

AS SEEN IN THE FACE.

THE MAP OF THE MIND DISCUSSED AT THE TABERNACLE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says the Character of the Countenance is a Mirror of the Soul. Most Wonderful of God's Works.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 25.—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for the subject of his sermon "The Human Face" and held his great audience fascinated with the charm of his eloquence as he discoursed on a subject of universal interest. The text was Ecclesiastes viii, 1, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the boldness of his face shall be changed," or, as it may be rendered, "the sourness of his face shall be sweetened."

Thus a little change in our English translation brings out the better meaning of the text, which sets forth that the character of the face is decided by the character of the soul. The main features of our countenance were decided by the Almighty, and we cannot change them, but under God we decide whether we shall have countenances benignant or baleful, sour or sweet, wrathful or genial, benevolent or mean, honest or scoundrelly, impudent or modest, courageous or cowardly, frank or sneaking. In all the works of God there is nothing more wonderful than the human countenance. Though the longest face is less than 12 inches from the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the chin and the broadest face is less than 8 inches from cheek bone to cheek bone, yet in that small compass God hath wrought such differences that the 1,600,000,000 of the human race may be distinguished from each other by their facial appearances.

AN INDEX OF CHARACTER. The face is ordinarily the index of character. It is the throne of the emotions. It is the battlefield of the passions. It is the catalogue of character. It is the map of the mind. It is the geography of the soul. And while the Lord decides before our birth whether we shall be handsome or homely we are by the character we form deciding whether our countenances shall be pleasant or disagreeable. This is so much so that some of the most beautiful faces are unattractive because of their arrogance or their deceitfulness, and some of the most rugged and irregular features are attractive because of the kindness that shines through them. Accident or sickness or scarification may veil the face so that it shall not express the soul, but in the majority of cases give me a deliberate look at a man's countenance and I will tell you whether he is a cynic or an optimist, whether he is a miser or a philanthropist, whether he is noble or ignominious, whether he is good or bad. Our first impression of a man or woman is generally the accurate impression. You at the first glance make up your mind that some man is unworthy of your friendship, but afterward, by circumstances being put into intimate association with him, you come to like him and trust him. Yet stay with him long enough, and you will be compelled to return to your original estimate of his character, but it will be after he has cheated you out of everything he could lay his hands on. It is of God's mercy that we have these outside indexes of character. Phrenology is one index, and while it may be carried to an absurd extent there is no doubt that you can judge somewhat of a man's character by the shape of his head. Palmistry is another index, and while it may be carried into the fanciful and necromantic there is no doubt that certain lines in the palm of the hand are indicative of mental and moral traits.

BIBLE PHYSIOGNOMY. Physiognomy is another index, and while the contour of the human face may sometimes mislead us we can generally, after looking into the eye and noticing the curve of the lip and the spread of the nostril and the correlation of all the features, come to a right estimate of a man's character. If it were not so, how would we know whom to trust and whom to avoid? Whether we will or not, physiognomy decides a thousand things in commercial and financial and social and religious domains. From one lid of the Bible to the other there is no science so recognized as that of physiognomy, and nothing more thoroughly taken for granted than the power of the soul to transfigure the face. The Bible speaks of the "face of God," the "face of Jesus Christ," the "face of Esau," the "face of Israel," the "face of Job," the "face of the old man," the "shining" face of Moses, the "wrathful" face of Pharaoh, "the ashes on the face of humiliation, the resurrection staff on the face of the dead child, the hypocrites disfiguring their face, and in my text the Bible declares, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." If the Bible has so much to say about physiognomy, we do not wonder that the world has made it a study from the early ages. In vain the English parliament in the time of George II ordered publicly whipped and imprisoned those who studied physiognomy. Intelligent people always have studied it and always will study it. The pens of Moses and Joshua and Job and John and Paul as well as of Homer and Hippocrates and Galen and Aristotle and Socrates and Plato and Lavater have been dipped into it, and whole libraries of wheat and chaff have been garnered on this theme.

Now, what practical religious and eternal use would I make of this subject? I am going to show that while we are not responsible for our features, the Lord Almighty having decided what they shall be presently, as the palmist declares when he writes, "In thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them," yet the character which under God we form will chisel the face most mightily. Every man would like to have been made in appearance an Alcibiades, and every woman would like to have been made a Josephine. We all want to be agreeable. Our usefulness depends so much upon it that I consider it important and Christian for every man and woman to be as agreeable as possible. The slothful, the sloven, the man who does not care how he looks, all such people lack equipment for usefulness. A minister who has to throw a quid of tobacco out of his mouth before he begins to preach or Christians with beard untrimmed, making them to look like wild beasts come out of the lair—yea, unkempt, uncombed, unwashed, disagreeable men or women—are a hindrance to religion more than a recommendation.

Now, my text suggests how we may, independent of features, make ourselves agreeable. "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." What I say may come too late for many. Their countenance may by long years of hardness have been frozen into stolidity, or by long years of cruel behavior they may have been Herodized all the machinery of expression, or by long years of aversion they may have been Shylocked until their face is as hard as the precious metal they are hoarding, but I am in time to help multitudes if the Lord will. That it is possible to overcome disadvantages of physiognomy was in this country mightily illustrated by one whose life recently closed after having served in the presidential cabinet at Washington. By accident of fire in childhood his face had been more piteously scarred than any human visage that I ever saw. By hard study he arose from being a poor boy to the very height of the legal profession, and when an attorney general for the United States was needed he entered the presidential cabinet. What a triumph over destroyed human countenance!

I do not wonder that when an opposing attorney in a Philadelphia courtroom cruelly referred to this personal disfigurement Benjamin F. Brewster replied in these words: "When I was a babe, I was a beautiful blue-eyed child. I know this because my dear dead mother told me so, but I was one day playing with my sister when her clothes took fire, and I ran to her relief and saved her, but in doing so my clothes took fire, and the fire was not put out until my face was as black as the heart of the scoundrel who has just now referred to my disfigurement." Heroism conquering physical disabilities! That scholarly regular features are not necessary for making powerful impression witness Paul, who photographs himself as in "bodily presence weak," and George Whitefield, whose eyes were struck with strabismus, and Alexander H. Stephens, who sat with pale and sick face in invalid's chair while he thrilled the American congress with his eloquence, and thousands of invalid preachers and Sabbath school teachers and Christian workers. Aye, the most glorious being the world ever saw was foreseen by Isaiah, who described his face bruised and gashed and scarified and said of him, "His visage was so marred, more than any man." So you see that the loveliest face in the universe was a scarred face.

THE BRIGHT SIDE AND THE DARK. And now I am going to tell you of some of the chisels that work for the disfigurement or irradiation of the human countenance. One of the sharpest and most destructive of those chisels of the countenance is cynicism. That sours the disposition and then sours the face. It gives a contemptuous curl to the lip. It draws down the corners of the mouth and inflates the nostril as with a maledictor. What David said in haste they say in their deliberation, "All men are liars," everything is going to ruin. All men and women are bad or going to be. Society and the church are on the down grade. Tell them of an act of benevolence, and they say he gave that to advertise himself. They do not like the present fashion of hats for women or of coats for men. They are opposed to the administration, municipal and state and national. Somehow food does not taste as it used to, and they wonder why there are no poets or orators or preachers as when they were boys. Even Solomon, one of the wisest and at one time one of the worst of men, falls into the pessimistic mood and cries out in the twenty-first chapter of Proverbs, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" If he had behaved himself better and kept in good associations, he would not have written that interrogation implying the scarcity of good womanhood. Cynicism, if a habit, as it is with tens of thousands of people, writes itself all over the features, hence so many sour visages all up and down the street, all up and down the church and the world. One good way to make the world worse is to say it is worse. Let a depressed and foreboding opinion of everything take possession of you for 20 years, and you will be a sight to behold. It is the chastisement of God that when a man allows his heart to be nursed with cynicism his face becomes gloomed and scowled and hichrymomed and blasted with the same midnight.

ANGLO'S RUSE. But let Christian cheerfulness try its ruse upon a man's countenance. Feeling that all things are for his good, and that God rules, and that the Bible being true the world's flourishing is rapidly approaching, and the day when beer mug and demijohn and distillery and bombshell and rifle pit and 74 pounders and roulette tables and corrupt book and satanic printing press will have quit work, the brightness that comes from such anticipation not only gives zest to his work, but shines in his eyes and glows in his cheek and kindles a morning in his entire countenance. These are the faces I look for in an audience. These countenances are sections of millennial glory. They are heaven impregnated. They are the sculpturing of God's right hand. They are hallelujahs in human flesh. They are hallelujahs alighted. They are Christ incarnated. I do not care what your features are or whether you look like your father or your mother or look like one under the heavens, to God and man you are beautiful.

Michael Angelo, the sculptor, visiting Florence, some one showed him in a back yard a piece of marble that was so shapeless it seemed of no use, and Angelo was asked if he could make anything out of it, and if so was told he could own it. The artist took the marble, and for nine months shut himself up to work, first trying to make of it a statue of David with his foot on Goliath, but the marble was not quite long enough at the base to make the proper form of the giant, and so the artist fashioned the marble into another figure that is so famous for all time because of its expressiveness. A critic came in and was asked by Angelo for his criticism, and he said it was beautiful, but the nose of the statue was not of right shape. Angelo picked up from the floor some sand and tossed it about the face of the statue, pretending he was using his chisel to make the improvement suggested by the critic. "What do you think of it now?" said the artist. "Wonderfully improved," said the critic. "Well," said the artist, "I have not changed it at all." My friends, the grace of God comes to the heart of a man or woman and then attempts to change a forbidding and prejudicial face into attractiveness. Perhaps the face is most unpromising for the Divine Sculptor. But having changed the heart it begins to work on the countenance with celestial chisel, and into all the lineaments of the face puts a gladness and an expectation that changes it from glory to glory, and though earthly criticism may disapprove of this or that in the appearance of the face Christ says of the newly created countenance that which Pilate said of him, "Behold the man!"

Here comes another chisel, and that belongs to the old fashioned religion. It first takes possession of the whole soul, washing out its sins by the blood of the Lamb and starting heaven right there and then. This done, deep down in the heart religions says: "Now let me go up to the windows and front gate of the face and set up some signal that I have taken possession of this castle. I will celebrate the victory by an illumination that no one can mistake. I have made this man happy, and now I will make him look happy. I will draw the corners of his mouth as far up as they were drawn down. I will take the contemptuous curl away from the lip and nostril. I will make his eyes flash and his cheeks glow at every mention of Christ and heaven. I will make what we call the 'crow's feet' around his temples suggestive of the dove of peace has been alighting there." There may be signs of trouble on that face, but trouble sanctified. There may be scars of battle on that face, but they will be scars of campaigns won.

POWER OF A FACE. "Now," says some one, "I know very good people who have no such religion in their faces." My friend, the reason probably is that they were not converted until late in life. Worldliness and Sin had been at work with their chisels on that face for 30 or 40 years, and Grace, the divine sculptress, has been busy with her chisel only five or ten years. Do not be surprised that Phidias and Greenough with their fine chisels cannot in a short while remove all the marks of the stone mason's crowbar, which has been busy there for a long while. I say to all the young, if you would have sympathetic face, hopeful face, courageous face, cheerful face, kind face, at the earliest possible moment by the grace of God have planted in your soul sympathy and hope and courage and good cheer and kindness. No man ever indulged a gracious feeling or was moved by a benevolent indignation or was stirred by a benevolent impulse but its effect was more or less indicated in the countenance, while David noticed the physiognomic effect of a bad disposition when he said, "A wicked man hardeneth his face," and Jeremiah must have noticed it when he said of the cruel, "They have made their faces harder than a rock."

Oh, the power of the human face! I warrant that you have known faces so magnetic and impressive that, though they vanished long ago, they still hold you with a holy spell. How long since you had lived she would have been 10 years old now, or 20 or 30 years." But does not that infant face still have tender supremacy over your entire nature? During many an eventide does it not look at you? In your dreams do you not see it? What a sanctifying, hallowing influence it has been in your life! You can say in the words of the poet, "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Or it may have been a sister's face. Perhaps she was the invalid of the family. Perhaps she never went out except on very clear days, and then she had to be carried down the stairs to the piazza or for a short ride, but she was so patient and cheerful under it all. As that face looks at you through the years with what an elevated and heavenly emotion you are filled. Or was it a father's face? The storms of life had somewhat roughened it. A good deal of the brightness of the eye had been quenched, and the ear was turned with the hand behind it in order to hear at all. But you remember that face so vividly that if you were an artist you could put it on canvas, and it would mean to you more than any face that Rembrandt ever sketched. That face, though long ago veiled from human sight, is as plain in your memory as though you this moment saw it moving gently forward and backward in the rocking chair by the stove in the old farmhouse. Or was it your mother's face? A good mother's face is never homely to her boys and girls. It is a "Madonna" in the picture gallery of the memory. What a sympathetic face it was! Did you ever have a joy and that face did not respond to it? Did you ever have a grief and no tears trickled down that maternal cheek? Did you ever do a bad thing and a shadow did not cross it? Oh, it was a sweet face! The spectacles with large, round glasses through which she looked at you, how secretly they have been kept in bureau or closet! Your mother's face, your mother's smile, your mother's tears! What an overpowering memory! Though you have come on to middle or old age, how you would like just once more to bury

your face in her lap and have a good cry! But I can tell you of a more sympathetic and more tender and more loving face than any of the faces I have mentioned. "No, you cannot," says some one. I can, and I will. It is the face of Jesus Christ as he was on earth and is now in heaven. When preparing my life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne," I ransacked the art galleries and portfolios of the world to find a picture of our Saviour's face that might be most expressive, and I saw it as Francesco Francia painted it in the sixteenth century, and as the emerald intaglio of the sixteenth century presented it, and as a fresco in the catacombs near Rome preserved it, and as Leonardo da Vinci showed it in "The Last Supper," and I looked in the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, and the Vatican, and the Dresden, and the Berlin, and Neapolitan and London galleries for the most inspiring face of Christ, and many of the presentations were wonderful for pathos and majesty and power and execution, but although I selected that by Ary Scheffer as in some respects the most expressive I felt as we all feel—that our Christ has never yet been presented either in sculpture or painting, and that we will have to wait until we rise to the upper palace, where we shall see him as he is.

What a gentle face it must have been to induce the babes to struggle out of their mother's arms into his arms! What an expressive face it must have been when one reproving look of it threw stalwart Peter into a fit of tears! What a pleading face it must have been to lead the palmist in prayer to say of it, "Look upon the face of this one anointed!" What a sympathetic face it must have been to encourage the sick woman who was beyond any help from the doctors to touch the hem of his garment! What a suffering face it must have been when suspended on the perpendicular and horizontal pieces of the wood of martyrdom, and his antagonists slapped the pallid cheek with their rough hands and befouled it with the saliva of their blasphemous lips! What a tremendous face it must have been to lead St. John to describe it in the coming judgment as scattering the universe when he says, "From whose face the earth and the heaven fled away."

O Christ! Once the Nazarene, but now the celestial! Once of cross, but now of throne! Once crowned with stinging thorns, but now crowned with the jewels of ransomed empires! Turn on us thy pardoning face and forgive us, thy sympathetic face and console us, thy suffering face and have thy atonement avail for us, thy omnipotent face and rescue us. Oh, what a face! So scorned, so lacinated, so repellent, so overwhelmingly glorious that the seraphim put wing to wing and with their conjoined pinions keep off some of the loiter that is too mighty even for eyes cherubic or angelic, and yet this morning turning upon us with a sheathed splendor like that with which he appeared when he said to the mothers bashful about presenting their children, "Suffer them to come," and to the poor waif of the street, "Neither do I condemn thee," and to the eyes of the blind beggar of the wayside, "Be opened." I think my brother John, the returned foreign missionary, dying summer before last at Bonad Brook, caught a glimpse of that face of Christ when in his dying hour my brother said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness." And now unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen and amen! Amen and amen!

An Easy Race. "I've heard," said Farmer Cornstossel as the conductor of the accommodation train called for his ticket, "that ye hev a good deal of trouble with people that try to beat ye." "We do." "Well, I should think that it 'ud be purty easy if ye don't go no faster'n this."—Washington Star.

A Precarious Situation. Nibsey (the newsboy)—Well, yer all right! Yer got a good steady job in er office an' don't need ter worry. Roddy (his former pal)—Dat's all you know about it. You don't know what dese offices is. If yer dumb, yer fired fer mosin'. If yer too smart, er head men gets jealous, an' yer gits der dump for dat.—Puck.

Why It Was. Mrs. Bliffers—Your old friend has such a sad face. Why is it? Mr. Bliffers—Years ago he proposed to a very beautiful girl and— Mrs. Bliffers—And she refused him. Mr. Bliffers—No. She married him.—Vogue.

Rather Steep. Than take in any other form is what many people think and Park's Tea is made for just those folks. It cures constipation and though not a cathartic moves the bowels every day. Sold at Capitol Drug Store.

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BALD HEADS!
What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.
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and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the result of overwork, a sickly, nervous, delicate, and generally every cause and origin of the body. Simple, natural, scientific, and perfectly safe. No medicine. No surgery. No diet. No restriction. No expense. No delay. No trouble. No worry. No pain. No loss of time. No loss of strength. No loss of health. No loss of life. No loss of honor. No loss of respect. No loss of friends. No loss of family. No loss of peace. No loss of joy. No loss of love. No loss of hope. No loss of faith. No loss of courage. No loss of power. No loss of glory. No loss of honor. No loss of life.
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