

proportion as their possessor lacks intelligence, refinement and goodness.

12. In fact, the highest standard of beauty is pure spirituality. Indeed, there is no other. All other beauty is borrowed from this. The body and the features of the same, are beautiful only in the proportion as that they reflect the spiritual. A lie is a moral deformity; and all moral and physical deformity originated in that big lie that Satan told six thousand years ago. It fell and fastened, like a great foul blotch, right on the heart of humanity; and it has been blistering there ever since. It has eaten great holes through and through it. It has worked inward and outward alike. Its poisonous venom has mingled with the very life-blood, until its very breath has become hot and fetid with sin. Hence the physical as well as the moral obligations of human nature.

13. Oh, what a thorough cleansing it needs, before it can again assume its normal shape, and grow into forms of beauty. *Nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ the Lamb of God that was slain on Calvary for sin, can ever wash out those deep stains!* There, now you have it—the whole of my creed of education. Religion is education, and education is religion; and both conspire to bring out the beautiful, the pure, the excellent, the spiritual in man. All other beauty, all other education is false.

14. I know, we call a painting or a piece of statuary beautiful; but it is only so, in the sense, or to the extent that it reflects the author's spiritual idea of beauty. It is the representative beauty. The real exists in the author's mind and soul. And could it be seen and realized, the ideal beauty would as far transcend the poor representation of it, on canvass, or in marble, as the substance transcends the shadow. So of the beautiful in thought. We get an occasional corruscation of it on paper, or in discourse; but who can measure the depths of that fountain whence those well up? Who can grasp that ethereal essence, and make it speak on paper or in discourse? Who can prison it up long enough in clay, to make it reveal its bewildering witchery?

15. It dwells deep down in the soul, whence those thoughts and conceptions spring up. Education uncovers it, unchains it, disentombs it; leads it out and sets it free. It leaps up like flashes of lightning, but leaves its living impress upon the organs through which it escapes from the material, to the eternal. This

gives soul to the physically beautiful. It fashions it as the wind fashions the sea into such stupendous shapes of sublimity, or as the world has been wrought out, through countless ages into such forms of living beauty.

16. The beautiful in man and animals and all material forms is measured by this influence. As it flashes along the coarse materials of clay, they assume form and features in similitudes of the divine beauty prisoned in the earth. The beautiful in the flower is only the escape of this living, spiritual principle, thus confined in all nature. God sets it free, and sends it out along the little feathery edges of its tiny leaves, to catch the eye of the delicate maiden. The beauty in her heart leaps up to meet its kindred in the flower, and they both rise blushing as sweet incense to the skies.

17. O, the beautiful! the beautiful!! Goodness is beautiful, purity is beautiful, intelligence is beautiful—the soul of man is beautiful, the soul of the beast is beautiful, the soul of the flower is beautiful, the soul of all nature is beautiful. But the living God alone is beauty. He breathes one great breath of beauty upon his creation, and lo, her vales and mountains, her brooks and fountains leaped and laughed, and shed but one divine profusion of beauty!

18. The great thought ran like lightning through every department of creation, and soon the shining orb caught the Divine effulgence and rent back a silent hymn, and all the sons of the morning shouted for joy. Thus the earth was once clothed with beauty. But Satan came and breathed his foul breath upon it, and fastened his great lie upon mortals; and deformity spread like a blasting plague spot upon all the fairest. But the beauty did not die. It was only blighted and withered. Christ came and breathed up on it again, and the beauty prisoned there, began to peep out from every flower, from every tree, from every vale, from every fountain, from every rock, from every river, from every mountain, from every meadow and forest, from every man and woman and beast of the field, where beauty had formerly been planted.

19. But for Christ no beauty would ever have been visible. All would have been a sealed book, if he had not unsealed it, if he had not broken the apocalyptic seals, and let imprisoned beauty free.—Then the earth smiled again, as it waked from a mortal death.

20. Thus, I say, spirituality is beauty. No other save that upon which this principle acts, possesses even the lineaments of beauty. The painting, or the statue, may imitate beauty, but it never can possess it. All its visible outlines may be there; all the features may be perfect in their form, but the hallowed fire is wanting.—Touch the lips—they are cold, stony—the eye, it is glazed and leaden. It is but the material. The soul is wanting. There is no warm breath, no lifting up into the spiritual atmosphere of love.

21. So it is when a true education is wanting. The avenues of beauty are closed. The soul or beauty cannot manifest itself. The bodily organs become rather the outlets of deformity than beauty. There is a sad letting down of all the features and organs. Not acting in their appointed channels, and not performing their legitimate offices, they become distorted, dwarfed, deformed, defective. In the face, the lines and angles which indicate and mark the outlines of beauty, are irregular, indistinct, defective. The mouth hangs down at the corners. The expression is coarse and loose. The eye seems to look, but it does not see. The tongue may utter sounds, but they are as unmusical and meaningless as the face is expressionless. But education opens these avenues and lets the beauty out; and in its passage, it touches every faculty and every organ, and leaves its Divine impress upon the person. Thus education makes the race more beautiful.

DEFINITION, BY AN OLD MAID.

Man.—A conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, concert, and boots.

Woman.—The waiter, per force, on the aforesaid animal.

Husband.—An instrument constructed to growl over shirt-buttons that "arn't there."

Wife.—A machine made for darning stockings, making puddings, and sewing on shirt-buttons.

Father.—A being who thrashes the boys, and won't "fork over" as his fair olive branches desire.

Mother.—A pleasant song, a sweet vision of childhood.

Child.—A compound of delightful and distressing elements.

Baby.—An invention for keeping people awake a-nights, and for the aggrandizement of washerwomen.