

The Truth Line.

Great and manifold as are the works of the Divine Creator, as shown in the Universe, yet that intelligence which we recognize as the Soul, answering to us through eye and lip and nerve must ever remain the most wonderful, as God has shown it to be the most precious of them all.

If we go back as far as the morning of that first great Day when

“Beyond the glimmering limits far withdrawn

God made Himself an awful Rose of Dawn.”

and as the Dawn slowly opened into day and the Rose unfolded its heaven tinted petals, when the first intelligent God-created human soul dropped like a globe of heavenly dew upon the bosom of the waiting earth, and God's great perfect man into whom He had breathed the breath of His life, lifted up his face to Heaven and felt bone and muscle, nerve and flesh, answer to the Divine ideal, the morning stars must have sung together in praise and gladness. After the first human soul had watched alone for successive days, the sun rise from the outer limits of the world and wrap itself at evening in clouds of amethyst and gold, God brought to him in the afternoon of a wonderful day the first fair woman, then we do not wonder that the Creator saw that it was “good.” Straight from the Divine Heart, made in His image how fair and perfect was the human soul ! How beneficent in its morning tide were God's thoughts of it ! How unspeakable the loss and wreck which it so soon encountered, when sin threw its malign shadow over its star of life and the long train of evils which followed began their miserable march around the world ! Long has been the way traversed by the human race since the closing of the outer gates of Eden. Bravely it has borne its ceaseless sorrow and unlifting blight. The perfect was left within the gates. Yet as amid the ruins of a beautiful temple one may find a shaft or an arch, a strong column or a sculptured lily unbroken, so amid the wreck there remains much that holds the impress of the finger of God. The Divine spark was not all extinguished. Its Creator has shown us how precious is the human race in His sight, and with all reverence we say we do not wonder that Christ died for this fair lost world swept over by the surging seas of sin and sorrow. Mists thick and dark have come between us and the beginning, yet sometimes the veil grows thin and the soul reaches with dim longings back to its first home amid the beautiful eternal. As knowledge unfolds before effort is there not often a feeling as of working our way back to something once ours but lost long ago ? - Something vaguely familiar in the morning of the soul.

How the sense of “loss” inherent within us awakens at the sight of a beautiful ideal, perfected in Art, where the lines of truth envisioned by an inspired workman ; and stronger and deeper it