

Such are the objects that draw the Christian's soul to this world with strong attraction, and tend, therefore, to weaken, or to make less sensible, the attractions of heaven. But as time advances, and changes come over him, and adversity shrouds his prospects in clouds and storms, and death's ruthless hand tears one and another fond object away, these earthly ties grow weaker, and one after another are sundered; leaving the soul to be more easily drawn upward towards the world of cloudless skies, of permanent repose — the great attracting centre of the universe.

It is more especially, then, to the case of the advanced Christian — advanced in years and in piety — that my illustration under my last head applies. He may have commenced his religious course early, and have become convinced even then of the vanity of the world. But after all, the world then appeared to him in a far more fascinating aspect than it now does, after a few decades of years have taught him many impressive lessons of its emptiness. It then lay before him an untrodden field, glowing with the charms of novelty, and as seen through the prism of youthful fancy, decked with a thousand rainbow hues. As he pressed eagerly on, and plucked from time to time the golden fruit that hung temptingly over his path, he did not know how much of it would prove like the apples of Sodom.

“This more delusive, not the touch, but taste,
Deceived: he, fondly thinking to allay
His thirst with gust, instead of fruit,
Chewed bitter ashes; which the offended taste,
With sputtering noise, rejected.”

So long as the delusion lasted, the young Christian felt himself strongly drawn towards the earth. But in advanced life he has been so often deceived by its fair fruit, and drank so