

go forth from the conscience and the fallen within, to make the common earth divine, and exhibit around it the mountain heights of God's protection: to show us the Father, not as the great mechanic of the universe, whose arrangements we obey that we may use them; but as the Holy Spirit that moves us with the sigh of infinite desires, and the prayer of ever conscious guilt, and the meek hope — that stays with us so long as we are absolutely true — of help and pity from the Holiest. And if the affections are as the colored window — near and small and of the earth — or far and vast and of the sky, through which we receive the images of all things, and find them change with the glass of our perceptions, how justly does the Apostle Paul deem the work of Christ "a new creation!" If he that makes an eye, calls up the mighty phantom of the heavens and the earth; he that forms a soul within us, remodels our universe and reveals our God. Eden then is less sacred than the streets of Bethlehem and the fields of Nazareth; though as befits the cradle of the natural man, who needs such things, its atmosphere might be purer, and its slopes more verdant. Indeed in all their adjuncts do we see the character of the two events, and how "afterwards alone came that which was spiritual." When the first man heard the voice and step of the Most High, it was outwardly among the trees — as was natural to one born of the mere physical and constructing energy of God, without a mother and without a home; when Jesus discerned the divine accents, the whispers of the Father were *within* him, the solemn articulation of the spirit infinitely affectionate and wise; — a distinction altogether suitable to one born of that mother who hid many things in her heart — granted to us by that gentlest form