

HE DIED RICH.

How hard some men strive all their lives to have it said of them when they have passed hence—"He died rich!"

Relatives and friends who are left behind, seem to consider it a sort of compliment to the dead to dwell upon the theme—"he died rich!"

And now comes up the question. Is it an honor to a man to die rich? Is the world any better for a man to die rich than the same man to die poor? Is the man any happier in the next life on account of it?

If the spirit be conscious after death, is it any satisfaction to that spirit, in the other life, to know that he left a hundred thousand or two for his relatives to quarrel over, and break his will over, and on account of which they are to be at sword points with each other through all time?

Is the man who died rich mourned for any more sincerely than the man who died poor? And when we come to talk about that, is it really desirable to have people mourn for us after we are dead? It is exceedingly uncomfortable for them, and what benefit can it be to us?

Teachers, eminent authorities tell us, are a luxury, but it is it a luxury to mourn for those who are gone from us never to return? Would we forego weeping for the sake of comfort, and ease of mind?

The good old country deacon comes to our memory just here. He lost his wife, and at the funeral was observed to weep very freely—much more so than it was believed to be consistent with his character. A friend said to him:

"Deacon Jones, try and be comforted. So much weeping over one whom God has called is sinful. And, besides, it will make you ill!"

"I ain't crying particularly over Sally!" replied the deacon. "She was about old enough to die, but I have the catarrh in my head, and crying kindler clears it out! And whenever my nose feels stopped up I think of Sally, and crying brings relief."

But we wander from our text.

THE Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, died on the 13th of last month, in the 65th year of his age. So another name is added to the long list of departed "Scottish Worthies." He was a prominent member of the United Presbyterian Church, although he had neither the inclination nor, perhaps, the fitting qualifications, for taking an active part in the management of affairs. But he was highly esteemed by his fellow citizens of Dundee, and indeed by the people of Scotland at large, as an honest, fearless, outspoken man. His theology was of the Broad Church or latitudinarian type, consequently his orthodoxy was at times not above suspicion, though he had sufficient *finesse* to baffle the heresy-hunters. He attained celebrity as an author, and he was at the time of his death engaged in preparing an elaborate memoir of Robert Burns. His "Bards of the Bible" was perhaps the production of his pen on which his literary fame chiefly rested, but in many quarters it was severely criticized on account of its overdrawn imagery and pompous style.

It is amusing to note how the people at large, and the newspapers in general, speak of the man who died rich. They go into every particular of his peculiarities, and remark on the way he wore his old hats, and hoarded up his mustered out boots and old stockings; and they will tell you anecdotes of his eccentricities, and allude to his dogs and horses, and mention the fact that his wife and family are overwhelmed with grief.

Who says anything when the poor man dies about his old hats and stockings? He may have hoarded them quite as religiously as has his wealthier neighbor, but there is nothing said about it. His lean dog is not thought worth a newspaper paragraph. His wife's grief is not so noteworthy as that of the rich man's lady, and his children's tears are never immortalized in printer's ink.

But when the grand account is made up, and God judges, will it make any difference whether a man died rich or poor?