

Soul Culture

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THAT Man has a soul is beyond dispute. That the Soul has a protective covering is rarely questioned. But whence this Antidote for Death? Man came out of the mists of Antiquity 'in the sure and certain hope to the Resurrection of eternal life' but with no key to solve the enigma. Man rose from the depths of degradation on no other incentive than his own immortality and who is there of the myriad millions of creation who has ever caught the faintest gleam of the promised light and overcome the stupors of Sleep?

With the dawn of Civilization the soul awoke. The Miocene man, if there was such a person, had in his being a divine forgetfulness. The caves of the Departed at last held something more precious than decay. The lethargy of life had broken out in the sweet springs of activity. Into the homogeneous collection of particles Science imputes to him crept a force, a feeling beyond the ken of his intellect and beneath the power of his expression. What it was he did not know. What it was he did not care. He only clung to it as the musician clings to the lost chords of Eternity, and comforted his broken spirit with its balm. It grew and the Savage stopped in his savagery. It grew and the Barbarian bore incense and offering. It grew and the Christian caroled his canticles and flooded the world with good tidings and joy.

Up to that important point the man had no soul. As far as the flesh went he was still a brute. The impulse to civilization needed some crisis for its birth, and that crisis came when the heart was mute with anguish and the voice dumb with pain. In that solemn rendering of breath and body stole the comforter. Out of the throes of mortality crept a nature divine in its possibilities and human in its limitations. What is most musical will be most melancholy. Sadness had given sustenance to a child of the Everlasting. The love of the beautiful had raised one branch of creation from savagery to civilization. The love of the beautiful had triumphed over death.

Man is a splendid creature To-day: he may have been a despicable wretch Yesterday. Perhaps you do not know that once the God in man was only the man in God. Perhaps you do not know the extent of his littleness. There *was* some, great undefined Deep into which that that was given returned and was swallowed up like the mountain stream in the sea.