

They see a charmed circle somewhere, and they desire to clamber into it. And this is to be accomplished, not in virtue of what they really are, but in virtue of some of the accidents which are attached to them. Their charmed circle is one of externalism. Its marks are wealth, fashion, a certain order of outward show, and a certain round of conventional excitement. Mr. A. toils steadily in his counting-house. He feels the dollars swelling his purse more distinctly than he feels the blood filling his veins. He builds a mansion on the most eligible street. He garnishes it with soft carpets, and rich tapestries, and polished mirrors. He places his wife and daughters in a carriage, wherein they drive on weekdays to the fashionable milliner's, and on Sundays to the fashionable church. What splendid success in Life! cogitates young Mr. B., his clerk, as he folds his dry goods, or handles his hardware, or sells his teas. How fine! sighs young Miss C., in her less showy home, as she thinks of the tapestries, and sees the carriage. In this way the ambition of the young man and the young woman is stimulated to an outward and showy form of Life. The one will toil for it. The other will marry for it. Their capacity and their culture are alike limited. They multiply after their kind. And so a wretched externalism is propagated from age to age.

It would be easy to show the practical atheism of this form of Life. It would be easy to show how the great God is ignored by it, His perfections unapprehended, His providence unheeded, His love unappreciated. It would be easy to show how the nature of man is wronged by it—how his intellect is defrauded, his conscience distorted, and his affections misled. Its falsity, and its failure to