

As long as the waters bubbled and danced on the hillside. As long as the rivulet ran in the crags and the crannies it was a creation distinct in itself. But when after the heat and toil of the day it crept across the sands of Time into the ocean of Eternity there was mourning abroad for the waters of Life that had left but a track in the thirsty land.

The soul then is a product of education. Though an emotional melody flooded through the loosely strung fibres of flesh, those same loosely strung fibres of flesh were finite and responded only to human intelligence. The subdued murmur of the sea beyond came in the fitful lulls of the tempest but it had no meaning. The spirit was there in the dexterity of the hand, the sweep of the eye, the authority of the will. The spirit was there and over that lay the common instincts of carnality. A vague undefined shadow clouded the sun. Light, light there was in abundance. Love, love there was for the heir of universal intelligence, but only when that garment of universality had been dipped in the fountain of Self and the miserable creature of ignorance stood clothed in the glory of a son of God. It took long years to accomplish this. It took much toil, much travail, much pain: but when the holy bond of ecstasy blended the visible with the invisible and the priests of men were the priests of the Eternal Father there was no more mourning in the land when a wanderer pushed off boldly into the night without compass or captain.

Culture is the creed of civilization. At what school must man sip the honied dew of knowledge to be in possession of incalculable worth. Is it to understand perfectly the theory of gravitation and all the scientific accessories necessary to classification and deduction? Is it to investigate the ultimate causes of reality and flounder in the slough of nothingness? Is it to construct ingenious devices for the gratification of animal pleasures? Is it any of these? To restrict culture at all would be to deny the virtues so confidently asserted of man. Beneath the mechanical world, the material world, the visible world is a world of feeling and that feeling aesthetic. To know God is to know the flower of the field. Not that it is of a certain colour; not that it is of a certain species, but that the silken petal, the slender stem, the tint, the tone are all parts of one melody proceeding from the throne of Grace. Beauty is Truth. Cant as much as you will of the necessity of Reason; let the cold, callous floods of Logic inundate the mind; give the sceptic unlicensed liberty to spread devastation in the hearts of men but beneath all the filth, the folly, the flagrancey forever flows the naturalism of God.