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MONDAY MORNING, JULY 11, 1859.

THE HONEY GOD.

One would imagine that a homily on the inordinate love of money would be of all moral lectures the most easily dispensed with. Are we not warned against avarice even from our schoolboy days? Do not our pale books tell us emphatically that the love of money is the root of all evil? And as we grow up, and attend Divine service on the Sabbath, does not the minister of God repeatedly set forth the dangers which accompany too strong an attachment to filthy lucre? In fact, on all sides we receive salutary admonition and wholesome advice. We are constantly reminded of the impossibility of serving two masters—that we cannot love God and Mammon. There is no lack of sober counsel, of earnest appeal, of fervent entreaty, of rational explanation, and yet, despite the men in a hundred listen and yet, despite knowledge, and despite practically ignore the whole of these precepts by their lives and conduct. The sleek and demure citizen who bows with seeming reverence to a sermon on charity, is ready the next day to take him by the throat, with a "Pay me what you owest, or abide the harsh judgment of the law!" Nay, the preacher himself who, with so much of eloquence and unction, points out the unhappy influence on the heart and mind of the passion of avarice, is in most cases be ready to abandon his pulpit and travel from Dan to Beersheeba for the sake of a few hundred dollars additional salary. Theoretically they are all ready to admit that avarice is at once the most unreasonable, most sordid of passions; that the possession never increases the sum of individual happiness; that it always fails to bring contentment; that it grows on what it feeds, becomes perfectly insatiable, and embraces at no friend or dishonesty for its gratification—yet practically they all worship with more or less devotion at the shrine of the Mammon of unrighteousness.

It has been said, we know not with how much truth, that the debasing passion is more generally prevalent in the United States than elsewhere and the fact is sought to be explained by that irrepressible impulse of our nature which creates social inequalities and distinctions. In European States, where titles of nobility are recognized, both are accustomed to offer an artificial dignity which gives the favored possessor claim to the ignoble sword, and constitutes an aristocracy, of which, although wealth is usually a characteristic, it is not an indispensable condition. In an American republican land, political equality places the millionaire and the mechanic on the same level. As, therefore, the superiority in birth is denied, and that of station is of no importance, the pride of man endeavors to create an artificial standard of superiority by making money the test of position. Thus we are said to have a vicious and bastard aristocracy; a vile caricature of that of Europe, for the latter, if not founded on the empty pretension of ancient descent, has in the course of time been invigorated and adorned by the order of intellect, the noblest patriotism, the unshrinking courage, and many of the virtues and graces which, whereas an aristocracy merely resting on the possession of riches must necessarily be superficial, corrupted, arrogant and destitute of a claim to respect and regard. An aristocrat artisan who can neither read nor write correctly may ascend to the very top of the ladder, while poverty-stricken genius sinks beneath.

We are afraid that too much of this despising prevades American society. Sometimes we perceive a man of every grade in life struggling hard for the attainment of a high station by engaging heart and soul in the pursuit of money; by paying undue homage to wealth, and by meanly associating with those of exaggerated fortunes. Now, we are certainly not the men to