
DOMINICANA

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF DOMINICANA



WITH this issue a quarter of a century of *Dominicana* has elapsed and the twenty-sixth year begins. In a spirit of re-dedication, it is fitting that we recall the purpose and ideals of our magazine as expressed by the first editors:

"Recognizing that journalism has become an important factor in the propagation of Christian truth, and inspired by the traditions of an Order ever zealous for the written word, whose members have not infrequently immortalized their names in the pages of Catholic literature, the Novices of the Dominican House of Studies, Washington, D. C., urged on by their Reverend Superiors, in order to fit themselves for this particular and important branch of apostolic labor, have decided to issue a Quarterly.

In doing so, however, they are well aware how futile would be even their best efforts if not aided by the all-powerful force of prayer; accordingly before attempting to lay even the foundation stones of this new enterprise, they humbly dedicate their labors to JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH and DOMINIC, beseeching at the same time the aid and protection of these heavenly patrons."

At the end of a quarter of a century, *Dominicana* pauses to thank its many contributors and to bow gratefully to its loyal supporters—to the Reverend Superiors who have helped and encouraged the work, to the subscribers who have made possible its continuation.

In harmony with its purpose, *Dominicana* has been a thought-provoking rather than an exciting publication. Of its authors one might even say:

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober thoughts ne'er learned to stray"

They somewhat embody the characteristics of Chaucer's Clerk of Oxford:

"For him was levere have at his bedes heed
Twenty bokes of Aristotle, clad in blak or reed,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sauuytrye.

.....

Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyde in forme and reverence,
And short and quik, and ful of hy sentence."

And what reward does the reader glean from patiently plodding through this "tumult of philosophical brains?"

His reward is not the accumulation of interesting news items or after-dinner stories. His reward consists mainly of a certain number of thoughts and principles and ideas. And what are they worth? True, they cannot stop armored tanks; one cannot build a house with them; they are of no particular color or shape. But they are ideas—and ideas are all-powerful. It was the faith in the minds and hearts of the Christians which not only conquered the Roman Empire but assimilated it. Swords could not kill the faith, armies could not sweep it from the field, it could not be locked up or starved out. So the faith conquered.

Likewise the huge armies dedicated to the spread of philosophies which say there is no God, or that man, made in the image of God—spiritual, immortal—is measured by the blood which flows in his veins, are doomed to destruction and chaos, not so much from rival armies as from the very fact that they are dedicated to ideas which are false. For the sake of these ideas, innocent men and women are slaughtered and youth is fattened by the misers of power, only to be fed to cannon. Lacordaire wrote of the power of false ideas: "How many books buried today in libraries were responsible three centuries ago for the revolution which we now behold." Ideas are responsible for all this, ideas gleaned from leaders' books.

Ideas should be the mirror of truth, and truth is but the understanding of the inner skeleton of the universe, the immutable, eternal lines along which existence proceeds to its inevitable destination. Man cannot change truth—he can only recognize it. Those who do recognize it can enter in at the narrow gate. Those who deny truth and seek another way are reduced to battering away at a wall which will never crumble. Or if they pretend there is no such wall and march bravely and blindly on, they will smash themselves, because what is, is, and imagination cannot change it.

Dominicana proclaims again its high purpose: to help its readers to think well and straight, to have the truth which makes men free. Empires may fall, but truth is invincible.

*Hold the high way and let thy ghost thee lead
And Truth shall deliver, it is no dread.*

(Chaucer)

STRANGE VICTORY

PIUS M. SULLIVAN, O.P.

A hush steals over Golgotha—
And then the thunders break.
The trembling earth is shattered,
And dead men wake.

Annoyance stirs the temple priests,
The hallowed veil is slashed;
But out on bloody Golgotha,
Christ's flesh is gashed.

Strange darkness for this hour of day,
The priests of Aaron nod;
But out on empty Golgotha
Mere men slay God.

The God of Israel sent His Son—
The Son was crucified;
But victory broke o'er Golgotha—
The Old Law died.