order of things, when it suddenly occurred to his Occidental instincts to elaborate the game. At least, that was what I gathered from the monosyllabic chatter and the gestures with the ball. He impressed me as being rather young to have mastered the dialect in which he was eagerly haranguing his companions. It had taken me ten long years of careful study, and he did not look as if he could boast that many to his age. Even for his inconceivable span of life he seemed diminutive, but here and there a deeper look on his square little face seemed to indicate a possible cause. Physically, aside from actual size, he left but little to desire, and his cold gray Western eyes, square little shoulders, and stubby calves were in rather ridiculous contrast to the shifty faces and lithe limbs of the embryonic Orientals around him. Strange to say, though a child of apparent European origin, he was not dressed in the orthodox sailor-suit with an H. M. S. cap ribbon, or in the tight Eton suit, with its abbreviated stem, in which the average exiled English mama loves to clothe her progeny. Neither were there any of the frills and ruffles of the high-caste Portuguese, although no one would have expected this. An Anglo-Saxon parentage of the child was so obviously apparent. An incident that followed made it unmistakable. The argument had grown heated. Apparently the little Chinos were unsympathetic to any Western modification of a time-honored Oriental game. More than that, they were unsympathetic—because it seemed dangerous, but because it was new. The odds in their favor were a majority, but the white child held a powerful trump in the tennis-ball that was firmly clenched in his little brown paw. This was evident to a wily comrade, and soon I saw a furtive, slant-eyed look shift from one in front to one behind. A slight push and a stealthy grab precipitated things. Both failed, but the design lay unmasked in all its horrid nakedness. The brown-haired boy grasped the situation on the instant, and, with an instinct as quick as the treachery, took a half step forward and planted a hard little fist between the eyes of the largest assailant, the boy in front of him. Followed a fight which for the displacement of the contestants was as keen an exhibition as I have ever seen. I suppose that I should have interfered, but I have always an extreme distaste for stopping a fight as long as the party which I had a mild bias with myself that my half of the world would win, and so it would have done but for a trick of destiny. He dropped the ball, the better and harder to use his fists, and I was wondering what latent instinct had caused a boy of his apparent Eastern education to resort to his fists as naturally as a puppy brought up with kittens would bite rather than scratch, when suddenly he swung at an assailant on his left, stepped squarely on the tennis-ball, and the next instant both stocky legs shot up in the air, and he landed with a thud squarely on his square little back. Of course the scowry spawn of Confucius rushed in and tried to kick him in the face, and one succeeded before I was able to reach him with my Malacca. Then they fled and from farther up the road hurled insults pertaining to foreign devils. My friend was on his feet in an instant and looking for a stone. Failing in the search, he turned to me. There was a rapidly growing bump over his left eye, where one of the boys had kicked him, and his upper teeth had cut deep into his lip so that the blood trickled down the corner of his mouth and dripped on to his khaki blouse. His manner, however, was unruffled and full of dignity. "Permit me to thank you, sir," he remarked, with a peculiar accent which I

was at a loss to place. "You have come in the time to save me the beating, but I think he would not happen if I do not step on the ball. Surely it would not happen if I have taken Yang—" "They do not fight fair like us Englishmen," I answered; "and who is Yang, may I ask?" "Yang is my Chow dog. At most times he is with me, but today he does not come, because later I go with my father to Paree cemetery, and it is in my mind that the dog is not below." He looked at me for a moment keenly but politely, wishing, as I could see, to ascertain my caste before giving a personal turn to the conversation. Apparently the investigation was satisfactory, for he resumed: "You are in mistake, sir, to suppose that I am an Englishman. I am an American." "Indeed?" I answered, then handed out my card-case and handed him a card. He took it with a slight bow and glanced at the inscription. "It is unfortunate that I am unable to offer you the card, Dr. Boles," he remarked, "but I am Shiraz Moore." "Shiraz," said I thoughtfully. "That is a Persian name. Perhaps you are partly of Persian descent?" "God forbid," he answered quickly. "I was born there, but" (semi-apologetically) "it was simply an accident. More importantly it is there that I have the misfortune to lose my mother." He removed his cap reverently at the name of his mother. I did the same. "Thank you," he said. "Now I must go, for I can see that my father has finished his game and is returning to the pavilion. It is my wish, sir, that we meet again." I echoed the sentiment. We bowed and parted. That same evening, after dinner, I wandered into the billiard-room in search of an acquaintance named Brown, whom I found with a group of other men absorbedly watching a game of billiards. "Watch this game, Boles," he said to me. "You know I'm a bit of a player, myself, but this bearded chap could make me look like a beginner." "Who is he?" I asked, backing into one of the high chairs. "I don't know—haven't heard his name, but I could swear that I have met him somewhere—something familiar about the eyes. He's drunk now—or ought to be. Before dinner he sat near me on the veranda, and in an hour and a half he had got away with a quart of whiskey; the boy brought a full bottle and set it down beside him, and when he got up, it was empty. Since he's been playing here, he has soaked up about a quart more. Never'd guess it, would you? He must be a natural physical antidote for rum!" As he spoke, the bearded man finished a long run, and as he turned to reach for his half-filled glass, my friend struck his fist softly against his open hand. "I have it! I know who he is! Jerrold Moore, by God! The portrait-painter who made such a splash in London about five years ago. Don't you remember? I knew him slightly when he was studying in Paris." "Has he a son? A little nipper about ten years old?" I asked, for all at once I traced the familiarity of his expression to my little friend of the golf-links. "Yes—believe he has. Poor chap, I remember now. He married a great beauty, an American girl, whom he met in London. They were to take a tour around the world, but lived for about a year in India, where Moore did some of his best work, painting rajahs and Hindus and things. Afterward they went to Persia, where he did a portrait of the Shah. I believe that there was a child born there, and not long afterwards Mrs. Moore met with an accident while riding. Horse fell on top of her and smashed her all up! Died of her injuries. Ugh! I don't wonder the poor devil drinks; he was mad about her." "There is still the boy to live for," I suggested. "Of course—and he doesn't look like a weakling, does he?" I glanced at the man with added interest. He was of medium height, broad-shouldered, but lean and wiry, with a small waist and narrow hips. His head was very thoroughly bred, with small, close-set ears, and his face was tanned almost to mahogany. He wore a closely-trimmed Van Dyke, and there was something wonderfully sympathetic in the expression of his eyes. "Looks like a plucky sort of chap who is putting up a hard but losing fight against an overwhelming tragedy," said my friend, and this diagnosis impressed me as accurate. Moore quickly ran off his string, and Brown took the opportunity to go over and speak to him. The other man that sat beside me, settled the score, and came over and slid into a chair beside me. I had a speaking acquaintance with him, as we had been shipmates on the "Diamante" from Manila a few weeks previously. "I used to think that I was a bit of a billiard crack," said he ruefully, "but I've changed my mind since I struck this chap. Now I want to see some one else get singed." He lowered his voice. "The word to me is that he's not under that table instead of knocking the balls together on top of it. He puts the ram away as if it were milk! He's got to windward of about half a gallon since tiffin!" I did not reply, for I was watching a diminutive figure clad in linen bicorne and baggy ponce trousers fastened under the knee with silver "good-luck" buckles. It was Shiraz, my friend of the morning, and he slipped quietly into the room as Moore and Brown started a game. The child recognized me with a respectful nod, then climbed into one of the high chairs, where he sat with his elbow on the arm and his square little chin dropped wearily into the palm of one hand, while his eyes, red and heavy-lidded, for the hour was late, never ceased to follow the figure of his father. "See that kid?" said my acquaintance. "That's Shiraz—Moore's youngster. Rum little beggar—so quaint and old-fashioned. Moore lost his wife a few years ago, and since then he's been trailing all over Asia. Drags the kid around with him. Beasts shame; Shiraz ought to be at school and playing with other children. He can scarcely speak English! He and his dad obin in some Hindu dialect." "It's a pity," I answered. "That's just what I say. Just because his own life's been spoiled is no reason for neglecting the boy, poor little chap. See how downy he looks! A chap who knows Moore slightly told me that he spends most of his time crystal-gazing, and all that rot. H'mph! I'll bet he finds more consolation in a glass bottle than he does in a glass ball. The two don't go together as I understand it—do they?" He yawned and left me, and I was not sorry, for I was a garrulous animal, and besides, I wanted to go over and say a word to Shiraz, whose head was drooping lower and lower, the bruise over his eye growing darker and more distinct as the tired blood withdrew from the weary little face. "Shiraz," I said, after we had exchanged greetings, "it is late, and you are very

tired. Will you not take an old doctor's advice, and go to bed?" A little tinge of color crept back under the tan of his cheeks, possibly at the softness of my voice; for the sight of this lonely little motherless chap, patiently watching and waiting for a rum-soaking father, was infinitely pathetic to me. Shiraz roused himself, and the square little shoulders went back a trifle. "A little tinge of color crept back under the tan of his cheeks, possibly at the softness of my voice; for the sight of this lonely little motherless chap, patiently watching and waiting for a rum-soaking father, was infinitely pathetic to me. Shiraz roused himself, and the square little shoulders went back a trifle. "A little tinge of color crept back under the tan of his cheeks, possibly at the softness of my voice; for the sight of this lonely little motherless chap, patiently watching and waiting for a rum-soaking father, was infinitely pathetic to me. 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