

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

BY F. M. P. DEAS.

What matter, if God wills
That we should sometimes walk in shady
places?
The shadows of the everlasting hills
Are mirrored in the silver-bosomed rills
Whereto we stoop to cool our tired faces.
When passing through the gloom
Of forest aisles, or valley dark and lonely,
Or, weeping in the chillness of some room
Whereon has fallen the silence of the tomb,
Voiced by the echoes of the dead past only.
We feel ourselves apart
From the fair world and loves remembered
sweetness,
And heart cries out for answering human heart,
And yearns to claim once more a little part
Of all that goes to make up life's completeness.
What matter so we know
That Christ Himself doth guide and still will
guide us,
When faltering, fearing, as we onward go
With drooping head, and footstep tired and
slow,
We blindly grope, and feel Him there beside
us?

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

BY HAL OWEN.

Ada Chase spent most of the year away at boarding school, for she had no mamma to care for her at home. Her papa was abroad much of the time, but always arranged so far as possible to be at home with his only daughter, during her long summer holidays. Aunt Emily was housekeeper for them, and they had delightful times in the dear old homestead.

It was a large square house, with a wide hall through the middle, opening upon broad vine-shaded porches both front and back.

The floors of tile and hard wood and the light bamboo furniture and muslin hangings all contributed to the inviting air which pervaded the whole place. They had a good many guests, whole parties of friends often rode or drove from town to dine with them, or to stay several days. And often the school girls came down for long visits, but on the whole Ada enjoyed most the quiet times when they were just by themselves.

She and her father were great friends and enjoyed everything together. Their greatest pleasure was riding on horseback, and Ada had a beautiful little pony and a very complete outfit. She had learned to ride so well that she could accompany her father, as he rode his big gray Rollin long miles over the country and through the woods. Sometimes they would race, and Ada would never give up till she had distanced her father, then she would look back with her radiant face all aglow, framed in a cloud of golden hair, her blue eyes flashing, her laugh ringing and re-echoing among the trees. Oh, it was rare sport.

At other times they would take long rambles, enjoying keenly the many beauties and wonders of animal and vegetable life in field and forest. What nice long talks they had as they rested in some favorite spot. And then, how delightful their evenings were, either on the porches in the moonlight, or in the library by the shaded lamp, reading aloud, playing some game or solving some puzzle.

Her father seemed to Ada an oracle, she really thought he knew almost everything, and could answer any of her questions. He was always very patient and tender with her, and

she found in him as far as possible both father and mother. While Mr. Chase did not wish to spoil his daughter, there seemed a good chance of his doing so, for he tried to gratify her every wish, sometimes before she expressed her desire or even realized it.

It would certainly seem as though with all these pleasures and indulgences, Ada ought to be a very good little girl, as though there were no reason or excuse for her ever being naughty, but unfortunately this was not the case. She had during the last few months fallen into the dreadful habit of deceiving. She delighted in having her own way, and resented any interference with her own ideas and desires. She would evade obedience, and then cover up or excuse the matter by claiming she had not understood, or had forgotten, or thought so-and-so. She had in this way resorted to what are politely called 'white lies,' but really they are about as black and contemptible as any lies that are uttered. These little practices made her feel very mean when she first began them, but as is usually the case, she had become somewhat hardened by repeating the offence, and had lately done some very naughty things, which she would have blushed to even think of a short time ago.

Her aunt Emily was very fond of choice sweetmeats, and had in a special little corner cupboard a tempting store of goodies, which she always dealt out generously to Ada, though of course she limited her according to what she thought good for her. Ada had not been satisfied and had helped herself repeatedly. These depredations had been discovered and aunt Emily, not dreaming of the possibility of Ada's being the guilty one, had suspected a young colored waitress, and had quietly taken the key away. Ada had a little key that fitted, and she used it; her aunt, noticing the repeated offence, had spoken to Mr. Chase about it, and they watched Crissey very closely. These suspicions were one day hinted to Ada, as they were having a cozy little lunch of delicate wafers, Indian preserves and olives. She expressed great surprise and disapproval, secretly resolving to be very cautious hereafter; but her habit was too strong for her, and she persisted in privately indulging it, until it led to serious results, as you will see.

Ada avoided and slighted the few simple daily tasks her father insisted she should have while at home. Her little household duties, such as caring for her own room, and arranging flowers, and making the desserts for dinner, were neglected day after day.

This was not realized by her father, for aunt Emily always filled the gap, and said never a word. The piano practice was very desultory, and not at all improving. The sketching and the German translations were allowed to go untouched for a week at a time, always with the most plausible excuses. In short, Ada's principle seemed to be to do nothing she was not absolutely obliged to, and she was becoming unconsciously, sadly demoralized. She loved to read, and would lose herself for hours in some foolish book, gaining some very mistaken ideas.

One beautiful September day Mr. Chase said at lunch.

'There is to be a garden party this afternoon and evening, given by Madam Bain and her daughters at their place up the river. Suppose we ride up there, Ada, and enjoy it? It is only six or eight miles and we can come home by moonlight.'

'Oh, how charming!' exclaimed Ada, clapping her hands. 'I know lots of the girls who are to be there. What shall I wear?'

'Wear your riding habit, of course. It is neat and becoming. I don't see what else you could wear.'

'Oh, I could take something. It would be such a good chance to show my new silk. These words escaped Ada before she thought, and they were in a way a painful revelation to

her father, who showed it in his face, though he only remarked, quietly,

'Well, I hadn't thought of taking a trunk or a baggage train. Such a dress as that would need to be packed in a box in order not to be messed, and moreover it would not be at all appropriate to the occasion. I dislike, above all things, to see a little girl overdressed.'

'But, papa, I couldn't be happy to go to that party wearing a dark riding habit, even if it is a handsome one. I guess I'll stay at home.'

They had risen from the table and were passing through the hall. Mr. Chase took up a whip, saying,

'I'm going over to the pasture to see about driving up some horses, and if you are ready when I come back, we will start.'

'But please, papa, let me carry something to wear. I think it's horrid to go in a dark dress. I don't care anyway. I think you might.' Ada was on the way up stairs, stopping on each step to talk and tease, looking very much as if in a pout.

Her father looked at her a moment, then said,

'I tell you what Ada, you may take either your little gray serge dress or one of your light tennis costumes. It can be made into a comparatively small package which I will carry for you back of my saddle.'

Ada was too much out of humor to be very gracious. She only replied,

'All right, I suppose I can do that,' and then went on to her pretty little blue and white room, muttering,

'Little girl, indeed! I wonder if papa thinks I am always to be a child, and not have my own ideas, and not to have my own way at all. It's too bad. He ought to realize how old I am and that I understand myself. I'm going to wear some jewellery, anyway.'

She opened a beautiful little box which contained some rare and beautiful ornaments that had belonged to her dear mother. It was only a short time since her father had let her have the keeping of them, just for vacation. He had them usually stored in his safe. He had charged her with particular care regarding them, especially one piece, an unique mosaic locket. He had held it lovingly in his hand while he told her its history, of how it had been brought from Rome to his mother, when she was a young lady, and she had given it, as her most precious treasure, to her son's bride, Ada's mother. He had told her it was of course too showy and too valuable for a little girl to wear, but that she might keep it for a time and wear it when she was old enough. She took it out now with longing eyes, thinking,

'It won't do one bit of harm for me to wear it, it will just set me off. Yes, I will do it.'

Removing the delicate old-fashioned chain, she placed it on a piece of black velvet, which she fastened with a little pearl and ruby pin about her throat. She was so much pleased with the effect that her good humor was quite restored and she laid out a soft flannel tennis dress with a silken sash, and a tie and cap to match. The package was easily made and was not large enough to be inconvenient. She was soon dressed in her riding habit, having been very careful to conceal the velvet neckband and its precious pendant.

When her father called up to know if he was to have company, he was much gratified to have her appear with such a cheerful face and manner. Ada's heart, however, was not as light as usual, nor the beautiful ride as delightful as it might have been. She could not forget her disobedience, and wondered what her father would say when he discovered it. Arriving at the house, she took great pains in dressing, and after various efforts succeeded in fastening the velvet in such a manner that she thought she could raise or lower it as she wished, resolving that her father should not see the locket and some others should.

Mr. Chase's keen eye detected it however, the