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**GOD'S MEDIUM**

Mary Mediatrix, channel of Grace,  
Dear Lady, lead us to our place  
High in Heaven, our eternal home,  
Through your help, God bids us come.

Mother of us sinful men  
Ask the Savior's pardon again;  
Our heavy burden help us carry  
So from His Grace we may not tarry.

Vessel of Honor, Mystical Rose,  
Fairer by far than all earth shows;  
Thy aid we need all day and night,  
Our hope and solace, our sweetness and light.

Gentle Virgin with zealous care  
Lest your children should despair,  
Entreat your Son that we may be  
Happy with thee in Eternity.

—PETER BEATON '52

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**THE LIFE HISTORY OF A DO NOTHING**

For the past few years, I have been doing some very serious thinking about what is supposed to be your fate and mine in the light of the historical data which has been faithfully perserved for generation upon generation. To succeed and survive by the sweat of our brows, we are told. I am rather inclined to disagree with such tradition. I have been looking at my own life, or, if you will, existence, in particular lately, letting it pass slowly through my mind like some sort of panorama. And I have been considering the means which I have taken to bring me where I am now; at the amount of sweat and blood my education to date has required of me; at the flaws in character; at all the inconveniences, discomforts, worries and anxieties with which our existence is supposed to be filled, and when I consider all these things, I am seriously tempted to smile at the pessimism of other human beings. Why should I smile? Simply because it seems to me that my ilfe has been close to that paradise which so many people are seeking on earth.