OF MAKING ONE'S SELF BEAUTIFUL.

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BY

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THIS little book is an up-gathering. In some form or other the papers printed here have all seen print before, but much has been rewritten. There are probably echoes running from one to another of the five. Certainly there are many echoes from other minds in all of them. One or two seem to be almost compact of echoes. All thanks to the originators of whatever may be good.

W. C. G.

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I.

EVERYTHING is wonderful and opens into the vast: why call the human face the greatest wonder? Because it is the spot where that which we call "mind" comes nearest to the surface of that which we call "matter." Language reveals the unseen self within us thinking, the face reveals the unseen self within us feeling,—the one reporting to the ear, the other to the eye. Of all the sounds on earth a *word*, of all the sights on earth a *human face*, make us aware there is a world within the world. Therefore are these two things, a word, a face, the two arch-wonders of creation.

In this lies hint why one face is so beautiful, another face so plain. The two main laws of face-

making seem to be, (1) that the face grows from within outwards, (2) that each face represents not only the individual's *within*, but also that of ancestors; the second law being really but the remoter reaches of the first. Would we watch the process of face-making, we must visit the anatomist, and pass with him behind the veil of skin to see the mechanism of nerve and muscle by which the unseen self is constantly pressing towards the gates of vision. To the *source* of mind he never penetrates; but he shows us that each thought and feeling, as it issues from that secret source, comes leaping over nerves that are as foot-paths to it, and muscles that are as highways which the foot-paths join; and that every time they pass, they leave a track behind. One traveler on a road counts nothing; a thousand hardly count; but by and by the rut appears. In the tufa galleries of the Roman catacombs the guide points with reverence to the hollowed steps, and tells us they were hollowed by the tread of "thousands of martyrs" centuries ago: somewhat so the traveling thoughts and feelings wear the hidden roads that lie beneath the skin. And as the city pavements bear witness of the traffic, whether it be much or little, whether it be of

heavy carts or foot-passengers, whether the main current goes on this side of the street or that, so at last do the nerves and muscles betray the nature of the thoughts and feelings habitually passing over them. A "habit," physiologically considered, is but the constant use of certain nerves and muscles.

Our whole body tells more or less of this inward travel-story; but the face is the outlet where myriads of these thought-paths and these alleys for emotion converge and blend. Hither, as to a city's central mart, the inward travelers speed, every passion using its own familiar pathways, and stepping with its own peculiar gait upon them. Steadily the world within thus prints itself upon the outward features. We can watch the process in every baby's countenance as the little forehead fills and the features deploy as on parade. Probably our mother's pride led her to preserve the likeness of our early self in seried photographs, and we laugh now over the stages of our dawn from cubbishness to the glories of our perfect day. Often during that long dawn our friends whispered to each other, "See that habit growing on him,— it is telling on his very look." It was some strengthening principle of

right, or some besetting sin in us; and what they noticed, corresponding to the change in character, was a candor or a vagueness growing in our eyes, an ennoblement, or else a degradation, of our mouth-lines, a bracing or a drooping of our chin. A hundred counteracting qualities may operate to slow and vary the process. One may even school himself into a partial masking of it. But all the time it goes on quietly and certainly. Seldom can one reach his thirtieth year without having his past history distinctly sculptured, and his future history dimly prophesied, upon his face.—To this we shall return.

But when the process has been going on through generations, each transmitting to the next its prevailing habits till they become so strong that we forget their origin and call them "instincts," then the very *bones* of the face turn tell-tales of the world within. The children's "family features" chorus, as it were, the *themes* in the parents' characters. If Jesus' face shone on the mount, part of the shining was the light of Mary's coming through. And if ever a devil glares from a child's angry eyes, the devil has very likely been a family visitor, and in that scowl is simply coming to his own. Every fam-

ily portrait-gallery pictures the dominant disposition and brain-power of the lineage. "Blood tells" is but another way of saying "bone tells"; for blood builds bone,—and even tone. Doctor Holmes's valentine to his great grandmother claims for the *Yes* that cost the maiden her Norman name,—

> "There were tones in the voice that whispered then
> You may hear to-day in a hundred men."

The "Bourbon nose" of France, the "royal jaw" of Austria, are historic. The forefathers with their virtues and their vices, their sorrows and struggles, their failures and victories, their oaths and jokes and laughs and sighs, were moulding the set of our children's chin and the very curves of their smiling and their crying lip. Few such devotees of Nature and her Beauty as the English Jefferies: he held that it takes at least five generations of country air and exercise, with sufficing comforts and refinements in the home, for the advent of a beautiful woman on the earth. One hundred and fifty years ago a yeoman's athletic son wedded a girl of health, strength, charm equal to his own. They prosper and their home enriches, and under such conditions the son

is taller than his father, the daughter comelier than her mother. "Another generation, and the family becomes noted as handsome. The chin has rounded, the cheek-bones sink, the ears are smaller, the texture of the skin is finer. The handsome intermarry with the handsome, and the improvement continues. In the fifth generation she comes — the type of perfect health and female loveliness by inheritance." * And now our page shall hold, though long, the lovely passage: —

"She walks, and the very earth smiles beneath her feet. A hundred and fifty years at the least — more probably twice that — have passed away, while from all enchanted things of earth and air this preciousness has been drawn. From the south wind that breathed a century and a half ago over the green wheat. From the perfume of the growing grasses waving over honey-laden clover and laughing veronica, hiding the greenfinches, baffling the bee. From rose-loved hedges, wood-bine, and corn-flower azure-blue, where yellowing wheat-stalks crowd up under

* Condensed from Ellwanger's "Idyllists of the Country-Side," from whom also I transfer, with thanks to both, the lovely words of Jefferies.

the shadow of green firs. All the devious brooklet's sweetness where the iris stays the sunlight; all the wild-wood's hold of beauty; all the broad hill's thyme and freedom; thrice a hundred years repeated. A hundred years of cow-slips, bluebells, violets; purple spring and golden autumn; sunshine, shower, and dewy mornings; the night immortal; all the rhythm of Time unrolling. A chronicle unwritten and past all power of writing: who shall preserve a record of the petals that fell from the roses a century ago? The swallows to the house-top three hundred times — think a moment of that. Thence she sprang, and the world yearns towards her beauty as to flowers that are past. The loveliness of seventeen is centuries old. Is this why passion is almost sad?"

Our family galleries are, in turn, but alcoves in the national gallery. Sometimes an era of a people's history seems to reflect itself in a prevailing type of face belonging to its heroes; as in the sensitive, oval-chinned, Renaissance faces of Elizabeth's court, or the strong, square-chinned type of Cromwell's captains. Each race has a well-known cast of countenance, which represents its history become organic. Celt, German, Latin,

Yankee, walk our streets, needing not their brogues to announce their nationality. The Grecian outline sought by artists as a model is still found in southern Italy, colonized twenty-five hundred years ago by Greek settlers. The Jewish nose still comes to the front in fifty lands, no persecution and no diaspora subduing it. Bone *tells*,— and it tells of cycles as well as centuries of life. The slope from the bulge of the forehead to the bulge of the upper jaw is a rough meridian line by which to estimate rank in vertebrate creation: the flatter the slope, the lower the type,— the more vertical the slope, the higher the type. That horizontal slope memorializes a stage of progress when the eager jaw was still an instrument to seize with, before man stood on end, and front legs developed into arms, and paws and claws to hands, to relieve the jaws of seizing functions. Markham in his poem asks,—

"Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?"

"The masters, lords and rulers in all lands," he answers. Accuse them, then,— and shall we next

arraign the heavier hand of Nature? That brutal jaw and slanted brow are her survivals from below. As races civilize, the jaw recedes, the brow erects itself, the canine teeth diminish, the cheek-bones round to harmony. "The man with the hoe" is not a man once made, and then by wrong unmade, but man still in the making, a shape not straightened up as yet, a brain not lit; an arrested development, and not a glory quenched. He is really Emerson's man-with-the-paws: "We still carry sticking to us some remains of the preceding inferior quadruped organization. We call these millions men; but they are not yet men. Half-engaged in the soil, pawing to get free, man needs all the music that can be brought to disengage him." That is the larger, truer word, — within which still lies, amply roomed, the shameful truth of the indictment.

In this light of ancestry, the world behind a face is looming large. And if each one of us is thus the compress and epitome of generations, the fact may go far towards explaining why chin and lip and nose in me differ so from those of my blood-brother. Perhaps that fair, firm nose of his, and mine of tilted tip, were on their way

to him, to me, respectively, through different sires. Again it may explain why so many saints are not beautiful to look upon. There was Socrates, the Greek Christ, looking like a satyr,— "plain old uncle with big ears, flat nose, bulging forehead and retreating chin,"— a proverb among the beauty-loving Greeks for ugliness. There was the good lady whom Charles Lamb describes in the Elia paper beginning, "'Handsome is that handsome does,'— those who use this proverb can never have seen Mrs. Conrady!" "There is my mother," you may be thinking, "my sister, my wife, and a dozen of the best saints in town,— and there's myself! There is many a sinner worse than I,— and handsomer!" It's too true. But eyes that saw the whole, and all the complex links of lineage, might trace each riotous feature in us to its wicked source, detect the handsome Satans compiling their good looks, and discover why the mystery of godliness and the beauty of holiness so often fall apart.

All this our anatomist may tell us, should we visit him. If wise as well as knowing, he will not dogmatize, but simply claim, "Laws such as these we are beginning to discern in face-making." And we go awed away. Does not the visit make

it plain why no scene of desert, storm or earthquake is so appalling as the human face in ruins? It is because the follies and the sins of generations, with those of one more life-time added to accentuate them, are focused in this face that terrifies us. A face where sin has ploughed its gullies deep is a glimpse of the uncovered Hell. Woe unto them who have had aught to do, by parentage or by example, with the driving of that plough! Is it not also plain why no sunrise, mountain-top or June of blossom is so beautiful, and so inspiring by its beauty, as human faces at their best? The intelligence, morality, ideals, of the generations, augmented by the aspirations and endeavors of another thirty years, are focused in this face that thrills us with delight. A smile is the subtlest form of beauty in all the visible creation, and Heaven breaks on the earth in the smiles of certain faces.

II.

But the most practical truth we bring from the anatomist,— that each face largely makes itself, and from within,— we really knew before we heard his story of the process. We know well

that it lies in our own power to make ourselves handsomer than we were created; in our power, also, to waste and lose whatever birthright-beauty we possessed; and this is the great fact to emphasize. Looking upon noble faces, we admire three things,— features, color and expression. These features, moulds of brow and nose and lip and chin, are, in the main, bequests, coming partly, as suggested, from far ancestors; color and complexion, too, are, in the main, bequests, depending on the quality of blood and tissue the immediate parents furnish; but *expression* is very largely our own affair. And even with fine features and the clearest colors, the flashing, creeping, loitering changes of expression are "the best part of the beauty, that which a picture cannot give,— no, nor the first sight of life." Those mystic symphonies of thought and will and feeling forever played out in auroral silence on the face,— we ourselves determine whether lofty thoughts, pure self-controls, and gentle, generous feelings shall be the elements which blend to make them. Not of an instant, seldom of a day, is the music born. The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, the kindly lightings of the eyes, sweet and restful lines around the lips,

clear shinings of the face as great thoughts kindle inwardly,— these things, which no parent makes inevitably ours, no fitful week or two of goodness, either, gives; still less, no schooling of the visage. Only *habitual* nobleness and graciousness within secure them; but this will bring them all. Some one has said that "every face ought to be beautiful at forty"; and another, that "no old person has a right to be ugly, because he has had all his life in which to grow beautiful." That is to say, forty years of opportunity are enough to make so much beauty within that it cannot help coming to the surface in graceful habits of the nerves and muscles. Ten years of habit, three years, even one, will much affect expression.

Two playmates separate: a few years pass, and a man walks into your room whose mouth, before he opens it, tells you by the lines around it what dissipation in the foreign land has wrought inside the boy you used to play tag with; or else the strong lips of energy and self-control reveal their untold story of brave adventure. Not on the faces of the dead or wounded only did our war leave its mark: some returned with eyes hard and wild from war's rough

usages,— others with eyes ennobled by a look that the years of peace and ease had never seen. Colonel Robert Shaw, the hero of Fort Wagner, he who was buried in the trenches with his negro soldiers, left college with a gentle boyish face a year before the war broke out. After his death his northern home became a shrine of paintings and memorials. While I stood wondering at the altered features in pictures taken during the battle-years, his mother told me how swiftly, as the months of consecration sped, power added itself to the sweetness already in the lines.

Rarely, the transfiguration dawns almost as we watch. Miss Martineau knew a school-boy ten years old, who once spent his whole Easter holidays in reading certain poems. "He came out of the process so changed," she says, "that none of his family could help being struck by it. The expression of his eye, the cast of his countenance, his use of words, his very gait, were changed. In ten days he had advanced years in intelligence." And often we have seen in children and in friends — in strangers, too — transfiguration *flash*, as "light that never was on sea or land" shot up the inward skies. There are three shining faces in the Bible, those of Moses, Jesus,

Stephen. "Moses wist not that his face shone." "Jesus was transfigured before them, and his face did shine as the sun." "Those who sat in the council, looking steadfastly on Stephen, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." With or without a legend we can easily believe that the splendid vow each man had vowed lit up his face for a time with an unearthly light. To each of the three had come a call of God, and each had perfectly accepted his commission, come what might; and what was facing two of the three as consequence was plainly death. Such a faith and such a purpose *to-day* would light a face. Suppose one of us knew that this very week, "in some good cause not his own," he was to perish, if need be, and with simple gladness went on to meet that fate, thinking of the cause and not the consequence,—would not an illumined face tell the tale and make the people wonder what bright spirit had possession of their friend?

Sooner or later happens on the face of most of us somewhat of that which happened on great Dante's face. Those haggard, rock-like features, known so well, it is supposed were copied from a mask made after death. But in 1840, under

the white-washed wall of a Florence chapel, was discovered the bright, fresh face of the young Dante — almost Dante of the Vita Nuova and the living Beatrice,— painted there by his friend Giotto full six hundred years ago. Place the Dante of the death-mask and the Dante of Giotto's fresco side by side, and *interpolate* that life of disappointment, exile, persecution, despair about his country, love impossible to realize, and aspiration towards one pure ideal, — and the secret of the face-change is an open one. Over a smiling vineyard has flowed and stiffened the lava of fierce convulsions, till only the general conformation of the surface remains under the hard, black shroud. It is not always thus: sometimes the process may reverse itself, the vineyard and the fruitage and the peace of God resting at the end on that which at life's beginning is unpromising enough.

If prayer be wishing, it is right to pray for beauty, although the single prayer worth praying in this connection is that of Socrates, the ugly man: "Ye Gods, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man; and that whatever outward things I have may be in harmony with those within!" Was it Miss Bremer's prayer? A

friend asked her in her growing fame, "How do you feel now that so many persons come to see you?" "I wish that I were handsomer," was the honest and womanly reply. All women wish that; and all men wish all women to be beautiful. And since to have beauty is to have added privilege of blessing, it is right to be glad that one is beautiful,— glad with that kind of gladness in which thankfulness and humility and simplicity find room to nest. Chadwick is right; it is possible to be —

> "Not proud because thou art so beautiful,—
> Not proud, but glad of heart
> To feel thy glorious beauty is a part
> Of all the beauty that is anywhere
> On land or sea or in the gleaming air;
> Such gladness is less proud than dutiful."

Only, to help your boy or girl bear well the gift, teach them with Robert Browning's lines to hold it as a *trust:*

> "Where is the use of the lips' red charm,
> The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
> And the blood that blues the inside arm,
> Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
> The earthly gift to an end divine?"

If you have a *beautiful* good friend, then thank God twice! If no such friends, at least have great faces on your walls. There are faces that in picture-silence act on us like battle-hymns and trumpet-calls, or like still waters and green fields. They inspire, they shame, they purify us to look at them. It is good to even hear or read of them. A vast truth struggles to expression in the Incarnation doctrine. God, who is dim in rock, who dawns in flower and bird, when most himself — to sense like ours — becometh human flesh. In each other's eyes we therefore look most clearly into the eyes of God. "In thy face have I seen the Eternal," said Bunsen, gazing up into his wife's eyes just before he died. I once showed a girl the picture of a rarely gifted boy-friend: "It makes me think of all the beautiful things I have ever seen," she said,— and I blessed the intuition that could see so quickly what I knew. The democrat looked in silence at John Brown's bust: "Well, he *ought* to have been hung!" he said at last. "Why so?" "Because he makes all the rest of us look so mean." Of Frederick Maurice it is said, "There was something so awful, and yet so Christ-like in his awful sternness, in the expression which came over that

beautiful face when he heard of anything base or cruel or wicked, that it brought home to the by-standers our Lord's judgment of sin." The Christ-face in art never satisfies; yet, such as it is, it sometimes is a gospel in itself, still drawing little children to his side. When Thorwaldsen had modeled his Christ in clay, he led a little child into the room to know if the features would tell their own story to the simple and untaught. "Who is that?" he asked. "It is our Saviour," was the prompt reply. In like manner the picture of Page's Christ was shown to a boy seven years old, without his being told its meaning. He gazed awhile intently on the face. "What do you think of it?" one said. He replied with reverent simplicity, "O, it is exactly like him!"

Some Quaker eyes are organized spirituality; they bring heaven-thoughts to the simplest or the roughest. "The peace of God that passeth understanding" translates itself through them. A young girl often met a certain old Quaker lady in the horse-cars. One day, acting on a sudden impulse, the girl turned and said, "Won't you let me kiss you?" "Yes, dear, certainly." The friendship, thus beginning, ripened, and then the

maiden, recalling this quaint first moment of it, asked, "Weren't you surprised that time in the horse-car, when I asked you to let me kiss you?" "O no, dear," was the answer, "they *often* ask me that." Have you never had yourself the beautiful surprises of the street,—met the man "who had the Ten Commandments written on his face"; seen the face which Bacon speaks of,—"a face as of one who pities men"; caught in a girl's fresh morning eyes,

> "The look of one who bears away
> Glad tidings from the hills of day";

or, best of all, upon some happy day beheld

> "A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
> A full assurance given by lookes,
> Continuall comfort in a face,
> The lineaments of Gospel bookes"?

> "Her face was pinched and pale and thin,
> But splendor struck it from within!"

Splendor from within! It is the only thing which makes the real and lasting splendor *without.* Trust that inevitable law of self-expression.

Be, not seem! Be, *to* seem! Be beautiful, and you soon will appear so to all who love you and beauty. Within lies the robing-room; it is the spirit's beauty that makes fair the face even for the evening's company. Illumination must begin in the soul,—the face catches glory only from that side. And spirit's beauty, that which the work and wear and pain of life do so much to render exquisite, is the only beauty that outlasts the work and wear and pain. Have you no friend of whom, if you ever think at all of the plainness of the poor, worn face, your next thought is,—"But your soul shines through already: what a beautiful angel you are going to make!"

To become ever more and more beautiful,—what a beautiful destiny! May we not look forward to a time even on this earth, when, in a sense Paul hardly meant, "we shall all come to the *perfect man*, the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ"? The Jesus-face which haunts the painters with its even brows and grave sweet regard is but an ideal, a poet's dream of what ought to be. That, or something better yet, is what our far-off children may become. Think of the mornings in the distant generations

when *many* men and women shall be as beautiful upon the streets as the fairest and the purest of to-day; when the homes shall be full of gentle, noble faces, because the laws of living shall be known to be obeyed; when a man's sickness, if self-acquired, shall be his shame; and when to have a child will be holiness unto the Lord! Our Whittier foretells that time:

> "A glory shines before me
> Of what mankind shall be—
> Pure, generous, brave and free;
> A dream of man and woman,
> Diviner, but still human;
> Of richer life, where Beauty
> Walks hand in hand with Duty."

Our Emerson foretells it,—a time "when the Ought, when Duty, shall be one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy."

CULTURE WITHOUT COLLEGE.

CULTURE WITHOUT COLLEGE.

ONE boy and one girl can go to Harvard College or Wellesley, to Ann Arbor or Cornell, while a thousand boys and girls cannot go: *let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible for them.* It is well to always remember this; and well, in connection, to say over to ourselves now and then certain homely old truths about education which we are apt to forget; old truths which those who go to school, and those who are through school, and those who hardly ever have had a chance for school, all equally need to bear in mind; homely truths which the schoolmasters and the school books comparatively little emphasize, yet which are more important than anything which they do emphasize; truths about the fundamental education, that which underlies all other education, and which all

the rest is for, and which goes on independently of time and place, equally in school and out of it, equally in term-time and in vacation, equally in youth and in age. But this is the word to keep to the front: One girl and one boy can go to Harvard or Wellesley, while a thousand cannot: *let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible for them.*

Of the thousand, however, many may hurry to say, that they do not care for "culture," anyway. Yet "culture" is but a sort of glory-word for "education." There is a flower hint in "culture" that suggests not only the process of growing and unfolding, but the beauty of the blossom and the service of the fruit at last. When men laugh at it, their very mis-spelling—"culchur"—shows that what they laugh at is not the real thing, but some dwarf or caricature that apes the real thing. No one who is wise laughs at true culture. Everyone who is wise wants it. Everybody who is wise tries for it. Culture is that which turns the little, sour, wild crab-apple of the roadside into the apple of the orchard. Culture is that which turns the clumsy apprentice into the

workman who honors his calling and is honor to it. Culture is that which transforms the wilful child of five years into the earnest boy of ten, the self-controlling man of twenty, the helper of men at thirty, the loved of men at fifty. Culture is that which takes a mind in its crab-apple, 'prentice, uncontrolled stage, and trains it into a steady power to see, to grasp, to retain, to compare, to judge, and to find the law in the fact. Nobody really laughs at *this*. The laugh comes in when this large, inspiring word is used for a varnish of make-believe wisdom, or when it is dwarfed to mean a bookish education only, or — dwarf of a dwarf — a mere text-bookish education, such as the high school and college are sometimes thought to give, and sometimes do give.

Yet if to-day they give no more than that it is the fault of the boy and girl rather than of the school. Our colleges and high schools have much yet to learn, but no one knows this so well as themselves. The educators were never so wise as now in suspecting their own methods, and never more in earnest to find out better ones. By all means go to

college, if you can; or if, when young, you could not go, give your boys and girls the chance you missed. That is an uncolleged parent's glory,—to give his child the education that he himself missed. Go to college, especially if you have to pinch in order to go and get through; for that pinch on the money side is apt to halve the dangers and double the profits of college. Go all the more for that. Go, because the college is a greenhouse for the mind, where its faculties can be started and trained more quickly than outside. But, after all, the great crops on which the country feeds are not started, still less do they grow, in the greenhouses; no more do the great faculties of mental and moral nature have vital need of college training. And, whether you go or not, keep two main facts in mind: this, first, that education chiefly depends on the boy, not on the place, even when the place is the best college in the land; and this, second, that in the boy or girl it depends more on the will power than the brain power. And what do these two facts hint but that culture can be won outside of a college by means which nearly all of us can master?

So I repeat it again: while one boy and one girl can go to Harvard or Wellesley, and a thousand cannot, *let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible.*

Education lies mainly in Three Groups of Habits.

Rather let each one of the thousand think just the reverse, and think often,— culture without college is possible, and possible for *me!* Keep that motto bright on the mind's inner wall. It is possible, because the main of education lies in *self-disciplines,* — self-disciplines in certain habits that are the tap-roots of both mind and character. Parents, teachers, friends, employers, home, school, workshop, travel, never make one grow: they only offer us materials for growth. "Each for himself" is the inevitable law of the actual growing. No one can assimilate the materials and make mind from them except one's self, just as no one can digest another's dinner for him. Education is always at bottom a self-discipline; and all of us, to speak exactly, are "self-made" or self-grown men. What

is more, these tap-root habits lie at the bottom of everybody's culture, and are the same for all. College men and uncolleged need them alike. Rich men and poor men need them alike. Talent and genius need them as much as the ordinary mind.

What are they, these tap-root habits? They lie in three groups. First, and underlying all, those habits by which we adjust the powers within us to each other, — self-control and temperance, courage to bear, courage to dare, concentration, energy, perseverance. Do you call these mental, or do you call them moral, habits? Practically, they are both. They make the tap-root of both mind and character. It is they that compact the man into a unit, into a "person." And without them high success in any life-path is impossible. One cannot go far in book-knowledge without them, cannot go far on in his trade without them,— of course, cannot rise far toward nobleness without them. Without them the average man dooms himself to remain all his life a half-failure. Without them talent is lop-sidedness and genius top-heaviness,— sources of downfall rather than of rise. But with

them, whether one be dull or talented, every year of life sees growth, advance, uprise.

Next, another group,— those habits by which we adjust ourselves to other people,— habits of justice, of sympathy, of modesty, of courtesy, and of the public spirit which begins in self-forgetting for those we love and widens into self-forgetting for all whom we can help. And, besides these two, a third group,— those habits by which we adjust ourselves to our ideals, habits of loyalty to truth as truth, of delight in beauty as beauty, of reverence for goodness as goodness. In this last group we reach conscious religion.

As we name these great names one by one, the feeling rises in us,— these surely are the *main* things in culture: to have these habits is to have vigorous mind, firm character, high tastes. Specialties of knowledge and of art are good, but these are worth more than any specialty the college can give. Think them over once again, these man and woman-making habits,— the power of self-control, the power to dare and to bear, the power to face obstacles, to stand firm and to push hard; the splendid power of centering one's whole mind in fixed

acts of attention; the power to side instinctively with right against the wrong, to side with the weak against the strong, to side with public against private ends; the power to love the perfect, and to obey with answering joy a call to come up higher. This, this is the real "culture." And he who strengthens these powers in himself is a well-educated man. Now all these noble powers can be attained without high school or college. Then culture without college is possible, and possible for me.

The Three Teachers: (1) One's Work.

Who are the teachers that teach these things to us, — us who cannot go to Harvard or Cornell? The chief teachers, also, are three,— Work, Society, Books; and the greatest of the three is one's work. To our work we owe more education than to anything else in life, spite of the hard names we sometimes give it. Work makes mind; work makes character. No work, no culture. It matters less than we are apt to think what the work is, so that it be hard enough to require will, attention and honor to do it. Of all the educating forces,

a steady need to do something promptly, persistently, accurately, and as well as we can, stands paramount, because nothing else so vitalizes those primary roots of mind and character, — the habits that came first upon our list. "Every man's task is his life-preserver," Emerson reminds us: he means our soul's life. The workless people are the worthless people, even to themselves. What wealth gives, or should give, is choice of work, never exemption from it. A man born rich is born into danger. He, as also the man quick to win riches, must make himself trustee for causes not his own, or else his riches become his doom. In our land, at least, a "gentleman," whatever else he is, *must* be a good workman; that is, one who has something to do, who can do it well, and who always does it well. To-day the daughter, also, of wealth elects a task to save her soul's life. To be an "educated" woman, she has to have capacity to do well some good work or other, and to be a *true* woman, she has to stand for that capacity exercised, for good work well done.

Well done; for, if our work is to teach us, it must be good work, — good as we can do.

The culture in it is proportioned to the quality of it,—not the absolute quality, but the quality as proportioned to our power. And good work means, first or last, and often both first and last, hard work. The master-workmen in any trade or profession have always been hard workmen. The actor Kean was a master on the stage: it is said that he practised two days on a single line; but, when he spoke the five words, they melted the house to tears. Hard work did that. Ruskin is a master in the art of making sentences. He tells us he has often spent several hours in perfecting a single period. Hard work, again. Edward Everett Hale is a master in the art of writing short stories. To write the well-known story, "In His Name," he took a journey in Europe, ransacked a Lyons bookshop for old pamphlets, studied the history of poisoning, shut himself up a week or two in a country house, and then, says he, "I was ready to go to work." George Eliot was a mistress in the art of writing a long story. She spent six weeks in Florence before beginning "Romola," in order to catch the trick of language among

the common people of the city; and her husband said that, before writing "Daniel Deronda," she read a thousand books on Jewish history. Hard work, that; and she was a genius, too! Darwin was a master-workman in science. In his scrap of autobiography he explains the success of his book, "The Origin of Species," by two causes: (1) It was so slowly written. More than twenty years of collection and arrangement of facts preceded its publication, and that publication was his fifth rewriting. First came a short, condensed statement, then another, then a long, full statement, then an abstract from this, and at last, abstracted from this abstract, came the book. What patient labor! Yet Darwin was a man before whose genius all the men of science in the world stand in reverence. And (2) for years it was his "golden rule," as he calls it, to note and study every fact that seemed opposed to his theory. The result of this rule was that his book, when it appeared, was a sifted argument presented at its strongest, anticipating most of the objections that were raised to it. Hard work, all this, as he himself knew well; for it was himself who said:

"Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been over-praised, it has been my greatest comfort to say to myself, 'I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this.'"

Such instances hint how master-workmen educate themselves by and in their work to be the masters. And if this be true in book-making, it is no less true of any humbler task. Have you read what Mrs. Garfield once wrote to her husband, the man who was to be President? "I am glad to tell you that, out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself: 'Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect

bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves; and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before. And this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine,—that I need not be the shirking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield its best fruits."

It is a great comfort and inspiration amid long, hard tasks to remember all this, and to say to one's self: "Why, this is a going-to-college for me: and this particular task is the day's lesson. I am not a drudge, but a pupil: let me do this thing as well as I can, and there is education, 'culture,' in it for me." The sense of quantity that lies in the task may tire and age us,—it often does: the sense of high quality put into the task refreshes and makes us young. Many of us contrive to miss the joy by not doing the work well enough to secure it.

(2) Society.

The second teacher for those of us who cannot go to college is Society. And, as with the head teacher, Work, we scarcely realize how much we owe this tireless assistant, and how much more it can teach than it does, if we will let it. Probably no eye meets eye, no hand clasps hand, no two voices mingle in a minute's conversation without some actual interchange of influence, unconscious, if not conscious. Think, then, of the education always going on for good or for ill! A wilderness of varied character stretches around us in every social circle. The heroes and the villains of the novels walk our streets, and we ourselves are the stuff that Shakspere's plays are made of. The carpenter and the carpentress, the grocer and the grocer's wife, the parson and the lawyer, and the broods of playing children, hold more texts than any text-book. These are the novels and plays and text-books *alive:* books are men and women potted and canned, as it were. If we can only read well these neighbors of ours, each, like a bit of Scripture, is "profitable

for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness"; and the best among them are "inspired of God" to reveal to us — what? *Ourselves,* our own unknown possibilities, the sleeping powers within us,— and to make us come up higher. "Our chief want in life, — is it not somebody who can make us do what we can? We are easily great with the loved and honored associate." As if unexplored wastes of human nature lay within us, waiting for some Livingston or Kane to come that way. The opening of Africa's heart dates from a Livingston's advent; so a capacity in us may date from a definite meeting or conversation with some fellow-man.

The more persons we really can "meet," then, the better for us. With an individual as with a town or a nation, civilization is proportioned to inter-communication. How many do we *touch?* How large is our social horizon? "Every man my schoolmaster" is a motto for wise men, and a motto that makes one a wise man. Of Daniel Webster it was said that he never met a stable-boy without extracting from him some bit of information that was

worth remembering. If "here is a person with some message for me" be the feeling with which we are wont to meet strangers, the result in four years may be worth one year of a college,—so great is the daily income of such a man's mind as compared with that of one who instinctively shuts himself up to a stranger.

Among men thus trained and enriched are those we put on the school committee, send to the legislature, elect to be Mayor and Governor and possibly President,—or make Overseer of the very college that, as boys, they longed, but could not afford, to go to. Possibly President: the sum of Lincoln's whole schooling was hardly one year, but Lincoln knew men. And three or four others of our Presidents were also log-cabin boys. And should we ask them about their schooling, these leaders might answer: "My schooling? I have had none to speak of. My schoolmasters have been the men and women I have met in parlors, in the church, in the caucus, in the shop, the counting-rooms, on 'change. One taught me manners: one taught me tact. *She* raised my standards of justice and truthfulness

and honor: *he* widened my ideas of public spirit. This one showed me how to save time in my work, and that one how to spend my leisure to advantage; and many a man and many a woman has served to warn me by making my mistakes for me. I have seldom long faced a neighbor without facing a teacher." He who can say such things was born for an education, and will get it, whether he go to a college or not.

But to get it, this profit from persons, one must really meet them,— *meet*, and not merely encounter,— meet *them*, and not merely their outside. How is it these head-scholars, in the school without books, manage to extract so much from others? Some by a gift of eyes to see to the inside of a neighbor. Others by a genius for geniality,— that is, letting others cordially into the inside of one's self. But as in work, so in society, few win a great success without conscious, deliberate aim. Genius helps greatly, but even for genius there is no royal road to an art, — and this is a fine art, to extract a good education out of society. It takes bravery, modesty, sympathy and high choices. Bravery to conquer shyness,

if one has it. For some poor fellows it takes campaigns of suffering to conquer shyness. If we are shy, we had better launch ourselves into the party, though we drift to the wall forlorn; better send ourselves to the dancing-school, though we only dare to dance with the little girls; better join a conversation-club and talk, though we hear our heart thump when we try; better make ourselves tell the story at table, until we can tell it, and others can hear it, without a shudder. By and by we shall hug and bless ourselves for this bravery. But through it all keep the holy *spirit* of shyness — modesty; for modesty gives the passport to the doors of the better and best in society. The clean, kind heart is needed, too; for this admits one past the mere doors, and past the reception-rooms of courtesy, to the inner living-rooms of mind and heart. And still the high choice is needed which habitually seeks and companions the best side of a man, and which instinctively tries to make friends among those brighter and nobler than one's self. Four things,—it takes them all; bravery, modesty, sympathy, and high choices in comradeship. Have these, and you

will have the fine art of making neighbors, and of making your way quickly to the best in a neighbor. And men and women in loving faculties of approval will confer on you an invisible degree, "Master of Hearts," — as honorable as any the colleges give.

(3) Books.

And now a word about the third teacher who waits to teach us boys and girls and men and women who cannot go to college. His name is Books. He is the same great teacher that they have in colleges; but in this day he goes about the country, teaching everybody. He goes to the big city and every alley in it, teaching. He goes to the little village and every cottage in it, teaching. He will teach just what one wishes to hear,— all manner of trash, all manner of vileness, if one wants that. He does teach a vast deal of mental dissipation, and leads many minds into very bad company. On the other hand, there is no end to the good things he will teach, if one wants them. He will teach us history. He will teach us science. He will teach us

the love of noble literature. He will teach us how to think well, how to talk well, how to write well. And he will stand to us in place of good society, if we cannot otherwise command it; for in books we can visit in impersonal fashion the best of the race. He will almost bring the college to us who cannot go to it, if we are willing to study under him patiently and steadily and with high aims. But once more, it takes the patience, the steadiness, the high choices, and the hard work, or else he can do little for us. The young man ready to pay that price for his help will make for himself three Golden rules: —

I will be a reader;
I will read best books;
I will read best books in the best way.

"I will be a reader": that means, no day shall make me so tired that I will not find an hour,— if not an hour, a half-hour; if not a half, then a quarter; if not a quarter, then five minutes — in which I will read something. With many of us the odd minutes of ten years are enough to make the difference

between an educated and an uneducated man. The odd minutes of one winter or summer can make the difference between two good solid books taken into us and none at all taken in. The odd minutes of to-morrow can make the difference between a rich day and a poor day for our minds. The men on exchange grow rich on "margins": it is margins of time well used that give us mental riches. How many opulent minds have taught that secret! There were Franklin, Theodore Parker, Lincoln,—all of them poor boys with horny hands and candlelight, no more; there were Faraday, Chambers, Stephenson. Many and many a boy starting with good eyes, a fair mind, a strong will, and his odd minutes, has become an intellectual capitalist. Many a boy,—and how about girls? Let me quote from *Far and Near*, a journal for working-girls:—

"A young mother said: 'I haven't read a book in three months. I can't with the children.' But her neighbor across the way, with one more child, had read many volumes in that time by always keeping a book in her work-basket, ready to catch up at odd minutes. She seasoned her darning and mending with

literature. Lucy Larcom, when a mill-girl in Lowell, carried a book in the big pocket of her apron, and records specially the fact that she read Wordsworth's poems and many of Shakspere's plays in spare minutes amid the clatter of spindles. Another lady told the writer that she read Carlyle's 'French Revolution' and Taine's 'English Literature' while waiting for her husband to come to dinner. She was her own housemaid, and kept the books close at hand in the dining-room."

But, of course, if I am to reach culture, the books that I read must be "*best books*,"— not bad, not even pretty good, but the best my mind is able to absorb. That is our second Golden Rule. In this happy day of cheap literature beware of the literature of cheap quality. Each age begets out of its very civilization its own new temptation, some new form of dissipation. The saloon at the corner is only about two hundred years old. The newspaper on the table in every home is hardly fifty years old; but the "newspaper habit" has already become a direful dissipation for many of us,— partly because the papers

are so good. We could not live without them; but their toothsome scrappiness, taken as mental "square meals," bewilders attention, shallows the judgment, fritters the memory, steals the growing-time. It is the "newspaper *habit*" that does the harm. Too much newspaper will spoil one for magazines. Too much magazine will spoil one for a solid book. Our margins are small. How shall we use them? It is easy to use them all up, and have nothing to show. Look out the words "Index Expurgatorius" in the cyclopædia to see what they mean, and then make a private Index Expurgatorius, on which a great many innocent books as well as all bad books shall be registered, — innocent books which are not innocent for you and for me, because our time-margins are small. If I am a boy, the question on which my education is apt to turn is this: Shall the newspaper be the staple of my reading? If I am a girl, the turning-question is: Shall love-stories be the staple of my reading? Am I a grown man or woman, the turning, or perhaps the turned, question is, What sort of books lie waiting on my table for the leisure hour at

night, and what do I read on Sunday afternoons? In our public libraries seventy to eighty-five per cent. of the books taken out are classed as "juveniles and fictions." If my library book is often in that seventy per cent., one thing is sure,— I am no candidate for "culture." Whereas the habit of absorbing three or four "real" books each year, and year by year, goes far in ten years toward making the gentleman, making the lady.

Of absorbing them, I say; for "I will read best books *in the best way.*" This, our last rule, can be put in one word, — read and *ruminate!* Read and ruminate! A book that gives no cud to chew is scarcely worth reading once; a book worth reading, of which one does not chew the cud, has scarcely been read.

To end, let us lay up in mind a bracing word from John Stuart Mill: "They who know how to employ opportunities will often find that they can create them, and what we achieve depends less on the amount of time we possess than on the use we make of our

time. Several great things which this generation is destined to do will assuredly be done by persons for whom society has done far less, to whom it has given far less preparation, than those whom I am now addressing." If that be true in England, how much more true here in the Land of Opportunity! Work, Society, Books,—with these three teachers, and a will to get the best from them, culture without college is possible, and possible for *me*.

THE THORN-BEARER.

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IT is nothing exceptional to have a thorn in the flesh,— a chronic bodily infirmity; it is not even exceptional to use it as an element of self-transfiguration. It *is* exceptional to use it thus as successfully as Paul used his.

To know what Paul did in spite of his thorn and with his thorn, begin at the middle of the eleventh chapter of his second letter to the Corinthians, and read to the middle of the twelfth chapter; then turn back to chapter four, and beginning at "We are troubled," read to its end. It must have been a most inspiriting thing to meet Paul of Tarsus, and spend a half-day with him while he patched at tents,— something to remember all one's after-life. What stories he could tell, that man of four shipwrecks, eight

floggings, and one stoning! What does a man think of, when floating a day and a night in the sea? He could have told us. How does a man feel in the hands of a mob? He knew, if he had not forgotten such a ripple as a mob. What were his favorite hymns in prisons? He had a list in his heart. But if we had asked him which of all his pains and perils was worst, I fancy a quiet smile would have grown on his face as he answered, "My life-companion, my thorn in the flesh, is the worst,—and yet is the best!"

It is worth while trying to think what such an answer would mean. Worth while, because to many of us the years are apt to bring the thorn, even if no accident, and no bequest at birth, have brought it early. Now the thorn is blindness; now it is deafness; now it is the lameness of a limb; now the wear-out of some internal organ. As many senses and as many organs as the healthful body has, so many possibilities of thorn-growths in us,—that is, of permanent mal-growths, chronic cripplings. What does it *mean* to say of such a thing, "The worst, and yet the best"? To say with Paul, "I take *pleasure* in it; for when I am weak, then am I

strong"? How can one rise from a catalogue, "Thrice was I beaten," etc., up to that chant, "Troubled on every side, yet not distressed"? Or, rather, not how to get from the catalogue to the chant, but how to feel like singing the very catalogue as part of the chant! Paul of Tarsus is not here to tell, but every village has its Pauls and Paulines, two or three; and one has perhaps his own smaller, blunter thorn to help explain — like a sort of half-breed interpreter — their experience. As we watch and listen, and try to interpret, something like this seems to be the philosophy of thorn-bearing: —

(1) Face the fate! Accept it as fate, as Margaret Fuller did "the universe,"— something to be neither dodged nor ignored. Do not play mock-metaphysics with it: "Matter *is* not; body *is* not; crippling, pain and disease *are* not." It is not the bravest philosophy, that, though its followers are often so brave. Try Paul's philosophy, rather, which calls a thorn, thorn. Rather from Browning learn,—

"Let us not always say,
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'

As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
helps soul!' "

If the thorn *can* be ignored, or if one is still hoping, praying (as Paul tells us he did "thrice") that it may depart, it is not yet the full-grown thorn,— the blindness which is to darken all the years, the deafness which is to be life's growing silence, the lameness which is to make the third limb always necessary. Face the fate, without sentimentalizing about it. Say rather, This thing is to cripple me always, everywhere; it is my life's condition,— part of *my* universe. Say this, and instantly it begins to grow easier to bear. The struggle against *it* is over, and what remains is simply to struggle against the hinder it imposes, and as far as one can to turn hinder to help. Fate is often not so hard to bear as things curable. The thing curable is an enemy until it be cured; the thing incurable is a companion, and the sole question is how to make it a pleasant one.

(2) Then one learns the difference between acceptance and surrender, between becoming a subject and becoming a victim. The thorn is in

the flesh,— it is for me to say, It shall *stay* thorn of my *flesh*, and never become thorn of my mind. It shall not conquer *me* as well as my body. If it be my Rome, I will be its Greece, conquering in the spirit the brute force that masters me in the body. What Paul, infirm and of base presence, did; what Epictetus, old, lame, and a slave, did (read one book of his, or but his first chapter); what Fawcett, England's blind postmaster, did,— what many and many a glorious company of cripples have done,— that can *I* do, and that I will! This cramping life-companion I will somehow tame into an ally, make my friend and my benefactor.

(3) The blind man, deaf man, lame man, saying this, soon learns that there are helps awaiting him; especially that people, as a rule, are very kind to a cheerful cripple,— and not from pity only, but from admiration. Even if they are not brave, there is a great deal of delicate allowance made for thorn-bearers. We shall have to travel far to find the circle which does not appear to best advantage around its lamer members. Little acts of tenderness and grace spring up about them. For them the elbow of competition

turns into the offered hand of co-operation. Each one who is thorned is "a little fellow" to the unthorned ones, and the world is beginning to be a pretty good world for its little fellows. But much more than this is true, if the thorn-bearer be a hero in his bearing. To hardly any kind of heroism does the world give readier recognition, heartier admiration, than to his. A man must have conquered *something* to be a hero; if the something be simply other men, we give him shoulder-straps, a statue in the public square, and write "General" before his name; if the something be a man's *self*, his own crippling or his own sin, we set the thought of him among the ideals in the heart, and begin to call him "Saint."

(4) More and more this fact, that heroism of the rarer sort is open to us thorn-bearers, dawns over us, bringing happy visions. *Here* is a career then, not merely in spite of, but actually in virtue of, our crippling. If much be cut off from us, here is something added,— an Order of Nobility into which cripples alone can enter. Nor can we fail to feel that success here is not only true success, and accredited by the world as true suc-

cess, but that it is thanked for by the world as high service rendered to it. For, sooner or later, all must take their turn and *bear;* and we, the chronic cripples, who have learned the art of bearing well, can strengthen those strong comrades when, for an hour, they need help sorely. What joy so great to a humble soul as the hope of rendering, after all, unexpected and high service? Together with this joy comes another,— the joy of entering a noble fellowship. This deprivation, this suffering of mine, if borne well, puts me in the muster-roll with Paul himself and "all the martyrs' noble host." That chronicle of his, "Five times received I forty stripes save one," and so on, begins to read like some ancestral record of our own house, or a page from the story of "our regiment,"— old bravery making brave new battlefields forever. In such fellowship the Bible meanings deepen to us: "Always bearing about in the body the dying of Jesus, that the living of Jesus may also be made manifest in our body." In *ours;* why not? And Jesus' own word about yoke-bearing, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me,"— did it mean a yoke like his own? Did he wear one himself?

(5) Gradually, while trying to be less undeserving of companionship like this, we realize that it is growing easier for us to "live in the spirit" than it used to be before the crippling came. We can hardly help the inference that perhaps it is easier for us than for those who know no thorn. The reason, of course, is that we *are* living more in the spirit in thus utilizing the thorn in our flesh. "The inward man renewing itself as the outward man perishes"; "When I am weak, then am I strong." He was right; he was right! And to learn through our own experience that what Paul meant is true is to be making one's home in places where the Beatitudes and chapters like the fourth of Second Corinthians were born in the old times,— and are still being born in the new.

(6) One thing more is ours: it is easier now, than before the thorn came, to sympathize with all humbled souls, all the hindered, all strivers-and-failers, all those who are bearing pain and loss,— and so, first or last, easier to sympathize with all men. If brave thorn-bearing makes the brave our brothers, still more it makes us brothers to all who are not brave. It is almost impossible

to feel the prick of our own pain and be supercilious, or indifferent, or unwilling to forgive a fellow-cripple.

This must be some part, at least, of the meaning that lies within Paul's answer, that, of all his pains and perils, the thorn in his flesh, his life-companion, was the worst and yet was the best. Certainly the chemistry whose working in us is thus hinted owes its laws to Life larger than our own, even to that One Great Life which lives as strength and grace through all our trying and bearing and doing. So he called it well, "God's grace sufficient for me," "His strength made perfect in my weakness."

Into the Order of the Thorn only those whose pain is in themselves are privileged to enter. There is one Order of Nobility yet higher, and only one; but into this other all who will can enter. The brotherhood whose symbol is the Cross, and whose pain begins not in themselves, but in others, outranks the brotherhood whose symbol is the Thorn.

A RECIPE FOR GOOD CHEER.

A RECIPE FOR GOOD CHEER.

With Authorities.

WHAT sound so lovable in all the symphonies as a child's laughter,— unconscious music improvised on the instant to fit the freshening fun! Who taught the child that music? Whoever taught the stream its ripple, the sea its sparkle, the wind its whisper, the forest its harp. "*God* filleth thy mouth with laughter." Job in his ashes, heart-stunned but brave, must have thought it queer in Bildad the Shuhite to say that to a friend in his particular circumstances; but, however ill-timed, it was a large true word,—"God filleth thy mouth with laughter." The physicists tell us that a laugh is the unspent nervous energy in us, headed off in its wonted flow by a sudden perception of incongruity — the long way of spelling "joke,"— and seeking escape through the easiest

channels; in the higher vertebrates finding such channels through the muscles of the throat, lips and eyes. Hence the children, abounding in energy, with their thought-channels imperfectly opened, laugh oftener and louder than the thinking and sobering elders; and the jump and dance and toss of the arms are parts of the child's laugh, additional vents,—just as the dog, who smiles with his tail, adds its wag to the laugh at the other end of him. So with the laugh of the sea; that multitudinous sparkle is an escape — the light not absorbed by the water becoming a rapture of face. The flower's color-laughter —Wordsworth's poetry being unconscious science — is the light, not absorbed by its tissue, utilized for the beauty of petals. There is science as well as poetry in calling Beauty the smile, and Music the laughter, of Nature. Of *Nature,*— it is "God" who filleth the world as the mouth, and the mouth as the world, with laughing.

This much concerning its origin, with Bildad and Herbert Spencer interpreting; but no need of either to tell a laugh's *meaning.* It is simply the sign on the face of a good time in the spirit. It is the heart's spontaneous witness "how beautiful it is to be alive." Nothing seems quite so

contagious. How it blesses the street, a face laughing all to itself! As soon as one sees it, the corners of his mouth begin to twitch, too, with the God's gift. Eyes light, strangers greet knowingly, hearts soften, spirits rise, lives brighten, and the world grows friendly, within the circle of the merry echo. Educate your laugh if you can, to ring often and sweet, that you may be able to radiate widely your pleasure and health. If we may judge by the abundance of the glad sound, and its rapid radiation around every source of it, a good time must be part of the established success of Providence.

Yet the first thing to be said about a good time is that the rule, "Seek and ye shall find," does not apply to it. Seek it and ye shall probably *not* find. Almost as little is it a thing — like Niagara — to start for with a through ticket: do that and ye shall hardly arrive. It is, in the main, what the roadside beauty is to the traveler,— with him on the way and all of the way, if he have the open eye and the open heart. But as, on the high-road, it is not the road so much as the eye that determines how much beauty is seen, so on the life-road it is not what circumstance is in

relation to us, so much as what we are in relation to circumstance, that decides the amount of good time we shall have on the journey. The thing, then, to "seek" is, not the good time, but the spirit which can make good times out of common time,— the spirit of Good Cheer. The spirit of Good Cheer,— that is the spring in the hills whence laughter runs.

That, if sought, can be found. And not only be found, but enlarged, if we will. In the Alps there are guides — and guides; and the best are in constant demand. Who make the best guides to the Springs of Good Cheer? Is it strange it should be the *achers?* One of the notable qualities of invalids, cripples and slaves is apt to be their abundance of cheer, while one of the notable things about many of us with valid bodies and happy homes, good friends and comforts galore, is apt to be the feebleness and intermission of cheer. If we pick out in mind that one of our friends who most suggests the term cheer-*full*, the thought of many will probably light on some suffering child, or some plain-faced woman walking poor and alone through life, or some hard-working mother moving with a huddle of children and cares through the world, or some small-

brained, large-souled man who has helped to carry the banner of a good cause for twenty years through poverty and ridicule. I knew a dear wraith of a woman whose family learnt to know when the pain of the night had been specially hard by the extra supply of humor and quip which she brought to the breakfast table. It was a washerwoman who said, "The more trouble, the more lion; that's my principle!" Here is a newspaper story — one of the blessed bits with which the better papers take pains to grace their chronicles of tragedy and crime: "Old Margery Eagan died in a Detroit hospital a few years ago, aged one hundred and two. She had lived so long that her relatives had lost sight of her, and she ended her days as a pensioner of the Little Sisters of the Poor. But never for one of the days did she droop or lose spirits. Happy as the hours were long, she used to sing and tell stories, and even dance for the disheartened people around her. Every day the old lady would stroll through the infirmary to cheer up the young people there with her wit and breezy laughter. The smile on her withered old face was as sweet as that of a girl of sixteen. As a last resort to bring back to wan cheeks the flush of excitement and to dull

eyes the light of happier days, she would take out her jewsharp and play the jigs and strathpeys she had learned in her childhood. Her fun was of that bubbling, infectious quality that does good like a medicine." Nothing was able to wrest from her her right to be happy in every vicissitude. If the story be true, in that hospital yard there ought to be a monument erected to her as "Old Margery, the Spirit of Laughter and the Discoverer of the Fun-Cure." It might be ducats to the hospital, too, and extend the Margery system of therapeutics. Our little and lovable Marshall P. Wilder, who must be a cousin of hers, has just told us, since Mr. Vanderbilt's death, how the millionaire secretly employed him to visit the New York hospitals and asylums to administer laughter as the doctors administer doses.

And here is another story I owe to the papers. This time it was an old negro auntie, found in a New York garret. She had been a slave set free by the war, who had somehow found her way to that corner of the great northern city. A city missionary, stumbling through the dirt of a dark entry, heard a voice say, "Who's there, Honey?" Striking a match, he caught a vision of earthly want and suffering, of saintly trust and peace,

"cut in ebony,"— calm, appealing eyes set amid the wrinkles of a pinched black face that lay on a tattered bed. It was a bitter night in February, and she had no fire, no fuel, no light. She had had no supper, no dinner, no breakfast. She seemed to have nothing at all but rheumatism and faith in God. One could not well be more completely exiled from all pleasantness of circumstance. Yet the favorite song of this old creature ran:

"Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de trouble I see,—
Sing Glory Hallelu!

"Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Sometimes I'm level with the groun',
Sometimes the glory shines aroun',—
Sing Glory Hallelu!

And so it went on: "Nobody knows de work I does," "Nobody knows de griefs I has," the constant refrain being the *"Glory Hallelu!"* until the last verse rose:

"Nobody knows de *joys* I has,
Nobody knows but Jesus!"

"Troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed": it takes great Bible words to tell the cheer of that old negro auntie.

Do you remember the little man who wrote those words,— a little man, I suppose, for he was "of weak presence," and little men are so often the ones who help the sun to rise. In all biography I know of but one other book so good as his letters to shame one out of despondency and stir one to braver living. They are full of hard work and danger and good cheer. One winter morning he found himself amid a frightened crew on a dismantled hulk that was drifting up and down the Adriatic Sea. "There stood by me this night," he told them, "the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, and he said, 'Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and God has given thee, also, all those that sail with thee.' Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God it shall be even as it was told me." Paul felt that he had not been born to be drowned,— not because he had as yet done so much, but because he had so much yet to do, for the God to whom he belonged; and that glad con-

viction of being in God's employ, that full consecration to his service, became angels that first brightened, then saved, the whole ship's company. Read the story in Acts xxvii. A few chapters before, we read how this same man once had his clothes torn off, had many stripes laid on him, was thrust into prison, and sat there through the evening with his feet fast in the stocks, and —"at midnight Paul sang praises unto God." Think what that pilloried singer's place has been in the history of our religion. It was he who saved Christianity from being simply a small new sect sprung up among Jewish mechanics and fishermen. He was the blowing wind to that rare flower of Galilee, by which its seed and leaves were wafted out to become the healing of nations. That was his mission, and how did he accomplish it? In this way: Brought up a Pharisee of the Pharisees, he first conquered his own race-pride and religious prejudices — hardest work of all; then took into his heart that gospel, and more than that gospel, which he had first trampled under foot in blood, and bore it forth, almost a single man, into the broad Gentile world. And this in utmost privation and danger. "From the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one,

thrice was I beaten with rods, once stoned, in prisons oft, thrice in shipwreck" (before this time); "a night and a day have I been in the deep." He knew the perils of the wilderness, and had been in the hands of robbers. He knew the perils of city mobs, and had escaped over the walls by night, while every gate was guarded that he might be caught. The perils of heathen, of countrymen, of false brethren, he knew, besides "weariness and painfulness and watchings often, besides hunger and thirst and fastings often, and cold and nakedness." All these were the natural and recurring incidents of that service to which he felt himself commissioned. What a life his was, compared with the life that most of us lead! It is simply laughable to compare it with the sheltered safety, the half-endeavor, and the three-fourths private spirit, of most of us. And yet this man bore down upon his end, through all this press of opposing circumstance, with the most indomitable *cheer*. Why do I say "And yet"? He could not have done it otherwise. Faith, consecration, self-lavishing, cheer, was the order of his life. Count up your disappointments and obstacles, and then hear him as he calls all his "the light affliction which is but for a moment,"

"sufferings not worthy to be compared with the glory." Troubled? "On every side." Perplexed? Of course. Persecuted, cast down? Abundantly. But that was *all*. "*Not* distressed, *not* in despair, *never* forsaken, *not* destroyed"; "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." His letters are, parts of them, all in a tremble of joy; the words do not hold it; they make us think of larger sounds than words,— the sounds of church-bells ringing victory, of shouts and psalms and trumpet-blowings and great exultings of a people at their joy,— with such a mighty *cheer* does this New Testament man go about the world doing New Testament work.

The one I meant who almost rivals Paul at the cheer — and yet I don't believe he could *laugh* like Paul — was all but a contemporary of his, an old Greek slave who lived in Rome, named Epictetus. Would you keep a doctor in your house who gives *elixir vitæ* for his medicine, and gives it allopathically, go buy a copy of Epictetus' "Discourses." To proclaim his gratitude to the Gods he is said to have left this epitaph for himself: "Here lies Epictetus, a slave, a cripple, a proverb for poverty, and dear to the immortals!"

Once, Paul-like, he cried: "Show me one who is sick, and happy; in danger, and happy; dying, and happy; disgraced and happy; show him to me! By heaven, I long to see a Stoic." (A Christian, might be our word.) "I must die,—and must I die groaning, too? Be fettered,—and must I be lamenting, too? Exiled,—and what hinders me, then, from going into exile smiling and cheerful and serene? Betray a secret? I will not betray it, for this is in my own power. 'Then I will chain you.' 'What say you, man,—chain *me?* You will chain my leg; not Zeus himself can get the better of my free will." "In such things," he thinks, "should philosophers" (Christians, you know) "daily exercise themselves." As he did: once, we are told, as his master was putting his leg in the torture, he quietly said, "You will break it"; and, when it broke, added as quietly, "Did I not tell you so?" "Ought we not" (he goes on), "whether we dig or plow or eat, to sing the hymn to God and praise his Providence? What else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? This is my business, and I do it; and I call on you to join in the same song." So spake the brave slave-philosopher. His talks, noted down, in his own words

as nearly as possible, by a disciple, have outlived old Rome.

Spirits of the type of Paul and Epictetus live to-day. They live and laugh, and laughing give the lie to our cowardice, which pleads: "*We* cannot be cheerful,— the pressures are too heavy." At all events, it is not pressure that prevents, for here is human flesh smiling and singing under worse strains and pains than ever we have to bear. "It is easy enough to be happy," said a friend of this kind to me. "How?" "I don't know the how, but it's easy." "Is there no secret to it?" I persisted. "I never knew of any secret," she replied, "but it's easy."

Who make the best guides to the inner Springs of Cheer? was the question. Our answer was, and it is, "*The achers.*"

But *is* there no secret? Have not these martyrs of the smiling face been fore-braced and fore-armed to bear the pressures thus? There the word "temperament" emerges, and the thought of "animal" spirits. Yes, the blessed ones! "To one ten talents, to another two, to another only one,"— but sometimes He giveth the equivalent of twenty, and the last ten come packed at birth into a happy

temperament that beareth all things and doeth all things *merrily*. In truth, many souls arrive on the earth predestined thus. Perhaps Paul was fore-ordained in this way to write his "Rejoice always, and again I say, rejoice, and finally, brethren, rejoice," all, as it were, in one line of a letter, and to live the line out in that hustled life of his. Such splendid living may have been actually easier for him than it is for some of us to bear toothaches so that the home does not suffer around us, or to sit, grim but loyal, at a wearisome life-task.

What, then, are the brethren and sisters to do who have *not* happy temperaments? Give up, and say, "It is very well for men born glad to be glad,— we would have been born so, too, had we been consulted"? There is better to do than that. We can at least watch the glad-faced people and see if we can catch any secret from them,— a secret perhaps unknown to themselves. I am sure there is something more than temperament in this business of Good Cheer. There are four secrets, at least, which seem to go to the making of Cheer, when the Cheer is habitual and can stand strain; four statable rules that train the eye and the heart to see the beauty of road-sides and make us go

laughing along the life-path. For easy remembrance let us put the recipe into a rhyme, and make the rules jingle:

A task to do,
And a clear inside;
A friend to help,
And the sunny side.

1. *Something to do* is the first essential. Business is the raw material of happiness. Idleness means self-tire, and there is no tire like self-tire. To most men week-days, because work-days, are sunnier days than Sundays. "I have had my happiest summer yet," said my friend who had not left the city, "and I never worked so hard." Toil must be very severe for the toiler to wonder if life be worth living; but with the idler such a wonder is apt to be chronic. Moreover, to turn into cheer, one's business needs definite aim and continuance; for everyone craves some visible result to his work, and a central life-purpose makes the days run of themselves towards result. Few things so forlorn as to feel "Another week gone, and nothing accomplished; seven days less to live, and nothing to show for the loss." It is one's life-purpose, one's daily routine, one's drudgery,

if you will, that secures the something-to-show,—the real "daily bread" that we pray for. And if we love our life-purpose, or if, without being in love with it, we yet give ourselves heartily to it, putting conscience enough to the task to do it as well as we can, then good, sure and visible, comes out from our days; with which reward sure, the as sure disappointments of the way grow small enough to be generally met with a laugh.

2. *A clear inside,* says the rhyme next. To get good cheer we must have a good conscience. Why? Because cheer comes from seeing Good; and in man, in life, in Nature we mainly see what we *are;* therefore to see good, we must be good. The converse is equally true: to lose bright vision, or, at least, the command of bright vision, we need only be bad. True, it seems possible to slowly numb conscience, to almost paralyze the organ of shame and moral renewal. Nature is merciful and will deaden the spirit as well as the body, to shield it from anguish, allowing the poor soul that clings to its sinning the lower hell of torpor instead of the upper hell of torment. But paresis is not Cheer! Deadening to evil is not sensitizing to good, but the very opposite thing. Cheer and

its vision of good are functions of *life*. As long as conscience is living, and in proportion as it is vital and able to ache, it binds to the Right; and we may as well hope to jar the planet aside from its orbit by stamping upon it as to feel steady Good Cheer while we are consciously, deliberately, persistently doing a wrong.

3. *A friend to help* is the third line: that is, to get cheer for ourselves, we must make it for others. This is the easiest part of the recipe, because it is the part that can be practised right away and all of the time, and that brings returns on the instant. If we feel absolutely blue, down-stricken, with no thanksgiving music left in us, let us go find somebody who is more down-stricken than we. It will be strange if we have to hunt long for our somebody. Our worst-off friend is the best friend for us just then. Make some one else give thanks, thanks that we were born and born in his world and are there by his side, and, before the night comes, the music of the heart will begin again in us. There is nothing like putting the shine on another's face to put the shine on our own. Nine-tenths of all loneliness, sensitiveness, despondency, moroseness, are connected

with personal interests. Turn more of those selfish interests into unselfish ones, and by so much we change opportunities for disheartenment into their opposite. By a law of Nature, part of her beautiful economy, he who lives most for others is really living most for himself. This is the heart of the Gospel, the secret of Jesus, the *true* "Christian Science." Such a man is glad in soul, anyway, and often is one whose mouth, also, God filleth with laughter.

4. And the last of our four rules for Cheer is *to look on the sunny side of things.* Should some down-hearted friend suggest that to try to see the good in his lot is like trying to extract sunshine from cucumbers, remind him that sunshine is just what makes cucumbers, and that accordingly it *can* be extracted from them. Few may know how to do it, but the lack is not in the vegetable. There is sun-force in all things. Connection is direct between the light that pours in at the window and that which shines in eyes and smiles and tones and manners and in thoughts. In all its transformations it is the heaven-force. "Glorify the room!" was Sidney Smith's way of ordering the curtains up, and the obedient glory brimmed his

page with laughter-punctuations. Dickens was another who wrote his stories with curtains up and sunshine streaming through the study. Χαῖρε, "Rejoice," was the old Greek's sunshine-way of greeting a friend. "Laugh until I come back!" was Father Taylor's good-bye to Dr. Bartol,— parsons both. "How is the child?" called up another minister-father forlornly from the foot of the stairs, as he entered his home. "'Peak as 'oo do when 'oo're laughing!" came back the voice of the sick child in reply. It was the baby who preached the Gospel that time. Carlyle, in his dyspepsia looking up at the stars, could groan, "It's a sad sight!" But the little girl looked up at the same sight and said, "Mamma, if the wrong side of heaven is so fine, how very beautiful the right side must be!"

This habit of looking on the laughter side can be *learned.* Ask any person who has won his cheer the secret of his victory, and he will quite likely tell you a story of some dark day when he vowed that he *would* see sunshine. Lydia Maria Child, a woman well-acquainted with trial, has left it on record: "I seek cheerfulness in every possible way; I read only chipper books; I hang prisms in my windows to fill the room with rain-

bows." Remember poor Tom Hood: "I heard a raven croak, but I persuaded myself it was the song of the nightingale; I smelled the smell of the mould, but thought of the violets it nourished." Remember Southey's Spaniard, who put on magnifying glasses when he ate cherries, to make them look bigger. Remember Emerson's mud-puddle:

> "But in the mud and scum of things,
> There alway, alway something sings!"

Remember Luther on his sick-bed. Between his groans he managed to preach on this wise: "These pains and trouble here are like the type which the printers set; as they look now, we have to read them backwards, and they seem to have no sense or meaning in them; but up yonder, when the Lord God prints us off in the life to come, we shall find that they make brave reading." Only we need not wait until then. Remember Paul again, and Epictetus, and Mother Margery, and the old negro auntie,—all of them human sun-flowers.

Purposely I multiply these radiant little anecdotes. It is well to lay some to heart, as old ladies carry peppermints to church to cheer them

through the sermon; or, since this, too, is a sermon, I would rather say, as David carried pebbles in his sling to kill the bears and giants with. They are good things to have at hand to hurl at one's own blue devils. And if we can win this habit of looking, not at the shadow, but for the light somewhere that shadow proves — not at the thorn, but at the rose that comes with the thorn — if we can win this habit, we shall find ourselves rising into a faith of which this will be the natural Credo, and we shall repeat it ten times a day: "I believe that everything has a bright side. I believe the bright side is God's side. I believe that I can look upon God's side,— God's, 'whose I am.'" So, for remembrance, take the little recipe for Good Cheer once more in its rhyme form:

A task to do,
And a clear inside;
A friend to help,
And the sunny side.

But if these four good habits — diligence in business, righteousness, fellowship, sun-seeking — each one by itself — help a soul to Good Cheer, how much more will they do so when all

four combine! For *that* the name should be no less a name than *Religiousness.* Then we recognize the genuine Holiness of Laughter, and know it is a God-gift. We make such sad mistakes about religion. It is the mistakes, and not the religion, that puts saints on the sick-list. Never think, never think of religion as cutting you off from cheer or from merry-making by a hand-breadth. Religiousness is the sense of strength everywhere, of help proffered before prayer, of peace at command. It is the sense of trust in a sympathizing universe. It is the sureness of beauty behind beauty, of music within music,— and, over all seeming evil and jar, of Goodness Supreme. How can a soul, having assurance like this, be other than steadily glad? Indeed, how can one be cheer-*full,* while he has anything less? Religiousness is the condition of a soul in full health. It is not something added to human nature, but our nature coming to blossom and fruit-bearing. Every man, by virtue of being a man, is religious in germ, in stem, it may be in leaves; but when all in him flowers up to fulfillment, then we have religion indeed,— the beauty and richness of human nature perfecting itself. And what has this fact to do with gladness and

laughter? Everything,— unless the scale of happiness inverts the scale of creation, and the angel may envy the oyster, and the stone's lot be heaven,— while God is the Broken-Hearted Almighty. It cannot be so: it must be that the highest perfection is the highest gladness. For who — to say it again — who is so strong as he who is trusting the universe? Who is so bold as he who feels that nothing can hurt him? Who is so peaceful as one for whom the everlasting laws are as music? Who so light-hearted and at the same time so strenuous, so careless and yet so indomitable, as one assured in his heart that "God," and more than he can possibly mean by the name, is friendly, fatherly, to him,— to him and to all? With no surprise, therefore, we find it a fact that the men and women of most even cheer — mark that word, *even* — are men and women of deep religiousness; souls whole, where we are fractional; souls in flower and fruit, where ours are only in leaf.

This cheer stands quite apart from the theologies, because religiousness is a thing widely distinct from the mind's beliefs. The truer saints of every theology laugh, and in all of them the cheer is the shine of their trust. Epictetus was

what Christians call "heathen,"—none the less a brother of Paul, and one of the noble host of foreign missionaries for whom right-minded Christians heartily bless Heathendom. If any one doubts whether the Bible sanctions this idea of the holiness of laughter, it shows he is no open-eyed reader of the book. The New Testament religion a sad religion! There is much about "sin" in it, and that is a sad thing enough; but it is mostly about the way and the joy of getting rid of the sin. If one imagines the Bible to be a grave book, let him just borrow one and count the outbursts of gladness all along the pages of Paul, who says more about sin than anyone else. Hope and joy and peace and cheer and glory are the household words of the New Testament. The book begins with Beatitudes, and ends with pictures of a Heaven on the earth. Jesus at first appears like a bridegroom, and the disciples are wedding-guests; the weary he calls into rest; his favorite phrase is "the kingdom of heaven," and almost everything under the sun seems to him "*like* to the kingdom of heaven"; at the close, in the face of death, he shares his fullness of "joy," and his bequest to his dearest is "my peace." True, there is

another, a tragic, side to his story; true that we know little about him, and that the little does not suggest a man who makes merry. But if Jesus were not a man of a glad *within*, could he — I will not say, have pressed forward to death as he did, for a clear expectation of death in one's work is often anything but a sadness — but could he have pressed forward to death attracting the children to him, and making the outcasts love him? Sometime you must read George Macdonald's "Alec Forbes," and note what little Annie thought about Jesus: "We dinna hear that the Savior himself ever so much as smiled," said a good man to Annie. "I am not sure he did not, for a' that," she answered; "I am thinking, if one of the bairnies that he took on his knee — and he was ill-pleased, you know, with those who shoo'd them away — if one of them had holden up his wee timmer horsie with a broken leg, and had prayed him to work a miracle and mend the leg, he wouldn't ha' wrought a miracle, I dare say, but he would have smiled or laughed a wee, and he would have mended the leg in some way or other to please the bairnie. And if it had been mine," said Annie, "I would rather have had the mending of his own twa

hands, with a knife to help them, maybe, than twenty miracles upon it." I think Annie's Jesus — a man who could smile and at times laugh a wee — must be nearer the fact than the Jesus we usually see in the pictures. One may fancy anything he will of Jesus' face, and I fancy him one of those life-helpers who rarely smile, but who, when they do — "Their splendid smiles friends fain would keep to light the world with."

No, never believe that smiles and laughter are, necessarily, signs of unearnestness. They may be that; but they may be the surface-play that tops the deep mains of earnestness. The water sparkles in the brook, but tumultuous laughter twinkles wide over the ocean also. Your sombre men are, at best, the second and third-rate men; not the flippant and frivolous, above the average often, but seldom the saints, the heroes, the leaders of men. If a strenuous soul be sad, so much the worse for him and his cause. So far he is a man of mistake and unfaith. He is trying to shoulder more of the universe than one man can carry. More than a man can carry comfortably is a man's share,— there is so much to be carried. We ought to strain and stagger at times,— but not to stagger long-faced. Let us trust God and,

right in the strain, we may find our mouth filling with his gift of laughter. Loneliness, moroseness, discontent, impatience, anxiety — leave them for unreligiousness. The grim face, the "brow-contracting sort," belongs not to one who feels, as he walks, that he walks with God. For him the open look, the laughing eye, the ready greeting to any and all, as if from "a heart at leisure from itself."

It remains to be said that, of course, there are differing manifestations of Cheer. Merriment, though a good thing, is not essential to it. One's smile is a deeper thing than one's laugh: it is not a half-laugh, but a stilled whole laugh,— laughter become organic, instinctive, and part of one's structure. Emerson, the apostle of optimism, laughed aloud so seldom that, when he did, it made a rare anecdote; but Emerson's smile had a wide fame of its own. But apart from the face and what happens thereon, with some persons the Cheer is a bubbling joy, with some a breezy enthusiasm, with some it is courage with humor, with some a clear-shining quiet. The rippling spirits of a young child are the cheer of a thought-free heart; the quieter merriment of full manhood is

the cheer of a seeing, but unshrinking, heart. A religious-hearted man of fifty is a kind of old child, and "of *such* is the kingdom of heaven." The seventh heaven must be full of old children. Within each individual, too, the Cheer changes expression as years pass on; but it never need wholly lose the child's ripple, nor wholly the youth's enthusiasm, as it turns into the happy courage and laughing philosophy of manhood or the bright seriousness of womanhood, and, later still, into the serenity brooding in age, when one begins to wonder at the long fret in which he has spent his life. But in all its forms it is in its essence trust — trust unconscious or conscious — in Goodness. And as it grows from trust unconscious to conscious, can one help being a gladder-hearted creature at thirty than at twenty years of age, at sixty than at thirty?

Slowly a great book is being written by the race. To make it men will take parts of our Bible, and parts from many another scripture, old and new and yet to be, and bind them together in what will be recognized as a Bible for Humanity. When that book is opened, it will be found to be from end to end News of Gladness from the Heart of the Universe. Slowly the ideal of a

great life is growing in the race. It will hold the better parts of all old earnestness and beauty and self-sacrifice. When we look towards it, we shall think of Jesus, of Paul, of all best fulfillments of service. It will make us think of children, too, because of its instinctive and unconscious joy. And it will make us think of God, and give man a new ideal of him, because of its deeps of conscious joy. And the earnestness and the joy, in man and in God, will be recognized each as a part of the other.

"I think this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
Into a rage to suffer for mankind
And recommence at sorrow,"—

so to lead all sorrow up "through pain to joy, more joy, and most joy," till all men stand in singing places, giving thanks to God.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

THERE is a Bible verse that reads, "A building of God, a house not made with hands." Paul meant the spiritual body in which, he says, the soul will live hereafter. But how well the words describe the Home,—a home right here on earth!

"Except the Lord build the house"—

In a sense worth noting the very house itself, the mere shell of the home, is that—"a building of God, not made with hands." Watch two birds foraging to build their nest. They preëmpt a crook in a bough or a hole in the wall, some tiny niche or other in the big world, and, singing to each other that this is their tree-bough, their hole, they bring a twig from here, a wisp of hay from there, a tuft of soft moss, the tangle of string which the school-boy dropped, the hair

that the old horse rubbed off on the pasture-bars, and weave and mould their findings into a cosy bowl to hold their little ones. Man and woman are but larger birds, borrowing more of the world-material to make a bigger bowl a little cosier. From a fellow-mortal they buy a lot or a farm instead of a tree-bough; they fence it in and call it theirs, as if they owned the acres through to China,— and put a mortgage on it, notwithstanding, because it is too large to pay for. Then they build four walls with a lid, to box in a little of the blowing wind; screw on this box a door-plate and insurance-sign; divide it inside into chambered cells; line these cells with paper and carpets instead of moss and horse-hair; and proceed to fill their pretty box of cells with decorations and conveniences. This is their "home." "See what my hands have built!" says the man. But if we look with eyes that do see, what we see is this; — that all he calls his handiwork is nothing but the bird's work; first, a foraging on Nature for material, then a re-arranging, re-combining of the plunder.

For consider the house, how it grows! The first thing we do is to dig a hole in the planet,— a socket to hold the house down firm.

That is taking liberties with Nature to begin with, as we only make the hole, she room for the hole,— the more momentous matter. Then the cellar-walls,— do we *make* them? We quarry the stone, drag it out, chip it square, lay it in the mortar-beds; but the stone was laid in the quarry for us atom by atom, crystal by crystal, ages before the first man trod the earth. A bit of pavement from Pompeii, a fragment from the pyramids, is prized because man's touch was on it two thousand or thrice two thousand years ago; but each pebble in the chinks of the cellar-wall beneath us holds thousands of thousands of years locked up in it, since first the ancient oceans sifted it and inner earth-fires baked it and thickening continents began to squeeze it into rock.

Then over these foundations we lay the sills and raise the frame. But who *made* the timber in the joist, who *made* the clapboards and the shingles on the roof? Men hewed and sawed and split,— the great mills with their iron claws and iron teeth are wonders of human skill; but what hands took sunshine and the rain and a pine-cone a hundred years ago in a wild forest, and with winter storms and spring freshenings and long summer shinings built up the countless

cells and fibres into the great green tree, that waited on the hill-side till the axe-man came?

And thus we might consider each and everything about our house, the iron in the nail, the wool in the carpet, the glass in the window, the paint on the door, the hair in the easy chair, and trace all back by no long road to builders who built not by hand. We are proud of our nineteenth century mansion; but if we use the very latest improvements and most artificial,— make its outer walls of machine-pressed stone; for inner walls buy fibrous slabs instead of laths and mortar; iron-rib it through and through in place of floor-beams; fire-proof its floors with iron-netting and plaster; warm it by steam from boilers two miles away down town; light it with electricity; tune it by reverberating telephones with music played in a distant capital; dine in it, as to-day the city-dwellers may, on fresh fish from the gulf of the St. Lawrence, fresh beef from Montana, fresh pears from California — still, what are we doing but coaxing a little more of world-material from Mother Nature than the forefathers had learnt the art of coaxing from her when they were furnishing their plain log huts? Foraging on Nature like the birds, and

re-arranging the plunder,—that is all there is of it.

"I heard a voice out of heaven," says another Bible verse,—"a great voice out of heaven, 'Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people.'" Call the great Power "God," or by what name we will, that Power dwells with us in so literal a fashion that every stone and rafter, every table, spoon and paper scrap, bears stamp and signature to eyes that read aright: "The house in which we live is a building of God, a house not made with hands."

House-Furnishing.

In this immanence of miracle, this domestication of the infinite, we have not gone beyond the bare house yet. But how much more than house is *Home!* Cellar and walls and roof, chairs and tables and spoons,—these are the mere shell of the Home. These, to be sure, are what the young couple talk much about when waiting for the wedding, and this is what the architects and carpenters and house-furnishing stores are for. And under city slates and country shingles alike,

one sometimes finds unfortunates to whom this mere outside, these solid things about the rooms, seem to be mainly what they think of when they think of the rooms; unfortunates to whom the show of their furniture is of more importance than its use; men more interested in the turkey on the table than in the people who sit around the turkey; women who think more of the new carpet than the blessing of the old sunshine; men and women, both, who bear witness that they love their neighbors better than themselves by keeping best things for the neighbors' eyes and the worst things for their own, and who almost gauge their social standing by the fine clothes they can put on for street or church, or by the "dead perfection" of their front parlor. Perhaps the good wife, looking around a slovenly, *un*home-like living-room, feels a flush of self-respect at the thought of that cold front parlor, where the chairs sit as straight as the pictures ought to, and the tapestries and crockeries are each in the due place. When calling at a rich man's home and waiting for Madame to appear, sometimes a silent wonder rises, "Do the people correspond to all this gilt and varnish and upholstery?" And in a humbler house,

when shown into one of those polar parlors, a kind of homesickness comes over one for some *back* parlor, some kitchen, a bed-room, *any* place where the people really live. The heart cries, "Take me where the people stay; I didn't come to see the chairs." A second thought is apt to follow,— how much more pleasant, tasteful, home-like every other room in the house would probably become, if the expense hidden in this one room were but distributed, there in a prettier paper, there in a quieter carpet, there in a noble picture, and all about in a dozen little graces and conveniences,— if these were added *there,* where all the time they would be enjoyed by the owners and the users. On the other hand, one is sometimes shown into a room, on entering which he feels like bowing to its emptiness in gratitude, because it offers, even bare of the people who evidently do live in it, a festival so cosy to the eyes. Everywhere are uses in forms of beauty. *Uses in forms of beauty,*— that is the secret of a festival for eyes. In such cases it is quite in order to sing our little psalm praising the good looks of the room and the things in it that make it pleasant. That is what they are for,— to please; in part, to please us, the chance-comers;

but not us first, and the home-folk last,— the home-folk first, and us outsiders last. Petition to see a friend's room before feeling that you really know that friend. It is a better test than a bureau-drawer! Not the room after a quick run up-stairs for two minutes first, but the room just as it is. For a room as it is usually kept is index of one's taste, of one's culture, and of a good deal of one's character.

The Ideal of Beauty.

I am not objecting one whit to grace in the household furnishings, nor to expense laid out to get the grace. On the contrary, there is nothing beyond bare necessities on which expense may be so well laid out. As the elementary thing that shows one's house is not merely a hand-made house, I would name *Taste;* the taste that shows itself in pictures, in flowers, in music, in the choice of colors for the walls and the floors, in the amenities of the mantel-piece and table, in the grouping of the furniture, in the droop of the curtains at the windows, in the way in which the dishes glorify the table, in which the dresses sit on the mother and the girls. And it is the morn-

ing dress and the Monday table that tells the story. Where can you buy good taste? *That* cannot be manu-factured. Like Solomon's "wisdom," it cannot be gotten for gold, nor silver be paid for the price thereof; but in house-furnishing it is more precious than fine rubies. It is the one thing that no store in New York or Chicago sells, nor can rich relatives leave you any of it in their wills. And yet it comes largely by bequest. Nearly all one can tell about its origin is that it gathers slowly in the family blood, and refines month by month, as children watch the parents' ways and absorb into themselves the grace that is about the rooms.

But what a difference it makes to those children by and by! What a difference it makes in the feeling of the home, if things graceful to the eye and ear are added to the things convenient for the flesh and bones! Our eyes and ears are parts of us; if less important than the heart and mind, still are parts of us, and a home should be home for all our parts. Eyes and ears are eager to be fed with harmonies in color and form and sound; these are their natural food as much as bread and meat are food for other parts. And in proportion as the eyes and ears are fed, we are not sure, but

apt, to see a fineness spreading over life. Where eyes and ears are starved, we are not sure, but apt, to find a roughness spreading. A song at even-time before the little ones say Good-night; the habit of together saying a Good-morning grace to God, perhaps a silent grace, among the other greetings of a happy breakfast-table; a picture in that bare niche of the wall; a vase of flowers on the mantel-piece; well matched colors under foot; a nestling collar, not that stiff band, around the neck; brushed boots, if boots it must be, when the family are all together; the tea-table tastefully, however simply, set, instead of dishes in a huddle,—these all are little things; you would hardly notice them as single things; you would not call them "religion," they are not "morals," they scarcely even class under the head of "manners." Men and women can be good parents and valuable citizens without them. And yet, and yet, one cannot forget that, as the years run on, these trifles of the home will make no little of the difference between coarse grain and fine grain in us and in our children, when they grow up.

Besides, this taste for grace is nothing hard to gratify in these days. It is much harder to get

the good taste than the means by which to gratify it. Not splendor, but harmony, is grace; not many things, but picturesque things. The ideals of beauty are found in simple, restful things far oftener than in ornate things. Of two given forms for the same article — a chair, a table, a dress — the form that is least ornate is commonly the more useful, and this more useful form will commonly by artist eyes be found the handsomer. A man in his working-clothes is usually more picturesque than that same man in his Sunday clothes; the living-room more picturesque than the parlor. "Avoid the superfluous," is a recipe that of itself would clear our rooms of much unhandsome handsomeness. Scratch out the *verys* from your talk, from your writing, from your house-furnishing. A certain sentence, only eight words long, did me great good as a young man. I met it in Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo: "*The ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose.*" The ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose: it applies to everything,— to wall-papers and curtains and carpets and table-cloths, to dress, to manners, to talk, to sermons, to style in writing, to faces, to character. The ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose,— not flash, not sensa-

tion, not show, not exaggeration, not bustle. And because simple, beautiful things are not necessarily costly, it needs no mint of money to have really choice pictures on one's wall, now that photography has been invented, and the sun shines to copy Raphael's Madonna and Millet's peasants and William Hunt's boys and maidens for us, or the sculpture of an Alpine valley and a cathedral front. A very little outlay, the dinners cheapened for a month, will make the bare dining-room so beautiful that plain dinners ever afterwards taste better in it; it really is economy and saves a course.

Flower Furniture.

And without any money at all, what grace the fields and gardens offer us, if only we have eyes to see it, hearts to love it, hands to carry it home! I knew a woman, among friends counted poor, whose room was a place to go around and praise and be thankful and delighted for, so much did she have of this faculty of transferring Nature to the inside of a house. Mosses and ferns and dried autumn-leaves were her chief materials; but the eyes and the hands and the taste were

added in, and rich men could not buy her result. To be a *growing* flower anywhere is to be beautiful. "Consider the lilies," said the young Hebrew prophet; and when we do consider them, we want some of them nearer than the field. The Arabs put into Mahomet's, their prophet's, lips the saying: "If a man find himself with bread in both hands, he should exchange one loaf for some flowers of the narcissus, since the loaf feeds the body indeed, but the flowers feed the soul." Flowers have no speech nor language, but they are living creatures, and, when transplanted from their own home-haunts to ours, they claim the captive's due of tenderness, and they will reward love, like a child, with answering loveliness. In their religious rhyming to the woods and fields outside, the seasons faithfully remembered in captivity, their wondrous resurrections, their mystic chemistry that in our corner bedrooms carries on Creation, constructing green leaf and glowing petal and strange incense out of earth and water and the window sunlight, the little exiles of the flower-pot bear mute witness that the house wherein they live is "a building of God, a house not made with hands."

Book Furniture.

We must say a word about two other things, seldom thought of as house-furnishings. One of them is our *Books*. Think what a "book" means. It means meeting a dime-novel hero, if we like that kind of hero. But it also means meeting the poets, the thinkers, the great men, the genuine heroes, if we like that kind. It means admission to the new marvels of science, if one choose admission. It means an introduction to the noblest company that all the generations have generated, if we claim the introduction. Remembering this, how can one help wishing to furnish his house with some such furniture? A poet for a table-piece! A philosopher upon the shelf! Tyndall and Darwin, in their works, for members of the household! Browning or Emerson for a fireside friend! Irving or Dickens or George Eliot to make us laugh and cry and grow tender to queer folk and forlorn! Or some of the good newspapers,— not those that, on the plea of giving "news," parade details of the divorces and the murders gleaned from Maine to Florida, details of the brute game of the prize-fighter and

the shames of low city life,— not this red, rank meat to hang around one's mind, as if it were a butcher's shop; but newspapers that tell how the great world is moving on in politics and business and thought and knowledge and humanity. To subscribe for one of these last is truest house-furnishing. A family's rank in thought and taste can be well gauged by the books and papers that lie upon the shelf or table in the living-room. There are three or four books which a man *owes* to his family as much as he owes them dinner or clothes,— a good newspaper (that is, one new book daily), a good dictionary, a good atlas, and, if he can possibly afford it, a good cyclopædia. A boy asked his mother a difficult question and got the answer, "I don't know." "Well," said he, "I think mothers *ought* to know. They ought to be well educated, or else have an encyclopædia." That boy was right. And if we own no more than these four books just named, they are four presences to day and night remind us that their house and ours is a house not wholly "made with hands."

Our Guests.

Another thing which passes manufacture is our *Guests.* They are surely as important a part of the household furniture as the chairs we buy for them to sit on. A house that merely holds its inmates, and to the rest of the town is a barred place, good, like a prison, to keep out of, can hardly be a "home" to those who live in it. It must be pleasant to a woman to know the children like to look up at her windows as they run to school, hoping for her smile; it must be a pleasure to a man to know the neighbors look forward to an evening around his fireside or a chat and laugh over his tea-table. The truest hospitality is shown not in the effort to entertain, but in the depth of welcome. What a guest loves to come, and come again, for is not the meal, but those who sit at the meal. If we remembered this, more homes would be habitually thrown open to win the benedictions upon hospitality. It is our ceremony, not our poverty, it is self-consciousness oftener than inability to be agreeable, that makes us willing to live cloistered. Seldom is it that the pleasantest homes to visit are the richest.

The real compliment is *not* to apologize for the simple fare. That means trust, and trust is better than fried oysters. One of my dearest haunts used to be a home where we had bread and butter for the fare, and the guest helped to toast the bread and wipe the dishes; but the welcome and the children and the wit and the songs, and the quiet talk after the children went to bed, made it a rare privilege to be admitted there. If the dinner be a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water, invite your friend rather than incur that opposite reputation, that it is "a kind of burglary to ring your door-bell before dinner." Count guests who are always glad to come and always make you glad they come, as best pieces in your household furnishing; and those who are glad to come, without the power of making us so glad,—count some of these as reasons why the house was built.

The dear "Togetherness."

And still one thing remains to furnish the House Beautiful, the most important thing of all, without which guests and books and flowers and pictures and harmonies of color only emphasize the fact that the house is not a home. I

mean the warm light in the rooms that comes from kind eyes, from quick unconscious smiles, from gentleness in tones, from little unpremeditated caresses of manner, from habits of forethoughtfulness for one another,— all that happy illumination which, on the inside of a house, corresponds to morning sunlight outside falling on quiet dewy fields. It is an atmosphere really generated of many self-controls, of much forbearance, of training in self-sacrifice; but by the time it reaches instinctive expression these stern generators of it are hidden in the radiance resulting. It is like a constant love-song without words, whose meaning is, "We are glad that we are alive *together.*" It is a low pervading music, felt, not heard, which begins each day with the Good-morning, and only ends in the dream-drowse beyond Good-night. It is cheer; it is peace; it is trust; it is delight; it is all these for, and all these in, each other. It knows no moods — this warm love-light,— but it is an even cheer, an even trust. The little festivals of love are kept, but, after all, the best days are the every-days because they *are* the every-days of love. The variant dispositions in the members of the home, the elements of personality to be "allowed for," add

stimulus and exhilaration to this atmosphere. Shared memories make part of it, shared hopes and fears, shared sorrows; shared self-denials make a very dear part of it.

Thus is it at its happy best; but even when the home-love is not at its best, when moods at times prevail, and cold looks make a distance in the eyes, and some one grows recluse and selfish to the rest, even then the average and wont of love may keep the home not wholly undeserving of its coronation name, "a building of God, a house not made with hands." Certainly love is the force by which, and home the place in which, God chiefly fashions souls to their fine issues. Is our mere body fearfully and wonderfully made? A greater marvel is the human mind and heart and conscience. To make these, homes spring up the wide world over. In them strength fits itself to weakness, experience fits itself to ignorance, protection fits itself to need. They are life-schools in which the powers of an individual are successively awaked and trained as, year by year, he passes on through the differing relations of child, youth, parent, elder, in the circle. From the child's relations to the others come obedience, reverence, trust,— the roots of upward growth.

Youth's new relations bring self-control and self-reliance, justice, and the dawns of duty owed one's world. Later, when little ones in turn demand our care, mother-providence and father-providence emerge in us, and energies of self-forgetting, and the full response of human nature to the great appeal to be good for love's sake. Lastly, old age with its second leisure and dependence brings moderation, patience, peace, and a sense of wide horizons opening. And, all the process through, love is the shaping force, and home-relations are the well-springs of the love.

If this may be called the story of soul-making for us all, of none is it so mystically, beautifully true a story as of the blessed "twos." *Mystically* true of them, because the love of twos begins in miracle, and the miracle never wholly dies away even when the days of Golden Wedding near. A mystery like that of birth and that of death is the mystery of two young spirits all unconsciously through distant ways approaching, each fated at some turn, some instant, to find and recognize the other. Follows, then, the second and continuing mystery of the two becoming very one. And *beautifully* true of them,— as all beholders know: "all men love a lover." Poetry and song, and

novel and drama, and gossip, older than them all, attest the fascination. But to the two themselves how passing beautiful the story is! It is not merely that all Nature glows and old familiar things take on new lights and meanings; nor merely that in the new light the dearest old ties dim by some divine eclipse,

> "As o'er the hills and far away
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,
> Beyond the night, beyond the day,
> The happy princess follows him."

Not merely this: a higher beauty comes in the changes so swiftly wrought by love within each soul,— the enlargement of powers, the enhancement of attractiveness, the virtues greatened, the meanness abated, and that *unselfing* of each one for the other's sake, which really makes each one a stronger, nobler self. The sunrise of the new life breaks. The two are mated with the solemn questions: "Wilt thou love her, honor her, cherish and comfort her, in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, so long as ye both shall live?" "Wilt thou take him for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, and try to live with him the divinest life thou knowest?" Then

begin the daily, hourly answers to these questions, — living answers so different from the worded "I will" of the moment. And now the home-nest, and the delights of it, the discoveries of it, the revelations in it of still unmated parts which yet must mate and will, the glad endeavors of it, all begin. Now poems, only making dear a printed page a little while before, sing themselves out as glad experience:

"Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two souls within one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest;
An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win;
A world of care without;
A world of strife shut out;
A world of love shut in!"

Slowly the new home grows holy as the deepening wedding thus goes on; holy, for the making of two souls — two yet one — is going on in it. Each soul is overcoming its own faults for love's sake, and helping by love to overcome the other's faults. Business, sorrows, joys, temptations, fail-

ures, victories, ideals, are all shared in it. By and by the awes of motherhood and fatherhood are shared, and the new co-education that children bring their parents is entered on together. The supreme beauty is attained when both realize that the inmost secret of true marriage is — *to love the ideals better than each other.* For this alone guarantees the perfect purity, and therefore this alone can guarantee the lastingness of love. Literally, literally so!

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

Emerson's words are the motto for all marriage-chambers: "They only can give the key and leading to better society *who delight in each other only because both delight in the eternal laws;* who forgive nothing to each other; who by their joy and homage to these are made incapable of conceit." And so the divine end of beauty is fulfilled — the purification of souls, the ennoblement of personality.

By far the best love-story that I know among the books is a true one, "The Story of William and Lucy Smith"; a sad, triumphant love-story

that leads the reader far along the heights of life and death. These two had no children at their side; they had no wealth to buy them graceful things; their very roof they could not call their own; and they only lived eleven years together. But they lived these years a lofty life in all the full sweet meanings of *together*. "Togetherness" is the quaint word in which Lucy tried to sum and hint the happiness. So when I think of the House Beautiful, "the building of God, not made with hands," I think of them. *He* said to her, looking up into her face not long before his death: "I think you and I should have made a happy world, if we were the only two in it." *She* said of him, closing the little memoir that she wrote: "Of him every memory is sweet and elevating; and I record here that a life-long anguish, such as defies words, is yet not too high a price to pay for the privilege of having loved him and belonged to him."

I dreamed of Paradise,—and still,
Though sun lay soft on vale and hill,
And trees were green and rivers bright,
The one dear thing that made delight
By sun or stars or Eden weather,
Was just that we two were together.

I dreamed of Heaven,—and God so near!
The angels trod the shining sphere,
And all were beautiful; the days
Were choral work, were choral praise;
And yet, in Heaven's far-shining weather,
The best was still,—we were together!

I woke—and found my dream was true,
That happy dream of me and you!
For Eden, Heaven, no need to roam;
The fortaste of it all is *Home*,
Where you and I through this world's weather
Still work and praise and thank together.

Together weave from love a nest
For all that's good and sweet and blest
To brood in, till it come a face,
A voice, a soul, a child's embrace!
And then what peace of Bethlehem weather,
What songs, as we go on together!

Together greet life's solemn real,
Together own one glad ideal,
Together laugh, together ache,
And think one thought, "each other's sake,"
And hope one hope—in *new*-world weather
To still go on, and go together.