

Julian Supplement.

CHRISTMAS, 1881.

The Christmas Bells.

Oh, hear the sweet bells as they ring,
And welcome the glorious morn—
The day when our Saviour and King,
The blessed Messiah, was born!
Behold in the zenith his star!
How it brightens the heavens above!
And princes perceive from afar,
And come with their treasures of love.
Then join every voice in the song,
The sweet bells of Christmas awake;
Come join in the jubilate throng,
The journey to Bethlehem take.
Bring gold, for a monarch is born,
In David and Solomon's line;
Bring myrrh, for the sorrow and scorn,
Bring incense, for the divine;
Bring frankincense, for the shadow depart
From all the dark regions around;
Bring gold, and rejoicing, each heart
With songs, with salvation resounds!
No longer in doubt and distress
Poor wayfarers stand on the shore,
Now Jesus is waiting to bless,
And lead them the dark river o'er.
Bring incense of worship, bring gold,
All gifts at his feet shall we lay;
The Saviour by prophets foretold,
 Jehovah is with us to-day.

A MINE OF RUBIES.

A thin mantle of snow covered the
earth like a tattered garment, making
the landscape seem unfinished and un-
bearably dreary.

Arnold Wait regarded the picture of
desolation from his car window, and
regretting that Duty insisted upon his
going up into the country to spend
Christmas with his Aunt Ennis, who
was as disagreeable as Duty herself,
while Pleasure beckoned him over to
his favorite Aunt Helen's house in the
city.

His Aunt Ennis had sent invitations to
her three nephews for Christmas
day, and while two of the young men
had sent regrets, Arnold, who had a
soft heart, could not say nay, for
she was as lonely as if she had been
the most unlovable woman in Christendom
—probably more so, for she was so
poor no one ever thought of tolerating
her crossness, or of calling it eccentricity.

Arnold was a puzzle to his friends—
to those who knew him best most of all.
Gentle and deferential to ladies always,
passionately fond of his mother, though
scarcely over twenty-five, on the
high road to business success, no one
knew of his ever appearing to be in
love, or of offering his hand in mar-
riage.

A devoted brother to his one married
sister he proved, and he was
fond of her own sons. "Why don't you
get married, Arnold?" was a question that met him at
almost every turn.

"I am looking for a wife," he would
answer, almost earnestly; "but I must
find her in my own way. Besides,
I have known a goodly number of
girls, but none seemed so fond of the
flowers as the bellies. He spent his
summer vacations in traveling; he sub-
scribed to all the society papers; he
was acquainted with the brightest and
most fashionable young ladies far and
near—yet he never appeared to fall in
love."

"Has Arnold ever had a disappointment?"
questioned an old lady of his
Aunt Helen, one day.

"Never, you may be sure, or he would
be sored in some way. Besides,
I have known a goodly number of
girls, but none seemed so fond of the
flowers as the bellies. He spent his
summer vacations in traveling; he sub-
scribed to all the society papers; he
was acquainted with the brightest and
most fashionable young ladies far and
near—yet he never appeared to fall in
love."

"He is settled, and Arnold we his
way, a wicker among men."

This afternoon, while his eyes looked
out upon the wintry scene, his heart
looked back over many years—or what
seemed many years to him. He saw in
a corner of a half-warmed, half-lighted
church, a young girl seated upon a pile
of cedar-boughs, weaving wreaths of
cedar and hemlock and holly, her eyes
drooping half over her work, and half
because his own sought them so ear-
nestly.

Her cheeks were flushed, too, not
altogether from walking in the wind,
which, white, hived, binding the
boughs together, moved unsteadily.

He lingered over this picture lov-
ingly; never since had he seen a face
so sweet.

"To-morrow," she said (for he was
out with the old man, "she is com-
ing for me after all, I shall not see the
decorations here at Christmas time.")

He remembered it all so well, even to
the sorrowful lifting of the rare brown
eyebrows.

"To-morrow, Ada!" he echoed, in re-
gretful surprise, "if you go to to-morrow,
when shall we ever meet again?"

"I don't know," she said, bending
her head over her work still lower, until
he could see little but the crown of soft
brown hair which was brushed back
into a heavy braid that swept the boughs
beside her. And then, in explanation
of the whole, she drew from her pocket
a letter, and placed it in his hands.

It was from her father, and he read
it, the angry blood mounting to his face,
and he was slow to anger, too. It was a
harsh letter, saying her aunt, with whom
she was staying, had written word that
Ada had forgotten herself, and given her
promise to wed one of the students,
although she knew he had other plans
for her.

He was coming for her at once, and
as there was no reason for delay, she
must prepare to wed her Cousin Carl the
coming Easter tide.

"Is your cousin ugly or old?" Arnold
asked, as quietly as possible.

"No; he is young, he is handsome, he
is kind—but, ah, I do not love him, and
I never will!"

"But you will be obliged to marry
him, Ada."

She looked up into his face—a fright-
ened glance.

"There is but one remedy," he an-
swered, stooping low as he spoke, that
no one in the church might hear. "Mar-
ry me to-night, and you are free from
him and safe with me."

she shrank from him, catching her
breath quickly, and then looking back
into his face, alarm upon hers.

"If you love me, Ada," he said, "you
will marry me to-night, here."

It was growing late; the ladies who
had been busy in braiding festoons and
garlands were beginning, with their as-
sistants, to disperse. The young rector,
who was Arnold's friend, and also an
special favorite with Ada's aunt, now
approached the pair—he was to accom-
pany Ada home, Arnold briefly, but
passionately, told him his story. The
rector, Mr. Ward, was eloquent and
devout, a favorite with the congregation,
but sometimes, people said, acting
upon too sudden impulses. He heard
the story and, his own heart sore from
parting with the loved woman he loved
because her father interposed, he said:

"I will marry you—it is the only
thing you can do."

Ada hesitated, afraid to take the step,
and Arnold tried his powers of persua-
sion, while the rector went to speak to
the old sexton, an iron gray man, who
never spoke to any one, except when ad-
dressed, and then, the people were go-
ing, and at last only the rector, the
sexton, Arnold and Ada were left.

"I will marry you," Ada said, at
length, "if you will allow me to go home
with Mr. Ward as though nothing had
happened. Do not attempt to claim me
until after you have graduated, and
upon my part, I will not tell my father
until you come, except I find it neces-
sary to keep me from a second marriage.
I will write and tell you whether I go,
so you may know where I am always, and
then I will wait for you."

At length, she consented—Mr. Ward
thought it wisest, too—and they were
married, the sexton giving the now pale
and anxious bride away, the ring being
an old-fashioned circlet that had been
Arnold's mother's, and was set with two
rubies and a pearl.

The ceremony over, Arnold had but a
moment to embrace his trembling
bride, kiss her cold lips, and
whisper reassuring words into her ear,
when there was a rap at the church door.
Ada's aunt had become alarmed at her
absence, the fear of that "dreadful stu-
dent" being in her mind, and had come
to see her marry some.

At the sound Ada slipped, fainting,
from Arnold's arms, and Mr. Ward sent
the sexton for restoratives and to open
the door, while he dragged the unwill-
ing Arnold into the street, bidding him
go home and be a man, or he would
spoil all.

This did not prevent him from prowl-
ing about and returning from "the dra-
gon's," as he termed the residence of
Ada's relative, in the carriage with Mr.
Ward, who assured him that Ada had
been pale as a pale as to excite the
sympathy of her father, who arrived
during his sister's absence; and all
things considered, it was not probable
that he would take her away next day.

So Arnold went to his lodgings, rose
and attended to the following morn-
ing, getting through them he scarcely
knew how, for he received a message
from Mr. Ward at noon, saying Mr.
Haven had taken Ada away in an early
morning train.

That was nearly five years ago, and
Arnold had not heard one word from her
since that eventful night. He searched
for her, quietly, always; he never
doubted her faithfulness and truth.

Mr. Ward had since lost favor with
his congregation, and gone across the
country, and as the sunset sky was
blood-red, and glowing—it had touched
with a rosy brightness the threadbare
patches of snow.

The train was curving slowly round
one hill before it began the ascent of
another, and presently there came in
view a pretty, modern country-house in
gray, touched up with red, its windows
shining in the red light like a mine of
rubies.

Arnold snatched up satchel and
umbrella, and went out upon the plat-
form for a lingering look at the house,
which, looking as possible, was
perched at the foot of the hill. As the
train still curved, he was rewarded with
another glimpse of the house, the end
of it being now in sight, and a lighted
lamp within showed an invalid's easy
chair, a gentleman with flowers, and
lastly, a young girl watching the train.

One glance, and then he looked with
heart and eyes, for rarely this world
could never hold two such faces.

He descended one of the platform
steps, and leaned further over to make
a better view of the house, and the sudden
jolting of the car, together with the ex-
citement of the moment, caused him to
lose his hold, and he fell headlong
down the embankment, and on down
the hillside, striking branches of trees,
projecting rocks and frozen ground at-
tenuately, but falling to grasp anything
to stay his fall, until it was arrested by
the very gate posts near the door of the
house he had been watching.

The girl rushed out. She had seen
it all, but failed to recognize in the
faller form and heavily mustached lips
her lover-husband of five years ago.

"Is it possible you are not killed?"
she asked, with more nervousness than
discretion, and she knelt by his side.

"I don't know," he said, stunned
and dazed and benumbed by a hun-
dred bruises. "I only know—I have
made a great deal of head—'I have
found you at last, Ada, my wife.'"

Then she knew him, and as, with a
pleading glance, he looked into her
face, which gradually changed to un-
consciousness, she bent over and kissed
his mouth.

"Ah, what a strange marriage and
what an unfortunate lot!" she cried.

"He leaves me in a dead faint a mo-
ment after marriage, and five years
later comes fainting back to me! My
good Ursula, do not tell me he is
dead!" to the middle-aged woman who
now came and also knelt by Arnold's
prostrate form.

"He is not dead!" Trust me, Miss
Ursula, he is not dead!"

"But let us get him up to his father's
chair, and send for Doctor James."

So when Arnold came to his wits at
last he had watched from the car. The
geranium with its red flowers, stood at
his feet, and beside him, applying
restoratives, and chattering over him
like a mother would to her infant, was
the girl wife he had sought so long,
who received him as though she had
believed in him all these years, and
he had trusted her. And then the doc-
tor came and she was sent away, and an
hour later she was called back to hear
the result of his injuries.

"Nothing serious, I assure you," the
doctor said. "There is only a sprained
ankle, a fractured wrist, a bruised
shoulder, a skinned and blistered knee,
and a few other slight contusions here
and there. Mere trifles, Miss Haven, I
assure you. Seeing her horrible face,
"It is a very unfortunate occurrence,"
mistaking her look, and speaking in a
loud aside, "but it won't be long
to have him upon your hands, for if you
object to his remaining, he can be removed
with much pain in two or three days.
He will probably be feverish at first,
but he is pretty well bruised; but he
soon as that is over, he can go to the
hotel. If you wish, I'll arrange for
him at the Hilltop House, and have
a carriage sent for him at the first
possible moment. From his appear-
ance, I judge he can stand the ex-
posure."

"Pray, don't trouble yourself," she
answered, so coldly, the doctor won-
dered what was the matter. "Mr.
Wait is an old friend, and I shall cer-
tainly keep him here until he is quite
well."

But after the doctor had gone, and
Ada had sent Ursula to look about
for some supper for the invalid, she
looked at her watch, and saw that it
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Christmas Carols.

In England, France and Germany, it
has long been the custom about Christ-
mas time for children, and even grown-
up people, to join together in little
bands, and go from house to house
singing "carols," or Christmas hymns.

Many of these simple carols are of
remarkable beauty, and some of them
are from two to three hundred years
old. The practice of carol-singing ap-
pears to be as ancient as the celebra-
tion of Christmas itself, and in the
early ages of the church, the bishops
were accustomed to celebrate the birth
of Christ by singing appropriate hymns
and carols among their clergy.

In the course of time these Christmas
hymns were sung by others as well as
the clergy, and at the present time the
clergy have given it up entirely.

Some of these sweet hymns, that for
centuries have floated on upon the air
of night, mingling with the strains of
the Christmas bells, still linger in
quiet villages in England, France and
Germany.

One of the most common is the fol-
lowing, the air of which is very sweet
and simple:

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's thral,
When we were gone astray,
Oh, tidings! glad tidings!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day.

In Bethlehem in Jewry
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this happy morn,
And thus he came to earth,
To save our souls from death,
Oh, tidings, etc.

More ancient than the first is the
following:

As Joseph was a-walking, he heard an angel
sing:
"This night shall be born our Heavenly King,
He neither shall be born nor yet in
hall;
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's
stall."

"He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in
pall,
Yet in the fair white linen when he lies,
All do neither shall be robed in silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger that rocks upon the
mold."

Then he joyed, good people, this night of all
the year;
And light ye up your candles, His star it
signeth near.

And all in earth and heaven our Christmas
carol sing,
"Goodwill to Peace and Goodwill to
Love," and all the
bells shall ring!

The following has a quaint ballad
refrain that lingers pleasantly upon
the ear, like the ringing of the Christ-
mas chimes:

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day in the morning,
And what was in those ships all three.

On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Our Saviour Christ and His Ladie,
On Christmas Day in the morning,
And all the bells on earth shall ring.

On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning,
Then let us all rejoice amain
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Then let us all rejoice amain
On Christmas Day in the morning.

As rude and simple as a nursery
rhyme, the old song has still power to
stir a thousand tender recollections in
our hearts. There is a light and tripping
movement in the following that
sets itself to music like a lark's song:

Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carols for the coming
Of Christ's nativity;
And pray a gladness Christmas
For all good Christian men,
Carol, carol, Christians,
For Christmas comes again.

Carol, carol, Christians;
Like the Magi now
Ye must lead your camels
With a grateful vow:
You must have sweet incense,
Myrror, and finest gold,
At your Christmas altar
Humbly to unfold.

Carol, carol!
We must conclude with the hope that
our little readers will not forget that
Christmas, though ordinarily styled a
holiday, must also be devoted to thank-
ing the Almighty for His infinite good-
ness, to us and to all mankind.

Little Bits.
To the credit of humanity let me here
assert I had allwms found them ready
to give me all the credit I deserve.
Man is an animal with this disadvan-
tage, he has only got two legs.

Man has a plan, if she didn't she
never would have made a monkey.
The milk or human kindness, like all
other milk, is principally valuable for
the cream that is in it.

Men seldom argue much about what
both of them understand, they readily
agree that 12 inches make a foot, and
16 ounces pound.

Life is short, but all of us manage to
waste more of it than we use.—Josh
Billings.

Diplomatic: "Ma," she said, confid-
ingly, "Henry has asked me to marry
him." "And you accepted?" was the
query. "No," was the reply, "I didn't,
and neither did I reject him. If I can
keep him on the string until Christmas,
he'll make me a handsome present to
induce me to say 'yes.' You know I
have been wanting a gold watch for a
long time."

Contentment: "Don't be forever
sighing for wealth, my son," counseled
John's father; "be content with what
you have." "I intend to be content
when I have it," replied John.

CHRISTMAS.

With the good wishes of this joyful
season, we offer our friends a feast for
Christmas, which though rich will not
be found indigestible.

We have endeavored to bring all the
elements together for a Christmas ban-
quet—the oysters, the delicate soup, the
fish, the joints, the poultry, the entrees,
the vegetables, the relishes, the bread,
the fruits, and the plum-pudding. Or
perhaps our Christmas menu may be
better likened to the pudding itself,
which we hope will be found well made
and full of plum.

We cannot control events, but unless
sadness, of a more than common sort,
intrudes into the household, Christmas
should be made memorable, by all the
associations which tend to give color
and brightness to the most beautiful
festival of the year.

"Keep it as memory green" with holly,
with the Christmas tree, with the dainties
which fitly crown the Christmas board!
Buy toys for the little ones, and gifts
for everybody.

If the value is not great, and your
gifts are all, or almost all, of the
same poor, unless accompanied by the
evidences of sincerity and true fellow-
ship. There are gifts which sting like
the bite of an adder, because the giver
is not equal to the gift, and generosity
becomes too much for him or her, as the
case may be. Such gifts are not worth
having. They cost too much in the
pain and humiliation of obligation.
Such persons are out of harmony with
the divine spirit of love, which is the
foundation and inspiration of the merry
Christmas time, and furnishes the per-
petual fountain from which its perennial
freshness flows.

Life is very short, and to most of us
very circumscribed, and the Christmas
holiday gives us year by year the most
universal awakening from its monotony,
both in the actual experience and the
retrospect. Doubtless it loses some of
its charms at the period of middle
age, when we are usually beset by cares
and anxieties, and when Christmas
brings to us, instead of simple joy,
pecuniary responsibilities and addition-
al burdens upon time and strength.

Still, judgment notwithstanding, provide
for the first, and the last laborers of
love which naturally lighten the burden,
instead of being felt as additional
troubles.

For the children's sake, for the cheer-
ing influence in your neighborhood, let
the yule fires burn, and the guests be
led in a wooden manger that rocks upon