

# The College Index

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## Lux e Tenebris

**D**ARKNESS around my soul, darkness within,  
No power to control the strife and din.  
What shall I do, O God, where shall I find  
A light, some light to free the darkened mind,  
The chained imagination? O for one  
To ope my blinded eyes unto the Sun  
Of Righteousness, so that His intense gaze  
Pouring its liquid beams into the maze  
Of my benighted being shall illumine

The chambers of my darkened soul and drive far hence its gloom."  
"Oh heavenly wisdom which I long have spurned  
And which though oft despised, as oft returned;  
Oh light divine which I did ne'er regard  
But from my heart thine influence sweet debarred;  
Oh heavenly twins, Wisdom and Light divine  
Come penetrate this harrowed heart of mine,  
And scatter forth your heavenly beauties rare,  
Making a holier, sweeter atmosphere  
Into the which my soul baptized shall be  
Restored to Life and Joy and Peace, to Love and Harmony."  
So cries the weary wanderer as round about him pressed  
The darkness of the soul and mind, the fierce and wild unrest  
Of Spirit-thirst and Spirit-hunger surging in the breast.  
As cries some wretched mariner on drifting vessel lost  
Upon the mountain peaks of Ocean's heaving bosom, tossed  
By raging breakers madly towering o'er the brim vast.  
And as he clings despairingly unto some shroudless mast,  
Looks forth with shrunken eye and livid cheek yet sees no fleck  
Of whitened sail upon the foam, nor sight of welcome deck  
Approach to save the fearful mariner from hopeless wreck.  
Heaven sends no crystal drops of rain to quench his fiery need  
Of drink, nor bread of life to fill the awful aching greed;  
And as if adding terror to Destruction's threatening mark  
The sun behind the clouds sinks down and all the world is dark.  
And now a darkness drear seems to enshroud the mariner's soul  
Grim darkness dense as to be felt, extends from pole to pole  
While the north winds wildly shriek, and mountain billows roll.

And myriads of formless things seem now to hover near,  
 Now myriads of souless things in hazy forms appear  
 As if to strike the mariner dead with dreadful doubt and fear,  
 Then from his parched lips bursts forth the cry in accents wild,  
 "Though long estranged from Thee, O God, still am I not Thy Child?  
 Send help divine in this dark hour, O God, send bread and drink,  
 Send light and guidance by Thy power, O Lord, I sink, I sink;  
 E'en now I feel the wasting breath of hell's devouring brink  
 Come Lord, whoe'er, where e'er Thou art and save me e'er I sink.

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**A**t such a time, even at such an hour, behold, how doubt  
 Would with his treacherous ebon wings put hope's glad  
 embers out.  
 But in that moment dark, when demon, doubts and fears affright  
 E'en then somewhere a radiant star is shining in the night.  
 That star—O such a star!—Have you not seen its beams divine,  
 Perhaps it rays effulgent long have warmed your heart like wine!  
 That star which led the sages old to Bethlehem's humble plain,  
 Which made the gran celestial choirs strike all their haps amain,  
 Proclaiming praise to God, and peace on earth by Love's victorious  
 reign,  
 That Star, above all stars which crowd the lucent universe,  
 That Star, the potent dynamo of Love's initial force,  
 Is pouring now its rays resplendent o'er the turbid waste,  
 Is bringing succour, light and comfort. Look, Oh, Mariner, haste  
 To catch its far-flung glimmer bearing Love and Peace and Rest  
 Like olive branch of promise dove-borne to thy storm swept breast!  
 The mariner heeds, he sees that light. No more he fears the strife.  
 He yields to its enlightening power, and enters into life.

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**F**ull many stars have shone, my friend, and flung their silver beams  
 To guide some way-worn traveler in search of heavenly streams.  
 They had in part, so gave in part, shadows among the gleams.  
 From this, this greatest star of all they drew their whitest light,  
 By its translucent beams they had been permeated quite,  
 And gained the power to light the souls that they have lighted home  
 From vales of mazes intricate to the mountain's welcome dome.  
 That Star, Earth's grandest beacon light, by love eternal sent  
 To light all weary wanderers home from self-made banishment.  
 The light of distant ages past, Light of the present age,  
 Light of the ages yet unknown, unwrit on Time's vast page,  
 The Sun of Righteousness divine, the Bright and Morning Star,  
 Whose beams through darkest midnight pierce, doubt's strongest  
 locks unbar.  
 Lamp of our life, Light of the world, Light of the hosts of heaven  
 Bright Shecinah to wandering souls in Earth's drear deserts given.  
 By love, infinite love, that Light shall purge our dross away,  
 Invigorate our fainting souls, our darkness turn to day.  
 Shall lead us on through vales, o'er mountain tops from grace to grace  
 Upward to God's divine concept—the standard of the race.

—S. J. WILLIAMSON.