

"I see thee art & into dust shall thou return" L. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

These are the words that first announce a way of death to our race. It was into the ears of our first father Adam, then suddenly, in the presence of an offended creator, that these death-announcing words fell with a fresh & fulving impact. No dull & senseless word, though uttered, was Adam, the worker up in that shape of ~~earth~~ clay, was a God-gifted soul, enclosed at first with powers enough mature to fit him for the place he occupied, with comprehension ample enough to grasp & retain a knowledge of all about him, who was from his own rich endowments to crown forth appropriate names for a whole world full of living & unanimated objects. His brain was a mental & moral & physical structure on which have been passed the verdict of "very good" by a divine inspector, certainly an ordinary nature could not have been to have inaugurated this test. His heart too must have been swelled with the large & profound feelings that his whole sensitive nature had been pouring into it from enlarging channels, never had those streams been rippled by a passing gleam of misapprehension or sorrow never been made turbid by impure, malicious or selfish desires. In daily communion & constant companionship with his congenial consort his heart too had been filled from sympathetic sources & had grown while pouring out its fellest streams of love & tenderness & touching, sympathy into the bosom of one who could appreciate & return them. Thus those golden chains of strongest sympathy had been forged & linked inseparably between Adam & his worthy mate.

Together they had wandered among the ~~aching~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~fruit~~ ~~laden~~ ~~orchards~~ the aromatic bushes, over the flowing meads, along limpid, murmuring brooks, together they had plucked the golden fruit of thousands of birds from bending boughs or climbing vines, they had called each others attention at every step to new discovered beauties - to unhardened onlookers, to untasted sweets - Amused by the growing wonders around & within them their increases

& exhilaration powers had gone on with accelerated pace towards complete development. In all this they had been gaining new affections for some things so rich & lovely. No acute their new born hopes were reaching out into the distant future & were revelling in still higher joys than a fuller knowledge would open to them. At no instant any they might have hoped to have gained familiarity with all around them & then to have sought out those deeper, hidden, hidden truths & realities, whose acquaintance would have likened them with other spirits. All this they might have hoped & more, when they turned to the past & remembered how they had advanced from their first comparative ignorance to their then comparative knowledge & saw with what accelerated rate their senses & faculties were developing their powers unknown before, surely, hope had a broad & sure basis to build up a heaven-high tower. easily would they, soon, comparatively, gain all the knowledge that external things & earthly objects could have given & what then could they not hope? The God thus had made them with expanding powers, whose capabilities for pleasure & enjoyment & knowledge had thus far been growing with geometric ratios, would not fail to supply them with something more exalted & refined, suited to nature's expansion & elevation.

Thus were our first parents pursuing the growth of life, when a single sinning stroke scattered all the castles of higher joy & hope & gathered deep, dark, impenetrable clouds of gloom around their path. From amidst those columns of gloom, that by free-will acts they had caused to appear, while they were quaking with awe & shame, the Lord their injured maker strode forth.

No fig-leaf coverings could stop the piercing glances of omniscience from entering their guilty souls - no! mountains or mountains or worlds or worlds could form no obstacle to that all piercing gaze, to which there is no back nor under nor upper nor outside, but which envelops & observes all parts & portions the same. How vainly then did Adam think to evade the question "Where art thou" Was a nakedness of body that caused him

5
all that shines? Could not God see that nakedness at all times alike? Did Adam
say anything about it in the way of his creator? Ah no! he was pure then &
needed no covering, it is shame & sin that need the veil - How did he know
that his efforts at concealment were worse than useless, long since had the
magnificence of heaven heard the woful tidings, that now Adam was as vainly
attempting to conceal - The eternal God was there to denounce a conqueror
He left his vain hiding place & came forth, not as formerly with joyous impulses
bounding through a thrilling heart, not with light, quick, hasty step, not with
bright, flashing, fascinated eye, but crouching with fear, his stagnant blood curd-
ling in his heart & clogging in his veins, his heavy step almost growing to the
earth, with his downcast & averted eye telling the story of his guilty shame -

Here stood Adam & not far off Eve, doubly depressed with dread of two offences
lost, with deep drawn sighs that shook her beautiful form as though a earthquake
was opening its dread artillery ^{within} while from her eyes unknown & unbidden streams
leaped forth & poured their burning waters on her heaving breast, vexed with
the wild strife of two contending impulses, one to go & throw herself before
the great Jehovah & invoke his wrath on her ^{self} alone, the other, fearing that she
could not bear the weight of that heavy wrath & creating noise, a separation
from Adam which was worse than death - Thus now appeared that human
pair who one yesterday, were rivaling in an earthly paradise the joys
of a heavenly. Oh! dreadful, horrid change! Why could not that happy state
continued on & been bequeathed to after generations? Why could not man
have remained immortally happy with multiplying joys pouring on
a multiplying race? Such things must go unmanacled, the other was the wisest
course & to us must till our increased & purified minds can see the
mighty interests that are at stake, before we attempt to pronounce God unjust -

Oh! sin, thou, brought a blighting, withering curse, not on man alone in this
world, but beyond the grave, thou gatherest all thy miseries for eternal torment, not
in man alone in this world, but on all about him - He could receive a

a noxious curse & pestilence spring up. thistles & thorns, weeds & noxious plants
The earth's quakes raked the labouring veins of earth & out burst its bowels
in flame & smoke & water lava. great jagged & naked rocks shot up their
desolate & threatening sides. The gathered screeching hoards that howled along in
desolating havoc. Laying waste fair & fertile fields & turning them to deserts
The wild beasts conceived towards each a deadly hate, their savage jaws
tore ground with fangs & reeked with innocent blood. They left the flowering
meadows, where so late in unannoyed peace they had cropped the corn
herb, & sought for thickets & clefts & cavernous retreats, where skulking they
might surprise less cautious beasts & drink their blood - All beasts, fishes
fowls, were thus transformed & ever, rapine, murder held unvaried sway over all
The heavens too learned to frown in wrath & crispful tempests, that blackened
all the sky & in tornadoes swept along in their desolating paths, mingling in
dire confusion all elements - The stuffing, hoary frosts came on & the parching
sultry heat unrelieved by cooling gales - All told a sad & general change
"Where now was paradise?" How vain to search for it, no further was it situated
- this earth, its long beautiful & rich, delicious fruits were transformed to
famine & bloom in human -

It was a merciful Judge that pronounced the doom of man, that
exp. then held to the lips of trusting mortals was not all unmingled gall,
but tempered with sweetest change - Though death-doomed, man yet was
left a hope, not in himself, no more could human strength avail against
the monstrous enmity of Satan, but one yet should come, leaving the
exalted joys of heaven & assuming human form & human nature, though in its
unimpaired form - All over this world testified that it had been cursed, in
all quarters death & sorrow, misery, war, pain, disease, sighs & sobbings & groans & tears
all testified that this is no longer the home of the happy & blessed. How often
are our hearts rent by the smothering of our strongest & clearest ties & again
we hear uttered those words that first told his end to Adam - "Just thou
art & with curse shalt thou return - But death thou need not be a terror, thou
shouldest not be a terror."

"There is a happy land, far, far away" It is to that land
that thou art to introduce the righteous soul -

"Just thou art, to curse returned was not spoken of the soul"

Wisely has it been remarked that "history is wisdom teaching by example", or better it is the text-book from which wisdom draws the illustrations to her precepts. Truly too has it been observed that all history is but the record of the lives & actions of comparatively few individuals, and well is it for the compilers of history that this is the fact, else who of mortal mould, could stir a chain or untangle the enmeshed & twisted web of human events. In all ages & among all nations, whether barbarian, civilized or enlightened we see that this principal has held true. Different nations or tribes have been distinctive characteristics, but be these distinctive features what they may, they have always had personal embodiments. The traits of American Indian character were embodied in the person of Tecumseh, the chieftain prophet & hero & orator.

Like too Attila & Marie & Sennacherib embodied the characters of those barbarian heroes, that "the frozen North passed forth from his icy coils on Lucanilla's Rome to wrench from her hand the ill-swung scepter of power.

My multiply examples that must meet the eye of the most superficial observer of history, evidence so universal furnishes a broad & trustworthy basis for the establishment of a principal, which will serve us as a clue in tracing the labyrinthine of history. When our historical researches have brought us into the presence of one of these heads of the race, before advancing further let us pause. It awes the soul to contemplate greatness aside from considering the steps by which it was reached.

We can even admire the mighty hero, when we forget that his pathway thither has run red with human blood & been strewn with the cry, exhortations, wretched mothers & unfathered children. But especially, before moral heroes & intellectual giants may we pause with the greatest profit.

What feelings are these that we find welling up from the lowest depths of our hearts, weeping & commingling, till at last we seem borne on in an irresistible stream, hurriedly along into an ocean, in which we soon become submerged, floundering & sinking, when consciousness rushes to the rescue, restrains the eviler currents & restores us to safe surroundings. Then we feel the inspiration of humanity permeating the long closed cells of our hearts & expanding them to full proportions & baptizing them with fire.

Whatever we contemplate we feel in ourselves, we feel, as common members the same race, to inherit at least the same elements & such is the fact, at times, all feel them. Contact with the common, lowly, narrow mind arrests these expanding elements - Contact with minds of the opposite nature expands & accelerates their growth.

Beneath this enlarging influence, everything is measured on a different scale. Obstacles which appeared to the eye of sloth as high mountains amount to mole-hills, shame at our irresolution, rankles in our breasts & festering there collects & discharges the corrupt matter, which in proper diet had intruded - We feel possessed a new spirit, we feel like hurrying defiance at any obstacle short of the Almighty's interdicts.

We not only feel this & much more, but we know it, We see our faults, we see how we can remove them, What then is wanted? nothing but the inspiration that shall keep all constantly vivified in the mind, that shall be a furnace to heat all our impressions red-hot, a furnace whose fuel never is exhausted.

This inspiration we can best obtain in contemplation of true greatness exhibited in individual instances.