

THE SANCTUARY LIGHT

A Sanctuary light you twinkle there
Around His halo so sweet and fair,
You are our guardian of the night
To tell us of the Christ child bright.

In your glimmer, our prayers are raised,
To him above we give our praise,
And when the chapel is cold and bare
You give our love to Him in there.

When Mary looks down from above
And sees us who know not his love,
You still flicker for forgetful man
Who passes by His outstretched hand.

—REGIS DUFFY '53

TAKEN

"What can I do for you, sir?" the nattily attired salesman asked.

"I'd like to get an overcoat like one of those in your window," I replied.

"Oh yes," he said, "step right over here please. Is there any particular color you would like?"

"Well, I guess I would prefer some shade of brown."

He pointed to a rack of coats, and asked me which one I would like to try on. I picked one in my size and shrugged my way into it. Then he directed me to a set of full-length mirrors arranged in such a way that, when I stood in front of them, I could get a view of myself that included front, back, and both sides. I stood there looking, and, to be perfectly frank, admiring myself for a few minutes.

"Such shoulders," I muttered to myself, "these coats can really do wonders for a person." I was overjoyed.

"I'll take it," I said to the salesman. "Just wrap up my old one and I'll wear this one."

"That's fine," he purred, "I'm sure you'll be more than satisfied. It's really a bargain at any price." With that he proceeded to wrap my old coat. "Would you like to pay in full right now?" he asked.

"Oh yes," I replied, trying to sound as casual as possible, "how much is it?" (As if I didn't know).

"Sixty-five dollars," he answered.