A Legend of Lorette.

The little house just over there with the steep roof that came almost to the ground, it is that of Pierre Lacroux. It was last Noël that the Child came to him. All of the summer old Annette had not been well. She cough and it is hard for her to go up to the little église. The winter came early that year. The fur of the foxes was thick and the otter's coats showed white even in the early November. She got worse and at last she have to go to bed. Pierre he work round but it is ver' hard an' he get much discouraged.

Le curé he come and set by Mère Annette and he talk of le bon Dieu and read from the Missal but she get no better. And Pierre he get more down in the heart — and Noël coming. Surely no one should be sad at Noël! Why he first see Annette on a Noël eve a — cingant deux winter ago at Jean La Franch's dance in St. Étienne. All should be glad for to welcome the Child; and here all was so weary. I saw him some cinq days, or week perhaps, before Noël and his eyes shone and his face was all light and he say, "I have seen Him. Last night he came all quiet and light — and he say to go offer to St. Anne and that will cure Annette. So today I will start." But the way it was all cover with snow and St. Anne was thirty, forty mile down to the big river. But he would go. He start all alone and he no fear, for he say, the Child told him to go — He would take care of him. When he was young man he had save from the logging seven, eight louis d' or for the last; and now he go to give it to St. Anne. He walk along and now and then the boys give him ride. As he get just near St. Anne he meet a young man all pale and out of breath, and Pierre ask him what for he run. Somehow Pierre he so mild that the boy tell him all like he been a curé — how at Jaques Lasalle's break-up he drink good deal and he get mad at Joel Cyr. They had fight. He loose his head and he stab him — maybe kill him. Le bon Dieu know he did not mean it. And now he run, for if they catch him they will kill him. And he must get across the big river before night comes. In the States, perhaps, he would find work, and have masses sung for Joel Cyr. Old Pierre he thought and then he take out the little bag with the louis and give him and tell him to go and try to do better; and if any come after he will send them on wrong. Le pauvre young man kneel down in the snow and Pierre he bless him and then he walk on slow to St. Anne de Beau Pré. But will she hear him with no offering. Jaques Lasalle and the men did come but he send them to Duquesne.

And after they were gone he ver' sad for sure the good St. Anne would not listen now that he had no offering to give, and a fresh sin on his soul. Still he went on. Toward evening — the eve of the blessed Noël — he reach the church. And he went in with the happy crowd. But he was ver' sad and he pray and pray. He hear the calm voice of the priest and then he hear them chant the Magnificat. Then the little bell far off amid the green and the little candle lights rings in the joyous Noël and the boys sing "Adeste Fideles" and somehow he was not so sad. And was that not the real Child up there — just above the manger? And did he not smile at him. Surely the St. Anne would forget the words said to save the poor boy. And it was so, for when he got back to the cottage Mother Annette was waiting to greet him.

Hockey Team.

An attempt is being made to form another Hockey team this year. Last year the failure of the winter to materialize gave the team no chance to show its abilities. This year let us hope that there will be more cold weather.

Only a few men came to the meeting, but there were enough from which to develop a team, so it was decided to go ahead. The team is planning to try to get the land back of the Pierce Building for a practice field and have it flooded. It is unknown to what an extent these plans will be carried out, but from the expressed hope of the President to turn this land into an athletic field, it seems probable that the hockey team has a future.

F. F. H. Smith, '02, was elected captain, and H. A. Stiles, '03, manager of the team.

"Awful crush over there on Chapel Street."

"What's the trouble?"

"Just a steam roller going up the street." — Yale Record.