
GRATITUDE

Solitaire et blasée, mon âme endolorie,
Comme un léger esquif, perclus au coeur de l'Onde,
Nourrit un vain espoir, mon âme loin du monde
Aux profondeurs du gouffre, est vue sombrer sans vie.

Mais l'ardent feu d'amour qui toujours l'a nourrie,
Evapore le flot. Et toi, noirceur immonde,
Tu fus chassée par cette lumière féconde,
Qui reflète en mon être une pensée chérie.

Pensée douce à mon coeur, souvenir de mon voeu:
Transpercer ta prunelle d'un regard scrutateur,
Y chercher plein d'angoisse les signes d'un aveu.

Oui, petite fée bleue, tu devins cette étoile
Dans les ténèbres qui se jouaient mon bonheur.
Grâces à toi, d'avoir ainsi guidé ma voile!

Denis Normand, '53.

ON BEAUTY WORTH WHILE

Beauty may be defined as that quality of objects, sounds, emotion or intellectual concepts, which gratifies our aesthetic nature. It seeks perception in and expression by our human faculties. Thus we marvel at the lambent splendor of the moon scintillating snowy crystals on a winter's night, as its own radiance is fulgurated by the intermittent passage of clouds. There is the symphonious gurgle of a limpid stream as it flows beneath the mantle of a bowry thicket. Others are engulfed in ecstatic rapture while gazing dreamily upon the comeliness of a human face or the enchanting expression of its eyes, while lovers of poetry seek enjoyment in the panoramic word-pictures of the poet, and connoisseurs of art revel in the achievements of painters and sculptors.

But a time comes when that nocturnal splendor pales away in envy of the orb of day; when the healthy tinkle of the stream is smothered as Mother Nature transforms her handiwork with a niveous down; and when all other pleasures and achievements of the senses are lost in the everlasting shadows of death.

There must be another type of Beauty though, for Keats says:

"A thing of Beauty is a joy forever.
Its loveliness increases
It will never pass into nothingness . . ."

It is a type of Beauty which is not transient and which is therefore of a higher order than that of material objects. Yes, we know of one Beauty of this order—it is psychic, it is permanent. It results from the harmonious combination of diverse elements to form a systematic unity. This is the Beauty of a well-cultivated intellect.

In the process of cultivation, we by our perceptive capacities accumulate Wisdom and Knowledge so as to transform the entangled web of ignorance and frustration into understanding and reason. That is, our Intellect becomes more God-like. And, since God is the Source of Beauty, it becomes more Beautiful.

This radiance of the Intellect so permeates us, that we are better able to take cognizance of the Beauty and Truth about us. But it does not make itself known directly to our sense. So it is for this reason that the process of intellectual fecundation seems at times to be so futile.

The feeling of futility, however, should be dispersed and replaced by one arising from the knowledge that God will compensate us infinitely for every effort we make in the acquisition of the Knowledge and Wisdom that we need to become more Perfect like Himself. The enjoyment and reward of this Beauty are realized when we, in the aura of the Beatific Vision, see in the Mirror of God's Magnificence, an Image of Beauty in proportion to our own perfection.

Is it not worth while, then, to obtain all we are capable of at this time of our lives when the means to this Beauty are at our disposal? Indeed it is! for this acquisition is not of the realm "where the moths consume or thieves steal", it is our challenge to become perfect as our "Heavenly Father is Perfect."

—GERALD STEELE '54

How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice.

—Samuel Johnson.