

another in his ruin, or to risque the property which he obtained on loan, except upon the most clear and rational prospect of success. But this recklessness of consequences, this dereliction of prudence and honour, though in these days too common to excite wonder, will admit of no justification in the court of conscience. *He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.*

But this is not all. When the object is more cautiously and steadily pursued, it is often permitted so completely to absorb the whole soul, and keep the faculties upon the stretch, that there is neither time, nor desire, nor energy left for mental improvement, or attention to the claims of religion and the soul. If the plain and humble Christian who has no time to read any thing but his Bible, may be denominated, in a good sense of the words, *a man of one book*, he who is thus confined to earthly pursuits, may be as justly termed, in a bad sense, *a man of one idea*. He thinks of nothing but accumulation; and however magnificent the idea may be in his own conception, he cannot, by all his efforts, expand it beyond the magnitude of a bubble which rolls upon the earth and bursts at his feet, or floats in the lower stratum of the atmosphere till it is lost in air. Engaged in one unceasing round of worldly occupation, the wretched slave of avarice has but little reason to congratulate himself on any superiority to his sable brethren who labour in the mine or at the oar, in the misery of constrained servitude, and the degradation of mental darkness. Constantly panting after gain, and exclaiming, *Give, give*, he never says, *It is enough*, and never enjoys