ON AVARICE & COVETOUSNESS

GOD MADE MAN AND MAN MADE MONEY,
GOD MADE BEES, AND BEES MADE HONEY.

For what purpose was man created?

I say at once to love, serve, and obey his Maker; and, do all the good he can...without meddling into the business of others.

BUT---Generally speaking,

HE'D RATHER BELIEVE THAT THE CHIEF END OF MAN IS TO KEEP WHAT HE'S GOT, AND GET WHAT HE CAN!

Adam-man has made money his chief end, whether he is designed for it or not...How quickly human nature falls into revolt when gold becomes his loving objective...

Covetous men are fools, miserable wretches who live for themselves in perpetual slavery. Fear, suspicion, sorrow, discontent are their lot. They have more of gall than honey in their enjoyments; peoples possessed by their money than possesors of it.

Go where you will among Nations: the enlightened, the civilized tribes, half-civilized, savage, heathen, barbarian, unitarian, trinitarian, bibletarian, nothingarian...MONEY is the universal 'god' bowed down unto; MAMMON---the 'god' of the whole cantankerous creation!

There is but ONE greater, and more powerful; it makes me feel sad to say this greater ONE is most shamefully slighted by unholy attentions paid the other...

The difference?

One is worshipped six days in the week---aye, seven. While the other is seemingly worshipped only one day a week---And in thousands of cases not even that; neither is HE given a passing look.

Hang down your heads ye proselytes of MAMMON! Ye pre-converted Matthews; Jacobite decievers...Behold! The brook Jabbok is ever before you!

I blush for the shameful truth I must fire away at you! Steel-jacketed bullets of pure conviction; with these I mean to pierce your blackened hearts which have been converted in treasuries of avaricious gain getting, hard-currency, covetous thoughts continually.

<u>Suppose</u> <u>I</u> <u>say</u>: In the super-abundance of truth and honesty...That you were all worshippers of false 'gods,' as are those pagan idolaters from the East. <u>Suppose</u> <u>I</u> <u>say</u> <u>this</u>: What might you do unto me?

Perhaps you might tar & feather me---Or, ride me out of town on a rail, (adverse as I am to such a mode of travel.) Or else persecute me to the full extent of lynch law...

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