

THE ANGEL OF CHRISTMAS

been proud of for ages, the visible souls of long-dead masters; those rugs and tapestries in which ancient peoples had symbolized by painstaking, life-long labor their belief that work is prayer; books written by inspiration and bound with sublime reverence; tiny carvings cut with monumental devotion to beauty,—Mr. Jonathan Briggs had had the sense and the gumption and the business genius to win them, and now they were his, he would say, as they ought to be.

He was a plain American, though, rich as he was, and prided himself upon his simple, sturdy patriotism. He scorned wealthy people who went to live abroad or passed all of their leisure in other countries. America was the best land on earth, he held, and therefore America was good enough for Mr. Jonathan Briggs. Everything de-