

What an expression of beauty in the passing seasons: The tender loveliness of the spring. The full blown glory of the summer. The dying glory of the autumn. The silent aspect of the winter. I have an answer for the atheist—it is the God-painted flower and nature robed in beauty.

Then, add to all these, the sweet sadness of memory and the beautifying touch of increasing years. Time is a great artist. There is a beauty of Age, History, Heroism and Association. Every mosque in India, every pyramid in Egypt, every monument in Greece, every sculptured form in Italy, every castle-crowned peak in Germany, every old palace in fair France, every ivy covered cathedral in England, every ancient battle field in Scotland — all these set the imagination on fire and reveal the touch of an age-defying beauty. They kindle glories in the realm of the soul and feed the poetical instinct in the heart of man.

Beauty! Beauty!! Beauty!!!
What is beauty? Beauty is nature's approach to perfection. When God says "Be ye perfect," He means, be round, full-orbed, well proportioned, even, symmetrical — perfect as a cluster of ripe grapes, perfect as a golden orange, perfect as a full blown rose, perfect as the opening leaves of a floating pond lily—perfect as an apple, luscious, sweet and beautiful.

There is a beauty of form and there is beauty of action. Art is beauty in expression. Architecture is beauty in proportion. Culture is beauty in mind and manners. Eloquence is beauty of speech. Grace is beauty of action. But the highest manifestation of beauty is in the human face and form. The