

'How are all your family, John—Mrs. Clod and the little ones,' said an office seeking lawyer to a man in his neighbourhood, who was mending the public road. 'Pretty well, I thank you, said he. 'I am glad to hear it,' said the other—'What's the news?'—'Why, I guess, (replied John,) we shall have an election very soon.' 'Why so?' 'Because you are so glad to hear that Mrs. Clod and the little ones are well,' returned the labourer with a look that told the lawyer he had better be off.

A V A R I C E.

If we con over the dark catalogue of the miseries of man, how great a proportion will be found to be the result of this baneful passion. What peoples our state prisons—what fills our penitentiaries? Avarice. What locks up every noble and generous sentiment of the soul, and chills even friendship and love? Gold—which, like a Gorgon's head, turns the heart to stone.

What clouds the brow—what blanches the cheek—what wrinkles the forehead—what petrifies the heart? Plutus and Mammon will answer. Where hath the sun of consolation never shone? In the miser's bosom. Who has never received the homage of an unbought smile? Who hath blood in his eyes and upon his hands, but none in his heart? The lover of gold.

When the stealing sands of our numbered hours are well nigh finished—when the soul seems to quiver upon the lip, where then is the omnipotent power of gold? What though the dreary passage to the tomb be paved with glittering diamonds—will it not still be called the 'dark valley of the shadow of death?' Point the trembling, shivering soul to the overflowing coffers, wrung, perchance, from the hard hand of poverty, or wrested from the lone widow and helpless orphan—and would this remove a single thorn from the pillow of the dying? would this bestrew his rugged pathway with flowers? would the consciousness of his vast possessions add one more pulse to his palpitating heart?