

THE STORM

The north wind rose, the sea began to swell;
The little fishing boats rushed for the shore.
The night came down upon the dark, green sea,
And brought upon its heels a furious storm.

The harbour light shone with a weak, red glow,
The sea-gulls shrieked their warnings from on high;
While on the rocks, the waves crashed furiously—
Like warriors in the ancient days of war.

But now the storm is o'er, the sea is calm;
The white sea-gulls have ceased their peircing cries;
And shattered debris, victims of the storm,
Lie scattered here and there along the strand.

—L. O'HANLEY '51.

SUNSET

In the spring and in the fall are the beautiful days which have been praised by the poets. In the morning the sky is clear, except for a few clouds on the horizon, which resemble white sails waiting for the sun and the light wind to start sailing them across the sky. But the crowning beauty of these days is the evening, when the sunset turns the world to a picture of glory.

The sun, like an artist who has by his side all kinds of colors and unending talent, presents a magic scene, and this scene is different every evening; it is an exotic drama, it is a truth—before the sun passes the world into the hands of night—showing everyone how different the kingdom of light is from that of the dark of the night. Shapes, backgrounds, colors, all these are combined in an artistic triumph which declares the sun to be the greatest artist of nature. Sunset, twilight, evening—they not only exhibit the beauty and power of the sun, but also bring an end to the toils of the day.

Behind the faraway hills goes the sun, and the borders of the sky change so many colors: green, red, yellow, blue; and among this blend of colors one can see the bright evening star.

The sea changes color too, and the hills gradually fade in color from bottom to top, and then, there is darkness.

And this sunset, which is a daily crisis in nature's drama, brings with it a psychological crisis too. When day dies away slowly and the weight of silence presses upon the imagination, it brings exotic fancies to the mind.

An indefinite but strong nostalgia for the things which are locked somewhere beyond reach occupies the mind, and as Dante says, "This is the time for the break off of the feelings of the soul." In his poem "La Divina Commedia", Dante also speaks of the relation between sunset and day's labor, and of the necessity which urges one to communicate with the unknown of the life after death. There is everything in these beautiful verse of canto 11 of the "Inferno": "Lo giorno se n'andava e l'aere bruno . . .".

These are the moments when man feels the strong relation between God and himself, and when he is filled with the spirit of the mystery of creation. It is the time when mortal man feels and realizes his solitude, and a vague questioning of the reason for his existence bothers his mind, he again realizes his weakness and solemnly turns his mind and thoughts to God. That is why with solemnity and gratitude—which inspire poets and painters—all direct their evening prayers to God,—the Christian, the Hebrew, the Moslem and the Indian.

Sunset, the bell calls the Christians and the "Muezin" calls the faithful Mohammedans to express their faith and gratitude to God.

Sunset, the sailor on the Adriatic sea or elsewhere in the Mediterranean sings his traditional and expressive hymn, the "Ave Maria".

Sweetly sad and beautiful sunset—but the sun will rise again and the silence of the night will be replaced by the life and hopes of the day; and one hopes to live and see another day and enjoy another sunset.

—G. A. L. '51.

- BOOK REVIEW -

OUR LADY OF FATIMA

William Thomas Walsh

New York, The MacMillan Company, 1947. (228 pps.)

Mr. Walsh was born in Connecticut in 1891, and was graduated from Yale in 1913. Before he turned to writing books he was engaged as a newspaper reporter. He is considered a competent authority on Spanish history, and is the author of *Isabella of Spain* and *Philip II*. He has also been successful with other literary forms; his *Lyric Poems* were published in 1939 and he has written several good plays. He won the Laetere Medal in 1941.