

Thoughts from a sermon.



Sunday January 2 / 49
Rev. Barber.

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WINNIPEG

This is 1949. Infact it is January the second and a Sunday. Today in church, a thought came to me as the parson gave his address what were to me words uttered by another human became suddenly an abrasive. By some subconscious thought I was brought to a place nearly a thousand miles away. There I had once stood and looked in awe upon a majestic panorama. One could stand on the edge of a gorge and look down almost two hundred feet. A shallow enough depth when compared to Grand Canyon. But to me it held a special appeal. A lovely little stream plunged in a small cataract in an almost sheer drop to resume its course westward a hundred and eighty feet below. When one followed its course an ever widening gorge hundreds of feet deep met the eye. Spruce and pine hung tenaciously to the rock, so much of it that the rough granite was almost hidden and the whole gorge was softened to the eye.

To the west as far as sight could travel through the ^{blue} autumn ^{late} haze wound the gorge. Lost at last in the distance one could still sense the imminence of its mouth. But the real beauty lay in the little waterfall. The



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reflected
Sun, ~~reflected~~ from drops of spray, made
a million flashing diamonds more beautiful
than worn by any woman since the world
began. They were there for all to gaze upon and
love and admire. Unlike the carbon that might
still lie in the rocks that formed the cataract
they needed no human hand to bring out
their beauty. I carried the thought of them with
me for many a day until suddenly their
moving this message took on a more
interesting meaning. Could it be that the soul of
man is connected in some sublime mysterious
way with many things that we do not take
time to heed.

A few hundred feet from the verge of this
canyon or gorge was a covered noise telling
the history of this particular park and of the
gorge itself. The scientists and geologists had
estimated that two hundred million years had
gone into the making of this little waterfall. At
one time a mighty roaring torrent beyond even
the imagination of man had thundered its way
across the barren rock. Product of mile high
ice rapidly thawing it had moved everything
loose before it and formed a vast lake we
now know as Superior.



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Gradually over the centuries the ice had melted and vegetation had set in only to be followed by a succeeding ice cap greater than the preceding one which in its turn melted and rushed into lakes rivers and streams. At that time the mouth of this gorge must have been one huge cataract that would ^{dwarf} ~~make~~ Niagara of its present ^{to the proportions of a} ~~appear a mere~~ creek. If man had walked the world at that time he could have but dimly understood the mighty fact of nature presented to him. He would probably have quailed and gone far away to be free of its terrific noise.

The passing of ^{succeeding} the glacial periods left the rock worn down to a large waterfall and during the intervening years and centuries the rushing water gradually wore the channel down to its present size. The passage of time had accomplished a purpose, to make a thing of beauty and grandeur and to be an ever present delight to both young and old.

So God works on the soul of man. We are impatient to see in our lifetime some result of our labors. We forget that in God's eyes a century is but a tick of a clock or the falling of a leaf. It is the abrasion of our ever moving life that



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Grinds down the rough ^{new} spirit of man
until a thing of beauty discernable to all
emerges and God's great plan bears fruition of
this rest assured, as with the processes of nature
so with man. We are inextricably bound up in
the universe around us, man may think he
has achieved the ultimate in power when at long
last he has harnessed the atom. The logic of science
discoveries of ^{the scientists} may ~~arouse~~ ^{arouse} doubts concerning our ~~view~~ ^{view} of
the universe but underlying all of man's achievement
is the struggle of the soul to be born again and
in each and every succeeding generation to shine with
a power more intense light. Man may seem to destroy
but he is only adding to the abasement that some
century far far in the dim future will finally polish
the soul of man until in all its glory it will
shine with such splendour as can only be found
in that Heaven of which we all dream.