CULTURE

have always heard in your voices the arts of peace and sounds of day, as of a man who has walked alone on the mountain with the voice of God around him in the greenness and the stillness and the breath of not a cloud; one who, taking courage from it, expressed to brothers and sisters how good and how pleasant it is, amid the thick of want, in destitution cutting the rind from the heart like a ratchet, to build among one or two of like mind, families, neighbours and neighbourhoods, with a trusting hand, upright in your doings, the house of civilisation and truth of social living, under the sun and the sky that shines equally, under the rain that falls equally, gently and generously, evoking many reflections, as a person might have towards the end of day who has done faithfully and through tribulation, rebuke and soreness of heart, the right thing.

