

love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I see it clearly; it is not my love to God, but God's love to me I ought to be thinking about; and I do love Him now as I never loved Him before."

From that time his peace was like a river.—
"Lights and Shadows."

CHARACTERS.

Some pictures appear best in one light, some in another; some most excite our admiration in strong clear lights; some touch our hearts in soft and shadowy dimness. And thus it is in characters. Some stand more boldly out in adversity, their noblest qualities strengthened, developed by the necessity which calls them forth—qualities which had slept, perhaps been corroded in the repose of prosperity, whilst others who have delighted observers in their harmony with a sunny life, shrink into littleness when the storm rends away what had made their happiness.

A SWEET REVENGE.

"Clara, what sort of night is it?"
"I've told you over and over again, dear father."
"Tell me again, my memory fails me."
"There was a moon, but it is now hidden by clouds. The air is close, and heavy drops of rain are falling."

"I die in darkness as I have lately lived."
"But you are not going to leave me."
"I'm not afraid of death were it not for you, poor child, left without friend or protector. God is good; and I dare hope that my sins will be forgiven. A dying man should forgive his greatest enemy. I'm trying to forgive Stephen Sexton, but it's hard. He has ruined me, killed me, I might say; and if I leave you a beggar it will be his fault, not mine. Listen!"

With his dying breath George Renshaw told his wrongs to his only child. He had had a little money, enough to last him for life (for poor George was consumptive) and to keep his child from starving when he was gone; and he had trusted his old schoolfellow, Stephen Sexton, with the investment of this money.

The latter, a stock broker, had absconded, cheating George Renshaw and many more.

"We should forgive our enemies," whispered Clara.

"I forgive him the wrong he has done me; but to think that my darling child should be a pauper when I had toiled so hard to leave her a competence."

George Renshaw died, and Clara was left a penniless orphan. She was seventeen, and had been brought up and educated as a young lady. Some friends got her an engagement as a nursery governess, and here her trials began. The Marlows were most unpleasant people, and treated their governess as if she were a servant. The children were cross and disagreeable, and had no respect for the young lady who tried to be their friend, and the servants were unpleasantly familiar.

Now, Clara Renshaw was very sweet tempered, and the last person to give way under trouble; still she couldn't help now and then saying to herself:—"I owe all my present misery to Stephen Sexton. Had it not been for him I should now be independent of these cruel, unkind people."

She was not one to bear malice; but if Clara had an enemy in the world it was this Stephen Sexton, whom she had never seen. But she often heard of him, for Stephen was "wanted" by the police, and there were bills posted about the neighbourhood offering a large reward for his capture.

Late in the autumn Mrs. Marlow said—
"We intend going abroad, Miss Renshaw, and you will have to look out for another situation."

Thus a few weeks afterwards poor Clara found herself alone in Rivermouth—alone in the world. She had a few pounds in her possession; not much clothing, and she had not a friend in the world.

It was a sad, uncertain life, just then. But she

had patience. In her enforced leisure she would wander in the direction of her once happy home, and sometimes sitting on the green bank and gazing towards the old place, would wonder what her life would have been if Stephen Sexton had not ruined her father.

A Mrs. Wallace kept a small general shop at Rivermouth, and here Clara took a room, hoping to earn a little money by teaching music to the children of the neighbours. But it was a very little she made—hardly enough to pay for the room and keep body and soul together. Mrs. Wallace was very kind to Clara, and when Arthur Wallace, who was a telegraph clerk, came home to see his mother, Clara and he were the best of friends.

Months went by, and Mrs. Wallace became too ill to entirely manage her business.

"She must have some young woman to assist her," said Arthur.

"Why not me?" asked Clara.

"You—a young lady?"

"What nonsense you talk! I shall only be too glad to make myself useful."

More months went by, and poor Mrs. Wallace died.

The business was really worth nothing, and Arthur Wallace said to Clara Renshaw—

"What will you do now?"

"Get a situation or a place somewhere, I suppose."

"You are not fit to rough it, Clara. I am only a clerk, earning thirty shillings a week; still you might do worse than marry me."

Arthur Wallace was then working at Liverpool, and there he took his wife. A few months' happiness ensued—and then came more trouble. Arthur, weak in the chest, was only able to work "short time;" so there was not much money coming in.

To add to their income the Wallaces advertised for a lodger.

Presently a middle-aged man, with a great yellow beard, took their apartments. He was very quiet and well-behaved, paid his way, and said little about himself or his affairs, until one day, when Mr. Wallace asked him if he would remain with them long, the gentleman who called himself Mr. Watson, said—

"I am going to America soon. I have done wrong in England, and sincerely repented. In a new world I hope to lead a new and an honest life."

Clara Wallace was dusting her lodger's parlour one day when she by chance opened an old Bible; and on the fly-leaf was written "Stephen Sexton." She looked into other books, and there was the same name on the title page.

"My enemy!" she murmured. "The man who wronged my father and deprived me of my inheritance. Under the assumed name of Watson, he is hiding here until he can escape to America. He ruined us, and now I have my revenge. One word to the police, and this man is arrested, and I obtain the reward."

They wanted money very badly. Arthur came home ill and tired that evening.

"This city life is killing me," he said. "If we only had a little money to open a shop of some sort at Rivermouth, I think I should be a new man."

"And the money you can have," thought Clara, "the money the government will give me for the apprehension of Stephen Sexton."

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." And Clara didn't feel very comfortable as she said her prayers that night. What right had she, a sinner, to punish a fellow-sinner, though that man had wronged her and hers? She passed a sleepless night, and in the morning was determined upon a sweet revenge.

Three months later a man with a great yellow beard stood on the deck of a ship in Liverpool docks. By his side was a woman who had helped carry his luggage; for the man was weak, having just recovered from a serious illness.

"Mrs. Wallace," said the man, "I can never repay you for your kindness. Your attentive nursing saved my life; and knowing how poor I really was, you have refused to take any money for my rent, I go to commence a new and better life. But why were you so kind to a stranger?"

She gave him a letter, saying—

"This will tell you; only don't read it until you are out at sea."

With the Atlantic breezes blowing about him, Stephen Sexton read that the woman who had saved his life was the daughter of the man he had ruined. Yes, this was a sweet revenge. Instead of destroying her enemy (the reward was a great temptation), Clara had helped him in every way, and made him her debtor for life.

A year afterwards Clara received a letter from America, with a check for a hundred pounds enclosed.

"I am doing well," wrote Stephen Sexton, "and will make what atonement I can to you and the others."

With this money Clara and her husband were able to return to Rivermouth, and take a shop near the sea. They prospered; Arthur's health improved, and at intervals further monies came from America.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and no mortal has a right to be revenged upon another. Christianity teaches us to be merciful, forgiving, and to pity where we cannot respect. We should forgive others; for what pardon for many things do we not all require in ourselves? J. C. B.

VOICELESS YEARNINGS.

Voiceless yearnings fill my soul,
Feelings which I cannot speak,
Like the restless waves which roll
On the rocky shoreland break.
Ever tossing to and fro,
Struggling to be unconfined;
Sighing rest and peace to know,
Groping onwards like the blind.

Souls, unsatisfied and sick,
Wearied with thy searchings long,
Stumbling in the darkness thick,
Weak, yet wishing to be strong;
Like an exile doomed to dwell
In a land before unseen,
Dumb, because no words can tell
What thy sobs and sighing mean.

Why art thou unrestful so?
What doth keep thee from repose?
Hath this world of fuss and show
Filled thee with its nameless woes?
From its vanities, oh, turn;
Thou in them no rest canst find;
Pure desires within thee burn,
Cling not to a world unkind.

God hath heard thy moans and sighs,
Understands thy voiceless grief;
He will listen to thy cries,
Ask, He'll send thee quick relief;
All thy load of sorrow take,
Give thee peace before unknown;
Now He waits, yea, longs, to make—
Keep thee ever for His own.

DAVID LAWTON.

OUR DAUGHTERS.

My message for this time is to mothers like myself, in middle life, in moderate circumstances, with plenty to do, and anxious to do our work, especially our home work, well.

Granting that, we fully intend to spare no pains in the domestic training of our daughters, as well as to educate them intellectually to the best of our ability. Are we not, so to speak, too sparing of them as care-takers, too willing to do many things which properly should devolve upon the daughter, instead of the mother?

Is it real kindness, genuine unselfishness, to rear these household plants as if they were tropical exotics of rarest growth, upon which no breath must blow?

Is it fulfilling our highest duty to them, to shield them from every unpleasant task, to relieve them from every family care, and possibly from many a personal responsibility, when we know that in all human probability, they will ere long assume the same relations which we now hold, and by reason of this very mistaken indulgence on the part of their mothers, they will be unfitted for their place?