



SUPPLEMENT.



In midnight hour and with adorners few He doth inaugurate His earthly reign...

THE LEGEND OF CHRIST CHURCH.

Near the southern coast of England, Biding dark from hills of green, An ancient church with Norman towers...

Seven centuries have written Strangest stories on each stone, Making thus a vast palimpsest...

Of the legends, rarest, sweetest, Is the story of its birth, When the mighty frame was lifted...

In the time of William Rufus, Norman monks both brave and good, Laid with zeal its strong foundations...

Day by day there labored with them One who from the forest came; No one knew his home or nation...

As wild violets on the hillside Bloom when southern winds have blown, By the left blow of his chisel...

And the woods felt all the magic Of his gentle artist hand, Yielded shapes that fitted with wonder...

When at eventide the master Paid the wages of the day, Heading not, the wondrous stranger...

Then the puzzled workman queried: "Who is this, who asks no hire, Yet whose perfect skill leaves nothing...

None gave answer to their question, But as whirling mountain snows Heap great drifts among the gorges...

Till the hour came for placing The great beam which spans the nave; For its length the oak tree, bowing...

No oak on the hills of England Towered so far above his kin As this monarch, strong, sound hearted...

All who fall short in something, Measured by the law's demand, And the oak beam fall'd in inches...



Then despair possessed the workmen; When that toilsome day was done, Mournfully they plodded homeward...

How he labored in the starlight, While cool night winds round him stirred, While the world in silence slumbered...

But the first faint flush of sunrise Showed the beam set in its place, While the stranger met the workmen...

Speaking low, in accents gentle, Like some distant anthem's strain, "Unless the Lord doth aid in building...

As the mists drift from a landscape, Swept the dimness from their sight; Knew they then 'twas Christ, the Master...

CHRISTMAS AND THE CYNIC.

A Pessimist and Optimist Talk It Over.

"There is more brotherly love and uplifting of spirit in a good fat turkey than in all the Christmas stories that ever were penned..."

"I would rather have my slice of good will cut up and given to me every now and then than to have a big chunk of it on Christmas..."

"It isn't perfection, this world isn't," said the optimist, musingly, "but there's lots of goodness in the human animal after all..."

alarly; but it's a pretty custom to give them. We're likely to grow so despicably selfish if there was no Christmas to remind us that we could make somebody else glad...

"Speaking of Christmas trees," said the cynic, "I saw the most miserable caricature of one to-day that could be imagined. It was a cast of limb from some Dives' unbragging one..."

The optimist smiled and sighed as he musingly answered: "Yes, the millennium is a long way off, but there is some good will among us, some generosity, some unselfishness..."

THE HAPPIEST MOMENT.

HOW IT CAME TO THE GUESTS OF A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Honor, aged 30, and her Aunt Margaret, aged 38 and unmarried, maintained themselves by keeping a morning school for young ladies in Paradise row, one of the back streets of Camden Town, London...

Honor had an uncle—her father's brother—the rich Mr. Bryson, who, although he gave them no financial aid, always invited his niece and her aunt to spend the holidays at his house...

There was a reason for this beyond what the two disappointed ladies could dream of. The Brysons had a marriageable daughter, and there was a certain Sir Edward Dusart who, they thought, was about to propose to her...

The first impulse of Aunt Margaret and Honor on receiving Uncle Bryson's check was to send it back. Second thought persuaded them to keep it and use every penny of it in giving a Christmas party themselves—not a party for the rich and prosperous, nor even for their financial equals...

to whom they could say anything about their past lives. He often looked in upon them after their day's work was done, and it seemed plain to Aunt Margaret that he took great interest in Honor...

They had a busy time preparing for the feast. They felt in duty bound to spend every penny of the money. In addition to the supper, every guest was to have a present, and several sick ones were to have presents sent to them...

Among the other important guests were the "little tailor and his wife," "Sally's grandmother," "Johnny and his mother," and the "poor lodger." Sally's grandmother was in the receipt of parish relief...

Although every one else jested about the little tailor and his wife clinging to the belief that they would again see their son, who had gone abroad to seek his fortune, and had not been heard of for years, Honor did not. The belief helped them to bear their privations better than they might otherwise have done...

And there was Grace Fairlie, the national school mistress, a gentleman, who had been quite alone in the world since her mother's death; and poor little Annie, the drunken cobbler's daughter, and the good natured old soldier, with the bullet in his leg, who helped everybody...

The little tailor's wife to his wife: "There was well clothes once, mother, and nothing will get the gentleman out of them any more than it will out of him," showed that others thought as I did.

Then, there was Mrs. Parnell, who was "genteel." They were uncertain whether she would come, for, although she had now the recommendation of being poor and lonely, she prided herself upon having "once moved in a different sphere..."

As they entered the room she hung back, clinging nervously to him, and looking as scared as though she expected she was going to be beaten. Honor had some difficulty in inducing her to loose her protector's hand and take the stool provided for her in a warm corner near the fire...

All felt that little Annie needed sympathy and kindness more than did any guest there, if the soul was to be kept much longer in the great mournful eyes. Most pitiful of all was the old look in the pinched, white face. She seemed to regard us with a kind of calm indulgence, as grown-up children playing in life, which she had long seen the sad reality of.

All went well, and with music and chatting the time was spent very happily until 9 o'clock. Then, before the guest company was seated around the table, Honor proposed that each one relate the history of the happiest moment of his life.

The happiest moment! There was a puzzled, half doubtful expression in some of the faces as thought traveled back into the past; but it presently disappeared, and there was a smile more or less expansive upon every one's face. Even the poor lodger had a reticent smile upon his lips, as he turned his eyes meditatively toward the fire.

Johnnie led off. He admitted without shame that the happiest moment of his life had been when he had been invited to the party, and Sally had assured him that there would be all the turkey, mince pie and pudding that he could eat. His mother blushed over his very materialistic idea of happiness. Her own story was this: "I think the very happiest moment I have ever had was when the manager at the warehouse promised to give me a shilling a dozen extra for making the shirts, for," she added, looking round with a deprecatory little smile, as though to apologize for the homeliness of the cause of her happy moment, "growing boys are a most always hungry."

Mrs. Parnell, when called upon to relate her story, coughed meditatively behind her fan for a moment or two, and then graciously said that the happiest moment of her life was when she danced with Lord Langland at the tennery ball, when she was just 18.

Grace Fairlie and Honor had some difficulty in keeping their countenances as they exchanged glances. Even the "poor lodger" was evincing some signs of having once known how to laugh. But the others appeared sufficiently impressed to satisfy Mrs. Parnell, had she had any misgivings about the point. She was gazing complacently into the fire. She had simply related a fact, and was too much absorbed in the pleasant recollections it had called up to notice any one's face.

Old Nannie thought the greatest amount of bliss she ever experienced was when she outwitted the poor guardians and got her "lowance out 'stead of going into the house." The old soldier described how a feeling that his mother was near him pulling him away from a trench during a battle, gave him his happiest moment, because just as he was fairly out a shell burst in the trench and he knew that he had been saved from certain death by the watchful spirit of his dead mother.

assisted by a friendly push from Sally, old Nannie entered the room.

To figure as one of the guests for whom she had helped to prepare was just at first too much for old Nannie's philosophy. There was certainly a great contrast between Mrs. Parnell and her faded grandeur and Nannie in her short, scant, well worn merino gown, her plain muslin cap, her sleeves too short to cover her bony wrists and her hands bearing witness to a life of toil.

So far all was going on propitiously; and no sooner was Nannie inducted into her comfortable chair by the fire in the back room, where she sat with a hand planted upon each knee, and her eyes turned complacently toward the well appointed table, than the little tailor and his wife—neither of them much more than five feet high—were ushered in.

The pretty, fair-haired school mistress, in deep mourning, was welcomed, and after her came Johnny and his mother. No one seemed to think of calling her anything but "Johnny's mother." With them came the "poor lodger," who had not been easily induced to accept the invitation, and who was looking very doubtful and reserved, and on the defensive, so to speak, as though their motive was as yet not quite clear to him.

But Honor, the diplomatist aside, which had answered so well with the others, seemed to succeed with him also; at any rate, so far as disarming his suspicious went. In reply he bowed low, with a few words about his estimation of the privilege of being allowed to assist Miss Bryson in any way. But it was enough to show that he was a gentleman, had he not, evidently weak as he was, and appreciative of the comfortable chair assigned to him, so courteously endeavored to decline it in favor of others.

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"But why didn't you have another dream to tell you to put your leg out of the way when the bullet was coming?" asked Johnnie. "I chose to take it into the way, my lad," somewhat absently replied James Brooks; "besides, that did me no hurt."

"No hurt to be shot?" "Well, my boy, there's different ways of being hurt, as perhaps you'll find out as you get older. I'd had my lesson, you see, and didn't need to be taught over again."

"But ain't you going to tell us how you got the bullet in your leg?" persisted Johnnie. "You didn't have that through the dream?"

"Well, I got shot while I was fetching out a young'un"—He paused, ruffling up his scanty hair. "But I am no hand at telling them sort of things. It isn't for me to say why I'm a bit proud of the bullet I carry about with me, ladies and gentlemen. Perhaps it will be enough if I say that it brought me this," touching the cross upon his breast, and rather shyly adding: "It was a French officer that was saved, an only son"—here he gazed afar off dreamily and cut short his story.

The "poor lodger," when asked to tell his story, begged to be excused for a little longer, and gave way to Sally, who, after some stammering, said, in high delight, glancing shyly round: "It was last night, then. He met me fetching the supper beer, and he said he'd got enough saved for a tidy bit of furniture, and a little put by for a rainy day, as well as regular work, so there was no call to wait."

Every body congratulated Sally, and Aunt Margaret said that he ought to have been invited, at which, amidst a merry laugh from all, Sally, with a very red face, said: "He isn't so far off as he couldn't be found by supper time, if you please, ma'am. He said something about being somewhere handy, to see if he could be of any use in bringing up the trays and such like."

The little tailor rose, with his eyes shooting from his head and his face as white as the dead. Mrs. Peebles gasped, but could not speak, for lo! following Honor into the room was a tall, good looking young man with frank blue eyes, brown beard and bronzed face—their own Tom, the long hoped for, long absent son, who had returned on Christmas night, exactly as absent sons frequently do in books, but very rarely in real life.

He fell on his knees before Mrs. Peebles, sobbing in her lap, while the little tailor was wildly shaking hands with everybody. The happiest moment had come for all three of the Peebles family. Their story had told itself.

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Then they all turned to little Annie—feeble, prematurely old, sad faced little Annie—who sat gazing reflectively into the fire and then said: "I remember once father said he would give me a worse hiding than ever when he came home, 'cause I waited for him outside the public, and when he come he fell asleep and forgot to give it me. If that will do, miss?"

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Then it was Honor's turn to talk. She had just begun her story—a fairy story—when, glancing up, her face expressed astonishment, confusion and happiness, all in an instant. There, standing in the door, unannounced, was Sir Edward Dusart. Anyone who understood the language of faces would know at once by a glance at Honor's that her happiest

moment had come; that her story, too, had told itself, for only one thing could have brought Sir Edward Dusart to her from Uncle Bryson's on that Christmas night. And wasn't it curious that the scheme of the Brysons to keep him from again meeting Honor had brought about the very thing they had tried to prevent? And isn't it always so? Behind Sir Edward came Mr. Redmond, who, after greeting everybody, said something to Aunt Margaret which seemed to make her face radiant and caused her to tell the story of her happiest moment with her eyes only. She it was, not Honor, who had been the cause of his visits there, and in the fewest words possible on that Christmas night he made this plain to her; and later, when addressing a few words of good will and good wishes to all before the curious company rose from the table, he said this was one of the happiest moments of his life.

But just after he and Sir Edward had become one of the company, Mr. Williams, the poor lodger, was seen making his way toward the door holding his handkerchief up to his face. He was telling Sally to excuse him to her mistress, as a sudden attack of neuralgia obliged him to leave rather abruptly, when Sir Edward Dusart caught sight of him, and called out: "Elston! Is it Why, Elston, old fellow, where on earth have you sprung from?" The poor lodger moved on toward the door, making no answer. Sir Edward sprang after him, and with his arm around his neck, school boy fashion, went with him into the hall. When they both returned Sir Edward introduced the poor lodger as the best friend he ever had, and one of the best scholars of his own university. The little company was greatly astonished to learn that he wasn't Mr. Williams at all, but Mr. Elston, but they were still more astonished some weeks later when they learned that he and Grace Fairlie were married—they became engaged that very night, and were married as soon as he was established as a lawyer. So his story, also, was not told, but told itself.

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But shining clear, with a living light, With a light that'll never die, Till the pierces o'en through the outer night, And leads us straight to Him.

Intercepted Letter. To Miss Millie O. Nairo, Bankville, Cash County. DEAR MISS MILLIE: Though it may seem strange to your father, it will not appear singular to you that I should love you for yourself alone. Yet it would pain me to have any one think that my motive could be double rather than single. What am I to do? You are an heiress. I am not. I cannot even claim to be a heir, much less a million heir. Let us be frank. I love you. You love me, do you not, for myself alone? Then we are equals. Leave your father and trust to me. I will cherish you to the last. With me your heart and your dollars shall be secure. Bring all the money you can with you, but never mind the odd change. Remiculously, for \$westness, or \$orrow, yours, AUGUSTUS PENNY, Coachman. —Life.

He Didn't Match. Mrs. Mushroom—Yes, I rented my heart springs to have to discharge poor Thomas. He was a perfect parolox of a coachman, and has been in the family for generations. Mrs. Boodle—Why were you compelled to part with him? Mrs. Mushroom—It was impossible to keep him since I have put on mourning for dear Horatio. Thomas is a blonde, so I let him go, and now we have a lovely nigger coachman as black as my crape veil.—Chicago Rambler.

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