

ON STORMS

There are many ways in which the Almighty manifests the power of His divinity and the helplessness of His creatures to combat that power. Among the most efficacious of these is the storm—a means well-calculated to exhibit the puniness of man's desires in comparison with God's greatness. For no matter how much we may wish for this or that kind of weather to suit our individual requirements, it is meted out to us regardless of our wishes.

Various are the kinds of storm—I speak only from personal experience—rain, wind, snow, electrical, and combinations of these. Some view them all with terror, but I with pleasure, more or less great according to certain circumstances.

An ordinary fall of rain arouses in me no feeling of enthusiasm, but rather one of disgust, as interfering with some outdoor project; but when, occasionally, it throws off the mantle of mediocrity and assumes the proportions of a torrent, I delight to stand before a window, safely inside, of course, see the huge drops pelting down, hear them thunder against the pavement and finally unite to form a miniature river before my door.

A wind storm, unless of destructive magnitude, interests me only mildly, except in Winter time when it is accompanied by drifting snow and sleet. Then, strange to say, having occasion to go upon a long tramp, I find it extremely invigorating and even pleasurable to watch the whirling flakes through half-blinded eyes, to plod laboriously through immense banks of accumulated crumbling whiteness, and to feel the stinging sleet or sometimes hail cut into my face.

I feel the greatest thrill of all when compelled to wander in the open in the midst of a heavy electrical storm. The terrific roar of thunder rolling across the heavens seems to awaken within my soul some dormant emotion of exultation—about what, I do not know. The glaring brilliance of lightning flashing over the earth provokes a feeling of wondering awe mingled with nervous dread. It is this latter which forces me to seek shelter.

When I am secure in my room, and wind and rain have added further impetus to the mighty confusion, my delight is magnified a thousand times. Perhaps I exaggerate, but if so, it is only from the excess of my enthusiasm.

I long for words to portray more powerfully, to depict more vividly the glorious panorama unrolled before me. It is a treat for ear as well as eye—the wind-swept and rain-washed street, unlatched gates creaking and loose windows rattling, an unwary pedestrian with the appearance of a drowned rat, scurrying to safety, the apparently vacant buildings across the way, now in dense gloom, now lighted up in meteoric splendor.

All these, and their concomitants, I enjoy, and I rejoice (this is somewhat Pharisaic in word but not in spirit) that I am not as some men—and most women—who shiver and cringe at this display of Nature's beauty. I rejoice and am glad, and I thank the Supreme Artist that I take keen delight in His shifting scenes painted upon movable canvas.

—J.C. '30.



L'AUORE ET LE SOLEIL LEVANT

L'aurore déjà de ses premiers feux
Soulève le voile de la nuit sombre;
Mais à l'occident règne encore l'ombre,
Les champs et les bois sont silencieux.

Sur la colline, le soleil joyeux
Apparaît brillant et vient enfin rompre
La monotonie, au firmament sombre
La nuit fuit devant l'astre lumineux.

Alors les hommes reprennent l'ouvrage,
Les troupeaux regagnent le pâturage,
Le bruit succède au calme qui n'est plus.

L'aurore de la vie est la jeunesse,
Où tous nos besoins ont été prévus,
Et dont la durée est une caresse.

—H.A.D., '31