

"quiet by the power of harmony," and they "see into the life of things;" for now, me thinks, they see but superficially. "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

We think we have said enough to vindicate our charge, that the popular belief in the present instance is a popular fallacy. The belief, it may be, is a delusion, but it is not unique in its kind. There seems to be a strange propensity in human nature to look behind for happy days, and fill the past with dreams of glory. Formerly, poets used to sing of a Golden Age behind them, when nature dealt more kindly with her "foster-child, her inmate man,"—when winds of milder temper, fragrant with the breath of flowers, crept softly over field and flood, and honey dropped from every tree; when the earth, untorn by plow and unteased by rake or hoe, gave up her wealth of sustenance to man, and men had not yet learned the savage art of war, nor dealt deceitfully with each other; when, in fine, there was nothing to hurt nor destroy, but everything to delight the eye and please the ear, and fill the heart of man with gladness. Now, men may think that they have learned, with "rapt Isaiah," to place the golden age of peace and plenty where it should be, in the future. But fragments of the old delusions float before the popular vision still. How often do we hear old folks sigh over the degeneracy of the age, and express their wonder as to what the world will turn to? How many youths who have just escaped their teens, and men of middle age, look back with fond regrets to childhood's years and think that none are like them? To the past, to the past, all the world seems to cry, if you look for glory and the golden years. How can we account for this? Why are all men looking backward as they run? Is it because they still retain an indistinct remembrance of their former home, their innocence and bliss in Adam? and do they thus unconsciously attest the truth of the Mosaic record of the Fall? We will not say; but this we think, that if they walked with God as Adam did before the flaming sword appeared, the present would be the happiest time that ever was for them, and goodness greater still would loom before them in the future. The past, with all its wealth of memories, would pour into the present and enrich it, filling the heart with songs of thankfulness, while faith, with growing power, seeing things invisible, would lighten up their path and lead