The Independent.

Deboted to Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature

J. W. ROBERTS, Editor and Proprietor. OSKALOOSA, KANSAS, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1860. VOLUME 1. NO. 17.

THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, IN

Oskaloosa, Jefferson County, Kansas.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copy one year, in advance -	$2.00.
Ten copies one year to one address	15.00.
Twenty " " " " "	25.00.
Fifty " " " " "	50.00.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, 13 lines or less, first insertion	$1 00
" " each additional "	50
" " two months,	2 50
" " three "	4 00
" " six "	7 00
" " twelve "	10 00
One quarter of a column three months,	10 00
" six "	15 00
" twelve "	25 00
Changeable quarterly	30 00
One half of a column three "	15 00
" six "	25 00
" twelve "	40 00
Changeable quarterly	50 00
One column three months,	30 00
" six "	45 00
" twelve "	60 00
Changeable quarterly	75 00

Editorial notices 30 cents per line; Local 15 cents. For announcing the names of candidates for office, one dollar and a half each, to be paid in advance. Yearly advertisers will be required to pay quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance. Communications of a personal character will be charged one dollar per square, to be set in nonpareil.

Business Cards.

J. GILL SPIVEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
GENERAL LAND AGENT.
Oskaloosa, Jefferson Co., Kansas.
Office south side of Public Square, next door to Newhouse's store. 2-1y

E. B. JOHNSON, M. D.,
PHYICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on west side of Square, in the office formerly occupied by Dr. A. J. Pierce. Residence corner of Liberty and Herkimer sts., Oskaloosa. Jefferson County, K. T. 8-tf

W. N. ALLEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OSKALOOSA, KANSAS.
Will practice in the Courts of Jefferson County. ☞ Particular attention paid to the payment of taxes in Jefferson County. ☞ tf

J. L. SPEER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
ROCK CREEK TOWNSHIP,
(Five miles west of Osawkee.)
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. 4-3mpd

JOSEPH COCHRANE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OSKALOOSA, KANSAS,
Office North side of the Public Square,
Will attend to the payment of taxes for non-residents, and buy and sell Real Estate.
Collections made and promptly remitted. -tf

JAMES L. CARTER,
—DEALER IN—
DRUGS, BOOKS & STATIONERY.
PERFUMERY, PAINTS, OILS,
YE-STUFFS, &C., &C.,
Commercial Street, between Second & Third
ATCHISON, KANSAS.

DANIEL W. ADAMS.
Commission, Storage,
AND
FORWARDING MERCHANT,
ATCHISON, - - - - - KANSAS.
☞ Particular attention paid to receiving, and forwarding goods to the interior.

S. W. JOHNSTON. S. A. STINSON. E. P. HAVENS
JOHNSTON, STINSON & HAVENS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
(Office corner Main and Delaware Sts.)
LEAVENWORTH CITY, KANSAS.

JAMES M'CAHON,
ATTTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Leavenworth, Kansas.
Will practice in the District Courts of Jefferson and Jackson Counties. 3tf

JOHN H. PRICE, Atchison. T. A. STEVENSON Oskaloosa.
PRICE & STEVENSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
OSKALOOSA, KANSAS.
Will practice Law in Jefferson and adjoining Counties. Pay taxes for nonresidents. Especial attention given to Collections. A retainer of either member of the firm will secure the services of both.

Original Poetry.

[Written for the Independent.

ANNIE LEE.

Gentle, and tender and true,
Is the heart of Annie Lee,
And her eyes are as bright and as deeply blue
As the waves on the summer sea;
And her tresses wear as jetty a hue
As the raven that calls to me.

Children together were we of yore,
When the summer days were fair and bright;
And in gladness we dwelt, on the sunny shore
Of a silver lake, where lilies white
Slept on the foamy ripples that bore
The soft south wind on its loving flight.

Pure as the zephyr that stirs
The dew-laden roses at morn,
And sweet as the odor of summer firs,
Were our lives in the days that are gone;
We loved; but a sister's affection was hers,
While mine was of madness born.

Deeply I loved; but another one
Plucked the bloom I had watched and tended,
And left to my famished heart, alone
The fragrance that from its cup ascended;
O blessed Friendship! thou wast mine own
When the sad spell of love was ended.

Gayly the marriage bells
Fling music to and fro;
The marriage guests came up from the dells
To the church embowered in yew;
The anthem rose in tremulous swells,—
And my heart was still with woe.

We sometimes meet 'neath the purple sky,
And she gives me her hand so small and fair,
I clasp it gently, and breathe a sigh,
And she wonders and grieves at the look I wear;
I start and tremble; she knows not why,
And I turn away to my own despair.

Beat, beat, beat,
O heart! o'er burdened with pain!
Blithe are the birds and the flowers are sweet,
Blessing the summer rain;
And dear is their joy when lovers meet,—
But I will not love again.

J. L. MARSH.

Pictures of Life.

THE STORY OF VIRGINIA.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The *Forum Romanum* is the most interesting portion of ancient Rome. It was the scene of many of the important and thrilling events in her history.

The Forum was a large public place where most of the business of the city, civil and commercial, was transacted, where markets and courts were held, and where the people gathered to hear orations, and to witness great military and royal displays.

It was surrounded by magnificent temples of gleaming white marble, adorned with beautiful sculpture, and its principal thoroughfares or vias were spanned by stately triumphal arches.

None of the mighty temples are now standing, though their ruins are on every side; but two of these arches remain—the arch of Septimius Severus and the arch of Titus. Septimius Severus was an emperor who reigned in Rome about two hundred years after Christ. Titus was the son of the Emperor Vespasian, in whose reign Jerusalem was destroyed. It was Titus who took that unhappy city by storm, seventy-two years after the time of her rejected and crucified Lord.

On his return to Rome, Titus was received with great honors. To commemorate his victory, a trimpal arch was built. On the side of this were sculptures, representing the conquerors returning with captives and spoils.—Among the trophies there are yet to be seen the golden, seven-branched candlesticks of the Holy Temple. It is said that no Jew in Rome has ever been known to pass under this monument of the humiliations and woes of his nation.

In the Forum the ancient rulers of Rome held tribunals and passed judgment—sometimes outrageously wicked and unjust.

Before the judgment seat of the Forum, among other sad tragedies, occurred one which I will venture to relate, though it has been far better told by great historians and poets than I can tell it.

About four hundred and fifty years before Christ, one Appius Claudis ruled in Rome as chief of a council of ten senators, called Decemvirs. He was a cruel, tyrannical, man, who soon made himself thoroughly detested by the people—but, supported by the other Decemvirs, he was, thought too powerful to be put down. So the brave Romans submitted for a time to his odious government.

Appius Claudius used to come to the Forum in great state and pride, attended by twelve grim soldiers, armed with gleaming battle-axes. He frowned haughtily upon the people, who gave him looks of surly hatred in return; and he stalked past the majestic temples as though his presence were an honor and a glory to all Rome, instead of the shame and terror it was, blackening the brightest day, like a lowering thunder-cloud.

Appius Claudius had a follower, a sort of "poor relation," one Marcus Claudius, who was ever at Decemvir's heels, eager to do his bidding, zealous to carry out his vilest and most wicked designs.

One afternoon, when Appius was in the Forum, with Marcus as usual in attendance, a young girl, returning home from school, with her tablets in her hand and her satchel on her arm went tripping gaily past them. She glanced at the villainous pair, with a pretty scorn curling in her red lips and flashing from her sweet dark eyes, but showed no fear, for she was as brave as she was innocent. So happy had been her life, and so free from care, that she was as gay as a wild bird; and now, as she went half dancing up the Via Sacra, or Sacred street, she warbled blithely to herself, in a glad, melodious voice, which made many a heavy heart lighter for a little while.

The merchants, artisans and market people of the Forum all seemed to know the child; and many a rough black-bearded man greeted her kindly, or kissed his hard, brown hand to her as she passed. She was the sunshine that shone down the thunder-cloud of the Forum.

The evil eye of Appius Claudius fell on the young girl—then fastened on her with an eager, admiring look.—When she had passed from sight, he turned to Marcus and asked,

"Who is the beautiful maiden ?"

"She is the daughter of the soldier Virginius, my lord. Her name is Virginia."

"I must have her, Marcus !" said Appius, setting his cruel lips together.

"She is a plebian, my lord; thou canst not make her thy wife, moreover, she is betrothed to the young Icilius.

There was then a law in Rome forbidding the patricians, or nobles, marrying with the plebians, or common people.

"I care not," answered the Decemvir, "for Icilius, Virginia, or any other base plebian, and I want no wife; but I will have this girl ! Dost hear, Marcus ?"

"I hear, and my gracious lord shall have his will," replied Marcus, with an ugly smile on his evil face.

The next morning Appius Claudius came with a strong guard to the judgment seat of the Forum. By the defiant, and yet guilty way in which he glowered around upon the people, they knew that some mischief was brewing.

Yet, in spite of him, a smile ran along the Forum, as the young Virginia came laughing and bounding by on her way to school. But in a moment the smiles of the citizens were changed to looks of indignation and honor, and the laughter of the maiden into shrieks of fear, as the vile Marcus sprang suddenly forth from the side of his master, and seized her rudely by the arm, saying, "Aha ! I have caught you at last, my pretty little piece of property ?"

In an instant a great tumult arose. The friends of Virginia—and she had more friends than had been counted on in the Forum—rushed forward, smiths, merchants, market men, burly butchers—all with fierce tones and threatening gestures commanding Marcus to let go of the little maiden.

"I will not !" the villain replied; "she is mine own, as much as my horse or my dog ? She is my slave ! She was born in my house, and stolen away ere she was a day old, and sold to the childless wife of Virginius the Centurion I claim but my right; if ye interfere with that, ye rebel against the sacred laws of the State, and blaspheme against the gods ! Besides, gentlemen will please remember I have a friend in Appius Claudius, and that whosoever does me wrong must look out for his vengeance."

At this the people were frghtened, and shrunk away at the mere name of the tyrant, leaving poor Virginia to shriek in vain for help. Icilius, whose wife she would have been in a few years, made an eloquent and indignant speech to the people, declaring the whole story told by Marcus a wicked and cowardly lie. Of course everybody knew that from the first, and was convinced that Marcus was only acting as the tool of the base Appius; yet none dared to attempt a rescue. Virginius was sent for, but only came to see his beloved daughter dragged before the judgment seat of the tyrant—and there, in spite of her tears and prayers and of the solemn oath of her father, given over to Marcus Claudius as his slave.

Then, when all hope was gone—when groans and hisses and cries of 'shame' arose from the crowd—when Icilius became almost frantic with grief, and Virginia shrieked aloud in her despair, Virginius became strangely calm—his white lips were set, and his sad eyes gleamed with a sudden, heroic resolve. Calmly he craved the privilege of a few last words with his daughter. Appius sullenly granted this request, and Virginius drew the girl apart from the crowd a little way, and paused with her beside a butcher's stall. There on a block, lay a knife, which he quickly caught up and hid in the folds of his toga, or robe. Then he talked with her, tenderly and solemnly; and she, stilling her wild sobs, listened quietly.

"My dear little girl," he said, "thou hast been a good and loving child to me alway—the light of my home, the joy and hope of my heart. Now thy poor father will have no one to meet him with a glad greeting at the threshold, when he comes home, worn and weary from the wars. His once happy house will henceforth be silent and lonely. We must part, beloved child. See ! thy masters are impatient—they think our farewells tedious. Virginia, my own dear little girl, I cannot see thee a slave—compelled to bear insults and blows, shame and outrage, such as thine innocent heart has never even dreamed of. There is but one way for thy father to save thee from such a fate. Thou dost see this knife ?" Virginia started, but did not shrink away. "Thou dost understand me, dear ?" She bowed her head and whispered, "I am ready, father !" "Then give me one kiss, my darling, and try to smile on me with thy mother's smile, once more. There, that was bravely done ! Now shut thine eyes."

In another moment the dreadful deed was done ! With his own loving hand he had struck the sharp knife deep into her tender side ! She sunk slowly to the ground, cast a yearning look upon her father, and with one low, sobbing cry was dead !

Virginius caught the knife from the wound, and rushing before the judgment-seat and holding the dripping blade on high, cursed Appius Claudius with a fearful, solemn curse. Then he strode away across the Forum to his house. So horror-struck was the Decemvir, that for some moments he could not speak — and when he found voice to order his soldiers to arrest the wronged man, no one would obey him. In fact, the whole Forum was already in a state of rebellion. The crowd that gathered around the dead Virginia, and followed the friends who bore her to her home, shouted threats and curses against the tyrant. Soon, headed by Icilius and other brave leaders, they attacked the judgment-seat and its guard of soldiers, with stones, bricks, and whatever weapon they could find. Appius Claudius ran through the streets, with torn robe and bleeding and blackened face, but found refuge in the house of a friend, where he lay concealed for some days.

Meanwhile Virginius had ridden to his camp, told his story, and showed the bloody knife with which he had freed his daughter from slavery and shame. The whole army aroused and marched to Rome, to avenge the great wrong. They called upon the common people to put down the Decemvirs and elect Tribunes of their own — and it was done. Appius Claudius was ferreted out and thrown into prison, where he soon died by his own hand.

By this revolution several important liberties and privileges were secured to the people; and Virginius, the childless soldier, as he sat alone in his tent at night, or in his still sad and dreary house, had some little consolation in knowing that the blood of his darling daughter had not been shed in vain.

Biographical.

JOHN ADAMS.

This sketch of the second President of the United States is taken from the recently published volume of Bancroft's History of the United States:

"On the 9th day of Febuary John Adams resumed his seat in Congress, with Elbridge Gerry for a colleague, in place of a feeble Cushing, and with instructions from his constituents to establish liberty in America upon a permanent basis. His nature was robust and manly; now he was in the happiest mood of mind for asserting the independance of his country. He had confidence in the ability of New England to drive away their enemy; in Washington, as a brave and prudent commander; in his wife, who cheered him with the fortitude of womanly heroism; in the cause of his country, which seemed so bound up with the welfare of mankind, that Providence could not suffer its defeat; in himself, for his convictions were clear, his will fixed, and his mind prepared to let his little property and his life go, sooner than the rights of his country.

"Looking into himself he saw weakness enough; but neither meanness, dishonesty, nor timidity. His overweening self-esteem was his chief blemish, and if he compared himself with his fellow laborers, there was some point in which he was superior to any one of them, he had more learning than Washington, or any other statesman of his age; better knowledge of liberty as founded in law than Samuel Adams; clearer insight into the constructive elements of debate than Jefferson; more corrageous manliness than Dickerson; more force in motion than Jay; so that, by varying and confining his comparisons, he could easily fancy himself the greatest of them all. He was capable of thinking himself the centre of any circle, of which he had been no more than a tangent; his vanity was in such excess that in manhood it sometimes confused his judgement, and in age bewildered his memory; but the stain did not reach beyond the surface; it impaired the lustre, not the hardy integrity of his character. He was humane and frank, generous and clement; yet he wanted that spirit of love which reconciles to being outdone.

"He could not look with complacency on those who excelled him, and regarded another's bearing away the palm as a wrong to himself; he never sat placidly under the shade of a greater reputation than his own, and could try to jostle aside the presumtuous possessor of recognized superiority; but his envy, though it laid open how deeply his self love was wounded, had hardly a tinge of malignity, and never led him to dereliction for the sake of revenge. He did his fame injustice when, later in life he represented himself from persecutions on account of his early zeal for independence; he was the hammer and not the anvil; and it was for others to fear his prowess and shrink under his blows. His courage was unflinching in debate and everywhere else; he never knew what fear was; and had he gone into the army as he once longed to do, he would have taken there the virtues of temperance, decision and intrepidity. To his latest old age his spirit was buoyant and joyous; he saw ten times as much pleasure as pain in the world; and after his arm quivered and his eye grew dim, he was ready to begin life anew and fight its battle over.

"In his youth he fell among skeptics, read Bolingbroke's works five times through, and accustomed himself to reason freely and think boldly; he esteemed himself a profound metaphysician, but only skimmed the profession of others; though at first destined to be a minister, he became a rebel to Calvinism, and never had any very fixed religious creed; but for all that he was a staunch man of New England, and his fond partiality to its people, its institutions, its social condition, and its laws, followed him into Congress and its committees, and social life, tinctured his judgement, and climaxed his prepossessions; but the elements in New England that he loved most, were those which were eminently friendly to universal culture and Republican equality.

"A poor farmer's son bent on making his way in the world, at twenty years old, beginning to earn his own bread, pinched and served as a master of a stingy country school, he formed early habits of order and frugality, and sterdily advanced to fortune; but though exact in his accounts, there was nothing niggardly in his thrift, and his modest hospitality was prompt and hearty. He was of a choleric temperament, though his frame was compact and large, yet from physical organization, he was singularly sensative; could break out into uncontroliable rage, and with all his acquisitions, never learned to rule his owns pirit; but his anger did not so much drive him to do wrong, as to right ungraciously. No man was less fitted to gain his end by arts of indiscretion; he knew not how to intrigue, was indiscreetly talkative, and almost thought aloud; whenever he sought to win an uncertain person to his support, his ways of courtship were uncouth, so that he made few friends except by his weight of character, ability and public spirit and integrity, was unapt as the leader of a party, and never appeared so well as when he acted from himself.

"Hating intolerance in all its forms an impassioned lover of civil liberty, as the glory of man and the best evidence and the best result of civilization, he, of all men in Congress was incomparable as a dogmatist; essentially right minded; loving to teach with authority; pressing onward unsparingly with his argument; impatient of contradiction; unequalled as a positive champion of the right. He was the Martin Luther of the American Revolution. Borne on to utter his convictions fearlessly by an impulse which forbade his acting otherwise. He was now too much in earnest, and too much elevated by the greatness of his work, to think of himself; too anxiously desiring to aid, to disparage those who gave it. In the fervor of his activity, his fault disappeared. His intellect and public spirit, all the noblest parts of his nature, were called into the fullest exercise, and strained to the uttermost of their healthful power. Combining more than any other, farness of sight and fixedness of belief, with courage and power of utterance, he was looked up to as the ablest debator in Congress.—Preservering some of the habits of the lawyer, he was redundant in words and cumulative in argument; but warmth and sincerity kept him from the affections of a pedant or a rhetorician. Forbearance was no longer in season; the irrepressible talent of persevering, peremptory assertion was wanted, the more he was borne along by his own vehement impulses the better; now his country, humanity, the age, the hour, demanded that the right should be spoken out, his high excitement had not the air of passion, but appeared, as it was, the clear perception of the sublimity of his task. When, in the life of a statesman, were six months of more importance to the race, than those six months in the career of John Adams ?"

Miscellaneous.

From the Commercial Gazette.

E R, versus O R.

Any man may learn to speak and write his own language correctly, without knowing any other. Yet either the affectation of knowing others, or the ignorance of his own, leads many a good writer, and still more bad ones, most wantonly to murder the King's English.

I will give a single example. It may be of service to such as wish to preserve the purity of our noble English.

In language as in nature, the law of derivation and descent is regular and uniform. But every language, just as every species of animal, has its own law.

The English, or rather the American people, is a conglomerate. It has gathered and is still gathering from all the languages of the earth. But it is the wisdom, and ought to be the pride of Americans, rather to domesticate the foreign than to foreignize the domestic; rather to naturalize the alien than to alienize the home born.

The breech-cloth of the Hindoo, the turban of the Turk, and the simple blanket of the Indian, when seen in our streets *on* Hindoo, Turk or Indian, is striking and uncomely, but not odious. But let a native American appear and he would be disgusting. All right-thinking men would abhor the sight.

Somewhat so do I feel when I see the Latin *o r* or the French *e u r* put as a breech-clout on a plain and native English word. And yet the ugly sight meets me every day.

E r is the English termination or suffix, which, added to a verb, gives name to the doer of the action denoted by that verb.

O r is Latin, and *E u r* is French.—And as it is better to put shirt and pants at least, if not also hat, vest, coat and boots on the clouted Hindoo than to appear yourself in his attire, even so it is better, much better, to put an English dress on a foreignn word, than to bedizen the English in foreign drapery. Indeed, it is better to make ten mistakes in following correctly the rules of derivation in our own language, than one in attempting to follow the laws of another language.

Many verbal nouns in English end in *o r*. But none so end except those which were borrowed along with their parent verbs from the Latin. To this rule there is not an exception in all the language beyond sailor, tailor, and perhaps one more word now forgotten.

If, then, Mr. Editor, you ever hesitate in writing between the claims of *e r* and *o r*, be sure to give your own language the benefit of the doubt. It would be better to call you an editer, than to call your jour. a printor or typesettor. That is, it would be more respectable and comely to put an English coat on your Latin name, than to bedizen poor typo with the Roman toga. And certainly it would be much better English.

Now, Mr. Editer, I won't give you the writor's name. Should interrogat*ers*, and furious question*ors*, and silly inquir*ors* come to you as ask*ors* after it, you may tell them that the door of the job, or the jobbor of this doing, was none other than MONROE.

Never Give Up.

No never! But press on and do your best in the circumstances in which you are placed. If you cannot do all you would like, do what you can, and do it like a man. Never falter nor hesitate because you cannot realize your ideal, but struggle on and come as near to it as you can. You may be equal to your ideal, while circumstances may rise an inseparable bar—for the time being, at least. How many persons make wreck of talent in sighing for opportunities to do other and more than circumstances warrant? They disdain the low rounds of the ladder, which most assuredly lead to the high. They have no notions of what is perfect accomplishment, and are unwilling to take any halfway preliminary steps. They have no faith in the proverb, 'Half a loaf is better than no bread.' If they would only learn that the most famous winners of the whole loaf were at the start willing and ready to take any slice they could get. Our true business in life is to make the most of the means and opportunities we have — not to neglect small advantages because we cannot have large ones. By cultivating the small, we make it easy to compass the great.—Therefore, as the 'Good Book' says, 'Do with thy might what thy hands find to do,' and neglect not any opportunities, no matter if they are not suited to your taste, that will help you along. Do not be ashamed of the low rounds of the ladder, and never give up.

Making Fun.

Once when traveling in a stage coach I met a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant look out for something laughable; and not content with laughing herself, but took great pains to make others do the same.

Now, traveling in a stage coach is rather a prosy business. People in this situation are apt to show themselves peevish and selfish; so the young lady's good humor was, for a time, very agreeable to the passengers. Every old barn was made the subject of a pointed joke, while the cows and horses looked demure ly on, little dreaming that they could be merry at their expense. Animals are not sensative in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings hurt because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing. So it seemed to me; for after a while an old woman came running across the road, outstripping her bag at the coachman, and crying in a shrill voice begging him to stop.

The good natured coachman drew up his horses, and the good old lady coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through two bars, which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near together. The young lady in the stage coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable; for in getting through the fence the poor woman had made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended, when she was not looking, to take patterns of her bonnet, and in various other ways tried to raise a laugh. At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her.

"My dear, you are young, healthy and happy; I have been so too, but that time has past; I am now decrepit and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death-bed of my child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in a world where merry girls think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old fashioned clothes and odd appearance, forgetting that the old woman has a spirit that has loved and suffered and will live forever."

The coach now stopped before a poor looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

Putting up the steps, the driver mounted his box, and we were on the road again. Our merry young friend had her card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be assured I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we hoped would do her good.

Politeness.

In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside; instead of beginnig with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The Golden Rule contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy or a gentlemanly bow; but unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent, kind-hearted person, will always be distinguished by what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

Prayer and Works.

Christians are often insincere in prayer. They ask for growth in grace, but make little effort to improve their type of piety. They do not struggle resolutely to attain the blessings for which they petition. The following extract from Dr. Phelps' admirable little work, "The Still Hour," is a good illustration:

A *luxurious* Christian prays in the good set phrases of devotion, for a spirit of self-denial; that he may endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ; that he may take up the cross and follow Christ; that he may be ready to forsake all that he hath and be Christ's disciple; that he may not live unto himself; that he may imitate Him who went about doing good—who became poor that he might be rich, and who wept over lost souls. In such a prayer there may be, consciously, no insincerity, but a pleasurable sympathy, rather, with the grand tho'ts and the grander feeling which the language portrays. The heart is buoyant with its gaseous distension to the bounds of its great swelling words.

This lover of the pride of life does not discover his self-inflation, till conscience pricks him with such goads as these: "Are you living for the things you are praying for?" "What one thing are you doing for Christ which costs you self-denial?" "Are you *seeking* for opportunities to deny yourself, to save souls?" "Are you willing to be *like* Him who had not where to lay His head?" "Can ye be baptized with the baptism that He was baptized with?" If, then, this christian one is not roused to a more Christ-like life by the uncovering of his hypocrisy, what a sickly murmuring of self-reproach fills his heart at the collapse of that prayer!