

cally worships horses, and is found absorbed in the race-course, gets "horsey"—has the smell of the stable, the look of the jockey. The devotee of fashion becomes the mere animated tailor's dummy or wax doll. Beau Brummel spent four thousand dollars a year on his wardrobe ; spent three hours sometimes in artistic tying of a starched cravat, and invited a score of friends to witness his feat. Such a man has no character, except what he wears on his back, and that is made at so much the yard, in the tailor's shop. How hollow and shallow grow the fashionable women at our watering-places, who have nothing to do from morn to night but to dress three or four times a day, comb or curl their hair, and study to give impression of a boundless resource of wardrobe and wealth ! And the worshipper of money ! A coin is hard and unimpressible ; it has a metallic ring. He who makes an idol of money gets to be hard, unimpressible, irresponsible ; he gets the ring of metal, and "drops into his coffin with a chink" ! There was a manufacturer in Britain, who for a score of years spent his time in counting over his hoarded sovereigns, daily repeating the process that he might gloat his eyes over his treasure. Such a man worships the golden calf, and becomes a golden calf himself. Those who idolize worldly pleasure get to be frivolous and empty, incapable of seriousness and sobriety, like the crackling of thorns under a pot. Those who pursue fame, the bauble or bubble of reputation, become as a bauble or bubble, dazzling but unsubstantial, mere illusions of display. Even culture, made an idol, transforms a man into a bookish semblance of true manhood, stiff, stately, to be jealously guarded from all defiling contact with common folk, securely shelved behind glass doors !

III. A third result of greed is moral and spiritual *atrophy*. This word means, in medicine, an emaciation or wasting of the body for want of nourishment. In some cases the stomach, kidneys, liver, lungs shrink to one third of their natural dimensions. There is a corresponding emaciation of soul—a contraction of the intellectual and moral faculties, a consumption of vital powers, an absolute loss of function. Simple selfishness may atrophize the soul, until sympathy and sensibility are lost, and one can look calmly on sorrow and suffering unmoved. The benevolent impulses grow by exercise, and shrivel from want of true activity. Inaction becomes incapacity for action. True life grows by its very exhaustion, as the stream that pours from the spring leaves room for water to pour into it. To restrain noble action is to become incapacitated for noble action. When one gratifies good and unselfish motives, he becomes magnanimous, great-souled. When he learns to concentrate all upon himself, the very process by which he hopes to enlarge, belittles, he becomes pusillanimous, little-souled. Indulgence of self seems harmless, but it is dangerous. Simply to say, "I want this, and, therefore, will have it," is destructive of the highest type of manhood. In the fable of the "Magic Skin" the wearer got every wish, but with every fulfilled wish the skin shrank, and held him the tighter, until with the last gratification life itself