

earth can be consumed, the thief can steal them, and the moth corrupt and destroy. But Christian love and truth and hope, are all the more precious for passing through the fire. Their lustre is ever fresh, and their joy unutterable.

How can those be called possessions which the fire can rid us of, which perish in the using? How can those be called possessions, which are accompanied with so many alloys, thorns, and inconveniences? If our speculations fail, we are pressed down by debt; if we suddenly grow rich, we are besieged with a multitude of greedy, importunate applicants; if we have many children, they all expect to be maintained in idleness, and to begin life where their fathers ended it; if we have no family, we seem to be toiling for some distant heir, who loves us not; if our riches are unjustly gotten, our pillow is strewn with thorns, and our conscience laden with reproaches; and if we have no solid and refined education, unmeaning luxury, and vulgar waste, are neither a benefit to the mind, nor a comfort to the body.

O! the heavenly blessing of contentment in every station in which God has placed us; the blessing of imparting to the honest poor, what is in our power to give; of not hasting to be rich, by any means, good or evil; of being able to lie down in peace and say, Thanks to my Heavenly Father, I owe no man anything but to love him. I need never meet my creditor in the street, and run to the opposite side, because I cannot discharge my just debts. If I had all some men have, or are supposed to have, I might be no happier than I may be now, and should have more to answer for. Soon shall I have nothing left but a shroud, my coverlet will be a narrow bed of earth; therefore, O my God, make me satisfied with the portion thou' allotted me; give me a calm and thankful heart; religious and reasonable desires; honesty, prudence, and simplicity; a guileless soul; a quiet, trusting spirit, that I may find all I need, desire, and hope for, in Thee.

If these heavenly riches go with us out of the world, then shall we be rich "beyond the dreams of avarice." No earthly pomp may follow us to the grave, no laboured inscription may record our virtues; but those precious words, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," will reveal our everlasting wealth. All that is pure and lovely, kind and generous and noble, will be there: all the dear lost