the extent of their crime, would receive the punishment which daily is meted out to some poor outcast, the child of ignorance and woe, and who, surrounded with want and temptation, steals, not from the love of evil as does his wealthy brother, but to give him bread to allay the pangs of hunger,—and seeing this you repine at your humble lot of toil which scarcely gives you the necessaries of life.

My friend, if you could only look through the glare and glitter of the wealthy sinner, and view the wretched skeleton, his constant visitant, you would cast his wealth to the winds, and rejoicingly claim your unsullied name and your integrity, which gives you a true strength and standing that cannot be otherwise obtained. Perhaps you sit doubtfully meditating on these things. Let the grand refrain of that glorious Psalm come pealing down through the many centuries

in which it has afforded consolation:—

"Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and lo! he was not; yea I sought him, but he could not be found. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off."—Ps. xxxvii.

The wise man says: "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but he blesseth the habitation of the just." Prov. iii. 33. "The house of the