

He considereth the superfluities of his table as belonging to the poor of his neighbourhood, and he defraudeth them not.

The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune ; he rejoiceth therefore in riches, and his joy is blameless.

But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the possession thereof.

That grindeth the face of the poor, and considereth not the sweat of their brows.

He thriveth on oppression without feeling ; the ruin of his brother disturbeth him not.

The tears of the orphan he drinketh as milk ; the cries of the widow are music to his ear.

His heart is hardened with the love of wealth ; no grief or distress can make impression upon it.

But the curse of iniquity pursueth him : He liveth in continual fear ; the anxiety of his mind, and the rapacious desires of his own soul, take vengeance upon him for the calamities he hath brought upon others.

Oh ! what are the miseries of poverty in comparison with the gnawings of this man's heart ?

Let the poor man comfort himself, yea, rejoice, for he hath many reasons.

He sitteth down to his morsel in peace ; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers.

He is not embarrassed with a train of dependents, nor teased with the clamours of solicitation.

Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he escapeth also their diseases.

The bread that he eateth, is it not sweet to his