

A SON OF THE CELESTIAL.

A CHARACTER.

Ah lie me dead in the sunrise land,
Where the sky is blue and the hills are gray,
Where the camels doze in the desert sun,
And the sea gulls scream o'er the big blue bay.

Where the Hwang-Ho glides through the golden
sand,

And the herons play in the rushes tail,
Where pagodas rise upon every hill
And the peach trees bloom by the Chinese wall.

Where the great grim gods sit still in the dark,
And lamps burn dim at their carven feet,
And their eyes like the eyes of the serpent king
Flash green through the dusk of the incense
sweet.

Though deep under ground I shall see the sun,
And shall feel the stretch of the blue overhead,
And the gems that gleam on the breast of the god.
And shall smell the scent of the peach—though
dead.

Most of the world knew him only as Yung Le Ho, one of the few white haired Chinamen who were to be seen about the streets of San Francisco. His cue was as long as that of any other John; and with the exception of wearing spectacles, he adhered strictly to his national costume. He sat all day long in an open bazar where he worked in silk and ivory and sandal wood. Americans who had lived there long said he must be worth a vast deal of money, for Yung was the best workman in the city. All the ladies who were enthusiastic over Chinese art bought his painted silken birds, and beautiful lacquered boxes, his bronze vases, his little ivory gods and his carved sandal wood, and paid him whatsoever he demanded for them. Had he possessed a dozen hands he might have sold the work of all of them, as it was, he was very skillful with two. Yung was like Michel Angelo, he allowed no one to touch his work but himself; he did it all, rough work and delicate. When the ship brought him strange black boxes with a sweet spicy odor about them, he opened them with his own hands and took out the yellow ivory tusks, and the bales of silks, and the blocks of shining

ebony. And no hands but his touched them until they were fashioned into the beautiful things with which the ladies of San Francisco loved to adorn their drawing rooms.

Day after day he sat in his stall, cross-legged and silent like the gods of his country, carving his ivory into strange images and his sandal wood into shapes of foliage and birds. Sometimes he cut it into the chapes of the foliage of his own land; the mulberry and apricot and chestnut and juniper that grew about the sacred mountain; the bamboo and camphor tree, and the rich Indian bean, and the odorous camelias and jagonicas that grew far to the south on the low banks of the Yang-Tse-Kiang. Sometimes he cut shapes and leaves that were not of earth, but were things he had seen in his dreams when the Smoke was on him.

There were some people beside the artistic public who knew Yung; they were the linguistic scholars of the city—there are a few of these, even so far west as San Francisco. The two or three men who knew a little Sanskrit and attacked an extract from the Vedas now and then, used often to go to Yung to get help. For the little white haired Chinaman knew Sanskrit as thoroughly as his own tongue. The professors had a good deal of respect for Yung, though they never told anyone of it, and kept him completely obscured in the background as professors and doctors of philosophy always do persons whom they consider "doubtful" acquaintances. Yung never pushed himself forward, nor courted the learned gentlemen. He always gave them what they wanted, then shut up like a clam and no more could be gotten out of him. Perhaps Yung did not have quite as much respect for the gentlemen as they had for him. He had seen a good many countries and a good many people, and he knew knowledge from