

"Oh no, no!" almost shrieked Estelle; "not that at least, dear Raymond! Surely you are going for mercy and succor, not for revenge!"

"Estelle, you have never known—for I could not have told it to one so pure and gentle as yourself—what the true nature of my hatred for Tracy Harcourt has really been. It is like a living power within me, influencing every thought and feeling. It has to me assumed the form almost of righteous principle, because of his treachery to myself, and his unworthy treatment of the wife he stole from me, and vowed to love and cherish. I have felt as if the fierce desire of vengeance, which has never left me night or day, were a solemn mission laid upon me, to execute justice on one whose moral guilt deserves it. Is it not said 'The wicked shall not go unpunished?' Does not God often cause his retributive sentences to be carried out by the hands of men?"

"Yes, but unconsciously to themselves, and never in such fashion as to gratify their own private animosities. Raymond, I am sure it is the most fatal delusion you can cherish, to imagine that the indulgence of a hatred which prompts you to revenge could ever be righteous or pleasing in the sight of God, whose very essence is love all perfect, all embracing. I have felt from the first, and I am more than ever certain of it now, that it has been this desire to return evil for evil on the man who has injured you that alone has held you back from Christ, towards whom your whole life, but for this one obstacle, has been surely tending. He endured death, and gave up joy, and glory, and Heaven itself, for His enemies; and how is it possible that you can enter into union with Him while you hold this deadly principle of hatred, active and menacing, within your soul. Have you not felt it come between you and the Divine One who forgave his murderers on the cross?"

"I cannot tell," answered Raymond, "Some power has kept me back from Him. There have been times when I have been strangely drawn to Him by the loveliness of His wondrous perfection; but I know that I am not His, Estelle, and I do know that I hate Tracy Harcourt."

To be Continued.

### THE CLERGYMAN.

Bishop Elliott of Western Texas, thus speaks of him: "The man of God is expected to be regularly in his place by every sick bed, prepared to cheer, warn or console, as the case may need; to be punctual in all matters of business, paying promptly for all supplies of food and clothing; to preserve a cheerful countenance, indicative of a meek and contented spirit resting upon the Lord; to appear in social circles with such decent apparel as becometh his rank and office; to be present in the sanctuary with the comfort of love, and power of the Gospel of Christ beaming from his eye, and thrilling all hearts with a divine enthusiasm; to be an example to the flock in all purity, meekness, hospitality and zeal—all these and many more gifts and graces of equal value are expected of him, but the people, for whose benefit he is thus spending his very soul and body, allow month after month to pass without any effort to pay the trifling salary promised. How he lives nobody knows and nobody seems to care. He is seen to be about his business. The pulpit has never been vacant; the sick have been regularly visited; strangers have been sought out; candidates for Baptism and Confirmation have been reasoned with and instructed; words of counsel and sympathy have been ready when sought, and often have come like angels, unbidden. From all this work, it is evident that the minister is still vigorous and active. He must, of course, his people suppose, have been blessed with his regular meals or signs of emaciation would have been observed. Alas! They have been evident enough many a time, but they have not been observed. Oh! the cruel wrong which is thus perpetrated by the parishes upon noble Christian gentlemen. These men are gentlemen, and will therefore suffer and make no sign; they are ambassadors of Christ, and will not stoop to beg, as a matter of favor, what is theirs on grounds of most solemn right."

## Children's Department.

### SEAL-SKIN CLOAKS.

A raw, cloudy, November day was glooming into night over a dirty street in a Western city. The damp chill in the air made the smoke settle down thicker than ever, adding to the squalid aspect of this particular neighbourhood. A lady whom business had brought here was hurrying along the street to catch her street car.

Every one stared at the stranger, a well-dressed lady being evidently a novelty in this region, as for her, she felt ashamed of herself. Why should she be comfortable, and well-clad, and happy, without any special desert or merit, while these fellow-creatures were pressed down by the heavy burden of life? It was the old "Why?" never answered yet, which weighed down her heart in gloomy twilight.

"What a wretched, miserable, unsatisfactory world is!" she thought. "Why are innocent creatures condemned to be born into it only to suffer?"

But just then, only two or three words that she overheard a child say seemed to brighten and better even this wretched world,—to let a ray of cheer through the gloom. She passed two little girls wheeling a baby carriage, poorly but neatly clad, in calico dresses and little plaid shawls. As she passed she caught this bit of talk:—

"Isn't that seal-skin cloak pretty?"

"Oh, isn't it!" said the other.

"I wish I had one like it," said the first little girl, not in an envious tone, but as she might have wished for a flower or any other pretty thing.

"So do I," responded her friend.

"No," said the first speaker, swiftly correcting herself on second thought, "I wish my mother had one just like it."

What a proud, tender accent of the childish voice on the words "my mother!" How much is revealed in the way a child says "my mother" or a man "my wife."

No one needed to be told that the poor hard-working woman at home was a good mother and a good woman. And the loving wish of the child who cheerfully sacrificed her imaginary seal skin cloak to the loved mother at home, may have been as real an act of generosity in God's sight as many deeds that win the crowd's applauses. "Truly loving," this little one "truly lives."

The little girl was wholly unconscious that any one heard her. She will never know that she was able to help and make happier even the great lady of the seal-skin cloak, up to whom she looked with awe-struck gaze. Yet, as the wearer of that garment passed on, life seemed more tolerable. She realized that, after all, no spot on earth is so dark and wretched but that love and self-sacrifice are there, to warm and brighten it.

### BOYS MAKE MEN.

When you see a ragged urchin  
Standing wistful in the street,  
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,  
Dirty face and bare red feet,  
Pass not by the child unheeding;  
Smile upon him. Mark me, when  
He's grown old he'll not forget it,  
For, remember, boys make men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,  
With his eyes aglow with joy;  
Bring to mind some act of kindness—  
Something said to him, a boy?  
Or, relate some slight or coldness,  
With a brow all clouded, when  
He recalled some heart too thoughtless  
To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasure  
To the life of every boy;  
For each child needs tender interest  
In its sorrow and its joy.  
Call your boys home by its brightness;  
They avoid the household when  
It is cheerless, with unkindness;  
For, remember, boys make men.

### BIRDS AND FISHERMEN.

In a certain lake region of Lapland, there is a very curious joint-company consisting of men and birds. They have organized for fishing purposes.

Every morning early, the hungry birds come out and sing, so to speak, though a more correct term might perhaps be, come out and scream at the fishermen, telling them plainly enough that it is time to get up. The sleepy fishers leave their huts at the summons of these faithful servants, and need no other alarm-clocks. The boats are unmoored, and then the swallows "strike out." The men guide their movements entirely by the course of the swallows, who very likely have been out scenting early that morning. When they pause and hover over a spot, redoubling their cries, then the fishermen know that is the place for them. They hasten forward and cast in their nets, and are well rewarded by finding them well filled.

When the game begins to get thin, the birds hasten on to a new fishing spot. It would be a churlish fellow who did not reward such faithful service. Many a fish is tossed up in the air which the birds swoop down upon and catch with an easy grace. After they become tame, they do not stand on such little ceremony, but just step aboard and help themselves.

As evening comes, both men and birds make for the shore, and after the best fish are taken out, they have only to leave the inferior ones in the boat, and they will be cleaned out for them in short order.

You will not find a better ordered association even where the parties are all men, nor one where more mutual benefit is bestowed. Yet each one acts out the instinct God has given him, and that is his guide. How perfectly adapted to the ends designed are all His works!

### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little" the tempter said  
As a dark and cunning snare he spread  
For the young, and unwary feet.  
"Little by little, and day by day,  
I will tempt the careless soul away  
Until the ruin is complete."

"Little by little" sure and slow  
We fashion our future bliss or woe  
As the present passes away.  
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright  
Up to the regions of endless light,  
Or gliding downward into the night,  
"Little by little, day by day."

### HOW MANY WERE THERE?

Henry, upon being asked how many boys were in his Sunday School class last Sunday, replied: "If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth; divide this by the number of Haman's sons; subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark; multiply by the number of men who went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time when he stood before Pharaoh; add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath; subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem; divide by the number of anchors cast out at the time of St. Paul's shipwreck; subtract the number of people saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the number of boys in the class." How many were there?

### A BOY'S LEISURE HOURS.

What a boy does with his leisure is most important; what he gets in school is mainly drill or exercises; it is a gymnasium to him; he must eat elsewhere. What he does with his spare hours determines his destiny. Suppose he reads history every day, or scientific books; in the course of a few years he becomes learned. It matters little what he undertakes, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, all disappear if he uses his spare time on them.

A boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and had the daily papers to amuse himself with. He commenced to study French, and at that little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing but far less profitable.