

The expression implies that God has communicated to us His own **QUALITY OF LIFE**. Gen. i:27; Col. iii: 10. "In His own image." 2 Peter i:4. "Partakers of the Divine Nature." Our nature is a gift from above, in contrast with the nature of the brutes, which is a product of the earth.

Traces of the Divine in men, though marred by the fall.

1. *Our intellectual faculties.* The flashes of genius have been described by one who experienced them, as like the sudden glow of the embers of an old fire in the brain. As opposed to materialistic notions may be cited the experience of almost every strong thinker, that his material environment is rather an incubus than a stimulus to thought. Wheatstone used to revel in the anticipation of getting rid of the brain at death, so that his mind could fly from truth to truth, as he felt it was made to.

2. *Our æsthetic nature.* Our sense of the beautiful and sublime seems only an exquisite relic of a former power of enjoyment. Did you never turn away from a magnificent view, feeling that something had contracted your soul, so that you could not take it in? An eminent artist chooses a little valley, instead of the mountains or the seashore, for his summer retreat, saying, "Grand things give me pain. The view from my cottage is all I can endure. When I die I expect to expand wonderfully. If I do not, heaven will be only an exquisite form of perdition." A noted judge in New York once said to the writer, while sitting together at a concert, "I must leave the room before the next piece is rendered. There are certain harmonies in it which so thrill me that I am unstrung for hours after hearing them." These persons have more æsthetic talent than they have capacity. Simple existence with the æsthetic nature untrammelled would have made paradise of any place, though it contained but a single flower.

3. *Our power of loving.* Love is joy because it is natural. Of Governor Wyntthrop an old chronicle says, "To love and to be loved were his soul's paradise." What Christian did not feel, when he began to love God, that he began to live, to inhale the breath which is congenial to the human spirit. The Divine affection is the heart's home, and we always feel lost until we come to it.

4. *Our moral sense.* Conscience is often unreliable. It is like a sundial on a post in the ground which the frosts have twisted out of its bearings. But the purpose of the dial is evident still: to allow the sun, which times the worlds with years and ages, to time also our little days. So conscience is strangely awry at times; but it never belies its original purpose—to regulate our lives by the same eternal laws of righteousness that control the moral universe.

5. *Our native impulses to goodness.* It is doubtful if any man can give himself up unreservedly to work wickedness. Even Faust, whom the dramatist represents as having sold himself to the Devil, did so with a thousand scruples; walking as it were sideways toward his new master with a strange fascination continually drawing his eyes toward a better life. These good impulses, though not followed, are like the shoots which an old tree stump sends up, showing the kind of life originally in the tree, though without vitality sufficient to develop stock and fruit of their own. Practically, the man is dead in sin, totally depraved; yet when the Holy Spirit accomplishes His work the man, in Scripture phrase, is said to "come to himself."

6. *Our disposition for Divine communion.* Men everywhere pray; wretched prayers often; but the meanest prayer has in it the testimony to the soul's sense of Divine nearness. When a tree has been thrown down by the tempest, though some of its roots are still covered with earth, it will sometimes send out new