



"Amarantus flos, symbolum est immortalitatis."

Clement of Alexandria.

What more appropriate title could we have for our annual than "Amaranth"? To us the name not only brings to mind the beautiful plant with deeply-veined lance-shaped leaves, purple on the under face, and shining crimson flowers packed on erect spikes, but it is a symbol of the unfading, the undying, the everlasting.

Poets make frequent reference to "amaranthine flowers." Wordsworth, the great nature lover, bids us

"pluck the amaranthine flowers of faith."

Milton in "Paradise Lost" writes:

"Immortal amaranth — a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence,  
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows  
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life . . . .  
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks."

Pope speaks of the

"happy souls that dwell  
In yellow meads of asphodel  
Or amaranthine bow'rs."

Cowper says:

"The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue."

We are quite ready to agree with Cowper. During our four years at Our Lady of the Angels, we have learned not only to prize virtue, but, too, never to let it fade from our lives — in a word, to make it "amaranthine."

Now, with a greater knowledge and appreciation of the symbolism of the flower, we have chosen to call our annual "Amaranth." Our annual is, indeed, representative of our happy days at Our Lady of the Angels, the memories of which shall never fade.

Anna Mae Pabst, '33.