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Christmas, 1913



# THE GENTIAN

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

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**CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1913**

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## EDITORIAL

“The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, whilst their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.”

One of the things we learn whilst at school is to turn to good account the gifts bestowed on us by God. The power of our mind and heart, if not cultivated whilst we are young, will become enfeebled, and advantages given to us in preference to others, instead of benefiting us, may prove prejudicial to our salvation. For instance, what a misfortune if a girl should leave this school with a mind as uncultivated, and a character as untrained, as when she entered! Divine Providence has given us the inestimable privilege of a Christian education and opportunities of storing up many experiences and impressions conducive to the salvation of ourselves and others; and this is a talent which we may either increase or waste. If on our return home, no one is made partaker of these advantages—if these good impressions be concealed in our own hearts, cherished indeed, but useless, instead of being put out to interest in the hearts of others by the influence of our example and conversation—what can we expect when we meet the Master, but the fate of that other servant who “folded his talent in a napkin and buried it deep in the earth”? “Dear me”, you say, “I never can understand why that man had to be punished. He did not do anything wrong with his talent; on the contrary, he seems to have taken a mighty lot of care of it. I don’t suppose he deserved as much reward as the other two servants, but why was he punished?” Simply because he did not improve and increase the gift confided to his keeping. It is not enough to have kept from abuse of our talents, or to have been careful not to waste them. We must exert ourselves to make the most of them.

Our gifts and talents are not perfect when first bestowed. They are in embryo and must be cultivated with a care and vigilance to be continued long after the happy days of girlhood have passed away. Graduation does not mean that education is completed, but that the student is prepared and equipped for further lessons in the school of life. There is no such prodigy as “a finished scholar” on this side of the grave. Is it not Henry Van Dyke who says, “The very phrase ‘finished scholar’ has a mortuary sound like an epitaph”? Education must continue till the last moment of life, till the final examination when we shall receive the recompense of our labor, the rest of our eternal vacation and the “well



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CHAPEL, CONVENT OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS  
SHARON HILL, PENNSYLVANIA



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## Words

"There was never a word of ours could say  
Our inmost thoughts in the sweetest way."

WITH our imperfect modes of inter-communication upon earth more is often said by silence than by speech. Try as we may, it is often quite impossible to make ourselves understood by any words in our vocabulary, and at these times we instinctively yearn for that dear Home where "we shall know even as we are known", and no further need of worldly explanations will exist. Yet, as a general rule, people find a certain kind of satisfaction in talking themselves and in listening to others, though there is no other occupation which gets one into so many scrapes. Much talking seems naturally to hinder much thinking, and we all know that the wrong thing is always the easiest to say. Besides, glib talkers very often find it difficult to remember everything they say, and are frequently startled and indignant when confronted with their own statements. Naturally we question the veracity and sincerity of such people, and because we do not trust them, they do not move us. Yet it is strange what a pathetic over-valuation earnest but silent people are apt to put upon the gift of speaking with freedom and fluency which they observe in others. Their own sincerity and humility prevent their recognizing more desirable qualities in themselves. The world could dispense with all its talkers much better than with its silent listening doers. There have been many makers of history whose words were few and who never wrote a single line. Their self expression took the form of deeds, and others told of the joys and sorrows, the happiness or ruin which they brought to those amongst whom they moved.

Have you ever had the experience that a few words from a silent reserved person stayed in your memory and were thought over and pondered when the polished phrases of an orator had long ceased to exist as far as you were concerned? Why was it that the one meant so much, whilst the other, flawless and elegant as it was, meant so little?