

most safe ; and the fear of contagion, which in the one case, absorbs the poison into the veins of the body, repulses in the other the temptation from the mind.

The excess, to which this master-passion is carried, perverts our just and natural estimate of happiness. It cannot be otherwise when that which is but a means is elevated into the greatest of ends ; when that which gives command over some physical comforts becomes the object of intense desire than all blessings intellectual and moral, and we live to get rich, instead of getting rich that we may live. The mere lapse of years is not life ; to eat and drink and sleep : to be exposed to the darkness and the light : to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth : to make reason a book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade,—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened : and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence ; the laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt that makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being. But these things, which penetrate to the very core and marrow of existence, the votaries of riches are apt to fly ; they like not any thing that touches the central and immortal consciousness ; they hurry away from occasions of sympathy into the snug retreat of self ; escape from life into the pretended cares for a livelihood ; and