
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.