

And oft an orange, oft an amber date,  
Or luscious fig their palates cool and sate.

Their perfect forms are wondrously attired  
In spotless robes, by God Himself admired,—  
The matchless robes of love and every grace,  
Bedeck each soul and clothe each peerless face.  
With deep delight, with joy and peace divine,  
Their souls are filled, their countenances shine.

This heav'nly light, this joy, this peace serene,  
On saintly brow at death may still be seen,—  
Just ere the soul shakes off the cumbrous clay,  
To speed, exultant, o'er the shining way  
That leads from earth, beyond the azure dome  
Of farthest skies, to an ETERNAL HOME.

Had not the deepest, darkest depths of Hell  
By guile prevailed, in Eden yet would dwell  
This happy pair, from sin and sorrow free,—  
This holy pair, whose children pure would be  
A perfect race so good, so just, so fair,  
So like their Lord, that no disease nor care  
Could ever come to mar their peace of mind—  
Each still would be what God Himself designed.

The fact, methinks, in holy writ appears  
'Twas even so—for full a hundred years  
Ere Eve and Adam lost their high estate,  
And angels drove them forth through Eden's gate—  
Or whence those "sons of God" of whom we read :  
"They chose them wives" of Adam's fallen seed ?

Perchance these 'sons' did not with Adam fall,  
But kept their place long years till Satan's thrall  
They likewise proved, by paying heed to him—  
Their wily foe, malicious, subtle, grim.

The Eden home was lost: the guilty pair  
Could hope no more to gain admittance there—  
To guard the tree of life a flaming sword  
Proclaimed the justice of a loving Lord.