

HOW GOD FORGIVES.

Contrast our ordinary mode of forgiveness with that of our God. You will recollect that Christ, when he had given his disciples a form of prayer made a commentary upon it. The only commentary he made was on the subject of forgiveness. "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." As I grow older, and know more of life, I learn a great deal more on the subject of implacableness than formerly I knew. There is a great deal of sin in this direction, and I see more of it than I ever thought existed. Our forgiveness is generally selfish. It generally seeks our own good, and not the offender's. God's forgiveness is benevolent. He seeks not his own good, but the good of those whom he forgives. Our forgiveness is slow, and grudging, and reluctant. It is wrung out of us at last, in view of all the circumstances; and very frequently under the mediation of friends, we conclude to let a thing go. God's forgiveness is ever ready. Not the arms of a mother ever opened so quick to her repentant child as God's heart opens to us. No reluctance is with Him. He—the highest, the noblest, and the best—forgives impurity, wickedness, transgression, and injustice. We, that ourselves are offenders, are the ones that refuse to forgive those that offend against us. Having God to forgive us, we turn to him that has offended against us, and take him by the throat, and say, "Pay me that thou owest." Is there to be no lesson learned from God's treatment of us?

An unforgiving spirit puts a man further from God than any other thing. It is one of those dispositions that provoke even God to retaliation. And I think it is often far more criminal before God than that sin over which it domineers. It is a perilous thing for a man to carry in his heart a spirit that refuses to forgive. And when you forgive, let the forgiveness be large; let it be clean; let it be thorough; let it be like that which God, for Christ's sake, forgave you.—*Beecher*.

LEAH.

"Leah, my child, the Sabbath is commencing; it is time to put away your embroidery."

"So soon, mamma?" cried Leah; "why, the sun is quite high yet."

"The sunset is approaching, Leah; do as I have told you, my darling."

Leah rose from her chair near the window, and having folded up her work, placed it in her neatly kept workbox, which she locked carefully.

"You can go into the garden until it is time to recite the prayers," said Mrs. David; "you need not come in until I ring for you."

Kissing her mother, Leah sprang lightly through the open window, which reached to the ground, and was speedily pouncing over her favourite rose-bush, her long black hair hanging in clustering curls on the roses that gleamed blushing through so rich a veil.

Leah was a beautiful child of thirteen years of age; her large, dreamy Oriental eyes, black as night, were fringed by long thick lashes of equal blackness, and her delicately shaped features, curved upper lip, and thin nostril, spoke of quick feeling and a high spirit. Rather small for her age, her tiny figure seemed to dilate when she spoke of any heroic deed or generous action of which she had heard or read, and tears of wounded sensibility sprang quickly to her eyes if any one she loved misjudged her. Beauty and talent, connected with a high spirit, and ardent imagination, and warm, sensitive feelings, are doubtful gifts, if not regulated by a firm, judicious guide at that early period of life when the young mind is soft and pliable, and capable of taking almost any impression that is sought to be made upon it.

Leah was the only child of her widowed mother, and in danger of being made an idol by her lovingly-devoted parent. Her father had made a large fortune by a mining speculation, and before his death had settled it all on his wife and child. The little Leah scarcely remembered her father, nor did she miss his love and care, so completely was she enfolded, so to speak, in the very heart of her mother, and she repaid that mother's tenderness with all the fervency of her own ardent, loving disposition.

Mrs. David had lately come to live in a semi-detached residence, three sides of which were surrounded by a large garden. In the adjoining house lived a lady with her two children, and before very long the little Jewess was a great favourite with the Hillis family. For some time it was a strange thing to Edward and Ada Hillis, to see their neighbours