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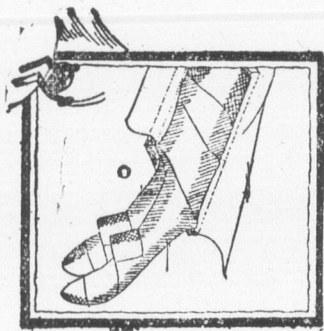
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**THE LEGEND OF
ABOUL FERAAD.**

The Bedoin shepherds on the hill
Behind the town of Bethlehem,
This ancient tale will tell you still
As it was handed down to them,
Of a wolf and a Nnbian shepherd
lad,—

A lamb, a wolf and Aboul Feraad
And yet one other, and will swear
by crook,

The wolf still prowls by hill and
brook

On Christmas Eve,—hunts furi-
ously,

Yet never tender lambs slays he.

The slopes about the ancient town
Were folded in the robes of night,
The gently bleating lambs lie down,
No voice is heard, no gleam of
light,

Save where the town of DDavid lay,
One star above of vivid ray

Its lone appointed vigil keeps;
While with the lambs a slave boy
sleeps.

'Twas to this shepherd's rude re-
treat

Had swept, but now, a white-
winged throng,

And this scant sod was touched by
feet,

Of heavenly choires in vibrant
song,

And shepherds, charmed 'twixt hope
and fear

Haste off,— and leave this Nu-
bian here

Whose alien heart no Christ would
seek

But guards his lambs on hillside
bleak.

Now suddenly the startled air
Is rent with lone wolf's hunting
cry,

And trembling sheep, his baleful
glare

And murderous rush, all head-
long fly.

Where now the shepherd's cheering
shout?

Sharp spear, and torches flung
about?

No help is here the flock to save
None but this frightened dark-
skinned slave.

Heedless of treacherous rocky steep,
Bramble and thorn, and chasm
near

Scatter the flock, and as the sheep
So fled the shepherd lad in fear,

'Till came a sound of plaintive bleat
Ere he had reached a safe retreat,

His lamb hard pressed by the wolf's
hot breath

Caught in a thorn and near to
death.

Stayed in his craven flight away,
Clutching his little spear and
sling

The boy crept back to doubtful fray
Crept back in fear, and faltering;

Yet had not reached that dreadful
tree,

Amazed, in soft light he could see
A master shepherd in seamless
white

Who held the lamb and stilled its
fright.

He could see on the flints where
his feet had bled,

Pierced were his hands by the
cruel thorn;

Gone was the wolf, yet, ere it fled
By it had the shepherd's side

been torn;
Like light it fell down the mountain
side

With a blow from his staff on its
shrinking hide;

While as the boy stood fearful by,
"Fear not," said the shepherd, "It
is I."

The wondering shepherds home-
ward came

From that son of hope in the
arms of love,

And whether of virtue, whether of
blame,

The better or worse who now
could prove?

(Much as we do our own vows
keep,—)

And the slave boy slept with the
rescued sheep.

So slept the babe in the manger old,
Nor thought of myrrh, frank-in-
cense, or gold.

This is the tale at the campfire told,
When the hills are bare and the
sky is cold,

Of a wolf who roams at the Christ-
mas tide

With two marks crossed on his
grizzly side.

G. Heart Andrews.

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SMITH**

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