

In the young and fair, dignity is seen to best advantage. Maidens must have it or be *tabooed*. It is at once their defence, their ornament, their recommendation, and their charm. Those who have it not sigh for it; damsels of sixteen cry for it; many there are who would do anything but die for it. This is because they feel the truth so aptly expressed in the following lines by a recent writer :

“ ’Tis loveliest in the loveliest; it becomes  
A red-haired beauty better than her bangs;  
These but reveal her shy coquettish art,  
Concomitant of coy virginity,  
Wherein resides a love and fear of men;  
It dignify's above these frizzled charms;  
It wraps her person like a lover's arm,  
It is at once her fortress and her shield;  
The arts of wicked men by dignity are foiled—  
The foud, true heart is won.

SOITA.

#### THE TENDENCY TO DISCOLOR.

Far be it from us to depreciate the present age or to institute unfair comparisons between it and the Past. Prince of despicable beings is that man who, in “1881,” is unable, or unwilling to see anything to praise and be proud of, but who, in his moroseness, ill-temper and crabbedness, takes a sort of unaccountable pleasure in giving vent to numberless growlings, grumbings, and fault-findings.

There is, however, one respect in which we fear that we of to-day render ourselves liable to severe and merited censure; and that is the readiness with which men permit themselves to take one-sided views, and slightly to misrepresent. Surely we need not fear that we shall approach too nearly to correctness in our opinions and decisions even when we take the most comprehensive and unbiassed view of matters that it is possible for us to obtain. Nor need we fear that truth will suffer anything by being told simply and plainly without any additions or embellishments. But how frequently are men seen acting as though indeed influenced by this fear? Men, who, if you should tell them that they

were dishonest or untruthful, would be highly incensed. And yet, notwithstanding their horror of being classed among the disregarders of truth, the probability is that nine out of ten of these persons would, in repeating some item of gossip or news heard from a friend, by words, gesture or tone, color it a little more highly in order to increase its attractiveness. Who cannot call to mind instances in which great mischief has been wrought by this habit of indefinite addition! A sentence concerning some neighbor or acquaintance is dropped, carelessly perhaps, but without a shadow of malice or evil intent, and by the time it reaches the person in regard to whom it was spoken it has suffered ten or twelve transfers, has received so many additions that it takes half an hour to tell it, and is so changed in meaning that it transforms friendship into enmity.

Some dispute or disagreement arises between A and B, each is convinced that the other is wrong. C, being on friendly terms with both, is made their confidant. To-day A meets him and gives him an account of the entire matter. As A proceeds with his narration C begins to wonder how in the world he could have been so misguided and unwary as to entertain such a high opinion of B as he has up to the present time held concerning him. Why, he had no idea that he was such a mean, disagreeable fellow, and he resolves to have very little to do with him in future.

But to-morrow B calls on C, and he will not be with him an hour before he will show himself to be one of the most persecuted, ill-used, and down-trodden mortals that this cruel world has ever buffeted, while A will be a monster in human form.

Nor is this tendency to discolor found only in the affairs of every day life, and in cases where men may be fairly supposed to be under the influence of some sudden and temporary tide of feeling; but we find instances of it where there has been ample time for careful thought, and a cool