

boys in those days went sliding on thin ice, broke through, and were drenched, just as boys and girls are today.

We fear to say more of the colonial Christmas and its customs lest we fall into mere fanciful conjecture. But it has been interesting, from the vantage point of the 20th century, with its manifold legacy from the past and its ample promise of the future, to glance back for a moment upon the early days of our country's history, to see once again the life of the people in all its energy, simplicity, and vivid coloring. Their Christmas celebrations were crude, perhaps, in comparison with ours. They lacked the comforts and refinement that enhance so much the joy and enthusiasm of our Yuletide festivities. They faced gigantic tasks and took their holidays with real zest and enjoyment. They thanked Divine Providence for the blessings they received, and were well satisfied!

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### PRETIOSA MORS

*By BRO. GREGORY HEROLD, O. P.*

Some say that trooping angels came,  
When it was whispered she was dead,  
And brought a wreath of lilies white,  
And placed it on her golden head.

And then they heard, O wondrous wise!  
The angel voices sweetly sing  
Of how a saintly lily maid  
Was cherished by a thorn-crowned King!