

THE GENTIAN

Published by the School of the Holy Child Jesus
Cheyenne, Wyoming

CHRISTMAS NUMBER. 1912

The Seasons

I knew that I was called the cross to bear,
And sad and weary down to rest I lay;
The earth was all so bright, so wondrous fair—
Why should I cast her proffered gifts away?
At length I slept, and on a starry throne
I saw Our Lady with the holy Child;
My gentle Mother called me to her side,
While Jesus bade me stay and sweetly smiled.
And then I heard arise from angel choirs
Sweet hymns to Jesus' and to Mary's name,
While laden with fair gifts of fruit and flowers
To greet their infant King the Seasons came.
The first was Springtide; all her sunny hair
Sparkled with rain-drops, as at Jesus' feet,
She laid her gift, a wreath of early leaves,
Twined with pale snowdrops and the violet sweet.
Then Jesus raised it, and, "Henceforth", He said,
"Thy brightest blossoms, Spring, shall Mary claim;
And while earth's children love their Virgin Queen,
Thy fairest month shall bear her blessed name."
Next, Summer came to worship, and she bore
Treasures to Jesus from earth's brightest bowers;
Lilies and roses in the wreath she wore
Were mingled with His own sad Passion-flowers.
And Jesus blessed those flowers: "Evermore
Around My altar-throne your place shall be;
Where angels bright their hidden God adore,
Fair flowers," He said, "ye shall abide with Me."
Then Autumn came, and kneeling, "Lord," she said;
"Canst Thou accept what is already Thine?"
And golden corn at Jesus' feet she laid,
Mixed with the purple clusters of the vine.
And Jesus spoke sweet comfort: "Blest are they
Who render back what is already Mine;
Adored throughout all time thy God shall be,
Beneath the humble forms of bread and wine."

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Then last of all came Winter; sad he stood,
His cheek bedewed with tears of love and grief;
His form was bowed beneath a cross of wood,
And in his hand he held a thorny wreath.
He laid them down and to the very ground
In shame and sorrow bent his aged frame;
He dared not look at Jesus, but with tears
He faltered forth the holy Child's sweet name.
And Jesus smiled on Winter: "Thou hast given
Of these fair gifts the dearest and most blest;
Thy wreath of thorns shall crown the God of heaven;
Thy cross of wood afford Him sweetest rest."
"And is it thus, dear Lord? and dost Thou choose
For love of thankless man a lot like this?
Earth's fairest, brightest gifts dost Thou refuse
That Thou mayst gain for me eternal bliss?
"And shall I choose the flowers? Dearest Lord!
Thou hast rejected them for love of me;
Then let it be my hope, my sweet reward,
To wear the thorns and bear the cross with Thee."

—S. H. C. J.

Editorial

Towards the close of the year A. D. 311, a Roman army lay at the foot of the Alps, preparing to pass from Gaul into Italy. Constantine, the commander, was the political rival of Maxentius, and probably the

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Editorial

It is the Paschal season—the glad time when the Church bids us enjoy the plenitude of the joyous liberty of the children of God. Alleluia! Alleluia! is the glad refrain that rings through all her services, nor may fast or vigil mar the cloudless happiness of these forty days. She would have us keep one long, glad festival—the prelude to that everlasting Paschal time which will dawn on us when the Lent of this life has passed away.

To me, it has always seemed that these days must be specially dear to the Apostles—a season of tenderest memories and holiest associations. During them it was that the Master forgave and seemingly forgot the faithlessness and disloyalty of Good Friday. Peter was re-instated as Head of the Apostolic College and the others were intrusted with the magistracy of His Church. On the shores of His favorite lake, they may have listened to His instructions regarding the care of the souls so dear to Him. He would have them forfeit everything, even life, for the welfare and liberty of His Church. They had received His teaching, and they remember that by His grace, they were not found wanting in the hour of trial. And from that day till now, their successors have followed their glorious example. Go where you will, you will find the Church and a Bishop zealously guarding the flock entrusted to his care. Look through the pages of history, and the record of those who have suffered and died rather than betray the interests of their Master, will meet your gaze everywhere. They do not call such a sacrifice heroism; they deem it a stern duty. The liturgy of this holy season brings many such heroes before us. Stanislaus, loved by Poland as one of her greatest prelates, was slain at the Altar because he reproved a Christian prince for his crimes. Anselm, the disciple of Lanfranc, and his successor in the See of Canterbury, suffered exile and beggary for maintaining the liberty of the Church against the demands of an impious monarch. What does the name of Athanasius bring to our minds, if not dauntless courage and patience with heroic firmness in the cause of Truth. Hated by the heretics, his life, as a bishop, was one long persecution. So it has been through the ages, and so it will continue till the end of time.

And now, God has deigned to raise to this high dignity, one who has labored long in our midst and to whom we owe a debt of deep reverence and affection. We respectfully offer our congratulations and pray that he may long be spared to those who claim him as their heaven-appointed Bishop. And for ourselves, we pray that the seed he has striven to sow in our hearts may bear a rich harvest, so that in eternity he may greet us, in the words of St. Paul to his faithful disciples "My Joy and my Crown".

—PELIGRINA