

DELIVERANCE.

His glance was furtive and distress ;
A struggle waged within his breast—
The sting of insult deeply prest.

Revenge was lurking in his plot,
Inspiring hate—he knew it not—
The victim of an evil thought.

He kept it in his heart concealed,
He knew not that his look revealed
The cause he could but would not yield.

" Oh Lord, I bring my cause to Thee ;
Thou wilt avenge my wrong for me :
If I forgive I shall be free."

The soul forgiving and forgiven
Now saw the brooding shadows riven,
Forgiveness brought the light of heaven.