

great Centre of light and love in circular paths with uniform motion and steady light. But whenever they give themselves up to other impulses, from whatever quarter, they are sure to be carried farther and farther from God in eccentric paths ; and nothing but his interposition can save them from flying off beyond the hope of return.

Take the case of the man who gives himself up to the influence of worldly impulses. Its riches, honors, or pleasures become the powerful controllers of his movements, and urge him forward with a constantly accelerated force. Religion has not lost its hold upon his conscience ; and he still fancies that he is revolving around the law of God, as the centre of attraction. But to all others it is obvious he is flying off farther and farther from that centre, and therefore getting more and more out of its control. Like the revolving earth, when, as I have supposed, it receives a new and constantly accelerating impulse, the path of this Christian conforms less and less to the divine law ; he feels less and less the power of heavenly things, and they seem more distant. The light of God's countenance becomes fainter and feebler. Meanwhile the impelling power, the love of the world, rapidly gains strength ; and in a little time, without being conscious of it himself, and unless special, marvellous, I had almost said miraculous grace bring him back, he will become *a wandering star, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.*

Or take the case of the Christian controlled and impelled by spiritual pride. Harmoniously and beautifully did he commence his revolutions around divine love, as the centre of attraction, and with a sense of duty to impel him onward. But he chanced to discover his own picture in the glass of vanity, and made it his idol. Spiritual pride came in at once