

A SERIES

OF

TRACTS

ON THE

DOCTRINES, ORDER, AND POLITY

OF THE

✓
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

EMBRACING

SEVERAL ON PRACTICAL SUBJECTS.

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CERTAIN RICH MEN.

AN ANCIENT RICH MAN.

THERE was a certain rich man who lived eighteen hundred years ago. Neither his name or lineage is given, and to distinguish him we call him Dives, or the Rich Man. The amount of his wealth is not told, yet it may be inferred to have been very large, from the very fact that it was his chief distinction. He was liberal in the expenditure of his money in procuring the luxuries of life. The costly purple and fine linen were his clothing, and his entertainments were sumptuous. The indulgence of his luxurious appetite was not only occasional, but daily; "he fared sumptuously every day." No doubt he lived in a palace, had a magnificent equipage, was surrounded by obsequious servants, and possessed every thing which could minister gratification to his taste. What hosts of admiring friends sought entertainment at his table, and how many too envied him his happiness! Perhaps hundreds had repined at their own more humble lot, as they gazed on his splendor, and thought how much happier they would be, did they possess some of his superfluities. How the world has so generally come to the conclusion that wealth and happiness are inseparable, we are not exactly prepared to say. We are sure they never learned it from the Bible, and we are just as sure they did not learn it from the experience of the wealthy. Perhaps we are not far wrong in supposing that it is one of those singular delusions which the devil so successfully plies in despite of all opposing experience. Knowing something of the nature of the human constitution, we should regard it as a very remarkable fact if

this rich man was never sick in consequence of the luxurious style of his living. His appetite was not always keenly set, and this is no trifling subtraction from the happiness of a "good liver," who did not eat that he might live, but lived that he might eat. It would be strange too, if he never found among his friends some false ones who only made a convenience of him, who, perhaps, laughed at his folly, and made his weaknesses the subject of many a joke. Property too, in those days, must have been very different from what it is now, if the management of a large estate did not cause him many anxious thoughts and cares, and subject him to some perplexing losses. Besides, this rich man must have known that he was mortal; that his pleasures might be interrupted in a moment; and we can scarcely believe that he was such a brute as not to believe that he had a soul, which was to live after his body was dead. His purple and sumptuous feasts could neither prevent nor cure the troublesome thoughts which would occasionally obtrude themselves in relation to these subjects. We think, all things considered, he could scarcely have been perfectly happy, nay, we feel very sure, his wealth was one of the principal obstructions to his happiness, inasmuch as it diverted his mind from the true sources of it. Without prying too closely into his secret history, one thing is evident—he was not prepared to die. With all the care he expended in furnishing the most luxurious articles for the gratification of his senses, he had lost sight of the dictates of reason, and we may say, common sense, in making no provision for that inevitable event which was to separate him from the scene of his earthly pleasures for ever, and introduce him into the presence of his God, who is strict in requiring of men an account of their stewardship. A day did, at length, come, when those who lived in his neighbourhood observed his palace closed, and no more resounding with the sounds of music and revelry. The rich inmate is a corpse. His friends assemble once more, not for a festival, but a funeral. His heirs are dressed out, not in purple, but in sackcloth, while, perhaps, they are really glad at heart. He was buried, and perhaps too, in a costly tomb; and that, so far as the world sees, was the end of the whole matter. One, however, who well knew, has told us the sequel of his history. It needs no exaggeration to make it more terrible. It furnishes a fearful contrast which every one can appreciate. *In hell he lifted up his eyes, pleading,*

but in vain, for one drop of water to cool his tongue, while *tormented in those flames!*

RICH BY INDUSTRY.

Such was the rich man who lived and died in ancient times. The world is older now, but not much wiser. There have been certain rich men, for the history of whose lives and deaths we are not compelled to go back eighteen hundred years; some of them rich by inheritance, others by their own assiduous labours. The images of a hundred step forth, that their portraits may be drawn, while one or two must suffice. Here is one, made rich by industry. The poor boy is smitten with the love of gold, and it becomes the absorbing object of his idolatrous pursuit. It is the waking and dreaming thought of his mind; the exclusive affection of his soul. He plods and labours like a galley slave for its attainment. He begins to accumulate. His eye sparkles with delight. Other successes follow, and the hoard seems to multiply itself. He reaches the point of his first expectations, but the feeling of avarice has grown in proportion. He has now other and higher points of achievement. The ten thousands have become hundred thousands. There is his wife, yet his love for gold is stronger than his love for her; there are his children, but the care of their health, their education, and more particularly their morals, is left for others. His busy mind is full of schemes. In the counting house, and by the way side, he is scheming. Nay, at his own fireside there is no genial flow of soul, no sweet charities of life, no domestic bliss; *schemes*, schemes of wealth, stocks, estates, mortgages, fill every cranny of the mind. He is excited to pleasure only when he is prospering in his bargains and doubling his money. The bone of his bone, and the flesh of his flesh are growing up into manhood; and yet he feels no deep wound of heart, that vice is fastening upon his sons as its victims, and vanity is eating out the sweetest sensibilities from the hearts of his daughters. Even amusements are rarely indulged by the rich man who has but one passion—to become still richer. Years pass on. His title deeds multiply beyond number; his estates spread out on every hand; beyond precedent almost, he is rich. The most extravagant expectations of his youth had never ventured to look forward to accumulation so vast. He has

in the meantime become old and infirm. Did he ever propose to himself the questions, Why do I want more? What use have I for what I now possess? He would have been puzzled to answer. It was certainly not with the intention of exercising charity towards others; for this he never had a taste. He did not seriously contemplate, in his constant exertions, the enriching of idle and worthless sons, although this is likely to be the result. It was not to supply his own reasonable wants, for a thousandth part of his gains would have done this. What then? He had laboured for money from a passion. He has esteemed it for its own sake. In his career he has made shipwreck of every gentle and noble feeling of his soul. He knows no pleasure but the pleasure of counting money; he has worshipped no God but the money-god. His whole mind and soul are converted into dollars and cents. After all what has he achieved? He totters along under his increasing infirmities, and is able to say, That pile of brick and mortar is mine. He sits in his counting room, and looks upon a shelf of musty parchments, and exclaims, There are my treasures! The world is no better for his life. None rise up to call him blessed. Bowed down with age, he has no pleasant reminiscences, no rational subjects for reflection. He instinctively fears death, yet he has no spiritual perceptions. He dares not think of God or eternity; perhaps after the wear and tear of so many years in the drudgery of the world, he could not do it if he would. It is one of the terrible effects of a worldly life, that it often deprives a man of his capabilities to learn the way of salvation. The faculties may be so stupefied as to resist every other means of arousing them, except the burning flames of Tophet. At length the worn out, useless, and abused body drops into the grave, unlamented and soon to be forgotten—the soul, ah! the undying soul of such a fool and madman, such a despiser of God and neglecter of eternity, where is it? Look at the first part of the 5th chapter of the Epistle of James!

RICH BY INHERITANCE.

We have seen the fate of the world's drudge, rich by toil: now look at one rich by inheritance. He possesses, not what he has acquired, but what has been left to him. He knows no business, or only knows to despise it. His coffers have

been filled by the toil of his predecessors, who have made shipwreck of their souls in accumulating it. His life is to be a life of ostentatious show and pleasure. He imitates Solomon in his degenerate days. He provides every luxury for the senses, and intends to tax them to the utmost bounds of endurance. Choice wines fill his cellars, music floats through his saloons, the feet of the merry dancers press his floors, and the revellers fill his hall. When others sleep, they are awake; and their weary frames only seek repose on the silken couch, when admonished by the approach of the grey dawn of the morning. In that stately mansion there is no Sabbath, no recognition of God. The eye and hand are familiar with the cards and dice, not with the Bible. Fashion may sometimes persuade the inmates to drive a splendid equipage to a church door, and spend an idle hour in listening to a formal sermon, which will be sure not to disturb their conscience. Religion, to them, is a vulgarity—a sheer fanaticism, from which they must keep aloof. The rich man again and again runs the round of pleasure. He lives by excitement. Is he never fatigued? Do his pleasures never cloy? Many are his experiences of this kind, and yet he tries them anew. Satiety comes at length; the monotony sickens him. He has drunk so deep of his sensual vices, that he begins to taste the dregs. Any thing for a change, that he may escape from scenes no longer pleasant, and faces that disgust from their familiarity. He is instructed, not made wise, and, like a poor dependent on others, he flees abroad, to try the resources of other lands. He sees what is to be seen, with little true relish; he mingles with others, who, like himself, are goading their flagging senses into activity; he settles in the gay metropolis, where a whole world is engaged in inventing and inviting to pleasures. It is some relief to engage in the rivalry to outshine others in the gorgeousness of equipages and the costliness of entertainments. Gaming furnishes another source of excitement. Lust and appetite offer themselves as obedient servitors. Such the pleasures of the rich worldling! “Exquisite!” says the tyro. “Nauseating!” responds the veteran. Physical nature, however compliant, may be driven beyond endurance. The penalty comes. Gout and dropsy are poor fruits for the purchase of wealth; and yet, by these and other means, men might be taught that the sinning members must suffer. The visits of death, too, are just as certain at the mansions of the

rich, as at the hovels of the poor. See the rich man after he has, for the last time, gone through the rounds of his sinful enjoyments, (for there is a last time,) and is now laid upon his bed to die. Reflection comes at last, and ah! how unwelcome! There are busy devils to stir up the muddy streams, which prevent one pure reflection. Imagination is under no necessity of creating new and fantastic forms to trouble; it need only embody the scenes of the past, and restore some of their lost vividness. Before the sick man's eyes the spectre troops of by-past sins pass along in array, each in its turn saying, "I will sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow." Nay, they sit heavy to-day. Busy memory exhibits its chronicle of oaths and impieties, and falsehoods and wicked flatteries that have been uttered. The Sabbath, the profaned Sabbath, has its record to exhibit. More than the shadows of many a gambling scene and intemperate revel flit before the vision. No earthly limner could so graphically draw the pictures of betrayed, ruined, and despairing females, lovely before the spoiler came, but fiends now, to torment him in anticipation. His eye glares, his bosom heaves; every countenance around him speaks, There is no hope; his heart responds, *There is no hope!* The despised cross of Christ is there only to make the weight heavier on the soul; the curse of the Almighty is there too, fixing with an iron grasp on the struggling captive. Next to the gloom of hell is the gloom of that sick man's chamber. Bankrupt, hopelessly bankrupt! His wealth mocks him, his agonies torment him; with a convulsive groan his soul is driven away in its wickedness, and in the lowest deep still finds a lower deep.

RICHERS IN THE CHURCH.

The world does not claim all the rich men. Within the pale of the visible Church some of them are to be found. Wealth is no positive *disqualification* in the candidate for a celestial crown, but it is a mighty *obstruction* to his attainment of it. The great teacher has said, "How *hardly* shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" And again, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." This is sufficiently startling. It was very natural for Agur to pray, "Give me not poverty," inasmuch as it generally brings with it many hardships and privations; but,

viewed in connexion with the Saviour's words, it was incomparably wiser, that he added the prayer, "Give me not riches." The one exposes a man to perilous temptations, the other exposes him to dangers of a still more serious nature. It might be supposed that the Saviour, by his comparison of the camel and the needle's eye, absolutely affirmed the impossibility of a rich man's salvation. This is not exactly the case. He explains his own declaration by subjoining, "How hard is it for them that *trust in riches* to enter into the kingdom of God!" The salvation of such is clearly impossible. This qualification may seem to diminish the danger of riches; and yet, a little examination will show that it only lessens it to a certain degree. How few among the rich are found who do not *trust* in their wealth! Not that they trust in its power to purchase heaven, but they *repose* in it, as a sufficient inheritance, and are prevented by it from looking further. They are naturally disposed to say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years—take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry." By the influence of wealth the soul is seduced from God. It forgets its dependence on his providence, having found what it regards as a surer dependence. It becomes proud, haughty, inflated with high notions of its own superiority. It enjoys the obsequious flatteries, and even the envy, of others. It is tempted thereby into a thousand sins, to which the poor man is not exposed. It brings a multiplicity of cares, which are unfriendly to growth in grace. It binds the heart to earth, and makes all spiritual exercises exceedingly difficult. In short, it is so hard for a rich man to feel that he is "a pilgrim and stranger on the earth," that it is next to impossible that he should so believe, think, and act, as to secure the crown of glory that fadeth not away. The experience of the world most fully corroborates the declarations of God's word on this subject; and if there be a rich man, whose affections are set on things in heaven, and not on things on earth, he may thank God, with trembling, that he has escaped the vortex which has engulfed thousands.

A RICH PROFESSOR.

Now for a few portraits. There was a certain rich man, who, when he was poor, waited upon God, and delighted in his service. Seemingly, he possessed godliness, and with it,

contentment. He had food and raiment for himself and household, and little besides. Did you hear him pray, he was fervent. Did you witness his contributions to the cause of religion, they were according to the ability which God had given him, and were rendered with cheerfulness. He wished he could do more; nay, he was persuaded, that had he been entrusted with wealth, he would have consecrated it to the service of Him, whom he professed to love as his chief joy. Perhaps this very thought became an inlet to temptation. He seemed to forget that God could accomplish as much with the two mites of the cheerful-giving widow, as with the rich gifts of the wealthy. His next thought was, how he could increase the means of his liberality. The path of industrious exertion was before him. He taxed his powers more fully. Providence seemed to smile upon his efforts. With increased prosperity, he increased, for a time, his thank-offerings. Mark his progress, ye who are becoming too much absorbed in the world! His commercial transactions were gradually, yet steadily encroaching upon the limits which, in his fancy, he had fixed for them. His devotions were not abandoned, but abridged, and less fervent; his gifts to the cause of Christ were not omitted, yet sadly disproportioned to the increase of his substance. Wealth had rendered him not more, but less liberal; and he might have detected, had he examined his heart, that the cordiality and whole-heartedness which he had felt while a poor man, were exchanged for reluctance and selfishness, now that he was rich. He soon learned the art of excusing himself from the liberality which had once been his delight. His expenditures were more extravagant upon his own household, and while adding thousands to thousands, he daily became a poorer man in every thing relating to the household of faith. Sad change! Where now was his religion? Not extinguished, perhaps, but obscured. Its vital power was no longer felt. The world, which had gained access to his heart, had chilled it. "I do not enjoy religion as I once did," was his confession; and how could he expect it, when he had embraced, and was actually worshipping the god of this world? His family suffered, too. They had become fashionable and proud—nay, vicious; and although in the midst of them was an altar, it had become dilapidated, and the sacred fire on it was extinguished. Now comes the decline of life. It was like the setting of the sun in a cloud. No cheering light was

shed upon the evening's close. Faith had no supports to offer; hope had no smile. In despondency he sunk down into the grave, leaving suspicion in the minds of survivors, whether, indeed, death had been despoiled of his victory. Such was the beginning, such was the end. O, accursed love of gold, how many triumphant exits from life hast thou prevented! This rich man had made his will. Was it the *last will* of a Christian? Christ was not recognized in it; his suffering poor had no legacy by it; it never remembered that the Church of Christ had any wants. Sons and daughters were indeed remembered; and these are now expending those thousands in fashionable vice, which their *Christian* father had accumulated at the expense of his religious enjoyments, if not of his soul!

THE RICH MINISTER.

Another portrait. In sketching it, we must enter within the precincts of the sacred office. First contemplate that youth. His origin is humble, and yet in his face are the fine lineaments of one of nature's noblemen. Against the adverse circumstances of birth and station, his intellectual powers are struggling for the pre-eminence he is one day to achieve. Aspiring, and ambitious of literary distinction, he overleaps every obstruction, until the facilities of acquiring all that the schools can teach, are furnished by the liberality of others. He rapidly improves; he lays up the lore of learning, and in mid progress a higher distinction awaits him; the Spirit of all grace touches his heart, and transforms him into a child of God. His literary efforts are not relaxed, but sanctified; and with a full heart, all his acquisitions are laid upon the altar of God. At length we see him in the pulpit. How commanding his personal appearance! In every look and gesture dignity and benevolence are blended. He *prays*, and every heart seems to feel the fervour and unction of his addresses to the throne of grace. He *preaches*, and the crowded auditory is held spell-bound, as he eloquently "reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." He has caught the ear of the listening throng, and is applauded by those whose praise might well awaken pride. The ordeal through which a popular preacher has to pass, is one so unfriendly to humility, that few bear the trial unscathed. To say that the subject of our sketch saw the

eager crowds following him, and heard his own commendations from the lips of the learned, and the lips of the beautiful, without injury to his spiritual interests, would be saying too much. He was a mortal, and the flattery found its way to his heart. Another stage, and he is married to one who was willing to lay all her charms, as well as her ample fortune, at his feet. He had suddenly become rich by marriage. "How fortunate!" cries the world. We shall see. The end must be connected with the beginning, in summing up a man's life. For a season all things seemed to smile propitiously. He was rich, and that awakened the respect of others; he had ample means, and that rendered him independent of the Church, which is too apt to regard the support they render the ministry as a gift which places it under peculiar obligation. Still he preaches eloquently. Another stage occurs. His studies are pursued less sedulously, his pastoral duties are intermitted, his associations have become more worldly. The rich and fashionable wife has not proved a help-meet; her profession of religion had nothing to do with the heart, and gradually, but certainly, her example has proved pernicious. How can two walk together except they be agreed? And in the conjugal relation, how often is the bad example more constraining than the good! The children of such ill assorted matches are almost always inclined to follow the worldly parent. So in this case. The minister of the gospel had placed himself in a situation in which he was daily tempted to relax his views. His children must be prepared to enter into that circle of society in which the wife had always moved. They must be possessed of all the fashionable accomplishments without regard to clerical strictness. Another stage follows. The minister has, in the mismanagement of his own family, lost the respect of his flock, and in fact his own self-respect. His influence declines. His ear, so long accustomed to flattery, now hears complaints, which are more afflictive, because they are just. Family religion has become a form, often interrupted by company, and often laid aside, because, with the exception of himself, none feel bound in conscience to attend upon it. Painful to his mind is the contrast between his present condition, as a rich minister, and his former condition, as a poor and pious student. And is this all that wealth has done for him? Alas! it has done more. His sons become the gay and extravagant leaders of fashion, and by a steady descent,

licentious and vicious. Beyond his control, he can only say with Eli, "Nay, my sons, for it is no good report that I hear." Family misrule ends in family misery. The father sees his own offspring absorbed in the world, and some of them wholly ruined. He is alone, without a wife to sympathize in his sorrows, and his spirit has become embittered. He begins to awake, but too late. Conscience stings him for the sins of the past. His worldly compliances, his ministerial unfaithfulness, his religious neglects, his lost usefulness, his degradation, in his own person, of the ministerial character, his deserted studies, all have a stern rebuke now to utter, and these, added to his domestic troubles, render him miserable indeed. A thousand times does he curse the gold, which glistened only to betray him; and witnessing its fruits, its present possession produces a pang, as if a sword had entered his vitals. He dies broken down in spirit, broken in heart, injured in reputation, with his last thoughts, which should be exclusively given to God, disturbed and agitated, by the sad reflection, that he is leaving behind him a family enriched, but ruined. Shall he have an epitaph? Thus it must run :

Here lie the unhonoured remains
of one
Who forgot his high calling,
and deserted a noble career of usefulness,
Being seduced by flattery,
and the world's wealth.

A RARE RICH MAN.

It should not be pretended that wealth in all cases produces the same evils to the same extent. Our portraits are designed to delineate effects by combining, in one picture, features which are often found separately. There are, almost uniformly, evils resulting from the possession of wealth, but they are not always aggregated. They lead to pride in one instance, to extravagance in another, to penuriousness and avarice in a third, to worldly conformity and coldness in religion in a fourth; and so of other consequences, while, occasionally, striking examples are furnished in which the evils are found in clusters. Wherever we turn our eyes, we see that the mass of wealth is devoted to the support and perpetuation of the depravity which characterizes the race.

Money is the chief object of pursuit, and its acquisition desired that it may be expended on men's lusts. Christians may possess it, but, as a general rule, they are not the most eminent for their spirituality and zeal. It will eat as doth a canker, if it be not closely watched, and counteracted by mighty prayer. "They have grown rich," may be said of many Christians, yet how seldom is it added, "with all their wealth, they have become more heavenly-minded!" Christians, who are in earnest for their soul's salvation, little know what they do, when striving after the world's riches. Who that would soar aloft, would suspend heavy weights to his wings? David's piety was not improved by his wealth, and Solomon's was most sadly eclipsed. Now and then, however, a "Joseph of Arimathea" may be found; a rich man, and yet truly devoted to the Saviour. Grace is mighty, and within the scope of its achievements, it may preserve a soul from injury even from this prolific source of evil. Such cases are distinguished by their rarity. It was a singularly rich and rare reply of an eminent Christian who had suddenly fallen heir to a large estate, to the anxious inquiry of a friend, "Before I had wealth I enjoyed all things in God, and now that I have wealth, I enjoy God in all things." How few can truly say this!

Plousios, to use a fictitious name, was one who remarkably escaped the hurt which a princely inheritance is apt to inflict. He had been taught in the school of Christ, who, although Lord of all, instructed his disciples not to set their affections on things below, but on things in heaven. He realized the brevity and vanity of life; he knew that his personal wants were few, and could be easily supplied; while at his large revenue he looked, not as a god to be worshipped, not as a dependence to be hoarded up, not as a means of sensual gratification, but as an instrument to be employed in works of usefulness. As a steward of God, he never forgot that his Lord, in entrusting him with this wealth, had solemnly said to him, "Occupy until I come." He was well aware, if he could multiply his ten talents into twenty by their useful application, he would hear the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and enjoy his reward in his Master's smiles; but if he should wrap them in a napkin, and let them rust in unusefulness; or if he should squander them in sin, he would have to encounter an angry judge, and a severe doom. Such the principle with which he set out, and in

accordance with this was his practice. Plain and unostentatious in his habits, he used the world without abusing it. Losing sight of mere self, his daily inquiry was, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" He received an answer, and agreeably to it, his acts of public and private benevolence were multiplied. The drafts which the Lord's poor presented to him, were always accepted and promptly paid, for he could discern on them his Lord's signature. The cry of the heathen, perishing in their blindness, never fell on his ear without awakening a *working* sympathy, which is a very different thing from that sympathy which contents itself with *saying*, "Be ye warmed and filled." From his storehouse came help for the meritorious, instruction for the ignorant, relief for the oppressed. Many of God's ambassadors, poor in this world, found their burden lightened by his liberality, and many grateful bands of Christians, while worshipping God in company, could say, Our houses of prayer were reared by his benevolence. "His gift" was inscribed on many precious treatises which carried hope and consolation to the habitations of sinner and saint. With none of that silly and unworthy pride which can sacrifice all the sweet charities of life to achieve a posthumous fame by inscribing a name on a hospital or college, he resolved that the world should be better and happier for his wealth while he lived. His fountain was full, and it was his pleasure to make a thousand channels in every direction, by which the refreshing streams might be widely distributed. Like Job, he could say, "I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out." Most men are not prepared with their aid, when objects of charity *search them out*, and hence it is a rare merit to possess a benevolence which will run in search of objects of charity. Often was he annoyed. Many that were niggardly with their own means were officious in dictating to him the time, manner, and amount of his gifts, and others unreasonably assailed him with their importunities. This he felt to be one of the difficulties of his stewardship. He rose superior to it. He suffered it not to chill the glow of his feelings, or to arrest his hand. To please God, and not man, was his high aim. Did he glory in his benevolence? Did he rely upon it as a Saviour? Hear him in his retirement, acknowledging himself to be an unprofitable servant, and listen to his cry for mercy as a sinner. See his humble

attitude as a worshipper of God, and see his countenance, irradiated with hope, as he prostrates himself at the foot of the cross, and judge whether self-glorification is the spring of his benevolence. He is a cheerful giver, because the Lord loveth such; he is a liberal giver, because such is his Lord's requirement; he is a conscientious giver, knowing that he is to give an account. Grace has taught him the way to be happy, by contributing to the happiness of others. He has made friends of the worldly mammon by converting it to a good use, while multitudes perverting it as fuel to their lusts, shall weep and howl for the miseries that are coming upon them.

A POSTSCRIPT.

To enforce and give emphasis to what has been said, we will subjoin what none can with impunity gainsay, **THUS SAITH THE LORD.**

“They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness.” 1 Tim. vi. 9–11.

“Labour not to be rich.” Prov. xxiii. 4.

“There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt.” Ecc. v. 13.

“The cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches,

and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful." Mark iv. 19.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal—for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. vi. 19, 21.

"Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Matt. vi. 24.

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Mark viii. 36.

"Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation." Luke vi. 24.

"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." Luke xii. 20, 21.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Psalm xli. 1.

"The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth, shall be watered also himself." Prov. xi. 25.

"Distributing to the necessity of saints." Rom. xii. 13.

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good; that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." 1 Tim. vi. 17–19.

"He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver." 2 Cor. ix. 6-8.

"Freely ye have received, freely give." Matt. x. 8.

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