

"Thank God for sending you to the mountains," he murmured, and for a few moments his head was bowed as if in silent prayer.

Another year had passed. John Stanton is once again settled in his Southern home, surrounded by all that love and happiness can bestow upon him. Sometimes when I behold him in his cheerful home, my mind drifts back to that night when I was lost among the mountains, and my timely rescue by Hiram Bell. Silently I return a prayer of thanksgiving for the part I played in bringing peace and contentment to the Stanton home, where I am always a welcome visitor. I have not a stauncher friend in the world than John Stanton—and Dorothy—well that's another story.

I do not intend to return to Grand Canyon. No doubt the inhabitants of the little village among the mountains now sleep in peace, no longer disturbed by the terrifying visits of the outlaw, Hiram Bell.

—J.T.O'M, '28

CHRISTMAS MORN

The village roofs are white with velvet snow;
Each time-worn chimney sends its smoke on high,
A curling shaft, against the clear, blue sky.
In yonder tree, even the lonely crow
Caws to the world, and thus reveals the tale
Of mystery, which overhangs that day,
When, in a lonely stable far away,
A Holy Babe, with body small and frail,
Came forth into this world to be our guide.
The children play in peace with their new toys,
And hear with carefree mirth the jingling noise
Of sleigh bells, as the grateful peasants ride
Toward the little church, whose soft chimes ring,
To honor, on this morn, the Infant King.

—W.L. '29.