

Nor do the bodily powers alone give way. The mind, too, dependent on bodily organization by unalterable laws for its free exercise, sympathizes in the decline of the physical powers. The proud heights which she once scaled can no longer be reached; the heavy blows which she once dealt out can no longer be given. She may, indeed, say, like Samson, *I will go out, as at other times, and shake myself*; but she will find that the lock of her strength has been shorn.

“Sic fatus senior, telumque imbellis sine ictu,  
Conjecit.”

First of all the memory feels the change, and reels, and staggers, and sinks under her charge. Next the judgment begins to waver; and, last of all, the imagination comes fluttering to the earth. O, who could bear thus to see his immortal mind falling into ruins, were he not able to look forward to her resurrection in a spiritual body — a body as incorruptible and immortal as the soul itself? But in view of that renovation, with what cheerfulness can the Christian see this earthly house of his tabernacle dissolve, and the powers of his mind give way, because it shows him how soon they will be delivered from their prison house of flesh and sense, and henceforth expatiate and exult in the unshackled freedom of heaven!

But there is a weight more heavy than flesh and blood which drags down to the earth the Christian's soul. It is the burden of a sinful heart; and the longer he lives, the more oppressive does it become, and the more deep his convictions that he shall never throw it off till his spirit escapes from its material tenement. But the oath and promise of God assure him that he shall drop this body of death when he passes over Jordan into the heavenly Canaan. That deliverance is