

of delight. His journey is long and toilsome through scenes of mingled disappointment and sorrow, joy and hope; but at length he reaches the City of our God, the pilgrim's blessed home, never to be lost. "They shall go no more out." And yet all do not reach this home, nor do all set out amid this brightness. The *race* did in its federal head Adam, but the children are born in sin. Believers in Christ reach the Canaan above, but they do so through the second Adam, the federal head of believers, "the Lord from heaven." And this Eden is more glorious and blissful than it would have been had there been no fall, and no intermediate discipline and struggle. The perfect day is clearer and brighter by means of the darkness and storms which during its progress have spent their fury. We often find it so in nature. The day is pleasant and balmy at the outset; but in its course the sky lowers, thunders roll, and rains fall in torrents; after the storm has spent itself, how much clearer, more salubrious and more beautiful is the remainder of the day. So the heaven of the christian is brighter and better than the Eden of Adam.

Let us contemplate first this last mentioned Eden. The hints of the Scripture assure us that it was a fitting abode for a pure being. It was inhabited by a creature of intelligence and power, in circumstances most happy. He and his companion were so pure that they knew nothing of shame; they so loved God and trusted Him as to know, nothing of fear or terror; their mind and heart, their passions and affections, their appetites and desires were so evenly balanced and so precisely adjusted, that there was no jar or flaw, no excess or want, no tyranny of the animal—in fine, no sin; and so lovingly related to Nature, as to have it ever ministering to happiness. Such was man as the divine workmanship—such the first pair in Eden. They communed together, enjoyed pleasant labour, held happy intercourse with Nature, and ever communed with God in whom their souls delighted. They had high conceptions of His greatness and majesty, they bowed most low in reverence and homage; but they also confided and loved as children a father. It was a blessed scene of light and love, of intelligence, innocence, and happiness—a heaven upon earth.

*These hints of Scripture are variously confirmed.* "Memories of Eden, exquisite as dreams weave their threads of light into the poetic traditions of all peoples." If universal beliefs are worth anything as evidence, you must assume some original state of purity and peace, in which man and nature were in concord, and in which God was worshipped and obeyed. The tradition of a golden age is widespread as the race. The conceit that man is developed from the monkey is contradicted by all the beliefs of the ages, as well as in itself preposterous. You hear on all sides and in every age that the former times were better than these, a sentiment which indicates a deeply seated conviction of a golden age, and which is true, if you carry your thoughts of the former times which were better than these back to Eden. The scripture sketch is a bright background against which all the dreary scenes of sin and sorrow in human history are painted; and it brings out in terrible relief the dark shadow in which sinful man struggles onward.

Again, human thought and aspiration do not rise above some standard, any more than water can rise above its level. The ideal, however grand and gorgeous, must have had some basis; there must have been certain great elements out of which it is constructed. Now, we find in all ages, that while the masses may be sunk in barbarism, there have been certain representative men springing up in every nation far above the masses, who have entertained