

his eloquence, mistake his own imagination and the vehemence of his passions, for an impulse of the Holy Spirit? What flaming pulpit-orator does not sometimes launch forth into descriptions of the deluge, or of the judgment-day, giving all the accompaniments of scenery and action in dramatic style, without stopping to ask whether he has any evidence that all this is true?

Every kind of affectation is a species of falsehood. And of this, society is full. A putting on of appearances, showing off the best side of things, and concealment of the rest. What arts are resorted to, to hide poverty, or low birth, or vulgar relations, or an empty mind! There is a concealed falsehood in the impression which almost every man tries to give every other man of himself of his attainments. Where is the man that is willing to pass for just what he is worth, and no more? Take our literary, and scientific, and political men; and, great as they may be, there is hardly one who does not overrate his importance, and the space which he fills in the world's eye. They are commonly surrounded by a clique of admirers, whose praise is to them as the voice of the world. They are puffed up by constant adulation, till they forget that modesty which becomes all men, and which is most beautiful in superior minds.

What man of science is willing to confess how little he knows? Newton did confess this; and he is almost as celebrated for this confession as for his great attainments. What man of learning is wholly free from pedantry, or does not sometimes, because he knows a little more than those around him, try to show himself off, as if his knowledge were unfathomable? What petty writer does not occasionally take airs to himself, among the ignorant, as "a man of letters?" What bustling politician does not really think his life and political labours of vital importance to the safety of his country? or dares to acknowledge to himself or to others, that if he were blotted out of existence, summer and winter, day and night, would not cease? In short, who on earth does not try to palm himself off on his fellow-men for more than he is worth? Thus, "every man walketh in a vain show."

If we turn from this judgment which every man forms of himself, and which is almost never according to truth, to the intercourse of men with one another, we are astounded at the heartiness and hypocrisy which are revealed to us. The intercourse of fashionable society is almost all insincerity, varnished over with a thin polish of manners. What are the compliments and flat-