

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

ADORATION.

BY A. H. MERCER.

Let me live my love to Thee,
Blessed, glorious Trinity!
God in One, Oh! matchless Name,
Changing, yet fore'er the same.

Permeate each feeble sense,
Be my Fortress and Defence,
Dwell within this house of clay,
I would serve Thee night and day.

If Thou dost abide with me,
Holy, holy, holy, Three,
Darkness then must change to light,
Where Thou art, there is no night.

Touch my soul with living fire,
As I sound Love's hallowed lyre,
That I may extol Thy praise
In hushed, enraptured lays!

Triune God, mysterious Three,
Omnipresent Unity!
I adore with heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

Towanda, Penn.

—Living Church.

TWO FRIENDS.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"But why should he have changed so suddenly?"

"I cannot tell. Some chance of discovery that he had before forgotten, may have struck him. I would give a good deal to find out anything that would clear him."

"You will not speak to him again about it, Arthur?"

"No. I told him I believed him, as indeed I did at the time. If he was deceiving me then, I will not tempt him to do so any more. But I will use every effort to discover the truth of the case. Don't distress yourself about it, Lily."

"I can't help it, Arthur dear. I will try if I can find out everything."

"You may perhaps hear something from him. The terrible thing is, Lily, that there can be no mistake. If he did not speak the truth, it was downright, deliberate falsehood, such as it pains one to think him capable of."

Mrs. Lacy sighed. She could not believe it of Reggie, and yet there was something weighing on his mind, of that she had no doubt. Was he afraid he was suspected? But in that case why had he seemed pleased and happy at first?

She only found confirmation for her trouble when she went to pay her usual nightly visit to her boy. There were traces of tears upon her cheek, and every now and then came a heavy sob. His mother knelt down by his bedside, and prayed earnestly that if he had indeed given way to temptation, he might yet be delivered from the evil.

When Reggie awoke the next morning, he felt that something had happened, and what it was soon rushed back into his mind. If his father had chanced to go into the greenhouse and had seen the ball, how could he have believed him? And even now, suppose he were to ask him if he had found anything there, what could he say that would be truth, and yet not draw down suspicion upon himself?

It was a very heavy-hearted little boy who went to school that morning, and he came back looking still more dismal. For his mind was so preoccupied that his lessons had been badly done, and he had gone down several places in his class. Things went on no better in the afternoon. When he came home, he stole in, dull and silent, to the room where his mother was sitting by the fire with baby on her lap. It was generally a grand play-time, Reggie would jump about and play bo-peep, and make the little one shout with delight. But to-day he took no notice of her, he did not even come and sit in his usual way on the rug at his mother's feet, but went away alone to a dark corner. When baby had gone, Mrs. Lacy went over beside him.

"Something is troubling you, Reggie," she said "won't you tell me what it is?"

But Reggie said nothing.

"If it is something you have done wrong, you will feel far less unhappy if you confess it, dear. Even if it is very wrong."

Reggie gave a little sob, but he was still silent. His mother could not bear to ask him a direct question, lest he should be tempted to give an untrue answer. She put her arm around him, drew him close to her, and kissed him. He leant against her, and she could feel that he was crying, but he still said nothing.

The next day he did not seem quite so unhappy, yet this gave small comfort to his mother. She did not want him to get reconciled to the idea of wrong. Nothing could be found out about the broken glass. The gardener fully believed that he had shut the door, but he knew it sometimes did not catch, and he would not be positive. There seemed no solution for the mystery.

Sunday twilight was one of Reggie's happiest times. He would sit by his mother while she told him stories and talked to him. And on this Sunday she did so just as usual, and yet somehow he felt more unhappy again. The trouble that he had been stifling seemed to awake once more. He had always carried that unfortunate ball about in his pocket, it was almost as if he thought it could tell its own tale if he left it lying about, and now he felt as if it burned him.

Mrs. Lacy had been telling him one of those tales of Christian heroism of which, thank God, there are so many lighting up the ages, and as she finished the child's heart seemed to catch the glow. He took the ball and laid it in her hand.

"Mother," he said, "it was this that broke the greenhouse door."

Her heart gave a leap, and then came a pang. She was thankful that he had, as she thought, confessed. And yet she had hoped that he might be innocent, though it seemed most unlikely.

"Tell me all about it, Reggie," she said; "it will be better so."

"I can't, mother, I don't know. Father said I might go in and get a flower for you—when he went back to the house, you know—and when I was looking about I saw this. And it must have broken the glass."

"Had you thrown it then, Reggie?"

"No, mother. I threw the other ball over the tree. I only threw one, and I had it there too. I don't know how the other could have got there, indeed, I don't."

"And this is what you have been so miserable about?"

"I thought if father saw it he couldn't help believing it. I don't see how you can help, mother, for how could it get there of itself? But indeed, indeed, I did not, mother."

"I am sure you did not, dear."

"Oh, mother, how I wished I had told you before, for I have been so very, very miserable."

"My darling, you must try and remember that father and I are your best friends, and in any trouble it will be best to tell us, even if you have been wrong, Reggie dear."

"And will you tell father then, mother?"

Mrs. Lacy thought for a moment.

"Reggie, I had rather you told him yourself. You have no need to be afraid."

"But suppose he doesn't believe me," said Reggie dolefully.

"Why should he believe any more because I tell him? Be brave, dear."

Reggie summoned all his courage, and he felt that he needed it, when he heard his father's step coming across the hall. Mr. Lacy came in and walked towards them. The boy looked appealingly at his mother.

"Reggie wants to speak to you, Arthur," she said. Then Reggie repeated his story in a very low voice, when he had finished he looked up at his father, who had said nothing, and then he added, "I don't see how you can believe me, father, but mother does."

"Could you not have done it before without knowing, Reggie?"

"But, father, the glass was only broken that day."

"Yes, indeed, it is very mysterious. But you have so many balls, some one else must have found one and thrown it. Over the wall perhaps."

"Oh, father! do you think so?"

"Well, it could not have thrown itself, could it? And as you did not throw it—"

"Oh, father," interrupted Reggie, "how I wish I had told you at once, but I was so afraid."

"My boy you must try and learn not to be afraid of anything except doing wrong."

Reggie thought he had never been so happy as he was that evening, and he never forgot the lesson that he had learned. It seemed to him impossible in future not only to deceive, but even to hide anything from the father and mother who put such generous trust in him.

The mystery was not cleared up, but Mr. and Mrs. Lacy were satisfied that Reggie had nothing to do with it. And very thankful too for all the good that came out of what had appeared for the first time to be evil.

CHAPTER VIII.

Reggie had many companions about his new home with whom he greatly enjoyed playing. Then there were collections of all sorts to be compared, for each was sure to collect something. Stamps, crests, butterflies, birds' eggs, shells; and some collected everything that came in their way. Reggie might rather be classed among the latter, as he had so many pretty and interesting things among his Indian presents which now were really his own. And to them he added many more, which under Hannah's rule would certainly have been called rubbish, and ruthlessly swept away. But happy as he was, and much as he enjoyed his new surroundings, yet he never forgot Nat, and would often speak of him to his mother, though he had almost ceased to hope, or at least to expect, that they should ever find him again.

There was no clue but his Christian name and probable age. Reggie did not know where he had come from, or how his life had been spent, and Nat on his side knew no more of his friend.

"It is such a pity, isn't it, mother?" said Reggie one day. "Because you see he wanted so much to learn, and if you could have managed it for him it would have been so nice. And oh, I am sorry."

"So am I, dear," said Mrs. Lacy. "We must hope that he may find some other friend to help him. I cannot but think that he is the sort of boy who will help himself. And you know if he does go back to Westhampton, Sam is sure to let us hear."

"And I looked at all the travelling tinkers and basket-makers I see," returned Reggie, "and so does father. But there are so many!"

Nat the while was very far from having forgotten Reggie. He did not think of looking out for him in his wanderings, because he had no idea of his having left Westhampton. But much he longed for some chance of seeing his little friend once more.

His had been a sad life, poor boy; at least after the first few years. His father died when he was an infant, and his mother went back to service, leaving him in the care of an aunt. As long as he remained with her he was happy enough. It was a rough life, and he could sometimes have eaten more bread than he got, but he fared as did his cousins, and was as kindly treated as they were. His mother sent her sister money for his keep, and as she got good wages was able to lay by some by as well. But she was anything but contented. She forgot any trouble that she had had in her married life, and imagined that she had been perfectly happy then. At any rate she had been inde-