

Others will say: "Why not have your clothes made to your specifications?" All well and good, but who wants to squat in a dingy tailor shop when one can walk into an ultra modern store and be served by "bright young men", who all but prostrate before you, even if you cannot buy what you want.

Although there has been a decrease in the size and quality, there has been no decrease in the number, of pockets. Manufacturers still persist in providing the watch pocket, an accessory which lost its usefulness in the reign of George V, of before-my-memory. The material wasted in this unnecessary niche might be added to either of the side pockets.

It would be a peculiar situation if some skeptic didn't question the absence of money from my pockets. No, I didn't take a vow of poverty; I'm only a layman; laymen don't take vows; they merely practise them. Besides, even if I did have some money I wouldn't entrust it to those flimsy miniatures we moderns call pockets.

—PADDY '56.

THE NATURE OF HAPPINESS

God, in His loving generosity, made man an image of Himself, and a being with a mind and free will, and the power of self-mastery. Besides, He made him a sharer in the government of the corporeal world. History provides us with examples of the innumerable works man has done in attempting to dominate the world given him by God. Yet is there not a deeper reason for the many activities performed by man? Is it that he works and plans solely to earn a living, to amass riches, or to acquire fame? Since all of us share the same human nature, is there not something common to all of us that inwardly urges us to act as we do? Every human being has within him that which makes him strive for what will satisfy all his desires. He believes that the acquisition of such a thing will make him happy. Here then is the key to all human activity. It is not pleasure, nor enjoyment, but it is the possession of what will satisfy all his desires. It is happiness.

The actions of man must be understood as human actions, actions performed freely and deliberately, for a reason, and to attain a goal. Because of his very nature man is capable of looking beyond the present instant to the goal which he seeks in all that he does. Because of this goal he wills to do a particular thing and thus goes on from act to

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act, to the ultimate end of all his acts, which is happiness, the perfect good which will satisfy all his desires.

Men make the mistake of seeking happiness where it is not to be found. Some insist that it is found in riches; others in pleasure; still others, in power. Now none of these can completely satisfy man. Riches brings not rest, but only an insatiable desire for more; riches can never be an end, but only a means to an end. Pleasure is not something proper to man, but is shared in common with the beasts. Power can not satisfy man's longings, for it can not bring the repose characteristic of happiness. Rather, it is a beginning, not an end. Besides, it can be used for evil as well as for good. Neither can reputation, fame nor glory constitute happiness, for they are only the world's recognition of the good that is within a man.

Since man does not find happiness in the universe about him, he turns to himself. The goods of the body are frail things; they fade and wane, and death brings an end to them. Moreover, the body does not exist for itself, but for the soul. Just as he does not find happiness in his body alone, neither does he find it in his soul alone. If it were in the soul itself, then all men would be happy from the beginning. Neither can it be in any particular perfection of the soul, for such is merely a particular good, whereas only a universal good can completely satisfy all human desires. This universal good can not be found in the created universe about us; it can not be found in man himself, neither in the goods of the body or of the soul; it is found only in God. The possession of God, the ultimate end of all our acts, then, is happiness.

There is more required for happiness than simply knowing of the existence of the universal good. The possession of this good is absolutely necessary. Man, by his bodily powers, is utterly incapable of possessing God. But by his acts which are distinctly human, that is, the acts of the intellect and will, man can possess the universal good. Only the intellectual vision of God can satisfy man's intellect in the attempt to understand the Cause of all truth. Only the intellectual vision of God can satisfy man's will in its search of the universal good.

Happiness consists then, in contemplating God as He is in Himself. Is this possible to man on earth and by his natural powers? No. But man has the promise of God that He will make such possible. "Beloved, now we are the children of God, and it has not yet appeared what we shall be. We know that when He appears, we shall be like to Him for we shall see Him just as He is." (1 Epistle of St.

John, III, 2) Nevertheless, the attainment of the goal will be because of our personal efforts. The victory will be ours. Our acts are free, they are forced on us by no one, they are performed by no other. We work, however, with the help of God. Once the universal good is attained it can never be lost. Nothing can draw man away from it, for in it is found all good, and in comparison all lesser goods sought in this life will appear as non-goods.

This perfect happiness is not the happiness of the intellects alone, but of man. The will, therefore, will take delight in the presence of God. The human body, reunited to the soul, will receive from the soul such joy and glory as will bring it to a degree far beyond that of natural perfection. Friends, too, there will be, whom we shall love in God. They are not essential to happiness, but the fellowship of friends will add charm to happiness.

It is plain then, "that there is no perfect happiness in the present life. The degree of present happiness is in exact proportion to our approach to the final goal of life. Happiness, even the imperfect happiness this life can offer, is a matter of approaching God."

—P.H.O.N.E. '55

THE WATER-PIPE

Above my head, as I lie in bed,
A water pipe doth sleep,
Its days work done, its rest hath come,
And silence it doth keep.

The night doth fly, the pipe and I,
All thoughts we do forsake,
Till the crack of dawn, the pipe doth yawn,
With a bang it doth awake!

It wakes me up. Should I bear this cup?
I must expect the worse,
And that selfsame pipe, which I loved last night,
Is the object of my curse.

—BILL O'FLAHERTY '56.