"'Twas not the costly gift nor precious jewel. But just the ... heart he gave"

The Juggler Legend

Notre Dame, against a Christmas sky Its twin cathedral towers raises high Into the festive crowd comes Jean, a juggler Above the square where Paris gaily dances. His paltry tricks their revelry disturbing. "Fie on you, Juggler. Hence with your sorry

trade—

Here's room for nought but gayety tonight."

Away they dance. Disconsolate, he sinks Before the friendly portals of the church.

Chilled by the worldlings' scorn, he seeks within

The comfort of a refuge offered him.

Her painted wooden face in candle glow Softened and sweet, the blessed Mary stands Motionless. Yet, that graven hand once rose To bless the gift a suppliant sinner gave. This miracle in vain the reverent monks Seek, by their prayers and offerings, once

more To win from her whose church they serve. Poor Jean! Have you no gift to offer her? None but this trifling art, his juggler's mite,—

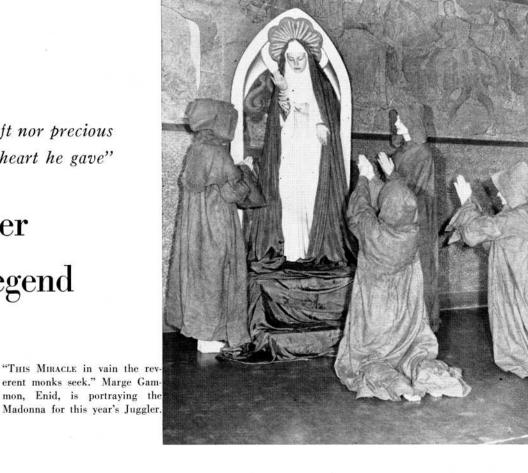
One meager talent that the world had scorned.

Doffing his cowl, he bows, performs his turns,

As to a captious public, for whose pennies His beggar's cap he dangles; so to her Oblivious of the holy place, he begs . . . Ho! sacrilege! He thinks now where he is. What shall atone for this? In his despair He squanders all his strength to give The utmost of his skill; then falls at last Exhausted, dying, at her feet. The monks Returning, shrink in horror from the scene. But on her pedestal, the Virgin Mother stirs,

Radiant, she smiles and lifts her hand In benediction. 'Twas not the costly gift Nor precious jewel. But just the humble heart

He gave, that wrought the Miracle!



"NONE BUT THIS TRIFLING ART, his juggler's mite, one meager talent that the world scorned. As to the captious public . . . he squanders all his strength to give the utmost of his skill." The Juggler has enjoyed 21 years of popularity in Soonerland as an annual campus program.

