

it is indulged, the more the flame is fed, it burns the fiercer. These worshippers of Mammon, being determined to be rich, have no time for prayer-meetings; they have hardly time for closet prayer, and of money they have none to spare, certainly nothing more than the "mite," as they call it, for the poor heathen at home. No doubt they pity the lone widow; this poor, thin, ragged child; that orphan boy. Touched by the hunger that looks out of their hollow eyes, and appealed to some lingering feelings of better days, they would give, but ah! they must save money—grow wealthy—die as rich as that man, or accumulate a fortune as great as this. Slaves! Year by year they must save a certain sum, come what may; and go without bread, or education who may, they must hoard up wealth. See yonder lake! The bigger the stream that runs into it—lying so beautiful and peaceful in the bosom of the shaggy mountain—the bigger the stream it discharges to water the plains, and, like the path of the Christian, wends its bright and blissful way on to its parent sea. But, in sad contrast to that, the more money some men gain, the less they give; in proportion as their wealth increases, their charities diminish. Have we not met it, mourned over it, and seen how a man setting his heart on gold, and hasting to be rich, came to resemble a vessel with a narrow, contracted neck, out of which water flows less freely when it is full than when it is nearly empty? As there is a law in physics to explain that fact, there is a law in morals to explain this. So long as a man has no hope of becoming rich; so long as he has enough of bread to eat, of raiment to put on, of health and strength to do his work and follow his honest way on in the world, he has all man really needs. Having that, he does not set his heart on riches. He is a noble, unselfish, generous, large-hearted, and, for his circumstances, an open-handed man. But success in business, or otherwise, let a fortune come within his reach, he clutches at it—grasps it. Then what a change! His eye, and ear, and hand close; his sympathies grow dull and blunt; his heart contracts and petrifies. Strange to say, plenty in such cases feeds not poverty, but penuriousness; and the ambition of riches opens the door to the worst avarice.

To what good all this? How often have I thought of riches, when striding on their loan domain, I have seen a covey of wild fowl, from the reeds of the lake, or the heather of the hill-side, rise clamorous on the wing and fly away! Has not many a man who hastened to be rich, and made himself his god, lived to become a bankrupt, and die a beggar?—buried among the ruins of his ambitious schemes. "I have put a nail into the wheel of fortune," was the boastful exclamation of such a man. God in heaven heard it; put his hand upon the wheel, and, flying round, it hurled the vain boaster in the dust. But grant that some seem to have got the secret how to put a nail into fortune's unsteady wheel; what then? Money is a good thing; but it is worth, not wealth, that commands respect. I like that on him who applies money to noble purposes; and heartily subscribe to the saying, "A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches; loving favour rather than silver or gold."

Money, no doubt, is a power; but a power of well-defined and narrow limits. It will purchase plenty, but not peace; it will furnish your table with luxuries, but not you with an appetite to enjoy them; it will surround your sick bed with physicians, but not restore health to your sickly frame.