

ness career, B. enlisted in the grand enterprize of laying up his treasures in heaven. At first, and for a while, he was quite content to make the Lord Jesus his Chief Barker, and Counsellor, and was very joyous in his course as well as abundantly useful. From early childhood, however, the love of money—not for its own sake, but for the glory of it,—had been instilled into B.'s heart, and the habit of mercantile ambition had grown with his growth into the strength of an almost unconquerable desire. Kept under for a time after his conversion, this besetting sin by and by, like the shoots from Carvosso's stump in his garden, began to shew itself. But unlike Carvosso, B. was not alarmed by it, and did not attempt even to pull up the noxious sprout. Satan reasoned him into its cultivation. "Get rich," said the tempter, "and oh how much good you can do with your money! Get rich and you will be a great man. Everybody will respect you. Your influence will be mighty for good." "Yes," said B., "I will. I will never rest until I am the master of a fortune, and at the top of the topmost business circle."

A little circumstance helped this decision mightily. One of B.'s old schoolmates who had been a sad laggard at school, and no better in business, when he heard of B.'s conversion, said, "Well, that will spoil him. He might have made a *business man* if he had let religion alone, but that will kill him. He'll never be much now."

This repeated to B., made him feel in his heart, "He shall see. My religion shall not spoil me. He will yet see, and all the world will see. I will be at the top yet."

His ambition was fired, and as the fire of ambition kindled into a flame in his heart, the fire of love sunk into ashy embers. He made money rapidly, and with money came pride and vanity. The valley of humility had little attraction for him. The gushing fountain of the waters of life flowed forth from the foot of the Rock of Ages lost its sparkle and freshness in his eyes. Like a balloon cut loose from its moorings, he soon mounted to a dizzy height, and grew dizzy as he mounted. Nothing but the strong hand of a faithful Saviour kept him from tottering and tumbling into perdition. God gave him the desire of his heart, but sent leanness into his soul.

At last, like the prodigal that he was, he came to himself, and all the glories of the world seemed turned into husks, as they are; and even these no man gave to him. They all eluded his grasp, poor as they were. His grandest schemes failed. His gourds were cut down. His balloon was rent, and its buoyant support, poor, empty, evanescent vanity, all escaped, letting him suddenly down into the cesspool of his own folly and madness.

He appealed to Jesus, and was lifted out of the pool,—gave himself up anew and was accepted. He was delivered from his embarrassments, and made a new start in business as well as religion. Months passed—the happiest of his life, though the soberest up to that time. The Bible was a well-spring of joy to him. Prayer, especially the prayer of the closet, like the astronomer's observatory with its telescope pointed heavenward, gave him happy and hallowed communion with the bright world above; and the house of God, to him, was as the gate of heaven.

Nevertheless, there was still a want rising more and more in his soul. The want—the sense of want, from a sense of his lack of *holiness*. He had not yet learned to find in Jesus, by faith, the supply of this want.

Memoirs became a delight to him, and, as it proved, a wondrous blessing. The memoir of another merchant of eminence, inspired him with the hope of gaining a higher level, both in the joys and the utilities of the Christian life—gave him to see as within reach even of the care-pressed and toil-worn business man, amongst boxes and bales, customers and notes to meet, and paper to be discounted, sharpeners to unmask and risks to encounter, a life both of joy