
THE BETTER WAY

A chance word shunts me into the darkened maze
Of near-forgotten past.—Soon memory flings
Its way aback the laughing years, the days;
And scenes leap up, and quaint recall of things,
Of joys, of loves, of sorrows,—these I find
Far sweeter now. At times it almost seems
They are in breathless haste to lure my mind
And shackle its senses to perennial dreams.

One word shakes off the dream. For, from above
Christ calls . . . the eyes . . . the wounds . . . our sins . . . our fall.
For ankind this? I'll work for Thee, O Love—
To these, to Thee. This rule sufficeth all.

So brightly is the Light of Heaven gleaming
Who could content himself with childish dreaming?

—SISTER ISABELLE CLARE '51

RECRUDESCENCE OF REASON

Throughout the ages there have been many saints—saints of every clime, of every culture, of every country—men differing in background, in disposition, and in talents. From out this myriad of the pious, each generation selects one as its special patron: each generation instinctively seeks the saint for which its need is the greatest: each generation turns to the saint who has what it most lacks, who contradicts it most. "So", maintains G. K. Chesterton, "as the nineteenth century clutched at the Franciscan romance, precisely because it had neglected romance, the twentieth century is already clutching at the Thomist rational theology, because it has neglected reason." In the very blindness of our irrationality we are drawn to the great Scholastic of the thirteenth century, St. Thomas Aquinas.

Thomas Aquinas was born near Naples in 1226, the seventh son of Landulf, Count of Aquino. Though from childhood it was