

SNOW STORM

Fair flakes, floating flimsily to the grasping ground;
White wispy bits of heaven come to cover countryside;
Faster falling fantasy as wild wind blows with priggish
pride,

And nature seems to sense the storm with fearless frown.
Howling hurricane of wind disturbs all things 'round;
And flawless flakes are turned to fluffly furious flurries;
Shrieking, swirling, blowing, blustering, in fits and scurries;
Thickening, threatening, though futile; 'cause nowhere
bound.

Then, still silence, commanding, supplants the spent storm,
And the smooth snow gleaming like the pearl of purity
Lies light like on the land and nature seems reborn.
All being is awed in God and conscious of His surety
But man, the recipient of it all, who yet looks forlorn,
Because he fails to see that all is "Ad Maiorem Dei
Gloriam."

—D. S. M. '52

"THE VOICE OF ANGELS—MUSIC"

In the beginning God created the world with all its beauty and splendor and last but not least, He created man. To the earth He gave light by the sun and moon and the beauty of trees and flowers and the magnificence of all the beasts of the earth, and to enjoy and use all this there was man made with a body and soul in His own image and likeness. And among other things which He gave to man was Music, that wonderful gift which has filled the world with joy and gladness since its creation.

Plato says, "The movement of sound, so as to reach the soul for the education of it in virtue (we know not how) we call Music." Every person was born with certain talents but those who were born with a love of music have been doubly endowed by God. Life and music grow together. After Religion, Music has the greatest influence on

the inner life of a child. It is only in childhood that music can be engrafted upon one's personality so as to become an integral part of one's life. It would be quite difficult to describe in words exactly what this influence is; but it may be explained as that which impresses the child's little mind with special light to develop an appreciation for beauty which makes him more responsive to high ideals and which animates him with a sense of socialibility.

This is an age which claims the discovery of neurotic children and an age which delights most especially in the fad of child psychology. It would almost seem at times as if a child of the modern era is not normal unless he has some kind of a complex, inferiority or otherwise. Whether it is as bad as the popular magazines make it out to be is a question, but music could play a tremendous role in making children normal human beings. And, if it so happens that some get a normal start, music is still a good, and even necessary, medium with which to cultivate their more delicate sensibilities.

There is scarcely any excuse today for a child not becoming acquainted in some way with music. All large schools have music teachers and many of the smaller ones have some facilities whereby children may be introduced to this precious gift. No province is without its annual Musical Festival, and radio programs, recitals, and concerts are offered to all who wish to partake of them. A child when he becomes involved in some way, be it however small, with the study of music cannot fail to appreciate the social contacts he inevitably makes and he cannot fail to gain in self-confidence.

It is almost impossible to believe that anyone who would appreciate the value of music could fail to see that only a Supreme Intelligence could bestow such a blessing on man. And since it is such a blessing it is important that we show our appreciation to God for it by using it the way He would like us to use it. We should use it, then, to make others happy and to inspire them to rise above the trials and misfortunes of this life. What greater joy could the musician have than to know that he has brought a bit of happiness, a cup of joy to some person by bringing the sweetness of music to him. The musician himself, above all, should be the one to return especial thanks to God for the presence of music. For it is the musician who appreciates his art who receives the greatest joy and satisfaction from

it. And, indirectly, it is the musician who is responsible for the music so thoroughly loved and enjoyed by all the world. Can the musician or his admirer imagine what this world would be like without the sound of music? Can they imagine what the world would be like if God saw fit to take away His gift from man? We should know then what it means to man and we should appreciate Shelley's concise but truly beautiful definition of it: "The voice of Angels—Music."

—MARY HUESTIS '55

SUR LA CULTURE CANADIENNE FRANCAISE

Il y a à peine une trentaine d'années naissait notre culture, et déjà nous proclamions naïvement notre mission providentielle, montrant un certain mépris pour les valeurs temporelles. Or, cette culture qui possède maintenant la maturité pour vivre, nous la sacrifions volontiers aujourd'hui à des préoccupations d'ordre économique. C'est que nous avons subi et nous subissons encore une crise de croissance.

Jusqu'à la Grande Guerre nous nous délections à la lecture et à l'imitation des derniers romantiques, tout en nous réclamant des classiques du XVII^e siècle. Cette position, qui ne manquait pas de fantaisie pour un observateur du dehors, a fait dire aux moins conformistes d'entre nous que nous étions cinquante ans en retard sur l'Europe.

Avant la guerre '39-45, la pensée et la littérature françaises contemporaines jouirent d'une diffusion rapide chez nous, et nous avions l'avantage de les connaître presque en même temps que les Français. Et voilà que nous avons conclu, face à la pénurie et au caractère terne des oeuvres canadiennes en regard de la splendeur des oeuvres françaises, que ce n'était pas cinquante ans de retard que nous avions, mais mille.

Ainsi nous avons douté de nos ressources intellectuelles. Cette sous-estime fait que nos meilleurs auteurs, en plus de ne pas se lire entre eux, cherchent à oublier, lorsqu'ils écrivent, qu'ils sont nés au Canada.

Toutefois, notre culture s'accroît et s'épanouit au rythme où notre littérature s'évade de l'imitation d'un romantisme doucereux pour devenir à la fois de son époque et de son pays.