

The Gention

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Cheerfulness

LORD PETERBOROUGH, in speaking of the great Fénelon, once said: "He is a delightful creature! I was forced to get away from him as fast as I could, else he would have made me pious." Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of all good people, but it is a fact, that if you are anxious to benefit others and to be a power in God's Kingdom, you must strive to make yourself attractive—to be kind, considerate, helpful and pleasant. A sunny disposition is a great gift. Try to cultivate it. Make the best of everything and you will surely help both yourself and others. A despondent gloomy view of life never benefits anyone. Be courageous yourself and help others to be brave. How calmly confident are these words of St. Teresa:

"Let nothing trouble thee,
Let nothing disturb thee,
All passeth away,
God only shall stay,
And patience wins all things."

Difficulties will pass away if we will give them time. Quick success is not as solid a thing as slow success. To wait is hard, but "Night is darkest when dawn is near."

Once upon a time I had a fit of dejection. Things would not come right no matter how hard I strove. Failure sat enthroned on all my efforts, and I could not dethrone him. So I sat me down to nurse my defeats in gloomy solitude. Robert Bruce had a similar experience once, I believe, when a friendly spider enjoyed himself in acrobatic feats for his encouragement. But, where I sat, the walls were too well swept for any spider so to disport himself. However, a friend was near, though I knew it not. Glancing at the clock, I saw the hour hand pointing to midday. What a ponderous deliberate thing that hand appeared when compared with its swift moving colleague the minute hand! Clear around the circuit it gyrates whilst the hour hand

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Purity Divine

St. Agnes, holy child,
All purity,
O may we, undefiled,
Be pure as thee,
Ready our blood to shed,
Rather than with sin to wed,
And forth as martyrs led
To die like thee.

JUST a jingle of words thrown together, and of no literary value, yet to one who heard them for the first time in early childhood, what a host of memories they recall!

Childhood is apt to form its own conception of terms, and the words "All purity" meant something exquisitely beautiful. A child appeared—a little maiden of twelve or thirteen summers—upon whose small person gifts and graces had been hung in rich profusion, yet whose chief adornment was a dazzling spotlessness of soul. Perchance St. Ambrose had had a similar vision, else how could he write so beautifully about her? Listen for a moment to the words of one of whom it was told "that in the churches where he preached, mothers were afraid of their daughters being present, lest his eloquence should persuade them to such love of Christ, as to make them choose the better part." These are his words:—

"It is the feast of St. Agnes; let men admire, and children not despair; let the married wonder, and the unmarried imitate.

"There is a tradition that she suffered martyrdom at the age of thirteen. Too young to deserve punishment, yet is she old enough to win a victory. She has but the age of a scholar, yet has she mastered every virtue. Bride never went to nuptials with so glad a heart as this young



WINTER AND SUMMER SPORTS