

clusions far from the truth. How easy to magnify a trivial matter into a thing of great consequence. Prejudice that arises from suspicion is to be guarded against, as it always finds an enemy at every turn. It is to be feared that people do not always comprehend the fact that peculiarities belong to human nature, and make the difference between ourselves and others. We often meet with people whose tastes and inclinations differ from our own, and we say, "these people are indeed peculiar." We cannot but see the little imperfections that exist in our fellowmen, yet it is one of the most promising traits of human nature to be able to overlook these defects in other lives, otherwise we cannot cultivate a feeling of true friendliness toward them. If we have the true spirit within us, we will never become prejudiced against another because of a difference in opinions; we will not compromise with error, but will cultivate a friendly feeling toward the advocates of the "other side."

CHARLOTTE C. TALCOTT.

Bloomfield, 2nd mo. 5th, 1895.

Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books and the like, we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time.—*Bacon*.

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty, that give the like exhilaration and refine us like that; and in memorable experiences they are certainly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception and must always show control; you shall not be facile, apologetic or leaky, but king over your every word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest. They must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us.—*Emerson*.

Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE.

BY SUSAN LUKENS.

'Twas morning in Seville, and brightly beamed
The early sunlight in one chamber there,
Showing, where'er its glowing radiance
gleamed,

Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where
Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
With young aspirants his long cherished art,
To prove how vain must be the teacher's care,
Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart,
The language of the soul, the feelings of the heart!

The pupils come, and glancing 'round,
Mendez upon his canvas found,
Not his own work of yesterday,
But, glowing in the morning ray,
A sketch so rich, so pure, so bright
It almost seemed that there were given,
To glow before his dazzled sight,
Tints and expressions warm from heaven.
'Twas but a sketch—the Virgin's head—
Yet was unearthly beauty shed.
Upon the mildly beaming face;
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
Had separate, yet blended grace;
A poet's brightest dream was there!

Murillo entered, and, amazed,
On the mysterious painting gazed;
"Whose work is this? speak, tell me, he
Who to his aid such power can call,"
Exclaimed the teacher eagerly,
"Will yet be master of us all.
Would I had done it! Ferdinand!
Isturitz! Mendez! say whose hand
Among ye all?" With half-breathed sigh,
Each pupil answered, "'Twas not I!"

"How came it then?" impatiently
Murillo cried; but we shall see
Ere long into this mystery.
Sebastian!

At the summons came
A bright-eyed slave,
Who trembled at the stern rebuke
His master gave;
For, ordered in that room to sleep,
And faithful guard o'er all to keep,
Murillo bade him now declare
What rash intruder had been there;
And threatened, if he did not tell
The truth at once, the dungeon cell.

"Thou answerest not!" Murillo said—
(The boy had stood in speechless fear);
"Speak, or—" At last he raised his head,
And murmured, "No one has been here."