

*that was perishing for want of cloathing, and the poor man that had no covering: if his sides have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, even when I saw my superior in the gates, let my shoulder fall from its joints, and let my arm with its bones be broken.*

The deed of charity shall survive the dissolution of the world — *it never faileth*. Whereas all the changes, variations, and progressions of nature, daily authenticate its mutability. Which of all the multifarious objects around us is not temporary and perishing? The heavens and the earth have their stated times and revolutions: the planetary worlds above, as well as our petty habitations beneath, perpetually shift their shapes and stations. What thing in life; what theory in science! what specimen of art or industry, is not in a state of constant vicissitude? The palaces of the great, no less than the cottages of the poor, daily moulder into dust: the proudest cities that ever gave dignity and effect to tyranny, have been successively depopulated and have disappeared, without leaving behind them a single vestige to tell the anxious traveller where they once were. Why rages the ocean from shore to shore, and threatens the boundaries of its ancient habitations? Why do the perturbed bowels of the earth so perpetually growl, and produce the most violent volcanoes and convulsions, but that the declension has already reached her vitals? Yet, a little while and the very mountains and hills, durable as they now appear, shall be uprooted, the channels of the deep exhausted, and the earth shook to her centre. A period hastens with the velocity of lightening, that shall efface the splendour of the firmament, and extinguish the glory of the sun. Then *the heavens shall pass away also with a noise*, and this petty, insignificant globe of ours, after wheeling a few rounds more, shall start from its orbit, and expire among expiring worlds. Thus perishable is nature, in all her parts and productions: but when all these have disappeared, liberality to the poor shall be remembered; and it shall be rewarded with a recompense exceeding the utmost bounds of calculation. Yes,

Come hither calculation with thy pen and I will shew thee, though usury be thy guide, that charity gives an interest that would beggar prodigality, and tire itself in the happiness of hoarding. Cheerfully lend, this evening, a mite to the poor, and give a loose to appetite for the return of your loan. Will a hundred fold appease you? With this, perhaps, you are dissatisfied. Take thousands, then, and thousands superadded, and if still you are dissatisfied, let numeration be exhausted in the greediness of your wish. Let the years of Methuselah be yours, and counting your whole business: charity is still offering, and makes her premium bear the character of immensity at last, and to secure you the possession she stamps on it her seal of life. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be not weary in well doing; for in due time you shall reap if you faint not.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, be honour and glory for ever and ever.

FINIS.