

A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS

BY
CLARENCE
LATHBURY





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A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS

BY

CLARENCE LATHBURY.

AUTHOR OF "GOD WINNING US."

WITH A PREFATORY VERSE

BY

MARY A. LATHBURY.

"Buonarotti seems to have intended to prove by them [his human forms] that the human body has a language inexhaustible in its symbolism—every limb, every feature, and every attitude being a word full of significance to those who comprehend, just as music is a language whereof each note and chord and phrase has correspondence with the spiritual world. To him a well-shaped hand or throat or head, a neck superbly poised on an athletic chest, the sway of the trunk above the hips, the starting of the muscles on the flank, the tendons of the ankle, the outline of the shoulder when the arm is raised, the backward bending of the loins, the curves of a woman's breast, the contour of a body careless in repose or strained for action, were all words pregnant with profoundest meaning, whereby fit utterance might be given to the thoughts that raise men near to God. Paint or carve the body of a man, and as you do it nobly, you will give the measure of both highest thought and most impassioned deed."—*John Addington Symonds.*

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THE HOLY HOUSE.

"The measure of a man, that is, of the angel."

Hast thou, taught to look within,
Seen the House of Life begin,
Molded from the mother-earth
In the miracle of birth,
Yet, like Israel's early shrine,
Inly bright with the divine?

Hast thou seen the life aspire
Like a tree, a fane, a fire,
Lifting from the parent sod
Strength and beauty back to God?

Hast thou marked the service done
Hour by hour from sun to sun
By the lowly Levite band,
Swift of foot and skilled of hand?

Hast thou heard all voices come
To the niches 'neath the dome,
Human cry, or song, or call
Seeking a confessional?

Hast thou seen the stars that rise
In the heaven of the eyes,
Or the glory of the dawn
When the starlight is withdrawn?

Hast thou seen the temple veil
With the glory glow and pale,
Or beneath its seamless white,
Half concealed from human sight,

Heard the rhythmic murmur low
Where the hidden rivers flow ?

Hast thou heard the harp that holds
In its soft and vibrant folds
All the songs of all the birds,
All the silver-sandaled words
That the players will who wait
Far within the temple gate ?

Dost thou know the two who sit
In the Holy Place of it,
Thought and Feeling, born above
Of immortal Truth and Love ?

Then thine eyes have seen indeed
Him who bears the golden reed,
Holds the height, the breadth, the plan
Of the Angel in the Man.

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A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE
ANGELS.



A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS.

I.

A MAN WITHIN A MAN.

I am the tadpole of an archangel.—*Victor Hugo.*

We come to deal with the most interesting subject in existence—ourselves. We are a wonderful being—the highest effort of the Infinite One. What science and revelation have to say about us must be of transcendent interest to us. What we are, whence we came, whither bound, sink out of sight all other questions. The study of man, an item in the universe second only to the Almighty, is the noblest problem that can be conceived—the practical bearings of which are beyond all others on the roll of research. Here there has been

much confusion of thought. The physiologist has called the *body* of man, man ; the theosophist has said that the *soul* of man is man ; the intellectualist, that *mind* is man ; the utilitarian, that *action* is man—the forthgoing of the united powers that compose man is man.

But we are tripartite ; we are all these blended into one. We are these inseparable and indissoluble. Like God, whose lesser duplicate we are, we are a divine trinity. We are not a body by itself ; nor a mind by itself ; nor a soul by itself ; nor a collection of acts—but a man. Take either separately,—body, mind, history,—and we contemplate but a fragment of a man. As we gaze upon ourselves, and into ourselves, we behold the direct handiwork of Deity. We see the fingers of the Mighty One touching a million faculties and organs. “Put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”

We are an epitome of the earth and heaven. Not “dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return”—but spirit robed in dust, dust incarnate with spirit, and spirit woven into its very texture. Spirit sweeping out from God, and by a series of discrete steps, by marvelous

affinities, incorporating the whole round universe into its sphere, and returning whence it came. The thrilling fact is this—we are the builded aroma of the creation, the music of all spheres. We are the planet sublimated and transfigured. How few have any conception of this. The introduction of many a man to himself is like the introduction of a savage to a palace. Getting a glimpse of himself, he is tempted to adore. “Ye are the temple of the Holy Spirit.” When he looks down the corridors of his being and sees a million million apartments in beautiful arrangement, room added to room, organ to organ, faculty to faculty; each lighted by truth, and warmed by love; through all of which God roams, where His steps are continually heard, he is lifted up, and, in his own estimation, he becomes another being.

We are not the earth; but the earth is in us. To make the first cell possible, uncounted ages of preparation must pass. Suns must be broken up into planets, planets must cool, the agents of geology must toil millennium after millennium over the globe to fit it as a dwelling-place for the coming man. Then the earth and

sky was gathered up into a beautiful temple of the soul. Not only the earth is in us—but something above the earth. Spirit is in us. The material of the body has been collected from an unknown multitude of the lowlier forms of life. But something has been super-added and interfused. Spirit has been infilled with matter. The bird eats the worm, and the worm is transfigured into bird—into plumage, song, flight. The worm sings, the worm soars. Man eats the turnip, the partridge, the ox; he drinks from the cooling spring; he breathes in the atmosphere (the planet in solution), and they become the brain of genius, the heart of love. They write the twenty-third psalm; they build the dome of St. Peter's; they produce the "Creation" of Handel. The human spirit bows itself, takes up a handful of dust and glorifies it, as the sun kisses the sod, and the sod blossoms with flowers. We are not the soil, yet the soil is in us. The spirit is talismanic in its transformations. In the night and in the day it pursues that subtle and exquisite mingling of soul and clay building the inexplicable creature we call ourselves. Flesh is put on and off without an instant's

pause from conception to dissolution. The learned estimate is, that in seven years we have donned an entirely new suit of mortal clothing. And yet that which is put off has lost something. The spirit has extracted a nameless something, a mystical limbus, from the soil that passes into itself, and is carried to heaven. It has taken something ; and yet left everything. It has gotten not merely heat, light, air, earth ; but love, intelligence, faith, patience—in short, all divine qualities have become constitutional in us, fixed in us, blended by a chemistry that passes knowledge. These individualities, grouped, compose what we call society—the *Maximus Homo*, man gathered up from all ages and worlds into his greater humanity—a heaven out of the human race.

So here we are—a complexity that holds in its parenthesis everything that has been, is, or shall be. The earth is in us—we are Geology, Botany, Zoology ; and heaven is in us too. The Lord is in us, and angels are in us. We climb all the stairs that reach to God. We are the precious link that joins the cosmos with the supernal. We are a transcript of both God, and the world. Yet there is an

outer us that will be sloughed, as the chrysalis discards its shell. Without argument we recognize the man within the man: the man within that shall go on—the man without that shall be left behind as a contribution to the soil. Having made good use of it, we leave it as building material for coming spirits, who must clothe and unclothe themselves with like draperies. “We think of the soul as a complete, and in nowise disembodied man, within the known embodied man.” We know we are master of the body. We know the soul resides in us as queen. The predominant personality within, that no one has ever seen or handled,—that which even we ourselves see not, even as through a glass darkly, invisible as God,—is, we know, the man within the man. Without this we are not man, but animal. Man in Sanskrit means “The Thinker.” When Eve exclaimed that she had “gotten a man from the Lord,” she knew her offspring was radically different from the brutes about her.

The instinctive and willing subjection of everything material to the impalpable confirms the truth of the man within the man. Almost

spontaneously we speak of the outer as something distinct from us. We say "my body," "my hand," "my foot," "my tooth." When we lose a limb by amputation, we never think of having lost a part of ourselves. But rather what has a relation to the soul, like the tool to the hand. The young man drives his body with whip and spur. He commands—it obeys. The old man speaks cheerfully of it as a dulled instrument, or worn-out vehicle that will soon be surrendered for a new one. He will enter the sepulchre, leave it folded there, as Jesus did the cloths that wrapped him, and come forth clad anew. And the idea of having to feed it, dress it, exercise it, humor it—has fallen into familiar expressions, and often complaints. The task of carrying it about with us everywhere (as we do our wardrobe), of keeping it cool or warm, of laying it away every night in the dark to rest, of waiting patiently for it to recuperate its powers when indisposed, that we may use it again,—is more tragic than amusing.

The soul being the architect and builder of the body, the body naturally becomes the soul's counterpart and expositor. What we see upon

the surface—the gesticulations, expressions, and emotions that sweep over the body like clouds and sunshine—are but the revelation and utterance of that within us we call alive. If we could descend the stairs of our being, and enter every department, we should find the spirit of God (and man) breaking into cell, and nerve, and organ, and tissue, multiplying and molding the outer part of us—God in us to will and to do. We should find everywhere His angels busily at work sculpturing the dome of the brain, rounding the columns of the limbs, laying the nerves of intercommunication under abysses and over eminences, to the utmost boundaries of ourselves. By a magic that has never been fathomed we should behold the invisible Potter shaping the visible clay. We should meet angelic squadrons with love in their faces, with ineffable skill acquired in heavenly places, guarding the life, and presiding everywhere. We are builded from *within*, and not from without, and the structure is never completed, dedicated, and forsaken by the mind that planned it; but every instant, at every minutest point, creation proceeds—and God is present. We are a temple

continually crowded with angels—and every act within it is an act of worship.

Therefore the body naturally expounds the spirit. As the instrument expounds the player, as the speech is the speaker made vocal, as the song is the soul of the singer breathing over the laryngeal harp, as the cathedral from porch to altar, to façade and minaret, figures the vision of the man within the man. The cathedral must first be in the soul before it can be on the earth. Its foundations must first be laid in the human heart. Its grandeur is but a dim and inadequate interpretation of the grandeur of the hidden architect. So the outer us is an interpretation of the inner us. It can do only what is given it to do. The body is the commentary of the spirit. Every act, every word, every light and shadow moving over the face, every genuflection, is a biography of that within. Just as nature tells us about God. The material world has a million preachers. We can not go out without seeing sermons, listening to sermons. Everything that creeps, walks, or flies; yes, everything that grows; more, even the rocks and hills we call mute, are calling to us, and endeavoring to tell us

about God. The world is a vast temple with many altars, in which prayer and song never die away. The universe is the forthgoing of the Infinite One—this is why it is so grand and sweet. This is why it is good. The face is a map of the soul, and its variations interpret the soul's moods and emotions. The hands are but the soul's tools—they are the soul in action. When they are clasped in prayer, when they hold the pen of inspiration, when they are lifted up in warning, when they grasp the engines of warfare, when they are laid in gentleness on the brow of the ill, when they sweep the lyre,—they expound the man within the man. The tongue is simply the soul articulate. When the lips whiten, we know the soul is angry. When the body is shaken by sensual passion, it is telling a tale which the man within would fain conceal. The soul runs out to the finger-tips. It is even manifested in the hair in moments of extreme fear. But when, at last, the soul leaves the body, the body's work is done. It no longer reports its master; for its master has released it from duty.

Our teachers are all about us. We awake

in the school-room of the world, and, from the first cry of infancy to the final breath of age, we are under unceasing instruction. Instantly our environment begins to mold and influence us. Myriad forces, visible and unseen, play about us. We are the inhabitant of two worlds, compassed by a mighty cloud of potencies, all interested in our welfare. Microscopic personalities fill the air, and we tread them beneath our feet. Countless suns and earths, too far away to be noticed, too numerous to be conceived, still fling their spell over us. Embodied angels bend over our cradles, and angels incorporeal encamp around us. Normal everyday experiences sift us like wheat. Sorrows, joys, hindrances, mysteries, sickness, death, the tragic and the comic, the pathetic and the martial, poverty and wealth, lay their shaping fingers on the spirit. Everything the eyes behold, the hands touch, the ears hear, the tongue tastes, informs us. We may shun books, avoid colleges, refuse every opportunity for systematic study, yet we can not play truant from the enforced school of God.

And while the world and society teach all—it is the child who teaches us most. It is still

true that "a little child shall lead them." Evolutionists tell us that prolonged infancy has been the greatest teacher in the highest things. The mother, through long years of care, as she rears one child after another, is under the most beautiful cultivation. The sweet, helpless, innocent things lying before her, or playing around her, gently draw out and perfect patience, pity, affection, sacrifice, wisdom. Through the most continual exercise, day and night, decade after decade, these qualities become so habitual that they become eternal. The mother passed them down the stream of heredity—and as the river of divinity rolled onward, it gathered force, until it now carries the ages with it. The children of the house irradiate the earth. "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Thus they bring heaven within the radius of the family circle. They are the point of contact of the race with that dear place whence it came, and to which it will return.

On earth there will never be a higher being than man. In heaven there can be but one higher being—God. "Thou hast made him a

little lower than God [R. V.] and hast crowned him with glory and honor." To be a man and have no possible successor; to be the blossom and fruit of the long past eternities, and the intimation of a rising glory that John's apocalypse but dimly foretells, should fill us with an inspiration that lightens care and extinguishes every base desire.

“Nor hath God deigned to show himself elsewhere
More clearly than in human forms sublime,
Which, since they image him, compel my love.”
—*Michaelangelo.*



LIGHT POWERS.



II.

A SYSTEM OF LIGHT.

The cerebrum desires to see.—*John Worcester.*

We are not only creatures of emotion, but of light. Within ourselves no curtains are drawn, no darkness abides. Without light life would be impossible. We should be a chaos, orderless and purposeless. "If the Light that is within thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" At evening when we enter our homes the first thing is to light them up—then we kindle the fires for warmth. So light is first in time—though love is first in place. Journeying through the night, light must precede the footsteps to guide the way—yet the vital thing is the movement of the feet. Therefore the LIGHT POWERS precede the LIFE POWERS. We must first see, discriminate, acquaint ourselves with, our inner and outer worlds. The gateways of our being

should be flung wide open, that God's light may stream in—and that that light may stream out again to illuminate our path.

First in time, then, is that wonderful system of light strung within us called the brain. Beautiful beyond description, an ineffable mystery, with its myriad apartments one-tenthousandth of an inch in diameter, with transit fibers of incredible fineness, with powers of thought limitless, and of bewildering complexity. What facile architect built the cupola of the brain? That remarkable instrument upon which the soul plays? That elevated tableland of stratified nervous matter, furrowed by deep and sinuous cañons, traversed by a vast network of highways, along which the messengers of light pass to and fro? That comparatively new thing in the world which antecedent rock, or tree, or star knew not? That extra piece of machinery marking us as the summit of creation? That largest mass of nerve-matter in the organic universe? The brute has a kind of shadow or adumbration of the *organ*—but is minus the impalpable *mind*, the player. The difference between the baby monkey and the baby man is this extra piece

of machinery capable of endless cultivation, the shrine of eternal possibility. Says the great Swedish seer: "It is the brain and the interiors thereof, by which descent from the heavens into the world, and ascent from the world into the heavens, is made." It is the ladder of the *Maximus Homo*, traveled by angels, stretching between the tangible and the unseen.

The evolution of the signal system came first. All things of the body "were made by it and without it was not anything made that was made." Body is the nervous radiation, infilled with muscle, organ, and cell. This system unifies and illuminates the entire physical structure. From sandal to crown it leaves no apartment untouched. What is light? The candle, the lamp, and the electric bulb are but correspondences of light. Beautiful hints of "the light that never was on sea or land." Light is intelligence. "I see!" we exclaim when we comprehend. The vast light that is breaking now on the darkened earth is not sunlight. It is wisdom, discovery, comprehension of God and His works. "Dark as Egypt" is proverbial; yet Egypt is a

country where the sunlight is rarely absent, and where at night its rays, reflected from planet and satellite, constitute a less bright day. Light is knowledge. Books are instruments of light. "Thy Word is light." The mind is the light of the body, and the light of men. It is a great lamp swung in the forehead,—in the vestibule of being. The telegraph and telephone lines that thread the land are thoroughfares of light along which the mind of the nation runs. They are at first glance attributed to the genius of man. But they are a second edition of that which is within ourselves. One day a man gazed within and beheld himself strung to light, and went out and repeated what he saw in the land, and got a patent on it. He wired the earth as God had wired him, and claimed originating genius. Study thyself, O man, and arrange the universe after thee. Can we improve on God? When the cosmos is completed and has reached the flower of its perfection, it can but have dimly copied man.

The wires are the nerves—tiny white cords along which messages fly from brain to body, and back again from body to brain. They run

to every muscle, every bone, every organ—to heart, and lung, and hand, and eye, and tongue, and feet. Even the hair and finger-nails are carefully wired. The whole body is laced with avenues of light. We are interwoven within and without—underneath and overhead as Boston never dreamed. The spinal cord is a fascicle of nervous threads that by and by will ray out into a million diverse filaments. Paris follows this method in gathering its wires into safe masonic conduits which pass through the heart of the city on their way out to the suburbs. The head is the summit of the system, and is named for wisdom and rule. We speak of the head of a house, of a corporation, of a State. There sits the mind, the invisible occupant, in instant communication with the remotest districts of being. If there is attrition at any point, adjustment is made and the trouble settled by the mind. The foot flashes up the intelligence that a pebble is in the shoe ; orders are returned to the hands to remove the shoe and extract the pebble. “I am hungry,” cries the stomach, and the mind orders the feet to carry the stomach to the pantry, and the hands to supply its wants. “I am cold,” says the

body ; and the mind replies, "Go to the fire and get warm." The patient mind keeps the most careful watch over every precinct of its little kingdom. It not only soars to the stars, and over the planet, and wings its way to heaven, but it is omnipresent in every cell of its special domain. Telepathy, what is it? Is it not a counterpart of the silent and soft intercourse of the mind with the body? Has not organ, cell, and blood-vessel, foot, hand, and tongue, telepathic power? What spirit is that darting along the innumerable ways of the body from the great nerve metropolis to its most distant places? Is it not the soul sending out its heralds? "The head is the continual governing power ; it corresponds to unity and draws all things to itself."

Through the Lord and the human spirit, then, the brain creates the body. It drew the first plan and built the edifice to fit the plan. The body is to the nerves what the woof is to the warp. And the nerve-system is but the covering of the soul. The brain rays out like sunlight to the very tips of the human figure. And along its myriad ways hastes the soul. Nerve is soul draped with almost impalpable

vesture, and fitting soul with artless perfection. The soul presses itself into the nerves, as life swells in the bud and causes it to defy gravitation and stand erect. As agent and laborer, the nervous system builds the body. A physiological plate will cast light on the problem I am illustrating. It will be seen that the nerve radiation assumes perfectly the human form. It penetrates to the skin and teeth and hair. It is impossible to put down the point of a cambric needle without touching it. It is a diaphanous veil of the spirit. It is a transparent curtain screening the holy of holies from profane eyes. What, then, is the physical? It is spirit surcharged with matter, as the primrose is life interwoven with the planet. Death subtracts flesh, and leaves the spirit as to *form* and identity unchanged, as to *quality*, sublimated and beautified. Jesus was the same dear companion after the incident of the tomb—simply the grosser substances that legitimately belong to earth had been deducted. The tips of the nerves—that is, the tips of the spirit—form the outline of ourselves. When we gaze upon hands, feet, face, figure, we behold spirit thinly clad. To be sure, we see

but the almost crystalline partition walls ; yet they conform perfectly to that within. The brain, then, and its continuation, is but the channel of the soul. And this is saying that character resides in every part of us. The flesh is actually an immortal formation. We are physically such as we will be seen to be when we die. Character is seen in the light of the eye, in the curl of the lip, in the tones of the voice, in the movements of the hands, in the swing and poise of the frame. Death simply takes down the scaffolding and leaves the ethereal structure intact.

The brain is not the mind, but the *instrument* of the mind. The brain is the mind's mode of action. Spirit plays on brain, and brain plays on body. We sit in the cupola of being (as the head of a railway system sits in the central office) and govern ourselves. The director is omnipresent in every part of it through those interlacing wires. They are but an extension of himself. His orders flash everywhere—and those orders are his mind, are *himself*. We are thus present in every part of ourselves, like the rays of the sun that communicate with every blade of grass, every

humble weed. The mind is the sun of our human system. The nerves are but lengthened selves. In this sense we are not flesh—flesh is a foreign substance, which will one day be eliminated, just as the mineral in petrified bodies does not legitimately belong to them. Death is the withdrawal of the material from the spiritual by a subtle chemistry known only to God and His ministering angels.

The repeating stations or sub-offices of a telegraphic system have been supposed to be something new—an invention of this bright and pushing era. Lesser centers are constituted by the first center, like satellites of a sun, to which are confided special duties. This relieves the head-office of too much detail. They are sub-centers, and under direct surveillance, yet, after instructions, obtain a certain independence. They do detailed things without troubling the central. This supposed clever device of the new age is as old as humanity. It has been working within us for untold generations. The brain is the central—yet it has repeating stations in the cerebellum and in the spinal cord. All involuntary movements are wrought without the conscious effort of the mind.

There are the angels of the heart that keep it throbbing, the angels of the lungs that keep them heaving, heavenly bands detailed by the Lord to precious and peculiar labors. They are given authority over vital functions upon which the life is suspended by a thread, as we appoint certain men of the nation to positions of immense trust, where the existence of government is poised; as the manager of a great corporation sits at his desk undisturbed by the thousand-and-one complications about him. These are but a transcript of something the Lord set to working within us at the dawn of the race. We are told that heaven is in the form of the brain (in the form of the nervous system, in the form of *man*), with the Lord at the head, about which myriad centers are grouped. The brain represents heaven; the nerves, rays of influence and control.

Therefore the mind is the patient teacher and preceptor of the body. It instructs certain departments to do its will until its will becomes spontaneous and natural. It persists in holding the body to good habits, until those habits become instinctive. Through these sub-agents the mind has constant oversight of

the minutest details. She presides like a goddess and loves like a cherishing mother. The operators in the repeating stations are loyal to her as gravitation is loyal to the Almighty. And they arrange themselves in the mind's order with as much fidelity as the raindrops take their respective places and hues in the bow. We see the overwhelming importance, then, of having the mind lighted up with the lamps of God. Then that light will fling itself out to the remotest corners of our lives, shining in deeds and speech. "If the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch." We should hang aloft in our foreheads the "light that shineth unto the perfect day," for "the brain, from which is the origin of all things in man's life, is next under the forehead." As the mind is, the body will be instructed—and will become. By long-suffering affection and most patient repetition each part of us should be brought to act in unison with the sanctified brain. We should cheer up each fainting power, and inspire what has a tendency to grovel. We are the instructors of the fingers. We teach them to practice the score until at last they are graduated, and need

no further oversight. They do their work gladly without referring to us. We teach them not to be selfish or thieving by pressing them into philanthropies and kindnesses until they become voluntary angels of mercy. We teach the tongue to articulate clearly, to utter sentiments of light and love, until it no longer wishes to sting like an adder, or to pierce the soul with many darts. We teach the feet to walk in straight paths and to climb altitudes of peace and purity until they no longer seek the valleys of sensuality, or move along the ways of death. This is what is meant by *habit*—the power of *habit*. By constant self-control we may stamp the new name not only on our foreheads, but on every part of us. We may thus shape the outward form, as Greenough did his marble. Our bodies are actually the rough material given the soul to fashion as it will. This is what is meant by character being in the figure. The beauty of Buonarrotti's spirit is embalmed in his human forms. As he painted or carved the body he gave measure to his own highest thought and most impassioned deed. His creations were himself glorified. The power of *good habit*! We

speaking frequently of the power of base habit, but the *good* is as strong as the bad, and stronger; the bad runs out in the "third and fourth generations"; the good continues unto the "thousandth"—forever. Oh, the almost infinite possibilities of mind over matter! John Worcester tells us that the cerebellum (or little brain) is not a thinking or voluntary organ. It is but the faithful servant of the cerebrum. It does "what is given it from above." It listens to the voice out of its overshadowing heaven, and from that "bright cloud" descends into the valleys of its existence to gladly fulfil. The organ of nature, it may be regenerated and made angelic by its preceptor. It presides over the body while it sleeps, and is the home of dreams. At night when we lie down it may be instructed to entertain beautiful thoughts, to transmit peace and trust to the remotest parts. Sensual emotions, carking cares, disturbing fancies, may be bidden to depart. In other words, demons may be shown the door, and angelic bands may be permitted to fill it with the "peace that passeth understanding." As the blood from the heart is purified by the lungs, the

cerebellum may be purified by the cerebrum. And we all realize the regenerating power of high thought. We know what an effect good or evil news has upon us as it runs over the wires or drops through the mails. Just *this* power the mind has over the body. Cast away physic and cling to hope. Chavannes has a mural painting in the Boston Public Library illustrating this point. Along telegraphic lines pass two angels, one white and the other somber, both touching the wires with harmonious fingers as they flash across the continent with their tales of weal and woe. Some remote cottage or mansion is to be exhilarated or depressed. Says Robert Browning: "Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts."

We see, then, what *quality* of thinking will do for the life. We may degrade the brain and trail its bright garments in the dust. We may debase it and make it the servant of a wicked master, and through it the utilities of being will take like shading. The devil may be discovered in feature, motion, language, glance. There are demons incarnate—demons animating fleshly temples. We are told that the very texture of the brain accommodates

itself to the quality of our thinking. "The mind secretes poison as the liver secretes bile." The dull and sodden eye of the sensualist, the paralyzed thought, the very collapse of the figure God made in His own image, tells its story. As the mind forms the body, the body *must* be its faithful reporter.

"It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor."
—*Spenser's "Faërie Queene."*

III.

WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

“The light of the body is the eye.”

At first it is somewhat difficult to realize that we live in a flesh house and gaze through its bright windows on the world; that our body is the house, we the occupant, and our eyes the windows. But a little close thinking will convince us of this and dissipate any lingering doubts. Said Jesus: “The light [window] of the body is the eye.” Close for an instant those beautiful fringed curtains and you will realize this, for you will be shut in midnight darkness so far as outer things are concerned. Open them, and the landscape spreads itself at your feet. It is the identical experience of closing the shutters of a dwelling and barring out the day.

The flesh eye (or outer eye) is not a real eye; it is but a lens through which the actual eye

gazes. We are spiritual beings wearing spectacles manufactured of the finer substances of the planet, through which we look on the trees, the hills, and the loved forms of relatives and friends. The soul sits inside and looks through the lattice. From this safe inclosure it watches the drama of nature and society. These corporeal glasses are, as the great poet says, "The eye and prospect of the soul." They are the "mind's eye." A study of these windows fills the reverent pupil with rapture, and lifts his thought to the divine Artisan. They are a remarkably constructed camera obscura, a darkened chamber magnificently fitted up with reflectors and glasses for the purpose of painting truthful representatives of the outward creation on the sensitive plate of the brain. Descend the successive steps of the evolution of this organ and estimate the ages the eye has spent in climbing to its superb perfection. Consider the uncounted centuries employed in polishing its lenses and adjusting the diaphragms and screws. Observe the self-acting spring that makes the eyelids close when the eye is threatened. Note the closely woven nervous network from which the retina has its

name, like an exquisitely organized velvet nap standing up on the expanded tissue of the optic nerve. Watch with what peculiar tenderness the body guards and protects this precious possession ;—the overhanging roof ; the eaves-troughs of the brows ; the upper and nether elastic curtains that quickly close against dust, wind, or any approaching enemy ;—those draperies that lull the eyes to rest when weary, that temper the too intense radiance, and bathe and dry them at the fountain of tears.

Have you considered the numerous aids to the eye of the soul ? There are eyes piled on eyes in prodigal profusion. We see persons occasionally wearing two or three pairs of glasses—spectacles over spectacles. And as if these were not enough for the eager vision, we buy microscopes and telescopes. These are all outer artificial eyes of the inner actual eye. The soul looks, as it were, adown a vista of them. Behind the multiplicity of crystalline aids it stands and looks through. In our devout endeavor to inspect the surrounding universe, what expedients we devise ! To adjust the planet, the objects of the planet, and the *distant* planets and suns to our sight, we seize

every possible help. We grind glasses, we turn them concave and convex, we magnify or minify, we lengthen or shorten,—that the soul may see, see, see. There are resting spectacles for the overworked organ. There are the instruments that unveil a world beneath the feet—and a universe in the sky. Myriad creatures creep, swim, and fly that we had never fancied had an existence, and the interstellar spaces, before a cerulean blank, are set with countless lights. The very atmosphere is alive; “thin air” is seen to contain a population that forbids mathematical numeration, and the atmosphere is now known to be a lens of great depth and beauty. We speak of it as clear or thick, and its condition is to be considered with any outlook over the land or into the sky.

What are all these but eyes of the soul’s eyes? We have actually advanced God’s handiwork. “Greater things than these shall ye do.” The telescopic and microscopic eye is a thousand times more clear and powerful. We have taken great leaps in the evolution of vision. We have done in a few years what it would have taken millenniums to have reached by the way of evolution. Yet our conceit is

lowered when we reflect that these aids would be worth so much old metal and glass without the windows of the face. The blind man has no use for our finest optical utensils. They are so much lumber to him.

Then there is the photographic eye, that is immensely superior to anything that has been mentioned. It can see where the human eye, through the telescope, beholds a blank. It can gaze steadily for hours in one spot without winking or wearying. It can record with infinite and delicate accuracy what time can not efface. Here is an eye independent of the nervous eye—and so much better that astronomers resort to it in crucial cases, discarding the instrument the Lord has made.

For the skeptical here is an unanswerable proof of the reality of the soul. The outer eyes prove the inner. As the blind man has no use for spectacles, the flesh eye would be superfluous if there were no spirit eye behind it. Withdraw the spirit and see: the dead man's eye becomes "a dead letter." The fact that the Lord has made the eye destroys forever any argument against the soul. It is an optic of the mind. The material eye is the clothing

of the inner eye—the inner eye fills every part of it, gives it life, light, and therefore sight. “If the light that is within thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!” As there is perfect adjustment of the outer eye to the sun and the atmosphere, there is perfect adjustment of the spirit eye to the flesh eye. “The sight of the body altogether corresponds to the spirit.”

What, then, is ordinary everyday seeing but *spiritual* seeing? What is it but the soul viewing the world? What is the glance of a friend but heart greeting heart;—in the light of the eye, soul saluting soul with an unseen embrace? What do we see but “the rapt soul sitting in thine eyes”? Are we not a spiritual humanity—a great congregation of immortals wearing binoculars of flesh and blood? Through these human fan-lights, these “homes of silent prayer,” beholding one another? Love and intelligence flashing through the almost transparent medium, the limpid vestibule of being?

We have supposed the eyes to be organs of pure light—instruments of unmixed revelation. Yet there is an antipodal truth here—a divine paradox. They are designed to *hide* as much

as they reveal. They are a revelation and a mystery. How easy it would have been for the Lord to lengthen and intensify their powers ! How easy it would have been for him to have made them telescopic or microscopic ! He might have built them to look without fatigue into infinite spaces, to pierce opaque substances, and to detect hidden essences ; to go through the pod and sheathing to the laws and principles that lie within. Had he done so, it is a question whether we should have been wiser or happier. Such a sweep of light might have been too much for us and have brought only confusion and pain. The matter of a few extra degrees might have been light that dazzles and blinds. He has rather given a tempered sight, sufficient for present development, and has taught us how to augment it by artificial aids. He gives strength sufficient for the day. Forever and forever he will set gates ajar as fast as we are able to enter them. By and by he will transcend all artifices, strip away all shades, that we may "see eye to eye and know as we are known." No longer through "a glass darkly ; but face to face."

How the eye illuminates the body ! The

light shining through irradiates the entire edifice, guiding and cheering every hidden worker, driving out every shadow. As the sun is the "eye of the world," as Athens was "the eye of Greece," the windows of the face are the eyes of the body. They are—

"the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

The eyes live all through the body; they are the visual of every organ, every activity. There is not a cell, tissue, nerve, or member but sees. "Else how could they work in that underworld, in the deep mines of the flesh, with no safety-lamps?" "If thine eye be single [clear, impartial, strong] thy *whole* body shall be full of light." The eyes are the sun of the body. They are like the skylights in Noah's ark; like the pilot at the ship's helm—the "eye of the vessel." The eye is omnipresent in the body as the sun is in the earth. It is a camera that photographs the outer world on the sensitive plate of the brain, and the brain transmits it over the myriad lines of the nervous system to the remotest provinces. The *body* is therefore ocular—every inch and

atom of it obtains the vision. From its heaven above light flashes inward and downward.

This explains how the very hands and feet are luminous. How our feet fly along the uneven and dangerous path, having eyes. How they scale precipitous places and conduct the body safely along slippery ways. Close the eyes, and the feet are instantly in darkness, and know not what to do. This explains how the hands have such skill in operating on the world. Every finger has an eye—the whole hand is crowded with light. The effulgence from those upper windows transfigures it. “If thine eye be single thy whole body [hands, feet] shall be full of light.” The eyes irradiate the whole mansion of the soul, streaming through every window.

How important it is, then, that we should keep our windows clean! Glass needs constant brightening. We who wear spectacles have learned well this lesson. How easily they get soiled! Old forsaken houses are almost dark for the dust and cobwebs that drape the windows. How the lenses of a telescope are polished! With what immense

care they are cast, to be free from wrinkle, bubble, flaw ! A slight imperfection hides a world. A blur spoils a sun. It is only the clear (single) eye that is a perfect medium of light—that tells us the truth about the things we look at. We see double, see objects turbid and smutty—when the *eye* is wrong. To some the world and its inhabitants are strange, lurid, shadowy ; like the blind man, half seeing, they behold men as “trees walking.” How a simple thing like glass will mar a fine work of art. It will take on muddy hues, its contour will seem awry, and the touch of the artist will be obscured. The optics of the soul are peculiarly susceptible to flaw. The world of nature and of men takes a million varied shades and shapes according to the condition of the eye. This explains the diversity of views that obtain everywhere. Why some see a God of love ; others, an Almighty Tyrant. Why some see a good and faithful world, and the Lord walking in the midst ; others, a jumble of forces and laws that work for pain, mystery, and destruction. Why one is soothed by the music of the spheres, and another is tortured by its discords. Go into a forsaken and bat-

haunted dwelling, and look through windows hung with the webs of spiders, thick with dust, and obscured by decay on the most charming summer scene, and you will get my idea. Or put on spectacles dimmed and imperfectly focused.

Much depends upon the condition of the windows. If the thrifty housewife is so particular, how much more should we keep the transparencies of the mind unsullied! "The soul determined and fitted to look abroad cleans its windows." Then floats in more and completer visions than come to ordinary eyes. How do we do this? Keep the spirit pure, clear, unbiassed,—that God's light may find perfect admittance; that, in turn, the spirit may "see the King in His beauty." Purity is the single condition of sight. "The pure in heart shall see God." Sin blurs the heart vision, spoils the focus, and warps the whole being. It is a proverb that the evil eye turns beauty and health into a curse. "If [note the reservation] thine eye be single [pure] thy whole body shall be full of light."

Everything hinges on the soul behind the eyes. Is this not equally true of glasses? For

they are only avenues of spiritual vision. They are secondary aids—artificial helps to the hidden spirit. The two interwork. There must be perfect adjustment. Outer and inner must harmonize. The eye sees according to the temper of the mind. The eye becomes what the soul is. The clear, calm, pure eye—does it not mirror a pure heart? And the heavy, ungleaming, slatternly eye—does not that represent a soul too? These *three* things can be asserted. The outer eye is the organ of manifest truth. Truth in myriad and fascinating forms lies before it, yet it may not *see* the truth. What is the difficulty? Sight is the *discernment* of truth, and it lacks sight. We may look out of our eyes and see nothing, or we may see an exactly different picture from the one before us. We must have SIGHT to see truly, even with eyes. And there is another step still higher—*vision*. Vision is the elevation of sight to a point where we see God—God in everything.

What wide differences in men and women! Some have eyes, but no sight. A gloomy inhabitant sits within. Some have sight, but no vision. They live in the region of framework and mathematics. They deal with patent, visi-

ble, tangible facts, and they never pass out of this narrow and circumscribed field. But there is *vision* that is independent of any outer aid. There is an inmost eye that penetrates the deep places of nature, through all its covering, to the world of mystic forces. Close the lids, and if you have this deeper sight, you will discover something. After all has been said, the casual eye but reveals the outer wrappings—admits only to the vestibule of the temple of truth. There is *vision* that beholds the essences and principles. Jesus ranged over the entire field—from center to rim. He saw Peter's body and Peter's inmost life. "God looketh upon the heart." It is possible to look through the trappings of souls to the souls themselves. Is there not an eye that sees paper and print only? This is not *sight*. There is another eye that detects the thought lying in the sentence—the fact it attempts to crystallize. That *is* sight. But there is another eye still, that detects a third sense—a divine and rapt apocalypse lying at the very heart of the volume. This is VISION. One sees marble, curved, polished, figured, and of perfect whiteness. The flesh eye only falls

upon it. Another sees beauty, grace, symmetry—a duplicate of the “human form divine.” That is sight. Another sees God imaged there; he sees soul beneath the marble, he catches the conception of the sculptor, he sees a language there inexhaustible in its symbolism, every limb, every feature, every attitude, crowded with divine significance, each detail having correspondence with the spiritual world. This is *vision*. When we look at a picture, a child, a flower, we may (or may not) see through this triple medium. We may be among those who “having eyes see not.” In the legend of Jubal we are told that “all eyes can see when light flows out from God.” But it is not so. If the spirit is not *pure*, we may stand in the third heaven and its very light will be to us as Egyptian darkness. “Blessed art thou Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.”

Hamlet. My father! Methinks I see my father!

Horatio. Where, my lord?

Hamlet. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

IV.

THE AUDITORY LAMP.

Thy Word is a Lamp.—*The Psalter.*

Look with thine ears.—*Shakespeare.*

Light enters the soul through the ears as well as the eyes. There is the unique auditory lamp that casts its soft radiance through every part of the fleshly mansion. An auditory lamp! What is that? It is the acoustic torch that enlightens the soul. It is the Aladdin lamp of life. It lights by sound rather than by sight. It illuminates even the lowest departments of the body. How can resonance shine? how can words radiate? If we think closely, we will see that the *results* of sound and light are identical. The method of *delivery* only varies. Music tells us something; so does the landscape. We see birds, mountains, men and women, rivers, and storms, and they say something to us. They talk to us and bring mes-

sages. We hear orators, melody, the scream of the locomotive, the cry of the hawk, the coo of the dove, the clangor of bells, the running brook, the breeze in the trees, the lapping wavelets, the thunder of the sea on the beach—and each sound tells its own story to the instructed spirit. Through the avenues of sound or sight light comes. In its last analysis sound is light; it is a word to the soul, informing and enchanting it. We deal now with light by hearing. Old Isaac Walton found the lovely cadences of earth a hint of heaven:

“The moving leaves, the water’s gentle flow,
Delicious music hung on every bough.
If to weak, sinful man such sounds are given,
Oh! what must be the melody of heaven!”

Therefore the Lord has expended as much skill and patience in the building and perfection of the ear as the eye. The eye deals with light through *vision*; the ear, with light through *hearing*. The ear is a remarkable instrument that receives, collects, and interprets to the indwelling spirit vibrations which we recognize as intonation. It has a series of wonderful chambers and corridors through which every form of atmospheric tremulation passes to the spirit.

We sit within, placing our soul's ear to this fleshly organ, as the operator holds the telephonic receiver while conversing with the distant speaker. Its order is threefold. There is the concha, or shell, spread out to the air—convex, built to catch noises as the fisher's net is built to catch fish. There is the transmitting chain of bones, the triple sounding-board that throws the noises inward where the soul sits listening. Lastly, the three spiral avenues or snail-shell windings that reach the inner invisible auditory. All these are vestibules or guards protecting us from alien and incoherent voices, which, if admitted, would only confuse and annoy.

The relation between the ear and the eye is significant. We know they both deal with light. The ears see. The fishes of Mammoth Cave see with their ears. All the light they get is through sound and touch. "Do you see?" we say, when we are trying to make some matter plain. We mean, "Do you see with your ears? do you comprehend?" Hearing is light borne on wave-sounds; seeing is light borne on wave-sights. The eyes occasionally listen; the ears occasionally look. Both

are used interchangeably. The eyes listen to the thought of a book, or the conversation of gesture and facial expression ; the ears see a truth when uttered, they see beauty in melody, poetry, literary form. Each may act separately, but both work together most intelligently. Do we not hear better when we look at the speaker? Shut your eyes when your friend is talking and my point will be made.

Note the interesting parallels. The ear deals with undulations of the air ; the eye, with undulations of the ether. The ear receives a million motley and confusing noises battling at its door ; assorts and marshals them in orderly series before introducing them to the mind. The eye receives a like complexity of pictures and goes through similar discriminating and selecting processes before photographing them on the brain for transmission to the soul. Sound passes through a series of transforming chambers and anterooms to the waiting spirit ; sight traverses a parallel way through the vestibules of the eye to the brain. Both are the soul's reporters. They are its news-gatherers and detectives, constantly searching the earth for what may be interesting and instructive, and

hastening home with their tales of wonder and surprise. We read with our eyes; read the book, the landscape, the changing sky, the moving throng, the individual and expressive feature and gesture. We listen with our ears as, borne on every atmospheric billow, words, sentences, complex noises, break against the body; as the harmonies and discords of the world come rolling in like a flood. These two newsmongers are ever busy working at the same time. We are frequently conscious of the double report; ears and eyes rushing up at the same instant, insisting upon an audience. And finally we become so adept at taking news that we can receive both messages at the same instant. Helen Kellar employs neither of these eavesdroppers; her implements of sight and sound are both destroyed, or rather were never developed. She gets light through the avenue of touch mostly. With fingers, nostrils, tongue, and skin she gathers what she can of the doings of this great world. Every intonation tells us something which we involuntarily build into a sentence, and pass to the soul. Every sound teaches a truth which is written upon the invisible parchment of the intellect in characters that can never fade.

There is an ear within an ear. The ear without is framed for transmitting the sounds of the earth to the ear within. It has to do exclusively with planetary matters. When the body is dead, or the ear deaf, or the hearing machine destroyed in some way, the soul can not detect a single cosmic sound. The storm of melody, the floods of Mendelssohn and Wagner, are as though they were not. There are intonations audible and inaudible. What is audible the spirit can take only with the acoustic instrument that links it to the world. The natural ear reports the planet only; and when it is dead, the planet is dead. It is as extinct as the landscape is to the sleepers in the graves. Yet there is a spirit in these world-noises which passes to the ear within. It disrobes sound, as it were, of its outer covering. The chariot is dismissed at the inner entrance hall and the invisible occupant becomes the property of the mind. There are messages that are not permitted to enter the deep sanctuary of being. There is hearing *and* hearing. "He that hath an EAR let him hear what the SPIRIT saith." Some have not developed this inner listening. "Having ears they

hear not." They hear superficially. They hear as the brute—they get the pod and shuck of sound, and lose the rest. "The natural man perceiveth not the things of the SPIRIT." There are things spiritually discerned, and things only naturally discerned. There are things seen by the "mind's eye," seen by the natural eye, seen microscopically and telescopically.

But the ear within really catches two classes of sounds. It does not hear the outward sound as the acoustic organ does, but it gets the harmony. The soul of a sound is congruous with its body. One is a correspondence and configuration of the other. The spirit ear extracts the kernel from a musical strain and allows the mere noise to die away; as we take the meat from a nut and drop the shell. It takes the message and dismisses the messenger. It can hear minus the outward ear; not sounds of earth, but the voices of the spiritual universe. Did not the shepherds hear the angelic choir chanting over the Judean hills? There is an instrument called the audiphone that transmits conversation through the bones of the mouth to the deeper chambers of the

fleshly ear. Sound climbs up some other way, enters by a secret passage. And in some incomprehensible manner the spirit hears independently of the earthly organ. The soul is somehow stripped of its outer covering and lies naked to the world of spirit. At dying beds an illustration is frequently furnished. Both inner and outer organs of light are at work at the same moment. Standing on the borderland, the immortal curtain swinging between becomes gauzy, translucent, and two companies, two landscapes, two worlds, are apparent. Sometimes while a hymn is being sung by mundane friends the dying will catch up another hymn chanted by a choir invisible. Earth flowing in through the expiring outward ear; heaven, by an invisible and subtile corridor.

And yet it requires the spiritual auditory to hear anything at all—even of mundane sounds. Examine the dead man's implement of hearing, and you will find it as perfect as it was in life. The machine is, so far as we can see, unimpaired. Let the surgeon take his scalpel and he will find just what he would in life. The tool is intact. What is the difficulty? The listener has gone away. Examine the spyglass,

the telescope, the binocular, and you may find them in perfect condition ; yet they can not see without the supplemental eye. Withdraw the eye, and they are utterly worthless. What is the difficulty? That which really sees has gone ; the looker has departed. Examine the telephone, and you may find the whole mechanism in perfect order, adjusted finely for immediate use ; but what is it worth without the ear? The inner ear is to the outer what the listener is to the telephone. Music is spiritual melody ; it is the language of heaven. When the outward ear hears only, a conglomeration of noises is the result. The power to hear music is a *spiritual* power. This great faculty is a heavenly faculty. The outward instrument is only something that enables us to catch these cosmic noises, and with the inner we extract from them the soul of music, which is borne to the deep places of the heart. There is a man, a woman, inside able to deal with both orders of sounds and build the blessed results into character. The ear is the auditorium where the soul sits to listen. We are the auditor ; and the Lord, man, nature, the speakers. It is needless to argue this matter ; we feel it. We

perceive it by intuition. It is not a thing of logic ; it is self-demonstrative. We are a living, acting illustration. Before one who requires demonstration we stand as helpless as though he demanded evidence of his existence. The evidence is himself ; that he *exists* replies irrefutably. If he can not perceive it, if it is not a fact so clear that he can not question, argument is unavailing.

There is a shade of likeness between the ear and the eye that has not been hinted at. The ear stands for *obedience*, as well as intelligence. The optic nerves run to the cerebrum only ; the auditory nerves to both cerebrum and cerebellum. The eyes are ministers to intelligence primarily ; the ears to obedience *through* intelligence. Sounds are moving in their nature ; they are stored with impulse. The oration, the alarm bell, the trumpet of war, the scream of the locomotive, the pathos and stimulant of melody, the cry of pain, and the shout of triumph,—stir to action. Here is light that makes for performance. Deed and knowledge accompany one another. “ By hearing is signified perception and obedience.” In the greater man the angels of the auditory

are distinctly *compliant*. They love to *do*. Every idea carries with it the feeling that it must be completed by action. Sound traverses quickly the domain of mind and enters the open gates of the will. The object and aim of learning is action. One is unintelligible without the other. In the Word hearing and doing are usually in couplets. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The ear has remarkable powers of discrimination and selection. Great masses of sound come rolling up to it in conglomerate and seemingly hopeless confusion. A wilderness of noises as to form, pitch, and quality battle at the doors of the little auditorium. They all want to enter at the same instant. Promenading the streets of the populous and busy city, talking with a friend on the deeper things of life; or sitting in the railway-car as it rushes madly along accompanied with a thousand commingled dins and bangs, this fact comes to mind. The chatter of voices, the clatter of steel on steel, the clangor of bells, the slamming of doors, the shout of information, the shrill cry of the newsboy, a hundred intonations

commingled and blended and blurred, each have their story to tell. The power to choose *what* to hear, to which to give audience, to close against what is alien to the moment, to concentrate on a single sound or series of sounds, is not tabulated among the miraculous because the process is so ordinary. No description can realize the grandeur and unutterable play on the outer and inner world of this acoustic organ. No humanly constructed instrument of sound can bear any comparison with it. Each minute or loud intonation must run the gauntlet in its attempt to reach the soul. There is a succession of windows at which sounds tap for admittance, yet few of them succeed in entering. There are numerous doors, at each of which the magic password must be whispered. Every corridor is sentinelled with faithful guards. As the pulsations advance successively toward the interior chambers, each is challenged, and the elect only are permitted to go in. The vast, pressing congregation of applicants is examined and disposed. The soul receives its preferred subjects like a queen. At each vestibule great numbers are turned away. Like the Holy

House at Jerusalem, the ear has its inadmissible courts. The temple was composed of porticos, cloisters, and enclosures running inward to the most Holy Place, before each of which stood discretionary guards. There was the great court of the Gentiles, open to all. The next court excluded the Gentiles; the next, the women; the next admitted only male Hebrews; the next, only priests. There was the Holy Place, into which the chosen officiating priest might go alone; and then the Holy of Holies, sacred to the feet of the solitary High Priest. In like manner the voices of the world find their way to the inner sanctuary, where the spirit sits waiting to receive its guests. Only the few choice pulsations applicable to the instant are permitted to enter.

Jesus had in mind this power of option when he said, "Take heed *what* ye hear." He put man on his guard, and made him a responsible agent. We are to be careful what we admit to our hearts and minds. Only elect and noble thoughts should be introduced to the deep within. By an act of the will we may determine *what* we will hear. Profanity, obscenity, irrelevancy, the babel of superficial

intonations, may assail us and press into the outer chamber of the auditory ; but just there the discriminating process ought to begin. That it is possible is proved every day by positive acts. We are constantly "taking heed what we hear." In the drawing-room we may concentrate on the group of conversationalists to which we belong. In the place of business or toil we may shut out every base insinuation or allurements. We may sift or strain out all but the angelic. We may permit only pure sounds to enter our deeper self, the withdrawn sacred inclosures of the heart. "My sheep know my voice." If we are the Lord's, every voice that reaches the soul will be divine. "He that hath an ear let him hear what the SPIRIT saith." Let him not hear what is not of the SPIRIT. The Lord has shut us within the holy place of ourselves and guarded us from profane things by a series of winnowing vestibules, that we may hear only what is good. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, with our fingers in our ears to shut out anything discordant or irrelevant, we should run toward the holy city, crying, "Life, life, eternal life."

The ears, as well as the eyes, are in every part of the body. Ezekiel's living creature was not only equipped with wings and feet, it was "full of eyes." The man the Lord has created in his image is full of ears. The entire body is auricular. Every organ, every limb, every atom, hears. Sound flashes its light to every corner of the carnal mansion. The auditory lamp beams through every window. It even reaches the feet: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." My hands and feet listen—hear, and every sound arouses them to some duty. Every sentence is a call. The feet know when the bell rings. The hands answer sentences of gratulation with a warm pressure. The lips become articulate when high and stirring words are uttered. The whole body springs up at the call of danger. Every nerve and muscle seems to catch the word. The eye flashes a response. In fright the very hairs of the head arise and listen. The body is but a greater acoustic organ spread out to the universe in the attitude of hearing. And this means that it should become an organ of obedience. The Word of the Lord should be set within us a "burning and shining light,"

a fire that never dies away on the altar of being,—“a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path.”

V.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

There is a spirit [breath] in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.—*Job*.

The spirit [breath] of man is the candle [light] of the Lord.—*Solomon*.

There is a beautiful and sympathetic relationship between the inbreathing organs of man and the verdure. We are a little world—a gathering-up of the things of the world within the parenthesis of our bodies. If we search earnestly through its avenues and thickets, we shall find spheres, expanses, flying clouds, fixed rocks, loose soil, verdure, light, darkness, and air. When we study the world, we study ourselves; and when we study ourselves, we study the world.

The organs of inspiration, named the lungs, are like a tree springing up within. Through them the aërial food is communicated to the body. They imbibe the sweet and tonic influ-

ence of the atmospheres and send it by the tiny blood-messengers throughout the carnal domain. The crimson and white corpuscles are minute rafts of light and air, drawn from the upper and outer spaces, floated upon the bosom of the mystic river to the remotest districts of the fleshly land.

What are the trees? They are the lungs of the world. They tower up like giant inbreathing instruments feeling for the riches of the sky. The parks of London are called the "lungs of London." They are that through which the city breathes—that through which it draws its therapeutics. Taking London as a greater man, the parks are his very breath. Trees strike their roots deep into the soil that they may stand and lift themselves as high and broad as possible into the heavens. They endeavor to expose as much breathing surface to the air as will be consistent with stability. They run up and out almost infinitely. Why? For no other purpose than to catch the breezes. The tree is designed by unseen fingers to float as many banners as possible. It begins with a single, unshakable trunk, divides into main branches, into particular ones, into numerous

dilating twigs, at last covering itself with a garment woven of uncounted emerald films called leaves or foliage. This is the tree's method of courting the air, of creating a vast absorbing surface. For these beautifully constructed streamers have both an under and an upper inhaling surface. The surface foliage should be doubled after measurement. They are air-takers. Their sole business is to draw on the reservoirs of life that hover above them. They feed on liquid planet, for the air is but the planet in solution. They woo and court the volatile sea in which they float and sway like seaweeds in the ocean. They are, in short, light-gatherers. The sap, or blood of the tree, is thrown through the capillaries of the leaves in a fine spray; and at the instant when it is mist, it gathers its quota of living breath. As it passes through the leaf it is elaborated, and descends for the sustenance of the tree. Here is a giant lung, a mighty instrument of inspiration. The foliage of the oak is frequently called "the lungs of the oak."

The tree of the body is a duplicate of the tree of the earth. There is the "root of the

lungs," the trunk out of which spring the branches and twigs of the bronchia, completing themselves in the six hundred million air-cells of the living foliage. This tree erects itself into the air and is continually bathed in it. Billows of it, at every inbreath, surge about these wonderful feelers. The sap (blood) of the body is thrown through them in the finest spray by the force-pump of the heart. Through the network of veins that thread each pink film that mystic fluid the Word of God calls the life gets aëration. They feel after light as the fish seeks water. Instead of rearing themselves outside of the body, as the tree roots itself on the surface of the earth, they stand in a great inner depository of light.

Therefore the lungs are an organ of light. Is not this assertion a little strained? Can it stand the test of thorough scientific investigation? Undoubtedly the breathing organs must be catalogued among the light powers of the body. We have spoken of other methods by which we get light. Light by transmission (nervous system); light by vision (eyes); light by sound (hearing);—and now light by inspiration (breathing).

Patiently trace the evolution of the word lung from its long descent through the winding, changing avenues of speech, and you will at last find its root, buried in the Sanskrit, meaning light. Lungs, levity, light, are all from the same radical source. The Word of God never speaks of the lungs by that name—but always as *spirit* or *breath*. We are told that the “spirit [lungs] of man is the CANDLE [light] of the Lord.” The lungs are frequently called the “lights.” They lift themselves into the light, and their business is to collect light. They open to the light the entire body, there being no corner or apartment of the fleshly mansion to which pulmonic respiration does not penetrate. They are the mountains of light reared within us. “Clouds of winged blood, momentaneous crimson flocks and flights, rest on their airy summits.” With every inspiration the precious fluid is raised (within us) into the atmosphere and suspended for an instant to receive its baptism of glory. The blue and turbid current is transfigured into arterial crimson, returning to the heart lighter—minus its weight of poison. With every in-breath the lungs raise the body in all dimen-

sions ; and were it not for the attraction of the earth, and the pressure of the atmospheres, they would lift it into their own buoyant element—the air. They weigh the body continually in their balances—every organ, every atom, every tissue.

Light is now collected by a new and unmentioned method. Not by wire, nor sight, nor sound, but by influence, inspiration, inbreathing, perception, intuition. By this method the whole botanical universe lives. And as we are botanical, as well as geological, and animal, we have this intuitive absorbent faculty. We get light by inhalation. Inspiration is builded of two Latin words, *in* and *spirit*—in-spirit ; that is, to take in the spirit. *Pneuma*, the Greek word for wind or air, is also the word for spirit. By inbreathing we inhale the spirit of God (truth, light). “God is light.” “I am the truth.” “Suddenly there came a sound from heaven like a rushing mighty wind and filled the whole house where they were sitting.” “And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit” (*pneuma*, “air”). Inspiration is an extreme elevation of the mind—a perception or absorption of the spirit of God. “All scrip-

ture is given by inspiration." The rapt prophets of old were inspired—that is, they in-breathed the spirit (air) of God, and outbreathed it in holy writings. Inspiration appeals to the mind: "The brain and the lungs conspire together in every state of thinking." "The inspiration of the Almighty giveth them UNDERSTANDING." When the lungs cease to heave, the brain lies comatose. In suffocation and swoons the heart acts tacitly, respiration is abolished for the time. "Every state of thinking produces a distinct and concordant state of breathing."

The breathing organs are the ventilating and house-cleaning department of the human establishment. They remove the dust and accumulated rubbish caused by the attrition of living. The human machinery wears slightly, and the gum and grime need to be cleansed away. The grind of muscle on muscle leaves a sediment. The mill of being makes some litter. The lungs are windows through which the fresh air blows, sweetening and purifying the whole body. The inhalation of truth, the taking of the breath of heaven, ventilates the mind. It is the lavatory where thinking takes

its ablutions. Through these wide-flung shutters the breath of the Most High comes upon us like the rushing winds of Pentecost. "He breathed on them and saith unto them Receive ye the Holy Spirit [breath]." How the mere opening of a window will lift a cloud from the brain! How a little breeze of truth will clear our ideas!

This aërial food is the most vital thing of life. Infinitely more so than the grosser foods. We may live days without the one, but breathing must occur as regularly as the pulses. This invisible, intangible pabulum that enspheres us, this mystic element we can not grasp, this "thin air," this something undefinable, inexplicable, in which everything is bathed, is the most paramount of material substances. Why? Because it has a soul—an air within an air; it is impregnated with the ethers of the spiritual world. Without it the verdure withers, life ceases, man becomes extinct.

The body is aflame and requires oxygen to fan its fires. At Niagara Falls, where they are making great quantities of electricity, the manager was asked, "What is electricity?" The reply was: "We are making it, and sell-

ing it as an article of commerce ; but we have never seen it, nor do we know what it is." "We know its results are power, heat, and light." "We know its ways, its manifestations—but not itself." Air is as undecipherable as electricity. It is the most abundant, commonest article of living ; it touches us, with its tonic fingers, without and within ; it is the general bath, the food and drink, the native element of the pauper and the prince, the serpent and the eagle—yet it is occult and beyond our depth. We know its *ways*—we know flame burns in it, blood requires it, the creation craves it, as the thirsty desert traveler craves the cooling spring. We know that everything that has life expires without it ; that it recruits the blood and raises it to arterial splendor and richness ; that it is the vehicle and menstruum of physical being.

The breathing organs are the gymnasia of the body. As the wind exercises the trees, the lungs are swayed by this insweeping air, exercising the whole body. Trees die in a still, stagnant medium. When the currents of the liquid sea in which we dwell are sluggish, our houses are stuffy, we feel like fishes in a

too quiescent pond. Movement is a necessity of health. The higher and finer things become, the more mobile they become. Exercise quickens the heart-beat, sets the lungs to heaving faster, hurls greater quantities of blood through the air-films, carrying ozone to the tips of the body, with a result at once tonic and life-giving. The more exercise, the more light. The better we live, the more abundant inflow of truth, the stancher and stronger the entire moral system. Action is clarifying, energizing. The soul is regaled when the winds of truth blow through all its recesses,—blowing out the false, blowing in the true. “All religion relates to life, and the life of religion is to do good.” “Light is sown for the righteous,”—those who ultimate their lives in right deeds.

Inspiration is for respiration. The end and aim of inbreathing is outbreathing. Outbreathing (expiration) is the fruit and use of inspiration. We die that we may live. Great breathers are great workers. The bellows that blow the harp of life must be capacious if that harp is to make grand melody. The lungs not only supply a due quantity of air to the interior

parts of the body, but swell and sweeten every tissue, even to the feet. They are the bellows and keys of the human harp, of which the will is the executing fingers. The inbreath returns on its bosom song and speech. The tongue is a fabric of the atmosphere; the outward temple of wisdom is built of this volatile yet essential substance. The lungs breathe over the larynx, the tongue, the palate, the teeth, and the lips. They awaken the wind and stringed instruments of the fleshly orchestra,—the laryngeal harp, the tracheal pipes and strings, the soundboard of the cranium, the articulating hammer of the tongue, the fine play of the mouth and the lips. Air is transposed into articulate sound; it becomes the chariot and vehicle of thought. This is why God has given us breath. A man whose expiration is empty, blown into vacant space, is not in the divine image. “Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils.” Said Jesus, “I am the Light of the World.” *Ye* are the light of the world. We are to shine on men as He did, in our ratio. We are to breathe on men as He did, in our ratio, saying, “Receive ye the Holy Spirit.”

The act of inspiration is a beautiful and significant exchange. We breathe in life, breathe out death. It is living and dying at every respiration. It is regeneration by inhalation. At each heaving of the bellows the blood is invited to give up its impure gases, which are passed outward to the air. As it mounts to the summits of the lungs it looks up, to enable it to yield the baser things of its nature. It flows in laden with death—flows back refined and clarified. It is a beautiful symbol of the lower loves of the will cleansed by the inbreathed truth. The blood-river of the entire man is poured through the filtering pulmonary vessels. When these tiny, branching pipes reach the films of the lungs, they greet each other with this ineffable interchange. The blood gives up its bad and takes the good; the air yields its precious substance and carries the refuse of the blood into the open—something as we carry our torn and filthy bills to the treasury, and receive new ones in their place. How the enriched fluid dances and glows with its new-found joy! How it hastens over the body, pressing, tapping at every door of every organ and gland, asking for an opportunity to do

good! So it is when the mind is inspired by truth. We desire nothing so much as to bless others. "In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore." We are given "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

There is a right and a wrong breathing. There is always an opposite. Every pole has its antipodes. Every east has a west; every south a north; every mountain has its vale; every plateau its everglade. There are poisonous airs, death-dealing atmospheres. There is a breathing which carries impurities over the system. There is a breathing that depletes the blood and impoverishes it. There are some who court the false, as the leaves seek the light. They "love darkness rather than light." They delight in mischief, absorb scandal, and are at home in the lurid airs of lust. "What a man's mind loves his blood craves," because the outward is but a configuration of the inward; because the inward crystallizes and builds the outward, and is the soul and impulse of every atom of it. The body, clothing, surroundings, speech, and gesture can be but a

radiation of the individual indwelling spirit. So much depends, then, upon a pure inspiration. What the breath is, the man is.

There is a twofold breath—one of the spirit, another of the body. Yet they are really one; for the body is but the fabric of the spirit. It is dual also in its *quality*; yet one must accord with the other. Both are either good or vicious. We can not have a pure inner breath and an impure outer breath. Sweet waters can not spring from a bitter fountain. Paul journeyed to Damascus “breathing out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord Jesus”; he breathed out what was *in* him. But when he had inspired the noontide splendor of God, and heard the voice of the Lord breathing out of the glory, he got a *new* inspiration. Henceforth he breathed out light and love. Much depends upon how, and what, we breathe. Physiologists are waking up to this pregnant idea. Deep breathing, pure breathing, ventilation, life in the open air, are the pressing, timely, sanitary topics. And if this is true of the body, what of the soul? what of the breath of the spirit?

“Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell?”

VI.

THE SEAMLESS DRESS.

Thou coverest thyself with light as with a garment.—*Psalter.*

Man, an epitome of the universe, holding within the parenthesis of his body heaven, the world, and all that is earthly, is beautifully sealed and stamped with the signature of the Almighty. He lies within a transparent envelope, open to the influences of the without. Through its viewless alleys his spirit shines, as the clothing of Jesus was lighted on the mountain, as the skin of Moses' face became translucent after his interview with God on Sinai. This ineffable tunic, woven by the Lord's own hand, is presented to every one of us. To picture its marvelous structure, its delicate coloring, its perfect adaptation to the inequalities of the body, its immense diversity of composition, the living fabric, the garment that feels and knows,—would call for the pen of an angel.

It is strong, elastic, soft, dewy, dazzling as the finest silk, fair as the garment of the flowers. "If God so clothe the lilies, how much more shall he clothe you?" This priceless vesture is woven double, within and without. *Without*, an armor of light, constructed of millions of overlapping filaments. These we shed as the trees drop their leaves in autumn, as the flowers drop their lobes; and, like these, are continually renewed. *Within*, the web is of finer texture, and through it flows, in countless streams, the scarlet life. Under the microscope it becomes infinitely more varied and fascinating. It is threaded with minute furrows, ridges, channels; dotted with spirals, promontories, innumerable active craters, spreading lakes, and running brooks. It is adorned here and there by a remarkable extension of the armor, called hair. This is only elongated leaves, more highly colored. It flows from the head and face like threads of silk; it fringes the eyes, overhangs the brows.

What are the uses of this living drapery? It makes the body beautiful. No creation of ancient or modern looms is so delicate, so enchanting, so graceful, and of such perfect

proportion. It serves as an armor to protect the underlying nerves, blood-vessels, and minute organs. It is the anatomical parenthesis of the soul. It is an immense breathing and nutritive organ. It is the most direct avenue to the blood river. Yet its highest function is its sense of touch. It is a tunic of light—the great “general sense” through which we acquaint ourselves with the ensphering universe. It is a sealed envelope, shutting us entirely from the without; and whatever we know of the external passes through it as beams of light pass through glass. It is the arch of communication between the air, the sky, and the world in general; between the circumambient creation and the corporeal world which it bounds. It is a myriad-avenued mantle, through which the ethers pass as a new element, traversing the ways that find the blood and nerves.

Let us consider it as a habiliment of light. Here it becomes wonderfully interesting. It is an all-encompassing organ of inquiry, busy continually collecting news of every conceivable variety. It touches the outside world as the brook touches the bed over which it flows. It is most perfectly adapted to its environment.

Through it light passes both ways—from the spirit within, outward ; from the world without, inward. It is dotted with hills of light, called papillæ. They are called “tactile” papillæ—that is, papillæ of touch. These are the fingers of the flesh. They are microscopic hands stretched out to feel the world, and tell the soul within. They cover the body with light as with a garment. These papillæ are finer than needle-points ; and, what is more remarkable, each of them is a bundle of still finer papillæ. Some of them are looped at the ends, like silk caught up ; others are as though the ends had been cut, leaving them like minute velvet brushes. They are exquisitely keen and sensitive—all alert for information ; their occupation is to feel for facts and report to the cerebrum. Thus the entire body is turned outward to the world to receive impressions. These little fingers of light determine as to size, form, number, configuration, weight, temperature, hardness, softness, etc. Little could be known if the nerves were dead. If the robe of sense were absent, there could be no such thing as touch—and we should be shut up to the special senses.

The fleshly apparel is truly named the "general sense." The other senses are properly called "*special*." The faculty of touch covers and embraces every other faculty. It is actually the human form sentient. It does everything but what is especially delegated to the olfactory, the visual, the auditory, the gustatory, and the respiratory powers. And it is, to some extent, a co-worker with these—for the skin incloses every organ of the body. It is the instrument of feeling, and in that sense is related to the heart. We speak of the heart as that within us which feels, melts, moves, loves. So this general sense is a kind of outside heart. There is the warm contact of hand with hand, of lips with lips, of body with body. "Our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips." We touch, and are touched, according to the relation of heart to heart.

There are spots where the garment is thinner, where the light shines through brightest. There are oriels and embrasures where the glory is more apparent. In cathedral windows there are places where the beauty is more crystalline. The thickness of the skin varies from an eighth of a line to a line and a half. In

some localities the papillæ are more elevated and numerous. This is especially true at the tips of the fingers and at the tip of the tongue. An illustration may be had by shutting the eyes and pressing some object to the back. It would be almost impossible to detect its nature. Now, keeping the eyes closed, handle with the fingers, and light will suddenly break on it.

Let us consider more definitely how this living vestment accommodates itself to the world; how these myriad tiny nerve-hills become our instructors. Miss Helen Kellar, the remarkable sightless and soundless girl, is a vivid example, for she obtains her intelligence of the world entirely through the skin. She sees nothing, hears nothing, but is exquisitely attuned to the outward in her potency of touch. She listens through the ends of her fingers. She reads by running them over raised type, talks through them by playing upon her typewriter. She places her hands upon your lips and throat while you speak, and thus hears you. They are her decalogue of ears. She hears through the palm of her hand while her teacher writes the finger-alphabet there. In a recent communication she says, "I felt

something fall heavily," instead, as we would say, "I *heard* something fall heavily." She *felt* the roar of Niagara by placing her hands on soft pillows. She says, "I *felt* a strange, awful sound, like heavy iron being thrown down." Where we say *hear*, she says *felt*. She hears through the medium of physical contact. She sees by the same general sense. She says, "I *felt* the bright sunshine of our beautiful world." Doubtless something as a plant feels it. She "*felt* intense light quivering about her." She felt even the "light of the stars." She says, "I *felt* a *sound* of light, swift footsteps about my bed." Ears and eyes are as oblivion, yet she hears and sees through the palm, the finger-tips, the lips, the feet,—the meeting of her body with the universe. That animated dress of hers, quivering with life, so keenly alert that a zephyr can not approach it without betraying its advent,—is her sole avenue of intelligence. Without it, the sunshine, the air, the trees and flowers, the animals, the solid ground, the clasp of friendship, the messages of books and papers,—would be to her an unknown thing.

Touch is more than hearing, more than see-

ing, more than the intensest thought and fancy. It is these ultimated ; it means intimacy and power. Both are understood by the grip of the hands. It means love, and the communication of love. The warmer and firmer the grasp, the deeper the emotion that lies within. How the face lights as the pressure is returned, intimating that the hands of the heart, too, have met ! To touch is to feel ; and all feeling, from the innermost place to the ends of the fingers, is expressed by it. Touch, in the language of the spirit, means to be moved to love and action. We are "touched to tears" ; "touched" when the heart is reached, and the real man or woman awakened. Nothing merely mental will do this, nothing coldly perfect and beautiful, nothing simply philosophical or logical, nothing only grand or immovable. They stir admiration, wonder,—but never love. Touch is that powerful and mystic sense that finds the heart and core of being.

Therefore its immense importance ! The cuticle is the beginning of man, as the leaves are the beginning of the tree. From the Lord, through ultimates, to things interior, and higher. The sap of the tree ascends (through the pith

and bark) to the leaves, bathes itself in the light of God, gets its quota from celestial spaces, and descends to weave the woody fiber of the bole. It is the contact of the tree with the outward and upward universe that lends it substance and power. It is this that makes the Lebanon cedar unshakable as the rock. A similar process goes on within us. The bodily covering is the beginning of the arterial system. The sap of the body (the blood) ascends to the leaves of the lungs and the skin, returning, with a higher power, to build the human habitation ; as Solomon got his stones and cedars in the mountains of the Holy Land to rear the Holy House. Power to build bone, and muscle, and sinew, and brain, and heart is from the high places. In this manner the earth, the Word, and the heaven of angels became a reality. From the Lord outward into the suns and planets ; through evolution, from the grass to the forests ; from the univalve to man ;—through man, heaven. From the Lord into the literal Word ; then within the sentences, as jewels in a case, the fathomless arcana that instruct angels. From the Lord, through the brain, to the seamless dress of the soul—then

the whole inward man. Without this, whence every interior faculty? Try to think! Without it, what would sight, hearing, and smelling be? If we could not *touch*, everything that lies within the radius of sight or hearing only would take on the far-away and the mystical. It would seem the "baseless fabric of a dream." It would be unreal, unsubstantial, if intangible; evanescent and shadowy as our Lord before His disciples handled Him; as our departed ones, whom we feel only with the soul. "Oh, for the *touch* of a vanished hand!" This is why a certain unreality will surround them until by and by we place our hands in theirs, and impress the old kiss on their faces.

The cuticle has some importance as a respiratory and nutritive organ. It exhales waste; shows to the doors of being impure and no longer useful substances; inspires pure ethers, heavenly medicants. It is a kind of outer lung and stomach. If it were hermetically sealed, the victim would expire almost as quickly as if asphyxiated. The nutritive properties of the air pass through the skin by a cross-cut to the blood. In cases where the stomach refuses to act, the body is bathed in

liquid food, that the hungry and crying blood may feed. In times of awful thirst at sea, where fresh water is absent, the body has been immersed in salt water, and the skin, acting as a filter and sweetener, has conducted the needed drink to the system.

Above the organ of touch lies the mystery of *spheres*. Spheres surround the flesh like a halo—as the earth is wrapped in a drapery of invisible atmospheres. We *feel* this aureole; but see it not. We feel the air; yet it is incorporeal. There is what we call personality. Some have the sphere of a block of ice; others, of an irradiating and warming sun. The sphere is the most subtile influence that reaches us by any threaded way. A beautiful border of light lies above the cuticle as the sunshine hovers over the soil. It is a still finer hand outstretched to the world, an ear more sensitively strung to mundane realities. It is the impalpable sentinel that guards all the entrances of life. At its call the armor of light opens or closes. How some presences cause us to recoil, to become rigid, inhospitable, —to swing in the gates of being and push the bolt! And we do not know why. Frequently

nothing has been said, we have not been touched. At other times how we spread wide every avenue of welcome! How we extend the soul's hands and say, "Come!" Instantly this decision is made from a favorable or an unpropitious report of this aureole of being.

No part of us is so capable of cultivation as the "general sense." Sightless and deaf-mutes frequently get more out of the world than others with every faculty normal. They get more through their skin than others do through all-seeing eyes and all-hearing ears. There are instances of the blind being able to detect even color by the touch. They frequently know the denomination of bank-bills. Bank-tellers handle money so much, and acquire such keen contact, that when a counterfeit passes through their fingers, they throw it out with unerring judgment.

There is a spiritual cuticle. It is the *limbus* of the spiritual humanity. It is the "tactile" organ of the intangible within. It is the within of the fleshly—the without of the immaterial. In heaven it will rim us round like a corona. We know persons who have what we call "tact" or touch. How delicately impressive

they are. They read our feelings as angels read immortal chirography. They know the lights and shadows of the face, and can interpret them. They know how the soul shades through the body. The vesture of light which adorns them hangs in graceful folds from their very shoulders. It is so diaphanous the entire figure is one beam of glory. It is a perfect and beautiful medium of communication between them and the whole universe of men.

And we should not forget the dominance of the will over this great outer organ. What it is to be lies largely with us. It is the impassive instrument of the will. It goes where we go, touches what we bid it, acts in harmony with our desires. The power of touch can be cultivated almost *ad infinitum*. There is no line of demarcation. The intense and fine discriminations of the blind and deaf illustrate this. What the tactile instrument is, will be, inner or outer, lies with us.



LIFE POWERS.



VII.

THE LIFE WITHIN THE LIFE.

I am the bread of life.—*Jesus.*

So graze as you find pasture.—*Shakespeare.*

These two things there are in God and man—light and life. They are also in every created thing in the universe. From the center to the rim of all that is, we find these reflections of the Deity. While light is first in place, life is first in importance; for the light is from the life. Though the sunbeams stream out and fill boundless spaces, the deep within is heat. So the within of the Lord is life, while the without is light. His garments shine with the radiance of His love. “In Him was life, and the *life* was the *light* of men.” Love is at the heart of God, for “God is love”—while He is the light *because* He is love.

We touch now the center of light—the within of ourselves. That of which our light is but the configuration or forthgoing. Hitherto we have considered intelligence; now, warmth. We deal now with determination rather than discrimination; heart rather than the mind; motion rather than radiance. While the light of the electric car irradiates the interior, the power within is moving it. The power is first in importance. Without it, there could be neither light nor progress. If there is to be light, the tides of life must be poured through it. First God; then “God said let there be light and there was light.” We consider now the central, volitional properties of ourselves.

Whence comes life? Hunt and search as we will, we finally reach God. As the explorer of a river ascends to the mountain springs, the seeker for the beginnings of life finds God. We say we get heat from coal. Do we? Behind coal is wood; behind wood, sun; behind sun, the spiritual sun; behind that, what?—God! The sun built the earth, built the verdure; by its influence drew up trees and plants from the soil. And what is coal but

buried, petrified verdure? We have stepped backward until we have reached the sun. Who made that? The reply is that it was created from the spiritual sun, the great central luminary of luminaries. But how about the spiritual sun? Why, it must have come from God. Therefore it is God who kindles the fire on our hearth, the glow on our table. Wood, verdure, coal, oil, sun—are but varied combinations of the life and light of God. He has wrapped them within these coverings as a convenient gift to men. The love of God is at the center of what illuminates and warms our dwellings.

We say we “get life and strength from vegetables and meat.” “Bread is the staff of life.” But the ox feeds on vegetation, vegetation on the earth, the earth on the sun, the sun on God. By a beautiful indirection the Lord is manufacturing the myriad eatables as truly as the housewife spreads the table for the waiting family. Yes, more truly, for she but mixes, modifies, seasons, and cooks what He has created. The vegetable is simply soil, sun, and air commingled and made palatable. Enter the great laboratory or kitchen of nature, and you will find the Lord busily at work.

As in the ancient days every road led to Rome, every avenue of research leads to the throne of a special Providence. All food, all love and life, is fundamentally from the Lord though it traverse paths of indirection. If we get a cablegram from Hongkong via Madras, Paris, London, and New York, we do not say the cablegram came from London, but from Hongkong. If we get a letter from a far country bearing postmarks of the various parts of the world over which it has traveled, we do not say it came from any one of these intermediate places, but from the point where it started. So when the Lord gives us life via food, earth, sun,—having numerous stamps and waymarks upon it,—we should not credit the gift to any of these intermediary sources; we should not say “it comes from coal, vegetables, meat, wool, medicines, the balms of distant lands,” but from the Lord. The earth is a mighty storehouse of food suspended in space by the good-will of the All-loving and the All-providing. Food, clothing, shelter, warmth, comfort, are the planet served up, modified, refined, and woven by the hand of an invisible Lover. Every existing thing feeds

on the earth in some of its myriad concoctions, while the earth feeds on the sun, and the sun on God. The rocks, mountains, and plains are threshed to powder in His giant mill and turned into that which shelters, nourishes, instructs. We banquet on distilled and sublimated planet. We eat the hills, and drink the seas, and breathe the airs of the great round world. Water is merely liquid planet; air, but a more subtile form of planet. All outward comforts and uses are but the earth recombined, whipped, triturated, transmuted into manifold expressions of Divine Love.

Food means force. It is the dynamic power within the power. The food of the engine is coal; and until it gets that, it stands lifeless and dark upon the track. Feeding is the communication of the life of God to the finite life; as the coaling of the engine is the communication of motion to the engine. The end of feeding is transition, force, use. Physical power and utility are the result of the communication of the life of the Lord to our life. Within the food is not only fleshly power, but mental and spiritual power. We glean from it these two discrete properties of force. One is

the superstructure of the other. Food lies at the basis of every utility, from the miner in the abysses of the earth, to the angel who flies through the circles of the celestial heaven. Homer speaks of the ancient warrior equipped for battle: "His shield well lined, his horses meated well." Jesus said to His disciples, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." Food is the force of every cell of the body, the basis of every thought of the mind, the wings of every devout utterance of the heart. The very end of feeding is use; without use, the act is meaningless. The remark of Paul has eternal verity: "If any would not work neither should he eat."

This is what is meant by the life within the life—the life of God within the life of man communicating his life to ours. We are created to exist and serve by this universal confession of dependence. We do not root ourselves in the soil, and live, as the plants do, by suction; but we take the life within our life by a slight indirection. We take the jellied and canned refinements of the planet—the delicately preserved life of the globe—and give it to our organs and cells. Few pause to

reflect that we could not continue an instant without this incessant gift of Himself. Food,—solid, ærial, embalmed, crystallized,—in a million hues, shapes, odors, flavors,—is our instantaneous necessity. If it should cease, there would be a blank, an inky darkness ; as when the electric current is withheld. Food and hunger are both from the Lord ; one is the concomitant of the other ; one a call to the exercise of the other. Without this perpetual commissariat of the whole creation of men and angels, all but the Omnipotent Himself would be a negation. The Lord is here feeding us, as He fed Elijah by the brook, as He fed the grouped fifties on the grassy slopes of Galilee.

The final elaboration of this “ bread of God ” is within the body. It is passed through the lips to what may properly be named the kitchen of the body. Here it is prepared and dispensed to the hungry and waiting organs. Here it is made ready for transfusion into bone, muscle, brain, nerve, tissue, cell, and by a miraculous act becomes the highest work of the creation—man in the image of God. And when man has become an angel of heaven, and has returned to God, the mystic cycle is com-

pleted. This general kitchen is fabricated of innumerable little kitchens. As a desk has many small inclosures called pigeonholes, the stomach is a congregation of minor stomachs under a supervising head. Each by special dispensation is busy mixing, triturating, macerating, seething, extracting—like a corps of cooks in a great establishment under a governing chef. Here is the chemical laboratory where the elixir of life is compounded. Here the material of every sort which enters the gateway of the lips is scrutinized, dissected, sorted, recombined, with the special need in mind of every minutest organ, cell, or tissue. A million million guests are waiting for the feast to be spread. There are no fine processes of the purveyor that do not go on here far more cleverly. The velocity and accuracy of its motion is amazing. And indeed it may well be, for the whole being depends upon its fidelity, quickness, and skill. Its discrimination is almost omniscient. It knows where to dispatch this and that by speedy and reliable messengers. Meals are sent now up, now down, now across—by the directest ways. The purest and finest product is sent first to

the brain—to the lofty royal chamber where the lord of life resides. The next purest things are transmitted in graduated order to this and that worker until each has its needful and appropriate nourishment. There is the wisdom and adaptation of the presiding mother of the home, who sees that the babe gets milk and the man meat. There is a great retinue of servants within us, traveling the threaded roads of our being from foot to crown. There is a vast and complex life within our life. Some of the finer extracts, essences, and spirits pass directly to the blood from the mouth; but, in general parlance, the stomach is the place of preparation and distribution. There are countless little mouths and tongues, within the major mouth and tongue, that drink in through microscopic apertures the first fruits. They are the “king’s taster,” who decides what is best to go to the royal table. Old John Gower states the case thus quaintly :

“The stomak coke is for the hall, and boileth meté for
hem all
To make hem mighty for to serve the herté that he
shall not sterve.”

Everything pivots on the importation into

the system of this outside vitality. It is thus every department of the metropolis of life gets its quota and builds its native tissue. The study of nutrition, digestion, assimilation, with its superb results throughout the material and spiritual universe, is intensely stimulating and interesting. Not only development is made possible, but matured and arrested growth is kept intact by this all-embracing metamorphosis. It is the foundation and rafters of the infinite creation.

The building of man out of food is something more than physical, as man is something more than flesh and blood. The grosser parts serve as a pabulum for bone and muscle—weave the framework, siding, and roofing of the soul's dwelling. As these visible and material products are floated on the mystic stream of the blood everywhere throughout the carnal domain, each cell reaches out its tiny hand and takes what it needs to rear its unique fabric, something as cities are builded and provinces populated and civilized by vessels of commerce. But there is an invisible, mental man upon the flesh man. We make our way to God, heaven, through nature. And this unseen us is the real

us—as the superstructure of the temple is the real temple. There is also a viewless humanity, a race triumphant, the flower and fruit of the militant humanity. The invisible passes through nature, gathering as it goes certain sublimated properties of nature, carrying them into the sky, as the invisible fragrance of the violet is resurrected and glorified. The unperceived, ethereal breath of the Lord breaks through and impregnates our mundane atmospheres, feeding the spirit, and returning again to the God from whom it started. Character, manhood, womanhood, divine sweetness, purity and innocence, affection, wisdom, steadfastness, have filtered through the rocks, the verdure, the flesh, and blossomed into soul. “From the Lord, through ultimates, back to the Lord.”

There is the greater heavenly man. The race is in the form of a divine personality. Souls are the food of eternity. Good souls are assimilated into the structure of this Greater Man. We die out of the deadness of the body into the livingness of the spirit, as the kernel of corn dies out of its deadness into waving fields and bursting granaries. The digestion of death uplifts and transmutes what it touches.

It is the magic alchemy that delivers from the body of corruption and decay. It is not dissolution, but continuance and elaboration. It is a vast and lovely refinement, a gathering-up of the enduring things of the world, the heart and soul of material objects, into man the image of God—and thus carrying them into heaven.

Eating is therefore a sacrament, and is identified with the holiest exercises of humanity. It is a prayer, a hymn of gratitude, and a confession of dependence. It is taking the life of the Lord into our life. Every meal is a Lord's Supper. It is the communication of the Divine Life and Love to the finite life. It is the Life within the life. This is the significance of the Holy Communion. The bread contributes something to the sustenance of the flesh, but within the bread is the bread of God that supports the heart. And, as the soul has the ascendancy over the body, the bread within the bread is the supreme thing of the feast. In the outward act of supping with Him, His life and love is liberated from its grosser covering, and is absorbed by the spirit. There is the love within the love—the outer love going to

the flesh, the inner to the spirit. "I am the bread of life." He is the bread within the bread. He is the love within the love; the Life within the life. Love and life are interchangeable terms.

"Nutriment is greatest when food is eaten with joy." Here lies the secret power of life's great banquet. We appropriate what we are interested in. "Love is life"—and we may study ponderous volumes, read until we are dazed, weary, and confused, and get little into the mental constitution, if we do it as a task. What is not done with interest is largely lost. Read again the page that you traveled over yesterday with weariness, and if you have not marked the place, you can not tell that you ever saw it. Duty is better than idleness—but a very poor thing. It leads through bitter, bewildering ways and yields little profit. But love transfigures duty, extracts its mechanical drudgery, and lends it wings. Listening, studying, reading from duty are as profitless as eating from a sense of duty. There is *something* in it, but very little. It is the eager, spontaneous quest of truth that makes the man of truth. It is the joy of love that incarnates love. In

any trade, calling, or profession love gives it force and power. For love is life, and without love all is dead and inane. It is feeding on the Lord with gladness that makes the life glad with a divine gladness. "The *joy* of the Lord is your strength." "Blessed are they that do *hunger and thirst* after righteousness; for they shall be filled." It is the *joy* of reception that makes life's services at once easy and advantageous.

"Children of yesterday, heirs of to-morrow,
 Lighten the labor and sweeten the sorrow.
Now, while the shuttles fly faster and faster,
 Up, and be at it, at work with the Master,
He stands at your loom; room for Him—room!"

VIII.

THAT MYSTICAL FLUID.

That mystical fluid the Word of God calls the life.—*J. M. Buckley.*

Celestial rosy red—love's proper hue.—*Milton.*

The occult current, the ineffable red river that irrigates the human form, carries on its bosom, and within its bosom, fathomless arcana. It may be connected with the physical entirely, and considered only in its fleshly bearings. Or it may be connected with the intellectual; we may go somewhat beneath its surface. Or it may be known to some to contain abysmal places of truth and love. When we have followed its windings through three provinces, we are on the road to a comprehensive understanding of it. Yet the way is even then an infinite way. Its trinity of hues—red, white, and blue—beautifully heralds its inclusiveness. It is the banner and standard of life, and of the everlasting life.

This ever-moving liquid is thrown through the body, completing its circuit by the aid of a great cluster of muscles called the heart. The heart is a kind of steam-engine, or water-works, constructed to supply the fleshly city with its necessary drink and ablution. The arteries and veins are conduits buried beneath the surface, a part of the hydraulic apparatus for accomplishing the grand circulation. Its machinery flies incessantly day and night, through every season, for upward of fourscore years; its only holidays and rests, between the beats, when it relaxes for an instant. Listen at the breast, and you will hear its rhythmic, soft revolution—lug-ta, lug-ta, lug-ta. Put your fingers in the proper locality, and you will feel the whirl of its wheels. It usually makes seventy-two rotations a minute in the adult, one hundred and twenty in the babe. The liquid rushes along the main channels at the speed of ten feet a second; but in the gossamer filaments, away out in the suburbs, slows to one inch in thirty seconds in order to give the thirsty organs an opportunity to drink before the stream flows by. Why is the circulation so constant,—insistent? Because every

tissue and cell in the human domain is calling loudly for what it has to offer. If we prick our finger with a needle, and make a rent in one of these pipes, the pipe leaks in a way similar to the bursting of some part of the plumbing in our dwellings.

The heart comprises the central forcing apparatus and its forthgoings. It is, therefore, really in the *whole* body ; for we can not put down the finest point anywhere without piercing a capillary. Like the nerves, the heart rays out in microscopic fibrils to every minutest cell. It is fourfold—the power-station, the arteries, the veins, and the capillaries. It is a fairy-like river flowing through a wonderful country. One of the most remarkable features of this river is that its source is at its mouth. Another remarkable thing about it is that it flows two ways. Gravitation does not hinder it ; it runs up mountains and pays little attention to natural depressions. It surges out of the main channel, bounding over hills and through dales, pushing its way into innumerable tributaries, until it reaches the borders of the land ; then turns, and now, like an ordinary stream flowing from tributaries to

main current, makes its way back, by another route to the place from whence it started. This wonderful ellipsoid is but a continued, elaborated heart; the heart enclasping the whole body in a loving, life-giving caress.

The central has four chambers—the upper pair being antechambers, where the patient fluid waits to be admitted to the place it seeks. The eager current presses ever toward this inmost recess, this holy of holies, for its baptism of truth and power. The thick muscular walls of the central are divided into two halves, two hearts in one, each working together with the most exquisite adaptation. There is the pulmonary heart and the arterial heart. There is the red side and the blue side, the love side and the truth side, both united to do an illuminating, sacrificial work. The right main-chamber hurls the fluid through the lungs for purification and nourishment. The left sends it careening out to the tips of being with its precious gift. After its immolation, having spent its rich energies, it returns weary, in a quiet, steady tide; but when rejuvenated in the lungs, when it has “bathed its weary soul in seas of heavenly rest,” it hastens out again in mighty,

eager pulses. Lest the veins should burst by the closing of the heart's doors during its contraction, these anterooms are provided where the home-coming and depleted liquid can congregate and wait, ready to fill the main pulmonary chamber instantly when at last the door is thrown open in cordial welcome. It is something like waiting at the oculist's for our turn and going forth with sight renewed.

The blood is the life—is therefore the *body*. (“The life, which is the blood.” Gen. ix, 4.) “It is the body in the sense of being organic by priority to the body, though not without the body.” It is the body in the sense that it rays out into every microscopic part, and builds the body from itself. A plate of the vascular system is a vivid illustration. It is the nutritive fluid of the tissue. It is the body in the sense of being the spiritual and ponderable essence of the races. “Blood is thicker than water.” “Blood will tell.” It runs in subtile, indefinable effluence through the Teuton, the Slav, the Mongolian, and the Semite. By a veiled co-partnership with the soul it constructs the fabric of heredity.

This wonderful stream feeds, waters, and

cleanses ; as the tributaries of our land float in nutritive freight, fill the reservoirs and pipes of our cities, and bear away on the same bosoms, to the great purifying sea, the garbage and waste. So this confluence of life nourishes, irrigates, and performs the ablutions of the inward man. Shakespeare asks, "Why does my blood thus muster to my heart?" The answer is, to give it the cleansing and power that will enable it to do its assigned uses. As it is thrown through the pneumatic organs in a delicate azure spray, as it mounts to the high places of God, it gladly yields up its waste, receiving in exchange life and light. At this point occurs the inscrutable transformation of the blue to the carnation. Truth and love meet in those exalted abodes, and, uniting hands, go forth elastic, joyous, swift to do. "Mercy and truth are met together—righteousness and peace have kissed each other." They mingle, the blue being overcome by the red, and hasten forward with a single hue and impulse. They conspire to do a common work of self-abnegation and benefaction.

In itself the vital stream is colorless—it is red because of the freight which it bears. It

is red as the sea is green, and the sky blue ; not actually, but by appearances. The body can not exist upon water alone ; it must have bread. Therefore the blood is more than fluid. It carries on its surface, and underneath its surface, countless drifting bodies, tiny rafts loaded with life. These are oxygen and iron carriers. There are microscopic billions of them. They are of two colors—red and white, the white being much less numerous than the red. The blood is red not in the sense that it has no white, but by the *predominance* of the red. Prick your finger and a scarlet drop will start. Place that drop on a slide, under a powerful glass, and you will see dozens of minute yellowish bodies, which are these same red rafts. They are yellow by transmitted light. They are Lilliputian floating discs, their edges thicker than their centers, having a great tendency to turn on their sides and run into rouleaux like piles of coins. They continually thirst for oxygen, and have wonderful powers of absorbing it. They have tiny arms that at once begin to feel around the riches of the air and carry away as much as possible. They rush out and give to the crying tissue, returning imme-

diately for more. They hunt for oxygen as men hunt for money. They are not satisfied unless they are getting and giving. What a beautiful example of service! So the soul should seek for the beautiful and the true, that it may bear it to others. Their entire career is one of impetuous, absorbing use; a looking to God, and a yielding what He gives that they may have more to give. Without them the body could not exist an hour.

The rendezvous of the blood is the vital part of us. From that critical within flows forth affection in healing, invigorating streams. Along its myriad ways hastens the soul. The blood and the emotions cooperate with the finest harmony. Swedenborg says that in "every animal the nature of the soul determines the nature of the blood." And "the nature of the food and blood together produce a corresponding form and structure." Bees fed peculiarly will be transformed into queens. The people of the Golden Age, mild, sagacious, pure, guileless, were nourished and built on grains and fruits. As the orb of day creates a congenial environment, the heart of man, by an intrinsic configuration, does the same for itself. "Out

of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "The soul is form and doth the body make." The heart and the man are identical in fundamentals, different only in structure. Therefore the heart is the paramount vital part of us. There could be nothing without it. The breaking of the heart, the corrupting of the heart, the renewing of the heart, are conclusive and sweeping.

This is why it stands for the embodiment of love. "Love is life," and it is the rendezvous of life. The life of God is love. And as God is at the heart of the universe, love and life are at its heart. "The blood is red by virtue of correspondence of the heart and the blood with love." "Because of correspondence of love with the heart the blood can not but redden and point to its origin." Milton speaks of it as "Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue." The heart must be the seat of love, for the Lord has commanded that we love "Him with *all* our heart." And we can love only with the organ of love, as we can perceive only with the organ of truth. The heart is love in its motion, as it continually pours forth its life in a sacrificial tide. It lives to die ; its every action

is otherward. It has in all ages, and by all peoples, been accounted the home of the affections. It has been considered the lovelier, the better part of us. The fountain of all good incentives and doings, the place of joy, courage, patience, sympathy, constancy. In the Word it is the domain of the moral life and the seat of character. The bosom is the place of love and rest. John, the "beloved disciple," pillowed his head upon the breast of Infinite Love. Lazarus was carried by angels to the bosom of Abraham. Blood is the universal symbol of kinship, nearness, likeness. Those with whom love prevails are least alterable by outward considerations. Yet there is a reversed heart; love has its antipodes. The Lord built the heart as the mansion of goodness; it is dedicated to worship, to sweetness, to reverence, to holiness. And he still appeals to it for what it should be. He knows we are essentially what we may be. But the pendulum of love swinging to its extreme opposite passes into the region of hate. There is the flush of shame as well as affection. There is the crimson of bitter rage. And there is that sweet illuminating tint that tells us the soul is bathed

in the very purest fervor. Diseases of the heart, physical or spiritual, are most fatal, most subversive, of the integrity of the whole man, and when the heart stoops, it stoops lowest ; as a woman, when degraded, outmans man. "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

The soul masters the blood, and uses it as a willing instrument. We can "summon up the blood, disguise fair nature with ill-favored rage," and "imitate the action of the tiger." We can, by force of character and will, inoculate it with tenderness or cruelty. In anger it suddenly becomes infused with a nameless something that makes it acrid, sour, and rough. In envy it attracts particles which give it a livid hue. In grief it becomes sluggish, viscid, glutinous, producing heaviness and torpor. In mania it secretes a poisonous spume that makes the very saliva venom. The emotions control the blood as the driver handles his steeds. It is sent rushing from its central reservoir with great impetuosity, or slows to a serene and cooling current, as the spiritual momentum indicates. The blood and the emotions are correspondent. In fact, emotion is the blood of

the spirit,—the blood within the blood,—and therefore one answers the other instantaneously. Thus the blood—and so the whole body—is under the immediate dictation of the spirit. We determine of what essence and quality this occult elixir shall be.

Therefore by indirection it becomes the parent of great or vicious moments and intuitions. It is, in all probability, the unknown spring of the best genius, the well-head of every great Muse. In Goethe, in Byron, in Poe, in the coldly classic writers of antiquity, there is something lacking. In the Hebrew prophets, in the writers of the universal hymns called the Psalms of David, in Shakespeare, and Wordsworth, and Tennyson, we feel the warm, pulsing undertow of great hearts. It is the heart—the blood physical and spiritual, for the two can not be separated without destroying the quality of each—that feeds the Pierian spring. There can be no proper greatness without the proper blood. What drops below this may be beautiful, may be chaste, may be mathematically true, but it will lack the human quality that links it to God. The blood of the Father, the Love Supreme, can alone give sanity and fervor.

So there are men of the heart and men of the head. Men immaculate as the snow—cold, white, faultless, barren. Beautiful as the creations of Phidias,—correct, with curves and ovals in due proportion to the whole figure,—but dead as the stone out of which they are cut ; sublime as the far-off hills robed in blue atmosphere and as intangible and unresponsive. But the immaculate, the correct, the beautiful, the proportionate, the sublime, lacking one thing, lacks all. As the dead man without the carmine fluid that animates him is not a man, but a corpse. When the motionless, cold figure glows with the sweet and thrilling human, then God's purposes seem accomplished. Without this, man is a dark, airless, verdureless satellite dropping through chill spaces. Without the emerald, what is earth ? Without life, what is man ? Without love, what is soul—what is God ?

“ Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love.”

—*Wordsworth.*



UTILITIES.



IX.

THE GOSPEL OF THE FACE.

Your face, my Thane, is a book, where men
May read strange matters.—*Macbeth*.

The light upon her face
Shines from the windows of another world.—*Longfellow*.

The face was designed to be as flawless crystal. The word is from the Sanskrit root—*to shine*. It is normally a transparency through which the spirit sees, and is seen. Facets, as of diamonds, are “little faces” through which the heart of the precious jewel flashes and gleams. The façade of a building is the building’s front explaining the character of its interior. The expressive countenance indicates how life is received, how entertained, how reflected and terminated.

“Read o’er the volume of young Paris’ face,
And find delight writ there with beauty’s pen ;
Examine every several lineament ;
And what obscure in the fair volume lies
Find written in the margin of his eyes.”

The face unrepressed by guile, unpetrified by heredity or hypocrisy, is a versatile symbol of the personality behind it—its perfect reporter. In the divine man or woman the angel of the head gazes through the gauzy, diaphanous curtain that drops between. One is the letter, the other the delivery. One is the cabalistic, inaudible click of the mind, the other the despatch. In the face sits the spirit invested with a garment of light.

A most fascinating topic is the gesture language of the face. It was the primeval vernacular, the mobile, lovely medium of speech long before articulate words were known. At the dawn of man, as will be again at man's finished creation and crowning, the soul uttered itself by infinite lights and shadows chasing each other over the visage, by the muscular variations of the mind's foreground. Before men could use their arms and bodies as a means of interpreting thought, their glances spoke. We may watch to-day this identical evolution working itself out on the plane of infancy. The babe opens communication with the world about it in this same elder vocabulary. The dialect of the cradle is the far-back medium of

human conversation. It begins to utter itself in pure pantomime. Its initial sounds, too, are the inarticulate cry of the animal, the expressive grunt and intonation of the savage. Its pathetic pleadings for help, its protestations of neglect, its intimations of pain or restlessness, its assent to pleasurable conditions, its ecstasies and satisfactions, are each inscribed upon the tablet of its face. We adapt ourselves to its state and attempt to reply in cognate speech. We smile, we modulate the features, we nod, and purse the lips, and change the eyes, so that it almost invariably understands us. We are compelled to employ the unique chirography of the babe. Words and sentences are the *second* stage of language; the *first* is gesture, primarily facial gesture. The oratory that charms, the volumes that instruct, were rocked in this antique cradle of nomenclature. How very much may be done, even now, in the realm of gesture may be noted in the adaptations of the not-speaking man—the deaf-mute. As to expression, he is reduced to the first ages of the world. How very little articulate language has to do with real conversation is here realized. The deaf-mute converses

almost as freely as those who speak. The attitudes, the genuflections, the play of emotions, the swing of arms and poise of body, the workings of the lips and eyes, are kaleidoscopic. It is intensely interesting to watch a deaf-mute relate a story. His sentences are dramatic. As men learn to use more perfectly the articulate speech much of the graceful and charming accompaniment of motion ceases. An impassive method comes into play that is perhaps more finished, yet less attractive. I once watched a stammerer, in a waiting station, relate to a crowd gathered about him the exciting incidents of a recent ball game. Hindered by his impediment from getting along at the rate of his thought, he supplemented his words with intense and quaint motions that brought into requisition his entire body from face to feet. His impromptu audience stood transfixed with pleasure over his endeavor to get his ideas ultimated.

Therefore in the normal man, the man as God made him, we "find the mind's construction in the face." It is the map of the soul, the dial that marks the time within, the mobile image of the changeful spirit. Faces are the

natural exponents of mind and heart. They are windows in bodies through which the world looks on spirit. Unless there is simulation, or unless heredity has made the features rigid, and hindered their natural play, every face so accurately defines its owner that when we get thoroughly acquainted with him we can not imagine that he could have a different one. The inner shaping influence sets its mark there; it reveals the type of man it shields. We say of a newly arrived Hibernian, "the map of Ireland is in his face." We mean his very blood is figured in his features, and proclaims his origin. This is true of nearly all races and nations. The hidden life, flowing out to the ends of being, has written its autobiography there. "The mind and brain are preeminently alive, and the face is prepared by creation to be the recipient and mirror of their manifold states." It lives only by communication with these—as the sunbeam lives only by connection with its parent orb. Cut the ray of light, and its play on wall or floor ceases instantly. Faces exist only as reporters of what lives behind them. They are automatic, instrumental; manipulated and commanded by their owners.

Lacking the within, the face would be as dead and expressionless as the clod. "They in the other life who have nothing of the rational (no wisdom or affection) appear without faces." Therefore the face is not a *mirror*; it is a *transparency*. It does not reflect the figure of him who stands before it, but rather shows the onlooker the deep-lying personality of the other. Through it soul is seen, as the diver sees the pearl beneath the limpid waters. It is such a glass as we use for windows, and not what we use for mirrors. The open face is most winning. We are drawn to it, won by it. "Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face." Assurance is doubly sure when through the lucid covering a heart unfettered, unabashed, unreserved, looks forth. In the Word the face stands for the character, the *nature*. "Seeking the Lord's face" is seeking to know Him as He is. When we "see no longer as in a glass darkly, but face to face," we shall "know as we are known." The little children "whose angels do always behold the face of the Father" get the purest glimpses of Divine Love. When we shall see His face, and have His name writ-

ten upon our foreheads, we shall have become so like Him that we shall understand Him.

The language of the face is not by *analogy*, but by *correspondence*. Radiance of face and heart are very different in expression, yet they perfectly harmonize. Inward joy makes a certain picture, produces a certain light, a particular combination which really has no likeness to that within, yet has correspondence. How totally unlike are an emotion of grief and a tear, yet there is perfect harmony. There is not resemblance, not analogy, but perfect correspondence. Instantly we know that one belongs to the other. Music in the soul, and the sounds of the violin or organ have correspondence, have harmony, yet not likeness. The camera produces a copy of the thing that lies before it; correspondence, something very far from a copy, yet if possible more distinctly a part of the original. Even the infant detects immediately the feeling of the mother by her look and voice. Joy or pain, ecstasy or fright, it will read as we read a book. When the heart is surcharged with love, when consuming passion burns, when some new interest arrives, the features instantly tell the story. How the

orator watches for the responses to his thought in the upturned sea of faces that floats and ripples and gleams in the pews below. He is turning the human kaleidoscope round and round and watching its ineffable transformations. This is his highest joy, his great inspiration—to see his thought shine back to him as the sunlit waters answer the parent orb, as the rainbow and the painted east smile and blush at the “bridal of the earth and sky.” The one *means* the other—yet how different in their ways of showing it! We sometimes tell what a soul is by the eyes. There is a true, calm, deep something there, inscrutable, yet at once awakening trust. As difficult of analysis as love, but as simple and sweet. “God is love”; we know that, we rest in it, but all the saints fail to tell us what love is. This correspondence is always perfect where repression or simulation does not interfere. Little children are usually plastic under the molding fingers of their emotions. The inner continually plays before us on the mutable tablet of the flesh. Their unconventional, artless ways, their inability to pose, their as yet untrained will, allow a correspondence as pure

as what we find in the verdure or the sky. The heart is, as we say, "pinned to the sleeve." The common sense of mankind agrees at once that this transaction is a case of correspondence. There is a brightness or sadness that is incomprehensible on mere mechanical grounds. We know it is the direct and vivid effect of internals working upon externals, that the face is the mouthpiece and masterpiece of a correspondence omnipresent in the body.

Some call the spirit the unsubstantial, the impalpable, and the shadowy. But it is so much more substantial than flesh that it is the flesh's creator and master. It is the unseen workman shaping the clay in our very presence and sight. Watch the potter with the lump of earth whirling on the wheel, the inanimate, shapeless thing growing into a beauty of form that will make it immortal. The flesh is fluid in the hands of the soul. We know men only by the answering body. Every muscle, every nerve, every intonation, every attitude, is the man within the man uttering himself to the world. Without this interpretation, we should be as ignorant of those about us as if they were not. The flesh is as fluid to the spirit as

the rippling waters are to the winds. Facile, a derivative of the word face—meaning yielding, ductile, pliant, flexible. Facility is a slightly changed form of the same word, meaning readiness, mobility, plasticity. The spirit is actually doing for the face what the sculptor does for his image—he writes his ideal there, he impresses himself; only where the sculptor makes a single impression and leaves it, the soul makes many. All life is a repetition of the soul in the face; it is man's spirit attempting to write his character in sculpture, in painting, in architecture, in books, in the fabric of the whirling loom, in myriad industries and sciences,—on the very earth. The world as it stands in civilization is an illuminated parchment of the greater human soul.

“The grand law of Christian power goes with faces.” In its mystic abysses are gospels and judgments. Is there anything so terrible as a rebuking face? Is there anything so inviting as one lit with love? Every child recoils from a tender, grieved expression in its mother's look. It is worse than daggers or rods. It knows, too, when that heaven bends over it with approval. The face of Jesus of Naza-

reth! Shining on Hermon, wrestling in the wilderness, weeping over Jerusalem, gazing into the grave of Lazarus, pleading in Gethsemane, looking from the cross, lit with resurrection glory, gleaming out of the golden candlesticks! As Peter saw it when he warmed himself in Caiphas' court! As Judas saw it when he took the sop! As John saw it from Calvary! As Paul saw it on the Damascus highway! "The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ!" "And His face was as it were the sun shining in his strength." Hell was never so deep, justice never so dreadful, or so close at hand, as when it lowered in the Divine face. Heaven was never so near, love never so unutterable and masterful, as when it found its correspondence there.

The gait, bearing, and postures of the body have ever been used interchangeably for spiritual states. Holding up the face, the human attribute, is the claim of innocence. "Grecian philology baptized man, *Anthropos*—the being with the upturned [heavenly] face." Throughout the Word *physical* uprightness is significative and comprehensive of *moral* uprightness. The

gift of physical perpendicularity is reserved for man alone. It is the insignia of the Great King stamped upon his front, proclaiming him heir to immortality. Every living thing below man keeps its eyes on the earth. It never looks at the stars. Even the eagle watches the abysses below for its prey. It is the universal feeling that the vertical posture, the open, lifted countenance, belong to mental and moral integrity. The criminal drops his eyes, looks at the floor; innocence gazes with clear unwavering vision into the face of God and man. The unsteady, evasive, downcast look brings instantly a sense of misgiving. To be sure, there are exceptions, as in times of devotion. In worship the head is dropped as a mark of reverence. The four and twenty elders in the high place of the universe, robed in white and crowned with gold, fall upon their faces before the throne.

To-day the gospel should get proclamation in human faces. It should incarnate itself in this potential manner. The faces of angels are ineffably expressive. There are vast oceans of love, wisdom, and tenderness in them. They speak a various language. They light, guide,

instruct, comfort, through these wonderful ways. The look of an angel has volumes in it. It is so impressive that it sinks into the deepest places of the heart. In George Macdonald's "Lilith" the Mother of Sorrows unmask her face, and the wily, wayward Lilith finds herself melted into penitence by the shining of an affection and sweetness transcending description. If Christians are to do their best work, the gospel should beam from their faces. The gospel is nothing now, any more than it was at the first, unless reincarnated, and kept incarnate. It must get expression; not through tongues alone, not through catechisms and propositional wisdom, not through the din and clatter of argument,—but by immortal affection and purity recognized in human faces. As George Eliot has said: "There is a power in the direct glance of a sincere loving soul, which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity than the most elaborate arguments." The real sermons are in great, pure feelings, generousities of holy sacrifice, divine patience as rayed through the face of God in the imaged face of man. I shall never forget one great day in my life when Phillips Brooks

hovered over me like a heaven. I shall never attempt to describe it, for it is indescribable. Its gospel shadows me to-day as the bright cloud shadowed the favored three on Hermon. Even though the features be careworn, battered, scarred with trial, furrowed with tragic experiences in the domains of faith and life—a certain celestial contour, an unfathomable illumination, a something there beyond reckoning, betrays the high state of the soul within. “Though thy tackle’s torn thou showest a noble vessel.” The face can only truly live by this perpetual reincarnation. The soul can only tell its story thus, for without the face it can not find adequate delivery.

Yet, after all has been said, no face can perfectly represent its soul ; no more than God can perfectly represent Himself on the field of nature ; no more than man, in his arts and industries, can explicitly display his genius, unveil all the greatness of his being. Something must always be lost when a superior plane is dramatized on an inferior one. Could the face of the Saviour fully indicate Omnipotence? Could that countenance as of lightning, as it were the sun shining in its strength, mapped with inde-

scribable beauty, more than hint at that within? The soul is always greater than any exposition it can make. God is always greater than any revelation of Himself.

X.

THE LARYNGEAL HARP.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken; even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer.—*George Eliot.*

Fit language there is none
For the heart's deepest things.—*Lowell.*

Man is made to sing. He has caught up immortal measures and translated them to earth. Within his body is the harp of harps. It is the first musical instrument, all others being adaptations of this ancient model. The multiplicity of inventions in wood and metal are all variations of the harp. Either the chords are breathed upon, like the larynx, the organ reeds, the æolian lyre, or they are struck, like the piano, or thrummed, like the harp. The world-euphonies that fairly vie with angels have been evolved from the human throat as a suggestion and prototype.

The lungs, with their channels of varied

utterance, compose this fleshly orchestra. The larynx lies just behind and below the prominence in the throat called the "Adam's apple." It is a cartilaginous frame, strung with two chords, called the vocal chords. Its possibilities are so wonderful that it might be named "a harp of a thousand strings" instead of two. These chords are breathed over, as in the wind harp. There are tiny muscles that act as executing fingers—that tighten or relax the strings like the violinist's hand. It is a pneumatic instrument pure and simple. The lungs as bellows force the air through the trachea and larynx, producing sound; and sound, reaching the tongue, teeth, and lips, is chiseled into words and sentences. Thus it comes to the ears of men in song or speech. The chest is like the body of the violin, the pipe of the organ, or the frame of the lyre. The forehead and entire skull contribute to the richness of tone. Some parts of the instrument cater to tone; others, to expression. The most beautiful chorals may be produced with no articulate thought. Or they may be given a body, an outward form and symmetry, by the shaping organs of speech. When the throat is culti-

vated to its loftiest reaches, there is nothing else on earth so sweet, majestic, and inspiring.

What is speech? It is primarily gesture; especially facial gesture. Finally it assumed the form of uttered words. Now, these words are written, carved, printed, and reproduced until they drop on the world like the leaves of autumn. In brief, every work of man is man's thought taking tangible and visible outlines. Speech proper is the cutting of the tones of the voice into articulate words. The teeth, tongue, and lips, under the guidance of the brain, catch the sound-waves as they pass to the outer air, that instant shaping them into logic, poetry, philosophy, and song. Just here the heart and mind meet, and, uniting, create speech; as the sunlight and heat, joining hands, fashion the rocks—the globe of the earth. It is really man's invisible self standing off where he can behold it—where he can read it, as it assumes varied and multiplied melodies. Speech is not exactly making noises, or molding those noises into words—for a parrot can do that, an automaton can do that; it is giving thought appropriate clothing. Thought and its vesture must both emanate from the same individuality.

Speech is twofold ; it is inner and outer, it has a soul and a body. It is also twofold in its duplicity ; it is a pair within a pair. Affection and truth are the two halves of the inner ; sound and articulation the two halves of the outer. The inner is feeling and thought ; the outer, tone and expression. The vowels are the diapason of feeling ; the deeper, fuller, richer voices welling up from spiritual abysses. The consonants are the vesture of these voices, intelligence robing them in presentable and interpretative garments. One is the reporter of the heart ; the other, of the brain. One is the impulse ; the other, the guide.

Speech is crystallized thought — therefore crystallized life. It is spirit surviving in books, inscriptions, and architectural creations after it has ceased to be incarnate. To-day we behold Plato and Moses ; for we behold their *thought*. The thought of master-minds is those minds set in durable, eternal substances. Job, Homer, Socrates, John, are preserved in everlasting parchments, and we take their sentences, tear them open as we do a letter from a friend, and read their souls. The never-lessening wine and bread is spread for succeeding

generations, perennial as the widow's cruse of oil, and the bread of Jesus broken on the slopes of Gallilee.

How did speech reach its present flowering? We know that a single law brings everything up, from a daisy to a universe; a single master-principle, crystallized in a single master-word—evolution. Speech, like everything else, *grew* up. Philology is one of the most entrancing of the sciences. It leads us back to the dawn of utterance. It carries us into dim, prehistoric epochs, down where the roots of human rhetoric lie buried. Of course, there was a time when men did not speak with the mouth. The infant lives over again the experiences of the race. When it makes faces, casts out its arms, laughs and cries, it shows us the ancient stamp on the coin of phonetics. It tells us how men and women in the long-ago sought to deliver themselves. "Before *Homo sapiens* was evolved he must have been necessarily preceded by *Homo alalus*—the not-speaking man." If evolution is the method of creation, the faculty of talking could have been no sudden gift. That men spoke immediately has the same relation to exact science as that

the world was created in six days of twenty-four hours each. Vast epochs are gathered up in poetical and allegorical transcriptions. There was a time when men "lisped in numbers." There was a far day when they spoke in syllables, hesitatingly, as the child spells out its simple sentences at the teacher's knee. No full-grown words entered then into the fabric of speech. There were brief monosyllabic utterances, each relating to some activity. Vowel sounds were universal. This is why speech, in its ultimates, is in its greatest power—it lies couched in the deepest places of the life. The primitive language is the *radical* language—the roots of the mighty tree that has cast its branches over the whole earth. Sentences as yet were not; each sound was a sentence. It is true of humanity that "When I was a child I spake as a child." From inarticulate cries man has built up a vernacular word by word, as the body was built up cell by cell. And it is with language-making as with world-making—the process is yet going on. Daily we are coining words, adding to their volume of tone as well as their architecture. Both the world and its utterances have arisen

like a tree, expanding daily into beauty and fruitfulness ; and neither has yet reached maturity. The well-known fact that the born deaf man is at the same time a dumb man is almost a final reply to the affirmation that the powers of expression are an original and intuitive faculty with man. If man could manufacture words, and collect them into comprehensive philosophies, to any extent he chose, there was little reason why he should be presented with them ready-made. And it is an eternal law that what man can do, God does not for him.

Human speech is the speech of the animal infinitely augmented and modulated. Here is a significant discovery of etymology. Skeat says that the very word "speech" lost an "r" along about the eleventh century. It is from the Teutonic base *sprak*, of which the original sense was merely to make a noise—to cry out. This hints at a distant day when language was composed of sounds merely—of significant intonations. The howl of the dog, the neigh of the horse, the bleat of the lamb, are linguistic protoplasm and show us how men once conversed. Darwin has detected four or five modulations in the bark of a dog. This is the

dog's vocabulary. Each bark means something. When the deer suspects anything wrong, it utters a low note, at which the entire herd lift their heads—this means caution. If it proves a real danger, the leader utters a sharp, loud cry that means "Run for your life,"—and the whole herd take to their heels. The infant begins with significant sounds. When it says "moo" for cow, and "bow-wow" for dog, and "mew" for cat, and "toot-toot" for engine, and "tick-tick" for watch, it is telling us how the race began to speak. It is conducting us back through the ever-narrowing ways of philology to its source. It is true here that "a little child shall lead them." We are beginning to study the child more and more, and are finding out it can teach us very much more than we can teach it. And so from this simple beginning language has reached the hill-tops of the present. It stands like the Pillars of Hercules, to show us how far we have come; yet, not like those pillars, fixed and immovable, it ever advances. As we have traveled on, spirits that have looked deeper into the heart of things have gathered up what they have seen into literature, have coined new terms of

expression, carried the standard yet a little further, and left the durable results to those who should follow.

Here, then, lies the secret of the rise of intellect; also the secret of the rise of civilization. Speech, with its treasures of thought and discovery, has made it possible for man to stand, as it were, on the shoulders of those before him. Evolution up to the time of the invention of language had but one method of banking its accounts—heredity. And heredity is mortally slow. Heredity is something left in the system, in the form of latent instincts and inclinations, for each generation to somehow discover and strengthen. Heredity is something dim, intangible, and intellectually unknown to those without sciences and philosophies. When speech arrived, instead of sowing his gains on the winds of heredity, man pinned them to wingéd words, transmitting them to posterity. Then posterity was able to treasure the thought and discovery contained in them, and start from that point of vantage. The race then began to rapidly run up a fortune in brain-matter. One generation could bank all its gains and will them to the next; and so the

ball of progress got swiftness and power by its own momentum. When a man did anything, or saw anything, he could say it to others, and others could say it to their children. And, eventually, he could cut it in stone, write it on parchment, print it on paper. When he became wise, wisdom did not die with him, but he embalmed it, and left it to the world. We are the happy tenants of past attainments, and, instead of beginning in the deep, deep valley, we start from the foothill of our own generation. It seems clear that if man had not learned to talk, he could never have passed very far beyond the childhood of the world. After all has been said, the greatness of the human mind is due to the tongue—the predecessor of parchments and libraries, the instrument of reason; and to language—the outward expression of the inward life.

Words are at once the most familiar and mysterious things in the world. A word is a counter of the brain—the impalpable taking durable and palpable conditions. What a unique relation there is between a thought and a sentence. Without the sentence the thought must lie hidden to all but the thinker. A word

is a blending of the brain, heart, mouth, and atmosphere in some mystical manner that utterly defies explanation. The air is a part of its clothing; it rides on aërial tremulations; sound is connected with it, so is enunciation—in fact, the whole man, body and spirit, lives in his words, if they are truly his. A word is a fragment of a soul. What we call the “solid shot” of the orator hurled into the comprehension of his hearers, until they recoil and capitulate, is as viewless as spirit and as substantial as marble. In a single word there is occasionally stored the volition of millenniums of progress. Words are the heirlooms of the culture and experiences of the races. Old words, like old coins, speak of a former currency of thought, and by their image and superscription lay bare the mental life and progress of those who long ago minted them. We take those old coins and recast them into new forms, always preserving in our etymologies their original stamps. So we have the old within the lap of the new. Trench beautifully says, “Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embalmed and preserved.” Words are breath made vocal—

unseen and intangible as ether, yet more lasting than the hills. Words are the utterance of the whole body ; the organ of speech is used by every square inch of the physical man. It is the telephone system set up for the use of every organ and cell in the human domain. Through it the stomach calls for food, the lungs for air, the eyes for books, the tongue for water, the feet for rest, the hands for the many things they crave. As a single man is frequently the mouthpiece of a congregation, a state, or a nation, the larynx is the medium of utterance for the entire body.

The mouth is dedicated to the expression of the beautiful and the true. This no one will dispute who at the same time owns that the Lord made it. God is love and truth, and man is normally a minor expression of God. Speech stands eternally for love invested with integrity. Therefore its organs should be noble subjects of the heart and brain. He who speaks otherwise prostitutes his being.

In oratory *enunciation* predominates ; in music, *tone*. Tone is the soul of it—the love of it. There is power in tone—the charm of rhythm. Tone is ultimated feeling. We detect in the

mere cadences of the voice, in its mere modulations, the presence of anger, sarcasm, tenderness, affection, humor, gentleness, pride, logic, anguish. There are the scolding, soothing, cheering tones, known independently of words. Children and animals tell more by the tone than anything else, because they are forms of affection and impulse. In thrilling emotions, in great suffering or joy, we can not stop for words, but deliver ourselves in groans or in cries of delight. What a round of experiences lie buried in mere sounds! Each cadence contains enough to fill a volume.

Music is the highest and noblest form of phonics. In the perfected life every utterance rises into melody. Communication there flows out in song. Each group of angels is a choir. As life ascends it grows more tuneful. The angels sang to the shepherds the annunciation of peace to earth. Mary sang in her beatific vision—Elizabeth sang. Revelation naturally falls into rhapsody. The noblest of the prophecies are chants. John in his apocalypse heard the "voices of harpers harping with their harps." Love and wisdom never fall into the analytical. All visions point to a day when the

ascended humanity will speak one language, and that pure harmony. When all are high enough, all will come into this vocal unity. We get a hint of it here. Watch a thousand people listening to a succession of sounds at a high-class concert. There is the silence of love, every nature is open down to the bottom of the soul, each receives in the ratio of his capacity, each is hearing some fascinating tale; yet from beginning to ending there has not been one word uttered. It is pathetic, wonderful, what men will do with wood and metal in the earnest struggle to materialize their dreams of harmony. The harp, the piano, the violoncello, the flute, and a hundred other instruments, are the planet dug up and set to music, the forests hewed into lyrics, the ligaments of animals strung to rhythm. "What a piece of work is man" to bring out of these dull clods the captivating, celestial influences of the Boston Symphony Concert! And yet there is *thought* in it. At Alexander's feast Timotheus sits on high amid the tuneful choir and sways the spirit of the monarch at his will. He carries him from the frenzies of the fight to the soft breathings of love, from memory to mem-

ory, until the king wins his battles o'er again and "twice he slays the slain." Each transformation of the player bears the king on its billows from transport to transport.

We speak of the old masters as thoughtful. Some music is light, airy, graceful; some is shallow and empty; some sets the soul to rocking on its own infinite abysses. A single strain has sometimes buried in it the thought of God. Orchestras and choirs are only developments of the larynx—the endeavor to breathe the concordant spirit in richer, vaster volume and complexity.

"Love took up the harp of Life and smote on all the
chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in
music out of sight."

CHAPTER XI.

THE LIFE-LINE IN THE PALM.

The human race would never have become human if it had not been for the hand.—*Anaxagoras.*

The hands complete the uses of the arms. The arms are for the hands. The hands are the fruition of the arms. The arms are, in their turn, the forthgoing of the soul. Therefore the hands are the fruition of the soul. They are the soul's tools. They are the soul reaching out, fashioning and appropriating the planet. The soul moves the nerves, the nerves the muscles, the muscles the bones—and the framework of the body comes to action. Every motion is the result of this remarkable indirection. When we see a body in action, we know a soul is in action. The feet carry the body along—the hands do its bidding. The first are the *ways* of life ; the other, the *doings* by the way. The first are the supports of the body ; the other its levers.

There is the upper arm—one long bone called the *humerus*. There is the lower arm—two small bones called the *radius* and *ulna*. There is the wrist, with eight tiny bones whose sides fit into and play harmoniously against one another. The wrist, though broken up into several pieces for the purposes of flexibility, is bound together so firmly by ligament and muscles that it is even stronger than if it were one solid bone. These congregated, dove-tailed creations enable us to give the twists and twirls that are of almost momentary occurrence. The skilful pitcher of the ball, the swinger of Indian clubs, the deft artificer, bring them continually into play.

The hand has nineteen bones—five in the hand proper, three in each finger, two in each thumb. On the fingers are hair-like formations called nails, placed there for protection and stiffening. All these bones are beautifully hinged together—certain of them arranged like the ball and socket to confer powers of perfect adaptation. All are equipped with their special dynamic muscles that give them the ability to move. These muscles play on the arm and hand like the electric motor on the wheels

of the car—like the steam on the myriad fingers of the loom. They make the hand a quick, graceful, skilful machine, ever at our bidding, and as the muscles are the servants of the soul, the soul can teach them to do the finest and strongest work, to ply the needle, swing the sledge, catch the ball, run the scales, and thrum the harp. The fingers do most of the quick, light movements, the thumb assisting in holding things firmly. This wonderful combination of bones, nerves, and flesh is utterly helpless without the impelling muscles. Each muscle is detailed to an unique use. Every act has its individual motor. Some lift the fingers, others depress them, others guide them over the keys, others answer the trained eyes of the surgeon, others poise the chisel, move the brush, and push along the pen of genius.

The similarity of the arm and leg, the hand and foot, is striking and instructive. The arm is an adapted leg, the hand an adapted foot. The arm and hand is a leg and foot turned to loftier and more versatile services. The *femur* becomes a *humerus*, the knee an elbow ; the two bones of the leg are carried into a like position in the arm ; the ankle becomes a wrist, adding

one more bone to its repertory ; the foot a hand, taking the same arrangement ; the toes more pliable and adaptable fingers. Under the development of the mind of man the fore-legs of the animal lifted themselves from the earth and became new creatures. As man raised his soul to God his hands caught the inspiration and ceased to grovel. They clasped themselves in adoration, they assumed gentle and divine ways, they uttered infinite things with the pen, the brush, and the chisel. They builded civilizations—they grasped the hands of their fellows with angelic fraternity.

God's long method of making the hand lends that facile instrument triple interest. It sets it on a basis that will stand forever. It is the patient labor of æons, of millenniums unrecorded. The evolutionist gazes down the corridors of time and finds in the dawn of a past inconceivable this human utensil slowly taking form. Buried in the glebe of a distance that antedates man himself he beholds this predestined power rising into empire. At the bottom of the scale is the *amœba*, a tiny fragment of shapeless jelly—headless, footless, armless. When it wishes to seize its food, its body

lengthens out, moves toward it, flows over it, engulfs it, absorbs it. Its whole body is a hand. It creates a hand whenever it needs one. A hand is extemporized when a hand is needed : when not needed, it is not. From this starting-point, through periods of time that can not be measured by years, but must comprise vast ages, or cycles, the hand arose. Its persistent uses developed and perfected it. It passed up into the two-fingered bivalve. Then on to the tentacles of the sea anemone, the starfish, and the octopus. Then came the hand of the African monkey—almost human. Finally, the creation of the human mind—man in God's image and likeness. The hand answered to the rising intellect and kept pace with its illustrious compeer. God gave man this body—this long labor of ages, this concrete result of animal ascendancy. He set him on the upland of that present, gave him this paramount advantage, expecting him to augment and improve the gift ; to take the rude body of the beast and hew it into the form of a god ; to refine it and train it into the beauty which it now has.

In the courses of this development a day

arrived that was crucial. A point was reached where the one road branched into two. And the animal had to decide which to take. Here there was a parting and a division. Man and bird were once apparently a unit. Now, the bird took to the air, the man kept to the soil. Go back far enough, and everything that is, even under the most powerful glass, presents the same appearance. Development decides the way each will take. They are not alike, though they look alike. Man and bird were once wrapped in a similar covering. A day came when they took different directions; a choice crucial in its bearings, infinite in its unfoldings, upon which were suspended the flowering of earth and heaven, of a race of divine men, a heaven of angels. The bird took wings—the man hands. This choice was fatal to the birds, for they forfeited the possibility of ever becoming human. Try to reckon the cost to the bird of the choice of the aërial life—this life we deem so free and inspiring! Try to add up the immense expense of choosing a wing rather than a hand! The bird's wing has the *bones* of a hand; it could have had a hand, but it waived the right. With that consummate im-

plement buried in feathers, the use man and the higher vertebrates made of it was denied the bird forever. When we realize what has been won by the growth and versatility of the hand, how the very humanities pivot on it, we realize what the bird has lost. We cry : “ Oh, that I had wings like a dove—then would I fly away ! ” We enviously watch the bird as it cuts a free and untraveled way through the air, with a song in its heart, and another on the breeze ; but we forget that we have a *hand*—an instrument so transcendently nobler and more efficient than the bird’s wing that any comparison fails.

Consider the significance and epoch-making nature of the thumb ! We usually think of it as the clumsiest of the fingers. We do not apprehend its far-reaching powers of permutation and accomplishment. The thumb is the final, perfecting touch of the hand. It takes the relation to the hand that man does to the universe—it is the crown and glory of the hand. When the thumb was added, divinity was added. Cuvier says : “ What constitutes the hand is the facility of opposing the thumb to the fingers so as to seize minute objects—a

facility carried to the highest degree of perfection in man. The peculiar prehensile power in the human hand is chiefly due to the length, power, and mobility of the thumb, which can be brought into exact opposition to the fingers, whether separately or grouped together." Henry Drummond says "the hand of an African monkey has no thumb." The thumb is peculiarly human. Try to do without it and see how helpless you will become. Try to catch the ball, button the shoe, hold the book, write the letter, do any form of manual service, and you will suddenly discover the immense importance of this seemingly insignificant member. The thumb is not simply an additional finger, but a finger so disposed as to antagonize all the other fingers. Therefore its efficacy is greater than all the other fingers put together. The thumb makes the hand truly human.

The genus *Homo* takes rank in the classification of mammals as a distinct order, *Bimana*, in consequence of man being the only animal possessing two hands. At first we might think four hands better, like the monkeys and apes. Or many hands better, like the star-fish and the

octopus. But this is very far from the case. It is not the *number* of implements that makes for efficacy, but their *quality*. None of these hands, whether four or many, are adapted to the variety and intelligent work that man's *two* hands are. Anaxagoras has wisely remarked that "the race could never have become human had it not been for the hand."

Through the long cycles in which the hand grew to finish and potency where has it arrived? Has it reached completion? The answer might well be in the affirmative. It is altogether probable that there will never be a more perfect hand than the one we now possess. It is likely that the ultimate hand has appeared. Why? Has God reached the end of his resources? Has He done all he can, and rested from His labors? No, not this; but a leap has been taken to another field of progress. The work has been passed to us; we manufacture hands better than our own. Evolution has leaped from flesh to steel. The hand is a tool of the soul—now we have tools of the hand. It is a tool within a tool. The flesh went on developing until man learned to make better ones of iron. Then evolution paused and transferred

its labors to this new field. The fatal day for the hand came in the discovery of tools and machinery. "It was a remarkable era in the history of creation when man learned to take a club and use it for a hammer, or could pry up a stone with a stake—thus adding one more lever to the levers of the arm." Now it is no longer better flesh, but better steel—a better tool.

Tools are arms multiplied, energized. They are extensions of the arms. Hammers are callous substitutes for the fist. Knives do the work once assigned to the nails. Watch the animals, and you will see how easily they wield these lancets. The vise and pincers replace the fingers and thumb; they are immensely stronger, and never weary of their unrelaxing grip.

Will not the making of tools develop the hands still further? No, for tools are no longer made with the hands; they are made with the brains. First we make tools; then tools to make tools. Almost everything now is made with hands—but with *artificial* hands. The very tools themselves are made with other tools. We are making hands infinitely more

facile than those God has made. "Greater things than these shall ye do." We are supplying the workshops of the earth with million-fingered machines, more intricate, enduring, and strong than evolution could produce in millenniums. Watch the lightning looms of our great mills as they weave the fabric. The arrest of the hand is not the cessation of evolution. It is its immense acceleration.

The hand becomes also a substitute for the tongue. We talk with our hands. The vernacular of the hand is getting more and more universal. The mutations and combinations that can be made by ten pliable fingers under the tuition of the brain are endless. The hand speaks with the pen. Language is expressed more perfectly and enduringly by the hand than by the tongue. Art, painting, and sculpture, impossible without the hand, are speech stored in the archives of time. We have living among us to-day, conversing with us, the rare spirits of gone ages. Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Rome, the twenty Christian centuries, are here because of this power of the hand to utter the thought of the mind. The mental effusions of great men, from Anaxagoras to Emerson,

would lie buried in the ethers which received them if the hand had not become a tongue.

Yet all that has been said is necessarily superficial. We now look deeper—to the spirit that lies mirrored in the hands. There are hands within the hands. There is spirit in them—character in them. There is something that prompts them to work ; prompts them to pray ; something that suggests fraternity and helpfulness. These exquisite furnishings are as veritable tools of the soul as hammers and knives. They are as material—as actually a part of the soil. They illustrate the saying that “Interiors put themselves forth through exteriors.” The spheres of life find special power in the hands, because the hands represent the life. The soul concentrates its active powers in them.

The hands have ever been considered the powers of the soul. They have ever been “the ends of interior correspondence.” They are outward intimations of inward potentialities. Cut off the hands, and, however well the inner organs may do their duty, we are physically impotent. Let them get motion, and everything within us begins at once to find

expression. Feet and hands carry into effect what all the rest hope and live for. In the Word all faculties and gifts are expounded by the hands. The *man* is in his hands, and he is judged by what they do. They are alive, and are brought into motion by their relegated offices, their services to the soul. This is why the remark has become so common that "A man is known by the work of his hands." We see him in them because they dramatize his character. They take his thought and throw it up in genuflections—set it in beautiful impregnable creations. The constellation of divine arts is the soul drawn on the field of the material—made visible, given color, contour, and solidity. It is by the brain and hand that man stands preeminently distinguished, for in both we see a display of his reason. The hands are the brains—for the brains are in them.

Let us be more concrete and definite: the hands are the *deeds*. This fact is continually recognized in scriptures and in society. The feet are the *ways* of life—the hands the *doings* by the way. Lady Macbeth walks the palace halls wringing her hands and crying that she

can not wash the blood-stains from them. The stains are on her life—but her life is in her hands. Hamlet says to his guilty mother :

“ Leave wringing of your hands : Peace : sit you down
And let me wring your soul.”

“ Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart.” The clean hands are clean because of the clean heart. We are continually commanded to wash our hands—that is, to wash our lives. We are told to bind the law upon our hands—to keep them true. Cutting off the hands is symbolic of cutting off the deeds. The man with the withered right arm is the man with the withered power to do. How the very character lies mapped in the hands! We are told that an angel can read from the hand the entire life of man; that the whole record is legibly written there; that what he has thought and done from first to last has crystallized into this divine palmistry. Character in the hands! Character carving them, shaping them; drawing significant, informing lines; adding touches indescribable! The hands of

age ! the scarred and battered hands of toil ! hands that have borne the heat and burden of a long and tragic pilgrimage ! withered, faithful hands seamed with sacrificial services ! “beautiful, beautiful hands, they’re neither white nor small !”

“Does its beauty refine as its pulses grow calm,
Or as Sorrow has crossed the Life-line in the palm ?”

The hands mean sympathy and power. The finest sensibilities are in the ends of the fingers. Observe how the papillæ arrange themselves in exquisite spiral sweeps. When we desire to extend help or sympathy, we involuntarily stretch forth the hands. Here comes the universal custom of shaking the hands, or pressing them when we meet. We ask the hand in marriage—that closest of human relations. We lay hands on persons set apart for special services as a symbol of communicated power and responsibility.

“Hand

Clasps hand, eye lights eye in good friendship,
And great hearts expand,
And grow one in the sense of this world’s life.”

The hand of God ! “From the lips of the prophet an old and beautiful story was told to

the children of the earth—how God with His own hands gathered the Bactrian dust, modeled it, breathed upon it, and it became a living soul. Later the insight of the Hebrew poet taught man a deeper lesson. He saw that the Creator had different kinds of hands, and different ways of modeling”; that those hands were His love and wisdom extended to bless; that His right hand was the implement of His Omnipotence; that His hands were His providences. “Thou openest Thine hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.” “The Lord hath made bare His holy arm.” “My times are in Thy hands.” His hands are the symbols of care and strength. He continually laid them upon the sick and healed them. “Underneath are the everlasting arms.”

“Thou layest thy fingers on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.”

The shoulders, arms, and hands of the Greatest Man figure the blended powers of the ascended humanities. They gather up the tenderness and strength of God—and of man through God. They are the immense, yet delicate, attribute of the Immortal affection.

“ All that is real remaineth,
And fadeth never :
The hand which upholdeth it now sustaineth
The soul forever.”

XII.

FINIS.

And now at foot
Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet.—*Milton.*

The feet are the terminals of life—and of the physical life. They are that upon which the body rests when standing ; therefore the pedestal of the soul. They are the medium between the soul and the earth. They make connections with the physical universe and turn on the currents of life. If man could not thus conclude himself, he would be like the electric conduction without an avenue of union. The conduction must find a complete circuit before it can even begin to carry the current. So man, without this vital relation to the soil, could not even begin to live.

The Latin equivalent is *pedis*, and many words radiate from this stem. The pediment of a monument is its foot. A pedestrian is

one who moves on his feet. Without these, there could be no monument, no motion. Various footed animals get their technical identification from the number of their feet. There is the biped, the quadruped, the centiped, the octopod, the polypus, etc. Various movements are indicated by the expansion of the same radical, such as impetus, expedite, expedit, impel, etc. The foot is a basic, solid, final epithet. The foothills of the mountains are that upon which the mountains stand. A "footing" is a general plane or base upon which men and things rest. Looking back still farther, to the risings of the word out of the virgin Sanskrit, we find its scope more sweeping and inclusive. The radix *pad* conveys not only the idea of standing, but also of motion. It is the idea of falling, of going forward. And if we observe closely, we shall see that walking is a literal falling, each forward putting of the foot saving us from the inevitable catastrophe. To stand and to fall are the intrinsic properties of the word.

The feet, then, are the horizon of the physical life, the nether circumference of the spirit. Mobility and solidity are in them. They are

both the supports and conveyances of the body. They are created engines for any standing we may will, or any walking we may determine. They are the *ways* of life—the hands being the *acts* by the way. Motion and guidance center in them. Without them, brain and heart could find no avenue of expression. We should be obliged to store our energies, waiting for opportune feet and hands to release them. The intellectual life must be literally dead without them—so the spiritual. Dead because inactive. Without them we are baseless, and in the air. Lightning is diffused in spaces until it finds an avenue through the earth; then it acts with immense velocity, precision, and power. So the spirit without cosmic footing must be nebulous and ineffective. The planets are the feet of the heavens, without which there could be no heavens. By a series of magnificent discrete steps from God to rock, to verdure, to animal, to man, the universe finds its way back again into heaven—to God from whom it came. The earth is the pediment of heaven by indirection. From rock, to sea, to triple atmospheres, the infinities are borne down and find their base on the Lord's "footstool."

Here lies couched the great and all-inclusive doctrine of uses. Uses are simply ultimatum, fulfilment. Without uses there can be no reality. Without accomplishment everything is an illusion. Without footing life is but a "castle in the air." Unless goodness and truth and capability find expression, they do not exist. They are the "baseless fabric of a dream," a beautiful idea, a pleasing fancy.

The account of life is located in those dramatic parts of man—face, hands, feet. But it is easily seen that the most important of the three are the feet. The latter place the entire man on a foundation, and render the face and hands effective. The feet are not so much concerned in doing, as in carrying the body where it can do. They make the deliveries of life (face, hands, feet) possible. Standing in the dust, as they do, they are nevertheless infinitely precious. In them life finds solution. Any failure of life's forthgoings is a failure of the man. Without a tongue thought is stultified. Without an expressive face much of the man is lost. Without hands there is much individual suppression. Without feet all these mentioned are pinned to one spot, and instead of our going to

the world, the world must come to us. So far as any of these are incapacitated, dulled, unresponsive, destitute of carrying powers—life is, in that precise ratio, unrealized. What is expressionless is *not*. And according to its faintness of expression it is weakened. Any insulation hinders the mind and the spirit in the exact proportion of that insulation. To be vulnerable here is to be vulnerable everywhere. If the city has a breach in its walls, it is lost, however grand its buildings, or however heroic its dwellers. The classic story of Achilles, who had a weak spot in his heel, is a pat illustration. He represents beauty, strength, valor, all impregnable and panoplied, but in that one little spot. The heel is symbolic of that part of us which is most outward, worldly, physical, through which the inner and higher parts find expression and use; that part which is the basis and containent of the mind and heart. The arrow of the foe finds lodgment here and great Achilles falls. How many of us are unshielded there? and, this failing, the whole man fails. When this capitulates, the citadel is taken. When Titus pierces the outer gates of Jerusalem, his profane foot touches the holy

of holies within the temple itself. How very many are allowing the cares and allurements of the world to prostitute and sully the beautiful within !

That the whole life is in the feet is reiterated throughout the Word. "Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." "Jesus saith unto him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." We dream of great positions, great names, great services, failing to realize that the prime and vital services are in the lowliest parts of things. The Lord girded Himself and washed—not the heads or hands of His disciples, but their *feet*. When He came into the earthly life, He descended to its lowliest walks. He began in the deepest stratum of human society, and, saving that, saved all. He brought the kingdom of God first to the "footstool" of His creation—"Thy kingdom come thy will be done on *earth*." If the heart and mind are not in the body—if the outer life is not pure and true and spiritual—the whole being is corrupt. What the outer life is, the man is. If religion is not first in the daily life, it cannot be prop-

erly called religion. The Master dramatized the beauty of His soul in His earthly acts. Heaven was in His face, His hands, His feet, His words. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

To walk with God, then, is to make the lowliest things divine. It is to make the most menial acts sweet, pure, full of brightness and gladness. To walk is to *do*. To walk with God is to do with God, to keep step with him, to tread the same path. It is to have his generous motives and tender interests. It is to move with him gladly, not reluctantly. It is to go to life's privileges and tasks with a dynamic joy that transfigures them into the works of angels. It is to feel an eager haste to self-immolation. It is to steadfastly, voluntarily, set our faces even to the cross. Not for the sake of a kingdom—but for the divine inevitable expression of ourselves.

In one sense all men walk with God. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee." This great civilization is moving up a divine plane originated in the councils of heaven; it is following the "pattern in the mount" unwittingly. By immense outlay of suffering and

toil the race is doing the will of God with commingled motives and aspirations. Behind the master-spirit of acquisitiveness is the shaping, guiding Hand. How little would many of us do were it not for the pressing need of bread and shelter, for the love of name and fame and rulership! How many, many, do that which they would not were it possible for them to find an escape. How we chafe, like a galley-slave at the oar! Not like the pebble on the beach, moving aimlessly, now up and now down, but, with God as unseen helmsman, making for some glorious port.

In one sense we all walk with God, for without Him there could be no walking at all. "For in Him we live, and move, and have our being." Yet how many walk with Him as the reluctant and whining child goes to school, drawn thither by the loving, inexorable father's hand. Our troubles have been called, "God dragging us." Do we not tread the ways of life with often bitterness, and complainings, and inky doubts? We go with God; but so uncomfortably. We go with God because we must. We go stubbornly, pulling at his hand, and crying to be released. To walk

truly with him is to bear our toils, and doubts, and sufferings with the resolute calm temper of the Master. He was a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," yet whoever saw a brighter face? And all His acts were voluntary and joyful. He even went to Calvary with a song—a "song in the night." He came over the rugged mountains with light, glad feet that made those weary heights beautiful with their touch. The mountains are hard to climb, they stipulate a struggle with gravitation; yet they repose in the elevated, serene regions of peace and light.

"Keeping the feet in the right paths" is keeping the life there—for the life follows the feet. The feet are obedience—the love of going in the way of the commandments. To sit at the Lord's feet is to love to follow Him to the uttermost. When "they came and held Him by the feet" they felt this thrilling impulse. To "keep our feet" is to maintain proper conduct. "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." When we ask not to be allowed to "stray from right paths," we ask to have our lives kept true

and right. The feet determine the courses of life—the direction they point the whole man moves. Up or down, through vales or over hills, in straight ways or along interminable windings—the man follows his feet. The axis of the foot is at right angles to the leg, indicating the straight forward movement. To “put the best foot forward” is to follow the best that is in us. It is to bring into requisition our highest, noblest resources. We discover, then, the critical, intrinsic influences of the foot. Where the feet go, the brain, face, heart, hand, voice—entire personality goes. Where the feet go, these find their activities. How necessary, then, that the feet be right!

Paul speaks of the complaint of the foot that its position and services are menial. “If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?” Yes, it is the body gathered up into a single member, finding utterance and power just there. It is the motion and direction of the body. To keep the feet right is to keep all the other members of the body right. It is to have a right hand, eye, voice, look. It is to walk in the light, as the feet are in the light.

Swedenborg says that the sense of touch in the soles of the feet communicates more immediately with the cerebrum (the thinking region) than any other portion of the body, indicating that the feet have a closer relation to the mind as the determining forces of the entire man. "Thy Word is a lamp [light] unto my feet."

The feet symbolize the subjugation of everything low and base. What we stand upon we conquer. The final stamp of the will lies in them. When the Saviour said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," He had "put all things in subjection under His feet." He had conquered Himself, defeated hell, and redeemed man. When He "set his right foot upon the sea, and His left foot on the earth, . . . and sware by Him that liveth forever and ever . . . that there should be time no longer," he had universal dominion. We get hints of this in the instinctive tendency of people to lift the foot and bring it down hard as a correspondence of determination and power. It was the custom of ancient victors to set their feet on the necks of defeated monarchs as a symbol of complete triumph. There is little doubt but this dim and sinuous thread

of correspondence, running through the ages from the most ancient times, found survival in this act. The powers of self-conquest reside in the feet. We think and speak spontaneously of treading on our unworthy instincts.

The gait, postures, and bearing of the body become, then, but spiritual results. They start in the deepest recesses of the soul, and find realization in the fringes of being. The attitudes of the body become a striking and intensely interesting exposition of spiritual and mental states. Every light and shade, every word and tone, every motion of hands, feet, face, is a soul in action—a soul writing its autobiography. Every movement is an unfolding of the deep within. When we realize this, what a drama life becomes! Not common theatricals—not simulated and automatic, something entirely apart from the actors—but dramatics that thrill with their tremendous verities; dramatics that are fundamental and instructive. Human society flows and quivers by us swifter and more incessant than the rushing biograph. There is the greatest temptation to stand and watch it as mere spectators. But God will not let us do that—we are a part of

the movement, and must flow with it. We find ourselves both auditor and actor. Without this vast theatre of nature, life could not be ultimated or interpreted ; in short, it could not be at all. There is no other way to live. From within out, culminating in action and color, is life's very definition. This vivid outer play of the invisible and mystic within is the only life that is or ever can be.

The undying, universal love of expression attends every thing that breathes. Even the leaves of the trees rustle and whisper. The flowers utter themselves in hue and fragrance. The clam betrays his hiding place in the black mud of the bay by the clear stream of seawater he throws through the doorway of his humble dwelling. The cricket chirps, the frog peeps, the owl hoots, the lion roars, the cattle low, the birds sing. The infant cries five minutes after its birth, and inaugurates the wonderful expression of races, from the stone age, up through monuments, architecture, painting, music, literature, and oratory, to the crowning industrial and mechanical creations of the twentieth century. From earliest times man has etched his individuality in durable and

readable substances. The "footstool" of the Lord has become a running biography of the *Maximus Homo*.

" All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages."



EPILOGISM.



XIII.

THE WONDROUS INTERCHANGE.

I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to some end.—*In Memoriam.*

The study of the human form is central among studies. Unbounded treasure will repay search along these thrilling, all-inclusive lines. The human form sets the model for the universe in its mighty sweep from God to God. Everything aspires to His image throughout the entire creation. The cosmos is but an adumbration of this mystical, infinite structure. Physiology is full of acknowledgment of the remarkable adaptation of the whole, and every separate part of the whole, to the great Prototype. As knowledge advances and we get deeper glimpses into the Infinite Order, this will be seen more clearly. The subject will enlarge the knowledge of the soul, of the material universe, of the superstructure of the

heavens. It alone can formulate the laws of true life.

Crystallized in a sentence, it is the divine interchange of myriad parts, with a mutual, beneficent result in view, that constitutes the definition of the Human Form. It is each working together for the love of each, and for the love of the whole. It is the fundamental principle of coöperation, threading and binding all that is; the true socialism that, as evolution advances, will possess earth and heaven. Mutual, spontaneous responsiveness, with a great ideal in view, is the word. It is the joyful liquidation of common debts and reciprocities set to eternal harmonies.

Let us step from nature up to man. From the lowest round of the ladder this altruistic ideal has prevailed, and no single inch of progress has been made without it. Nothing, nothing ever has or can succeed without co-operation. In nature the interdependence of part with part is unalterably established. The whole system of things, from top to bottom, is an uninterrupted series of reciprocities. Kingdom answers kingdom, organ organ, cell cell, atom atom. The alternating law of action and

reaction is everywhere discovered, from the minutest unicellular tissue, to the redeemed and perfected humanity in heaven. There is the "reciprocal sea," the flux and ebb of the tides, the undulations of light and darkness.

"Sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rills, woods, and plains."

With the verdure the law is beautifully apparent. The flowers club together for mutual advancement. The workmen's unions find their duplicates here. Each separate department of a rose must do its whole duty or there is blight and arrest. The thistle and the sunflower are coöperating communities of flowers. They are towns or cities grouped for mutual protection and profit. There are advanced and brotherly alliances with other kingdoms than their own. They strike their roots into the soil as into the bosom of love—and the rock and the plant celebrate their bridal. They help each other, for each has what the other has not. They open their hearts to the sun and, over the spaces of a hundred million miles, fraternal hands are clasped. They woo the passing winds and send their messages on these

light wings. They press on more boldly and enlist the insects in their services. They cannot move, being fixed in the soil, and the animal moves for them. Inducements of the most attractive nature are held out. The banquet of nectar is spread for the bee and the butterfly—and in return the bee and the butterfly carry the fertilizing pollen, thus officiating at the wedding of the flowers. They fling out their bright banners as if to say, “Honey here to-day.” They breathe their incense on the air as a delicious guide. The accommodating winds bear the perfume, and float the tiny parachutes that contain the seed destined for some distant plot of earth. The very birds and brooks lend a willing hand. By certain mutualities the vegetable becomes animal. It steps from its own kingdom to the one above it. It is on its way to heaven, which, by a series of discrete steps, through ineffable reciprocities, it will one day reach. The vegetable with its piercing roots breaks up and lifts up the soil, the brute in its turn carrying the matter upward; the immortal spirit of man transmuting all into brain, into heart, into the potent invisibilities that crown and complete.

Human society is catching this unique idea. We are beginning to see that a stable and enduring humanity can be built up in no other manner. Federation is in the air, and is daily gathering volume. From a withering, destructive individualism the race is moving up the plane of social evolution. From individual, family, and interstate alliances it is passing to the "Parliament of man, the Federation of the world." By brotherly returns and entertainment of great ends there will some day eventuate a united group of nations—in God's mind from the beginning. The State is but a collection of families, the nation but a collection of States, and the world but a group of nations. If coöperation is good between persons, if it is good in families, it is good in the world—for the world is the family of the Father God. The present commercial alliances, the reciprocities between countries, the imminent federation of everything industrial, educational, ecclesiastical—are an indication of the spirit of the times, the prophecy of the near domination of this grand and divine instinct. It is the pattern in the Mount at last comprehended and used. It is that which lies at the heart of

creation flowering forth into living, tangible utilities.

In us this principle is discovered in its greatest perfection. For we are the gathered universe, the last inclusive creation, a transcription of all that has gone before—a working model of what God is, what heaven is, what the universe is. Here are myriad-organized interdependencies, a great social interchange, finding the most delicate shadings and adaptations. Here is a little universe within the universe, a microscopic world within the vaster one. Study thyself and thou wilt find the secret of all that has been or will be. God has told us all that we can wish to know by His human inscriptions. “The greatest study of mankind is man.” A hundred cottages in a row will never make a palace. Why is the palace so distinct and effective? Not the number of rooms, for they may be fewer. Not their differences in size and hue and shape. Not their furnishings and uses. It is this—the palace is a coöperative institution instead of many distinct minor institutions. It is that all the departments are for the *whole*. It is that each department is different from any other,

has different purposes and uses, each adapted to the other, each shading into the other, and each operating, not only for the good of each, but for a harmonious and beautiful structure. What makes a city a city? Not its numerous buildings, but its interesting *variety*, centered in a useful and symmetrical *unity*. Any building, business, person, that does not lend itself to this unit idea is a vampire and an intrusion. So, in the human body, living side by side, is a vast democracy of unicellular artizans, each inspired with a love for the prosperity of the whole.

Therefore, coming, as we do, out of the past, as a product of the past,—and being built for the future, as the vessel is for the ocean, as the bird is for the air,—we must be finely related and poised to our whole circumference, to what is above, below, or on either hand. Our environment is the universe—the universe is *in* us—it is *without* us, and we are a part of its composition and conformity. We are the rocks through the ministries of the verdure and of the animal that eats the verdure. By these transforming agencies the rocks become nutritive. Some philosopher has said, “Man is

what he eats." It is almost humiliating to realize how utterly dependent man is on what is below him. How potatoes, and wheat, and eggs, and meat are his daily necessity. But when we learn that these are but the vessels that bear the Lord's own life to us, the feeling of humiliation ceases. We are here, ensphered by soil and sea, by sun and atmospheres, the nearest and remotest perfectly shaded to our powers of reception.

Another word should be said. We are attuned not only to what we see and touch, but to an unseen region at our feet and an unseen region beyond telescope or camera. This is not all—we are adjusted to heaven and hell. "Angels now are hovering round us, unperceived they mix the throng." Our deepest promptings are invisible; our finest alternations are something that nine out of ten of us do not even remotely fancy as existing. We are "spirit, fire, and dew." We are unconsciously related to redeemed and ascended societies composed of the elect of all the ages of the past. We are more finely related to them, they sway us with surer power, than the world about us we can touch and see. The

pull of these upper spheres on the soul is sometimes irresistible, and outdoes gravitation. We have a grip on the verities we call immortal beyond the declarations of the most prophetic. We call this an age of materialism, but it is only *apparent*. Men and women never lived so fully in the spirit; they never so fully, though indirectly, made acknowledgment. What we call the "moral force" is in politics, industry, education, as never before, and is always reckoned with.

There are the dual and triple commutations within us. There are the affinities and blendings of the three graces that make the man. Body, mind, and heart intermingle with a fraternity passing comprehension. The contact of the body and the spirit cannot be characterized by any known symbols. The meeting is so consummate that the argus eye of science, the penetrable vision of the seer, fails to find a partition line. The body is the home of the spirit and the spirit interweaves itself into every fibril so finely that matter and soul become indistinguishable one from the other. The responsiveness of each to the other is faultless. The discrete link that binds them is the "miss-

ing link," not because it is not there, but because it is undiscoverable by any power of man. The body is the expression of the spirit, its faithful reporter, its pedestal and ultimatum. It is the cosmos of the spiritual man. It is the spirit's hands, feet, and tongue. The mind is the lamp of the body, the lamp of the soul. Its illuminating beams make the whole translucent. By it the whole is transfigured. And the heart suffuses and warms all with its affections. The immolations of each for each, and for the whole, is the health and happiness of each, and the sanity and symmetry of the entire structure.

Let us now consider Man as a unity in variety poised and aimed to a divine end. An infinite diversity of parts is builded into a structure so economic that to remove a single item, to alter a single atom or faculty by the finest possible shading, would derange and mar the whole. Nothing is precisely alike, no cell or fibril identical. Taken separately, with the idea of coöperation omitted, we contemplate not a man, but the fragment of a man—something as yet meaningless, inexplicable; as the three kingdoms of nature would be if consid-

ered separately ; as the worlds would be minus their crowning and completing heavens. We cannot do this with any degree of reason or profit. If we try we grope in midnight, we are in a winter that will have no vernal awakening. We must realize the variety in the unity, we must traverse all the avenues of light through the entire domain. If we do not perceive the subtle blending of spirit and clay, we perceive nothing really comprehensible. Here is the barrier where the mere physiologist has to pause. It is his insoluble perplexity. He must see a complete mansion graced with its incorporeal inhabitant. He must see the exquisite order, room added to room, organ to organ, faculty to faculty, with the light of a dominating mind, the glow of a dominating love, streaming from cellar to attic. He must hear the footsteps of God resounding through every corridor, and recognize a federated unity linked by divine and inseparable bonds. He must see that the warp, the woof, the hue, the figure, the fashion of the whole can be considered only as a unit.

No two portions of man can perform the same use in the same way, any more than they

can occupy the same place at the same time. Each part is imbued with a similar spirit and has a similar purpose—the good of each, for the sake of the good of the whole. Each toils not for itself; yet in its sacrificial efforts for each, and for the whole, it toils for itself most effectively. Its unselfishness is its sanity and its joy. The good of the whole is the highest good of each, and all pull together with singleness of aim. This idea is now taking possession of society. It is being realized that an impoverished and selfish member of society suffers—but that this is not the worst of it. The worst of it is that every other member suffers—and the whole society suffers. Society has a blotch on it; it becomes ineffective, weak, pregnable. As an inflamed eye makes darkness for hands, feet, the entire man. As an inflamed nerve sends the fiery demons everywhere in the body, even to the mind and the heart. As the sapping of the energies of an organ like the heart or the lungs robs the whole body of elasticity. As the maiming of the foot that lives in the dust fetters the eye and holds it to circumscribed limits. It must have a healthy foot if it is to visit new scenes

and feast itself anew on beautiful images. It is a scientific aphorism that the swerving of the minutest planet of the universe a hair's-breadth from its assigned orbit thrills every sun and satellite of the system. Its waves of discord touch the shores of the unknown.

There is, then, a divine and lawful selfishness. Each must labor for itself so far as to appropriate that which others have labored to give it, else those others' efforts will be vain and its own ability to that extent impaired. It must consider itself enough to appropriate its precise portion—no more and no less. It must have the spirit of acquisitiveness enough to do the best for itself, that it may do the best for each and all. Its *aim* must be altruistic, while its immediate *act* must be individual. It must honor the attempt of each to give it its proper sustenance ; it must honor each enough to take only what it needs—more than enough would be as illegal and injurious as less than enough. It must stand in its own strength, yet realizing that its strength is the gift of each and all. As the whole body is impoverished or energized each part is impoverished and energized in a graduated ratio. We must make the

most of ourselves in the world, that we may make the world most, and each inhabitant most. We must be the most perfect individual possible, that the collective individual, the family, the nation, the race, may be most perfect. This is the status of heaven—the ascended, completed humanity—the “redeemed form of man.” In heaven there is an individualism that seeks the highest for itself for the purpose of lifting all to the highest. It is an unselfish selfishness. The *aim* is infinite—the *act* circumscribed. The ancient idea of a select company of over-lords, and a vast world of serfs, no longer holds. An equality that makes one as essential as the other, as honored as the other, as happy as the other, with each wonderfully different, holding an unique position, has superseded it. A divine individualism for the sake of a divine democracy now occupies the hopes and aims of the highest thinkers.

When this is perfectly true of the body, there will be a perfectly healthy and happy body—so much so that one will not be conscious of a body. It is disease that makes the body obtrusive, and continually in one’s thought.

A peace and melody follows perfect health that sinks everything but gladness out of sight. Adaptation to environment is so fine that the connection is not recognized. Disease is the result of some single organ or cell failing to perform its whole duty to itself, and thus to the whole structure. When it toils for itself alone, when it seizes more than its share, or inertly absorbs less; when it does less than it ought, and casts its own duties on another, relieving or burdening another beyond its healthful exercises, the entire system is deranged. When it takes more than it needs, it is absorbing the needs of another, contributing to that other's impoverishment, and itself suffers from engorgement, surfeit, congestion. At the same time the whole stream of life is tainted, agitated, weakened, carrying its imposed poison through brain and nerves. In a word, symmetry of action and interaction is health—the lack of it is disease.

Here lies the secret of the difficulties of human society. There is surfeit and squalor on every hand. There is impoverishment and surplus, congestion and depletion, until the "whole head is sick and the whole heart faint."

The redemption of society is revealed in the mutual interchanges of the human form. The pattern is in the Mount, waiting to be operated among men. The remedy is as old as humanity itself. How blind we are that we have not discovered it before! We make human and empty designs, all-remedial inventions that become the fad of the hour and fail as others have failed before them. The statute-books are laden with the wrecks of Utopian ideas that have turned out anything but Utopian. From Sir Thomas Moore to Edward Bellamy, the result has ever been the same. We must return to God and find the solution written in characters as indelible and living as the body itself. Here is the infinite scheme for us to follow. It has been invented by the Infinite Mind that built society and knows what the ultimate socialism is to be. Federation is daily attaining vaster proportions. Coöperation is the idea of federation. The swift aggregation of enterprises under a single governing head, threaded by a single vital principle, mutual profit and economy, is in the right direction, and is, as the poet has said, "Some far-off divine event to which the

whole creation moves." Though at present animated by greed, and aimed for the profit of the few at the expense of the many, it will extend until the whole world is included in its sweep, and the whole race shall participate in its blessings.

"Where single forces faile ; conjoynd may gaine."
—*Faërie Queene.*

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