

BUILDERS

OF THE

BEAUTIFUL

BY
H. L. PINER

*"Let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow
up through the common—this is my symphony."*

William Henry Channing



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*To All Who Would Be More Beautiful
Than They Are*

Out of the light of the far-off stars,
Out of silvery clouds with golden bars,
Out of islands that float in seas of fire,

Out of the crystal, out of the tree,
Out of the mystery of the measureless sea,
Out of all chaste, holy desire,

Out of the music of the mountain stream,
Out of the young man's vision and the maiden's dream,
Out of longing for the beauty of God,

Out of all pure thought, and hope, and fear,
Out of the old man's trust and the little child's tear,
Out of the stroke of the chastening rod,

Out of all pleasure, out of all pain,
Out of all loss and out of all gain,
Out of the spirit's upward look,

Out of the soul of my soul and every soul,
Out of the secret of self-control,
Out of it all and more I have wrought my book.

DR. F. B. CARROLL.

FOREWORD

YOUR body is the dramatization of your soul. It holds the tragedies and the comedies of life.

An evil spirit chooses ugly external forms. A beautiful spirit seeks always and only to illumine the organism it inhabits.

"Form can not be the form of nothing." Your visible appearance is but an outward actualization of your inner life.

The canon of correspondence of the physical with the spiritual is a statute of being, unchanged and unchangeable, and illustrated wherever mind weds itself to matter.

When the psychic forces are out of harmony with the sources of their power and the laws of their existence, they invariably deform their physical supports. When they are in adjustment with the ideal, the divine stands transfigured in the flesh and the mortal is glorified of the immortal.

No dissembling within can establish holy forms of expression without. Man can not mount into manhood on an elevator. Woman can not soar into womanhood on the plume of an ostrich or the wing of a pheasant. The soul is the guardian and dictator over its own physical realm.

The present volume is the messenger of this philosophy. It speaks with a lowly voice, but in reverence and sincerity. The soul of the book, like the soul of the author, standing amid many imperfections, has faith in absolute ideals and in their power to fashion into loveliness everything they touch, and is sent forth to instil this faith into the souls of those to whom its message may come.

H. L. P.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, October 16, 1903.

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CHAPTER I

The Builder;
The Destroyer

BUILDERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL

CHAPTER I

THE BUILDER; THE DESTROYER

WHEN Ingomar, the barbarian, entered his tent and found Parthenia, the captive Greek maiden, arranging flowers into wreaths he was displeased, and said:

“What are you doing?”

“Weaving garlands,” she replied.

“But what is their use?” he asked gruffly.

“They are beautiful, and that is their use,” she responded.

In these simple questions and answers may be seen the character of the Greek and of the barbarian of every age, tho they may have other names.

The Greek saw beauty in everything, and his body and his face grew marvelously like the perfections of form and feature. The barbarian could see no beauty anywhere except in the coarsest texture of things, and then only with a coarse understanding, and his body and his face were correspondingly coarse and common.

The Greek made fine mental distinctions, applying them to his own life, and fiber and tissue in his physical frame were better grained and finer wrought for all his beautiful thinking. The barbarian could think but grossly; his nerves never became the messengers of delicate building forces,

“I touch
heaven when
I lay my
hand on a
human
body.”

Novalis

the structure of his body was savage, like his mind, and his muscles were gnarled and disproportioned.

“Was somebody asking to see the soul? See your own shape and countenance.”

*Walt
Whitman*

The Greek lived the higher mental and physical culture, and he acquired for himself not only beauty but the power to reproduce it with his hands and to bequeath it to his posterity. The barbarian lived chiefly among his appetites and passions, cherishing ever the combative, unfriendly qualities of character, acquiring for himself the physiognomy of the hyena, and he has left us not a single model of art in any form, while not a single specimen of his tribe approached physical perfection or gave it to his progeny.

The Greek was esthetic in mind and body, and everything he touched grew beautiful, from the sandals on his feet and the helmet on his brow to his patriotism at Marathon and his courage at Thermopylæ. The barbarian was uncouth in all his being, and everything he touched became graceless and distorted, from the vandal's club in his hand to the miserable conception in his mind that power is justice and might is right.

The Greek reveled in the most delicate inner graces, and for two thousand five hundred years the wide world has reveled in his outer graces. The barbarian gloated over the vulgar use of force, and for two thousand five hundred years the wide world has mourned the loss of the beautiful creations which he demolished.

To the Greek, beauty was next to virtue. To the barbarian, force was the only virtue. The face and the form of the one are illustrious examples of the power of a cultured spirit to express itself through a beautiful body. The face and the form of the other are monumental warnings of the power of an

animalized spirit to express itself through a savage body.

The builders in every age have been its most beautiful and cultured types. The destroyers in every age have been its ugliest and hardest-featured specimens. The Greeks, with their beautiful ideas of order and harmony, built their inner lives and their architecture and their institutions with stability to endure and grace to adorn. The barbarians, with their boorish conceptions of symmetry and relation, built their inner lives and their architecture and their institutions with neither strength for utility nor elegance to charm.

The Greek let his culture flow into his blood, and his mind sent along his arteries the constructive energy that fashioned the divinest form this side of Eden. The barbarian, with muddy and spiritless circulation, with sensibilities icy and benumbed, with no ideals above the flesh, became the iconoclast of civilization and the destroyer of his own physical perfections. As the one was beautiful in spirit, so was he graceful in movement, beautiful in form and feature. As the other was uncouth in spirit, so was he angular in gait, uncomely in form and feature.

But as the Greek won the barbarian into a love of culture, so may all barbarity be redeemed by beauty. There is something in man that unceasingly impels him to yield to the spell of loveliness. No matter how low his life nor how ill-formed his features, he has the power to conceive of beauty beyond the body, and the capacity to feel the affinities within the soul for transcendent graces. Not only so, but in every heart there is, active or latent, a conscious, restless yearning after divine ideals of inner life and outer form.

“A Christian spirit can not express itself through a savage body.”

*Charles
Wesley
Emerson*

No spiritual estate is so poor but it takes some cultivation and bears some fruit. No human eye is so leaden in its gravitations but it may be lifted above the horizon. It may not look into the empyrean, but it may see the morning and the evening star.

**“To man
only was
given a face;
it ought to be
beautiful.”**

Pliny

“There is not a sentient creature on the earth without the instinct of perfection.” Man cannot live without this fundamental endowment of his being—this impact of primal graces upon his consciousness. Moreover, there is in every intelligence a sense of power to mount toward these idealities, and there is no human being but in his tranquil moods has faith in his own divinity that he can rise into something more beautiful than he now is.

“There is a divine sequence running through all the universe. Within and above and below the human will incessantly works the divine will.” This divine will, if allowed to dwell in and rule over the human, tends unerringly and always toward order, symmetry, and beauty—tends evermore to develop to their normal state the divine attributes of man, and through these to coax the body into ideal form and seeming.

The culture of the Greek was a mightier force than the vandalism of the barbarian. Cyclops forging iron for Vulcan cannot stand against Pericles forging thought for Greece. The temporal yields to the eternal. Civilizations only emigrate; they do not die. When the destroyer came to plunder the temples of Athens and ravish her palaces of their treasures in art, the spirit of the superior race fell from the fragments of marble upon the barbarian, and, passing beyond the Alps, taught the lesson of Parthenia from the Bosphorus to the Pillars of Hercules.

Beautiful ideals are stronger safeguards than battle-axes. The builder wrought with immortal principles; the destroyer only with the things of sense. The one fashioned for eternity; the other merely dismantled the symbols of the imperishable. The resurgent powers of spirit mount forever toward the perfect. Destruction and decay of environment cannot disintegrate the inherent elements of culture nor radically estrange human life from the secrets and the sources of its glory. The divine evolution of man is the growth of the soul toward the great Archetypal Model. Spiritual bounty is the law of the unseen world; physical correspondence the canon of the visible. Whoever opens wide the avenues of his heart to the opulence of life will magnify all the essential attributes of his being, and his countenance will reflect back into the smile of God something more of the image of the divine.

“I have seen
gleams in
the faces of
men that let
me look into
a higher
country.”

*Thomas
Carlyle*

CHAPTER II

The Divine
Ever Active;
The Mortal
Ever Responsive

CHAPTER II

THE DIVINE EVER ACTIVE; THE MORTAL EVER RESPONSIVE

NOTHING that is altogether beautiful can be even approximately bad. Nothing that is even approximately beautiful can be altogether bad. "It is the office of goodness to create beauty; it is the office of beauty to show forth goodness." Goodness is everywhere the progenitor of beauty. Beauty is everywhere the sponsor of goodness. Wherever you find spiritual integrity you may know that it is creating beauty. Wherever you find beauty you may know that it vouches for the spiritual integrity that created it. Wherever you behold moral turpitude you may know that it is creating ugliness. Wherever you behold ugliness you may know that it is the sign and trade-mark of evil within.

Wherever there is a living organism the outer is the expression and the symbol of the inner life. "Form cannot be the form of nothing." It must be the form of something. We have our peculiar bodily configuration and texture distinguishing us from all other orders of animal life because the differentiating qualities are found in the life-principle; and every life-principle, according to rank, demands a physical organism and an expression of its own construction. As the character within, so the physical product. With every change in character will come a change in external expression to correspond.

**"God
thought
the whole
creation
over again,
and then
made man
the bearer
of all
dignities."**

Oken

But the sensation of beauty is not physical. It does not reside in materiality. The senses are media only. Through them the mind grasps an impression, and, playing upon the motor nerves, transmits the effect of the sensation throughout the body. The afferent impulses cause thought and emotion. The efferent impulses bring culture to all the organism. Beyond these the ideational functions of mind realize the lovely conceptions which we designate as beauty. Here the intuitional powers, having immediate knowledge and applying it to physical correspondences, give the body its finest texture and its most delicate graces.

Loveliness, as such, is not perceived by the intellect, which is cold, calculating, judicial, non-impressionable by sentiment. Looking at a statue, the intellect sees convex and concave surfaces, recognizes proportion and symmetry of parts, and, with mathematical instinct, thinks of weight, mass and the line of gravity. A vastly different thing is that satisfying sense which leaves nothing to be desired when the eye of spirit, eclipsing the eye of flesh, sweeps over the statue, and, without logic or criticism, feels and knows that it is beautiful.

Beauty is a moral apprehension. The capacity for it may be measured in every case by the spirituality that tempers the conceptions of the individual. Examine the inner life. If you can determine the character of the thoughts, sentiments, emotions, passions, you may look into the face for their physical transcript. Examine the face. If you can analyze it physically and psychically, you may there read the story of the inner life.

But for departure from normal spiritual life, every human being might as well have been beautiful as ugly. The spirit of man is the image of

“Wealth of anatomy and wealth of expression always correspond.”
Mantegazza

God's spirit—the image of infinite perfections, of infinite beauty. This image is clear or vague according as the psychic affinities are cultivated or neglected. It reaches its greatest illumination when the soul, yearning after the perfect and struggling up the heights of faith, touches the hand of God and is drawn into communion with Him. It is then, also, that the body stands transfigured as the physical interpretation of spiritual glory.

It would be blasphemy to say that man's spirit as it came from the edict of God was ugly. It would be equal blasphemy to say that the ideal of man's body in the councils of the Trinity could have been an unshapely thing. It would still be blasphemous to say that the physical being could become ill-visaged and graceless so long as the spiritual retains the divine likeness, or that the face and body will not become more beautiful as the spirit of man assimilates the Spirit of God, the perfection of beauty.

Everything comprehended through the senses existed in the unseen before it took material proportions. The castle was first an air-castle. The Ariadne and the Cupid and Psyche of Canova were idealities before they were realities in marble. The rhapsodies of Liszt and the oratorios of Handel were spiritual harmonies before the fingers swept the keys. Raphael's "The Transfiguration" and Rubens' "The Descent from the Cross" were mental and moral conceptions before the colors were mixed. All visible and all audible things were soul-pictures first.

The ideal must precede and project material forms. The universe is but the materialization of God's thought. Man is the expression of the highest creative energy of the Divine Mind. Created

**“ Spirit
creates form ;
form can
not create
spirit.”**

*Dr. A. A.
Lipscomb*

in the image of God, the same creative power in finite degree must inhere in the human soul. For man is God's image, not as a photograph, but in the essential elements of his being, in the intrinsic qualities of his character. The soul has never lost a single endowment, and this creative energy, as one of the powers of the soul, is brought into service in determining, for its own uses, the texture of the human body and the expression of the human face.

The bodily organism being a differentiated habitat for the soul, its individualized texture and expression must be the work of the spiritual activities. That the invisible life-forces do construct their own physical correspondences constantly, faithfully, and universally, all history and all experience prove. As we think, so will the face appear. As we have thought, so the face now appears.

“Nothing
will make a
man strong
but his own
concentra-
tion of
thought.”

*Eugen
Sandow*

CHAPTER III
Spiritual Dis-
order;
Spoliation of
Feature

CHAPTER III

SPIRITUAL DISORDER; SPOILIATION OF FEATURE

DEPARTURE from divine ideals engenders discord between soul and body as well as inharmony between the spirit and the sources of its power. Degeneracy of physical conditions is the inevitable consequence. Not more surely nor more disastrously do the conditions of low barometer arouse the genius of the storm over the surface of the earth than does an attenuated moral atmosphere send whirlwinds of chaos along the nerves and lay waste what the higher moods have builded in expression.

The soul clashing with the laws of being loses the divinest physical interpretation it is capable of producing. Bodily tissues are torn down, the organic activities are impeded, the vital currents are poisoned and misdirected, nutrition is scantily supplied or becomes so burdensome to the organs of digestion that malassimilation follows with a train of evils that waste and deform.

Man may adjust himself, approximately at least, to the laws of perfect being. He is then beautiful, or he begins the final acquirement of finished graces. The physical organism then submits itself to the sovereignty of spirit, the avenues of impression and expression are normally opened, the nervous system responds sensitively to the behests of the soul, the muscles are obedient to the dictation of motor and sensory energies, the organic functions proceed without the friction that kills, all the processes of

“A beautiful countenance cannot hide behind a character devoid of worth.”

*Dr. J. H.
Kellogg*

digestion, assimilation, and depuration become natural, the vital fluids are healthful, the life-forces move rhythmically, the accord of body and spirit is made manifest, and the mortal and the immortal are wed in harmony.

“The physique can not be perfectly beautiful unless it manifests intellectual and moral faculties.”

Arnaud

The constant effect of soul upon body is to mold it into an intelligent and legible symbol of itself. All malevolence weakens the affinities between spirit and matter. All beneficence strengthens their union. A perfect body could not be animated by an imperfect soul. A perfect soul cannot long inhabit an imperfect body. “It will cure it or cast it off.” We are very short-lived. One fourth of the race dies before the age of seven; one half before seventeen. But the resuscitative and recuperative powers of spirit over body are indubitable evidence of their perfect union originally, and of their common affinities wherever they meet, while the insistent tendency toward harmony in all the physical realm shows the capacity of the soul for fashioning the body into supernal graces.

Nor can a beautiful soul long tenant an ugly body. It will neither worship long in a defiled temple nor bow often where the altars are profaned. However slow the process, it will conform the body to its own design or abandon it to its degradation. If the will is supreme, and the judgment is clear, and the affections are pure, so that the physical organism may be made passive to the constructive forces of spirit, nerve and muscle may become the messengers of the divinest things that man can feel.

One golden morning there came into Eden a thought of deception. Before the shadows of twilight had fallen upon that day, that thought had stolen into the features of man and woman, and they slunk away to hide the first facial expressions

of guilt and fear under the mantle of the pomegranate and the palm. And there they ate the wormwood which the legend says sprang up and grew in the serpent's trail. Later, other thoughts came to man, followed by other facial modifications. Cain was angry, and, while angry, "his countenance fell." Within a twinkling the inner sin had marred the majesty of the outer expression. Spiritual disorder had begun its work of spoliation upon the features. The law of correspondence of the external with the internal life had been quick and sure in its application. The simple thought of deception in the parent in Eden had become murder in the child just outside the walls; and a murderer's face had followed the conception and execution of his murderous thought. Then, when condemnation fell upon the fratricide, remorse wrung and distorted his soul with an anguish that wrought upon his features in the same agony as he cried: "My punishment is greater than I can bear!"—the first lack-luster eye of the race; the first nervous prostration in history.

Weeds grow rapidly and rank. The coarse jest in the time of the Plantagenets became murder in the reign of the Tudors. The facial expression of royalty at that time showed the physiognomical result of plot and intrigue, hate and envy, malice and regicide. The luxurious and lascivious living of the Stuarts reached its climax in the ponderous body, the gourmandish appearance, and the swinish spirit of the early Georges,—in the coarse, thick nose, the wine-bibbing mouth, the distended jaws, the retreating forehead, the soulless eye.

During the Reign of Terror in France, while men were guillotining their victims and hoisting their heads upon poles, little boys were decapitating kit-

"Nothing
but the good
of life enters
the texture
of the
beautiful."
Santayana

tens, and marching down the alleys of Paris with their trophies upon broomsticks. In the next generation, the children of these children, well-nigh dehumanized by inherited and operative tendencies, were murderers along the winding shadows of the Seine.

“Dedicate the body to high and noble thinking, and it will respond to nobler acts.”

*Albert B.
Olston*

Take two children at the age of six—twin brothers, if you will—blood of the same blood, bone of the same bone, spirit of the same spirit. Hold up before the one beautiful ideals; train him in purity and vigor of thought; teach him to love the higher virtues; exercise him in all the worshipful states; encourage him toward mastery over his lower self; keep him conscious, as nearly as may be, of the value of life; he will develop into a manly man in form, feature, and demeanor. Give the other thoughts of vice, crime, sensuality; stun his heart with brutal instincts; charge his soul with vicious impulses; let his passions have rein and lash; sink his ideals into the flesh; he will grow distorted and misshapen from day to day until his body and his face have become a travesty upon the once possible grandeur of human form and human character.

Properly analyzed, all men are what they seem to be. Whether you wish it so or not, your countenance is the physical expression of what you have been thinking all these days and dreaming all these nights. There is no evading the law that makes you seem what you are. Persistent beautiful thinking draws the features into harmony and then illuminates them. Lascivious mental operations fashion the face of the rake and reprobate.

You do not inherit your face. You make it yourself. You are absolutely the creator of your own physiognomy, and you will never grow so old but you may alter it more or less. You may inherit

the tendency to construct your face as your mother constructed hers, but this tendency may be checked, changed, and even obliterated, so that you will look no more like your mother than if you belonged to another race. You inherit only the bony structure, the nerves, and muscles that make up the human anatomy—only such things as are common and inherent in form, and such as distinguish your kind from all other orders of creation. It is the exercise of these and the play of your soul upon them that give you your individualized expression. It is the psychic forces that specialize you as a personality in a world of spirit—that stamp themselves upon your entire physique and make you look like—you.

**“Form is the
obstacle of
expression,
and yet its
only means.”**

Cousin

CHAPTER IV

The Divine
Architect:
The Structure
Beautiful

CHAPTER IV

THE DIVINE ARCHITECT: THE STRUCTURE BEAUTIFUL

THE palmists tell us—and biology seems to have reduced their theory to a practical demonstration—that human character engraves itself, as it were, in the hollow of the hand. This member is not merely carpus, metacarpus, and phalanges. Its form, structure, and adaptation to uses have a significance that cannot be answered with technicalities and physical parts. From the lines and folds upon its exterior to the bones and ligaments that make its framework, the building instincts of the unseen life are manifest.

The palm is a second face. Its meanings are always forceful. Whether held upward to receive blessings, or turned downward to pour them out; whether open and exposed to reveal, or closed and prone to conceal; whether thrust forward to warn, or vertical to call attention; whether extended in friendly greeting, or clenched in defiance; whether grasping your hand with the grip of honest cordiality, or dropping into your fingers with characterless vapidty; whether under the lover's eye, or the manicure's inspection; whether beneath the dermatologist's lens, or on the dissecting table, the palm has a meaning as mystic as that of the face, and the entire hand points with its index-finger to the creative psychic powers beyond the physical and visible anatomy.

“Wherever
beauty is
found, the
form is the
expression of
the idea.”

T. M. Ballie

“Cast the features in an expression of intense anger, and in that attitude try to think a loving thought; you can not accomplish it.”

*Albert B.
Olston*

The print of a bare foot upon a sensitive plate might also reveal a cipher code to the secrets of the inner life. Certainly the foot itself, with corn and bunion, flattened toes and ingrowing nails, would often exhibit the physical results of sins committed in the search after beauty. Evolutionists and other scientists begin at once to classify the creature whenever they discover his track in the geological sands, or come upon the pedal bones, or examine the foot of the living specimen. And their classification does not deal merely with form and structure; it is always with reference to the order of life and intelligence animating and shaping the bodily organism.

“Not only the surface but the figure also indicates much that goes on in the solitudes of life.” Hand and foot, limb and torso, surface and texture, form and function, all bear the impress of the spiritual activities that fashion them for their uses. In all these particulars the uncultured man differs specifically and radically from his refined and polished brother. “Not for a moment could I doubt that God has stamped His idea of mind upon the body.” The entire physical organism is a growth incident to the occupancy of matter by mind. The body, instead of being a complete, distinct, instantaneous creation, is a development of the soul seeking to manifest and interpret itself through terms of matter organized, correlated, and brought into the service of the spiritual.

The soul of man is the master-builder. The problem in anatomical geometry is this:—Given certain bones, muscles, nerves, fibers, and tissues, all moved upon by spirit: To construct the grandest and noblest symbol of the inner life.

What are the methods of accomplishing this? They are as deep as the mysteries of God; and yet, all we need to know is so simple that a child may understand how to fashion his countenance into the divine likeness.

There are twelve pairs of nerves running from the brain into the head and face, and thirty-one pairs from the spinal cord into the body. These nerves with all their countless ramifications are acted upon by human intelligence, either directly or by some mysterious process more remote, and, as public carriers of the mind, like so many conscious electric currents with their telegraphic orders, they bear the messages out over the motory circuit into muscle and back over the sensory lines to the brain, reporting that the orders have been executed and obeyed.

There are in the face, according to Moreau, fifty-five muscles. These, as well as the entire four hundred or more in the human anatomy, are, or ought to be, under the control of the mind. If the mind thinks a certain thought, or if a certain emotion is generated, a certain nerve bears a certain impulse to a corresponding muscle, and the muscle becomes active, moving with greater or less vigor according to the inner coercion.

Muscular activity in turn excites the circulation, creates heat, suffers waste, demands food. In the economy of nature the muscle most used is most fed and nourished, and the muscle most fed and nourished grows accordingly. Nature not only repairs the waste, but always adds a little more than is necessary for mere recouping. This surplus builds additional muscle. Whenever the muscle becomes larger and firmer than its contiguous muscles, it betrays the moods that have developed it.

“Self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control—these three alone lead life to sovereign power.”

Tennyson

“Grow,
soul, unto
such white
estate that
virginal-
prayerful art
shall be thy
breath, thy
work, thy
fate.”

*Sidney
Lanier*

In the physical economy three important principles constantly obtain: First, every nerve tends to repeat upon muscle the action of any mental stimulus upon itself; so that any muscular activity often indulged is prone to reproduce the same phenomena without the conscious direction of the mind. Indeed, so strong and so fundamental to physical being is the automatic tendency of the entire nervous system that without it the race must soon perish. The second principle is, that in all bodily movements under the direction of the inner intelligence it is Nature's policy not only to enlarge and strengthen the parts in action, but in so doing to prepare invariably for greater exercise next time, constantly increasing the capacity of the muscle for nutrition and for power. The third principle is, that, under the processes of exercise, waste, and repair, the muscle is hardened and toughened for the maximum utility required and for preserving in permanent form the physical correspondence of the mental state.

But larger exercise creates larger waste and demands increased nutrition still, and this is always promptly supplied in the healthy organism. Thus is the muscle amplified until it acquires its final growth and working power. Thereafter the spiritual qualities infuse themselves into the lower order of development and beauty blends with utility.

According to Darwin, Lavater, Gall, Hunter, and a score of others of the highest scientific standing, certain facial muscles correspond in activity to certain moods of mind. And not only the scientists but the science of life itself, demonstrated in every living organism, justifies these conclusions. Muscular development in the face, therefore, must inevitably body forth the inner states, and the coun-

tenance must invariably bear the stamp of the sentiment or passion imperious in the individual.

If, for example, the muscles of scorn are employed constantly under their corresponding temper, they will be fed and nourished for repair and growth, and, thus enlarged and hardened, the look of scorn will become the most prominent, permanent bearing of the features.

The expression once there, the question urges itself: How can it be removed? The answer is not far to seek. Get the scorn out of the life, and the scornful presence will vanish from the countenance. Subdue the sneers of the soul, and their physical supports will wither from disuse. With noble purpose and masterful will make conquest over the disdain of the heart, and, while the muscles of scorn atrophy from neglect, and the loveliness of love possesses all your being, the facial unfoldment will be like the oncoming dawn when the night is passing.

**“God enters
by a private
door to every
individual.”**

Emerson

CHAPTER V

Virtue

Constructive;

Vice Destructive

CHAPTER V

VIRTUE CONSTRUCTIVE; VICE DESTRUCTIVE

THE best way to keep the lines out of your face is to keep the wrinkles out of your soul.

The hieroglyphs that cross or circle, compass or tattoo your features are but varieties of the hand-writing on the walls of your life. You may confuse these lines with the stratagem of facial flexibility, but you cannot prevent the Daniels from reading them.

If they are the etchings of malice, hatred, envy, scorn, malignity in any form, you cannot by perfunctory or automatic extemporizing smile yourself into amiability of expression. Whenever you begin to play fantastic tricks with your countenance the wise old world will know that you are masquerading.

In all ages the meanest men have sought to parade a benign look. It is a compliment which vice pays to virtue. It is a tacit recognition of the law that physical correspondences must and do faithfully and truly interpret the soul. But you cannot fit the mask of an angel upon the facial configuration of a demon. The donkey plays not well in the lion's skin. Peace of expression cannot appear without while anarchy reigns within.

You need not desire the look of loveliness without love. You can not warm your body into grace while your soul, like Neptune, swings through an orbit of ice. You can not illumine your features

“Form is
the actuality
of being, the
plastic art of
the ideal.”

*François
Delsarte*

while your spirit, like a lost world, is whirling through outer darkness. You can not exalt your countenance while your impulses smite down your finer sensibilities and shatter the ideals that urge you on to primal graces. In spite of all surreptitious attitudinizing, your face is the waxen cast of your soul. There is no rogue's pathway into manhood or manly appearing. The simulator may pass a counterfeit dollar many times, but he dare not often impose upon the world a dissembling countenance. Men are discerning enough to detect the marks of fraud and to discover the points of variance from the genuine coin.

(The human face animated by a clear intellect and illumined by a pure soul is the most beautiful object in all the world.) The human face vulgarized by appetite, mammonized by greed, brutalized by passion, sensualized by lust, is more repulsive than the grim-visaged gnomes and satyrs of fable. The commonest face wrought upon by the soul in travail of a pure and noble motive at once assumes the impress of the impelling quality of mind and heart. A little deed done with a great purpose is ennobling to the countenance of man. A very small outward act may be seasoned with qualities deep as life and holy as the soul.

The energizing forces that move from the life-centers through brain and ganglia and along the highways of the nerves, mold the features into unvarying exponents of themselves. It is as if God, in giving the spirit a body, had said: "Speak through this body; it shall forever be a symbol of what you are." This was the fundamental law in the union of the material with the immaterial. In keeping its pledge the soul has striven without ceasing to demonstrate that the statute of corre-

"The so-called fine arts have had their day; the demand is that the arts of mankind shall be observed now."

Franklin H. Sargent

spondence of the inner life with the outer form cannot be annulled.

All the forces of evil within you are destructive of beauty. All the forces of good within you are constructive of beauty. With vindictive and incorrigible severity distortions of soul forge themselves into the texture and expression of the body. With wooing and inhesive persistency does majesty of spirit ask for embodiment in all the organism.

If this law of the outer correspondence with the inner life be not true, what mean the drawn features of the miser; the sneak face of the thief; the empty, spermaceti physiognomy of the gossip; the malicious cast of the slanderer; the open countenance of the honest man; the telltale pallor of the murderer; the wincing look of the coward; the noble mien of the hero; the crime-hardened visages in the prisons of the country?

If this law be not true that peculiarities of form and expression come of corresponding qualities of mind and motive, what mean the glaring eyes of Lear; the lean and hungry look of Cassius; the designing aspect of Iago; the ambitious mounting of Lady Macbeth; the octopus seeming of Shylock; the jealous tread of Othello; the lamb-like meekness of Desdemona; the chameleon countenance of Falstaff; the malignant grimacing of Malvolio; the mad guise of Hamlet; the despairing agony of Isabella; the princely mold of Bassanio; the judicial mask of Portia; the vacant stare of Ophelia?

If this law be not true that the visible is the product and interpreter of the invisible building forces, what mean the contracted features of old Scrooge; the mock-humility of Uriah Heep; the libidinous countenance of Steerfoth; the east-wind scowl of Jarndyce; the ghastly grin of Quilp; the character-

“Sink in
thyself;
there ask
what ails
thee—at the
shrine.”

*Matthew
Arnold*

less effigy of Nickleby, the elder; the cunning glance of the Artful Dodger; the broad-faced congeniality of Mr. Pickwick; the crushed and bruised beauty of Little Emily; the pleading pathos in the face of Little Nell?

“Soul and
body are
dignified by
the dominion
of spirit.”

J. T. Jacob

If this law be not true that the features are fashioned by the spirit and temper that move upon them from within, what mean the kingly lines in the face of Gladstone; the lordly mien of William of Orange; the marvelous beauty of the poet Goethe; the aggressive silhouette of the Cæsars; the brutal jaw of Nero; the commanding air of Napoleon; the conquering presence of Wellington; the Stonewall form of Jackson; the lion front of Lee; the stern majesty of Lincoln; the facial philanthropy of Washington?

If this law be not true that the countenance is the soul translating itself through the physical organism, what mean the faith-wrought features of Stephen awing with an angel's seeming the council of the Libertines? What mean the watchfires in Ezekiel's eye; the ecstasy in the Madonna's smile; the divine look of love in the perfect life—the matchless face of the Christ?

CHAPTER VI

“Create! Create!
Reflect Me!”

CHAPTER VI

“CREATE! CREATE! REFLECT ME!”

YOU cannot borrow beauty. You must make it yourself. You cannot wear your neighbor's face. It would be ill-fitting if you could.

As you cannot clothe your inner life with your brother's robe, so you cannot assume nor appropriate his outward graces. Everywhere spirit demands its own livery. Nature rises up to expose and rebuke the imposter who would parade external forms out of correspondence with the real character.

The body cannot be silk while the soul is buckram. You cannot wear an expression higher than that vouchsafed by the spiritual condition or ideal on which your aspirations enduringly rest.

Mastery over the lower self, and power to express the higher self through physical agencies, are secrets that must come up out of the deep oracles of life. Indeed, so deep in the mysteries of being are our ideals sometimes that we fail to discover them. We are often so engrossed through the long years with the superficialities of the mortal that we lose the present glory of the immortal. We are prone to make the earth the center of the universe and ourselves the center of the earth.

Selfishness is the anarchist of being. It is the curse of every phase of life—social, intellectual, moral, physical, commercial. Nothing escapes its iconoclasm. The self-centered man in society is awkward; in business he is an extortioner; in love

“Trust in
thine own
untried
capacity as
thou wouldst
trust in God
Himself.”

*Ella
Wheeler
Wilcox*

“The shew
of their
countenance
doth witness
against
them.”

Isaiah

he is as imperious as Cæsar; in war he is as cruel as a Hun; in religion he is glued to his creed; in finance he is a miser; in morality he is a pharisee; in spirituality he is a dwarf; intellectually he is a bigot; physically he is a travesty upon the possibilities of expression. Socially a cynic, in conversation he is always an autobiographer. He speaks chiefly in the first person—to him the only person. His face has but one quality—“I.” In little things he is small; in great things he is infinitesimal; in all things he is full of the force of capillarity, drawing everything into the all-absorbing “I-I-I.”

No man full of his own conceits and inflated with his own vanity can have a truly handsome face. “Pride,” says Mr. Ruskin, “is one of the chief destroyers of beauty.” Surely by this sin fell the angels, and in falling lost their countenances. Abdiel, the faithful seraph that withstood Satan’s entreaties to rebel, retained not only his estate but his seraphic look also.

Except on state occasions, the personal pronoun “I” ought to be written with a dot over it. Being thus smaller, one could get out of it into the larger forms of life. A proper estimate should be placed by every one upon himself, to be sure, but humility is often a virtue while hauteur is always a vice.

Whoever cannot expand till he can feel the eccentric circles of sympathy from other lives overlapping his own, and his own sweeping out into theirs, can never have a truly magnanimous look. A broad affection, a great life-purpose, a perpetual prayer, an ardent striving upward toward the light, a deep and abiding sense of fraternity for all the race, a faith that everyday looks out from the window with Daniel—these are some of the possessions that cannot fade, possessions whose outer forms

will stand unmarred when the storm has passed. They put away the self of selfishness, and in so doing they settle a glory upon the countenance that will endure beyond the stars.

There is an expansive power in charity that broadens the life, gives nobility to features and loveliness to expression. Every manly virtue makes a plaster-cast of itself in the face. The benign affectional qualities in action make both men and women look their best. Whoever cannot love largely and universally cannot acquire loveliness of countenance of the highest order. The lesson for the flippant, passionate sentimentalism of the age is to love and love truly—not any one person so savagely, but all the world civilizedly.

Misanthropy is a vandal in Beauty's studio. A universal affection is one of the arch refiners of expression. You cannot love yourself exclusively without hating your brother. You cannot hate your brother without a facial register of the passion.

As it is given unto man to become in spirit almost anything which soul could desire, even the similitude of the Father, so, also, is it given unto him to appear in corresponding physical perfections. God whispers eternally into our ears: "Create! Create! Even as I have created! Reflect me!" And these whisperings do not come unattended by divine power. Between the creative spirit of God and the created spirit of man a living, vibrant sympathy forever plays. "A thousand hands reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights." Whoever opens wide the portals of his life to the fountains whence the tides of being flow, may drink of the waters that issue from the hills of God.

"Grace is born of itself, the natural fruit of the culture of the mind, of elevated thoughts and noble sentiments."

Arnaud

CHAPTER VII

Reciprocity
the Law
of Union

CHAPTER VII

RECIPROCITY THE LAW OF UNION

Do not despise the body; God's footstool is very near His throne.

The Christ has demonstrated in his own body that the body of man should be kept for holy uses in this world, as also that it shall be glorified in the resurrection. We need not grow dizzy thinking of the heights to which we must ascend. It was the human life of the master that was held up as the physical and spiritual model for all mankind. His doctrine was for the soul, but the soul in its earthly habitation.

If the soul worships, therefore, let it remember that the body also is present at the altar. "There is no part of the body which may not affect mind or be affected by it. Their sensitiveness is mutual. Reciprocity is the law of their union. The body acquires a certain dignity by close fellowship with a pure spirit." It loses dignity by too close fellowship with uncontrolled appetite and passion.

The body cannot be at high tide while the soul is at low ebb. We need to refine our senses away from mere earthiness. Our ears are so dull that they hear only the louder intonations of the divine voice. We hear very little without hammer, anvil, and stirrup. Our sight is so dim with opaqueness of visual anatomy that we cannot see clearly the landscapes painted for the spirit's eye. We need to listen more attentively to the intuitions that

"God is the
life of the
soul as the
soul is the
life of the
body."

*Platonist
Fathers*

whisper things which no man can teach. Out of a cultivation of all the senses into the service of the spirit come the finest touches of culture upon the features.

“A man’s
wisdom
maketh his
face to
shine.”

Solomon

Reciprocity is the law of union, but only in the mental side of the alliance is there a reservation that mind is dominion and matter is subordination. For, while the body may affect mind reflexively, mind is master, whether it operate through the cerebrum of Herschel or through the brain of the man with the hoe. This is the basic principle of the treaty the terms of which are the absolute dictation of spirit. “The body taking part in our thinking and feeling, prayer and praise, is born of ourselves.”

It lays waste the finest possibilities of form and spirit to exalt the body above the soul, or to abase the soul to the body’s level. They must bear a threefold dignity: the dignity of spirit, the dignity of body, the dignity of their union. The majesty of body is symbolic; that of spirit is intrinsic; both must be held as one divine glory of creation and evolution.

Do not build a palace for your body, therefore, while your soul inhabits a pigsty or a mere dugout of earth. Do not festoon your room with bric-a-brac and adorn it with costly paintings while the walls of your inner life are bleak and desolate as the rocks of the desert. Do not array your physical self in furs and plumes while your spiritual life is shivering in rags and striving to hide its nakedness in its own shame. Whoever subordinates the spiritual to the physical being begins the work of demolition for both. Woe to him who abases the body with foul uses. Woe to him who breaks the harmony in the relations of a normal soul in a nor-

mal body. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

The fountain of youth is not in Florida. It came over in the ship with Ponce de Leon. The maxim is largely true that one finds nothing in a foreign country which he does not carry with him. We pour ourselves into all kinds of health resorts, so called, and all *materia medica* into our stomachs, seeking a panacea for our ills, when, with healthful spirits and obedience to the statutes of being, we may find the fountain of rejuvenescence within us.

Health is the most contagious thing in ail the world. Hygeia is the goddess of the earth. Her apostles are the gentle spirits of men and women. Her staple remedies are faith, hope, charity,—faith in self and good and God, hope that strives and is strong in the concrete and in the ideal, charity that loves the whole world with Christ-like loving. Disease *may* come, not *must*, in God's world. Sanity and soundness are the sibilants whispered in life's oracles.

"Seventy years young instead of forty years old" is the maxim of the spirit growing mellow without decay. Decrepitude totters in ignorance of physical necessities, in imperfect knowledge of the psychic powers, and in the mortal presumption of running man's little universe in total contravention of the laws that govern mind, soul, and body. We may not live here always, to be sure, but there is absolutely no reason why we should pass "into the sere and yellow leaf" while yet the bloom is fragrant and the fruit is luscious. Man's sun should not set at noon. Woman's winter should not come in May. The spirit is forever young. "The soul of

"Man needs the ideal even more than he needs bread. The ideal is the bread of the soul."

Edwin
Markham

“Life is
measured by
the depth
not the
length of
years.”

*Father
Ryan*

man does not age with years.” It unceasingly creates after its own qualities. Where youth exists under harmonious conditions and in proper spiritual and physical adjustment, it must be beautiful. It must also beautify all that it touches. The child should die a hundred years old. Longevity as well as youth is one of the rewards of conformity to the laws of being. Evolution out of the common into the divine is the symphony of God.

Do not fear the furrows that streak the forehead, nor the crow’s-feet that track about the eyes, nor the parentheses that compass the mouth. Character wrinkles are admirable if the character is admirable. They cannot destroy the majesty of a countenance that has been builded by loveliness of spirit. They make it all the more picturesque and grand. If the face has grown old in the service of beauty, we must look not so much at the specialized anatomy as at the subliminal signs that sometimes evade the casual glance—at the spiritualized effect of threescore years of beautiful thinking and feeling, trusting and dreaming.

CHAPTER VIII

Not the Length
but the Depth
of Years

CHAPTER VIII

NOT THE LENGTH BUT THE DEPTH OF YEARS

HUMANITY cannot become ugly so long as it keeps a beautiful soul. It is folly to say that because some of the best people in all the world have rugged features the law of correspondence therefore does not apply. Since the soul never ceases to construct according to its own designs, and since it may be forever young and beautiful, it will unceasingly fashion both beauty and youth unless we ruthlessly destroy them.

The sunshine will melt the glacier. It cannot do so within a moment; but the work will begin as soon as the rays fall upon the ice, and it will continue so long as the warmth rests upon the frozen river. Loveliness of spirit will not and can not revolutionize instantly a face that is sodden with sin and set with deformity. But the thawing-out process begins with the impact of beautiful impulses upon their physical supports.

The good man whose features are uncomely may know that in proportion to the degree and genuineness of his goodness is he restoring equilibrium lost somewhere in his ancestry and perhaps accentuated and intensified somewhere in his own past life. Everywhere form is secondary, congenital; everywhere expression is specific, individualized; everywhere spirit is primary, causative. Whenever a just spirit animates a rugged face, the beauty is there in spite of the broken topography.

“What can not be done in the physical can be done in the spiritual.”

R. W. Trine

Furthermore, irregularity of feature is not necessarily fatal to beauty. The face of a country is more beautiful for its undulation of hill and vale. The mountain would lose its picturesque grandeur if it rose from the earth like a pyramid or fell flattened upon the plains. Beauty is not that which enters through the roadways of sense and quivers upon the retina. It is the divine harmony improving music in the features, the immortal blooming in mortal soil, the perfections of spirit transfigured in lip and cheek and eye, in smiles and tears and rhythm.

“Expression in nature is spontaneous; it is the result of an unconscious process in the man as a creature.”

Steele

Mackaye

The most sublime beauty of the sun and the most ravishing blend of colorings from his beams are held in secret across the sweep of ninety-three millions of miles before they spread their grandeur upon the storm-cloud's brow. So, sometimes, an ancestral glory of spirit, concealed and subdued through long ages, comes into the visible world incarnated in the most gruesome irregularities of heredity, the loveliness of the divine gens girding up its strength after a lapse of liberty, and asserting itself at last in the midst of utter physical degradation. It is the eternal atavism of Nature rising up toward primal ideals.

All inequalities in the development of mental and spiritual forces are sure to actualize themselves in the texture and expression of bodily supports. The influences of environment are manifold. The stimuli of spiritual impingement are infinite. It is not easy to keep these in balanced effect upon the body, nor to know when they are in balance either in one's self or in another. The ability to judge a picture commensurately is a rare acquirement. A far higher attainment is the power to estimate the art-work done upon the anatomy with invisible

chisel and brush in the silence. Immeasurably greater than the judicial faculty is the gift of heaven to build for beauty and for God. But the capacity for judging and the power for building may be strengthened and enlarged until objective and subjective mind are in accord with each other, and each is working in consonance with the respective environment of material and spiritual life.

A merely pretty face may be lacking in the prime essentials of beauty. Qualities are not physical. They become manifest through the physical. A doll's face may be pretty, but we always think of the wax and the sawdust. A woman may be beautiful, and we think of the divine graces beyond the visible physiology.

If we go beyond the doll to the creative skill that fashioned it, we see the ideality of the maker joined with his hands to produce an image of himself in kind—a lesser God reenacting in miniature and finitely the original creation of man. If we go beyond the woman, we lose ourselves in contemplation of that scene where God, after exhausting all other patterns, set Himself up as a model and fashioned a being in His own image. The doll is not a type of human beauty. The analogy ceases whenever you substitute sawdust for soul.

Fiber and tissue become less coarse under peaceful states of mind. Actual physical friction, with its corresponding enervation, is minimized by harmonious psychic control. Nerve and muscle are refined by processes of mental exaltation; and, as they become less gross and common, the graces of form and motion appear, and with these a greater conservation of all the vital forces.

“There is not a single virtue,” says Ruskin, “the exercise of which, even temporarily, will not im-

“The soul
seeks new
conditions
when the
body no
longer serves
its ends.”

*Moses
True
Brown*

press new fairness upon the features and upon the whole body. In gentle judgments and feelings comes grace of action, and through this a grace of form which by no discipline may be taught or acquired."

"When summer hath lent ripeness to the harvests, God casts a golden hue over the sheaf and lends a crimson flush to the autumn leaves."

*Newell
Dwight
Hillis*

The growth of facial expression as the highest product and interpretation of psychic activities must go on through all the years. Until spirit leaves its clay tenement it cannot abandon the potter's work. The human face, therefore, cannot be most beautiful in infancy or youth. The child begins his career with a maximum of animality and a minimum of spiritual development. The physical is one hundred minus. The psychic unfoldment is zero plus. But zero is worth something. In God's mathematics it is placed to the right of infinity.

Speaking somewhat in hyperbole, the average child is all stomach. Indeed, many old babies never get beyond this. True, there reside in the little animal life unnumbered potentialities that mount easily toward divinity; but the secret springs of action have never wrought with individualizing power upon the body. True, also, the infant has the divine stamp upon him, but the expression is lacking in the distinctive and specializing force of personality. He has the powers of evolution, but they are embryonic. He has not yet become a co-worker with God in fashioning himself. The familiar union of mind and matter is yet new. It is wanting in adjustment of subordination and mastery.

In infancy and childhood the face has never yet answered to the infinite variety of mental activities and moral impulses, and it has never yet had the play of individualized spiritual harmonies upon it. It therefore cannot be as beautiful as it must be

after it has been wrought upon by the soul's profundity of faith and fecundity of love. It could not show the grandeur and sublimity of feature found in the face of Saint Paul after he had "fought the good fight and kept the faith." It could not exhibit the majesty which at seventy years of age graced upon the gnarled brow of Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, a serenity and a beauty that did not belong to his earlier manhood.

You cannot reason with the babe. He has never reasoned. Figuratively speaking, he has but one instinct, and that is gastronomic. The remarkable resemblance of newborn children to one another shows that there is a similarity of central control, of invisible molding force. In other words it demonstrates that neither individuality nor personality has yet developed within or without. The face of the baby, therefore, could not possibly exhibit the delicate workmanship of a refined and cultivated intellect, nor could it reveal the subtle signs of expression that come only of spiritual illumination.

From babyhood to maturity the animal activities chiefly are going on. This animal growth begins with a minimum of mental activity, with practically no mentality except the mere indwelling of potentialities. If this embryonic energy be not coaxed into action, the child's face will become an expressional idiotic void to match the idiotic void within. The converse must be true, that, if the little one's mind be exercised and trained, the face will become an intelligent and cultured transfiguration of the intellectual and spiritual life. From infancy to maturity the animal forces of preservation, growth, and perpetuation are in the ascendancy, the intellect developing apace, and the soul gaining dominion more thoroughly over its physical agencies

"I have seen sweeter smiles on the lip of seventy than I ever saw on the lip of seventeen."

Dr. Alexander Smith

to perfect the development of the organism and subject it to individualized psychic service, so that when the body is fully matured the spiritual powers are no longer needed for stimulating and supporting mere animal accretion, the whole being now becoming ready for the highest culture.

“Not for a moment could I doubt that God has stamped His idea of mind on the body.”

*Dr. A. A.
Lipscomb*

After maturity, therefore, the body may submit itself in complete adjustment to the loftier uses of the soul, and, unless it is kept under the constant sway of appetite and passion, it will thenceforth yield itself to the dominion of the psychic powers, while all its structure, form, and expression must become more spiritualized day by day.

Henceforward the body may realize more and more “the soul’s fellow-heirship to a divine inheritance of beauty.” Henceforward the soul may exalt its worship in the Temple Beautiful. On and on, through all the years of beautiful aspiration and realization, the spirit may fashion and construct the divine architecture of the body till it be characterized by symmetry, grace, and strength; till its walls be hung with sacred tapestry, its sanctuaries invested with the odor of sweet spices, and its altars be holy with love. Here in this Temple which you are, the self of selfishness may be sacrificed, the love of loveliness may be glorified in the worshiper, and grand living may make every transept resplendent with answered prayers.

CHAPTER IX

The Morning
Glory and
The Glory of the
Morning

CHAPTER IX

THE MORNING GLORY AND THE GLORY OF THE MORNING

If you are not more beautiful at sixty than at sixteen, you have squandered the intervening years in the name of culture. If you are not handsomer at seventy than at seventeen, you have struck down your finest impulses for half a century.

One cannot live in this world in the midst of beautiful environment, and in adjustment of his capacity for lofty thinking and feeling, and in contemplation of the Power that created life and the object of its joys, without a general uplift of feature. And yet the manner in which these things are viewed, and the way in which they are allowed to impress the mind and excite the moral nature, will determine their effect upon the countenance.

To see things dimly is to see them poorly. To look upon the visible world merely with the optic nerve and its coadjutant parts is nothing more than the lowest orders of animal intelligence can do. If you are merely a casual observer you cannot have a strong face, for you do not have clear and definite impressions from the external world, nor conviction and concentration from the inner life. These are necessary to strength of mind and decisiveness of feature. There may be prodigious mental activity scattered over the wide earth from a single mind, but the dissipation will gather little culture. Attention, retention, use—these are the implements

“Tell me
how deep
soul-depths
are, and I
will tell you
how deep is
beauty.”

*Charles
Wesley
Emerson*

of education. Enlightenment will not come without conformity to this technique. Acquisition, application—these are the terms of growth.

A little introspection is valuable to determine one's capacity and standing. What is your state of mind after looking upon vice and crime? Upon human suffering? Upon the stars? Upon works of art? Upon the criminal's countenance? Upon moral turpitude? Upon heroic deeds? Upon cowardly and dastardly conduct? Upon the victories of faith? Upon the majesty of government? Upon poor citizenship? Upon fashionable folly? Upon the characters of history or fiction?

What is your state of mind after reading the Bible? When you lay aside a poem or a novel? When you look into your own eye? When you study your own face? When you balance the clouds? When you hear the river's moan or the ocean's roar? When you catch the bird's song or the cricket's chirp? When you feel malevolent creatures tugging away at your heart? When the still small voice whispers: "Come up higher"?

You need not smile at this array of tasks. They are not the factitious labors of Hercules. They are object-lessons for both soul and body. Try them, and with a gage upon your feelings observe the lights and shadows as they come and go. It will be not only interesting but profitable. The pleasure or the displeasure you realize, the sympathy or disgust you experience, the appeals to higher or lower ideals you recognize while you gaze or listen, and afterwards, will determine their molding power upon your countenance.

Whoever delights in the bull-fight has already begun to build the taurean neck and the beefy face. Whoever looks upon poverty and rags with a cal-

"Pride in beauty shows es-
thetic brain-
energy; but
a few vices
will stunt its
growth."

*Albert
Turner*

lous eye has initiated the construction of a narrow and selfish countenance. Whoever contemplates bread only in its relations to hunger, and water only in its relations to thirst, and air only in its relations to breathing, is letting his expression down to a common level with his thoughts. Whoever looks with indifference upon mountain or river, sea or sky, is hardening his features like his soul. Whoever fraternizes with the tyranny of history or fellowships with the villainy of fiction, is drifting within and without from the standards of beauty.

He who can see nothing in the rose but its form and color (the hog can do that) fails to get out of the rose the final effect of beauty upon his life. He who looks upon the morning glory must see also the glory of the morning. He who sees in the gorgeous sunset only a dash and a spray of amber and purple and gold upon the clouds (the ox can do that) does not assimilate the beauty-making qualities from the shining iridescence of the scene. He who looks upon the stars as mere lights to guide him through the night and keep him from stumbling in the darkness cannot draw from the spangled heavens the facial exaltation realized by him who walks out into the twilight and, lifting his eyes skyward, exclaims: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

"We must get out of the sky something more than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm." All our deforming forces gravitate downward. Man of the upward look and the smile lives too much on the earth and too little in the sky. We dig into the ground for precious stones when the jewels are above us. We suffer our anatomy to shackle our divinity and bind it to the earth with muscle and sinew. Keep the sky-

"The artisticidea within must form the outward expression."

*Genevieve
Stebbins*

lights open. "Let there be many windows to your soul that all the glory of the universe may beautify it."

Would we assimilate beauty from the rose? Then up through the odor and down through the stem must we see the spiritual purpose of the Divine Florist who gardens the rose for our delight. Would we appropriate beauty for our faces from the sunset? Then perception must penetrate the clouds, and faith must sweep out beyond where the sun sinks, on beyond where the stars go down, to Him who makes both sun and stars to rise again;—to Him who, of soul and body as of sun and stars, is the resurrection and the life;—to Him who, as He endowed the soul with evolutionary powers in the body, will glorify both soul and body in the redemption of the race.

"We must look not so much at the sky as through the sky"; not so much at the flower as at the flower's capacity for growing beautiful and awakening thoughts of loveliness within us; not so much at the glowing sunset as on beyond, out through the quivering immensity of ether to where spiritual forms salute and beckon and smile; not so much at the beauty of the human face as at the divinity that exalts and ennobles the countenances of the pure; not so much at anything with eyes of flesh as at everything with spiritual vision that sees in every object a divine purpose, and in its abstract existence the beautiful conception of God.

"The heart
of God re-
poses on the
beautiful."

*Dr. F. B.
Carroll*

CHAPTER X

Bring Me Back
My Image



CHAPTER X

BRING ME BACK MY IMAGE

AMONG the rabbinical legends there is a tradition that when fallen man was driven forth to till the ground he asked the angel at the gate:

“What shall I bring back to God when I return?”

And the angel said: “Bring Him back the face He gave you in the Garden, and I will let you in.”

And as he retreated from the place, still looking, longing, yearning with the exquisite agony of earth’s first sorrow, there appeared above the walls the seraphim of song, chanting:

“Bring Him back the divine look He dowered you with in Eden, and you shall enter in.”

But in his gaze there was questioning and despair: “How can I? How can I now, for I am fallen?”

But the seraphim chant on: “To the ends of the world we will follow, follow you, and with flaming sword will guard the doorways of your soul.”

And in the midst of them was the very face he was fashioned like, and a voice said: “Go, and re-fashion that God-like face in your Paradise Lost, and I will receive and glorify it in your Paradise Regained.”

And forever and forever the Infinite Perfections unto the souls of men are crying:

“Bring me back my image!”

And forever and forever out of the deep oracles of life something in the soul of man replies:

“I will! I will!”

“The finer
the instru-
ment the
lighter the
touch to
vibrate it.”

Annie
Payson
Call

Among the desert sands of Arabia there is an oasis valley devoted to the cultivation of sweet-scented shrubs and spices. And no matter how far the dwellers there may wander from that valley, the odors still linger about them. So, however widely man may depart from ideal perfection, however far he may stray into desert and jungle, the perfume of the violets of Eden is still upon him. The instinct of perfection has followed him through all the ages, and to-day the divine ideals are his, whether they be smothered beneath his passions or borne skyward on his faith.

“Learn from the rhyme that now shall come to thee what fits thy love most lovingly.”

Sidney Lanier

“The mother knelt at her baby’s cot, and as she prayed the voices of angels mingled with her own utterances. The first angel said: ‘I am Health; whomsoever I touch shall never know pain.’

“And the second angel said: ‘I am Wealth; whomsoever I touch shall never know want.’

“And the third angel said: ‘I am Fame; whomsoever I touch shall be renowned.’

“And the fourth angel said: ‘I am Power; whomsoever I touch shall have dominion.’

“And the fifth angel said: ‘I am Wisdom; whomsoever I touch shall have knowledge.’

“And the sixth angel said: ‘I am Love; whomsoever I touch shall win the world’s affections.’

“And the seventh angel said: ‘I am none of these; whomsoever I touch shall have high ideals.’

“And the mother with outstretched arms exclaimed: ‘O you, you of the high ideals, touch my child!’”

And this is but an echo of the universal yearning pleading everywhere for that transcendent beauty of spirit which God created to abide in that other transcendent beauty of face and form. There is something in every man to show that God

has never turned him loose. The capacity for ideal thinking is the promise of evolution, and the loftier the life the finer the qualities it attracts to itself and gives out to others.

Our ideals, according as they are high or low, are mighty to transform the features into beauty or deformity. Conceptions of perfect being grasped and held with life-like and life-long tenacity are great illuminators of countenance and refiners of body. They rebuke the lower self and exalt the higher in proportion as they are approximations of perfect living. "Beauty exists for the same reason that the beautiful object exists." It is the final ideal of the Creative Mind. Perfected manhood, perfected womanhood, perfect in mind, soul, and body—these are the only conceptions ultimately worthy of faith and hope and aspiration.

In his ideals a man may bury his divinity till the worm will crawl upon it and the moth will settle over it. In his ideals a man may rise till, like the gods of old on their coronation day, he will stand so high that earthly crowns can be laid only at his feet.

Something good is the eventual purpose of every life, whether that good be of high or of low degree, relative or absolute. It may be purely selfish, but it is invariably consonant with the moral stage of development attained by the individual. It may be simply to eat and drink and die like the swine, but it is still in keeping with the ideals of the animal life that seeks and finds satisfaction in the senses only. Such earthiness smells of the clay.

What is that final attainment to which you are looking and for which you are longing and laboring? Is it low? If so, you are dooming your face

"We may
become gods
walking
above the
flesh."

Athanasius

to a low order of beauty. "In whatsoever mood you set your mind does your spirit receive of unseen substance in correspondence with that mood." This unseen substance passes readily and rapidly and surely from spirit into form. No human skill can circumvent the divine canon of correspondence.

A high ideal, like "The Great Stone Face," is the foe of hypocrisy and the inspiration of sincerity. It builds with the precision of a master-mechanic. Whatever you consciously cling to as a life-conviction will inevitably impart its form and color to your physiognomy. Your ideals, beginning somewhere in your ancestry, and delivered unto you as a temperamental inheritance when you entered the world, began to individualize you with your first intelligent desire. While your ideals may have changed many times, they all form a part of your life and expression at this moment.

This morning held the history of every morning gone—the sunrises and the matin songs. This evening holds the gray shapes and phantoms of every foregone twilight. So, gathered into your life and face, are all your thoughts, feelings, and emotions from babyhood to this hour. More than this: sweeping down the centuries are the impulses of heredity, and they, too, in so far as you have allowed them to operate, become apparent in your being.

But the redeeming truth of science is, that if you trace your genealogy back far enough your original archetype is God. Here rests the divine descent of man. You can not fortify against the physical effects of the law of correspondence. No man can cheat his inner life by projecting spurious forms upon the world. No man can defraud God with the surreptitious mold of sainthood. Your ideals

"To live
poetry is
better than
to write
poetry."

*John
Stuart
Blackie*

ought to be the loftiest visions which your faith can hold out before you. They ought to rise like living glories as high as you can see—on and on, beyond where you can think, on to where creatures of intuition lure and beckon and companionize. These airy images have substance in them—and fingers which, as they caress your features, impart a higher order of loveliness to your countenance.

“Put out the light, and then—put out the light.”

Othello

The records of crime in the daily press are discouraging. It is difficult to restrain the rising conviction of pessimism injected into our reflections by the cumulative testimony of thief and robber, ruffian and debauchee, libertine and murderer. But their deeds, as we see them, are not the real horrors that should send the chill of alarm into our consciousness. They are but the external proofs of the villainy in the shadowy places of the soul. Beyond these outward atrocities honesty has been bushwhacked, virtue has been despoiled, conscience has been sandbagged, selfhood has been plundered, and the inner light has been well-nigh extinguished. Beyond these physical manifestations of depravity is the gleaming of spiritual daggers, the muffled tread of purposes that would not be heard. Redder than blood are the elfish fingers that lay hold upon the throat of human will and choke the affections into utter strangulation. Paler than death are the nitro-glycerine thoughts of anarchy set beneath the finest sensibilities and exploded under the parliament of faith and love and honor.

The features are the faithful witnesses of the seismic violence within. But no rational judgment can pause with its verdict pronounced upon the physical only. Smiting down the body is a small matter alongside the massacre of the spirit's guards. The nation shrieks when the President is slain.

“They have refused correction, they have made their faces harder than a rock.”

Jeremiah

The civilized world weeps with America when her chief executive falls at the deadly aim of the homicide. But the most horrible tragedy of the ages is the assassination of the soul's ideals—the breaking of faith with one's personal integrity. The most appalling degeneracy in all of life is the engulfing of the divine attributes by the senses till the body holds the only good of being. No Cimmerian midnight is so black as the eclipse of spirit whose sooty denseness of vision, adjusted only to darkness, is blinded all the more when it faces the sun of moral illumination. Here lie the wrecks of the divinest creations.

You can estimate men and women everywhere as you estimate the Acropolis and the Forum—by the magnificence of their ruins. There are graves deeper than the catacombs. There is desolation more desolate than the charnel-house of kings. Graves where manhood is entombed; mausoleums where womanhood is buried. What splendor is fallen sometimes, yea, always, when men and women go down—men and women who, like Babylon, erect their hanging gardens nourished more out of the sky than from the earth, and yet where, instead of flowers of perennial bloom and fruitage of continued rejuvenescence, flourish the ashen lilies of Sodom and Gomorrah.

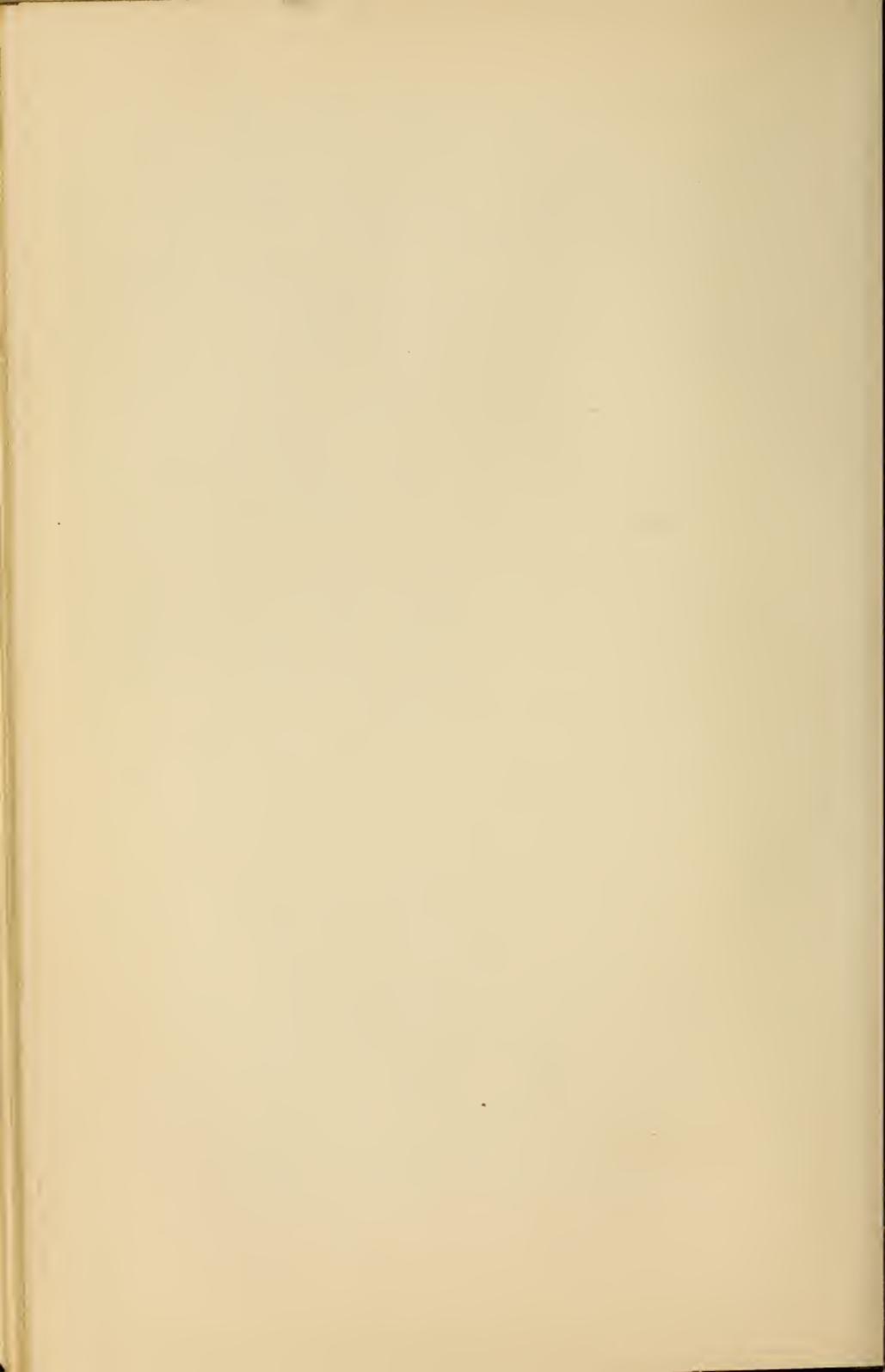
Men sometimes stoop so low that they can see nothing but their own bodies, till they can want nothing outside of beastly desire, till they can not worship but in defilement of life's altars. Stand erect and expand your horizon. Look outward and upward. “A narrow man seldom sees the sky.” Keep out of the débris of being, or you will assimilate its garbage. Hold your vision upon things “which the vulture's eye hath not seen.”

“There is no atheism so terrible as the absence of an ultimate ideal.” “Better not exist than guiltily disappoint the high purposes of being.”

Pure ideality is the only basis upon which the real can ever securely rest. Every human soul as an abstract existence is a compact with Deity for God-like manifestation wherever it weds itself to materiality. You may not write poetry, but you can so live that your prosiest word may fall in rhythm upon the ears that hear you. You may not chisel marble, but you can make your own body in some ways rival and in others surpass the Apollo Belvidere or the Venus de Medici. You may not compose as did Grieg and Mozart, but you can fill the world about you with grander harmonies than theirs. You may not prophesy as did Isaiah, but in soul and body you may become the fulfilment of prophecy—the incarnation of the Word that was spoken in the beginning that you shall walk up and down this earth as the beautiful image of God.

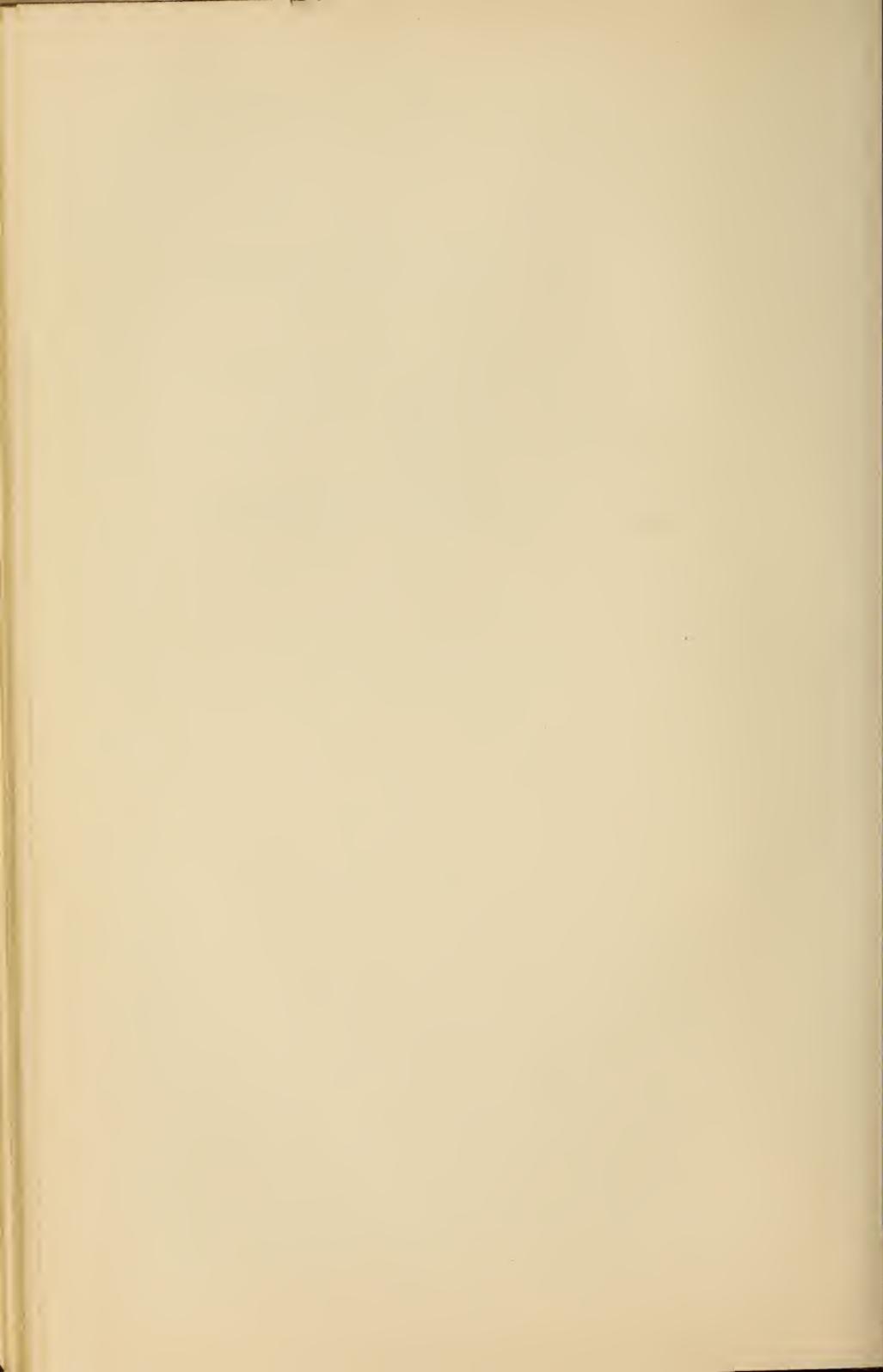
“Let the
beauty of the
Lord our
God be upon
us.”

Psalm xc. 17



CHAPTER XI

The Invisible the
Mother of the
Visible



CHAPTER XI

THE INVISIBLE THE MOTHER OF THE VISIBLE

EVOLUTION of mind is also evolution of body. Growth is the law of being—growth in spirit and growth of body. When the physical reaches its full animal growth, it is ready for spiritual manifestations of higher order. “The expansion of a thought is the widening of manhood.” Growth in spirit is the promise of God of the infinite progression of our faculties. When the body has reached its usual stature, it is thereafter supplied with those elements which, if properly directed and conserved, must give constant, if not eternal, rejuvenescence.

Man is the only creature of culture. The lower animals never educate themselves. The dog, the cat, the horse, the seal, the elephant, the pigeon, and even the hog, may be trained by a master, but they never train themselves. Left alone, the brute never grows into ideals. He is never more than he always was. Through the ages his face does not change except to conform to the requirements of utility—never toward the ideal, never toward the beautiful. Nor do his works advance, nor his creations improve.

The sparrow builds her nest with marvelous skill, but she built it the same way in the primeval forests. The bee constructs her cell with surpassing ingenuity, but she fashioned it the same way in the hollow trees of Eden. The nightingale and the lark sing with entrancing sweetness, but they

“The spirit sweeps into service all physical and psychic endowments.”

J. T. Jacob

“Foster the beautiful, and every hour thou callest new flowers to birth.”

Schiller

use only the same notes with which they greeted the dawn in Paradise. Only man passes from the realms of utility in its coarsest phases into the sphere of the beautiful in its finest forms. Doing this in mind and soul, he also grows into lovelier graces in his body. It was this faculty of evolution that led him from the cave and the dugout to the villa and the palace. Becoming more lovely within, he looked upon his external correspondences and found them refined in proportion to the quality of his thought and feeling.

In every life are animal instincts for the animal plane of being. They require but little intelligence, since they are practically automatic and involuntary in their operations. They appertain to the earthy nature. They are aggressive, insistent in the preservation and perpetuation of kind. They prevail with equal inhesion in man and brute. They are found in the lowest orders of existence—in the unicellular organism, and even beyond it. Ministering to the physical constitution only, in all genera they form the basis for continued union of the animating principle with organized matter. They belong in the category of utilities as brick and mortar in a building. In themselves, the bricks are not beautiful, but they are the foundation for the finished architecture. A plain beam, unpolished and rough-hewn, would support its share of any structure, but its crudeness would reflect upon architect and builder. A collocation of them might sustain the corridors of the capitol, but they would vouch for a higher civilization if they bore the fluted and carved graces of the Corinthian column.

Four bare walls do not make a civilized house. There must be ventilation, light, and inner belongings, not only for comfort but for possible occu-

pancy. Even then the structure cannot bear the appearance of home till a living intelligence enters it to set the room in order and fill its atmosphere with companionable presences.

The same elements of nutrition that make a man's body might also make a swine's body. The differentiation begins when a divine consciousness takes possession and asserts supremacy over its organized physical realm. Whoever subordinates these differentiating qualities to the senses and instincts that belong alike to all physical organisms of whatsoever order, gravitates away from the centers of higher attraction, breaks fellowship with his tutelary divinities, and gradually approximates the look of beasts.

"We build from within; we attract from without." "The body is the soul's interpreter." "Moral obliquity dulls and deadens the features." Spiritual equanimity gives poise of body and serenity of expression. Everything that enters consciousness from two worlds becomes the conjoint property of soul and body, and as it affects the one, so does it affect the other. Truth, in itself, is abstract; but whenever it enters the human mind it begins at once to take concrete form in the human body. Environment and the impact of other personalities are mighty forces in fashioning character, just as character is a mighty force in fashioning its physical architecture.

But environment and the intellectual cognitions relative to them are not all. "Man is as great by heart as by reason." His intuitions are greater than his intellectual conceptions, and all these experiences, whether mental or supersensible, seek eternally for appropriate forms without. The only reason why different objects and animals and even

"Perverted emotions and morbid imaginings play havoc with the mental and physical powers."

Emily
Bishop

men have different organisms and configurations is that different forms or qualities of spirit animate and fashion them.

Everywhere "the invisible is the mother of the visible." The silent songs you sing; the reveries that come you know not how, and go you know not where; the anthems that break forth in the cloisters of your meditations; the invisible, beautiful pictures your fancy paints for you; the domes and spires, the towers and minarets you raise toward the sky in your dreaming; the altars you dedicate and the thrones you erect in the holy of holies of your life; the sighs that tremble along the archways of your being; the prayers you utter and the longings you cannot utter—all these enter into your muscle to beautify it and your face to ennoble it.

The envyings you indulge; the ingratitude you exhibit; the revenge you satisfy; the vengeance you wreak; the hatred you nurse; the cruelty you impose; the uncharitableness you dispense; the judgments you judge; the virtues you despoil; the unkindly words you coin; the frowns you shape; the selfishness you cherish; the jealousies you harbor; the doubts you entertain; the faith you blight; the ideals you murder—all these inoculate you with their virus and break into eruptions in your face.

We grow like the thoughts we think. If they are the thoughts of demons, then like demons shall we one day appear. If of angels, then like angels shall we become. If we think our thoughts after God, then "we shall be like Him and see Him as He is."

Evil thoughts are swords of anger to disfigure, maces of hatred to bruise, stings of malice to poi-

"A man's
look is the
work of
years; it
draws from
all of life."

Hazlitt

son, catapults of deformity to batter us down. Noble thoughts are the angels of the Most High caressing the features and inspiriting the body till it seeks conformity with the divine pattern. No beauty of face can stand unmarred against the spoilation of an evil spirit. No Erebus of countenance can remain unilluminated while the glory of a lofty soul is beaming through it.

It was said of Keats, the beautiful, that his face glowed perpetually as if a divine effulgence were quivering upon it. Why? Because he had lived among visions of transcendent loveliness until their beauty had got into his blood, and through his circulation had bloomed like Eden's roses upon his cheeks.

Dean Swift was so great that when he died a contemporary said of him that it seemed like an empire falling. And yet, with all his greatness, he lacked just a little of being truly and profoundly great. Take "r" out of "friend," and you have "fiend." Take from character a single small element, or inject into it an infinitesimal foreign quality, and you have changed it essentially. In his earlier life the Dean's face was hopeful, sunny, buoyant, gentle, loving. Later, his ambitions and their disappointments settled upon his heart the shadow of misanthropy. His thoughts were daggers whose edges were antimony and whose points were tipped with prussic acid. His words were Mauser cartridges exploding in the ears of his victims. More than any other man in England did he possess and use the vocabulary of scorn, hatred, and revenge. The bitterness and spite, the rancor and acrimony that curdled in his blood stuccoed his face with evil forms. It was said that the morning glories would wither if the acerbity of his

"Tell them,
dear, if eyes
were made
for seeing,
then beauty
is its own
excuse for
being."

Ralph
Waldo
Emerson

features fell upon them. And yet he had not put out the light; he had simply turned it low.

"Every man has a better man within him" if you can only woo him out. The veriest tramp has a poem in him somewhere if you can only set the measures moving rhythmically. The poorest vagabond has a symphony in him somewhere if you can only touch the keys and start the harmonies into vibration. Upon the most beastly human visage there rests the survival of divinity.

The manifesto of creation, unaltered through all the ages, is still an operative statute in life, that the divine is imperishable in essence and autocratic in actualizing itself in such organism as it may inhabit. It is the prerogative of every man to plan the architecture of the house he lives in, to design the temple he worships in. Outer conformity is the canon that vouches for the truth or the falsity, the nobility or the degeneracy, of the inner life.

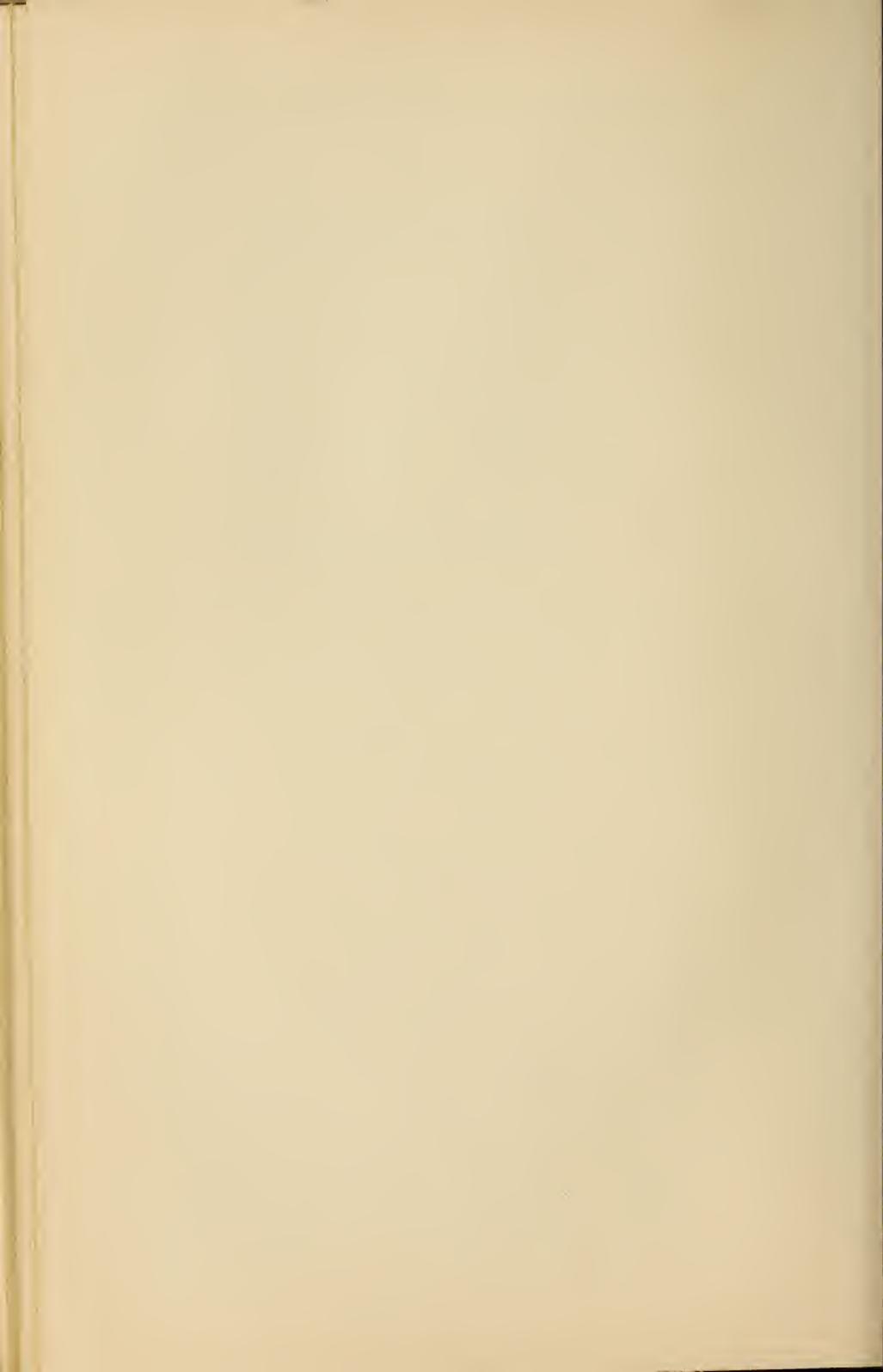
The monks of the Middle Ages entered their priestly offices as beautiful specimens of purity of heart and loveliness of face. But "the descent into Avernus is easy." With many of them the prostitution of their divine commission to the service of sensuality and greed, where the shameless traffic of indulgences debauched the heart of the world, and where luxurious living mingled blood with the wine of their feasts, transformed the oracles of God into sacerdotal blasphemies, while their features and their bodies were incarnations of degeneracy. Alas for our faces when the affections of the soul sink into the passions of the body!

"Build thee
more stately
mansions, O
my soul, . . .
leaving
thine out-
grown shell
by life's un-
resting sea."

*Oliver
Wendell
Holmes*

CHAPTER XII

Function Accord-
ing to Form and
Form According
to Use



CHAPTER XII

FUNCTION ACCORDING TO FORM AND FORM ACCORDING TO USE

THE only thing that culture can not do is to change the genus. There is no quality of texture, form, or motion which it may not refine.

You can not take a thistle and develop it into a rose, but you can take the wild single-leaf rose of the forest and develop it into an American Beauty or a Maréchal Niel. You can not take a wolf and develop him into a fawn, but you can take the Mexican lobo and develop him into a St. Bernard. You can not take the savage and develop him into an angel, but under the mysterious processes of evolution you can give him the finely textured body and the Godlike appearing of a man. The lowest savage, after all, is the savage of civilization.

Man is composed of but two things: matter and mind. In proper relation they make a perfect man; for it is certain that all your imperfections contend with all your perfections for a share of expression in your face. If the animal predominates within, it must also predominate without. If the spiritual reigns within, it must also reign without. Every face, therefore, that departs from the divine look becomes animal in its expression. There is nothing else for it to become. If the animal takes possession, there is nothing higher for it to be than animal. And, strangely enough, which is to say

“For soul inherits all that soul could dare: Yea, manhood hath a wider span and larger privilege of life than man.”

*James
Russell
Lowell*

“A beautiful soul seeks always and only an equally beautiful body.”

Plato

naturally enough, the face takes the likeness of the beast whose characteristics are prominent in the individual. Why? Because everywhere “function is according to form and form is according to use.” The cannibal’s face, even in his pleasantest moods, is always horrifying to the civilized beholder. His eye is cold, keen, homicidal; his features are animal, thick-set, ferocious; his teeth are large, protruding, carnivorous; his incisors are sunk into the symphysis of the jaw like a dog’s. His more cultured brother cannot look upon him without a shudder; and the reason for his fear is based upon the interpretation of dangerous spiritual qualities exhibited in the physiognomy.

Facial likenesses to beasts in our civilization are almost as common as among savages. Apicius, the Roman cormorant, was thoroughly swinish in expression. He was an exaggerated type of the “vomitorium” of Roman gluttony. George Law was called the bulldog, his physiognomy and his temper betraying his canine nature. General Napier was like the eagle, inwardly and outwardly. Charles Fleming was a vulture in appearance and habits. Richelieu was called the Old Fox, his crafty countenance and cunning practises in every conspiracy from Sweden to the Barbary coasts justifying the sobriquet. Robespierre resembled the cat, and with characteristic feline ferocity he tore his victims as a tiger would tear them.

But we need not search history for examples to demonstrate that brute passions make men resemble the beasts noted for such passions. Look about you. Some faces exhibit the stubbornness of the mule; some the meekness of the lamb; some the stolidness of the ox; some the bold front of the lion; some the timorous look of the hare; some the cun-

ning of the fox; some the cynicism of the hyena; some the bleared countenance of the owl; some the soulfulness of the gazelle; some the seeming of a demon; some the majesty of a god; some the physiognomy of the donkey, and some have retained his ears and his voice. Wherever you find these likenesses, they are the signs of animal dominancy somewhere in the life, and, if cultivated and continued, the expression more and more approximates the look of the beast whose ruling instincts prevail in the individual.

Perhaps the most notable, as also the most pitiable, example of bestial degeneracy in the history of the whole world is that of the wild boy of Hamelin, found in the forests of Hartzwald, Hanover. He crawled on his all-fours like a quadruped, ate leaves and grass like a sheep, climbed trees like a monkey, exercising in a most extraordinary degree the instinct of self-preservation which, however, had absorbed and physicalized all his being. Lost from the social impingement of his kind, and companionship with wild beasts, the law of association broke down his personality, and animalized both soul and body, leaving him scarcely recognizable as a human shape.

But the lost man in our civilization is more pitiable still in the wreck of character and in the physical degeneracy that accompanies this. The crowning act of fiendish and ghoulish diabolism is for a man to dig open the grave and filch jewels from dead fingers or gold from the casket where the body lies. Such characters have the faces of demons incarnate. But what shall we say of those spiritual freebooters who snatch jewels of virtue from living fingers and pearls of honor from living palms? Who rob life of its fruitage and life's vintage of its wine?

“People ruled by gloomy moods attract to themselves gloomy things.”

Ralph
Waldo
Emerson

“One world
is away and
by far the
largest to
me, and that
is myself.”

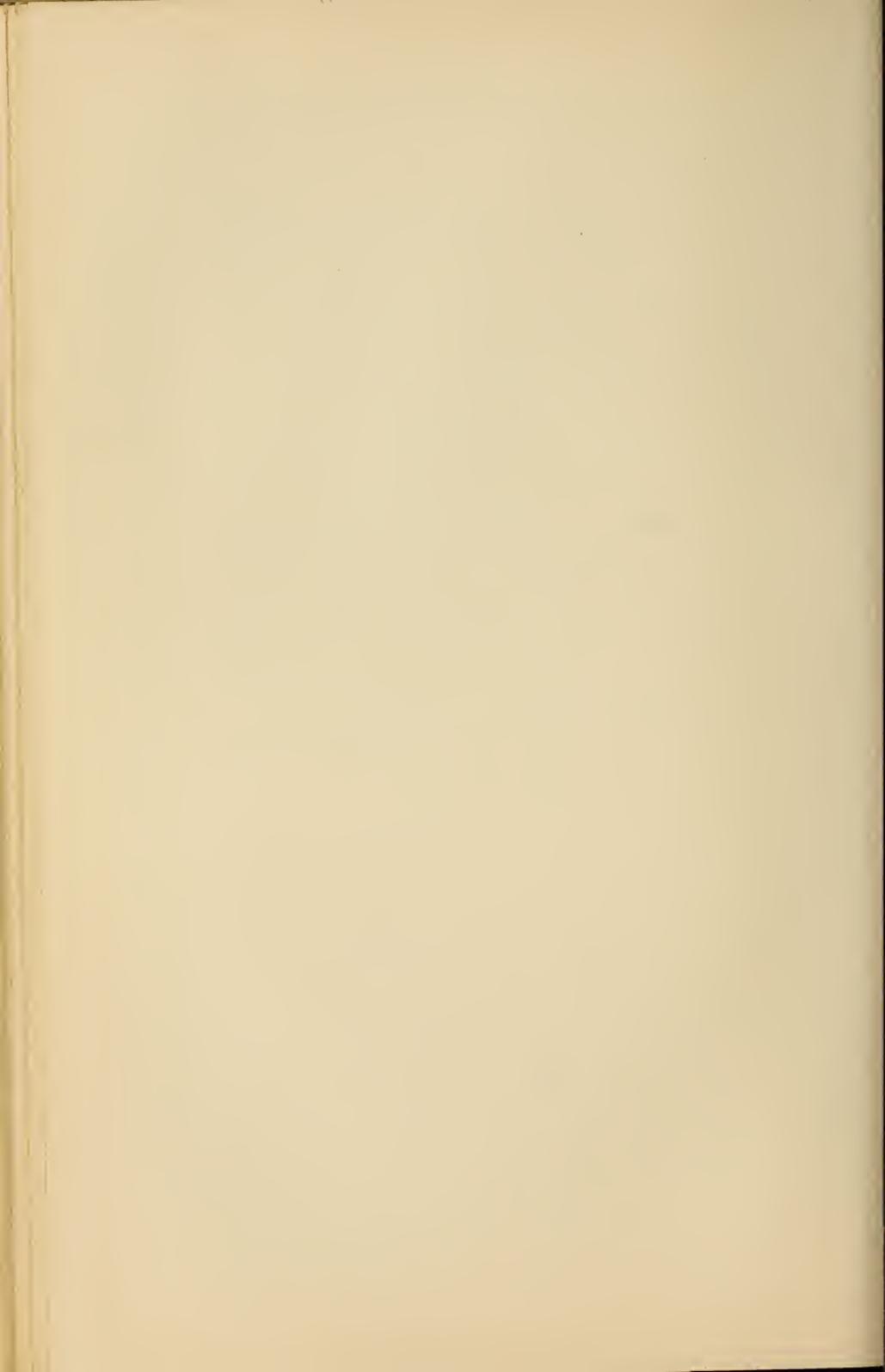
Walt
Whitman

What shall we say of those vandals who, in the shadows of personal vice and in the moldy caverns of self-pollution, dishonor the body with foul uses?—who, like self-destroying vampires, suck the blood of the soul, leaving the ghost of manhood and the specter of womanhood stalking about the earth in search of their murdered divinity? What shall we say of those who deem nothing sacred in all their being, but, in their debauched carnality, fill the Holy Grail of life with the wormwood and the gall, and, when the spirit is an hungered, sprinkle its lips with the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes? What shall we say of those whose lusts dim the eye, whose bestiality slopes back the forehead, whose inhumanity veils “the upward looking and the light?”—who leave only heaps of broken stones and fragments of crushed sanctuaries where God's temple stood?

Again and again we say: Alas for our faces when the affections of the soul sink into the passions of the body!

CHAPTER XIII

The Trysting
Place of
Mortality and
Immortality



CHAPTER XIII

THE TRYSTING-PLACE OF MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY

WE must know that there is eternal enmity between vulgar thinking and a beautiful exterior. Beyond their immediate uses, the physical and its belongings have no intrinsic value in themselves.

“If man were not a spiritual being, his animality would be scarcely worth having.” God would not have made the body alone. He was not a mere modeler in mud. In the divine economy there was no use for a statue of clay. It must have not only form, but animation, the one appearing as the symbol and servant of the soul, the other as the image of God.

The body is the sanctuary of the soul. It is the trysting-place between mortality and immortality. All through the physical being the spirit records its general character, but the face reveals its subtler secrets. It not only bears the material form which distinguishes the vertical physiognomy of man from the horizontal profile of the beast, but it holds the most delicate transcripts of the soul. “It is everywhere the inner attitude that is consequential.” Owing to the number of expressional agents in the face, and to their wonderful mobility and sensitiveness to the nerves that act upon them, more rapidly than any other part of the body do the features respond to ethereal qualities of spirit.

“Ye are the temple of God.” The animal is the

“Through
body the in-
dividual soul
holds itself
apart from
other souls.”

Moses
True
Brown

“Beauty is
that reason
itself which
presides at
the creation
of things.”

*François
Delsarte*

lower story; the spiritual is the upper story. If passions burn down-stairs, affections will be burned up-stairs. The serpents are beneath us; the angels are above us. Whoever dwells continually on the ground floor will become more and more like the inanimate clay and the creeping things that drone and cringe upon it. A man can stoop so low that his most pleasing sensation will be contact with the earth, till he assimilates the qualities and the likeness of the things that crawl.

The man who looks upward sees the swing of Pleiades and the haze of the Milky Way, and, losing himself in the vast blue calm of infinitude, draws peace from beyond the stars. The earth-mind willingly merges itself into the divine mind, the spiritual eclipses the mortal eye, meditations become apocalyptic, faith sings through all the being: “God’s in His Heaven; all’s right with the world.”

Association with these things in our gazing and our dreams, in our speculations and our philosophy, in our religion and our experiences, makes them holy for the exalted use we give them. All things both fine and common, remote and near by, that we touch with soul or body take on a certain value for their service. The stars that wink at us nightly become dear for their friendliness. The breezes that caress our cheeks and then are gone forever carry our blessings with them. The old wagon that conveys us on our rocky way up the mountain, through cañon and gorge, and finally unloads us at our gold mine, somehow gathers a charm about itself as we go. The horse that earns our bread in the treadmill, the dog that defends life or property, the kitten that entertains us with its playful moods and graces of motion, the bird that sings despite its

imprisonment—all have a value for the uses we make of them. How infinitely above them tower the values of the soul in its occupation with transcendental attributes!

Service quickens affection. Not the service of a slave, but the service of eternal fitness in the inanimate and the service of love in the living. Association makes the body holy to the soul. The house you spent your childhood in is sacred in your memory; the trees you played under, the spring you drank from, the lanes you scampered through, the fields you roamed over, the schoolhouse where you learned your alphabet, the village streets you wandered about, the brook that sang for you, the meadow that bloomed for you, the orchard that opened its apple-blossoms for you, the vanished clouds God painted for you, the church you knelt in, the churchyard where sleep your dead—all these are sweet in memory, and they ought to be, but no earthly thing can be so holy to your soul as the body it has tenanted, as this temple of the spirit's priesthood, as the physical altars where the material was wed to the immaterial and the common grew up into the divine. As you would resent any desecration of the old homestead, with a thousand-fold more courage and zeal should you defend the palace of the soul.

"Beauty exists only in fragments." Every person, as also every nation, has gathered and preserved only certain surviving elements of loveliness, or has attained only in part the full heritage of life. It has been said that the perfect beauty should have her head from Greece, her feet from Hindustan, her shoulders from Italy, her hands and complexion from England. Mention is not made as to where she must obtain the psychic quali-

L. of C.

**"The soul is
form and
doth the
body make."**

*Edmund
Spenser*

ties that fashion the perfections of form, whether it be beside the Ganges or beyond the Alps. Like Lytton's Wanderer we search in vain all countries for the desire of the heart, and come home to find that we have it within us all the while.

"Any nobleness begins at once to refine the features; sensuality to imbrute them."

*Henry
David
Thoreau*

We rarely discover even an approximation of perfect beauty in all the features. Canova, while carving his statue of Venus, had more than sixty women to sit as models, drawing from each some peculiar charm or grace not found in any of the others. For his Helen, Zeuxis took his final conception from the heads of five different maidens, each furnishing her quota but lacking in some essential. Here is a love-lit eye, but the lip is curled in scorn. Here is a pretty mouth, but the eye has malignity in it. Here is a fine forehead, but the jaw is brutal. Here is an almost classic face, but there are barbaric moods beneath it. Something, sometime, somewhere, has left the trail of the serpent upon all mortality. Everywhere are the apples of Istakhar.

But there is more beauty than ugliness in this old world. Indeed, there is beauty in our imperfections—in the hints of what we may be and the prophecies of what we shall be. Furthermore, ugliness is not inherent; it is incidental and perishable, while beauty is intrinsic and imperishable. It may be marred, but not obliterated. And yet, it still remains that, while there is beauty in our imperfections, there is ugliness in the midst of our perfections.

Among all possible blemishes of physiognomy what are the evidences in your countenance? Is your face empty and vapid? Cultivate the reasoning faculties. "Mental brightness makes facial illumination." No intellectual flippancy can make

the features radiant. No mental lazzarone ever presented a charming exterior. An expressionless doll-face is one back of which there is poor psychic illumination.

Is your face dull and common? Think something fine and uncommon, and the polish will begin to appear. Is your face animal and brutal? Live less among the fleshly instincts, and woo the spiritual forces till they caress you into fellowship with themselves.

Is your face vulgar and blasphemous? Bathe it in the sunlight of pure thinking, give it the massage of holy aspirations, the cosmetics of faith and love and prayer, and the obscene lineaments will soften and sweeten like your thoughts. Is your face skeptical and irreverent? "Be still, and know that God is." Let the divinest moods come upon you; yield to the entreaties of infinite perfections, and a higher life will set its stamp upon lip and cheek and eye.

Is your face unfeeling, malicious? "Question your soul in the presence of beauty": "What right have I to hate any man?" "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." Is your face coarse, sensualized? Call upon the might and majesty of your Godlike spirit to assert themselves, and to demonstrate in you the divine pedigree of man. Draw near to Him through the touch of whose garment virtue will pass to cast out the lustful devils that possess you. Battle and strive, and conquer passion with affection, and your features will make haste to reveal the victory.

Is your face gluttonous. Eat less of pork and pastry; partake more of the emblematic broken body and shed blood of the Master, and your countenance will become the swift messenger of the

"Every external form is the sign of an internal quality."

De la Sarthe

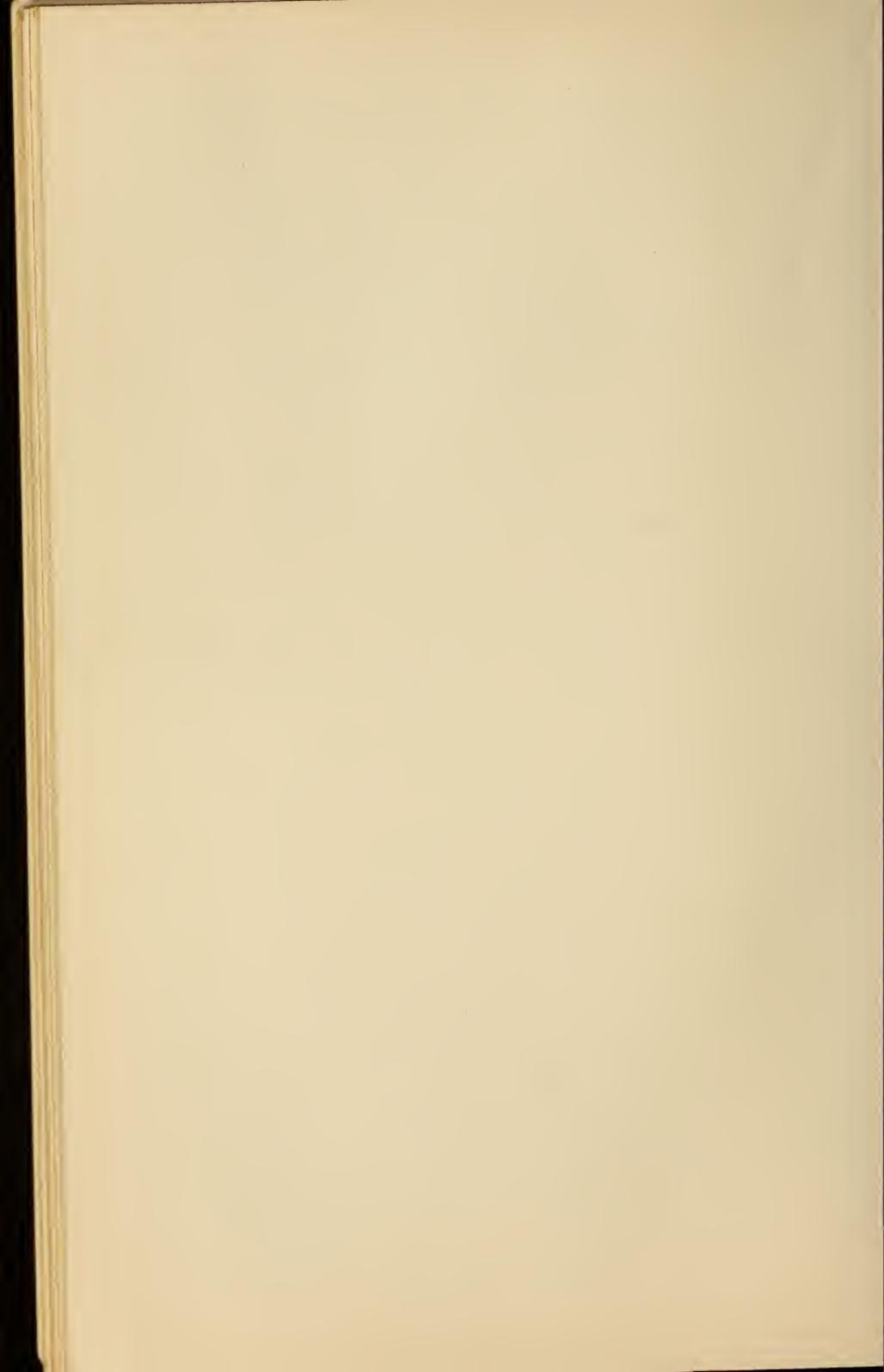
revolution. Is your face mammonized? Let the Christ come in and drive the money-changers out of the Temple. Melt into coin your idols of silver and gold; send them about over the earth doing good, and your miserly look will broaden into one of charity and nobility. "Beauty honors all who are intelligent enough to comprehend it and pure enough to love it."

"Make less
thy body
hence, and
more thy
grace."

Shakespeare

CHAPTER XIV

Humanity the
Subject and the
Object of All Art



CHAPTER XIV

HUMANITY THE SUBJECT AND THE OBJECT OF ALL ART

INTELLIGENCE is necessary to a beautiful countenance; and yet high intellectuality with low ideals is a sad thing for the human face as for the human soul.

Read Marie Corelli's "The Sorrows of Satan." The Prince is a polished, regal personage; but beneath the fashionable tailoring are the scales, and down in the patent-leather pumps are the cloven hoofs. Mephistopheles is a cultured devil, but a devil all the more for his culture. With diabolical scheming he invades home and heart, temple and altar, and lays waste the finest possessions of earth. All misguided force is evil.

Intellectual culture is not all of culture. The Greek had this in marvelous perfection, but the one thing that marred Greek art and Greek development was the lack of the spiritual elements of life. Neither the Spartan nor the Athenian could think without a contemplation of physical counterparts. "The soul that stops to contemplate its wings will never rise." The very gods of Greece were deifications of mortal attributes—"beings of clay strength, of human passion, fowl, fierce, changeful, of penetrable arms, of vulnerable flesh," not of Godlike spirit.

Delaage shows that the Greeks did not attain to that beauty reached by the Christians later. He

"He was uglier than he had any business to be."

*Bulwer
Lytton*

“If that is
not God, at
least it's His
first cousin.”

*The Dying
Mirabeau*

also shows that the beauty of a people is greatly modified by their conceptions of Deity and the form and character of their worship. The tribes of Africa, shooting their arrows into the storm-cloud against a physical deity, or throwing their babies into the Nile to appease an angered god, represent low types of religion and miserable facial correspondences. The Christian nations are the most beautiful in all the world, and, while the faith of the Greek as illustrated in Anchises was sincere, and while as a people they may have been “a law unto themselves,” nevertheless Zeus was but an enlarged and idealized man, Minerva but an etherealized woman.

The poets of Greece, altho more than her statesmen or philosophers did they interpret the heart and soul of their country, never speak of moral sentiments, as such, revolutionizing the life or reflected in the countenance. They boast of agility of foot, beauty of limb, fleetness in the stadium, skill in the arena, whiteness of shoulder and firmness of flesh, proportion, symmetry, and relation of parts, but not of psychic graces made manifest in physical correspondences. Greece furnished no models for the head of Christ, and yet at the time of the Savior Athens had seen her glory, and the polish of the centuries was in the blood of the Hellenic descendants.

The Greek forehead was rather low and flat, like the front of Greek temples. One of the most striking physical effects of the Christian religion was the changing of the facial contour, more clearly to symbolize the spiritual faculties that became dominant—especially noticeable in the raising of the forehead to the arched form in analogy with the vaulted domes and arcades of cathedral architecture.

Greece esteemed men more than she esteemed her productions of literature, philosophy, and art. It was during this period that she brought forth her masters to teach the world. It was during this period that she lived her loftiest conceptions of being within, and manifested them in form, expression, and movement.

But to Greece there came a time when life was cheaper than art, and she could no longer create beauty with her hands, nor present it in her form, feature, or movement. And yet it must be remembered that even in Hellas ideal beauty grew vague and dim before the decadence of external beauty began. When Greece turned her eyes from man to worship the form of man, she lost her essential self in the materiality of her own greatness. External art flourished, but internal life withered. Marble held the divine lines of beauty, and canvas glowed with the matchless colorings of genius, but the marble was bloodless, and the canvas was lifeless, and while they gazed upon these mere symbols and adored these mere emblems they forgot the invisible, intangible, intrinsic ideals of the masters. And here they lost the most delicate and subtle graces that ever rested upon the Grecian countenance. Humanity itself is the subject and the object of all art, whether that art be form or color, music or motion. Ideal manhood, ideal womanhood, is at once the interpreter and the interpretation of all culture—"man as the type, angels the prototype, God the archetype."

It is everywhere destructive of beauty for man to exalt his own creations above himself. No countenance can be beautiful if its possessor lives and loves and worships among dead forms. As he must keep God greater than the creature, so must

"The acrid humors breaking out all over the surface of man's life are only to be subdued by a gradual sweetening of the inward spirit."

Henry
Drummond

“Animal radiations are inward and downward; human radiations are upward and outward.”

*Moses
True
Brown*

he keep his own life above his own handiwork. He must regard “Moses greater than the Tabernacle, Solomon greater than the Temple, David greater than his harp, Isaiah greater than his song,” Tennyson greater than his “In Memoriam,” Shakespeare greater than his “Julius Cæsar,” Michael Angelo greater than his “Pieta,” Haydn greater than his “Creation,” Spurgeon greater than his church, man himself greater than anything he produces—everywhere spirit greater than its clay. Intelligent insistence upon the idea that spirit is the fashioning force, the dominating power, the occupant of a physical temple which it may build as it will and purify as it must, can not but exalt in exterior graces.

With the Christian era came the final passing of both the body-worship of the Spartans and the exaltation of pure intellectuality among the Athenians. Nations and ages swept into wide extremes. Spiritual monopoly in the following centuries led to the religious asceticism of the Middle Ages, and thus to cruelty, autocracy, intolerance. Then came the shadows of intellectual and moral degeneracy that begloomed the earth for a thousand years. The highest products of mind and the holiest sacraments of spiritual life were held for ten centuries in the ken of a few old schoolmen who kept the vestal fires burning through all that long dark period. So dense was the darkness that the citizens of the world forgot their own countenances, and when they began to emerge into the dawn of the Reformation, they beheld their kith and kind looking different from their progenitors upon whom the twilight had first fallen. Humanity had swung to the other reach of the pendulum. During the intervening centuries the body had been neglected

for the intellectual culture of the few, for the church devotion of the many, and finally for civil and religious freedom.

Through all this shifting panorama the law of correspondence, operating upon all the known world, brought changes in bodily contour and facial expression to match the lights and shadows of history. And, as the day-dawn of the Reformation brightened and still brightens, these changes have gone on, and yet go on. The human anatomy has remained, to be sure; but the expression has been variable in quality and quantity. There is a wide contrast between the look of the populace of the fourth century and that of the masses of the twentieth; between the physiognomy of the medieval monks and that of the ministers of this age; between the faces of Plato and Franklin; between the countenances of Herodotus and Gibbon; between the fine frenzy in the eye of Homer and the majestic calm in that of Milton; between the piercing gaze of Demosthenes and the awe-inspiring glance of Webster.

There is a vast difference between a physiognomy of mere muscle and hide and a refined human countenance. Common things can not possess this earth without marring it; and, if the world as a whole ever becomes truly beautiful in outward manifestation, it will be through the conservation of the divine life-forces that inhere within us all. We miss the glory of our existence by our secret military tactics. The grandest living is not of battle, but of peace. The surest triumphs come not so much of fighting evil as of wooing and winning the good. The abiding victories that set the face with majesty above the physical are not attained where men kill, but where they love.

“All parts of
the human
face have
their fixed
relations to
human
character.”

*Oliver
Wendell
Holmes*

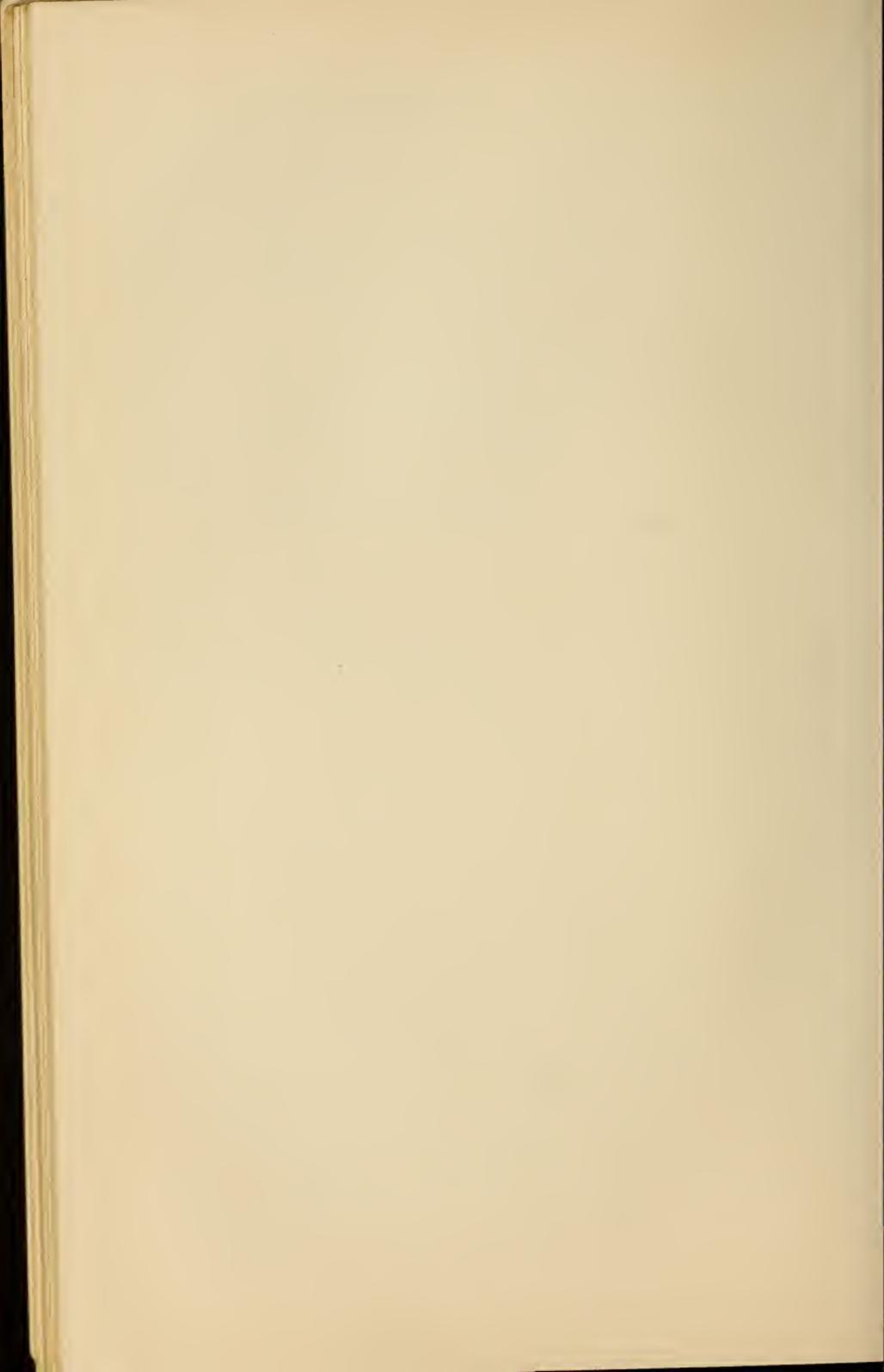
We speak of the march of civilization, as if it were a parade of floats decorated with chrysanthemums and drawn by horses panoplied with roses. And this, too, as if it were a triumphal procession in honor of our superiority over our martial ancestors in the art of murder. Man's one chance of improving upon himself is not in modern war nor in medieval chivalry, but in sending down the ages a tide of Godlike impulses that shall endow with grander character and nobler forms the beings who have a right to be born well.

“Progress
is the law of
life, man is
not man as
yet.”

*Robert
Browning*

CHAPTER XV

The Mortal
Rising Up Into
the Immortal



CHAPTER XV

THE MORTAL RISING UP INTO THE IMMORTAL

WORK is a great beautifier: not the thankless toil of the slave, nor the drudgery of the serf; not the enforced hardships of poverty, nor the extremity of the poor in spirit; but toil dignified by noble purposes and sanctified in the uses to which it is devoted. "The world was not made for sluggards." Earth is not a Castle of Indolence, where every sense is steeped in enervating delights, and where the enchanter presides to deprive his guests of free will and energy.

Waiting a lifetime for another to toss him a fortune or an opportunity, Micawber is a poor type of man. His flabby, spiritless anatomy betrays the qualities of his character and shows the physiognomy of a merely idle expectancy that never creates, but always consumes. No sluggard ever had an imposing countenance. In the hermetic books of Egypt all pain is said to be the result of activity. In the unsealed book of Nature it is written that inactivity is stagnation, and stagnation breeds death. It is said that the Sandwich Islander can lie down and die at will. We need to get up and live.

Everywhere the world is seeking ease and acquiring disease. "Work and sympathy are two great essentials in making a beautiful countenance." An unused faculty withers rapidly. In the dry uplands of India the geese have forgotten how to

"What is lovely never dies; it passes into other loveliness."

*Thomas
Bailey
Aldrich*

“All man’s
actions are
physiog-
nomical of
him.”

Thomas
Carlyle

swim, and they are losing their web feet. In the Dry Tortugas of life men forget the very points of the compass and lose the instinct of the nautilus for sailing. It was struggling Rome that conquered, and her face was set with triumph. It was idle, voluptuous Rome that fell, and her face was weak with the weakness of her character. “Better a day of strife than a century of sleep.” It is resistance that makes the arc light.

The Patagonians are the biggest people in the world. They sleep eighteen hours a day and doze and dream the other six. They are not a beautiful people. Life’s energies are absorbed into their corporeity. They are sluggish, stupid, morose, phlegmatic,—nourished only through the stomach, starved for want of intellectual and spiritual pabulum. Their faces are faithful symbols of their sloth—true clay models of their inertia—photogravures of their slumbering life-forces.

And yet activity, to be productive of beauty, must be tempered with proper thinking and high purposes. Many deeds would lose their ugliness and their power to manufacture it if the right spirit could actuate the performer. It is not so much what you do as the motive and the manner of the doing. The motive determines always the moral status of an action, tho it must be said that we are responsible for our motives. A right purpose could not redeem an inherently wicked deed, to be sure. Such a purpose could not consort with vicious conduct. But the evil of human deportment may often be modified and even expunged by the real intent that pervades it, and it is this intent which, whether openly made known or forever held secret, operates upon the features.

Smile, therefore, if you like; smile always when

the frowns would come; but not at those things that appeal to merely animal being in a merely animal way. Laugh, if you can; by all means, laugh; but not the cachinnations of the ape. Be jolly, if life grows buoyant; but maintain enough gravity to keep your balance. "Fun is a good thing only when it spoils nothing better." The buffoon of heaven has a poor occupation. Talk, if you feel so inclined; but not the gossip and slang that betray penury of language and inanition of mind. Make money, if you want wealth; but when you make a million, be sure that it does not cost the world a hundred millions. Dance, if you wish; but not the can-can of the savage, nor the fan-fan of civilization. Paint pictures, if you will; but not as the bootblack or the mud-dauber would paint them. Grow flowers, if you please; but not the upas or the nightshade.

Make music, if you prefer; indeed, keep the soul in such accord with the sources of harmony that melody will flow from it constantly; but do not beat out the jargon of the "Pipes o' Pan." "Play the sweet keys if you would keep them in tune." Have dominion, if you can; but do not rob Nero or Dionysius of the tyrant's laurels.

Have physical culture, if you would reach the state of genuine health and beauty; but remember that no bodily training can bring culture that does not have its beginnings and its inspirations in the soul. You can not impose upon the body an exercise or gymnastic without harm. An attitude perfunctorily assumed will undoubtedly have a reflex action on the soul, but the growing power is from within, and you can not reverse the order of nature. Mere muscular exercise is not conducive to either health or beauty.

"Golden
conduct does
not come of
leaden
instincts."

*Herbert
Spencer*

“Not only
our souls but
our bodies
also are the
secret places
of the Most
High.”

*Horatio
Dresser*

There is something beyond the physical in all the physical graces. There was plenty of exercise for the hordes that sent their annual tribute to the Cæsars and paved the Appian Way and propelled the Roman galleys. For centuries there was ceaseless toil for all the Irish peasantry. There was unremitting labor for the serfs of Russia. There was struggle, relentless and unending, for the French proletarian. There was drudgery galore for the Mexican peon. But with all their physical activities these peoples were not strong in body, graceful in movement, brilliant in intellect, courageous in spirit, nor beautiful in expression. To these facts we summon the testimony of such authorities as Macaulay and Gibbon, Froude and Grote, Prescott and Carlyle, Abbot and Tolstoy.

Drudgery, however much the bodily activities required, can never properly develop the human body. Where spirit is wanting, automatons are made. Where spirit is rebellious and soured, the automatons are badly made. Physical training is a misnomer and an impossibility where it does not include the mental relations that must attend all development. An exercise in which the mind takes no pleasure can not bring the highest physical culture. All bodily movements ought to carry along the nerves a tingle of delight, and whenever they fail to do so, the ideal physical education is not going on.

Nor can excellent results, certainly not the best results, be secured in any system of physical training where the exercises depress the mind with a sense of drudgery, whether this training be received in a gymnasium or in a colliery. So long as the mind is in a recalcitrant, distempered state, it generates harmful chemical changes and sends them

coursing through the bodily fluids, resulting in physical inharmony. The gymnasiums of the country have a great mission if their work is directed along lines of psycho-physical culture. A well-fed but inactive body is a storage-battery for devilment. It is a source of morbid excitation to all the intellectual and spiritual faculties. This excitation is always toward animal appetite, exaggerated passion, and inferior sensation.

Physical uprightness suggests moral uprightness. A manly attitude, tho assumed under command, recommends to the mind the conception of manliness. If the attitude can be made a pleasurable one, the mind takes up the suggestion, enlarges it, idealizes it, and projects it throughout the body from the thinking centers. The spirit of manliness must always accompany and inspire the manly attitude. The basis for both intellectual and moral culture may be physical, but in the long run intellectual and moral impulses must fashion the finest body.

Food, water, air, sunshine, and exercise, will invariably develop a pig into a hog; but they will not always develop a child into a man or a woman. When we come to understand that moral obliquity is a vandal in the temple; when we come to realize that perversity of mind and viciousness of spirit poison the fluids of the body, derange its functions, change the character, power, and direction of the life-forces and mar every phase of outward grace; when we come to appreciate that purity of the inner life refines and beautifies the physical being, that cleanliness and manliness of spirit impart dignity to every muscle and every feature, we shall be willing to subordinate our bodies to the uses of the soul.

“Beauty
can not exist
so long as
the linea-
ments of
grace are
disturbed
from with-
in.”

Winckelmann

We must know that the body does not exist of itself or for itself, but that it may be refined, exalted, abased, degraded, according to the spiritual forces that dwell within it. We must know that in its proper uses it is a temple to live in, to think in, to love in, to worship in, and that through culture the very mortal things about us may rise up into the immortal.

“The fault is
not in stars
but in our-
selves that
we are
underlings.”
Shakespeare

These are not mere dreamings. They go to the core of practical education. As already said, man does not differ radically from lower orders of animals in the organs of vitality—heart, lungs, digestive functions. The immediate similarity is everywhere apparent. All bodily existence of whatsoever order, whether in man or beast, fish or fowl, depends upon digestion of food and assimilation of strength therefrom. The difference in power and the right of dominion inhere in man because of his spiritual elevation above all other genera. This spiritual elevation giving him superiority in fact, has also given him superiority in appearance; and under any true psycho-physical training he may grow till

“The tongue be framed to music,
The hand be armed with skill,
The face be the mold of beauty,
And heart the throne of will.”

Development is not all that a muscle needs, if by development we mean mere increase in mass. We can not accentuate the fact too much that the physical must be spiritualized before its finest texture, form, and uses are available. The highest beauty of expression is found in perfect submission of a trained body to a trained mind. “Grace is economy of force. Awkwardness is physical extravagance. Muscular action is cheap; nerve ac-

tion is expensive." The spiritual is the one tireless force manifested in tireless energy.

Mere physical growth is simple animality. "No herculean form was ever beautiful." Nothing is more graceless than an over-developed body. It may have crude strength, but it can boast of neither symmetry nor abiding power. It has ability of a purely physical kind that withers with the using. The famous Dr. Winship could lift two thousand seven hundred pounds, but his abnormal development gave him no grace, it could not conserve even the physical forces, and he died of prostration at an early age. The average life of the pugilist is short because the physical is consumed in the absence of the seasoning qualities of spirit. Those who teach physical culture profoundly and well, and who apply wisely their own teachings to their own bodies, are the only representatives of their class who live long, look well, or move rhythmically; and this teaching must hold constantly to the psychic relations involved in all bodily activities and conditions.

The Amazonian women were huge in stature, masculine in disposition, "gallant viragoes carrying their victorious arms into Syria and Asia Minor," losing charm and grace in proportion to their masculinity. Penthesilia leading a band of female braves in the Trojan War against the armies of Achilles is an incongruous picture revolting to all refined taste, but a natural corollary of the haughty military spirit of these women. The "sumptuous figures of the Sabines" are illustrations of the same principle.

True physical culture is the product and the servant of the soul. Without one ray of spiritual enlightenment or the uplift of a single moral purpose,

"Poise of
body is the
external
symbol of
the highest
moods of the
soul."

*Moses
True
Brown*

“Why rely
on human
dreams and
human phi-
losophy
when we
can meet
God in the
Burning
Bush?”

Ralph
Waldo
Emerson

the body may be stalled and fed and developed like an ox, as if muscle were the measure of manhood. But whenever you grow the gnarled and knotted muscles of the serpent, you may look for the poison of asps beneath the tongue. For purposes of highest beauty the physical must be consecrated to holy uses. The body of a divine-looking man must have, not the coarse grooming of mere animality, but of animality illumined by human intelligence, nourished through healthful appetites and desires, hallowed by the fine touches of the spiritual faculties.

Let it be repeated that bread and meat, air and water, exercise and sunshine can never properly develop the human body. They are essential; the union of spirituality with materiality requires them, but dominion is given unto the divine nature, and this divine nature in communion with infinite perfections on the one hand and fashioning its clay on the other is the only power that can assimilate the strength-giving, beauty-making, grace-preserving qualities from the food we eat, and the water we drink, and the air we breathe, and the sunshine that floods the world, and the shadows that compass the earth.

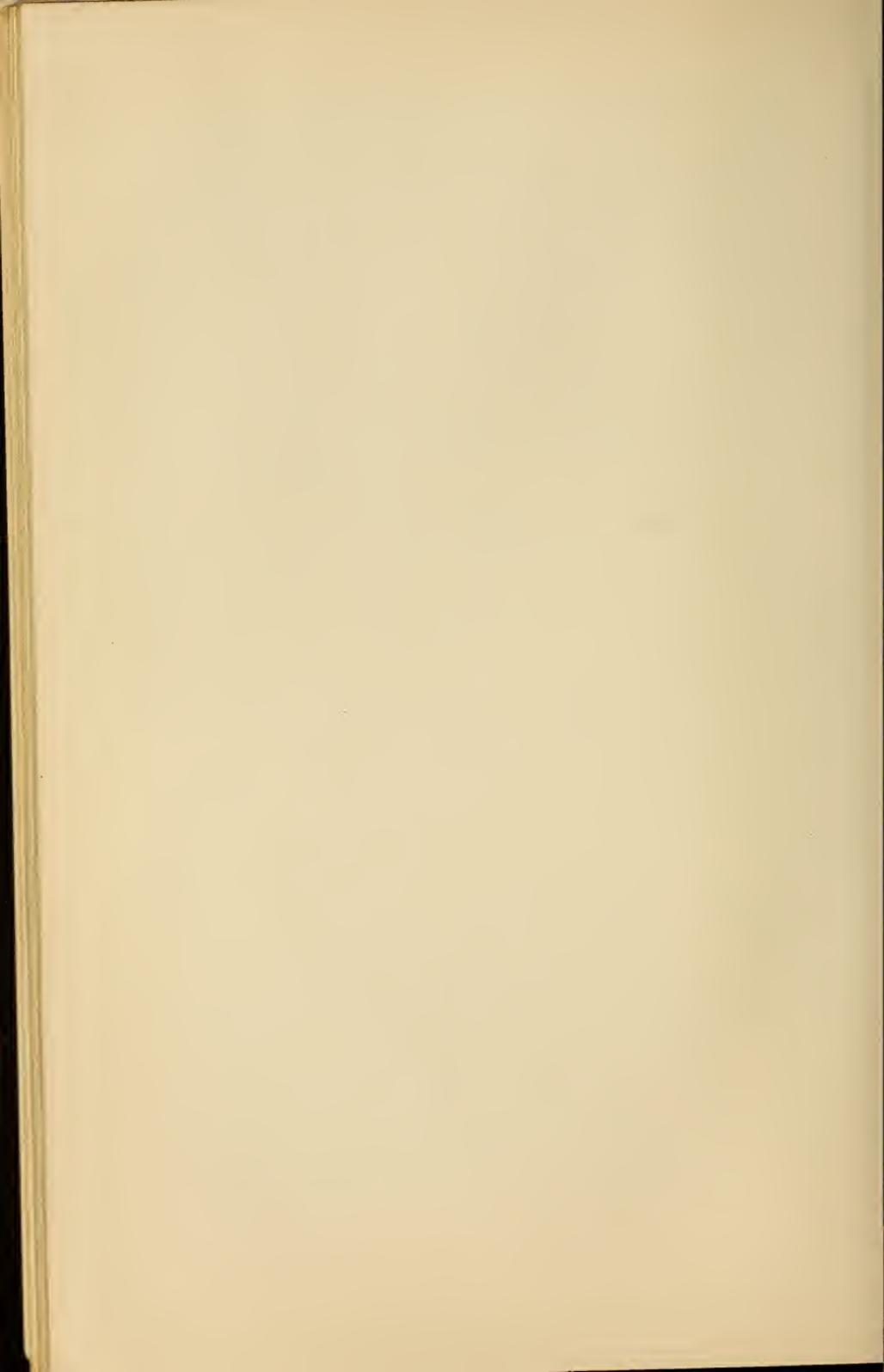
All true art is spiritual, and all fine arts are psychic creations. “All great art is delicate art, and all coarse art is bad art,” whether it be carving angels out of marble or fashioning them out of clay. The finer the thoughts and hopes and dreams you put into your life, the higher you lift the mortal materials toward the immortal standards.

Grand living is the only perfect art that can promise the approximate perfections of face and form. Sculpture lacks color; painting lacks form; architecture lacks expression; language lacks por-

traiture; they all lack life; they are all reached second-hand from the soul. They are not the complete shapes and tints and harmonies of which they are born. With all art, the tools and instruments, and even the materials and the products are one remove from the body and two or more removes from the idealities from which they emanate. The soul never touches them. In your body your spiritual forces play directly upon fiber and tissue, nerve and muscle, the immortal fashioning the mortal at first hand. In the last analysis the divinest art is the soul's art of building the body. This is the only true physical culture.

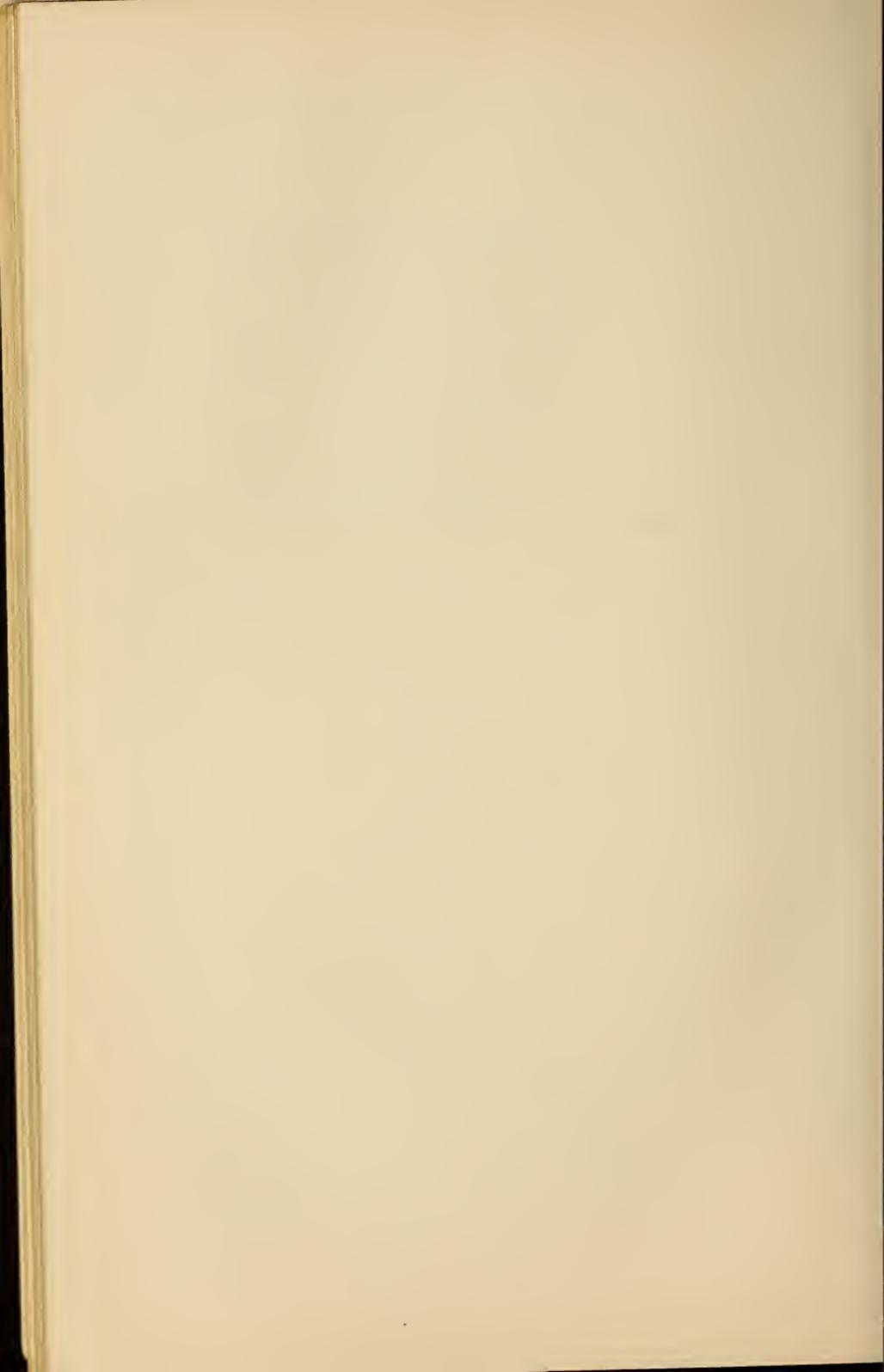
“The one
thing in the
world, of
value, is the
active soul.”

*Ralph
Waldo
Emerson*



CHAPTER XVI

Minds and Moods
Graven Upon
the Countenance



CHAPTER XVI

MIND AND MOODS GRAVEN UPON THE COUNTENANCE

THE very last thoughts you have before sleeping at night—the thoughts that charge your mind as you enter the subconscious state—are faithful builders of expression. They leave their orders to the subjective self that weaves its impressions through all the texture of the body.

The young pupil was weary trying to paint the picture which his master had set for him to execute. In his weariness he fell asleep at his easel, his heart burdened and filled with longings for the perfection of the picture. In his dreams he saw the marvelous blending of the colors and the picture coming slowly and surely to his ideal. When he awoke, the canvas glowed with beauty. His master had slipped into the studio and given the boy his dreams. Even so, when you retire at night with holy thoughts possessing you, with longings in your mind and yearnings in your heart for the unfinished model of life to be made perfect, and with pleadings on your lips for the beautiful ideals unattained, the Master glides into your chamber and brings the wondrous colorings of your dreams into your face.

So also your first morning thoughts determine largely your moods for the day, and your moods work mightily upon your features. Their effects are intensified and crystallized in the countenance

“Intellect is
the best gift
to man;
beauty is the
second.”

Plato

if they are oft-recurring or permanent. When the birds begin to sing, start up the matin melodies of your soul. A beautiful picture for your eye; a beautiful song for your ear; a beautiful impulse for your heart; a beautiful psalm for your lips; a beautiful ideal for your soul; a beautiful mission for your life; a beautiful purpose for the day; a beautiful affection for the whole world: these ministrations of the divine life lingering in your loves, glorifying the common, will peep through your countenance like angels smiling through a veil.

Your thoughts accumulate in number and increase in power for building your expression as the years go by. Memory never lets loose when it once gets possession. It holds, as on a solemn bond, every thought that comes, and it keeps every energy of the soul with invisible chisel and brush, plummet and trowel, constructing the physiognomy according to the law of union that the mission of spirit is to create form. If, as the scientists tell us, no physical force can be destroyed (if, indeed, there be such a force), how much more faith should we have in the indestructibility of spiritual forces, and how much more should we recognize their divine office of fashioning, after their own correspondence, the bodies and faces of men.

Immortality inheres in every inner force; and the power to create with ceaseless activity, and to project itself into everything which it animates, is its fundamental endowment in the flesh. From the lowest trend of instinct to the loftiest conceptions of being; from the solidest forms of thinking to the reveries and airy shapes that flit through consciousness; from the drudgery of abstract reasoning and the travail of metaphysical research to the fantasies that fill your dreams and inspire your

“Beauty is valuable or worthless according as you invest the property to best advantage.”

Lady of Lyons

hopes; from the commonest sense that leads you into shelter from the storm to those intuitions that bring angelic presences flocking about you;—all these permeate the body even as they find lodgment in the mind. From the darkest thought that be-fogs your sky, on back to the strange new thrill at the first recognition of your mother's smile; from the imps of malignity that sit like demons on the brow and dance like satyrs in the eye, to those sym-pathies and charities that write "welcome!" and "God bless you!" over the portals of being; from the malevolence and loathing that distil hemlock and hellebore under the tongue, to the philanthropy that makes one universal heart of the race; from the hopes that spin their threads in the loom of faith and swing them over God's throne, to the leaden lumps of doubt that drag you down toward the Inferno;—they are all in the web and woof of the external as of the internal. From the curses that roll from the lips like besoms of destruction, to the prayers that rise unsaid on the incense of the altar where you kneel; from the unclean spirits that snarl and growl through human teeth and curl like scorpions on human lips, to the peace-giving, love-scattering, worshipful states that settle the beatitudes upon you; from the sorrows and tears, the groanings and heartaches, that lead you through Gethsemane, to the joys that make the world within and without radiant and clear;—all these, uttered or unexpressed, in so far as they have been present in your life or issued from your soul, have wrought upon the texture of your body and the character of your physiognomy. The result of these operations as applied to the face is the composite picture of your countenance that stands for every act of mind and every impulse of soul in all your earthly

"That man
is unhappy
who has had
no glimpse
of perfec-
tion."

Santayana

career, and on beyond to where the first formative influences began in your ancestry.

It is everywhere apparent that the thinking power in man is a great transformer of physical things. Thought put into iron makes an engine; into marble, a Galatea. Thought put into a granite quarry, and a cathedral rises; into a garden, and roses bloom; into the earth, and metals come forth; into the soil, and harvests wave; into the sky, and the heavens answer back to the questionings of men; into the sea, and the deep gives up its secrets; into stone and mud, water and wood, and a city is builded; into the Alps, and the mountains are tunneled; into immensity, and the stars are weighed; into the human body, and a divinity stands transfigured.

Millet gave a few francs for a piece of canvas. He then spread his thought upon it and it was worth a hundred thousand, to say nothing of the immeasurable satisfaction it has given the millions to look upon *The Angelus*. Handel registered his thought upon a rudely-drawn staff, and "*The Messiah*" has ever since delighted the world. Edison applied his thought to the electric current, and cities were lighted. In all these applications and results there is some great principle of philosophy or of being, and some outer development of the same.

And yet we must remember that, while intellect imparts to the face the look of a reasoning creature, the spiritual faculties must finish and perfect the expression. If normally embodied, and normally related to the sources of its power, the soul unceasingly asserts the perfections of its character, while the body waits to reveal them in curve and arch, color and motion. "The heart once touched moves all the being." "The voice of the heart is the

"Man sees
beauty be-
cause the
mind within
is like the
mind with-
out."

Rev. J. W. Lee

voice of God." Here are the lasting values. In the eternal ideals there is eternal stability.

We are an ease-seeking race. We want the clover and the month of June always. We endure a great deal of rest. We pluck the rose, but shrink from the thorn. Hardships of all kinds are shunned with painful assiduity. We forget that sunshine alone will not bring the brightest hues to the flower. It needs also the night-time and the dews of evening. So, to man the shadows are refining. They are the sleeping-places of the lower self; the working opportunities of the higher. In them one's best strength is garnered. No man has ever risen to Pisgah's heights without going up through the valley. There is something glorious in the hope of reaching the summit, and in the faith that we can attain it; something glorious in the labor of pulling up over the rugged mountain-side; something glorious in the repose of confidence in self and selfhood, and in the promises of the greater glory that lies beyond.

From the earliest settlement of this country the vestal fires have not gone out on the Alleghanies. So, too, on the Appalachian summits of life the beacon lights burn unceasingly for the dwellers in the lands below. It is the toil and effort of the ascent that make the heights enjoyable when they have been attained; that make the face glow with the hardihood of struggle and the healthful bloom of victory. And yet ignoble toil and care have cloven hoofs. Unreasoning sorrow has tacks in her heels. Frantic grief has claws on her fingers.

"All sorrow is ignoble that convulses the features." The philosophers tell us that it is physical. It is a poor doctrine that man need suffer through all the years. He was made to be happy, and all

"The countenance of the wise showeth wisdom; . . . But a fool layeth open his folly."

Solomon

his being is framed for joy. But sorrow, when it does exist, may become a maker of beauty if it is ennobled by faith, exalted by courage, and made tolerable by fortitude. The one unanswerable proof of this doctrine is found in the most beautiful face of the ages—that of the Man of Sorrows.

“By agree-
able emo-
tions nervous
currents are
liberated
which stim-
ulate blood,
and brain,
and viscera.”

Tyndall

The Toledo blade coiled into concentric circles has the elasticity to straighten itself perfectly. The gleam of the blade shut up in the coil leaps forth when it is liberated and reveals untarnished surface and faultless quality. The metal of character, bent with malevolence and twisted with prejudice, but refined in the unpatentable processes of nature, has the power of resilience back to its normal form whenever the deforming forces are withdrawn; and when its glory is thus unfolded, after the wrenching and distorting and corroding foes have been foiled, it has the seeming and the substance of divine majesty.

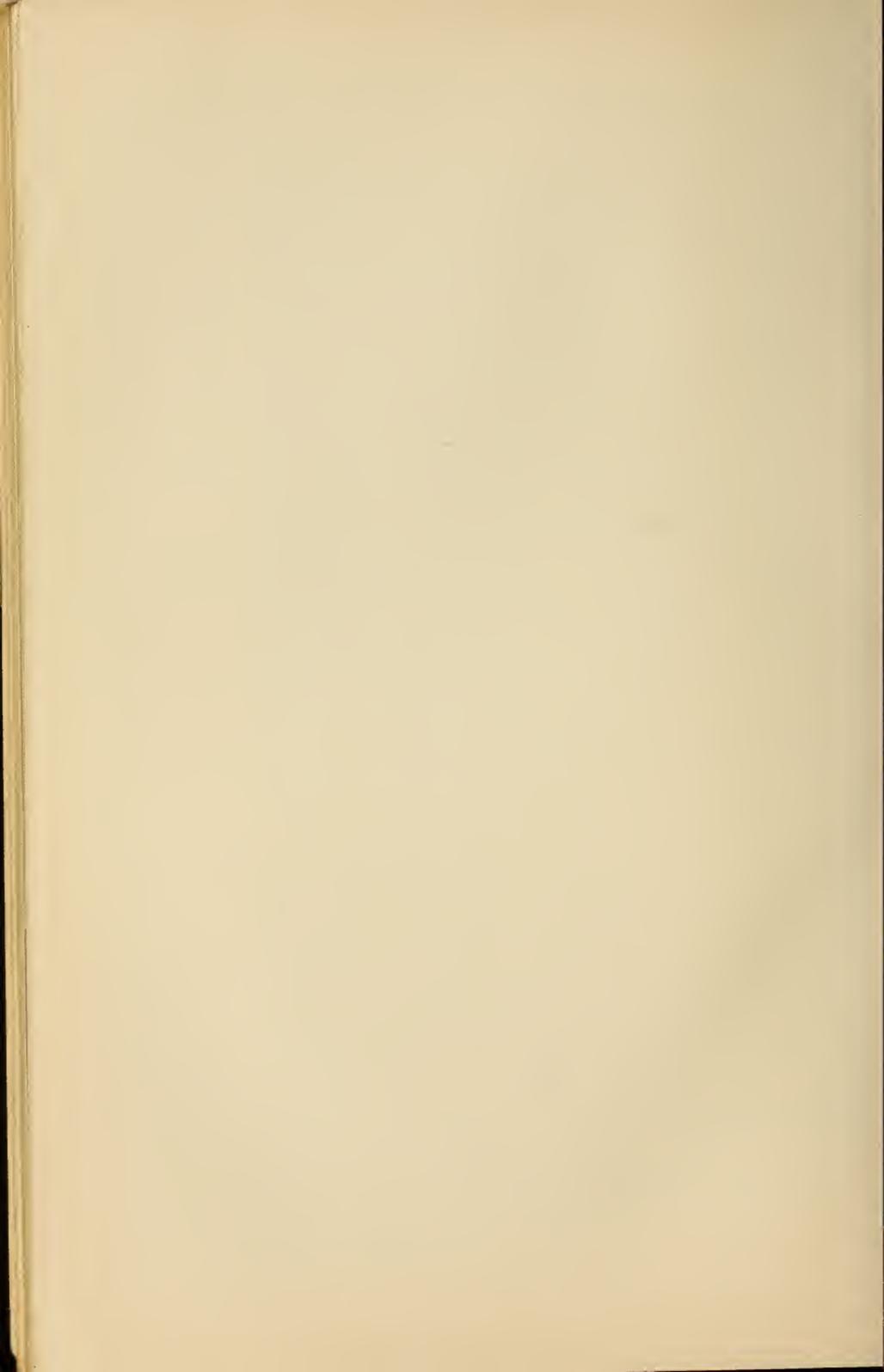
The ministry of tears is often the ministry of angels. “Immanent in our hardships is the perfecting power of God.” If we had no winter, life would indeed be tropically luxuriant, but it would be very sappy, and it would be beggarly in the expressional elements of strength and nobility. There is a certain noble seeming during the performance of a magnanimous deed, and the facial muscles corresponding, delighting in the concord of matter and spirit, are wont to linger in appropriate expression. A man is always greater within and without after passing through some ordeal that tests his character and tries his soul, provided soul and character keep their normal repose. He can do nothing great or heroic without leaving the impress of his triumph all over him.

Abraham’s face must have been grander after the

trial of his faith upon the mountain. Job's face must have been spiritualized through the afflictions that magnified his soul's attributes. Jacob's face must have been diviner in every lineament after he had wrestled with the Angel of Peniel. Hagar's face must have been radiant in the wilderness after the agony through which she cried for water. Moses' face must have glowed with majesty super-nal after twelve decades of service for Israel, for the God who had watched the lawgiver's countenance grow into His own likeness, took him to see the meaning of infinite perfections. The faces of Mary and Martha, spiritualized through simple faith, must have been more beautiful after their weeping over the dead Lazarus. The countenance of Mary Magdalene grew sublimer in the hour of waiting and watching at the tomb where she became the messenger of the resurrection. Surely the face of the broken-hearted Christ was more radiant after it had been washed by the tears of Gethsemane.

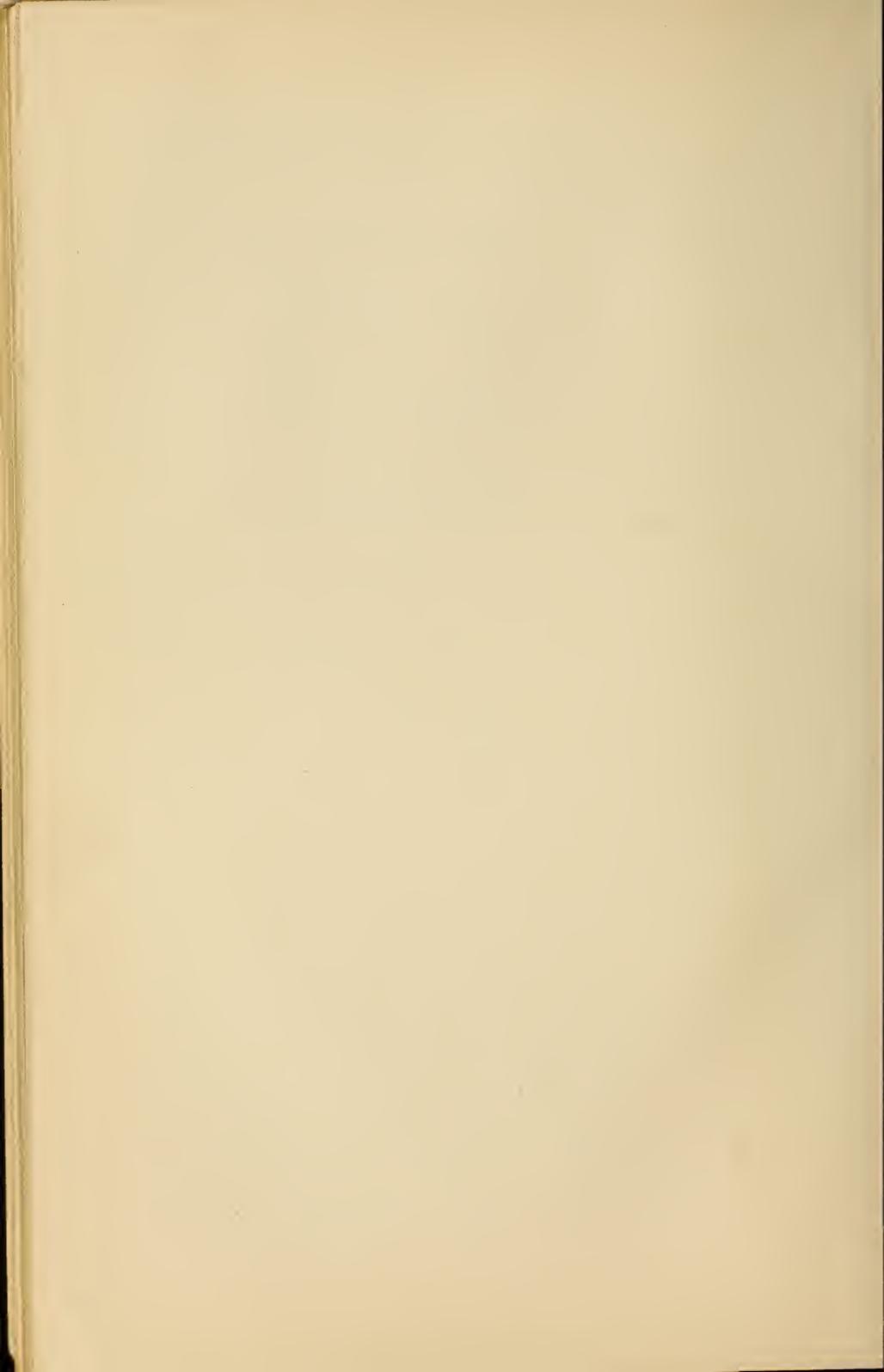
“The fine
emotions
whence our
lives we
mold.”

Goethe



CHAPTER XVII

The Affectional
Nature the The-
saurus of Beauty



CHAPTER XVII

THE AFFECTIONAL NATURE THE THESAURUS OF BEAUTY

PHYSICAL beauty does not exist of itself or alone. From the crystals in the pebble to the curves in the human body, everything that has form has a law or a soul behind it, shaping it and preserving its configuration. The crystals in the rocks are not more sure of their forms under the laws that create them than are the form and texture of man's body under the law of their creation. And just as the law that molds the sphere or shapes the crystal is intangible, evasive, so the ethereal qualities of mind and heart that do the finest work upon our bodies escape all coarser observation.

Here again, forcing itself into recognition as the chief refiner of physical supports, is the affectional nature; not the affection of grosser attachments that owes its vitality to money or favor, position or power, but the love of the heart that rises above all sordidness, that reaches up beyond mere reason, beyond the formal processes of induction and deduction and enters the intuitional realms. Whatever a man loves, and the reasons for the loving, are things that can not be ignored in the contemplation of life.

Whoever lets his heart dote upon unworthy objects has lowered the beauty of his face as of his ideals. Whoever loves to eat is already a gourmand in fact and in appearance. Whoever loves

**"A beautiful
character
can not be
ugly in its
external
appearance."**

*Dr. J. H.
Kellogg*

“Beauty and
grace are the
power and
the arms of
woman.”

Tasso

gold has already sold his affections for thirty pieces of silver, and his face, Judas-like, in kissing the coin, tells where his master is. Whoever loves a poodle better than he loves humanity has already animalized his features in some degree. Affections will not be turned out upon the commons to fellowship with the creatures there. They can not be lavished upon lower things without compromising the human that is above the merely animal and the divine that is above the merely human.

Even in our love for our kind the reasons appearing will be the key to the elevating influence of the passion. Why do you love your friend? For his riches? For his position? His influence? His lands? His power? His coach or his yacht in which you ride? His popularity? His flattering words? His service to your physical or other ordinary conveniences? Why does he love you? What inducements run out from your life and lay hold upon his affections? Would you love him less if to-day position, power, wealth should slip from his fingers? Would you cling to him in the crash of misfortune and the clash of misunderstanding? Would your heart be as warm for him if all the world should turn censor upon his character? Would he clasp your hand as cordially as before, and whisper his faith in you as sincerely, and speak his attachment for you as ardently if you should chance to fall where the paths are slippery? Does your fondness for your friend rest on favors or on any species of mere reciprocity that asks pounds in return for pennyweights? Whoever surrenders his affections to another because of these things has not loved well. Nor can the face of such a one have the most delicate sweetness that comes from loving through affinities that can not perish tho the

earth go asunder. A great affection lifts all its touches toward perfection.

Read Madame Villeneuve's fairy story where Beauty, in order to save her father's life, consented to associate with the Beast. The monster, enchanted by her loveliness, keeping her company constantly, thinking her thoughts after her continually, drawing upon her affections as his own noble qualities appeared, grew to be a handsome prince, thus perfecting the affinities and leading her to the altar. Beauty may endure deformity, but not to fellowship or consort with it until that deformity has been purged, not of its external shape, but of the inner abnormalities that created it.

Read the biography of Aaron Burr. The great statesman's character, warped by heredity, enthralled by habit, obsessed by passion and beleaguered by ambition, despoiled his kingly face even as he despoiled the palace of Blennerhassett. If gold and lead are placed in intimate juxtaposition for a long while, each metal will diffuse itself into and throughout the other in appreciable quantities. Dragged downward by long association with the coarser elements of his life, the good and the bad blended inseparably, and all his being followed the greater specific gravity.

Read the life of Charles Darwin. In childhood and early youth he was confessedly fond of poetry and music. His eye had the lustrous softness of the gazelle's, and his features were illumined as with divine harmony. A few years in the wilds of South America radically changed his artistic tastes. The love of natural history, born into his blood, became the dominant impelling force of his life. His eye lost something of its gentleness, be-

“The mole
would live
beneath the
ground and
Nature
closed his
eyes.”

Henry
Drummond

came calculating, penetrating, judicial; the lines in his face grew mathematical, stern, well-nigh austere. Tho he grieved over his lost loves, they never came back to him. In this one part of his nature at least, the fires burned low and the surface chilled. While the embers within were dying, the warmth external was passing.

“O fragile,
dauntless
human
heart! The
universe
holds nothing
planned
with such
sublime,
transcendent
art.”

*Helen Hunt
Jackson*

Read Silas Marner. Crushed by man's inhumanity to man, his sweet flow of spirit turned to vials of wrath which he poured out upon unprotected heads. Losing faith in God and man, he cursed the one and blasphemed the other. His countenance went down with his ideals and his faith. His features grew callous, his eye gangrenous, his heart adamant. He came to love only gold. He slept with it in his arms, the metal absorbing his soul and his soul absorbing the metal. In the midst of his greed a thief entered and bore away his wealth. The only heart he now had was broken—broken like a stone. After a vain and frantic search through the storm for his treasure, he returned. Finding a yellow heap upon the hearth, he seized upon it with miserly avidity. But it was not his coin. It was the golden hair of a little child abandoned and left there in the warmth of the embers. He adopted the waif. Through the law of association that tends to make all things that dwell together resemble one another, the little one's beauty charmed his heart away from the curse of misanthropy, gave it back to him redeemed of its earthy odors, taught him faith in God and man, resurrected his buried character, and the noble look came slowly back to his face.

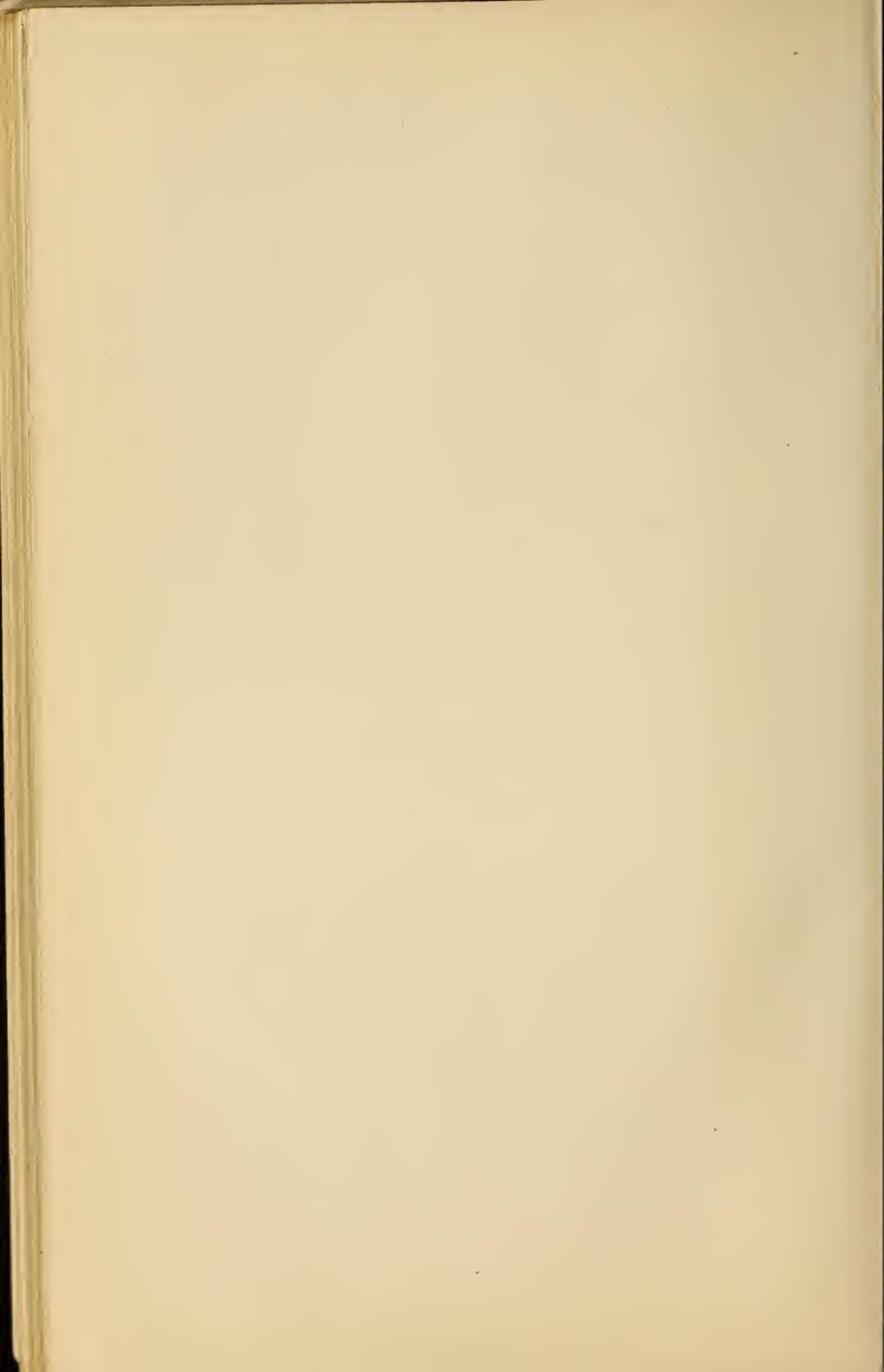
Read Goethe. Faust and Satan struggle for the scholar's soul. Angels watching toss bright roses down upon them. The roses falling upon Satan,

turn instantly into coals of fire; falling upon Faust, they heal his wounds.

O holy affections, that, like the arrows of Aescles shot upward, turn into flame and light the way to heaven, fly skyward from the bowstrings of the heart! O noble emotions, sublime aspirations, deep spiritual longings—ye angels on the battlements of Destiny, drop your bright roses on the wounds our evil spirits make, and leave us—beautiful!

“Affection
is the
broadest
basis of
good in
life.”

George Eliot



CHAPTER XVIII

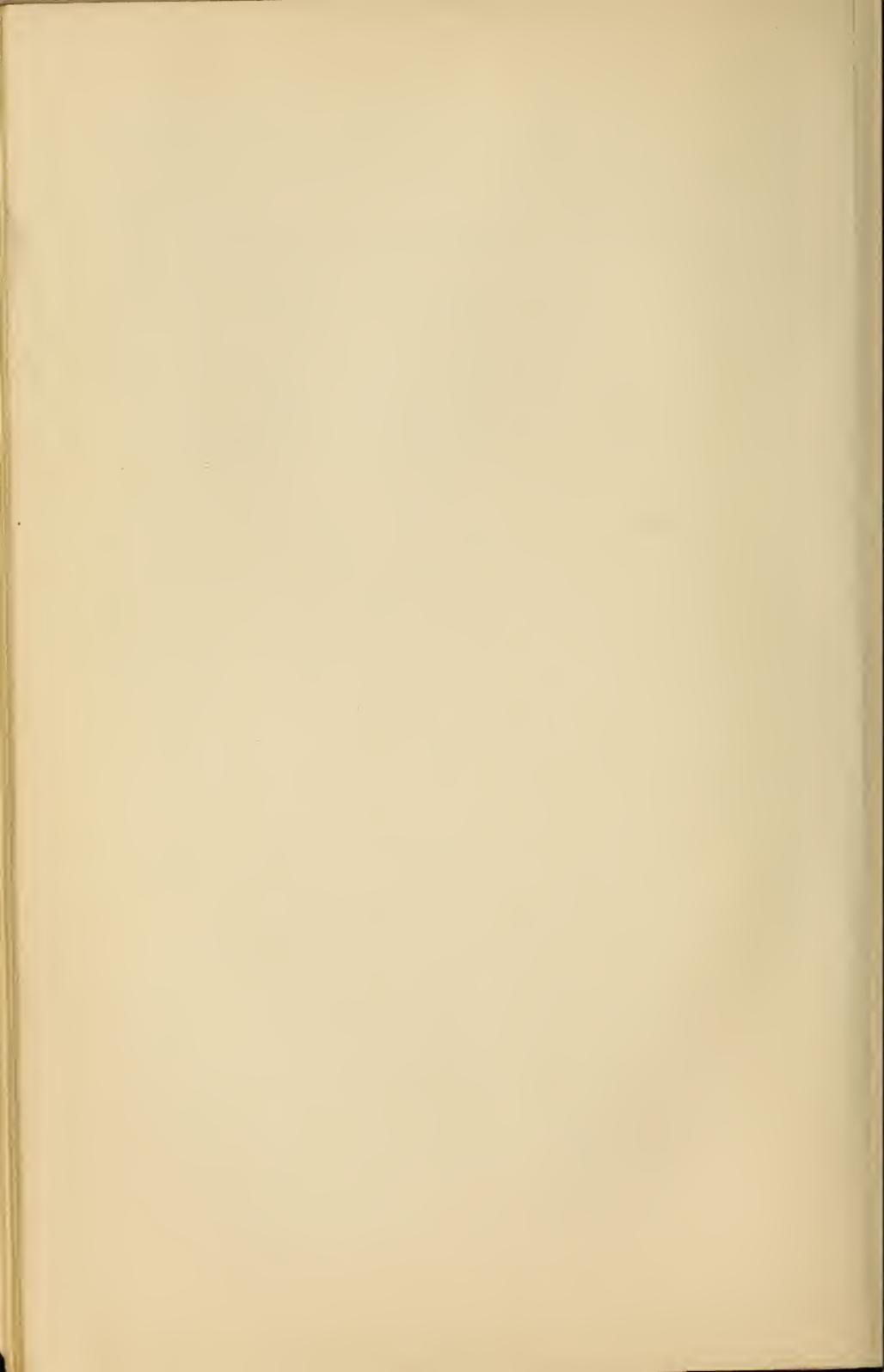
A Great Heart—

A Grand Face

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CHAPTER XVIII

A GREAT HEART—A GRAND FACE

YOU are a slave if your body is master of your soul. You are a bond-slave if the anatomy and its passions have dominion over the spiritual and its affections.

No man can have grace or freedom so long as the physical channels of being clog the flow of psychic forces. No human type can be beautiful where the avenues of impression and expression respond only to those influences that thrill the merely animal life.

If God had intended man for nothing but the animal plane, beauty would have been omitted from both soul and body except as it might appear incidentally rather than primarily. Utility would have been the one ultimate idea of creation. Human endowments would have been coordinate and identical with those of lower orders of life, and the instinct of preservation and perpetuation of kind would have been the highest intelligence. But the immortal attributes of being not only vouchsafe to man the greatest reasoning powers, but they hold the possibilities of beauty transcendent and ineffable.

The soul side of life cannot be neglected without harm to the body. The one marvelous constructive agency in the universe is mind. In its most comprehensive sense it is the only one. The one terrible destructive agency in the universe is mind. In

“From facial configuration we intuitively take each other's measure when we meet.”

Leibnitz

the broadest sense it is the only one. The evil spirit is the miter-headed basilisk whose gaze withers everything it looks upon, and whose breath asphyxiates like the blast of the simoom. The beautiful spirit is the huma that never lights, whose tireless wing is a prophecy that every head over which it flies shall wear a crown.

“The physical is the substratum of the spiritual; the spiritual is the illuminator of the physical.”

Tyndall

Gladstone went every morning at nine into the chapel to pray. He kept the Sabbath for soul-culture. To this conservation of his spiritual forces and this communion with the Infinite he largely attributed his health, his mental vigor, his magnetism, his success in life. It was soul-culture in himself and his ancestry that gave him his magnificent physique, his stately bearing, his resistless personality—that shaped the skull and spiritualized the features of the Grand Old Man of England. It was this psychic power acquired in birth and enlarged in culture that assimilated from food and drink, air and sunshine, the elements of physical majesty. From the same food and drink, air and sunshine, an ignoble mind would have assimilated the elements of physical degeneracy and facial deformity. All energy is good. All misapplication of energy is bad.

The objective mind of man is a necessity of physical environment. Its cognitions come through the physical senses. All its processes are joined in some way with the material universe, or some part of it. The subjective mind is a necessity of the spiritual world, of spiritual environment. It is at once the assurance of immortality and likeness to the Deity. It has charge of all the so-called involuntary functions of the body. The action of the heart, the lungs, the circulation, nervous system, glands, depurating organs, goes on under the direc-

tion of this mind, or department of mind. The union of the body with these two phases of mental activity in perfect harmony, and all in harmony with the infinite sources of power, cannot fail to make man a God-like type in all his inner and his outer life.

There can be no surer guarantee of beauty than perfect loveliness of spirit in perfect union with the bodily agents of expression. There is not a fiber or tissue of the human composition that does not acquire its size, shape, and quality from the mental forces that send nutrition to it and impel its every action. The sensitiveness and mobility of the features give them superlative expressional power.

George Eliot's Tito murdered his conscience; his face was overshadowed by a ghoulish expression. Jean Paul's Charles put out the inner light till remorse could not reach him, so dark was the way to his secret life. His face was as rugged as a piece of granite in human likeness. Macbeth with a mental dagger murdered sleep and happiness; his features bore the scars of the spirit's stiletto. Goethe was so handsome that when he walked down the street people would turn from their work to gaze after him. It was not so much the lordly face as the lordly spirit beaming through it that charmed the gazer everywhere.

It may be truthfully said that whoever has a great heart has a grand face. St. John, called the beloved disciple because of the depth of his affectional nature, is an apt illustration here. There is an old legend that when he came to die he asked to be carried out among the children; and when they had gathered reverently about him, he said simply: "Little children, love one another." And when they questioned him concerning that

"Thought is
as distinctly
a force as is
electricity or
magnetism."

*Honoré
de Balzac*

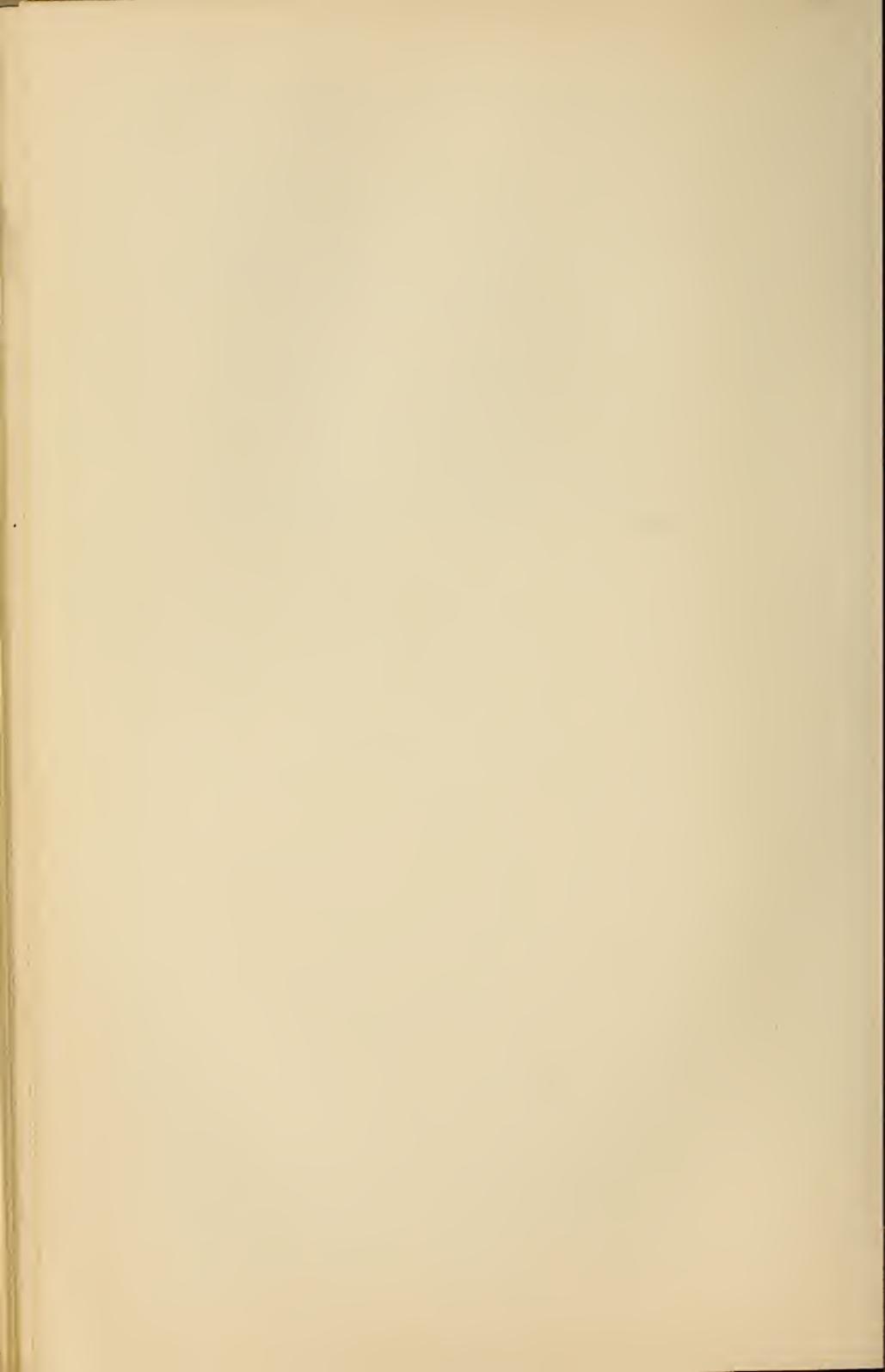
strange thing he called death, he answered only: "Little children, love one another." And when in wonder they questioned more of their reunion beyond the grave, he reiterated the charge: "Little children, I say unto you again and again, Love one another." More important than life, more momentous than death, of more concern than the resurrection, of more worth than the sure knowledge of the coming companionship of souls gone before him or following after, was the love of one another in this world. Blessed Apostle of love, no wonder your face has come down to us soft and gentle as a mother's smile.

"The truth
of truths
is love."

Bailey

CHAPTER XIX

The Affinities of
Form and Spirit
Inalienable



CHAPTER XIX

THE AFFINITIES OF FORM AND SPIRIT INALIENABLE

A GOD-LIKE spirit would not have been breathed into a satyr-like form. Without any philosophy on the subject the Greeks and the Romans created their deities after the strictest physical correspondence with their qualities of character. Instance Zeus and Jupiter, Poseidon and Neptune, Hephæstus and Vulcan, Athene and Minerva, and all the category of deities of these nations. Here is proof intuitional embracing two peoples and several centuries that the mind of man associates perforce certain physical forms with certain intellectual and psychic conditions.

The horizontal face of the serpent is devoid of expression except as it indicates the power to crawl and smite and poison. The eye of the boa-constrictor is not beautiful, but it shines and gleams and glistens with suggestions of malignity. The spirit it exhibits accords with the physical expression. Nor can we get our consent to separate the spirit of any animal from its appropriate bodily outline, nor substitute another spirit therefor. The gazelle is a graceful and attractive little creature in configuration and movement, but it would be a monstrosity if we could imagine its body animated by a human soul. The bird shooting the sunbeams from its wings, and sweeping through the air in arc and hyperbola, seems a very sprite of gracefulness,

“Mind expands in the body in the measure in which it contains and reflects the eternity of truth.”

*Dr. Paul
Carus*

but for it to be moved by the divine attributes of man is unthinkable. The form and movement must correspond with the animating principle, and this truth is not only universal, but it is so lofty a biological fact that it comes to us through the intuitional faculties.

“It is the Christ within that subdues the animal and evolves the angel.”

J. T. Jacob

But, even as beasts, the lower animals are uglier externally in their lowest passional states than in their milder moods; and the analogy goes to the top in the scale of being. Men have unpleasant countenances with all manner of disagreeable states. Bloodthirsty beasts have forbidding faces. The grandest physiognomy loses some element of its majesty whenever its possessor yields himself to any evil passion.

Carrying the application lower, the lion loses his kingly look when you array his teeth to view, and unsheathe the claws in his great foot, and feel the earth tremble from his cavernous roar. The polka-dots and diamond shapes in color on the snake are dispossessed of beauty when associated with the face and the fangs. What a gulf between him and the lion! Again, between lion and man! They are all products of an inner principle of intelligence and spirit. As they differ in the interior life, so do they differ in outer manifestation.

Even after we reach the human plane the variations and contrasts of bodily configuration and expression are measured by the degrees of animality or spirituality that prevail in the inner being. What a chasm between the face of the cave-dweller and that of the polished Caucasian! Between the countenances of the Helvetian women standing in their impedimenta wagons urging their warriors to fight against Cæsar, and those of the Grecian maidens whose beauty evoked the love of the gods!

What a hiatus between the look of the restored Neanderthal man and the face of Isaac Newton! And yet, here again, as everywhere, the outer form is but the physical correspondence of the inner life. Different stages of civilization may easily be graded by their respective physiognomies. Progression in mental and spiritual culture can do almost anything with form and feature. Retrogression can darken the Temple Beautiful, blight its worshipful atmosphere, desecrate its altars, and despoil its sanctuaries till nothing will be left but a wailing-place along its walls.

In the valley of the Euphrates it is said that for lack of cultivation the wheat has degenerated into the wild rice whence it came. After the farmers of the Shenandoah Valley had returned from four years of war, they found that the strawberries in their gardens had gone back to the common type of the prairies; and the roses, once deep-red and many-petaled, had reverted to the single leaf and pale pink variety of the forest.

The wheat stands for the heart of man—the flour of life mixed with the cheat and losing its substance. The berries are the products of man's intellectual meadows, choked with weeds, stifled with grass, poisoned with nettles—retrogression fallen upon all. The roses are the countenances of men, petal after petal of spiritual unfoldment dropping away and withering with neglect, their mellow tints fading and vanishing into extinction among the brambles. Whether by the River Euphrates in the Old World, or in the Valley of the Shenandoah in the New, neglect of culture at the heart brings facial emptiness, physical degeneracy, and spiritual inanition.

By those who have given the matter attention, it

“The fountain of rejuvenescence is fed by human sympathies.”

*Emily
Bishop*

“From the Zulu belle with a ring in her nose to the Puritan maiden with a rose in her hair, enhancement of person is practised.”

Ellen Van Poole

is claimed that people living in the city have brighter faces than those dwelling in the country places. If so, the reason is near at hand; it is because, not of natural environment, but of human association and the consequent mental activity in the multitude. The town girl sees more, hears more, feels more, at least a wider variety of seeing, feeling, and hearing, and her face responds accordingly. But the country is the natural place for uplift of feature so far as environment is concerned.

Contrast the black walls of the town with the clouds and the sky that wall in the country. Contrast the swaying of the throng with the waving of the grain-fields. Contrast the noisy rattle of wheels with the musical click of the sickle; the dusty streets with green country lanes; the electric lights with the stars; the cooped-up restraint of the city with the wild freedom of rural life. Contrast the odors of sewer and back alley, the befouled air of sweat-shop and manufacturing establishment, of street-car and hotel, court-room and opera house, saloon and dive, beef-market and livery-stable, with the fresh ozone-bearing atmosphere of the country. No one can doubt that rural life has the physical advantage over the city for health, vigor, and consequent beauty; and if the dwellers there would increase the custom of study and reflection upon the many objects in nature; if they would cease to envy their urban cousins, and learn to love their own world, and to draw from Nature her beautiful lessons, and mingle more in the social life of their neighbors, and talk with the stars and flowers and brooks, the effect upon the face would be a revelation of Beauty's own.

It is the social phase of being in the town, the inevitable and varied and constant interchange of

thought, the multiplied diversity of stimuli to mental activity, that makes the difference in expressions of culture in urban and rustic countenances. But there are compensations for the country as there are disadvantages for the town. Cities are centers of sin. The country holds the moral ballast of the world. If the city face is more brilliant, perhaps the country face is more artless. If the city face is more flexible, more vivacious, perhaps the country face is more tender, more sincere. After all, the hardest faces are found, not in the country, but in the congested districts of the city where the evil in the life of each is diffused throughout the lives of all.

But, whether in the city or in the country, it is the individuality of every creature that must maintain its integrity and defend itself against the encroachments of evil. There is truth in the old legend that the walls of Paradise were removed from around man in order that he might have the protection of the stronger walls of his own personality. Scientists tell us that the glowworm keeps its enemies away by the brilliancy of its own light. An illumined conscience over a strong will is the light that drives from the human face its lines and angles of uncomeliness and the foes that bring them there.

In Faust it was the innocence of Marguerite that defied the demons that coveted her. Her beauty charmed admiring devils—charmed the good that was in the fallen angels—charmed the surviving attributes of celestial life. And yet to them she was so thoroughly unapproachable that their legions could not contaminate her though they sat in the confessional beside her. When she went down it was rather by the wiles of men whose demoniacal

“The only emotion which does not tend to its own destruction is that which is self-poised.”

Genevieve Stebbins

spirits joined with their intelligence and debased affections were more powerful than the siege of Mephistopheles and his legionaries.

“The builder
never dies ;
there is no
waste in this
world of
love.”

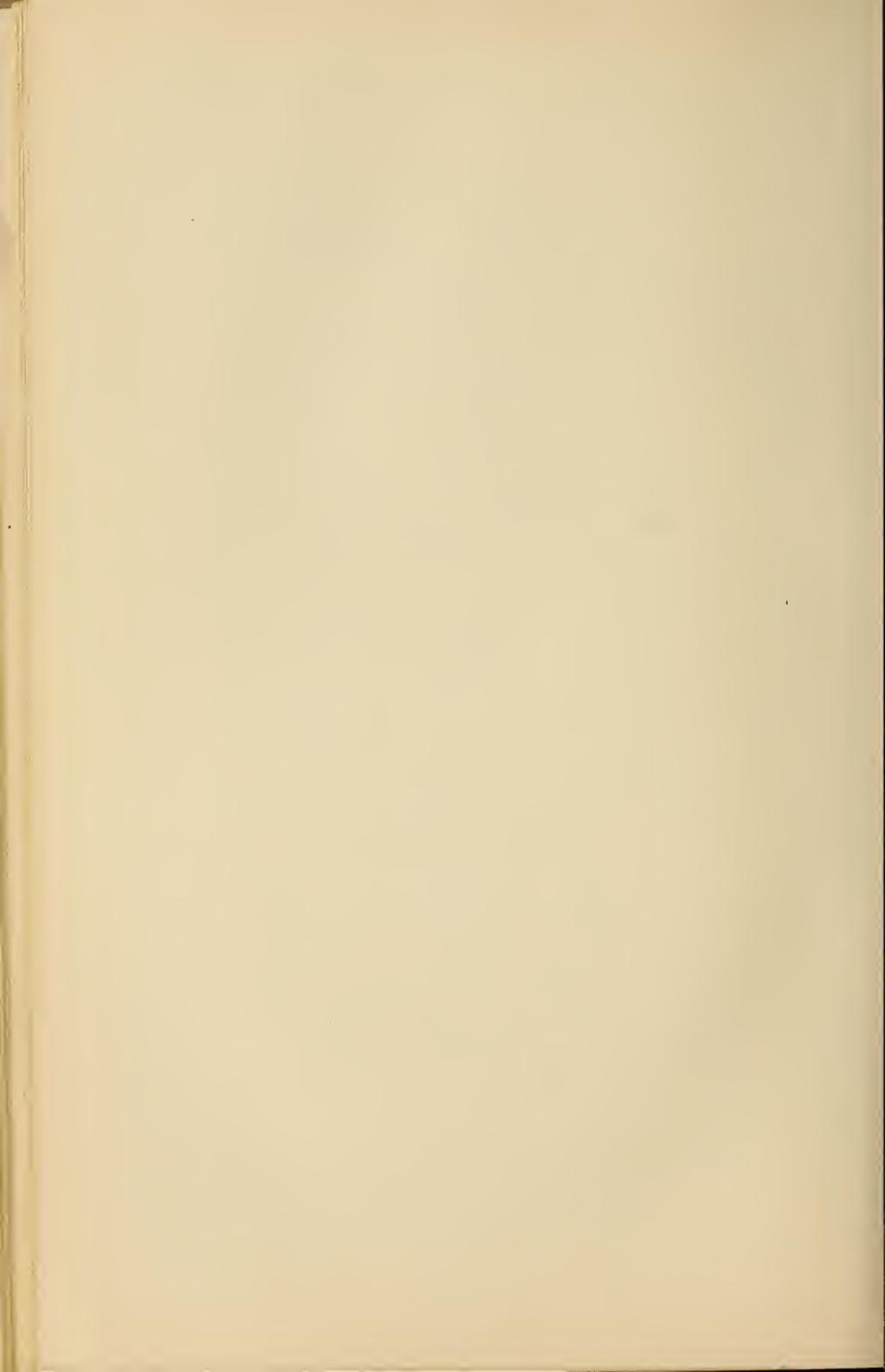
Charles
Brodie
Patterson

Innocence is the armor of invulnerability seldom penetrated. The sinless soul is the bird that lines its nest from its own bosom, giving the burnish of the dove to its plumage and the power of the eagle to its wings. The Ghebers say that when little Abraham was thrown into the fire by Nimrod's order the flames turned instantly into beds of roses, and the child fell asleep as in its mother's arms. Innocence was its own philactery. Hawthorne's Donatello resembled the Marble Faun of Praxitiles. Becoming enamored of the gildedly beautiful Miriam, and incidentally her copartner in crime, he dropped to the criminal plane of living and forfeited his likeness to the statue. Theresa Macri, Byron's Maid of Athens, more charming than the poesy of her lord, lost her beauty through the despoiling effects of gloom and despair. Manfred sold himself to the Prince of Darkness. Communion with shapes of sin left him devoid of human sympathy, destroyed his fraternal sense, and wrought for him a countenance as cold and bleak as the Alpine peaks he dwelt upon.

Everywhere, in high life or in low, in real history or in the fictions of men, in the myths of young nations or in the legends of the old, in the religions of the worshipful or in the skepticisms of the Godless, the outer physical manifestation, consciously or unconsciously, is accepted as the product of the inner life.

CHAPTER XX

Moral Qualities
the Refiners of
Expression



CHAPTER XX

MORAL QUALITIES THE REFINERS OF EXPRESSION

SOUL-CULTURE ought to be the chief business of this world; it is sure to be of the next one.

We learn much intellectually, to be sure; but "knowledge is a mere incident of the deeper wisdom." Sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body, we may expect that that spiritual body will conform to the culture of the soul at the time of death and in the resurrection. As a filthy soul can not inhabit a pure body in this world, so God has never promised that it shall have a glorified body in the world to come. "Be ye perfect" was not the injunction of a jester. It was the language of one whose philosophy applied to his own life gave perfection of spirit combined with perfection of body. If it meant not absolute, it certainly did mean relative excellence; and its application to humanity makes men sons of God in inner life and outer manifestation.

To Christ sin was the antecedent of sickness; ugliness the corollary of disobedience; deformity the penalty of broken law. Debauchery of mind is not only the iconoclast of character, but of its physical supports also. Everything is debauchery that throws the soul out of harmony with its physical organism or out of adjustment with divine perfections.

"Beauty is the natural food of a healthy imagination." This is true in lowly life as well as high.

"Soul and body are never in such intimate and harmonious union as in religious life."

*Dr. A. A.
Lipscomb*

“We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.”

Paul

And you need not wait till your dreams of luxury and ease come true before you begin to build a temple beautiful of your body. “No occupation is so burdensome that it cannot be made an opportunity for the growth of character.” All right growth of character beautifies the body. No condition of life is so poor as to be unfavorable to beautiful thinking if we keep the faculties in balance. The outcome rests with the individual.

“No man can attain self-dominion for another.” He has no business doing so if he could.

Selfhood and self-mastery are for every man—for himself, not for friend or foe. For every sojourner here there is a Jacob’s ladder upon which angels will descend or demons will ascend according as it is lifted into the sky or projected into the nether world. Truth is universal in its existence, but individual in its application. Here we approach the final source of all verities. God is incomprehensible without truth as truth is incomprehensible without God. Whoever touches truth, though it be but the hem of its garment, receives virtue as did the woman who touched the Master’s robe, for there is beauty in truth just as there is truth in beauty. And “the truth shall make you free”; but “there are two freedoms: the false, where man is free to do what he likes; the true, where he is free to do what he ought.” In finding this latter freedom for himself every man finds the glory of his own individuality and recognizes it as one of the blessings and providences in the great evolution of being. It is the accentuation of the personality.

The mind that feeds on criminal thoughts, or devises ways and means to execute diabolical plottings, or holds pleasure in vicious schemings, is

giving a corresponding quality not only to his external expression but to his blood, his bones, and his muscles. Dr. William G. Anderson, Associate Director of Gymnastics at Yale, holds to the doctrine that degenerate mental states create correspondingly degenerate conditions of fiber and tissue throughout the body.

Pure thinking is the normal activity of the mind and the one prerequisite for pure quality of blood and muscle. There is a chemical difference between the elements composing the sweat of the criminal and those of the perspiration of an innocent man. "A genuine tear is warm; the hypocritical tear is cool." A contemporary scientist has demonstrated by actual experiment that different mental operations produce immediate chemical changes in all the fluids of the body, and similar changes in the direction of the vital currents.

Ghastly mental pictures, images of disease, sensuality, vice, produce scrofula of the soul, the facsimile of which is leprosy of body. Courage swells the arteries; cowardice empties them; heroism quickens the vaso-motor nerves; sycophancy relaxes them; anger vitiates the saliva and other secretions; hatred heats and poisons the blood; gloom clogs the glandular system; fear blanches the face; malice lays its cold hand on the heart and circulation; fright paralyzes the physical agents of the life-forces; extreme and violent passion destroys mental vigor and exhausts brain energy, dethrones reason and superinduces death. All peaceful, hopeful states produce health and beauty. All sordid, malignant inner conditions affect the circulation, destroy digestion, impair the assimilating powers, invite disease, and create uncomeliness.

Mind and muscle are so closely associated that

**“Temper
has much to
do with fash-
ioning the
features all
through
life.”**

Humphreys

“The wicked man winketh with his eyes, speaketh with his feet, teacheth with his fingers.”

Solomon

neither can appear or change without a parallel appearance or change in the other. Integrity of mind, consciously or unconsciously, means integrity of muscle. Integrity of body is a strong support to integrity of mind. Integrity of both is the sure guarantee of grace and beauty. Charles Dudley Warner is authority for the statement that vicious-minded persons have muscular states peculiar to their class. And this holds true not only with reference to facial and bodily appearance, but also to the very structure and quality of the entire anatomy, so that the term “criminal muscle” is as correct as the term “criminal person.” The rude in spirit are invariably uncouth and awkward in movement and repulsive in expression. If apparent exceptions are found, it is only where there are enough beautiful ancestral tendencies remaining and operative to force their beauty-making qualities into form and face despite the deforming proclivities abounding.

Culture of soul must bring grace of body and illumination of feature beyond all possible loveliness that could be developed in the untutored life. There are no real exceptions. Everything that is comes of law, exists under law—even liberty itself. “An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit.” An evil spirit cannot fashion a beautiful face.

A man of apparently polished mind may be as graceless as a boor, and his features may be almost as forbidding as a Hottentot's. But examine carefully into his culture. It is one-sided, unsymmetrical, irregular, anarchical, atrophied here, hypertrophied there, and altogether chaotic. These things you will find in his immediate personal education, or, rather, lack of education. Examine into his genealogy. You will discover a long line of ances-

try whose crude customs and oblique methods of thinking have entailed upon him an overwhelming tendency toward mental idiosyncrasies and consequent physical irregularities, projecting the very external forms of their hideous spiritual images upon the third and fourth generation.

Some of the best men and women in all the world ugly? Possibly so. But they might have been beautiful if the incorrigible tendencies of heredity had been controlled and the misguided labor of education had been directed properly. Furthermore, a beautiful soul will forge its way through muscular walls into the countenance, and we must look for the subtle signs of its appearing.

Some of the most gigantic minds have builded unsymmetrical faces? Certainly so. Genius is never balanced within, and it can never be balanced without. It is Nature on parade, robbing some phase of life to make superlative and exaggerate some other phase. An irregular and angular face is the sure result of unsymmetrical development of the mental faculties and of the affectional life. Indeed, it is necessary that one be unbalanced to be a genius; and so genius is always idiosyncratic, exclusive, warped, biased, over-developed somewhere, atrophied somewhere else.

The balanced mind, the soul attuned to spiritual perfections, has always the beautiful face. Excessive or exclusive endowments or training in any department of mind specializes the features accordingly, and their accentuation is deformity. Heredity, here also allowed to operate, aids in giving its peculiar topography to the buccal areas. The consummation devoutly to be wished by those who would be beautiful is the acquirement of perfect mental poise and moral equipoise. Intellectual

“There is an
Absolute
ideal in
which all
other ideals
lose them-
selves.”

Santayana

**“You must
by all means
acquire the
nice poise of
bearing and
demeanor
that is a sign
of a well-
balanced
mind.”**

*Dr. Nathan
Oppenheim*

acumen, joined with the instinct for form, gives the marble its outline; but the moral qualities are the refiners of expression in man's handiwork as in his body. They are the most delicate workmen in the art of making the countenance.

Those who treat lightly these principles or spurn these possibilities are persons who do not think, or who possess no appreciation for the beautiful, or who look for sudden and miraculous revolutions that are absolutely impossible. The processes of reform are prompt and faithful in their beginnings, though often slow of final and complete redemption. “That which is finest in product is longest in gestation.” “Nature will not preserve that which it takes no time to acquire.” The first essential is to right about toward Eden. The journey back will depend upon your distance from the goal and your mileage per diem.

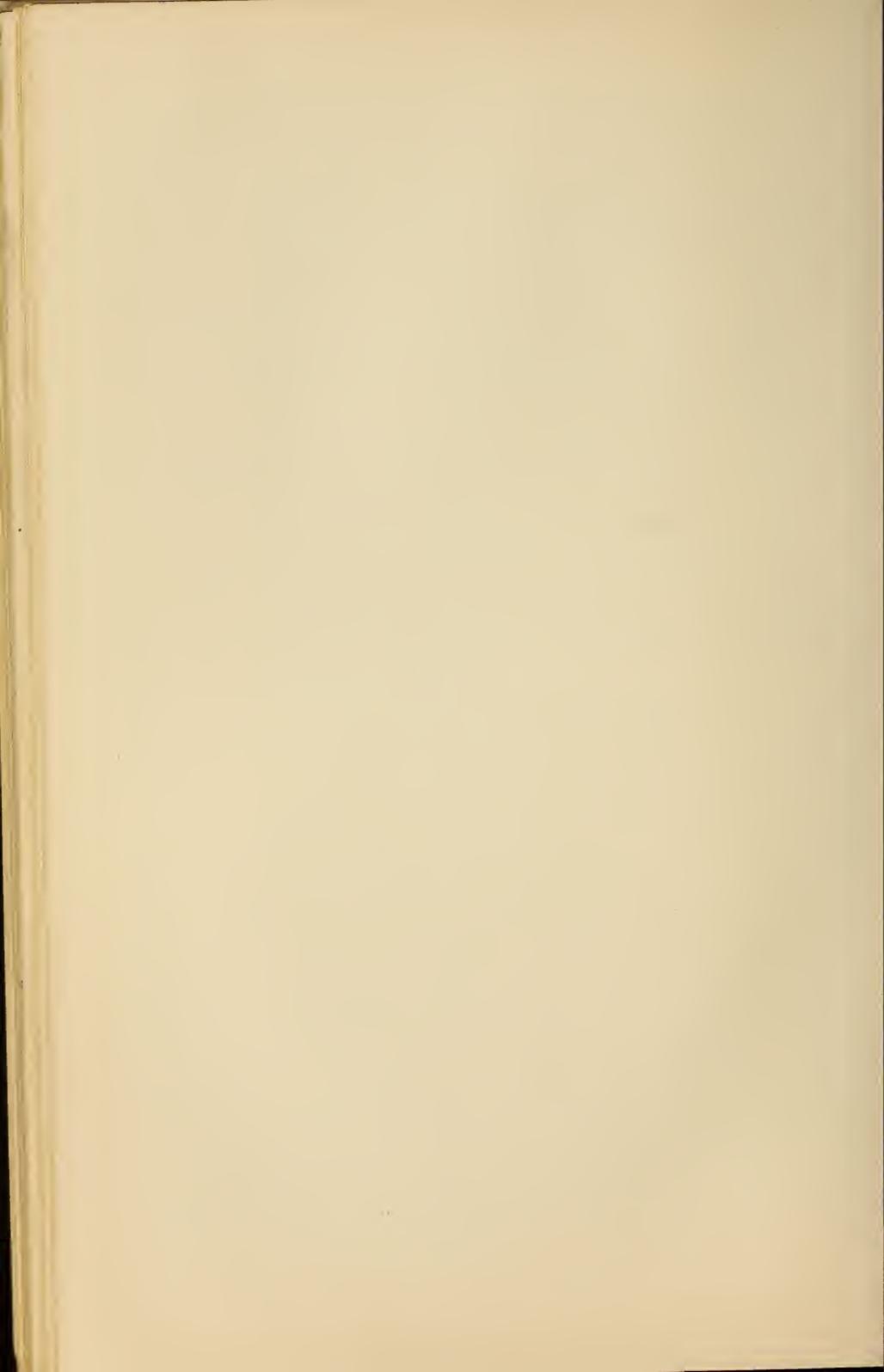
You can not in a single day scale the heights from which you have been falling for ages. You can not in a moment leap from the common into the perfect ideal. All life is a growth, and all growth is gradual if it is permanent. You need not expect at a single volitional impulse to sweep away the barriers of inner awkwardness and outer deformity that are the cumulative penalties of broken law. You can not take the aged oak that has grown twisted and gnarled for a hundred years, and by any system of cultivation metamorphose it into arboreal perfection. But you can dig about it and prune it; you can fertilize and water the soil at its base till new sap will rise in the great trunk and run out through the branches, so that the acorn it bears will have the hardihood of evolution back to the original type.

So of the gnarled and knotted human specimen.

He may not be made perfect in his day, but he can be made at least to remember the smile of childhood and the buoyancy of youth, to start up reveries and hopes and dreams in the promise of which he shall stand more erect and bear a more manly look—things that shall evoke the sleeping senses of the beautiful, the true, and the good, and send them rejuvenated into the world, and into the generations that are to come.

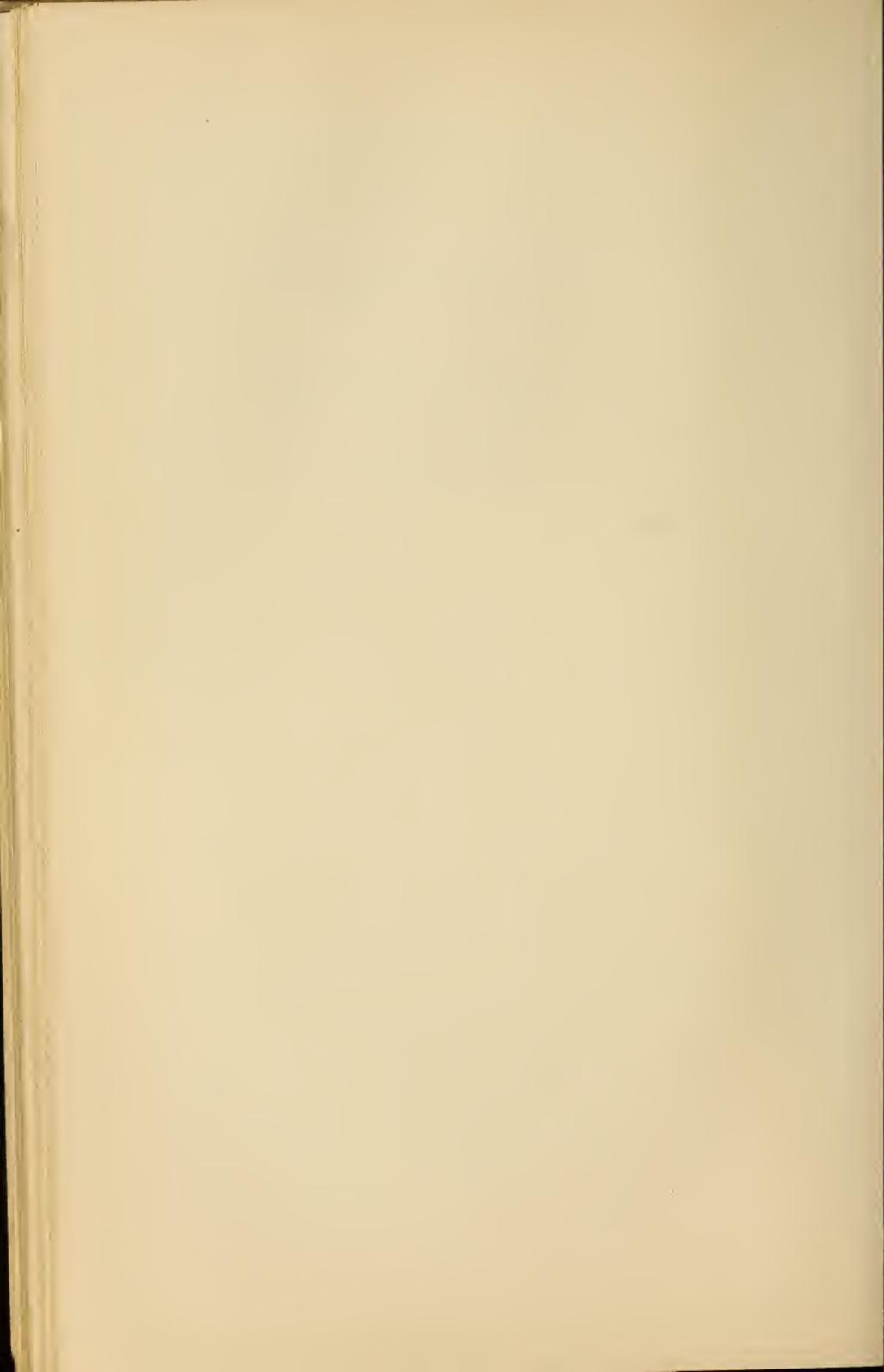
“The heart
hath its own
memory,
like the
mind.”

Longfellow



CHAPTER XXI

Soul Companion-
ship for the Body



CHAPTER XXI

SOUL-COMPANIONSHIP FOR THE BODY

HARMONIA'S necklace hangs at the throat of beauty wherever the inner life constantly and persistently breaks troth with its own perfections. No pretender can ever occupy the throne of beauty. In counterfeiting, your face is the die—always exposed. You can not long deceive your own soul with things that are conscious forgeries. It is worse than folly to undertake permanently to assume an exterior out of correspondence with your habitual mental states. Making pretty faces in the midst of vicious living is but weaving Penelope's web.

Let it be reiterated that features grown granite in sin can not be softened fully within an hour, but let it be repeated also that the work of softening may begin within a moment, and, with persistent inner rectitude, they learn the harmony of obedience. Here is a face brazened into corrugations of crime; here another transfigured into malformations of bestiality; here a third sodden with the vices of a lifetime; here a fourth steeped in the poisonous excrement of a million vicious thoughts; here another scarred with the blasphemies of half a century; here another tattooed with the barbarous etchings of scorn; here another bearing signs of misanthropy; here another lecherous with the libertine's look of lust; here another befouled with the perverted mental states of threescore years and ten: You can not take such faces as these, despoiled

“With unerring intuition does the heart choose between its friends by their faces.”

Montaigne

of their finest seeming, set with the sins of age, and restore them to symmetry within a day.

But these hard-faced mortals can begin the work of reformation within and feel the satisfaction of conscious growth toward loveliness. Yet this undertaking would be silly in the presence of a wicked life. Perverseness trying to fashion loveliness is Don Quixote fighting the fateful windmills. It is braggadocio posing for courage when courage only can avail. Truth is the one unchanging story of the face. Nature hardens every muscle used, and hardens it in proportion to its use. Why? She is not only a creator; she is a preserver of what she creates. Stability in her external forms comes of permanency of her inner moods. "Every thought has a definite effect upon the body—pictures itself there." "Every right action, every true thought, sets its seal of beauty on person and face."

"It is impossible for a man that is clean in mind to be unclean in body," and still impossible for such a man to have a repulsive appearance. "Dwelling mentally upon the bright, beautiful things that come into this life, strengthens the body" and beautifies it. You can not set limitations to the development of the human powers. The body can not stand still and be unaffected while the mind is growing and expanding.

The deeper you stir the mental depths the finer the expressional qualities that flow into the countenance. You need not worry about the result. The features cannot remain irresponsive while the faculties are in spiritualized activity. The soul relates us at once to God; the body to the material world. But the material world is His also. "Man is not pure spirit, but he has a body also, which is, for the soul, sometimes an obstacle, sometimes a means,

"Each sublime desire is a telepathic communication from God, advising one what may be his."

Floyd B.
Wilson

always an inseparable companion." Let us see to it that it gets soul-companionship.

"Mental discord and unrest are manifested in physical sickness and disease" and deformity. The body is dependent upon food and drink, to be sure, but "it is more dependent upon mental harmony for its health." Every law of the invisible life tends directly and persistently and unerringly toward perfect harmony. The whole trend of being is a crusade to recover the Holy Land. The unvarying tenor of existence, untrammelled and unimpeded, is toward ideal graces—toward perfection of mind, soul, and body. The ugliness that is incidental may be banished by the beauty that is inherent.

Every thinking act is a boomerang. No thought emanating in your brain or harbored in your consciousness has ever gone forth to return unto you void. Give out ugly thoughts of any human being or of your higher self, and they come back to you to despoil. Give out beautiful thoughts to all the world, and they come back to you to exalt your life and body. Ugly thoughts are forces sent out over the waters when the sea is angry and the tides are high and the winds are wild. They will return to you driving and beating against the shores of your life till your face will assume the look of horror which they will inspire. Beautiful thoughts are voices of authority floating out over the deep, commanding the waves to calm, and they will return to you in musical ripples singing at your feet: "Peace, be still!"

"Back of every great action there should be a great repose;" but, "you can not have repose of muscle without repose of mind." Turn loose the evil and it will fall from you of its own weight.

"The problem of the soul is the basis of ethics; the health of the soul is the purpose of life."

*Dr. Paul
Carus*

Wickedness does not cling to man; man clings to it, and all error has an enormous specific gravity. All sin has a leaden body. It flies with the waxen wings of Icarus, and wo to the life that rises by their power. All truth has an ethereal body. It has the gift of levitation in its wings. Cling to it, and feel the buoyancy of its upward flight. Counterfeit emotions are injurious. "Real emotions, whether painful or delightful, leave one eventually with a new supply of strength. The sham, without exception, leaves us weakened physically and mentally," and in the visible effects the face suffers most.

"The beauty of the sky is from the depths of space; from the depths of spirit the beauty of face."

*Dr. F. B.
Carroll*

A teacher once had a pupil of royal blood but of bad behavior. Not wishing him to be punished corporally, he pinned upon the boy's lapel a purple ribbon to remind the youth of his rank. More surely are the royal colors upon you. You are the sons and daughters of the King. But you are under law. With all matter and all mind you must fall into line in obedience. The right to claim kinship with divine perfections implies the ability to approximate them in so far as they apply to the physical being.

"Our highest conceptions of what we ought to be are but prophecies of what we may become. The ideal men and women of to-day should be the real men and women of to-morrow." The artist was right when he said that every muscle ought so to move that if it should strike a note at any time it would produce only harmony. But the source of this harmony is in the silent, invisible moving power within. No reform will ever come to this world, either in individuals or in nations, if it deals with externals only. Culture of the outer life must come from the culture of inner qualities.

According to Mantegazza, expression is always as rich and varied and complex as its physical supports will allow, and they owe their peculiarities of form and movement to the simple or complex activities of the thinking and feeling powers within. If the horse could think more he would soon acquire a different facial topography. In all animal life the greater the degree of intelligence the greater the wealth of facial anatomy, and hence the greater the expressional power. Here is proof that soul-qualities actualize themselves in the face. This law holds good through all orders of animal life, and even in the vegetable kingdom. Wherever culture or cultivation is given, an improvement in texture and form is the invariable result.

We train our animals to look their best and our agricultural products to make the finest display. The horse is bred and groomed till he is perfection of his kind. His breeding is not so much of his body as of his qualities and the characteristics in his pedigree. His training is directed to his intelligence, (whatever name you may give that), far more than to his mere physical life. A spiritless horse with a perfect form is an unknown incongruity. A shoddy equine form animated by superlative qualities of horse-character is not found in all the tribe. Every trainer knows that equine moods determine the animal's appearance, that they are the causative influences of peculiarities of form and movement; that they are responsible for the docile or the vicious eye, the rough or the glossy coat. These qualities are developed till the horse is adapted to the race-track, the saddle, the draft-wagon, or the treadmill, according to the demand. We breed and feed our hogs till they lack nothing but feet. Their training can be so managed as

“Let your
soul speak a
purer lan-
guage as
you arrange
your toilet.”

Albert B.
Olston

to guarantee the conventional "streak of lean and streak of fat." Our cattle are so grown under the laws of culture peculiar to them as to secure ideal results for the dairy, for the lumberman's trucks, or for the packing-house. Our dogs have attention until heredity and education fit them for the chase, for the terrible work of the bloodhound, or for filling the places of children in the affections of men and women.

"The slumbabies grow like the dump-piles they look upon; the angels grow white looking on the throne."

*Edwin
Markham*

We apply the laws of evolution to fruits and flowers, vegetables and farm products. They all rapidly approach perfection of their species; and in all of them the invisible life-principle is the determining agent to fix their form and color, texture and quality. For an exhibition of the marvelous development of almost every species in the two kingdoms, go to your county fair, your state fair, the World's Fair.

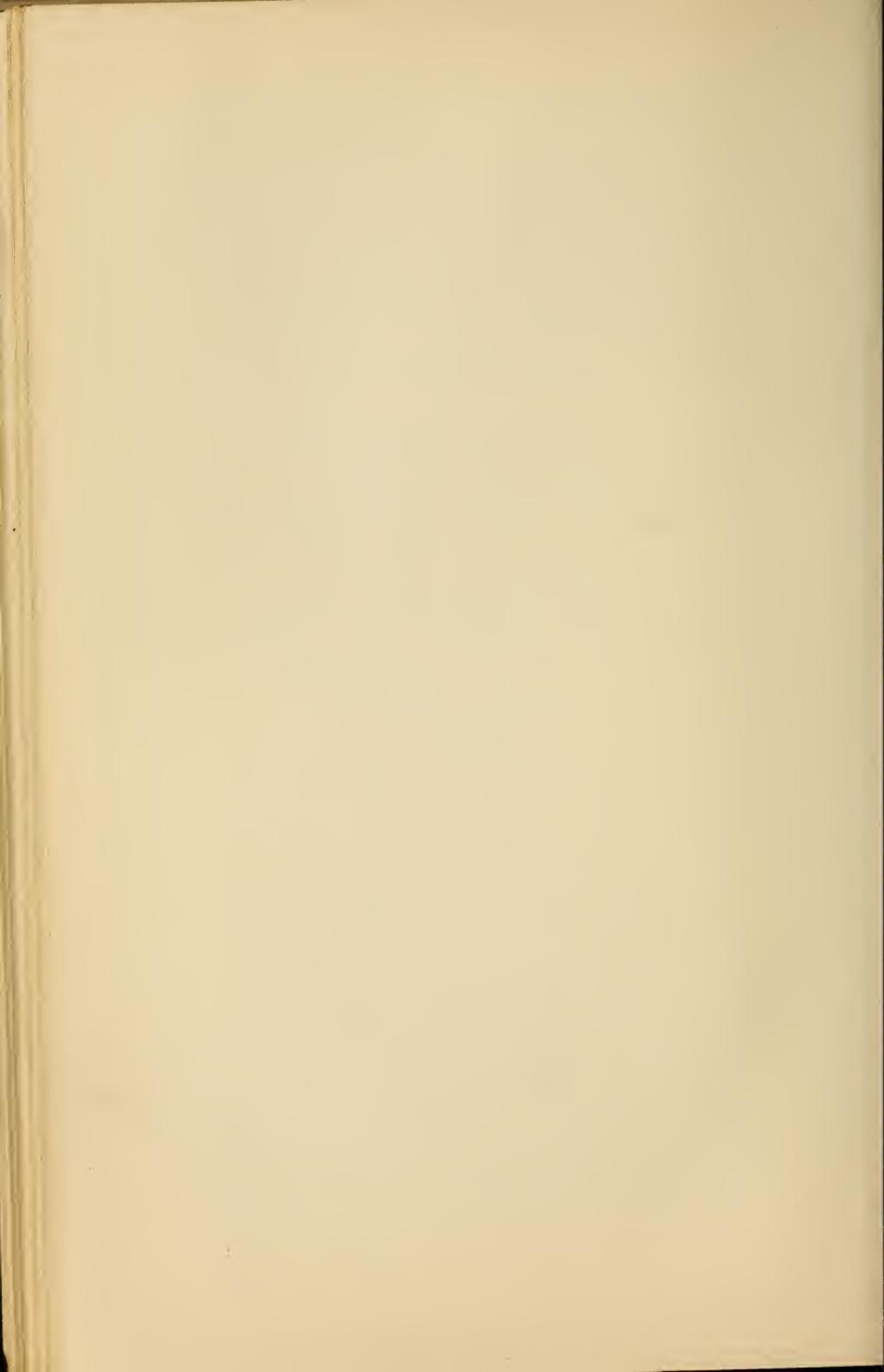
But men are worth more than Percherons or potatoes. Women are worth more than Jerseys or chrysanthemums. Children are worth more than puppies or pumpkins. Our first culture is toward ourselves. From the life-principle of plants and the instinct of beasts, both of which illustrate so marvelously the power of evolution, it is profitable to turn to the soul of man, woman, or child. Here is a field for culture where God's masterpiece may go forth like Ivanhoe, conquering every adversary.

In man's facial anatomy are countless possibilities of movement, and the higher the order of intelligence and the loftier the soul-functions, the more spiritual and the more beautiful the expression. The anatomical wealth of the human face was created for and is sustained by the wealth of the spirit of man. As the soul of man transcends in kind and power the life-principle of the horse, so does

man's face surpass that of the horse in expressional dignity. The bulldog has a different look from the shepherd dog for the same reason that the human tough has a different look from that of the cultured gentleman. Their faces are physical correspondences of different internal creative energies.

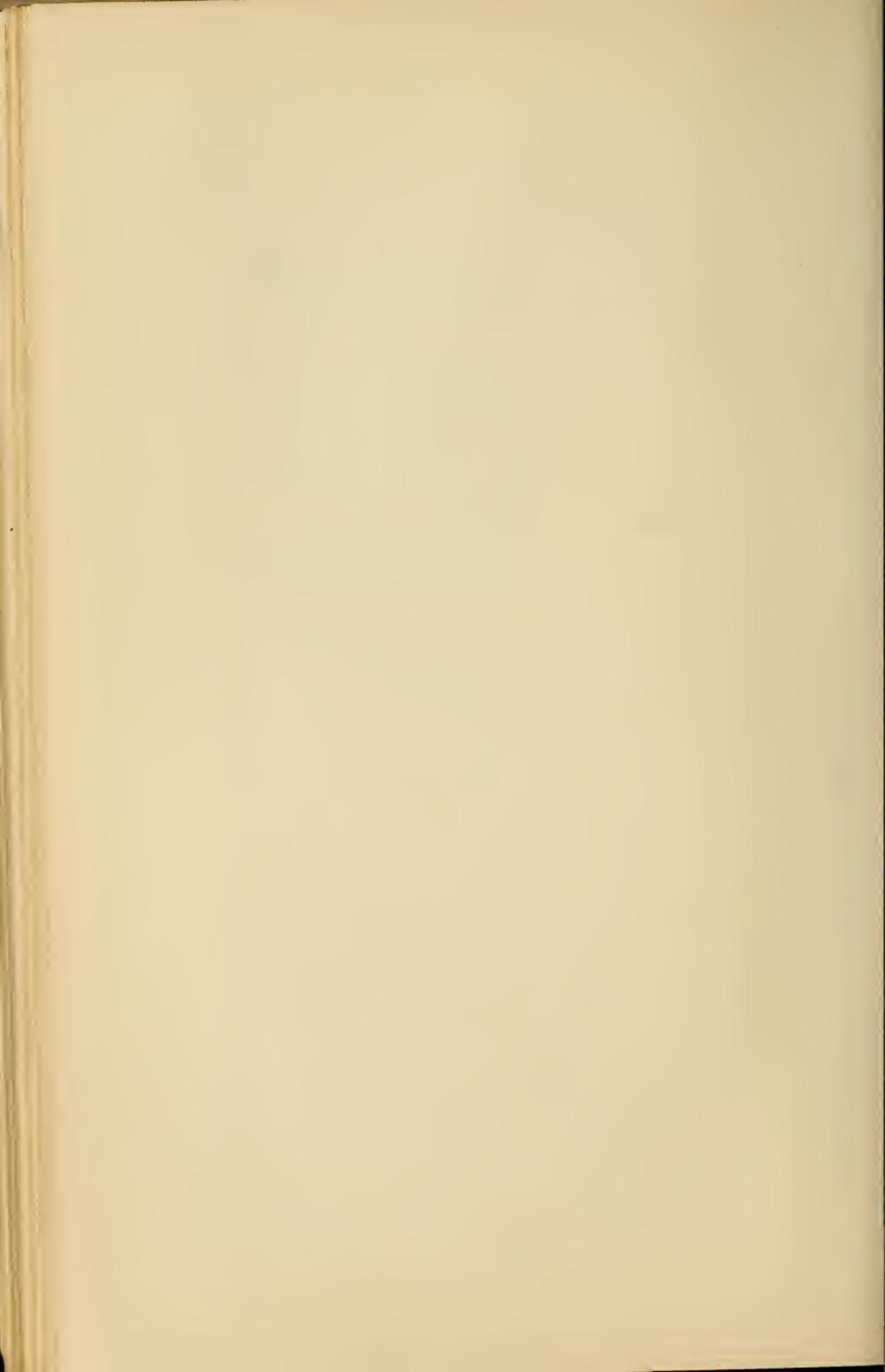
“ He had a
face like a
benedic-
tion.”

Don Quixote



CHAPTER XXII

“Humanity . . .
Cries Protest to
the Judges of the
World”



CHAPTER XXII

“HUMANITY . . . CRIES PROTEST TO THE JUDGES OF THE WORLD”

IN Ireland, culture has made princely gentlemen in form, feature, and demeanor. In the same country, industrial slavery has dwarfed the minds and deformed the bodies of her peasantry.

In every case the creative causes are to be found in the mental states that force their way into the physical being. The Hibernian gentleman of culture is large in frame, courageous in spirit, courtly in deportment, full of vital force, sunny, hopeful, chivalrous, handsome, a fine type for any race. The Irish peasant from the same stock and living side by side with the other for centuries, is stunted in body, irregular in feature, angular in movement, pugnacious in spirit, lacking in vitality, his life animalized and his face fallen—a poor type for any nationality. The gulf between them is wide, but the inner causes present the same antipodal relations.

The same is true of the money-kings and of the millions toiling in the sweat-shops. Both are de spoiled: the one with the inhumanity imposed, the other with the inhumanity received. The same difference is observable in the Castilian aristocrat and the Mexican peon. The same is true among all peoples where the many are not brothers to the few who are brothers to them. Their stations in life are as widely different as their facial expres-

“A stiff face is a dangerous one; the more flexible the more beautiful it is.”

*Edmund
Shaftesbury*

sion, and both of these are dependent largely upon circumstance and environment, but more largely upon their modes of thinking, feeling, and worshipping.

“The humblest artisan, though unsuccessful in a worldly way, may give his child a heritage of strength in body and mind.”

Dr. Nathan Oppenheim

The same was true of the cultured classes of Rome and the hordes that went under the yoke of their legions. The same was true of the princes of Great Britain and the myriads of India who were robbed and plundered under the maladministration of Warren Hastings. The same is true the world over, whether of races or of individuals. Princely thinking makes princely faces; niggardly thinking makes weazened countenances. Kingly office and queenly title do not guarantee a single look of nobility. Monstrosities of human form and seeming have often worn the crowns of nations. It is the kingly, queenly character that is the artist of fine expression. Inheritance, therefore, is not all. It is the cultivated inheritance that counts. An unworked gold mine is worth little more than a bank of sand. An undeveloped spiritual inheritance is worth little more than the heritage of an ox.

It was not the mere war and battle that changed the look of Priam's progeny. It was the broken spirit of Carthage under the Roman oligarchy that dispelled the luster from the eyes of Dido's race and put the look of vengeance in its stead; so that the face of the Carthaginian, retired to a foreign shore, away from war and strife, once gentle and fraternal, but, under the oppression of the Cæsars, transfigured by rancour and revenge, was the same upon which the Romans gazed with horror when her conquerors and their allies entered the city to scatter her treasures along the Tiber. It was the cruelty of the Latin victors that, crushing the power of the Gaul, left upon him an unvanquished hatred

that made sharp angles and misanthropic lines in his face.

It was not mere labor that despoiled the features of the Irish peasantry or of the peons of Mexico. It was not the drudgery in Erin nor the toil in India, not the serfdom in Russia nor the tribute extorted from the Roman dependencies, but the lack of fraternity, the dearth of human sympathy, the humiliation of spirit, the crushing of racial and individual pride, the degradation of enforced slavery, the forgetting of common charities, and the consequent hate and passion engendered by all these, that swallowed up the spirit of the nations, crushed the divine qualities of character, and evoked the diabolism of the human heart—these are the things that lowered the forehead and sloped back the frontal zone of the teeming hosts; these are the things that brutalized the jaw and dimmed the eye and blurred the countenance of the millions; these are the things that almost drove God out of man to make room for the devils that beleaguered him. The scorpion has an oil to soothe the sting he inflicts; inhumanity has none.

La Place is correct: "Beyond the limits of the visible anatomy there is another anatomy whose phenomena we cannot perceive with the mortal eye; beyond the limits of the external physiology of animal forces is another physiology that must answer for the outer one."

A writer and student of ethnology has observed that among savage nations all the women are as much alike as sisters. They resemble one another in every peculiarity of configuration and expression. The reason is that their spiritual activities are constantly the same from year to year, and since their inner states are perpetually identical,

"I shall not
die; I shall
not utterly
die; for
beauty born
of beauty
. . . that re-
mains."

*Madison
Cawein*

the universal laws of life act alike upon them all. They drudge through the same routine throughout the whole of life. Their minds are educated in precisely the same way, the inner light shining upon them all with the same quality and intensity. They think, feel, act, hope, dream, worship as with one mind and heart, the external result of necessity recording oneness of product.

“Mystic smiles and beckonings lead us through the shadowy aisles out into the afterwhiles.”

James
Whitcomb
Riley

“Things that resemble each other in quality and function resemble also in shape, and wherever there is unlikeness in quality and function, there is unlikeness in facial configuration.” The Swiss people have an ecstatic eye from daily admiration of their mountain scenery. The lustrous, up-turned eyes of the Italian women are due to ages of spiritual contemplation of the Madonna. The Egyptian’s face of old was plain, solid, angular, like his pyramids. Any Arab’s face is wonderfully like that of any other Arab, and, following the racial traditions of his descent, his countenance shows that his hand is turned against every man. The Grecian’s face is symmetrical and beautiful like the things he projected with his mind and fashioned with his hands. The Roman’s face is cold, stern, philosophical, conquering, like his internal habits, his schemes of conquest, and his indomitable will. The Bushman’s face is broad, flat, animal, carnivorous, like his appetites and passions. The face of the North Australian is scrawny, degenerate, characterless, like his barren soul. The Indian’s face is wild and unkempt, like his wilderness, his very bones standing out in the service of muscle rather than of any sort of culture. Untutored mountain races have granite faces, as if the rocks had given them their flintness. Under culture their cragginess of feature grows rounded and symmetrical.

Yet in all these types there is a national or tribal vanity. No race has ever degenerated so far as to lose every vestige of the ideal. In nations as in individuals the attributes of perfection never die. And as peoples rise or sink in mental and spiritual conditions may we measure the degree of nobility or crudeness in their features.

Some one has said that "all heights are cold," but the Savoyards tell us that the highest pasturage is the sweetest and best. Above the timberline flourish the loveliest flowers. There are no tints like those found at the feet of the snows. They seem to draw from heaven rather than from the earth their airy loveliness. If you lose anything by the ascent or by the elevation, Nature compensates for the loss. The mountain top may be chill and desolate, but from its summit you get a broader view of the earth, and this broader sweep over the material globe brings mental expansion. On the peak you can feel for once that you are above the clouds; you can observe something more as to how the sunshine floods the world and how the rains descend upon it; you can realize the exhilaration that comes from living and breathing in the cool, bracing, healthful atmosphere above the miasma and above the storm.

So, too, there are heights of character from which, if one sees the grosser things of life, he must look downward. Here you get a broader view as to how the sunlight of love and charity pours over all beneath you. Here you get the jaundice out of your eye and the malaria out of your soul. Here you drink of the vitex wine that weans the heart from earthly affections. But as the mountain is difficult to ascend, so it is not always easy to rise to the peaks of character. He who would stand upon

**"The good
and the true
are eternal,
and may be
permanently
realized."**

*Leander
Edmund
Whipple*

them can not do so only in his dreams. He must strive and struggle and climb. No lofty ideal will stoop to conquer. It will not come down to him who from some low retreat lazily glances upward and beckons it to descend.

“What
house more
stately hath
there been or
can be than
is man?”

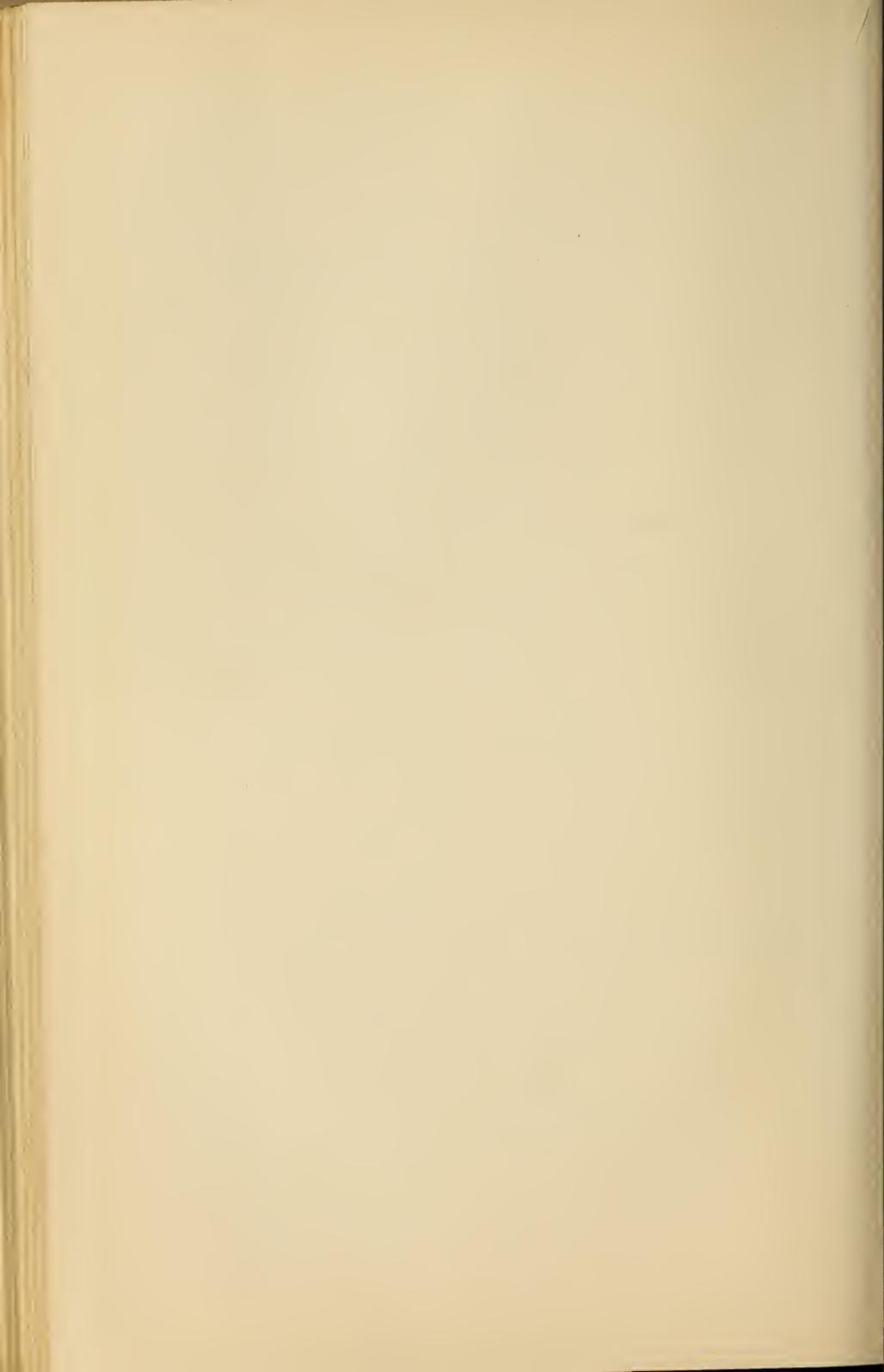
Rev. J. W. Lee

The divinest things are exhaustless and free, but they are as coy as maidens who would not be won with unholy wooing. They shy away at the approach of an unrighteous affection. “The weed grows without cultivation; the flower must have attention.” Both are found in the same soil. They flourish side by side—close together—so close sometimes that the line between them is scarcely perceptible. In Wyoming hot springs boil up in the midst of the snows—the thermal antitheses holding their existence in companionable proximity, and indeed blending without any visible dividing-place. The melting-point and the freezing-point seem to be the same, but a delicate thermometer will show the precise graduations in temperature.

These are fit illustrations of the good and the bad in life. In nothing is character in the abstract more clearly made concrete than in the ability to make distinctions where differences do not appear. He who has not the power to distinguish minutely and to segregate the mass intelligently can never have any other than a disordered mind and a composite face where the good is gravely overshadowed by the bad.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Grandeur of
Life Lost in the
Littleness of
Living



CHAPTER XXIII

THE GRANDEUR OF LIFE LOST IN THE LITTLENESS OF LIVING

THE measure of every life may be determined by the streams and tides of spiritual power that flow into it and issue from it. But the mere girding of one's strength is not all. The faculty of absorbing like a sponge is an unfortunate possession if there exists also none of the emitting and disbursing qualities. The life which, like the Dead Sea, drinks in all that comes, will be brackish and barren. Whoever withdraws himself into his own conceits and lives in his own selfishness will wither as a nut fallen before its time—shriveled in the exterior and worm-eaten within.

In a crowded city a lady descended from her mansion into the street. A ragged waif dragged himself along toward her, leaving the blood-stains from his bare feet in the snow.

"Buy a paper, lady?" he asked, his extremity being his only appeal, the only pathos of the scene. She stood waiting, smiling her greetings upon him.

"Yes," she said; "I will buy them all."

The child was stunned. He had never sold out his whole stock to any single purchaser before. Visions came as to what he would do with his profits, for this wholesale business would give him a chance to run back to the office and sell another batch, thus making two days' earnings in one day. Holding out his little blue fingers, he grasped the

"Pleasure is not a sign of well-being; in an unhealthy soul it is a token of disorder and degeneration."

*Dewey's
Psychology*

coins that fell into them, his eyes filling with gratitude.

"Are you not very cold?" she asked as she drew the gamin up under her sealskin cloak.

"I was till you came along!" he answered, tho his voice was muffled with emotion.

The soul of the street arab had spoken better than he knew. The spirit of the child was drawn by angel ministrations into his words and his face. And such deeds will invariably bring to the actor a sweeter countenance. The affectional nature dowers the soul with marvelous powers over the body. When love enters a darkened heart it is as if the lights had been turned on. Reach out and brush away the clouds from some poor life, and the sunshine will break through the rift upon you also. Wipe away the tears from your neighbor's face to-day, and your own eyes will be brighter to-morrow. Carry the grace of charity into some lowly life in some lowly place to-day, and to-morrow your humanity will be radiating from the soul-centers over all the world about you.

Only the common things of life are self-centered. Men of great intellect, but of gross moral qualities, weave nets and snares to encompass everything that approaches, and, with the spider's cunning, sink into the body with the spoils. Like Mokana, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, they would wear veils over their faces under pretence of shading the dazzling light of their countenances from public view. Living falsehood within, they must project external hypocrisy upon the world.

"A perfect form is the universal vanity." It ought to be. The individual who has lost all pride in personal appearance stands alone as the dodo of the ages—the only one of his kind in history.

"Happiness is at all times a sign of well-being; it is the internal side of well-being."

*Dewey's
Psychology*

More tears have been shed over bad complexions than over bad debts. More heart-aches have come from ugly features than from bruised consciences. Persistent as life has been the passion of the race for loveliness. Untrammelled by wicked principles, unhampered by vicious proclivities, this passion, which is really affectional in its nature, would give the race the desire of its heart. Ever-present, ever-active, ever-assertive, it is as characteristic of the lowest tribe of the jungle as of the lords and ladies of the courts of Europe. It is intensified and exalted in proportion to the stage of civilization, yet there are savages among us here at home as well as in the South Sea Islands.

Poverty of soul has always impoverished the human physique and stunted its expression. The drawn faces of the serf and the slave, the pinched features of the hordes enthralled by man and doomed by circumstance, the starved and stiffened countenances of the poor in spirit—these signs of outward squalor show the status of the mendicancy within. And yet, every sentient creature knows, or ought to know, that “men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things”; that “men may rise from brutal deformity to ideal beauty, from even satanic hideousness and malignity to divine exaltation”; from animality to divinity.

We clear our skies in one part and cloud them in another. We keep our atmosphere full of cyclonic vapors, whirls, and vortices, while all Nature declares that so long as we consort with these things our faces shall be stormy and portentous.

The Japanese study the art of dwarfing plants until sometimes a tree a hundred years old is scarcely larger than your arm. Except in size and

“Every soul
is a book of
judgment,
and Nature,
as a recording
angel,
marks there
every sin.”

Henry
Drummond

“It is
enough for
us to see one
ray of light
to judge the
glory of the
sun.”

Father Ryan

majesty it seems to have all the qualities of other trees; but closer examination shows that the arboreal spirit has been checked and thwarted in its normal work. It reveals the fact that while earth and air and sky have been full of nourishment, and while Nature has offered her bounty and held up the forest giant as a model, her spirit has been choked and restrained, and her building and beautifying forces have been subdued by the poor arts of man.

The dwarfing of men is a more common, as it is also a more horrible, desecration of Nature's laws. This process of shrinking and shriveling goes on till sometimes an old veteran has not the stature of a child in the absolute essentials of character. Babes gray with years! We separate and disjoin our finer attributes when they should all keep company along the journey. We lose the grandeur of life in the littleness of living. Some of our faculties are rushed to death, overworked, consumed with the fires of youth and the enthusiasm of manhood, while others are left to atrophy in the flesh. Common endowments are carried to the dome or perched upon the spire for exhibition, while the divine powers are left to mold and mildew in the cellar.

The well-balanced nature is best for happiness and grace. The balance will never come to you so long as you war against the only laws that can give poise of physical and spiritual being. It will surely come to you in some degree unless these laws are in some way and to some extent contravened. We grow feverish in our haste with the commonest things of life, while the affinities for spiritual companionship drop out of the procession to weep along the highways and hedges. Old Mor-

tality, the itinerant antiquary in Scott's novel, spent his time and energy scraping the moss from the tombs of the Covenanters. Life needs this queer artisan—not for the slabs of marble above the dead, but for the granite shafts of character above the living.

“No matter how discouraging or repulsive a man's exterior, there resides in him a potential god.” What we need is to give this divinity power plenipotentiary over his physical empire. What we need is to give this spiritual envoy extraordinary full possession and dominion in the name of God. “It is ours to restore the body and the spirit to the purity, and the intellect to the grasp they had in Paradise,” and to all of them an approximation of the ideal beauty of Eden. “Ideas of beauty are among the noblest that can be presented to the human mind, invariably exalting according to their degree, and God intended we should be continually under their influence.”

We are coming to understand the laws of life commensurately with our environment and the essential elements of being. The victory of the divine self is in all our evolution. Optimism is the tidal wave sweeping over the sea of humanity. Man is outgrowing the animal—that is, he is growing away from it. The impingement of good thoughts upon the world is making it better, and whatever makes it better makes it more beautiful.

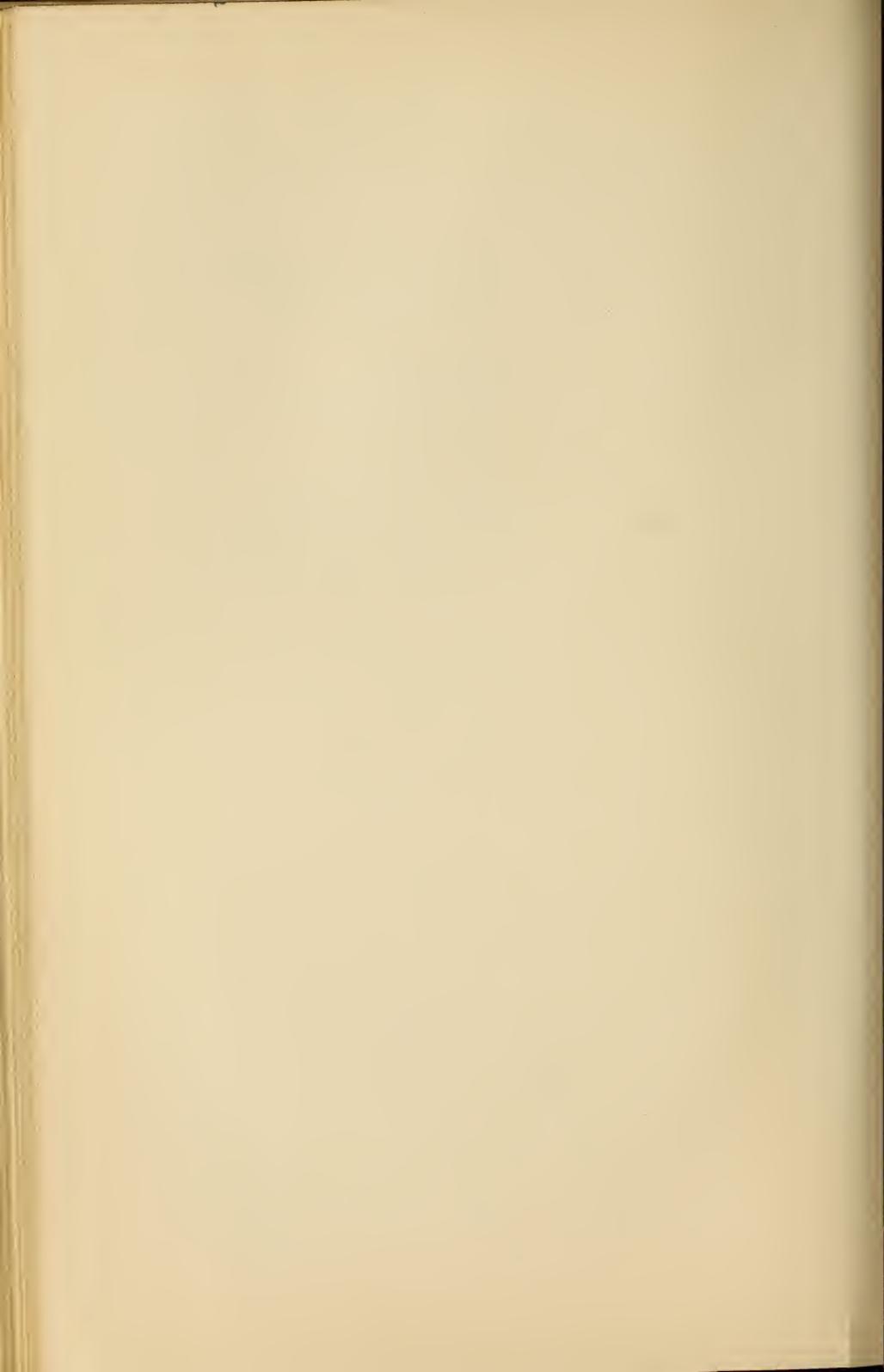
“Your wonder is all without reason ; I am carrying all my treasure with me.”

Bias



CHAPTER XXIV

Spiritual
Estheticism
the Soul's
Crowning Glory



CHAPTER XXIV

SPIRITUAL ESTHETICISM THE SOUL'S CROWNING GLORY

THE contemplation of beauty of any kind generates a species of attraction for loveliness in the life of the contemplator. To the healthy spirit the world abounds in graces. "No object in nature but presents to the rightly thinking mind incalculably more beautiful than deformed parts." The stone beneath our feet is full of crystals waiting to shower back into our eyes the smiles they extract from the sunbeams. The rugged rocks have delights in them. Are they plain and severe in configuration? Their sealed lips hold the graces of the laws of rhythm caught up and crystallized in the molding of a perfect sphere.

The luminous surface of the sun far exceeds the black spots on his disc. Even the dark areas may feed his beams. The universe is full of glory. There are but few shadows. Opacity reflects light, absorbing all it can. All nature, animate and inanimate, has a predominance of well-favored qualities. The person who reads these words has more beautiful elements of character than ugly ones. They may exist in the shadows waiting for the illumination of the ideal. They may be only slumbering potentialities. But they are there, and the eternal laws of awakening are in them. They hold the secrets of unlimited development. Man is inherently good; he is incidentally bad. He is in-

**"What we
love we live
and repre-
sent in face
and body."
Swedenborg**

herently beautiful; he is incidentally ugly. Endowed with intelligence, will, spiritual faculties, and the latent power of growth, he stands in the presence of infinite possibilities. He makes his own limitations.

**“In beauty
that of de-
cent and gra-
cious motion
is more than
that of
favor.”**

*Francis
Bacon*

To the earnest soul looking down the years beyond with faith in what he is and yet may be, life is an ever-widening perspective of grandeur. “Elevation of mind is produced by contemplation of greatness of any kind,” our own greatness modestly and reverently considered exalting every faculty of the soul and every function of the body. “The right ideal is to be reached by the immediate banishment of the signs of sin from the body.”

The faces of the dullard and the philosopher are proofs in the concrete of the constructive power of intelligence here contrasted in the features that body forth the inner degrees of mind-power so faithfully. The wide gulf between the countenances of the saint and the murderer is evidence of the authority of the moral forces over expression. As the faces of these seem utterly uncompanionable, even so is there incompatibility of spirit. Love husbands its own. It needs no interpreter to read its language. There is an affinity in the countenances of the vicious wherever they meet. Their very smiles have the congeniality of crime for crime where the smile of honesty would be a rebuke though given in friendliness.

Everywhere like consorts with like. Old Fagan and his retinue drifted together as so many atoms of matter, the larger force in the stronger personality drawing the others about him as a center. Anarchists somehow feel and recognize one another by some strange attraction which is unknown between them and the law-abiding element. Thieves

gravitate toward thieves. Grades of society are self-regulating. Barnaby Rudge, the half-witted boy, conversing in mimic tones with the raven, was a living demonstration of the search for companionship.

Not only do persons of similar character drift together, but they look alike. Every trade has its physical insignia. Every profession has its physiognomy. Assemble a body of lawyers. No discerning mind would mistake them for doctors. Enter a group of financiers. You could not make the blunder of calling them dreamers. Convene a congress of statesmen. No observer of men would pronounce them musicians. The patriotic stamp is minted in their faces. Snapshot a company of actors. No judgment is so inapt as to class them as inventors. Take a crowd of prize-fighters—or, better, let them pass with the assurance that their expressional counterparts are to be found nowhere else in the biological field. Enough to say that the pugilistic mind makes the pugilistic body.

Nothing is more manifest than the actualization of the character in the body, the silent self going even beyond the physical tenement and entering all the handiwork of men. Referring again to the matchless race of the ages, the whole of Greek life was in the physique and the arts of that people. But the Greeks could not conceive of a spirit in dynamic and kinetic energy fashioning as with a dictator's hands all they were and all they did. "They could do nothing without limbs. Their gods were finite gods, talking, pursuing, journeying." They had ideals without being conscious of them truly. But they missed the spiritual estheticism without which neither life nor art can reach its finest possibilities. It is sophistry to claim that,

**"A man's
whole soul
and character
are seen
in his face."**

*Marcus
Aurelius*

“The long way behind is prophecy of those perfections which are yet to be.”

John
White
Chadwick

because they surpassed all other peoples in their arts and in their bodies they left nothing to be desired. No art that omits the spiritual qualities, the pure moral sensibilities, can satisfy the soul, whether it be in marble, on canvas, in harmony of sweet sounds, or in the silent building of the body.

In the banquet, Diotima said to the old philosopher: “Oh, my dear Socrates, that which can give value to this life is the spectacle of eternal beauty. What would be the destiny of a mortal if he could contemplate the beautiful without alloy, if he could see face to face the divine beauty?” In spirit this is precisely what every one may do. Your ideals ought not to fall below the perfections. Because you do not attain them is no excuse for trampling them underfoot.

The normal body is an echo-gallery of God's thoughts. It ought not to become a cave for bats and owls and serpents. In the construction of a great edifice, in the chiseling of a fine statue, in the painting of a lovely picture, in the composition of an oratorio, in the building of a masterly oration—in all these, art is hampered by technique and conventionality—things without which no art could exist. But in the building of the body there are no such obstacles or restrictions. Under the inexorable law of their union, spirit asserts itself over matter, and matter obeys in form, color, and motion.

If it is true that “every work of art, whether great or small, figured, sung, or uttered, if truly beautiful and sublime, throws the soul into a gentle reverie that elevates it toward the infinite,” surely far stronger than this is the refining influence that comes of contemplating the perfect work of art where the soul, *en rapport* with the sources of its power and in mastery over its physical supports,

has translated its highest moods through visible expression. No matter where you find beauty, or in what that beauty consists, it is an expression of an eternal truth. Genuine grace has always somewhere the charm of infinite loveliness upon it. Nothing of real beauty is material unless it stops with the material. If physical substance were beauty, it would satisfy the esthetic sense if piled up into the most incongruous shapes and aggregated into the most forbidding relations. The dummy has a certain order of graces to commend it to favor. It has form, color, proportion, likeness; and as a dummy it is beautiful. But it lacks animation; it has not the beautifying principle without which it can not pass as anything but a lifeless automaton.

And yet how like this same effigy is the manikin, stunted a hundred years before he was born, and scantily endowed when he came into the world, going up and down the earth orphaned in spirit and in form. The saddest picture in the art gallery of mankind is the face utterly wanting in spiritual illumination, the starved and shriveled soul embossing only indigence in the features. There is no penury like that of the spirit insolvent at the bank of God.

The human heart has an inherent vanity for loveliness, not only in the face fed by its own blood, but in the countenance of whomsoever may share its affections or in whatsoever may receive its admiration. But in neither case does mere physical fairness satisfy. "The emotions produced by true beauty turn the soul from this world." The senses carry us but a short way. With leaden gravitations they drop back to the earth. "There is in the soul an infinite power of feeling and loving to which the entire world does not answer."

**"Better fifty
years of
Europe than
a cycle of
Cathay."**
Tennyson

“The beautiful is an absolute principle—the essence of beings.”

*François
Delsarte*

The depths of life can not be reached with a pole. Spiritual illumination is the only thing that can satisfy the soul of a normal being, either in his own face or in that of any other that holds his confidence or wins his love. There is no vandalism so terrible as that which wantonly destroys loveliness of person or of spirit. “Beauty in the absolute, like truth, belongs to none of us. We can not dispose of it arbitrarily.” Soul-values are our eternal possessions, but both souls and values are God’s; here is the final repose of all idealities.

The ability to see this Archetypal Model in everything, and the capacity to apprehend and enjoy something of His transcendent loveliness vouchsafe divine graces to the countenance. “The mind is too sensible of its own birthright not to delight above all things in escaping the limitations of the senses.”

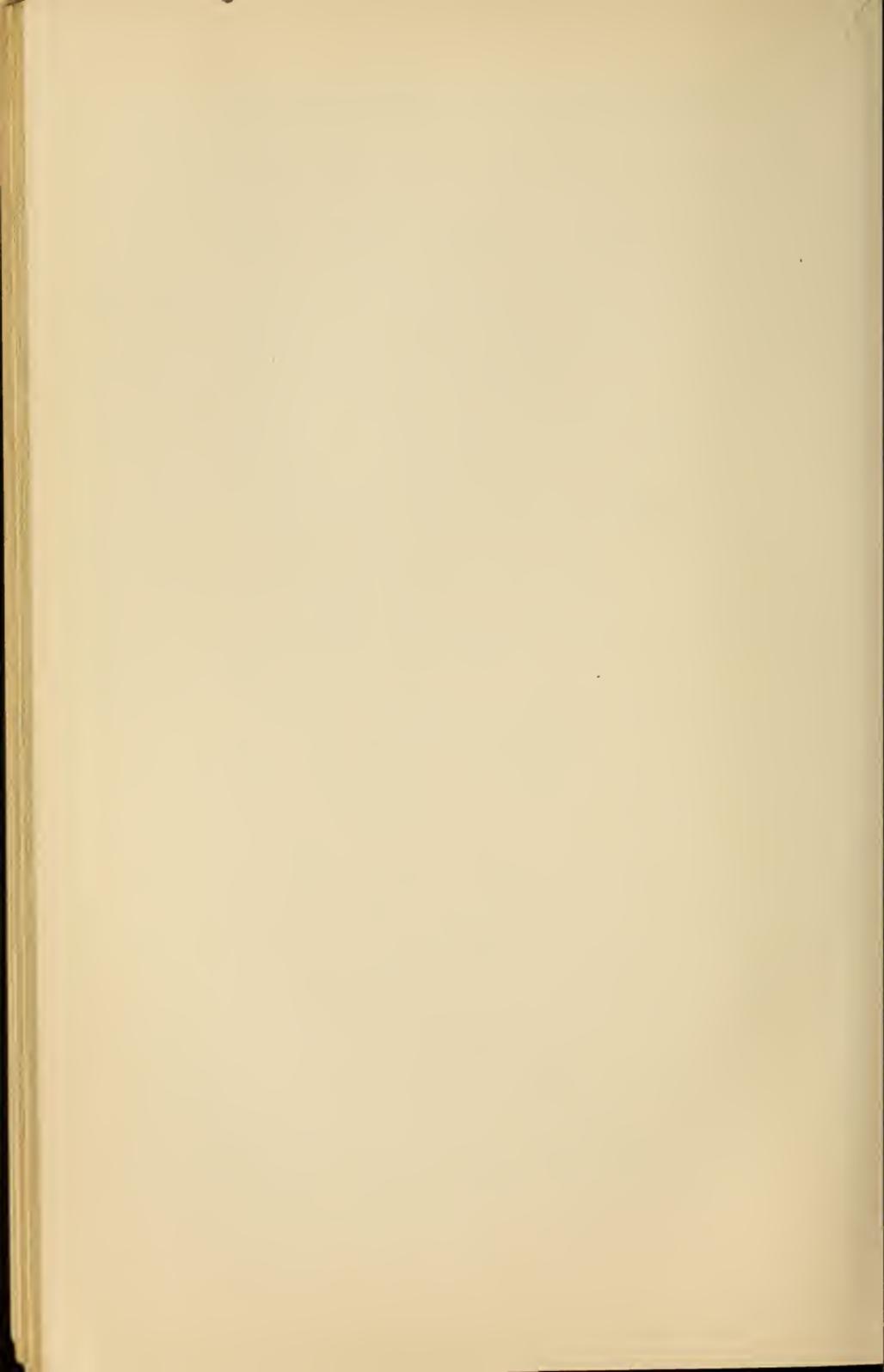
The highest beauty of the material world always appeals to something beyond itself. All beauty of the spiritual world rests only in the absolute indefectibility of the beauty of God. Taste, smell, and touch are allied more to the body; sight and hearing more to the service of the soul; but all these avenues are physical, and they cannot be depended upon to convey impressions of absolute truth. Ideas suggested by them are always subject to error and distortion, while the sublimest realizations of beauty enter consciousness through the spiritual faculties. All the senses are relative, variable, treacherous, and all beauty received through them must follow the law of their fickleness and vary with their aberrations. Absolute beauty is perceived with the spirit’s eye, and with the same unerring comprehension is it diffused through the body, the absolute

thus securing a relative expression of itself in the physical.

The beauty of Rubens, when he decorates a female figure with gaudy colors, is coarse and vulgar. The beauty of Raphael is everywhere chaste, ideal, unaffected by display or by sensuous elements. The distinction shows that while both are artists, great and deserving, the one sometimes descends to a very ordinary level, while the other lives perpetually in the ethereal atmosphere of art. The face of Rubens bears the stigmata of occasional coarseness; that of Raphael the insignia of pure art. Spirit has made the artists as the artists have made their handiwork.

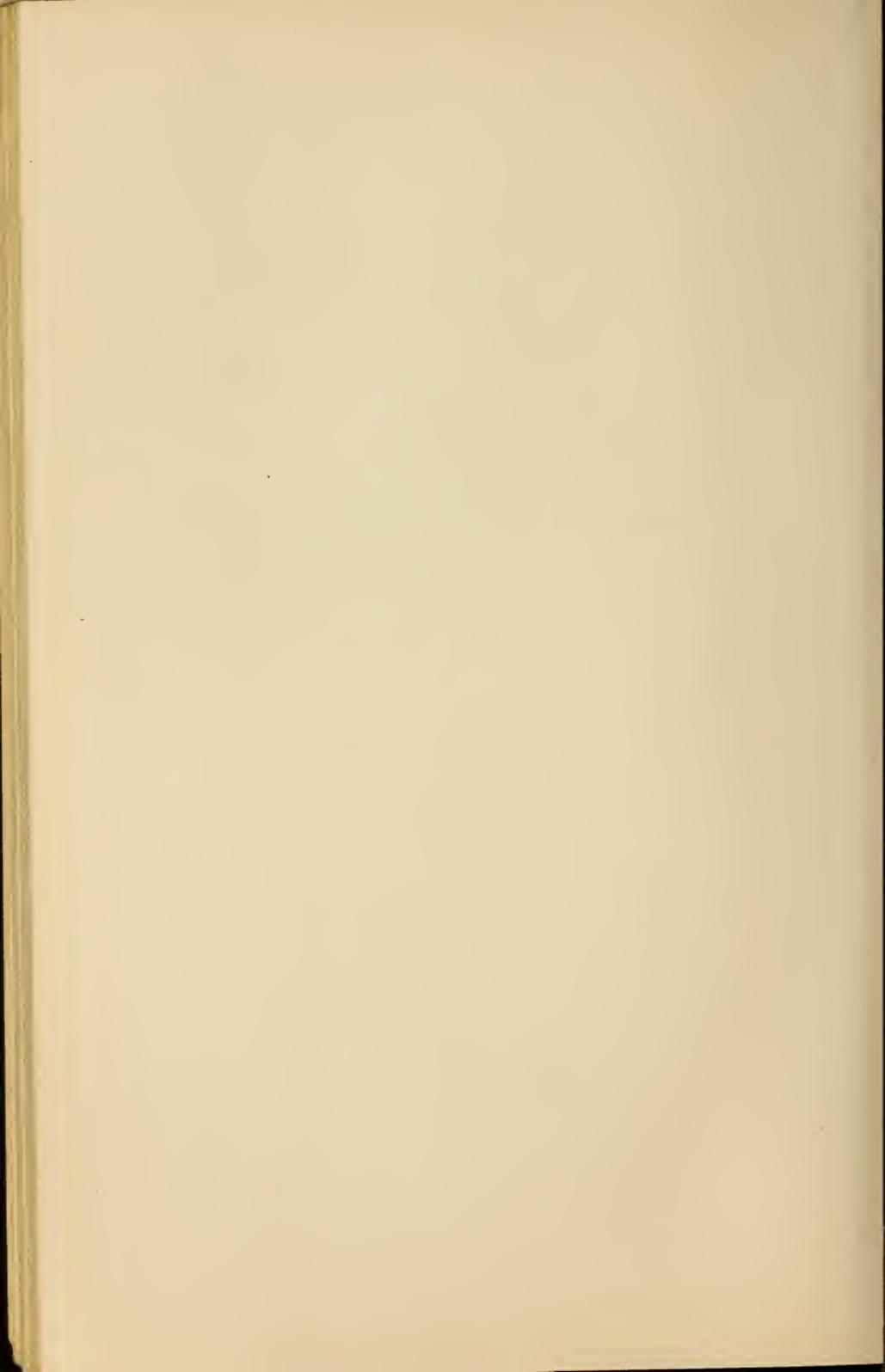
**“If love
move you,
then the
Spirit is
upon you,
and the
earth is
yours.”**

*Ruskin to
Art Students*



CHAPTER XXV

The Finest Bloom
of Youth
the Elixir of
Immortality



CHAPTER XXV

THE FINEST BLOOM OF YOUTH THE ELIXIR OF IMMORTALITY

“BEAUTY is not skin-deep”—the kind you buy at the apothecary’s. Belladonna may make the eyes lustrous temporarily, but a lofty spirit is a better dilater of the pupils. Lacquer and enamel may make a piece of wood passingly pretty, but on the human face cosmetics constitute an apology—a begging of the question.

You can not with a painter’s brush give back to the faded daisy its purple and its blue. It must grow and absorb from within. Run along your flower-beds and ask the modest little faces there how they came to be what they are, and to you who listen well they will answer:

“When the sky was made in the first great days,
And they fitted the corners so true,
There were bits and tags and snips and rags
In the cutting that just fell through.
They were fresh from heaven and dainty bright,
And, oh, but the bits were blue;
So they just took root in the earth that night,
And ’twas thus that the violets grew.”

Human skill is great in the art of imitating Nature, especially when faces are to be manufactured of pomade and powder, rouge and carmine. And yet when finished, when artistically built up, they are but paste jewels, where ruby and emerald, diamond and sapphire, are the real gems. They are

“The love of
beauty is a
part of all
healthy hu-
man nature.”

*John
Ruskin*

only masks with the soul smothered underneath. They are but common wood stained into forgery of the real grain of the real timber.

One of our senators was approached by a lady admirer who asked:

"Where in the world did you get your complexion?" To which he replied:

"Where in the city did you get yours?"

And this reminds us that the greatest beautifier is not pink pills nor arsenic tablets, jelly pastes nor cucumber extracts, freckle lotions nor wrinkle eradicators. The best tonic is a pure heart. The best shoulder-brace in all the world is self-respect. The best cosmetic on earth is a noble life-purpose. The finest bloom of youth extant is the elixir of immortality with which every soul is dowered.

Regarded only in its capacity to eat and drink, sleep and wanton, the body becomes a hovel of filth and uncleanness. Regarded as a temple where all defilements are banished and all holiness abides, it becomes a shrine, with God and His angels sitting and communing in the sacred presence. The body as a mass of matter has little significance. It is a mere incident of being. It cannot assume the majesty of master without loss to its own utilities and abasement of the inner life.

No human being can be beautiful while he robs his heart to feed his muscle, or saps his soul to strengthen his sinews. Not mind, nor soul, nor body can become ugly so long as spirit is in absolute dominion and life is in harmony with the inexorable laws of being. All outer graces come from allowing the soul to rise into realms of goodness and truth, and by practising those exercises which, directly and reflexively, invite the most beneficent influences.

"No man or woman possessing the high attainment of facial flexibility can be called either plain or ugly."

*Edmund
Shaftesbury*

“No man would live in a shoddy house if he could get a better one.” This is precisely what every intelligent creature may have—a better one. The prerogative to claim a beautiful body is the heritage of every beautiful soul. But human life is full of buried talents. The coin the Master gave is so often wrapped in a napkin and laid away, while the soul is bankrupt for need of interest on its values. Whoever uses the investment which God made in his creation must realize a rare income on his estate.

Whatever you are drawn to you find yourself in. It is the echo of some desire; the outer correspondence of your inner sense; the picture of some part of your soul; and if we search for its counterpart it may be found. Whenever you applaud, you approve something in your own character. If you examine carefully, you may discover its reproduction in some delicate shade of expression in your face. Every sound of discord or harmony that grates upon your ear or pleases your sense of beauty evidences your inner life somewhere. Not only so, but it demonstrates your growth in some particular direction.

While the senses are all exceedingly fallible, yet they are in such constant activity bearing their multitudinous impressions toward consciousness that they become responsible for much of what we are. While the eye sweeps over a wider field as to length and breadth, height and depth, yet the ear not only has its own world of sound, with dimensions far greater than we are disposed to believe, but it is the most exacting and critical of all the senses, and its messages to the inner life are correspondingly varied and delicate.

Usually the eye generalizes; usually the ear spe-

“People always discouraged and depressed do not succeed in anything but in being gloomy.”

Ralph
Waldo
Emerson

“To feel
beauty is
better than
to under-
stand how
you came to
feel it.”

Santayana

cializes. Specialization always makes deeper impressions upon consciousness. Sleeping life-forces may be awakened and active life-forces may be quickened by every sound or combination of sounds that falls upon the ear. The snarl of a dog may arouse, through suggestion, association and imitation, the cynicism of the lower nature. A symphony of Beethoven may start within you those marvelous concerts of the soul that give you some of your dreams of the better world.

“For the expression of noble sentiments one must feel noble sentiments.” The capacity in some degree is always present. “To each grand function of body corresponds a spiritual act. To each spiritual function corresponds a function of body.” The universal love of beauty is one of the surest evidences of our kinship with divine perfections. Every work of art is monumental testimony of this sense. The love of loveliness is the unfathomed yearning of the soul for its normal harmonies, its normal manifestations. “It is the search for the eternal type.” “Exterior gesture is a reverberation of internal gesture.” Every movement of body, every display of facial enlightenment, has its antecedent corresponding movement and form in spirit life.

So true is it that beauty means goodness and ugliness means badness, that a really pretty face or an ugly one is a proof and a test of character. “Pretty,” however, is not the word; certainly not in its ordinary acceptance. It carries with it a surface meaning which lacks the dignity of conveying the idea of genuine beauty. We have spoken of the senses. Merely pretty objects impress us rather through them than through spiritual faculties. Their action is modified by environment.

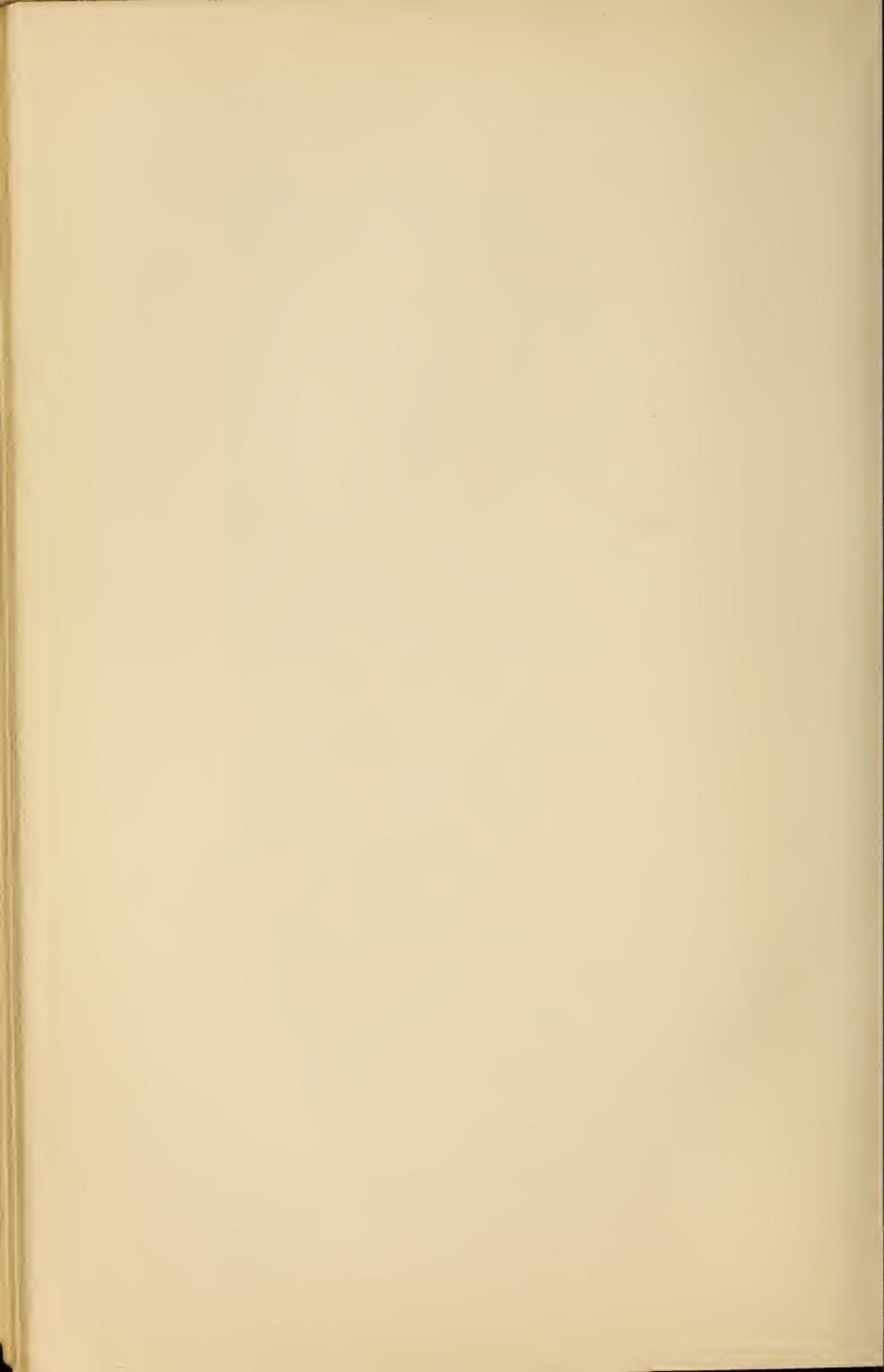
Hence their impressions are not absolute. But environment does not make your body or its manifestations of life; it is only the opportunity of spirit for making use of sense-perceptions in building texture, form, and expression.

Whatever you like through the senses stamps its approving forms all over the body. Whatever you dislike through the senses finds its expression of disapproval all over the body. A smile of approbation upon a wicked thing can not eventually add to loveliness of countenance. A frown of condemnation upon a wicked thing cannot be altogether ugly nor creative of ugliness in the long run. Frowns have their places; smiles have their misfits. Either, according to its application and soul-setting, may be constructive or destructive of beauty. The effect may not be apparent, just as a gentle flow of electricity is not apparent, but the charge comes by and by.

While every environment and part of environment in all the universe enter into your make-up, these things need not be your masters. They are meant to serve you, soul and body, through the body administering to the soul, the expression of the latter through the former being the inevitable consequence. Environment is the master of small minds. Whatever your surroundings, you may convert to the uses of strength and beauty the sunshine and the shadow, the air and the sky, the soil and the rain. In proper relations to the material universe, all that is may become subservient to the dignities of life and character. All dignity of life and character exalts the mortal with the immortal.

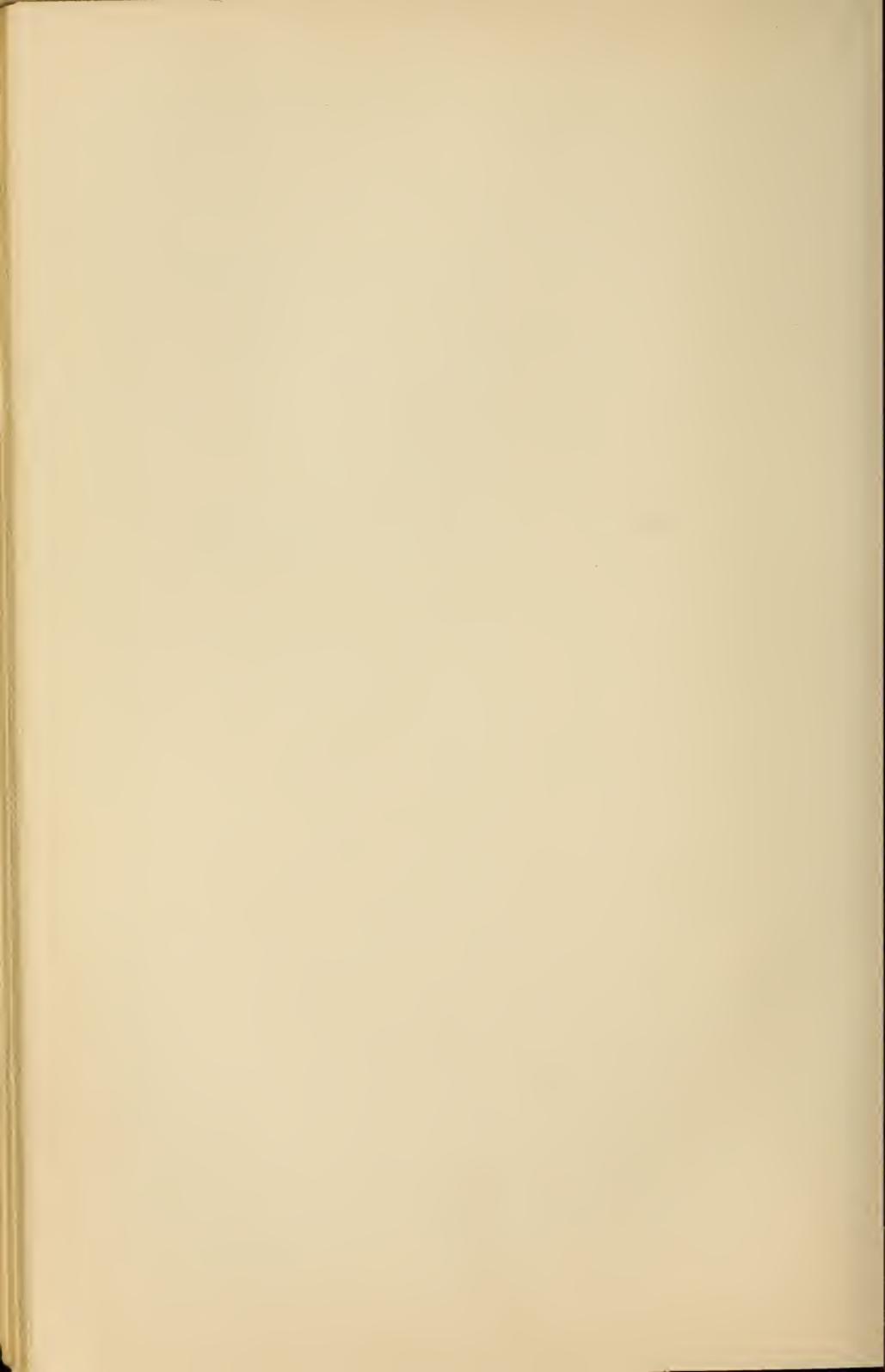
“The face is not the expression of scientific thought or logical mental processes so much as of pure intuition.”

Steele
Mackaye



CHAPTER XXVI

The Ideal,
the Moral,
the Plastic



CHAPTER XXVI

THE IDEAL, THE MORAL, THE PLASTIC

FOR forty years Julius Cæsar practised in his own body the Greek physical culture and he could endure more than any man in his legions. But it was the Greek system without the Greek spirit. Blood and conquest were in every thought behind the physical régime. It was the preliminary drill for slaughter. It was not the culture of love but of dominion. It was not the dominion of liberty but of oppression. His spirit was animalized while his body should have been spiritualized. It exalted Roman eagles rather than Roman virtues.

In an emergency the warrior and the pugilist will think of the biceps before they will consider the moral aspects of the action called for. This subordinates the higher nature to the lower. Food and drink, exercise and sunshine, may develop a muscle, but thought must control it and the soul-faculties must spiritualize it before it can have its greatest beauty or its enduring qualities. The pugilist and the gymnast are usually short-lived. "The quality of the thought in your mind sends a corresponding vibration over the nerves, which in turn registers a healthful or an injurious effect upon the body," and "every alteration in a man's style of being tends to express itself in every fiber, fluid, and movement." The change must be genuine in spirit to be genuine in its outer expression. No emphasis or repetition can accentuate too strongly the doc-

“Expression is feature in the process of making. With use and repetition the passing expression becomes permanent.”
D. H. Jacques

trine that artificiality within can not establish true external forms. Spurious designs at heart go to the front in lip and cheek and eye. Invisible perjury evolves visible mendacity.

“All mind
and no
matter is
better than
all matter
and no
mind.”

Rev. J. W. Lee

According to Gautier, “The law of formation is, that development of any part of the body is in direct proportion to the vital currents brought to bear upon it.” “Any change of life or habits changes correspondingly the vital currents, and, while all the marks remain that distinguish us as a race, individual peculiarities may be greatly changed and even effaced.” If mere food and exercise would develop beauty without any attention to the mental and moral qualities that operate invisibly upon the body, the prize-fighter would be the paragon of loveliness. He has special food, special exercise. What is the product of this particular sustenance and this esoteric training? Brutal jaw; ferocious eye; taurean neck; sensual lips; knotted muscles; the whole being animalized and all its expression on the plane of muscle. Go back of these and scrutinize his thoughts. They have been combative, belligerent, aggressive, heartless, animal, graceless like his body. He thinks out in straight lines—the lines of brutality and hate. His facial topography, stony, craggy, barren, is in keeping with it all. There is not a single noble purpose behind the whole régime, and therefore scarcely a single expression of nobility in the countenance.

Take a cultured man with a temperament easily yielding to environment and human amity. Give him the companionship of coarse people, subject him to thankless toil where the air is filled with foul moral odors, with poor physical and mental diet, hopelessly dooming him to these influences;

the front of his brain will contract, the base of his brain will expand, the lower features will broaden and thicken, the eyes will grow dull and misanthropic, the mouth will become coarser, the muscles denser and more animal, and his face will come to be far less expressive of his original culture. "The face reports rapidly and with terrible fidelity the progress of any struggle between good and evil." Indeed, "a man's bone and muscle come to be as his thought, and the very ligaments that vibrate to form his voice take their quality and tone from the sentiments that rule his heart."

On the other hand, take a man whose life has been spent in the lowest orders of society; surround him with influences for the cultivation of the esthetic virtues; bring to bear all possible stimuli for the exercise of the affectional nature; the hardened look will gradually disappear before the dominating springs of action. "The savage will be a savage no matter what company he keeps," if he wants to be. Certainly he will be unless he is trained to grow away from his savagery through his own redeeming qualities of character, no matter what the civilizing forces may be from without.

The capacity for evolution is inherent in the wild son of the forest. It is said that, no matter how foul the waters may become, a river will purify itself in a ten-mile flow. So of the stream of life. However filthy it may be, if left alone to work its way with all the divine attributes, uncontaminated further by sewer and cesspool, it will purge itself in its flow toward the ocean of love.

In the Vedas, the sacred books of the Hindus, it is said that there is a passage the repetition of which will purify the soul. This heathen fiction is but a concrete formulation of one of the tenets of

"Every thought-picture that is formed in the mind is accurately registered in the corresponding part of man's body."

Leander Edmund Whipple

the Christian faith that man is essentially and eternally the image of God. "Form is the garb of substance," but in the human body form is animated by intelligence and illumined by divinity. Thought may not change a blue eye into a gray, nor a pug nose into one of Grecian contour; but it can give to both a refined expression in the charm of which ill-favored irregularities are lost or forgotten. Besides, a nose is not ugly for being turned up or turned down, nor yet for being straight or crooked. Eyes have neither acquired nor forfeited their witchery for being blue or gray, black or brown. The love-lit flames that twinkle in them, the bright intelligences that shine out of their depths, the dear companionships that rest below the retina—these things give charm to the eyes regardless of their color.

Woman is not lovely because of her face and form only—not for any or all of the bodily graces except as they are manifestations of the priceless treasures with which God has enriched female character. If man could come to love more the invisible spirit of truth, gentleness, modesty, patience, sweetness, in woman's character, instead of painted cheeks and crinkled locks, costly finger-rings and fancy laces, woman would cultivate more and more the spiritual qualities that distinguish her as the divinest creation of God.

Beauty comprises three essentials: The ideal, the moral, the plastic. These answer to the deific attributes of wisdom, love and power. "Beauty is the robe of divinity and the privilege of angels." It is also the franchise of humanity. The statue is beauty of form. The painting is beauty of color. The overture is beauty of sounds. To all these man adds the indescribable charm of life, the puis-

"Esthetic education is training to see and express the maximum of beauty."

Santayana

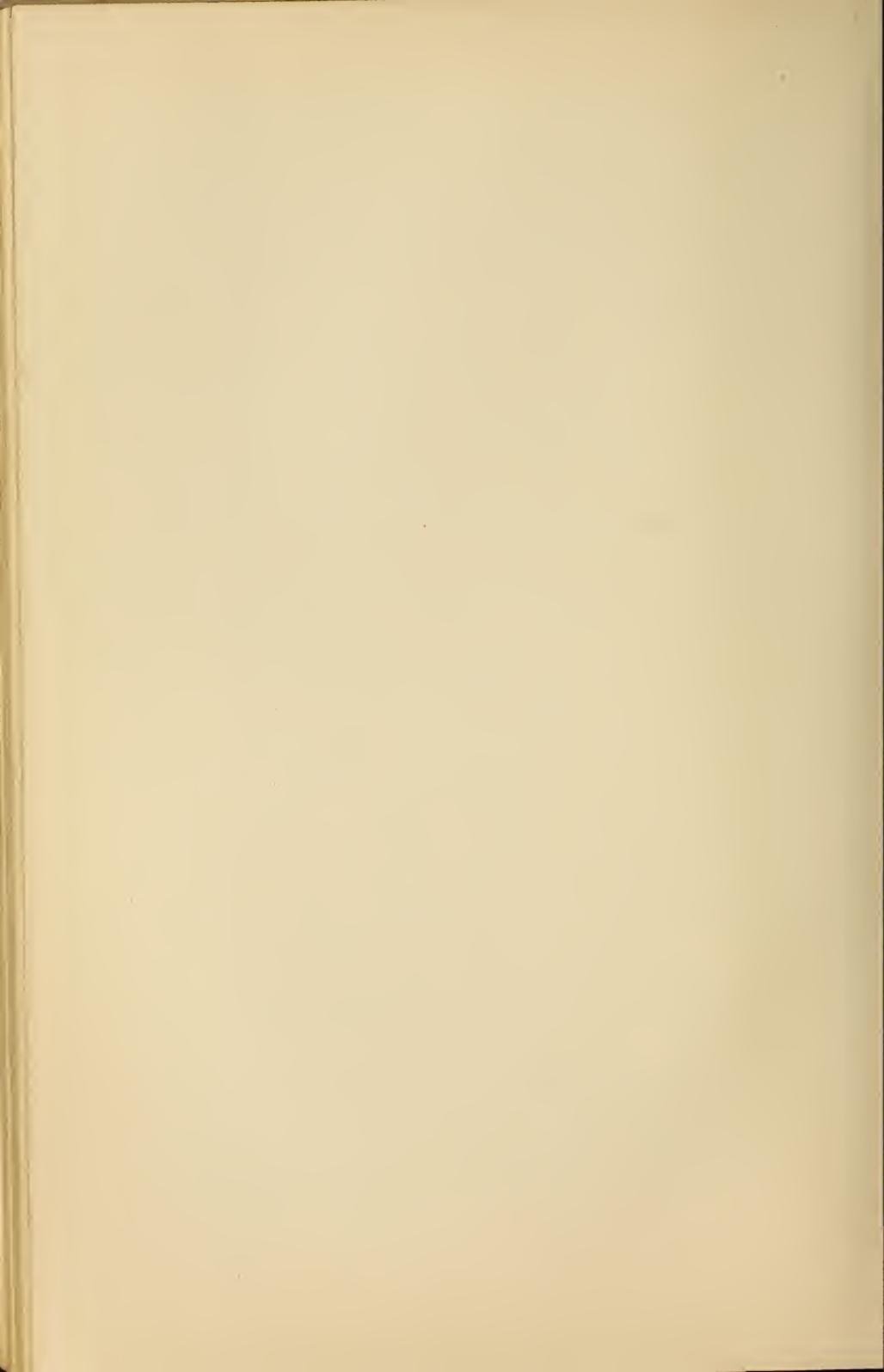
sance of personality, the rhythm and poetry of motion. Whoever realizes even approximately the grandeur of life and lives up to the measure of his conceptions, can not be anything but grand in physical embodiment. No man can live as did Gladstone or Phillips Brooks and have a repulsive countenance. No man can spend his years as did George Washington without a broad philanthropy of feature. No man could dwell for half a century in Thespian society, as did the elder Booth, where the real actor is the veritable character, where great and graceful emotions unceasingly pervade mind, soul, and body, without extraordinary sensitiveness of nerve, flexibility of tissue, and a high degree of facial exaltation. No man could experience the overwhelming spiritual revolution wrought in the life of St. Paul, confirmed by all his subsequent zeal and devotion, without the most radical chemical changes in the fluids of the body and a corresponding transmutation of features.

The countenance is the crypt language of the soul, the echo of the truths of spirit, the child visible of the invisible mother-principle. Amphion built Thebes, the legend says, with the music of his lute, the stones leaping into their places in architectural order from the impelling harmony of sweet sounds. Greater than Thebes is the architecture of the Temple Beautiful which you are. Sweeter than lute-note is the ineffable rhapsody of spirit drawing the superstructure of being into physical proportions.

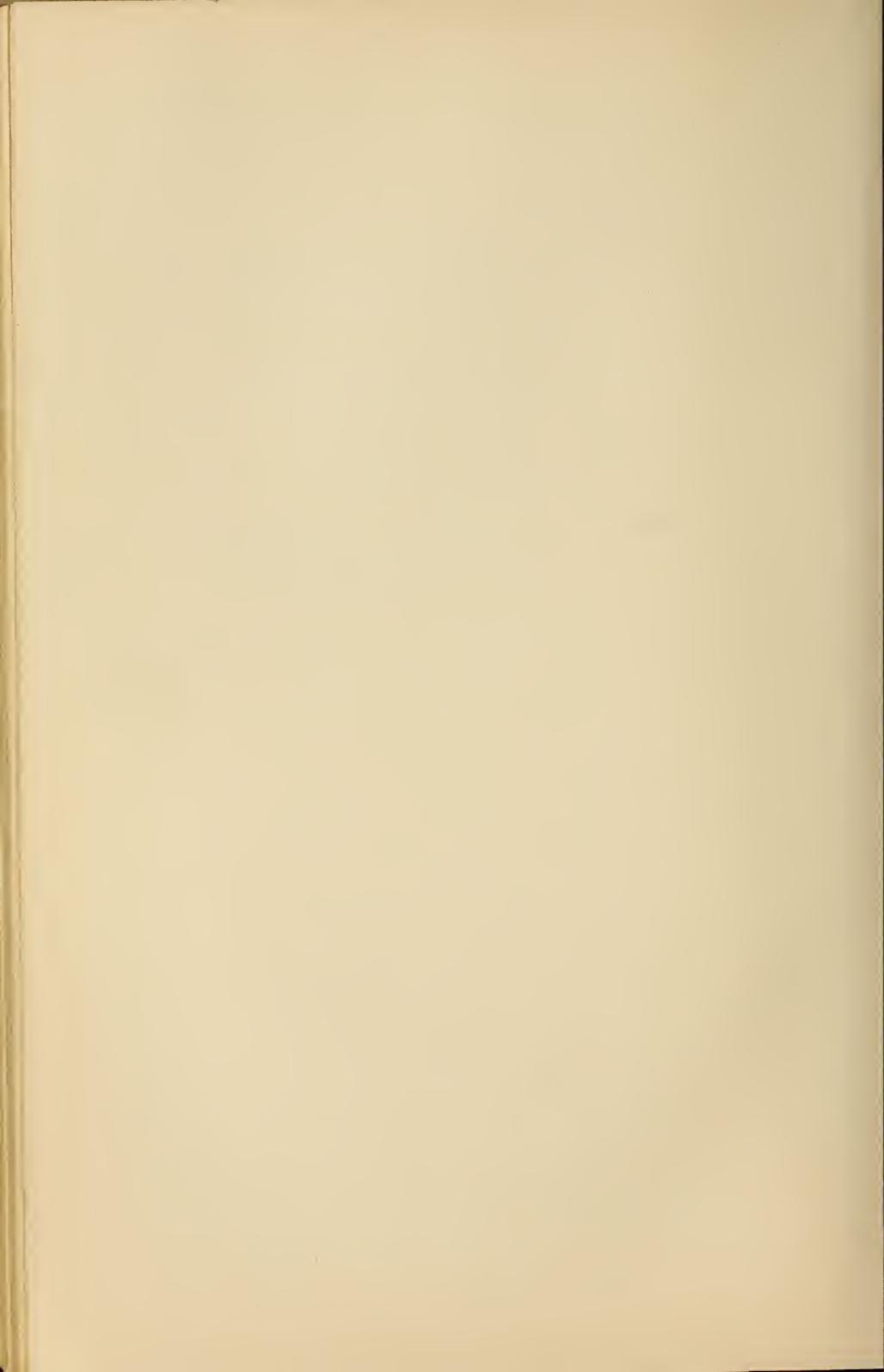
“Science gives bread; art gives ideals. Science ministers to the body; art to the spirit.” Life is the one thing that embraces all science and illustrates all art.

“The finer
may always
be found in
the coarser,
but perpet-
ual pure
thought
gives pure
ideals.”

*Leander Ed-
mund Whipple*



CHAPTER XXVII
The Triumph of
Cosmic Force
Over Organic
Force



CHAPTER XXVII

THE TRIUMPH OF COSMIC FORCE OVER ORGANIC FORCE

"THE face is the title-page of the soul. It tells the contents of the volume." Here men may read strange matters. It may not tell precisely what is written on the margin, but it indicates the style, the diction, the rhetoric, the subject-matter. Habitual mental states crowd out every passing mood and become the dictators of expression. An ugly face animated by a pure heart, sublimated by a chaste spirit, exalted by noble purposes, can not remain uninviting. Ungainly muscular development and movement are the belongings of savagery. They are the survival of animal predominance, the insistence of physical supremacy.

Weeds will grow in any garden that is untended. They come on the winds and in the rain. Gracelessness is the sure inheritance of a neglected body, which always stands for a neglected mind. Activity is the shibboleth of development. Give daily attention to your body, from corn to coiffure. Give daily attention to your soul, from the lowest impulses that rise and surge through consciousness to the visions, almost seraphic, that make immortality a present realization, the union with the Father a conscious joy, and open to view the bright-glinting prophecies of a thousand years hence.

"Upon the features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work." Expressional

"Were the roadways between souls open avenues, there would be no protection to the personality."

*Moses True
Brown*

“We try to rest in instruments and media below which we ought to discover ideal beauty.”

J. T. Jacob

qualities do not float about on the surface as lint blown by the wind. They are not merely external accretions. All the sources of beauty lie deep in the soul. It is wise, therefore, to keep the body engaged in something commensurate with spiritual dignity. There is a certain firmness of lip and harmony of feature after duty performed; a certain rhythm of motion after soul culture; a certain ennobled appearing after pure thinking; a certain spiritualized seeming after worship. Inertia of spirit invariably leaves the muscles vapid and empty of expressional force.

One ought to carry in his vest-pocket a photograph of his soul. He ought to look at it often, and from it often turn to the original. It is interesting for a finely endowed creature to walk out of his ordinary life, turn about and look at himself awhile. It is profitable to “see oursel’s as ithers see us,” though “ithers” are oftener wrong than right in their judgments of us. But it makes us introspective to ourselves and charitable to others; and every time we hold a really noble thought of another, or entertain a generous purpose with reference to him, “a line of sweetness comes into the face, and, with frequent repetition, is engraved there.”

“The body holds its form and substance and countenance from the soul. It is held out of and separate from the general mass of matter by the soul. When let loose by the soul, it disappears in the organism. There is a triumph of cosmic force over organic force.” Herbert Spencer speaks of the eternal energy whence all things proceed and by which all organisms are constructed. But difference in technology or nomenclature does not change the principle. Swedenborg declares that “the hu-

man body with all its parts and functions is elaborated from the soul, and therefore corresponds to it in every particular of structure, form, and use." All bodily motion is an escape of psychic energy at once transformed into growth and grace, if it is natural in the highest sense. Different kinds of form and motion result from different qualities of dynamic stimuli within. All invisible forms that become known at all are made manifest through terms of matter—sound, form, color, motion. In the cultivation of intrinsic values, in the welcome we give to the ethereal whisperings of spirit, in the vindication of truth, love, virtue, honor made in our judgments, in the affection we cherish for country, home, liberty, humanity, God—in the exercise of all majestic inner qualities, the agents of expression move in harmony and toward the ideal.

In the Arabian Nights there is a magnetic mountain that draws the nails out of approaching ships, so that the vessels fall to pieces without ever reaching the shore. There are in life gigantic uplifts of lodestone attracting the nails from bow and beam and rudder in every human craft; but the lodestone is earthy, and pulls only earthward. There are also whole systems of mountains as high as heaven drawing from earth and air and sky and from the spirit world the elements of grand living, reposing their forces in soul and body, attracting every bark into the anchorage. No vessel need have its sails torn, or its masts broken, or its hull leaking, or its flukes dislodged.

Off the coast of Norway, the old Norse sailors say, are fifty maelstroms roaring, whirling, boiling, seething, engulfing all that comes into their vicinity. Along the shores of being are half a hundred vortices—gusts of desire pelting the seaman's face

"Nature in man is far stronger than man in nature. Hence the first notion of volition is toward the body."

Dr. A. A.
Lipscomb

“And I
smiled to
think God’s
greatness
flowed
around our
incomplete-
ness, ’round
our restless-
ness His
rest.”

Mrs.
Browning

with their sands; swirls of rage swallowing up the virtues whose white sails appear; abysses of passion dashing the salt spray into the eyes of manhood; billows of cruelty rolling over the charities; labyrinths of defilement engorging soul and body. But there are life-boats, and light-houses, and life-saving stations. They are in the essential, intrinsic endowments of spirit endued with power to stand the storm and deliver the souls of men.

Upon the shore are Sinon and the Wooden Horse, but your citadel is a nobler structure than that of Troy. The harpies do not everywhere defile your tables. The oracles are doubtful or double only to those who listen doubtfully or doubly. Wind and weather are always propitious to the character craft. The earnest soul is self-propelling. Despite the maelstrom, it rides through the swirl in safety. Like the sailor of the Indian Ocean, it catches from afar the odors of the sandal-wood and knows that the islands of sweet spices lie in its path.

“It is everywhere the internal life that determines the external form of things. The soul shapes the body, and not the body the soul.” “The soul, modified in its manifestations and subject to constant impression from various objects by which it is surrounded, builds up the body and changes it at will to conform to its own changing character and wants. Concentration of thought upon any part of the body increases the temperature and the flow of blood to that part.”

It is the testimony of Dr. John Hunter, the world-renowned surgeon, and of the eminent Johann Mueller, that any state may be induced in any part of the body by constant intention. They hold to the doctrine that bad thoughts are the generators

of toxic elements in the fluids of the body. Surely your expression is a crystallization of your thoughts. Whenever those passions that war with purity begin to stir in the life, the face at once descends to a level with them. It is inevitable that man's spiritual nature should minister to his physical life—should impress itself upon and express itself through the physical supports.

It was the teaching of the Master that bodily existence can not be maintained by material nourishment alone, but that spiritual pabulum must give it the finest proportions and the most healthful functions. "Go and sin no more" carries with it not only the cure of disease but the banishment of deformity. The subordination of man's spirit to the Archetypal Spirit is the all-embracing prerequisite to refined expression. The surrender of the divine mind to Satanic obsession will misshape the manliest form in all the world and despoil the saintliest face among men. Those possessed of devils in the olden time were not beautiful. There was too much commotion within to have peaceful expression without. Their faces were immediately and permanently modified for grace and harmony when the evil spirits had been cast out of them. The restoration of internal equipoise left the soul to make its own plastiques in face and form.

Mary Magdalene, her heart cast down with sorrow unappeasable, her face wrung with grief, was more beautiful when looking through tears into the tomb of the Master than when, with soul in agony and body in torture and eyes pleading, she called upon her Lord to eject the demons that possessed her. Before his conversion, St. Paul's face had the aggressiveness of cruelty; afterward, the aggressiveness of love. The look of Judas was hard,

"Hearts
that are
great beat
never loud;
they muffle
their music
as they
come."

*Father
Ryan*

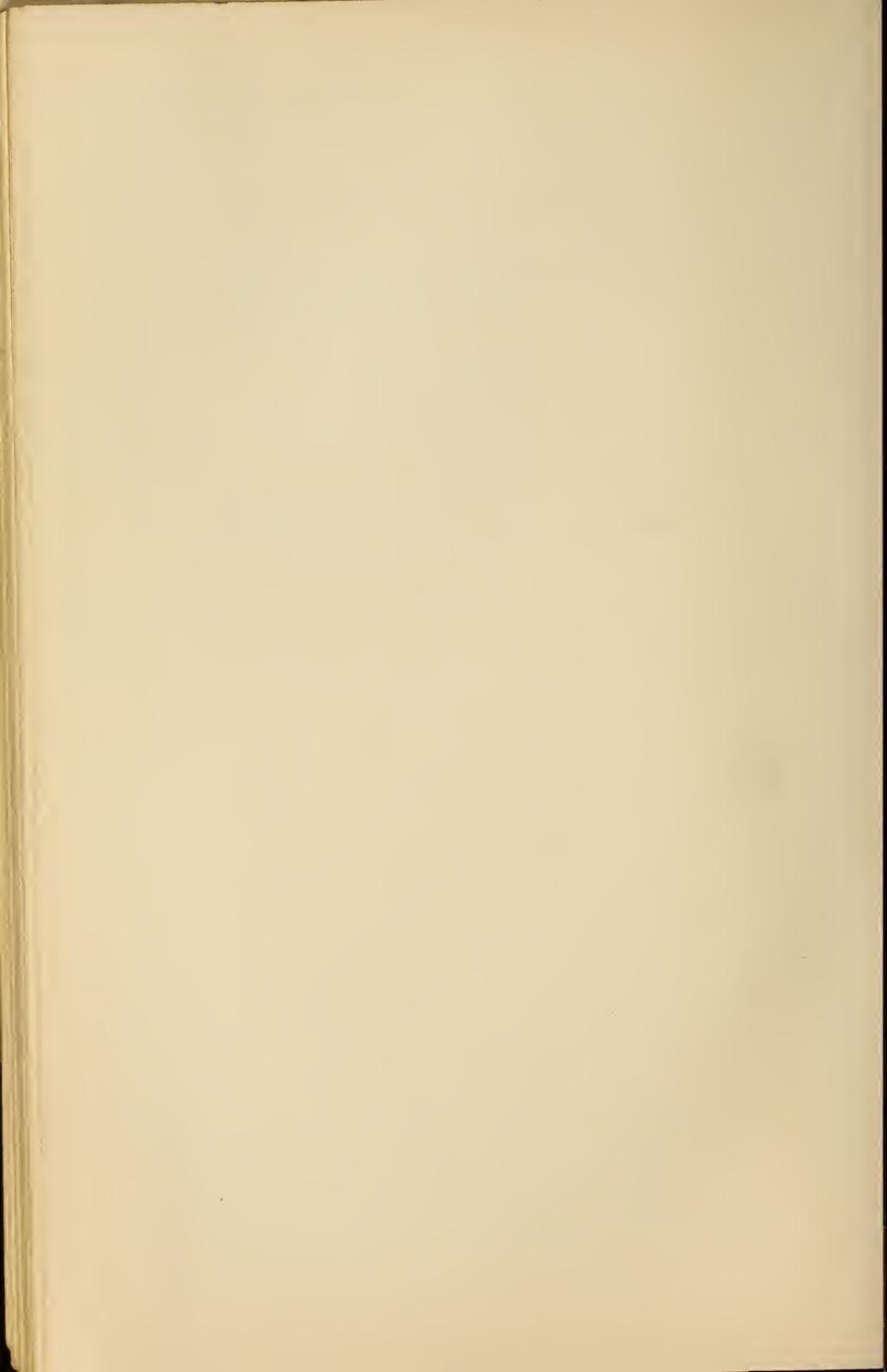
commercial, hypocritical—the soul's picture of the man. The face of St. Peter was bold, rugged, impulsive, like his inner life. The countenance of St. John was calm, peaceful, affectionate, trustful, saintly—the sponsor of his loving heart.

“Beauty is
God's hand-
writing—a
wayside
sacrament.”

John Milton

CHAPTER XXVIII

Man a Great
Spiritual Spend-
thrift



CHAPTER XXVIII

MAN A GREAT SPIRITUAL SPENDTHRIFT

Is life worth living? Schopenhauer says "no." But God has looked upon life and pronounced it good, and I would rather have His judgment than Schopenhauer's. It is a miserable conception of the high purposes of being, a slander upon the intrinsic value of the soul, and blasphemy against the Creator to say that life is not worth living. No such question can emanate except from sordid mind and abnormal soul. It may not be worth the while to live as some people do live, but it is the kind of living and not the life that is to be condemned.

There is no millstone about the neck of manhood or womanhood dragging it continuously and hopelessly down. Spiritual forces are undergirt with infinity. When the eaglet begins to fly, the mother-bird coaxes it from the crag and then spreads her own broad tips beneath the untried wings. Whenever the spirit of man would rise, it does not beat the air alone. The soul has never been shorn of its power, nor has access to the oracles of God ever been forbidden. We may disparage present conditions but never present possibilities. As there is no tree so dead but the woodbine and the ivy will cling to it and relieve it of its bleakness, so there is no old human hulk of a body but the soul may twine about it the love-vine and the climbing rose. Not only so, but there is no physical wreck which may not be set in better order by the soul's concord within it.

**"No
esthetic
value is
founded
on the
expression
or sugges-
tion of evil."
Santayana**

“ Science shows that the soul does not dwell in one part of the nervous system alone. Every ganglion is a center of soul life.”

Dr. Paul Carus

Man is a great spiritual spendthrift. So richly endowed is he, indeed, that he grows careless of the conservation of his divine energies. And yet there are miserable estimates upon him everywhere—everywhere outside of heaven and hell; these places hold him at high levy. One of the most disparaging computations of a man's value is to appraise him at so many pounds sterling—to assess his worth at \$600 a year! \$1,000! \$5,000! \$50,000!—propositions made and accepted every day, and that, too, with the financial idea absorbing and dominating every other consideration. The features learn almost to jingle with the sound of coin instead of moving with the rhythm of inner sympathies and supernal graces.

It is still more calamitous to a man's face for him to feel that his wealth in government bonds, railroad stocks, lands, or money is his greatest possession. It is an appalling condition for one to be in if he can rest all his mental operations on the small disc of a dollar. There can be no greater disaster to the human face than for its owner to have more gold than character. One can live with money and love money and its equivalents till he will grow callous to all the world, till his sympathies and affections are coated over with gold foil.

Wet a strip of blotting paper in a solution of ammoniacal silver nitrate and place it anywhere in the vicinity of a bowl of mercury. Within a short time the vapor of mercury will deposit itself on the paper so as to be readily detected. Somehow the character of man, if he stays too long in touch with gold, draws the yellow metal into his very composition, becoming miserly in his affections and his exterior expression. Not only so, but human life seems to have with many forms of evil certain affin-

ities without contact or immediate association, so that the invisible effluvia from their presence settles upon the heart.

There are few influences that chill the affectional nature more rapidly than that of money. Whenever love rests upon coin, you may look for frost upon the soul. Greed invariably lowers the temperature of human sympathies. Avarice closes one's eyes to his brother's need—even to his brother's woe. It often drops the fraternal sense to zero, where, like the fabled salamander, frozen in its own blood, the ice-man may live in fire and not feel its warmth.

To buy and sell is not all of life. Tyre and Sidon did this. Whenever a man detaches himself from his kind to love only gold, or attaches himself to his kind for the one purpose of getting gain, he has shut up his soul unto himself, stifled the broader sympathies of brotherhood, and immolated his countenance at the miser's sanctuary. Ensconced in his little retreat with his shekels, he soon absorbs all the vitality in his surrounding atmosphere and withers like a rose under a bell jar.

The lower uses of the body are incidental and secondary. God creates soul and body and then gives the physical over to the sovereignty of the spiritual life. You are to keep it clean, feed it, and preserve it. You are to live in it and speak through it. You are to materialize in it the graces Adam felt in Eden. The body is the weather-gage of the soul. It indicates the action of the elements within. The soul is the barometer of the body. It registers the coming storm in the line of least resistance.

While all parts of the physical man are constantly impressed by mind, the skin is an especial

“The esthetic sense nurtured on beauty keeps before the minds of men and nations a proper ideal of life.”

Leander Edmund Whipple

“No man is great by imitation ; each may rise of his own powers till he leaves vultures and eagles behind.”

Rasselas

sufferer from morbid mental states. Reckless extravagance in the misapplication of powers designed for the soul, but settled upon the body, bankrupts the life, and leaves destitution in all the organism. As poverty is generally indicated in the clothing, so is it especially manifested in the covering nature has given the physical being. Cazanave declares that the twenty-eight miles of pores in the body may be clogged by strong emotions, the engorged capillaries not only throwing back the poisonous excrement upon the other depurating organs, but becoming a nesting-place for germs. Contrariwise, love puts upon the skin a celestial rosy-red. If hatred gives it a livid whiteness, gentle emotions impart a velvety smoothness. If jealousy colors the pigment green, faith restores its clearness. If anger clouds it, repose of mind clears it. If worry brings its corrugations, peace tends to banish the wrinkles.

Everything is spiritual prodigality that breaks up the normal adjustment of soul and body. The uses which the soul makes of the body are scarcely less important than the uses which the body makes of the soul. While physical cleanliness is absolutely essential to beauty, soap and water on the mind occasionally might result in intellectual clearness, and there might be times when a little carbolic acid on the doubtful places of the soul would be wholesome disinfection. Until the time of Elizabeth, royalty rarely bathed. They painted over the dirt. The character of royalty was varnished in the same way. The sloven is externally a symbol of what he is internally. Spiritual squanderings have made nations savages. When the negroes of the upper Nile behold a pleasing sight, they rub their stomachs and smile. It is the sign

of their ideal pleasure. As the basis of this ideal is purely physical, so the smile itself is animal. When delighted, the Greenlander imitates the act of chewing and swallowing. It is his superlative expression of pleasure. His face is made of fish-oil and bear's grease animated by a low order of intelligence.

The Comanche's loftiest conception of beauty is gaudiness of color—the blood-red being his first choice. He delights in extravagant crests and plumes; his music is limited to a few notes, and, like every conquered race, he sings in a minor key. Yet, notwithstanding the limitations of savagery, this Memnon of the plains begins every day with song. He is always singing when the sunrise greets the world. It is an effort, crude though it be, toward the realization of beauty—a search after the soul's ideals. After the spiritual waste of ages, it is the unburied part of his nature asserting his estheticism through all his savagery. His erect figure is the result of his intractable courage. His stoical expression grew in the soil of outraged humanities. The spendthrifts of civilization have built the glory of one race upon the spoils of another.

No bent form can be beautiful; certainly not in youth, and it should have no place in age. Curves and arcs are out of concord here. Hogarth's line of beauty can not commend itself everywhere. An unstable figure can not be imposing, nor can a morally unstable character show to the world a body that will long remain in stable equilibrium. Free moral agency makes man the architect of his own physical temple. Materials, tools, skill are all given. The structure must rise under the direction of the individual will. It must be dedicated by

“To him
who lives
well, cheer-
ful without
levity, pious
without
enthusiasm,
every form
of life is
good.”

*Dr. Samuel
Johnson*

personal qualities. It must be consecrated to holy service, for you not only worship in this temple, but beyond where the veil is rent you are the priest over sacred things.

“Emotion
always
tends to
produce
emotion, and
when
extreme,
always does
produce it.”

*Herbert
Spencer*

Every castle is a little inferior to the air-castle. It may symbolize well the ideal structure, but it is, after all, only a symbol. The material can not stand for the ideal perfectly in this world. But when God made you, the invisible model was Himself. What dignities were revealed in man ushered into existence by such a Designer on such a Model! What powers of infinite growth and expansion lie buried in the ruins of the race! Degeneracy is only a question of yielding to extraneous influence. Ideal attainment is found in the assertion of the divine forces over the earthy nature—the acquisition of pure selfhood. Our first parents were tempted, and they fell. That was Paradise Lost. Christ was tempted, and he prevailed. That was Paradise Regained. His victories attained are our triumphs in potential.

Man was made master over this world. Sovereignty, dominion, kingship—these were the terms of his commission. Over what is he master to-day? He has spent himself till he doubts his title to divine inheritances. He stands fearful and trembling in the presence of those forces he was made lord of, and this with the power residing within him to have dominion over all the earth. Augustus Cæsar, with the globe in bas-relief upon his shield, is the only man in history whose coat of arms is commensurately symbolic of his regal nature. And yet, like the Cæsars, man is constantly making new adventures into realms of speculation, building up political pantisocracies and dreaming of new conquests beyond the River

Ocean, spending his spiritual legacy in conquests of blood and avarice.

Charlemagne sat on a throne for two hundred and fifty years after his death, full-panoplied as king. We need not wait for the grave and the scepter of the catacombs. Man's throne is the coronal chair of the wide earth. He need not create artificial empires. The kingdom of heaven is already within him.

A flock of geese were struck by a storm. They were driven apart, scattered by the winds and buffeted by torrents of rain. At the mercy of every gust, they beat their wings in helplessness through the disturbed elements. They had the power to rise above the tempest and to float away peacefully beyond it. But they were geese.

Man is scarcely less pitiable in his self-imposed impotence. Here he flounders in rage; there he writhes in paroxysms of violence; yonder he twitches in convulsions of wrath. Everywhere he drives through tempests of passion. And all this while his native element is the sunshine and the calm above the clouds. These forces of evil, despoiling in the midst of the powers that may defy them, are drawn toward the life by the low barometer of the soul. The curse of sin, like the vortical whirl of the tornado, follows the line of least resistance, devouring, mutilating, disgorging. As the face of Nature is bruised and lacerated by meteorological disturbances, so is the face of man by turbulency of soul.

"Carry any kind of thought you please around with you, and so long as you retain it, no matter where you roam, on land or sea, you will unceasingly attract to yourself, knowingly or inadvertently, exactly and only what corresponds to your

"The plainest face becomes beautiful in noble and radiant moods."

*Newell
Dwight
Hillis*

dominant quality of thought." If they are thoughts of peace, peace will come to you from every source and rest upon your face. If they are thoughts of war, the belligerent aspect of things will encounter you on every hand, and the scars of battle will mark and mar your features.

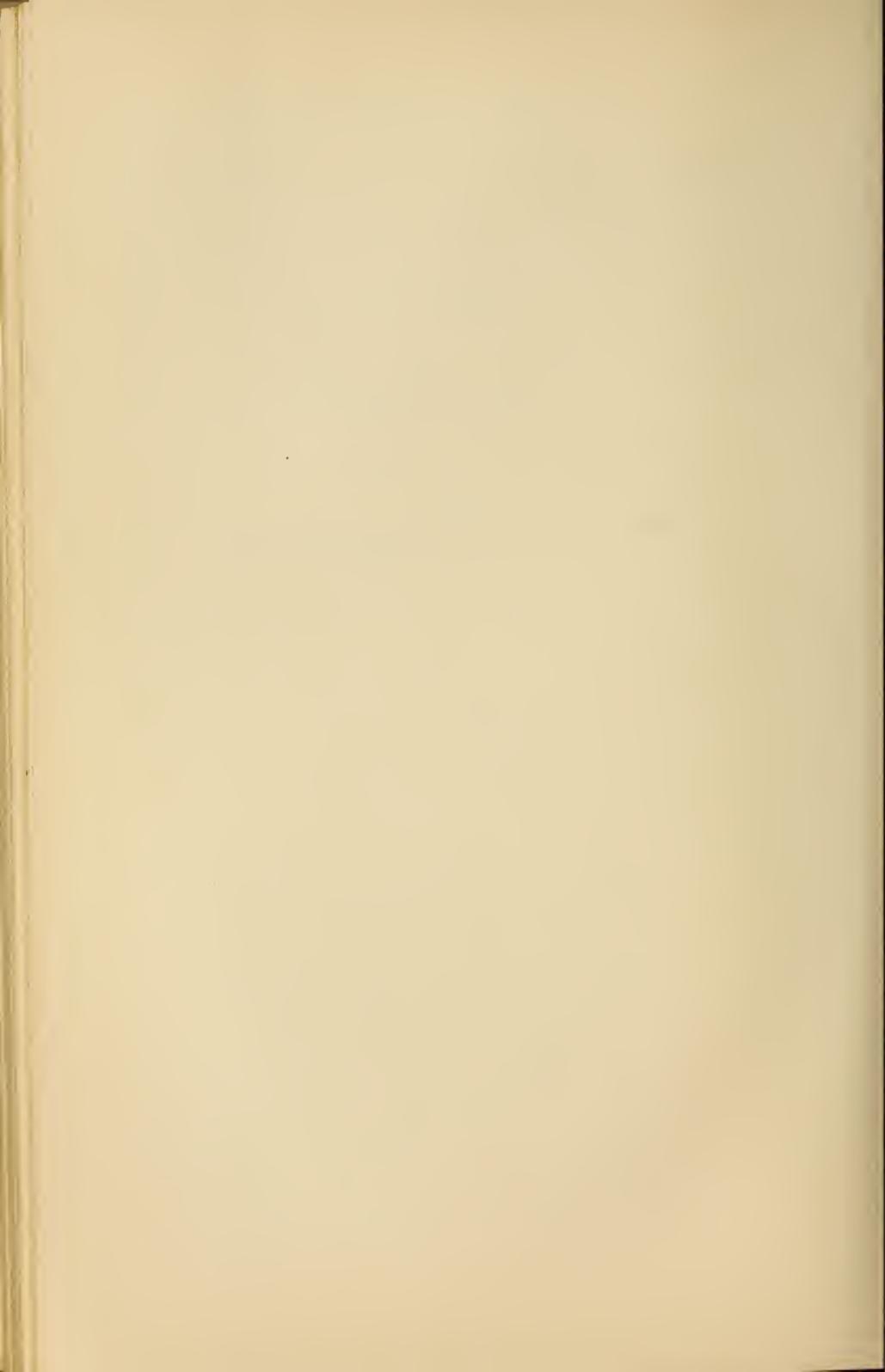
The effortless life is the fruitless life. If you strive, love is stronger than hate. If you strive not, hate is stronger than love.

"Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance."

Jeremy Collier

CHAPTER XXIX

Not the Tech-
nique, but the
Pure Art of
Living



CHAPTER XXIX

NOT THE TECHNIQUE BUT THE PURE ART OF LIVING

MAN is as responsible for his face as for his debts. Nature never cancels his obligation for either. But no life need starve for psychic nourishment. "Opulence is the law of the universe." Wealth of mind and treasure of soul are our eternal possessions. A corresponding wealth of expressional agents and treasure of facial design are ours so long as there exists a union of soul and body. All life's laws operate toward perfection. Otherwise Omniscience is a misnomer, Omnipotence a weakling.

Every susceptibility of the human composition opens the being to happiness, and happiness is everywhere where the soul is at home to the psychic guests that gather in to hold sweet converse. Sincerity and fidelity of interpretation by the body are the evidences everywhere. It bears repetition that absolute external counterfeit is impossible, that Nature has no real shams, that the soul can perpetrate no cozenage upon its physical supports, that outer integrity surreptitiously assumed is rebuked by the true spirit whose sovereignty is supreme and whose sway is held over the body with more than the divine right of a king.

Moral rectitude and moral obliquity have been making faces at each other through all the ages. Man's joy in beauty is his own expression of delight in God's work—his satisfaction in his own

"Ancestry counts for something but not much. Development is always an individual matter."

*Dr. Nathan
Oppenheim*

"I have never found the explanation of things in things. There are two great mysteries—God and I."

J. T. Jacob

idealities—his affinity for primal graces. The falsest man on earth despises falsehood. The appeal from mendacity is always toward the higher self that sees intuitively and feels truth rather than discerns it. In the deep of being, beyond philosophy and induction, life is so grand that the thought of it is thrilling.

We try to be satisfied with the technique instead of the pure art of living. We skim along over the surface of being as if milk were the only metaphor. We accept life as we find it rather than make life what it promises. No art is true that represents things as they really exist, unless it be the art of imitation. All original, creative art, if, indeed, there be such art, rests on the ideal and strives to set it forth in terms of its own unhampered technique and materials. In the final analysis, all art is imitative. Only God creates in the absolute. Man approaches Him according as he gives free reception to the guests that come from the spirit-world and according as he gives liberty to the creative powers of the soul.

No author is true to nature if he writes men as they are, unless he be simply a historian. Men as they are, are bad enough; as they are capable of becoming, they are good enough. For, while every man is the repository of infinite possibilities, perfection does not imply infinity in any human attribute. Development is the one infinite thing attaching to human evolution. From one perfection to another perfection the rounds of the ladder mount.

Except where he has dealt with historical characters as such, Shakespeare is not true to life unless he has made ideal men and women. Whoever makes characters, except as a mere copyist, must write men and women with transcendent qualities.

Nature and despoiled nature are vastly different things. No life is true that lives below its own ideals, that does not live up to those within reach and constantly approach those that evade the present grasp. No ideals are true if they drop below the divinest conceptions. If men can take up pen and ink, brush and pigment, mallet and marble, mortar and trowel, and with these things build after model conceptions, surely they can with soul and body, spirit and organized matter, fashion after perfect ideals.

The invisible finds its way not only into muscle and countenance, but into man's handiwork—spirit projecting itself into the material forms fashioned by human hands. Not only so, but in every case it carries into the dead forms of matter the individual character and even the facial resemblance of the projector. Salvator Rosa was a buffoon, a jester, a reveler, a counterfeiter of feeling. His pictures abound in gloom and horror. The coloring is somber gray and the work is lacking in the finished touches of the master. His face was degenerate like his work. Fra Angelico, who, it is said, never harbored an impure thought, whose life of prayer and tears was less concerned with things of this world than with the spiritual forces of the other, left upon his pictures the stamp of holy conceptions; the colors were modest and chaste, while the work was characterized by ideal delicacy of execution. "There is no pure passion that can be understood or painted except by pureness of heart. The foul or blunt feeling will see itself in everything and set down blasphemies."

Cousin is right that the true artist addresses himself less to the senses than to the soul. Ruskin is authority for the statement that irreverent, sensual

"The higher
the emotion
the more
complex the
motion that
expresses
it."

*Moses
True
Brown*

“The body is but the manifestation of the soul, the external varying with the internal variations.”

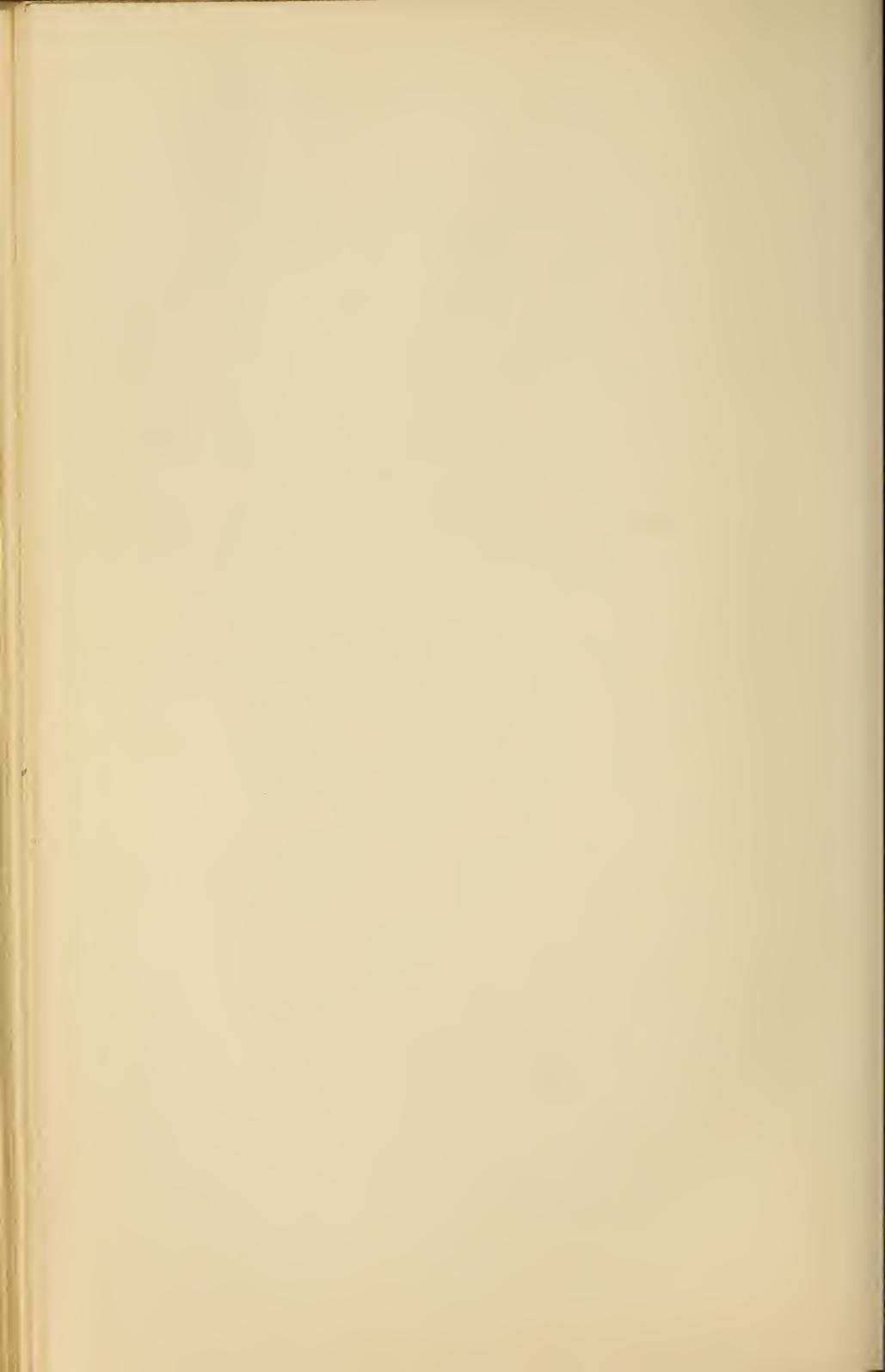
T. M. Balliet

painters invariably give their paintings the coloring of gloom devoid of spiritual tone. Their faces have with equal fidelity shown their irreverence and sensuality. The power in man to conceive an ideal makes him long to live it. Living it internally, without exception he represents it externally. All art is psychic in its essentials, and all its productions must have a psychic expression, whether they be concrete mosaics made with the hands or features builded by the attributes of the soul.

Dante's face, tho nobility rested upon it, nevertheless embodied a certain grotesque and awful grandeur like the images he created. Doré's illustrations have in them the Dantesqueness of both men. Luther's face was set with the courage of divinely wrought convictions. It bore the contrasts of independence and fraternity, of aggressiveness with affection, of revolution with devotion. Melancthon's face had the paleness of the lamp and the thinking look of the schoolmen. The face of Erasmus was delicately sweet, with a lurking sarcasm that made him a terror to his foes. Voltaire's face, with a life in many ways the double of Melancthon's, bore the same marks of the reformer's, with added irreverence. Milton's face was massive, symmetrical, stately, like his *Paradise Lost*; hopeful, sunny, glorious, like his *Paradise Regained*. The face of Diogenes was pinched, constricted, snarly, a narrow little territory of countenance like his tub. The face of Mahomet was artful, Machiavellian, visionary, like his dreams. Cromwell's face was broad, open, sincere, like his principles.

CHAPTER XXX

Ask the Souls
as They Pass By;
They Can Tell
You



CHAPTER XXX

ASK THE SOULS AS THEY PASS BY; THEY CAN
TELL YOU

THE faces of the multitude show the physiognomy of the strenuous life. The nerve-stretching, nerve-snapping tension of the age misdirects the vital force, exhausts the supply of Nature, burns out the oil of life and leaves the body anemic and the face blasé.

The rush for money, the accentuation of self and selfishness, the forgetting of fraternity, the grasping for place and power, the dress and the stress of social functions, the travail of fashionable conventionalities, the prostitution of the statutes of Nature to the demands of fast living—these influences permeating and infiltrating the body, with the soul pigmented and incrustated underneath, convert the inhabitants of the holy kingdom of manhood and womanhood into the lotus-eaters of God—lotus-eaters whose faces are blank with forgetfulness of native land, and whose countenances retain but little of the splendors of divine heredity.

Take a position on the street corner and watch the throng go by. "There are features scarred by sickness, dimmed by sensuality, convulsed by passion, pinched by poverty, shadowed by sorrow, branded by remorse, broken down by labor, tortured by disease, dishonored by foul uses—bodies full of the sin of youth, the heavens revealing their iniquity, the earth rising up against them, the root

**"The mind
needs
removal of
waste just as
much as the
body does."**

*Dr. A. A.
Lipscorn*

dried up beneath and the branches cut off above, intellects without power, hearts without hope, minds earthly and devilish."

"There is the face of good-nature, of wickedness, of serenity, of storm, of fraternity, of malevolence."

Montaigne

Scrutinize these faces as they file past. Nine out of ten are careworn. Ninety-nine out of a hundred are going at the pace that kills. Relaxation is an unknown or forgotten term in their vocabulary. Repose is rare. Lassitude is common. Strain and rush and grasping are upon the age and in the features. We live more on the earthy side of being in a day than Nature has ever allotted to any twenty-four hours. Spirit gets behind in the mad speed that outstrips civilization, and all the race is warped into consequent distortions.

Here is a countenance turgid as a river bursting its banks. The swollen tides of disappointment can not be contained. Here is another barren as the desert. There is no bloom or fruitage in it. The very oases seem parched.

You shrink from the next one. Why? There is an insinuating menace in it. But that one coming up behind beams like a May morning. How refreshing its smile! You follow it. You would like to have its loveliness linger upon you. It seems not to be lost in the strenuous unrest of the throng.

Here is another. It has a strange compositeness about it. It reminds you of a December sunset: it is radiant, but it is cold; it has a chill glory resting over it, its frosty grandeur passing into the twilight. What splendid storms it holds!

There goes another as rosy as the dawn, its new-risen sun flooding you with its young light. The next one is closed like a banker's safe. You can not read the combination. What wealth is locked up in the Bessemer features!

That face yonder is cloudy, portentous. You feel a gathering clamminess as it sweeps past you. From the next pair of eyes the lightnings are flashing zigzag, and the thunders of passion seem rolling from the brow. He belongs with the tempestuous life in front of him.

There goes a rugged profile. It suggests the mountains and cliffs and chasms. It has strength and majesty and picturesqueness. It has been ground against the rocks and hollowed by the flints of war. But it has drunk the mountain air, clear, invigorating, purifying. There is manliness in it.

There is a babe. Its soul presses through its face like the tints in the lily's cup. Its little feet measure four paces to the lady's one. It is brimming with curiosity, eyes open wide, gazing at everything that makes impression on its new life. It is smiling, pleased at the nervous thrill which the multitude of bright objects produces upon the sensitive plate of the baby mind. The mother is leading it—where?

Here comes an old man, drooped, wrinkled, tottering, but at a snail's pace forging his way through the throng, adding the stress of artificial life to his years. Here is another; it is a noble face. The manliness of manhood rests upon it. It is full of strength and hope. There goes a little girl, her hair sweeping her shoulders like threads of gold, her step so light that sorrow seems never to have laid hand upon her. Her face is radiant with a glory that throws sunshine back into the face of the sun. But another rushes along, passing between you and the child. You shrug your shoulders. It is an instinctive quirk caught from the man's own idiosyncrasy.

There go some youths brazen with pride and as-

**“The more
harmonious
the body the
more natural
and varied
the expres-
sion.”**

*Emily
Bishop*

surance. Yonder are others shrinking from the gaze of the throng. Here is the policeman dragging some poor wretch toward the bastile. The victim's face is bruised; he is muttering curses; there is brimstone in his look.

There is as an old woman. The weight of three-score years and ten is upon her bent form. She hands you a slip of paper telling you why she is begging alms. There is a gentleness in the soft blue eye which age and poverty can not obliterate. There is a sweetness in her voice that makes you listen for its music. There is a motherly seeming in her manner. You think of home for the homeless, drop a coin and some love into the trembling old hand, and she is gone.

The priest smiles and bows; his stately gait awes you. You think of mass and the masses. You wonder what darkened the next face. It wears mourning. You can not see it well, but it is pale and worn. Something has gone out of its life—some companionable soul is absent. You wish the whole world could veil its sorrows. Here is the rustle of silks—a countenance passing sweet, and lips whose curves might serve as models for Cupid's bow. But following close is a mouth whose malignity might stand as a model for scorn.

Instinctively you move forward toward the next face. How restful the benevolence that greets you from the eyes! The whole expression is so benign, so gentle, so inviting. If the world were only full of these!

Here are two faces—what contrasts! The one bears blasphemies, the other blessings. That one swaggering along over there has lived in the alleys of life. His face has a scavenger seeming. Here are some children old before their time. They were

“Encourage attitudes that are sympathetic, royal, and significant of spiritual heroism, and you will foster the sentiments which these attitudes symbolize.”

Mrs. E. N.
Poulson

born with wrinkles of crime upon them. They are cursing and quarreling over a cigar-stump picked up in the gutter. Waifs of the soul! Somebody must answer for these travesties of child-life.

There goes a good Samaritan. The charities are resting all over her countenance. She stoops and addresses herself to some street-urchins—something about free lunch and God and work in the garden. The next face is totally blank. There is nothing in it to read. This one is so complex that you might as well undertake to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions on an Assyrian tablet.

In the center of the avenue is a group of laborers pounding stones. The stripes are on their bodies and in their faces. Crime has set its own mark on the brow. The next face passing gives you relief. It bears such peace of expression that your soul is rested while you gaze upon it. It looks like answered prayers. You think of altar and chancel and anthem.

How you pity the approaching stare of idiocy! Time's tragedy is in that void. Where is the light, and who put it out? But you turn from this to the physiognomy where the brow has warning in it and threatening beneath it. What portents are there! Its shadows seem to darken the sunlight about you. What repose is in the next! It is as calm as Galilee after some "Peace, be still!"

There is one that looks as if it loved darkness rather than light. It is night, midnight, with not the streak of a single sunbeam across it. The next is a sad picture. It is set in shame. Think charitably as it glides past you. There is magnetism in the next face—not of power or personality, but of innocence. You feel that a shadow has never fallen across it. But the shadows are chasing at her heels;

"The human face never expresses a single elementary meaning; its expressions are always compound."

Edmund Shaftesbury

it is the libertine pressing close behind her. You suppress a shriek of horror. You want to cry for the police.

There goes a common type. The brow is knit with many a seam. The features are drawn and corrugated. The eye is anxious but lusterless. Financial disaster has done its work within and without.

“The body
in mastery
means
animal
supremacy,
and that
means
animal
expression.”
Mantegazza

What a visage is the next! You shudder. You wonder what manner of demon has possessed the man. You will see him in your dreams to-night. In his glance are cold, steely daggers that make you shiver and dread his approach, tho you know he is not going to harm you. The whole physiognomy looks as if it had been fashioned by Pluto. As he comes nearer you feel more and more uncomfortable. As he brushes past you, you cannot control the nervous rigor that agitates you, soul and body. He is a murderer.

You turn away, still shuddering, and glance down the street. Half a block away a restful face is moving in your direction. It is easily distinguished as the most lovely of all that wind in and out and along through the multitude. It is more and more charming as it approaches you. You are drawn irresistibly by its loveliness. The features rise in majesty as they become more distinct to view. Heart throbs through that countenance. The affections are there, pure as light. The face invites, lures, bewitches you. It is gone, but it offers you soul-companionship. You follow it. The sweetest affinities are stirred within you. Lest some forbidding countenance break the spell, you come in off the street to think a while.

You meditate upon all you have seen. Where do all these faces come from—the gentle, the lov-

ing, the boorish, the crude, the cultured, the polished, the shadowy, the gloomy, the sycophantish, the hypocritical, the demoniacal, the ghoulish, the saintly, the Godlike, the amiable, the divine,—where do they all come from? You have seen them all; where do they come from?

Take your stand on the street-corner to-morrow, and this time ask the souls as they pass by; they can tell you.

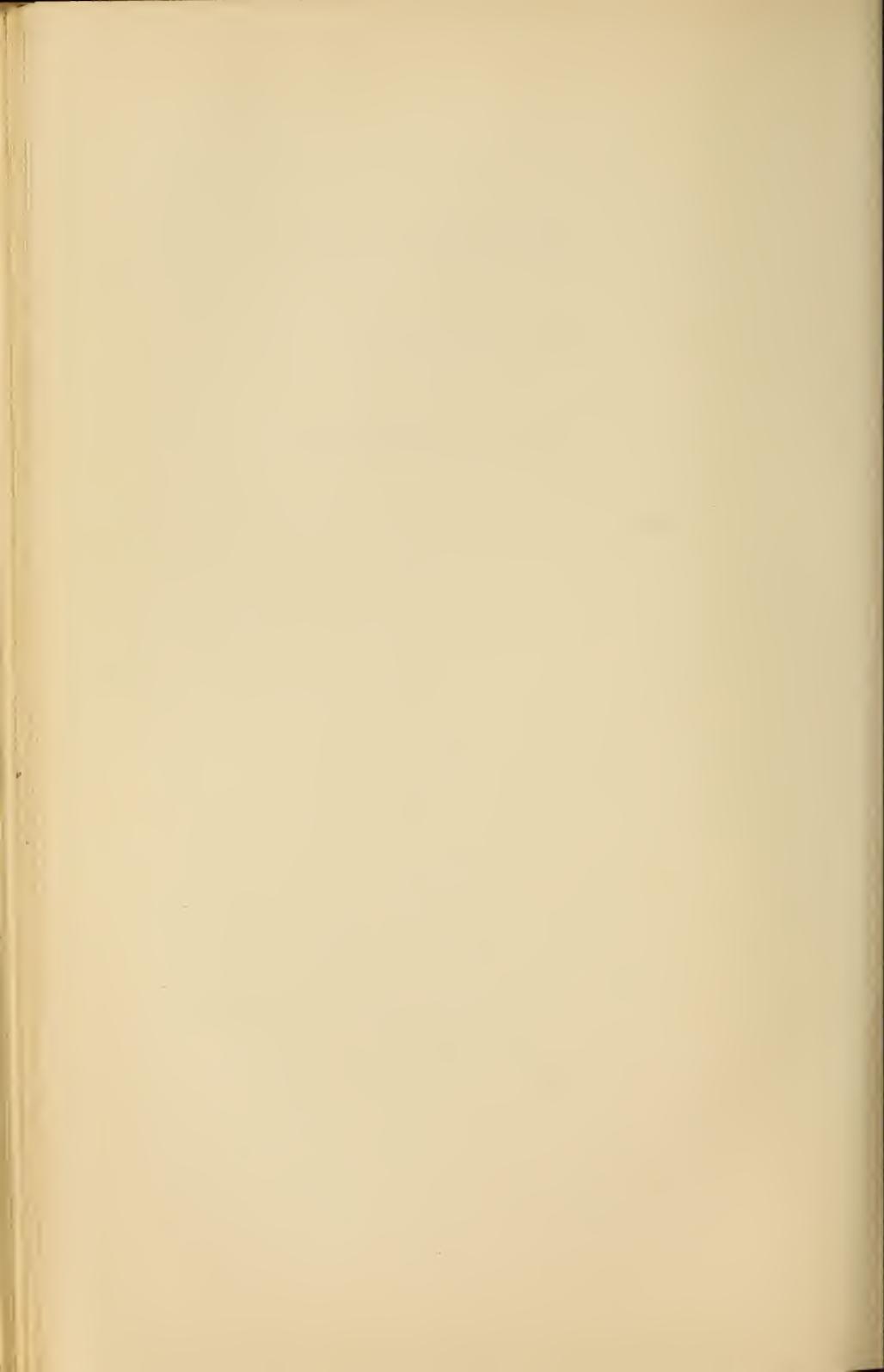
**“Expression
is of more
consequence
than shape.”**

Sir

Charles Bell



CHAPTER XXXI
The Skeletons
at Our Feasts



CHAPTER XXXI

THE SKELETONS AT OUR FEASTS

No human being can be beautiful if he bears the burden of late hours and fancy spreads. Nature pays her rewards with uncompromising fidelity, but she exacts the penalties of broken law without respect to person or position. Her table is the Round Table—there are no special seats of honor for her guests. If her tribunals inflict punishment, they always indicate the character of the violation.

A sunken chest does not always mean consumption. It often stands for mental obtuseness or moral obliquity. A worn countenance does not always reveal physical depletion only. It not infrequently tells the tale of misguided intellect and devastated spiritual estates. We need to stop and breathe a while. It is said that drafts are dangerous, whether of air, of liquids, or upon your bank account. There is less danger in a breeze than in atmospheric stagnation. We ought not to starve for oxygen while dwelling in its opulence. Pure water is the most sanative rinsing agent, internal and external. A bath is the best remedy for the blues. In drawing a check on a money deposit, one ought not to spend his soul.

We need to give the diaphragm a chance. No man ever breathed himself to death. Sleeping apartments should have at least a thousand cubic feet of pure air to begin the night with, and in addition to this there should be an inflow of twenty

**“As the
body as-
sumes mean
and grovel-
ing attitudes
or majestic
and beau-
tiful ones, so
will the
mind be
influenced.”**

*Mrs. E. N.
Poulson*

cubic feet per minute. Deep, natural breathing should become, not a mere habit or practise, but a fixed order of being.

“Pantomimic expression is a physical manifestation of the activities of the soul.”

Frank
Stuart
Parker

In claiming the power of spirit to create beauty, it would be unwise and irrational to undervalue the worth of oxygen. One could not be beautiful very long if the process of respiration should be suspended. Spirit can not make oxygen, perhaps, but it can use it unerringly. The physical means of life can not be omitted. But we must beware of charging the lungs with foul air and poisonous gases. Deep, rhythmical breathing in an ocean of fresh atmospheric vitality is a sovereign remedy for many ills ascribed to foreign causes, but found in our minds and bodies everywhere. Whatever robs the body of this exhilarating draft, whether it be unwholesome gases, muscular insufficiency, tight clothing, or other inquisitorial torture, will sap the physique of its tonicity and the face of its charm. Whoever dissipates all night can not sleep on a saffron bed next day. People sometimes wake up, as Byron did, to find themselves famous, but they are not apt to if they sleep late.

And yet the physical ruin wrought in dissipation of every name and order is only the external and visible evidence of the more appalling wreckage within where the moral odors inhaled are saturated with putrescence and laden with death. There is a respiration in which the blood can not be oxygenized and where impurities can not be expelled; where every inhalation is a draft of spiritual corruption. The body must bear testimony to the unsanitary pollution in the solitudes of the soul.

A beautiful face can not stand arrayed as a show-window for a shoddy stock of commodities on shelf

and counter within. We need to pause and give Nature a chance to catch up in the wild race we are running. Everywhere Atalanta is flying toward the goal, yet ever and anon stooping for the golden apples of Hippomenes and losing the prize of life. We destroy ourselves struggling after false beauty when all our being is full of the true. We exhaust ourselves in the craze after effect. Swollen with pride and bent on mere pleasure, we walk the earth and forget that there is anything else upon which to stand. Satisfied with the support given us by the ground we tread, we lose sight of the Rock of Ages.

We strain after grace till we grow awkward in the effort. We deal with externals till we almost forget the thinking principle with which we consider them. We rush about over the earth seeking pleasure, when if we would only stand still happiness would overtake us. We strive after the fine and the refined till, like Carlo Dolci's paintings, we have the soul and the character polished out of us — polished with neither sense nor spirit to sustain the soul's work of art, and with no real loveliness to represent it.

More's Utopia is in the wrong place. Every word locating it refers to Nowhere. It ought to have "a local habitation and a name." It ought to be wherever there are human hearts in human bodies, and it should make life splendid with the graces of primal being. Emerson's "saccharine principle of life," sweetness of spirit, can "make a heaven of hell." Contentment is the injunction of every law of nature to the restlessness of the age.

Read Palingenesis. The wanderer had sought happiness in almost every land and every court. He came in out of the world unto himself at last to

**"Turning
attention
from arts
and sciences
to mankind
would make
man health-
ier, purer,
and
stronger."**

Tyndall

“ Grace belongs to no period of life, but to all periods, and goodness improves it as long as it exists.”

Dr Alexander Smith

find that he had carried peace with him beyond the Alps and along the Danube. Read Kathrina. The disgruntled heart had searched the world for Paradise when Eden all the while was rosy-red in its own auricles and ventricles. Read Rasselas. Discontented in the Happy Valley, the hero entered a crusade for the Holy Land that held his hopes of joy. He found it not in Cairo, nor along the Nile. In oratory, in money, in pastoral life, in royalty, in solitude, in worldly greatness, in marriage, in converse with the aged, in friendship, in all the category he searched, but in none of these did he recover the prize he sought. He had carried it with him in his own soul. The world is searching where nothing is lost. The strenuous life blinds us so that we can not see the glory inherent in our own attributes.

The Egyptians at their banquets always exhibited a skeleton to remind their guests of the brevity of human life. It was the doctrine of present sensual delights and future oblivion. For while they were wise, very wise—the philosophers of the ancient world—they never rose to the idea that mind and body are not all. They never grasped the conception that mere intellectual culture may go on and on, overshadowing and encompassing all else, till not a ray of soul-light can pierce the conscious life. There are other skeletons at our feasts grinning in vice and dancing in bacchanals; other living cadavers gloating over the decadence of the holiest things of being, leaving faces livid and blasé with surfeit of false pleasure.

“The mind is the natural protector of the body.” Imbecility does not protect itself. And yet in many ways we act the rôle of imbeciles—desirous of beauty, but reversing all of Nature’s laws to

secure it. Night is converted into day, day into night. Every hygienic principle is abandoned and every artificiality is offered as a substitute. Self-preservation, the strongest instinct in Nature, is thwarted in all manner of extravagance, mental and physical.

We can not wait the slow progress of spiritual development. Everything must go off like a parlor-match. We are not satisfied with mere seasoning; we want to eat the pepper itself. We do not relish simple flavoring; we want to drink the vanilla straight. We are not willing to trust to natural appetite; we must conjure up one with sauces and spices, chili and acids. We eat sweetmeats till we must have pickles to rest the palling taste. "All extremes tend to react to the opposite." Concentration, explosion; strain, exhaustion.

The table of Apelles was pictured all around with studies in object-lesson, one side filled with representations of temperance, the other of intemperance. We cover these suggestive pictures with fancy dishes—and forget their lessons—with fried headache, pastried indigestion, boiling emotions, frozen sensibilities, fricasseed nightmare, mayonnaised palpitation, garnished colic, stuffed dreams, lard-soaked cholera morbus, a general salmagundied potpourri of destruction—and when surfeited on any one of these we rest the sense by feeding it on some other, and then wonder that we have gastronomic disorders and the complexion of the pumpkin.

Floating down the ages is the old tradition that when Noah planted his first vine he buried at its root a lamb, a lion, and a hog. The lamb suggests modesty with wine; the lion, the boldness begotten by its liberal use; the hog, the debauchery of ex-

"Be thou
but self-
possessed;
thou hast
the art of
living."

Goethe

cess. The parable is symbolic of the social behavior of the age.

The Greeks of old drank from cups of amethyst to deprive their wine of its intoxicating qualities. But a debauched and unholy touch has robbed the stone of its spell. We break the cup and drink from vessels unclean. We lose ourselves in dissipation and frivolities, carnivals and revels, shattering the chalices that were designed to serve the soul. Life is spent in effigy and nobody cries "counterfeit!" or rebukes the counterfeiter. The pleasure of eating and drinking is a good thing only when it serves both soul and body. Mere pleasurable and sensuous delights are only intoxicants. They are healthful enough indulged in temperately, but if too freely they throw the soul out of poise.

It is only when we coach our beautiful impulses that we get real nerve-tonics, the food of fine living, the clear profit of being. Appetites and physical pleasures can not be in mastery without a decadence of both soul and body. Nature will not have it so without revolution. A few years ago when the millions were starving in India, millions more were eating themselves to death in America. No wonder dyspepsia, with its haggard look, is called Americanitis. Men seldom go deeper into life than the stomach. One can not be beautiful so long as he impersonates Sancho Panza, the sacred paunch.

Our social life has upset the order of Nature and substituted an artificial régime in its stead. Man is essentially a social being. The hermit never develops. Human isolation is the barrenness of Gibraltar without its strength. Enoch Arden under the palms forgot the language with which he courted Annie Lee, and the once vigorous vernacular of the sailor came to resemble the gibberish of the chim-

"Who shall
change our
vile body
that it may
be fashioned
like unto His
glorious
body."

Paul

panzee. His face was weather-beaten from the storms within and without. The Siberian exile, freezing in body, freezes in spirit also. Napoleon on St. Helena lost something of the emperor's look. The solitary Robinson Crusoe drew in the horizon and lowered the sky of his life to conform to the limitations of his lonely island.

The child brought up alone never reaches the once possible stature of manhood internally or externally. Like the caged bird, his song may be sweeter, but his music will be on a narrow staff and in a minor key. The drawn faces of the little ones old before their time tell the story of social starvation.

And yet, notwithstanding the dwarfing consequences of isolation, the worst havoc to the human soul and the human face does not come of solitude. It is wrought in the midst of the throng where voices are gay and feet go tripping to sensuous music, where the body is arrayed in gorgeous apparel while the spirit wears mourning within. It is here where the masks are worn and the hollow forms of society swallow up the personality, where sham and shambling are the garb and gait of being, where social flippancy dominates every sense, where all the finer affinities cry aloud and in vain for companionship; it is here where the real man, walking side by side with the made-up man, feels the desolation realized by the Ancient Mariner when he cried: "Water, water everywhere, nor any a drop to drink." It is here that reckless social customs desecrate the human face. "Folly wears her shoes out, she dances so fast."

Undine came into the world without a soul. She must have been born in the midst of certain modern social functions. The finer the society the

"Self-culture aims at perfection, and is the highest fulfilment of God's law."

Goethe

more naked it is. The more it exhibits of body the less there is of soul to be exhibited. This is the history of the savage and the cannibal. It is equally true of the Algonquins of civilization.

Our pianos sometimes have finer polish than our music. Our horses sometimes have better training than our children. Social regalia is sometimes finer than social character. Men and women starving for oxygen in the Torricellian vacuum of conventionality! Men and women lost in the dead forms of things—floating with the driftwood of life! Spirit parading in effigy. Parrots speaking where angels were endowed! Dummies standing where heroes were planned! The divine attributes swirling in the saturnalia of the senses! Immortal energies, instead of being clothed upon with holy raiment, instead of filling and thrilling the sensorium with the glories of spiritual faculties and supersensible agencies, robe the physical in purple and fine linen and feast it upon counterfeit manna, while mind and soul are roaming the commons in hunger and in rags!

“The possibilities of good are greater than the possibilities of evil.”

Helen Keller

CHAPTER XXXII

Soul Plastiques in
Speech; Facing
Toward Eden



CHAPTER XXXII

SOUL-PLASTIQUES IN SPEECH; FACING TOWARD EDEN

SPEECH has a strong reflexive action on the countenance. Born of the soul, all articulate forms echo back into the ears of spirit, and reenforce the impulses that give them birth.

Archbishop Trench declares that impoverishment and debasement of language go with impoverishment and debasement of personal and national life. "Has man fallen? We need no more than his language to prove it. Like everything else about him, it bears at once the stamp of his greatness or his degradation, of his glory or his shame; for the existence of the word bears testimony to the existence of the thing."

The deplorable feature of our lexicons is that they contain far more words for expressing pas- sional states than affectional qualities. Human in- telligence has coined these words out of the human heart. They are forms of soul-life in sound. They show the versatility of spirit in manifesting itself in the material world.

A nation of loose speech is a nation of loose morals. A nation of elegant diction is a nation of elegant manners and charming personalities. Cer- tain Brazilian tribes have no word for "thanks"; neither do they show gratitude or culture beyond the coarsest conceptions. The Mechuanas of Africa once had a word for deity. They degenerated from

**“ Knowl-
edge of more
value may
be in the
history of a
word than
in the his-
tory of a
campaign.”**

Coleridge

an already low religious life till the term actually disappeared. Moffat tells us that their physical expression underwent a change corresponding to their moral retrogression, and this is corroborated by De Laage.

“You can not impart to any man more than his vocabulary contains intelligibly to him.”

Trench

A very small word and the manner of speaking it may often be used as a key to a man's whole character. One can not keep his language out of his life nor his life out of his language. Words are things—living things. They are moving, breathing, animated impersonations of spirit-shapes that can not die. Not only does shoddy language drag the speaker down, but there is nothing that so holds him down.

Generally speaking, a man's vocabulary is a fair measure of his mental scope. Invariably it is a true guide to his moral status. “Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh.” Thoughts naturally and irresistibly seek out word-settings. Any truth or conviction that bears upon the mind sufficiently to become a decided element in making character in the face is restless and impatient till it finds itself embodied in language. It may not receive vocal utterance, but in the processes of thinking the verbal images marshal through consciousness. And if images come that can not be symbolized with the tongue, they assume some other concrete form in the mind, and always accentuate the facial expression produced by the thought.

Flippant speech and insipid looks go together. They are companionable interpretations of the inner life through sound and form. All the inflections and modulations are but specialized efforts to bring the soul into material recognition. Articulate speech is the language of the intellect. Inflection is the language of the sensibilities. The act of lo-

caution is the exercise of psychic energies through the organic life. This exercise strengthens and reinforces the qualities of soul in action. This strength added unto strength makes character within and expression without to correspond.

Slang is the sure sign of linguistic poverty. It may enlarge the future dictionary in the unabridged edition, but any lexicon thus builded might be all the better for liberal expurgation. If slang ever adds strength to expression, it does so at the expense of a certain elegance that always stands for more than strength. It can never hope to supply richness of thought or purity of diction. All cant and macaronic jumble evidence the mental, moral, and physical trend toward inelegance. The indulgence so common in this *mélange* can not fail to imprint upon the features the colloquial expression.

One's language is himself in vocality, in articulate form. Speech is a divine gift. The creation of a language commensurate with the dignities of life is the work of the loftiest faculties of the soul. It ought not to be turned over to the barbarians who come to destroy. If the best writers are chary of coining a new word, surely the novice has no business in the mint. If angels dare not tread the holy ground, vandals ought to be legislated out of the field.

The average vocabulary will probably not reach a thousand words. If we need more, there are three hundred thousand from which to choose. New forms must have some excuse for existence. If the excuse be for science or art, industry or religion, the credentials are sufficient. But where they are to serve the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind, they should be still-born.

No man's face will show great culture if his vo-

"The most precious relish in conversation is the play of spirit in the features."

Rev. R. W.
Alger

**“There is
an inward as
well as
outward
expression,
and the
former
determines
the latter.”**

*Dr. A. A.
Lipscomb*

cabulary is very limited. Mere words do not make culture, to be sure, but the thoughts and emotions from which they spring, playing from the centers upon the exterior, have a wonderful power in drawing the features into harmony. The gossip's face, invariably empty like his head and perverse like his heart, is constantly fed by a pauper's ragoût of words hashed up in the same manner, in the same spirit, on every occasion. The heart has gone into the head, the head has gone to waste, and the waste has gone into the countenance. True human speech is the bearer of many dignities. The patois of the slang-maker is linguistic treason. Looseness of speech is the natural outgrowth of looseness of character as well as of demoralized mental habits. Its visible forms are monuments of audible shapes.

Self-culture must have aims beyond itself. Otherwise it draws all things selfward and gives out nothing that comes. True culture must have about it a strong centrifugal force to balance the centripetal gravitations in the perfect orbit of life. “The soul in its highest moods translates itself by poisoning the agents of expression.” We need not fear that elegance means lack of power. Grace is not the refinement of weakness, but of iron into steel.

“Ease is force,” says Herbert Spencer. Constant tension of nerve and muscle tends to rigidity and angularity. We are unceasingly impelling the being out of poise. We strive to move everywhere by the straight line that is the shortest distance between two points. It is an effort to save time on the idea that life is too short to go the long way.

Our faces grow careworn in the strenuous rush to get through the world. We have no time to follow the meanderings of the stream of existence; no

time to linger and catch its song; no time to watch the sunbeams kiss its ripples or to drink in its waters, though they flow from the hills of God.

“Straight lines tire the eye; curved lines rest it.” Straight lines of body or motion are chiefly vital, animal, plebeian. Curved lines of body or motion are chiefly spiritual. Crystals are beautiful, but they suggest stiffness, fixedness, insensibility. They are attractive as the facets of a diamond are attractive, but they would not be beautiful in the human face. Soul-plastiques are found in psychic creations—in word and movement, form and expression.

“Beauty, whether of animals or plants, men or women, is the external sign of goodness of organization and integrity of function.” The soul has the highest functions. A French writer says that all religions are simply progressive developments of beauty, since genuine worship brings man into nearer likeness of God, and therefore makes him more beautiful. “The thought that is most put out brings its corresponding visible elements to crystallize about you as surely as the visible bit of copper in the solution attracts the invisible bit of copper in the solution.”

“A mind always hopeful, courageous, determined on its purpose and keeping itself to that, attracts to itself out of the elements the things and powers favorable to that purpose.” “In the degree to which we come into realization of the higher powers of mind and spirit will the body become less gross and heavy, and the finer the texture and form.”

Peace of mind is absolutely essential to a grand face. Repose is the sign of power, whether in action or rest. It can not be found outside of spiritual adjustment. We often fret ourselves into per-

“Stillness
of person
and steady-
ness of
feature are
marks of
good
breeding.”

*Oliver
Wendell
Holmes*

turbation of mind and inharmony of body over the most superficial and paltry nothingness. We often throw away our finest impulses like children grown weary of their toys. We suffer ourselves to be buffeted by the waves, and our faces grow pale and our eyes transfixed with fright at the white-capped billows that toss our little bark from crest to trough. We need only to cast anchor in the deep sea where there is eternal calm; so may our troubled lids be rocked to sleep by these same billows:

Roll, ye waves, mountain-high!
Dash your foam to the sky!
There is calm in the heart of the sea!
And I wait through the storm
For that Glorified Form
That will walk on the waters to me
To-morrow!

“Beauty
is to be used
to stimulate
human
courage, to
embellish
human
spirit, and
to enlarge
human
thought.”

*Leander Ed-
mund Whipple*

“What one lives in the invisible thought-world, he is constantly actualizing in the visible material world.” We are prone to forget this great law when we drift into wickedness and passion. Bad morals make bad flesh, and when you put the two together the devil’s to pay; for, if we are to trust the testimony of the senses, there are demons in people to-day like those the Master cast out of the man who dwelt among the tombs—spirits that make frightful the faces of those obsessed.

Humanity shrinks from the idea of perfection as if it were a nightmare. Surely it is better to give wings to the soul than to cage it within physical limitations. Marching toward perfections impossible of attainment is better than walking toward a degradation of sure attainment. It is something to the Alpine flower-hunter to get near enough to the mountain lily to look squarely into its cup and gaze

upon its pearly whiteness even though it grow just beyond his reach. Better face toward Eden any day than toward purgatory. You at least get a better view, and if you move you move in a better direction.

We need not fear that perfection may mean stagnation or even quiescence. Any attainment or acquirement, tho perfect in itself, only fits for a higher one. "Take an esthetic attitude, and you have for the moment an eternal idea; that is, you picture an absolute standard of your inner idea." According to the conception projecting it, this attitude is complete, representing a perfect spiritual photograph; but it can not satisfy a larger and a more refined idea. The "tune" that pleases to-day is stale to-morrow. As capacity widens and as the soul expands to meet the processes of growth, all of life broadens under more complicated harmonies, calling for more complex musical compositions, and classical productions are enjoyed. As the psychic powers grow through exercise, the soul is qualified to receive greater illumination and to become *en rapport* with the higher and subtler forces of divine life.

There is an uncommunicable and illusive excellence that haunts every beautiful thing. It is because ugliness is falsehood and beauty is truth. What any man sees and enjoys of pure beauty is a conception according to his capacity, and according to this same capacity for seeing and enjoying ideal beauty does his countenance grow toward facial ideality. No man whose ideals are sunk into voluptuousness or carried away into sybaritism can be beautiful or conceive of beauty with any commensurate understanding, any more than he can represent it in form and feature.

"The body
is but the
clothing of
the soul;
when it
moves
gracefully,
the soul
expresses
itself with
perfect
freedom."

Emily
Bishop

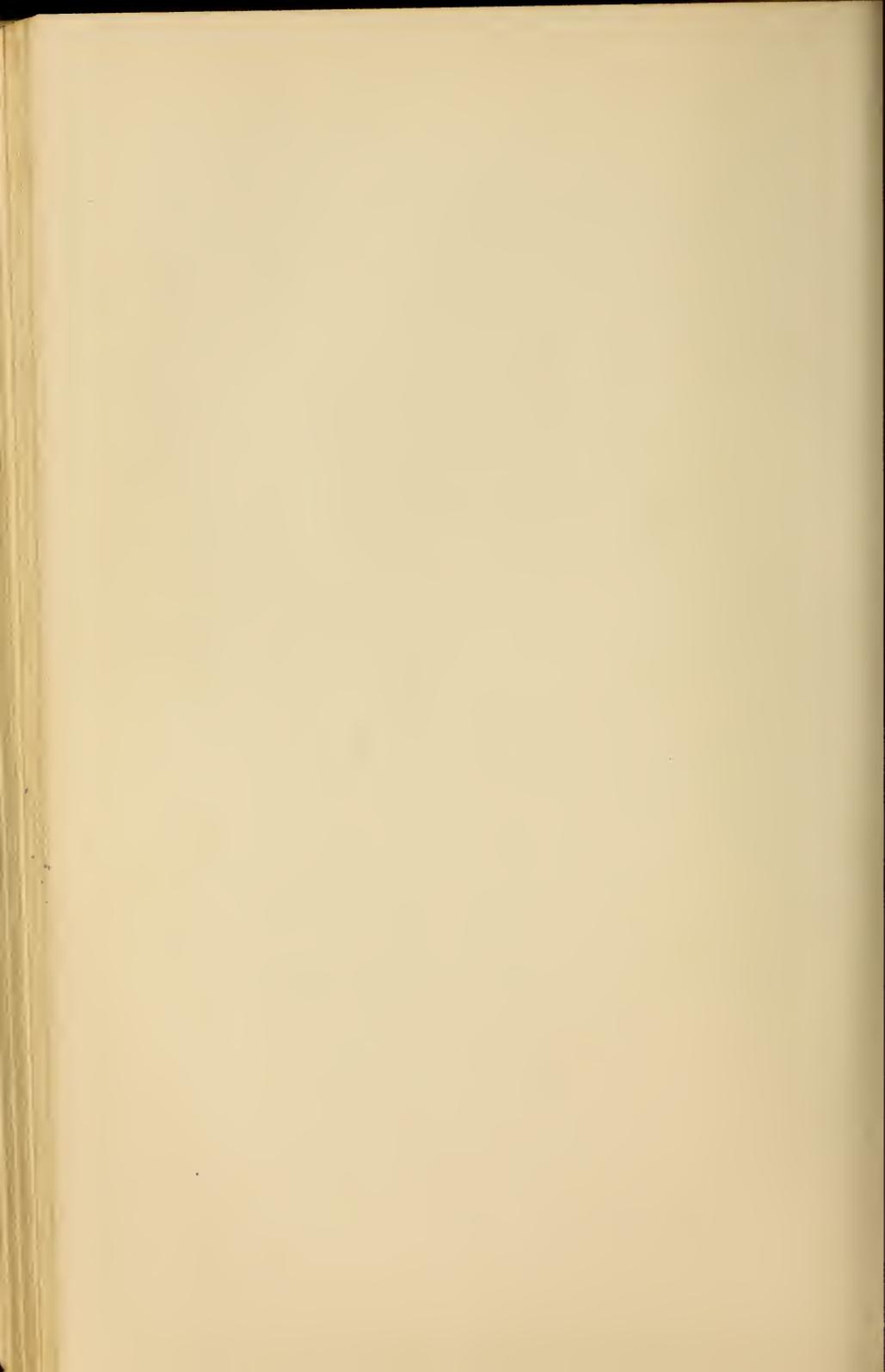
“God’s face
shines ever
upon the
dwellers in
the Temple
Beautiful.”
Swedenborg

Genuine beauty never comes out on parade. It will not suffer the blare of trumpets or the beating of drums. It moves with stately rhythm, but never with noisy tread. It “muffles its music as it comes.” It is a modest maiden shrinking from the approach of all that would contaminate. It evades the companionship of those who would abase it. It must be courted with a pure heart. It stoops to meet the kisses of chaste lips. It will not permit itself to have fellowship with vice in any form. It demands white livery of all who come. It toasts the health of every worthy guest, but it drinks from the fine glass cups of the Middle Ages that crack and shatter whenever poison touches them.

The sagas of Sweden tell us of a mysterious island in the Baltic Sea that vanishes as you approach it. It fitly symbolizes the transcendent glories that seem to retreat from us when we advance upon them. Our ideals are ever receding from our quest, and if, perchance, we lay our hands upon one of them, another and a higher forthwith appears smiling, inviting, beckoning. Clear and looming in the distance, they sometimes become mysteriously illusive when, with unprepared or unholy hands, we would seize upon them. As the island vanishes into the shores of the main continent, so our ideals into the shores of divine perfection. We shall reach them after a while. “Veil after veil will be lifted, but there must be veil after veil beyond.”

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Face of
Christ for Artist
and Worshipper



CHAPTER XXXIII

THE FACE OF CHRIST FOR ARTIST AND WORSHIPER

IF man had but a single faculty, he would have but one kind of building energy. Of necessity he would have a monoplasic face; eyes, mouth, nose, cheeks, brows, all constructed in monotony. Infinite wisdom is nowhere more apparent than in the gift of many faculties. "When omniscience was denied us, we were endowed with versatility. The picturesqueness of human thought may console us for our imperfections." For in this versatility we have the widest variety of constructive forces. In this variety of building energies lie the possibilities of the most complex expressions, and in the greatest complexity of expression the greatest beauty.

Ennui can not rest upon a face woven together by so many fine threads of thought and emotion. Furthermore, Nature is charitable in compensating blemishes with excellences. "A beautiful voice may sometimes redeem a vulgar song." So may a lovely spirit relieve a rugged countenance. In the ruins of life are buried many treasures underneath the débris and wreckage of lovely things. The soul, like an expert archeologist, is constantly unearthing the divine attributes entombed in the flesh. In the processes of culture these are then placed in the structure, and the soul's Alhambra takes on something of its original splendor.

**"Beauty,
the sign of
health, has
no fellow-
ship with
disease."**

D. H. Jacques

“The only man who has the right to smile is the man through whose face beams the smile of Jesus.”

J. T. Jacob

The inner activities of the savage's life lead him to express a low order of beauty. Color is first with untutored minds—extravagant color. “The Indian paints long before he designs. The wigwam is hung with trophies long before he finds pleasure in its shape.” He decorates his body with exaggerated colors, beads, and feathers, while his home is the bed of grass he slept upon last night, covered with a rudely constructed canopy of skins. Quicken his tastes and at once he begins to beautify his home, to lengthen his stay in one place, and to modify the vulgar pigments with which he has bedizened his body. His eye loses something of its fierceness, while his movements and his mannerisms begin to resemble those of civilized life.

Mantegazza names two elements of beauty: Amiability and sincerity. Whether these are all-embracing or not, the face that bears these qualities is beautiful. Not only so, but they are always suggested by loveliness of countenance.

One grows like the things he thinks on. It would be well for every individual to keep the picture of Jesus where he could look at it often. The great artists, divining science by intuition, have taken the face of the Christ as a model. Why? Because of His historical importance? The profane historians of His time ignore Him, and even Josephus, if the reference to Jesus in his histories is not, indeed, an interpolation, has written but a scant paragraph about Him. Every tyrant in the annals of the world, every usurper, every butcher, have been more prominent politically, socially, and financially. Why not Nero, Dionysius, or Ivan the Terrible as a model? The answer is easy. They had not the virtues that make model countenances.

Love is the soul's cosmetic. “It transfigures

every form in which it is truly incarnate." It was not the historical or other prominence of the Master that caused the painters to choose the face of Jesus as a pattern for their finest portrait work. It was because of the innate and intuitive conviction that "spirit creates form"; it was because of the consciousness made sure by the spiritual faculties that the Nazarene was endowed with the divinest attributes in the divinest perfection, and that these soul-forces must build and animate the one matchless face of the ages.

And where is the artist that has painted Him ugly? Where is the brush that would dare to draw across His features one uncomely stroke? Where is the mental or moral discernment that has pictured His face as repulsive or forbidding? Who has ever found in the *Police Gazette* or in the rogues' gallery the likeness of a man conforming to any possible mental image of the Master? Where is the sentient being that does not associate the Galilean's features with qualities of perfection, and these qualities again with a divinely beautiful countenance?

As Christ's face was a model face, so was His inner life a model inner life. The existence of the one is a corollary to the existence of the other. The teachings of the Christ are full of insistence upon harmony with law, and the consequent and inevitable harmony of body that must follow. It was not an empty doctrine. His own life is the illustrative climax of this philosophy—the perfect union of a perfect spirit with a perfect body. And after the Sanhedrin had passed its judgments, after the cruelty and hate of men had spent their force, after nail and hammer, spear and wormwood, had accomplished their work, after the persecution of

"Be ye
perfect, even
as your
Father
which is in
heaven is
perfect."

Jesus

“Character
builds an
existence
out of cir-
cumstance;
from the
same mate-
rials one
man builds
palaces,
another,
hovels.”

G. H. Lewes

his foes had ceased and the prophecies had been fulfilled, the millions still delighted to gaze upon that countenance. Philosopher and sage, priest and poet, youth and age, still gather upon the slopes of Olivet to meditate upon that face. It is but the universal affinities of spirit seeking their own and finding it in the Christ.

Thirty years ago, in the little Bavarian village of Oberammergau, an untutored wood-carver sat for a picture at the photographer's. When the daguerreotype was finished and placed on exhibition, it bore the marks of rusticity—plain, simple, unsophisticated. There was nothing whatever in the expression to attract attention or provoke comment. In 1902 the same man sat for another picture in the same little village. The most casual observer is impressed with the photograph as a striking likeness of the Christ.

The history of the case is well known. When the townfolk determined to commemorate the goodness of God in averting the plague, by giving the Passion-Play every ten years in the village, they chose this wood-carver to represent the character of our Lord. Thirty years of study upon the ideal life, thirty years spent in appropriating the characteristics of His matchless personality, thirty years of absorbing the principles enunciated by the Master, thirty years of actual impersonation of the humanly conceived attributes of the lowly Nazarene, thirty years of assimilating the Christ-life, and of regulating and harmonizing all His being by it, molded body and face into a near resemblance of Him who was perfectly beautiful. Surely our souls must answer for our bodies.

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Art Gallery
of the Race



CHAPTER XXXIV

THE ART GALLERY OF THE RACE

LOVE and hate are universal expressions. In all races they are practically the same. It is a world-wide demonstration that similar psychic conditions create similar external forms. Darwin declares that in love and hate men and beasts have strikingly similar expressions. He shows that in love, both strive to look as pleasing as possible, and that in hate both endeavor to look as repulsive and even as hideous as possible.

Study the races. There is a psychical as well as a physiological reason for the oblique eye of the Mongolian, the promontory features of the Indian, the bronzed look of the Malay, the black pigment of the African's skin, the fair complexion of the Caucasian. There are soul-reasons for every peculiarity of lip and cheek and eye in all of them.

Referring again to various peoples, the face of the Egyptian is plain, crafty, avaricious, anacreontic, like his life; that of the Thracian, cold, cruel, hard, like his sensibilities; that of the Frenchman, sparkling, vivacious, shrewd, like his mental habits; that of the transalpine Gaul, mulish, haughty, vindictive, like his traditional traits of character; that of the Patagonian, phlegmatic, soulless, drowsy, like his slumberings; that of the Samoan, or Sandwich Islander, stupid, dreamy, nonchalant, like his ideal that sleep is the blessed state; that of the Portuguese, flat, impassive, apathetic, like his per-

“A photograph of a natural object is not art; it requires an idealization of nature.”

*Charles
Dudley
Warner*

sonality; while that of the Jew under strong racial traditions, convictions and religion, has remained the same through all the ages.

Without exception the savage nose is depressed, thick-set, broad-based; his eyes are dull, frigid, spiritless; his face has its greatest dimensions in the widths, with the animal predominating; his skin is coarse, sandpapery, inelastic; his jaws are gross and dense for fighting, while his cheek-bones are prominent for defense; his muscles are coarse-grained and of poor quality; his movements are boorish, graceless, his whole being lost in the animal propensities.

Without exception the cultivated nations raise the forehead, refine the brow, arch the lines of the mouth more delicately, diminish the huge proportions of the jaw, remove the coarseness from the nose, bring a lustrous look into the eye, give the skin a velvety smoothness, lose the prominence of the cheek-bones, weave the muscles into better texture, give locomotion a rhythm of movement, the entire bodily expression bespeaking the culture of the mind.

This testimony is borne out by all observation, by all experience, and by all history. The highest beauty, especially in women, is found only in cultivated nations. Doubtless the savage state has many valuable lessons for the civilized peoples, but, notwithstanding the multitude of violations of Nature's laws by cultured races, they are still far more beautiful than their barbarous brothers. The savage may be muscular in build, lithe, erect, and even symmetrical, but he is always lacking in spiritual manifestations and in the details of elegant expression.

A study of the creations of men will show that

“Greece deposited her riches in the spirits of her great men, and they are forever secure.”

Rev. J. W. Lee

they are monuments of soul qualities. Contrast the primitive edifices of any people with the architecture of civilized periods of the same national life. Everywhere are the proofs that man stamps his inner being upon all his handiwork. And it is educating, refining to soul and body, to meditate upon the mysterious operations of mind and soul forging their way into dead forms of matter, and leaving their dreams upon their material achievements. Nothing in the history of the world has done more to lift the whole race to a higher plane of civilization than the World's Fair and similar exhibitions where the nations gather to contemplate the material evidences of their growth. It is profitable because the character, the genius, the skill of peoples is in their architecture, inventions, machinery, vehicles, manufactures, literature, sculpture, music, oratory, worship.

“To look upon noble forms makes noble through the sensuous organism that which is higher.” The proper analysis of a statue brings to your mind the ideal of the master. Facial enlightenment is the sure result. The knowledge of how to judge a picture and the act of judging create in the analyst's mind the approximate ideality of the artist. The mental conception thus thrust into consciousness lifts the features toward the beautiful in proportion to the clearness of the image and the pleasure it gives the beholder. An art gallery would be a splendid nursery for children—surely better than the basement or the garret; surely better than the commons or the street. It would serve to show them through suggestion what an art studio is all the world. It would help, through the awakening of the culture sense, to make of them finer specimens of nature for the wide art gallery of the race.

“The soul
that can
render an
honest and
a perfect
man com-
mands all
light, all
influence,
all fate.”

*Beaumont
and Fletcher*

"Forms habitually contemplated tend to repeat themselves in body and face." The automatic power of the nervous system to reproduce the images and activities once given is one of the economic values of nature; but it works ruin if white and gray matter are viciously impressed.

"Our capacity for being affected by harmony implies the ability to reach our ideals through harmony."

*Herbert
Spencer*

A conservatory would also be a profitable place for study—not for melody or discord, but for the things they symbolize. Music is said to be the highest and purest expression of the soul. It is a universal language. "All nations understand my speech," said one of the piano masters. Music that satisfies the soul attunes the nerves to harmony, and these nerves under such conditions bring culture to the muscles and refinement to the face. Harmony, proportion, relation, concord of sounds, tones, overtones, all holding their individuality yet each blending with every other in countless varieties of pitch, rate, quantity, quality—laughing, sobbing, loving, hoping, dreaming, dancing, sighing, frolicking, worshipping—they are all there, the keyboard holding the epitome of life, and giving out refining influences to all who listen rightly.

"Music, more than any other art," says Cousin, "awakens the sentiment of the infinite because it is vague, obscure, indeterminate in its effects—the opposite of sculpture, which is fixed." Painting occupies a middle ground between them. "Music is not made to express complicated and factitious sentiment, nor terrestrial and vulgar; its peculiar charm is to elevate the soul toward the infinite." Through music the capacity for refinement may be rapidly and largely increased. But it must be harmony. Nothing can be more demoralizing to delicacy of sense than the mere banging of chords and the butchery of fine compositions. All execution,

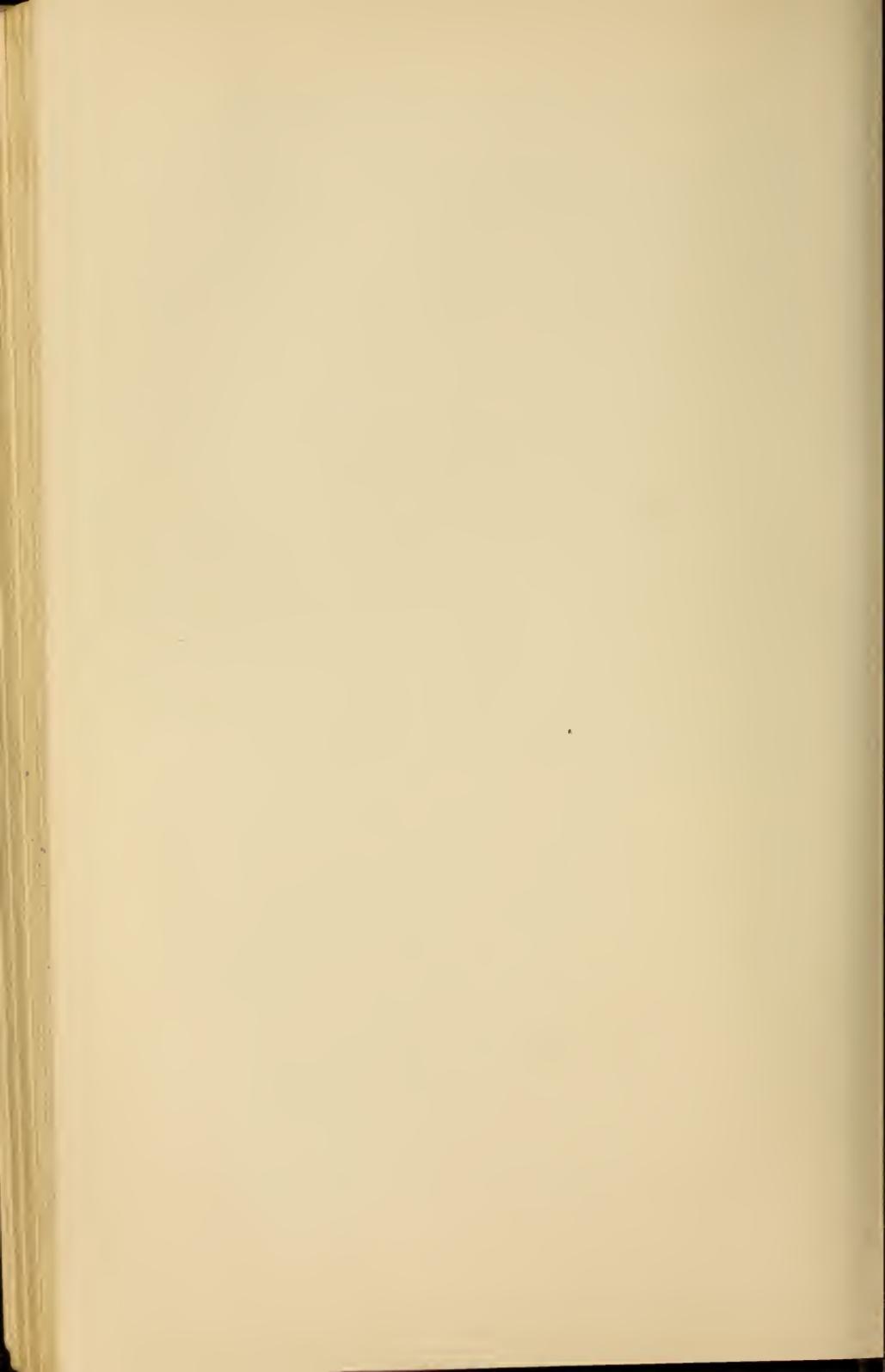
whether simple or complex, if filled with soul and sustained by rational technique, has its message of culture for all who hear.

Culture through the senses must find its highest product by means of ear and eye, the two most delicate and refined physical avenues of impression. The eye may compass more, but the ear measures more accurately in detail, and many a foible in art may escape the one while the other scrutinizes with the most sensitive and exhaustive observation. But they must both have the finest training for the finest expression of countenance.

No human intelligence can listen to the oratorios and symphonies of the masters or patronize the art galleries of the world with any degree of appreciation without a glorious uplift of feature. No sentient creature can look upon the work of Michael Angelo or Raphael, or attend the productions of Liszt, or stand within St. Peter's or the Pantheon, without exaltation of spirit and its consequent unfoldment in the countenance.

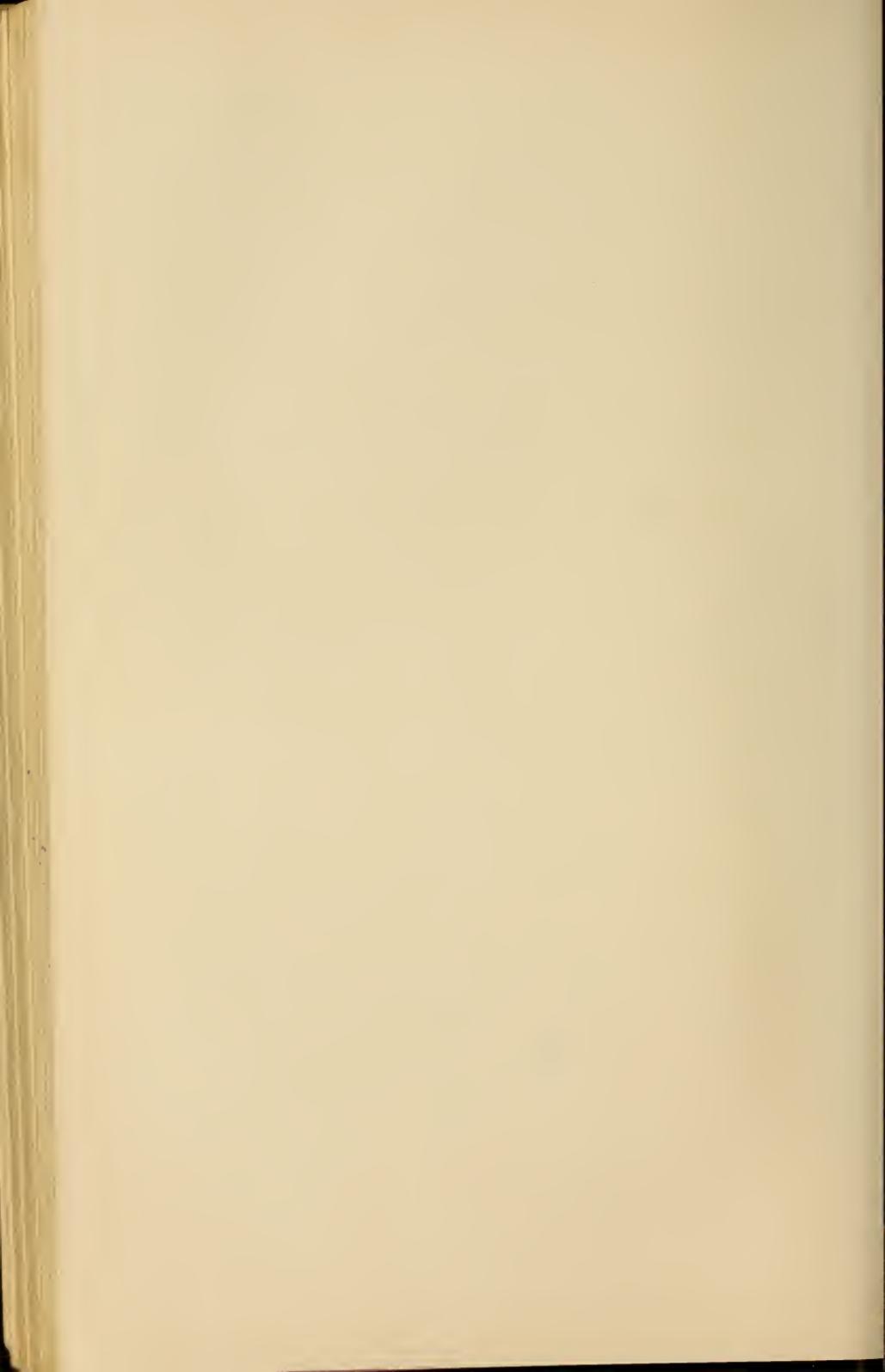
“ Ah, but a
man's reach
should exceed his
grasp; else
what is
heaven
for ? ”

*Robert
Browning*



CHAPTER XXXV

The Whisperings
of Nature



CHAPTER XXXV

THE WHISPERINGS OF NATURE

STUDY Nature. It is inspiriting to soul and ennobling to face to contemplate God's works reverently.

Do not let the breeze play upon you without a mental recognition of its sportiveness. Do not allow the dews to moisten the roses at your door without meditating upon the principle that creates the liquid sphere, and the marvelous laws that make the ray of light to polarize and dance and glimmer and spangle in the tiny globule. Do not allow the sun to rise and set without seeing in its glories the luminous birth of being and the resplendent going down thereof to rise again.

Question your roses and carnations about their complexions. Go into your orchard and ask the peach where its blushes came from. Inquire of the sunbeam how he holds the rainbow in his heart or spreads it upon the storm. Go into the forest and worship in "God's first temples."

The trees are the columns, the foliage above is the frescoed ceiling, the carpet of dead leaves beneath brings back the vanished hopes of the past. Here every thorn and every bramble symbolize our sorrows; every bud is a prophecy of the new life that is to be. Here the oak is majesty of character, deep-rooted in the soil and towering back toward the sky. Here the clouds float overhead in airy and fantastic shapes like the visions and fancies of

**"Go, listen
to voices of
air, earth,
and sea, and
the voices
that sound
in the sky."**

Father Ryan

men. Here the vines climb and cling so like the affectionate tendrils of the soul. Here is freedom to breathe and think and dream.

Go to the plains where God has poured out his beneficence in broad league and bewildering expanse. Sweep the horizon where two worlds come together. There in the center of compassing earth and sky let the height and depth and length and breadth of infinite love possess your meditations. Go to the Alps or Andes where God has piled up his munificence mountain-high, where rocks and sands are willing to whisper the secrets given them in the Azoic time; where treasure of precious metal and precious stone are awaiting you; where the history of the earth is booked in carbon and sandstone; where the snows send their melting kisses down to the valleys below; where streams bursting with life and dancing with joy rush over rapids, splash over cascades, leap from precipice, sparkle in the sunshine, and sing their way to the sea.

Go to the shore and hear the organ-tones of the deep. Let the sound of many waters fill you with awe and reverence. Listen to the loud-voiced breakers rolling in leagues and chafing with the shore. Watch the tides as they sink and swell. Set your thoughts at anchor far out on the deep and feel the currents, their temperature, direction, causes. Drift in dolphin-like fancy from equatorial zone to polar blockade. Take the hospitality of Neptune, and let the living creatures of the world of waters marshal before you. Go to the cavernous home of Æolus and watch the inception of storms and the wreck of tempests. And here, while the winds are howling and the billows are stampeding, hold a sea-shell to your ear and catch

“A sanative effect I experienced amid the thunder and the spray of Niagara.”

Tyndall

its song; and, as you listen, hear also the voice that bids both winds and waves be still.

Go to Niagara and let its thunders smite you into humility. Observe that only the foam is pale and sickly and evanescent; that the character of the water does not change; that the force that pulls the ponderous volume down is silent, the same internal force that fashioned the earth into a sphere and gave the globe its topography.

Study the green of springtime, the myriad hues of summer, the russet tints of autumn, the winding-sheet of winter. Meditate upon the rain. Gaze through the rift in the clouds (if it is not there, make one). Listen to the notes of birds, the sighing of winds, the trilling of the brook dancing to the sunshine's quickstep. Stand on the levee and hear the river gathering up the ensemble tones of its tributaries and bearing the anthem on to the sea.

Go forth in the evening; lift your gaze and your thoughts heavenward. Do not stop at the moon. Watch the stars make love to one another, twinkling their messages across the blue immensity. Take the lead out of your thoughts lest they may not rise, or, rising, lest they fall back upon you. Let them sweep out beyond the night-bird's cry—out beyond the shining worlds, swifter than starbeams, on and on and still on till you lose yourself in the fathomless deep of the sky and find yourself in the fathomless deep of love.

Commune thus with Nature whenever and wherever she speaks or sings or paints for you, and your divine being, thrilled into intoxication, will mold the physical into sweeter graces. "To have imagination, to love the best, to be carried by a contemplation of Nature into a vivid faith in the ideal—all this is more than any science can teach you."

**"But why
the wave
rises and
kisses the
rose, and
why the rose
stoops for
those kisses
—who
knows?"**

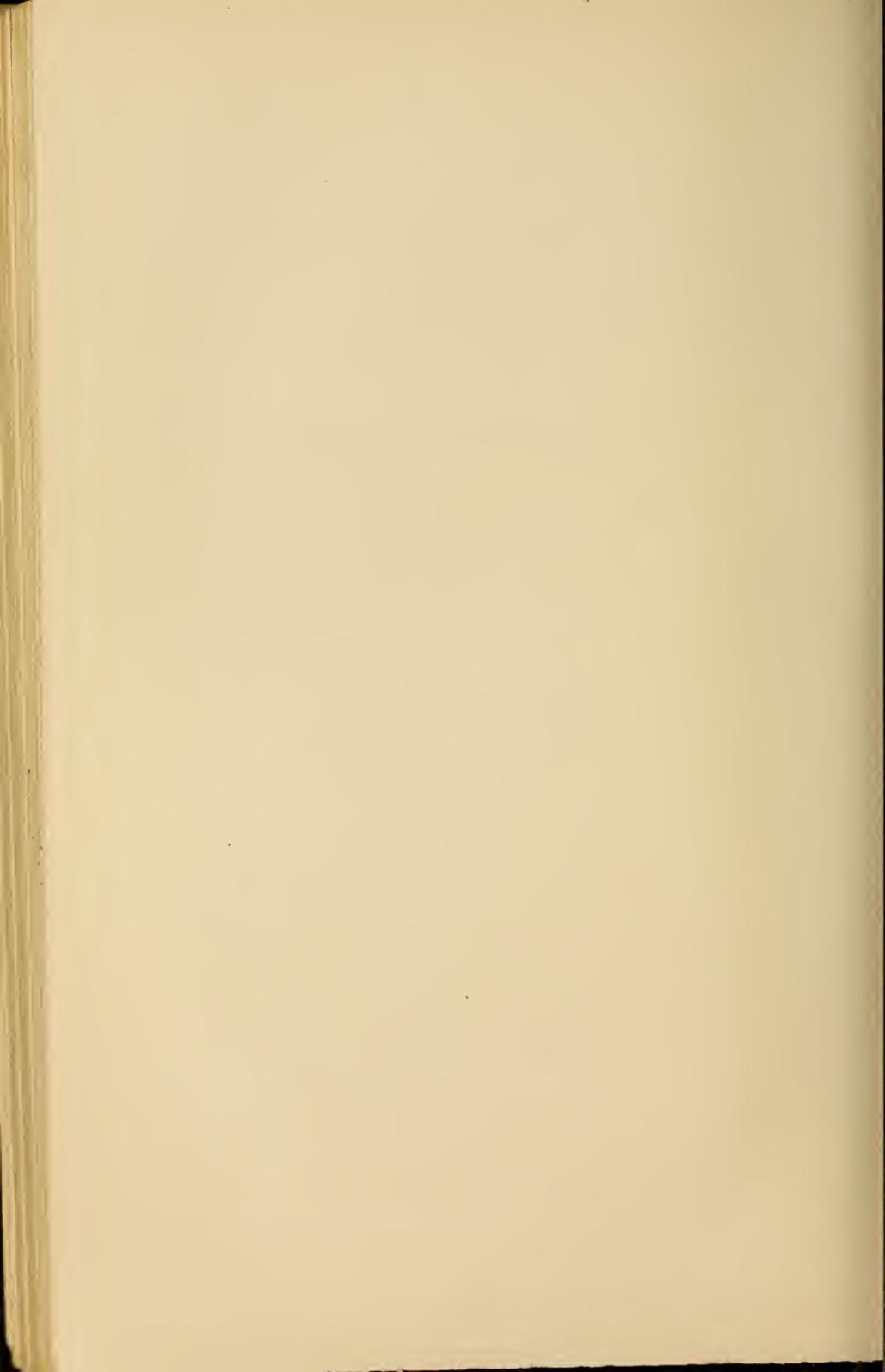
*Edmund
Waller*

Man can not give you these lessons. They must flow out of the heart of Nature upon her children, and they will do more for body and feature than the skill of the fashionable modiste and the nostrums of the complexion doctors can ever do.

“Beauty,
the sensible
image of the
infinite.”

*George
Bancroft*

CHAPTER XXXVI
The Evolution of
Selfhood



CHAPTER XXXVI

THE EVOLUTION OF SELFHOOD

STUDY yourself. Here you find your most interesting as also your most important acquaintance. It ought furthermore to be the most delightful and congenial. Ignorance of self is the cause of the majority of all bodily disorders. It is the chief source of mental unrest. It is, finally, the incubator of moral turpitude.

There is nothing of which the average person knows less than of himself. Strangers at home! Men know money, lands, books, arts, laws, creeds, but remain in the porch of the temple of life. This temple which you are may be neglected till the brambles will climb over its doors and windows, till wolves and bats will possess its sanctuaries, till chalice and chancel will lie buried in the dust with serpents crawling and hissing around them.

Go in out of the street. Do not stand too long in the vestibule. Disorder and distraction are out there. Enter; pass silently, reverently down to where the organ is playing and the anthems are rising, and answers to prayers are pouring their glory over the worshipers. There in the divine aura gather unto your soul the ministration of things spiritual.

The legend says that the cross of Christ was made of aspen wood, and that out of sympathy with His sufferings the leaf of the tree always trembles at the approach of man. But the legend is wrong.

**“Study that
flesh-bound
volume,
yourself; if
you find
nothing
within to
repay you,
you will find
nothing
without.”**

*Genevieve
Stebbins*

“What an inferior man seeks is in others; what a superior man seeks is in himself.”

*Bulwer
Lytton*

The cross was made of beams of human cruelty and spikes of human ingratitude; and ever since its ugly arms stretched over Olivet the hearts of men have grown tremulous with thoughts of the Master. It is the surviving glory of spirit quivering at every touch of love, for whoever thinks on Jesus reverently feels the pulse of love grow stronger, and his features soften with his affectional nature. The human heart is the study of all of life. Whoever does not find himself imbued with the Christ-spirit has not found his better self. Whoever is not sensitive to the doctrines enunciated by the great Teacher has not opened his life to the indwelling of the glory that fills existence with transcendent qualities and makes the physical the bearer of supernal dignities.

Love is an essential attribute of the Father; it must be an essential element in the life of the child. Nothing is clearer, says De Laage, than the uplift of face among Christian nations. Acceptance of the Christian code by any people guarantees spiritual and physical graces more surely than the constitution of that country can guarantee protection of life and liberty to its subjects.

Love is the winsome, wooing angel of beauty. Its wings can brush the lines of uncomeliness from every face. It followed man from Eden, and wherever it has been welcome, it has been the guardian of the race through all the ages. As from the mysterious sources of the Nile the waters flow down the long incline to enrich the desert sands of Egypt, so from the deep of infinite love upon the waste earth and its clay still flow the tides of life.

The sources of power lie in the inherent human affinity for divine perfections, and in the prerogative, ever available and inalienable, of drawing

upon them at will. They inhere in the conscious oneness and union with the Infinite—in the immortality that is in the mortal. Man's faith in the eternal verities, in his own immortality, deep-rooted and ineradicable, gives the countenance a glorious uplift of expression. Blot out this one conviction from the mind, this one tenet of the soul's creed, and the face would become a mere structure of clay—a mere earthen form animated by an earthen principle of life.

The Koran tells us that the trees of Paradise are hung with golden bells, and when the dwellers there desire music, their wishes, becoming tremulous with love of the beautiful and pulsating through the sensitive air, make every twig grow vibrant and set the bells to chiming. This charming fiction symbolizes a more charming truth. The tree of life is hung with harps whose golden strings, sympathetic with the longings of the human heart, vibrate into melody in answer to our yearnings for perfection. Spiritual bounty was never denied an earnest soul.

Truly has Schilling spoken: "Give man a consciousness of what he is, and he will soon be what he ought to be." In your best moods, nothing is too good for you. It is then that angel ministrations pour their chrysmal oil upon you and the beatitudes are attracted toward you. In your ugly moods, nothing is too evil for you. It is then that satyr-like spirits enter and claim the body, and all the malignities are drawn after you by common affinities.

Study your life; not casually and occasionally, but profoundly and persistently. Muse upon the marvelous mechanism of your own body—its structure, form, adaptation to uses, the functions of the

**"Yourself
the artist,
your face
the clay to
be molded
into an
exalted
expression,
the form
must come
of a high
ideal
within."**

*Genevieve
Stebbins*

“So nigh
the great
warm heart
of God you
almost seem
to feel it
beat.”

*James
Russell
Lowell*

vital organs, heart, lungs, skin, digestive apparatus, the mysterious action of brain and nervous system. Analyze the divine principle with which you think. Meditate upon the ethereal attributes of the soul, its sorrows, delights, hopes, fears, affections, faith, its conscious kinship with God, its intuitive convictions of immortality, the grandeur of what you are and yet may be, the inner potentialities that offer unfoldment forever, unfoldment of beauty super-nal, unfoldment of bliss in the prophecies and the promises of the Christ—spiritual sovereignty and spiritual dominion—all these, and more; study them, reflect much and often and reverently upon them, and psychic glories will pervade and spread over all your physical being.

Hold fast the idea of your oneness with God. Cling to the truth of your likeness to infinite perfections. Do not linger in the bogs and lagoons of earth when the Chamouni of soul awaits your coming. Self-abasement is the only abasement that can utterly destroy you. Whoever depreciates the value of human life, slanders God and belies the truth in his own being. The falsest doctrine in all the world is that we are poor, worthless creatures. God has never given life to a trifle. He has never made anything cheap. There is no law under which a worthless being could either receive or hold existence. Life is not small. In proper adjustment it is the individual type of the best that God has made. If you can normally accommodate your soul to physical environment on the one hand, and to spiritual environment on the other, you are great enough.

Growth is revolution, evolution, and involution—revolution against the powers that deform soul and body; evolution out of the abnormal life we

are living; involution into the divine perfections which we may attain. The spiritual forces must be wooed into service unceasingly. Keep in vibration the beautiful impulses. They are the incandescent lights of the Temple. They grow more brilliant as you contemplate them—as you turn on the currents of thought. They shed a holier light as you charge the circuit with pure affections. Have faith in your inherent attributes of character. They are like God's if you give them liberty. Realize the fact that you possess the divine attributes, wisdom, love, power, as the real, living, breathing image of the Father who made us all, and that these attributes, though abused and dwarfed, may be normalized and redeemed till heaven and earth will sit and sup together.

Realize also that in His image you can not be deformed or uncomely, and that in so far as you may have departed from the ideal life, you may return and repossess it all. Realize that on this earth you stand sponsor for God. Realize that departure from the original image is the only destruction of beauty internal and external, and that in the retention of this likeness lies the pledge of perpetual grace in form and feature. Realize that as from infinite perfections you have your being, so from the same unwasted fulness may you draw the elements of beautiful and continued being. Believe in your spiritual forces as a divine endowment, and in the power to rule and regulate your life in accordance with your loftiest ideals.

Enter the companionship of Him who said: "Lo, I am with you alway." You can not leave the Christ-spirit out of your life if you would be truly beautiful. The doctrines of the lowly Nazarene embrace every principle of science, every law of

**"Wouldst
thou thy
Godlike
power
preserve?
Be Godlike
in the will
to serve."**

*Joseph B.
Gilder*

**“Realize
that outer
poise is but
a corre-
spondence of
inner poise
—the only
perfect state
—mental,
moral and
physical
poise.”**

*Genevieve
Stebbins*

philosophy, every maxim of art, every tenet of faith that could exalt the soul or illumine the body. The face of beauty must be worshipful and oft upturned in prayer. “Enter into thy closet . . . shut the door . . . pray.” Commune with your higher self, and let your higher self commune with infinite perfections. Cultivate susceptibility to the spiritual powers that wait to minister unto you. Cherish suggestibility to divine impingement. The Father’s hand rests in blessings upon the head of His child.

Keep the subliminal self receptive to the inflow of power from the Supernal Life. Go into the silence often, and there open your ears to the still, small voice. “Yea, God is sweet; my mother told me so; she never told me wrong.” Meditate much and regularly upon the mysteries of your own being. Let God into the closet before you shut the door. Talk to Him out of your heart. Use soul-words when you address Him. Let the yearnings of your life, unuttered and unutterable, pour into the divine ear as it bends to hear the unspoken language of desire. With strength gathered up in the cloisters of communion with the Infinite, go your way through the world, and you go with power upon you. Go with your credentials from the councils of the Trinity, and you go clothed with the insignia of victory. Go thus inspired, God’s sponsor throughout the earth, and the loftiest and the sweetest things that heaven has given your soul will abide in your body and rest their glories on your face.

Remember once again that access to the sources of loveliness and strength is an individual matter. You must draw for yourself upon the Infinite for the secrets of power and grace and beauty. Not

any other nor the guardian spirit of any other can drink in truth and assimilate virtue and live grandly for you. The dæmon of Socrates that warned and sustained the old philosopher can not spare you the fatal hemlock. The angel that was ever present with St. Cecilia, protecting her when she refused to worship the Roman deities, can not shield you from the inquisitor's axe. The voices that inspired the Maid of Orleans to deliver France from England can not liberate you from the thralldom of your own vices, nor divorce from those vices their power to deform. The heart of Bruce carried by Lord James against the Moors can not save you from the pas- sional Saracens that besiege your life. Not the cabalistic measures of the mystics nor the dreams and phantasms of occultism can give you power in your own right.

You are yourself the sovereign legatee, and your title can not pass to another. Hebe, when cup- bearer to the gods, had the gift of restoring youth and beauty; but a greater than Hebe dwells with- in you. Not the laurel wreath of the Pythian Games, nor the wild olive of the Olympian, nor the green parsley of the Nemean, nor the pine leaf of the Isthmian arena can be the material for your brow. The immortelles of grand living are the garlands for you. Other influences may help you according as you utilize them, but you are your own seer and the fulfiller of your own prophecies.

According as you unplug the avenues for the entrance of soul-power, will you receive psychic energy and bodily illumination. According as you individualize and appropriate the silent forces that are yours in fee simple, will you realize facial un- foldment toward your justifiable vanity. Accord- ing to your capacity for spiritual enlightenment,

“ ‘He is ever
a man that
stands like
one’; he
must look
like a man.”

*Edward
Amherst
Ott*

“O God, I
think Thy
thoughts
after Thee.”
Johann Kepler

and as you open the windows for its reception, will the light stream into the Temple and rest upon the altar. Listen and meditate, and yearn and pray, and you shall be guided. Sandalphon, the confessional angel, is waiting to weave your prayers into crowns.

You know not the day nor the hour when splendors surpassing your dreams shall burst upon you. God's way is best. Wait. You can afford to wait. Upon your sky the glow of spiritual glory will come. It may not be as you expect, for we see as through a glass darkly. It may be the flaming manifestation of power that smote St. Paul and his deputies on their way to Damascus, calling you to the ministry of nobler living. It may be the fire of the Burning Bush commissioning you priesthood over your own being. It may be the test of friendship—as of Ruth and Naomi—the very best test, after all, of one's character. It may be on some Isle of Patmos, or in the Wilderness of Judea, or in the shadows of Horeb, or at the pool of Siloam, or amid the thunders of Sinai, or along the shores of Galilee, or among the rocks of Golgotha. We know not how nor when nor where, but to those who wait upon spiritual ministrations the power of grand living will come somewhere, somehow, sometime, and with it will come that uplift of countenance that is the inevitable product of spiritual exaltation.

In the contemplation of loveliness and the acquisition of grace, our ideals may rise till angel spirits will greet them from the sky in fellowship with their kind, till the Apollos and the Venuses shall come out of the marble and enter the souls and bodies of men and women. God was the Original Designer, but you are the sculptor in your own

right. The marble, the mallet, the chisel, the divine ideals, have all been committed unto you. Meanwhile, also, the lessons of art are unceasingly whispered into your ear. In the silence of this wonderful studio the very angels are the studies of the artist. For him they pose in divinest attitudes. Listen, and you shall hear the teaching. Look, and you shall see the models. Strive, and you shall attain the desire of your heart.

As Pygmalion, day after day, carved with patience upon the stone, idealizing, dreaming, praying, till the statue took the perfect graces of form and life and motion, so may you, without mallet or chisel, hammer or saw, construct the divine architecture of the Temple Beautiful.

**“Thou
didst tell
me love is a
star leading
us on to
Heaven.”**

*Ingomar
to Parthenia*

THE END.