

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"A Light to lighten the Gentiles."—St. Luke ii, 32.

Eternal Light! Eternal Light  
How pure that soul must be,  
When placed within Thy searching sight,  
That shrinks not, but with calm delight,  
Can live and look on Thee!

Oh! how shall I, whose native sphere  
Is dark, whose mind is dim,  
Before the ineffable appear,  
And on my unclothed spirit bear  
That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise  
To that sublime abode:  
An offering and a sacrifice,  
A Holy Spirit's energies,  
An advocate with God.

These—these prepare us for the sight  
Of holiness above;  
The sons of ignorance and night  
May dwell in the Eternal Light,  
Through the Eternal Love.

## TWO FRIENDS.

## CHAPTER VII.

Reggie was quite prepared to like his new home, and to think everything about it delightful; and indeed not much effort was required to do so. It was an old fashioned house standing in an old fashioned garden, with tangled shrubberies and large trees that were very pleasant to the eyes, while to his practical mind some of them were extremely suggestive of swings. One of Mr. Lacy's reasons for choosing it was, that there was a good day school near at hand to which Reggie could go, and Reggie was nothing loth. Probably he looked forward quite as much to the games as to the lessons; more, it may be whispered. But even as far as lessons were concerned, it was much pleasanter to think of learning them with other boys, than all alone with a governess. He had not far to walk, and weather did not seem to him of the slightest consequence. Indeed it gave him an agreeable sense of freedom to trudge off through mud and wet, instead of being compelled to stay in-doors whenever there was a shower, and muttered "Rain, rain, go to Spain."

Thus the winter months passed pleasantly, and as they passed away he grew accustomed to his father and mother, and forgot that they had ever been strangers, and strangers about whose kindness could be a doubt. The dark look very seldom came upon his face, and if it did come, one word was more powerful to chase it away than long lectures and punishments had been in the days of old.

Frost set in soon after Christmas, and lasted on for many weeks, to the great delight of sliders and skaters. Reggie began humbly among the former, but soon was promoted, to his no small satisfaction. His efforts were inaugurated by a good many falls, but it was a proud day for him when he could invite his mother to come and see him skate triumphantly round the pond. He was most anxious to push her on it in a chair with runners, but she trusted herself with a little more assurance because Mr. Lacy was allowed to help in the undertaking. The only drawback to the affair was that Baby took no particular notice. She had been brought to see, as the day was bright and fine, but though she was awake she would only occupy herself in endeavors to get the fur of her pelisse into her mouth. It was disappointing, but still the whole affair was otherwise a most brilliant success.

One half-holiday afternoon, Reggie was waiting until his father should be ready to go with him to the pond, and beguiling the time by running about in the garden, playing with his ball, when Mr. Lacy called to him from the window:

"Reggie, don't throw that ball near the greenhouse. It has been a narrow miss once or twice, and if any glass were broken now, the plants would be killed. You had better

not play with it in that part of the garden at all."

"Allright, father," answered Reggie, as he ran at once to the other side of the garden.

"I had better keep away from the house too," he said to himself, "in case I should break any windows there. Mother or Baby might catch cold."

He acted carefully up to this sage resolution for some time, and then it happened that for several days running he did not go into the garden at all. Perhaps this made him forget, for the next time he went out he directed his steps to the corner where the greenhouse stood, and had once thrown his ball over the bough of a tree, when he suddenly remembered and ran to pick it up. As he turned to go away he saw his father coming down from the house, and went to meet him more slowly than usual.

Mr. Lacy had seen him throw the ball, but said nothing.

Reggie stood silent and shamefaced for a moment, and then lifting his eyes, said earnestly, "Father, I am sorry. I forgot that you told me not to go there. I have only thrown the ball once, and then I remembered."

"You must not forget another time, Reggie, or I shall have to forbid your playing with your ball in the garden, and there are plenty of safe places."

"I won't forget again, father. I remembered directly I had thrown it, before I saw you coming."

"Very well, my boy," returned Mr. Lacy. "I am ready to go out with you now. I have the key of the other gate."

"That's jolly!" exclaimed Reggie. "May I go and open it?"

The key was given and he ran on in front and had just placed it in the lock when he heard his father's voice calling "Reginald."

There was something in the tone which surprised him. He hurried back to see what could be the matter, and looking into his father's face, saw that he was very grave indeed.

"Reginald," said Mr. Lacy again, "don't answer immediately, think what you are going to say first, and tell me the truth."

"Yes, father," said Reggie looking very puzzled, and trying hard to think if there was any piece of mischief done lately that could be spoken of seriously.

Mr. Lacy took him by the shoulders, and turned him towards the greenhouse. A pane of glass was broken in the door, and the fragments lay scattered inside.

"Did you do that, Reginald?"

"No, father," said the boy eagerly, "indeed I did not." He colored as he spoke, but looked up at the same time.

"I do not mean on purpose. I am sure you would not do that, but by accident?"

"Indeed, father, I had not come here since you told me not until to-day. And I only threw my ball once, and here it is. If it had broken the glass it would be inside."

"And you have not been throwing stones either?"

"No, father," answered Reggie again. He tried very hard to speak bravely, but his voice was choked by tears. "I am sure I cannot have done it," he added.

"It must have been since this morning," said Mr. Lacy, "for I was down here then."

Reggie said nothing more, but he looked up through his tears. Innocence and guilt do not always look so different as we imagine, and the color that suffused his cheeks might mean shame as much as distress.

The remembrance of the character that had once been given of the child came back to trouble Mr. Lacy, and he could not feel as sure of his truth as he would have wished to do. But he looked at him keenly, and the result of his scrutiny was that he put his hand on his shoulder again.

"I believe you, Reggie," he said, "it must have happened in some other way."

Reggie literally jumped for joy.

"Oh, I wish we could find out, father; do you think the gardener would know?"

"He has not been here since this morning. I gave him leave to go out when I was down here. He might have left the door open, and so the glass could have been broken if it was blown to by the wind. But it is not the least likely, as he is so very careful. I will go back to the house and see about having it mended at once, so hope no harm may be done. You can wait here for me, Reggie; if you like you may go in and gather a flower for mother."

"Thank you, father," said Reggie eagerly. It was so delightful to think that he was not suspected, that he ceased to wonder how the accident had happened.

Mr. Lacy went back to the house, and Reggie walked along considering what flower he should choose. He found it rather difficult to reconcile all his desires, especially as some of the flowers must he know, not be gathered. It must be pretty of course, and it must be something like a certain gruel, famous in story which was to be "thin, but not thin," sweet but not too sweet; for heavy scents made mother's head ache. Backwards and forwards he went, and then as his eyes were cast upon the lower shelves he gave a sudden exclamation. There, under one of them, lay a ball, the ball that had surely done the mischief.

"I must have dropped mine now," said Reggie to himself. He felt in his pocket, and there it was were he had put it.

"Then that can't be mine," he said, but nevertheless he picked it up with almost as much dread as if it had been a live coal, and looked at it curiously. Upon it were printed three capital letters, R S. L., for Reginald Stewart Lacy, with which he delighted to stamp all his possessions.

Reggie stood and stared at it as if it were something magical. He could almost have believed that some bad fairy had played a trick to get him into trouble. Again he felt in his pocket for his other ball, he took it out and put it by the mysterious one. There certainly were two, both much the same, except that the one which had lain on the greenhouse floor was the dirtier. He could not account for it in any way.

"Reggie, Reggie," was heard outside.

It was his father's voice; he crammed both balls into his pocket, and went out to meet him.

"Well, were is mother's flower?"

Reggie hesitated before answering.

"I didn't know which to choose, father. I hadn't made up my mind."

His voice was so changed that it struck Mr. Lacy at once. Had the boy been deceiving him after all?

"Well, we had better go at once, or we shall be too late."

Reggie dreaded that he might be asked if he had seen anything that could have broken the glass, but Mr. Lacy said nothing more on the subject.

It was a very dismal day's skating. Reggie never for a moment forgot that fatal ball. In the evening, too, he was so still and silent that his mother was afraid he had taken cold, and more than once asked him if he felt ill. His general feeling as to bedtime, "what is the use of going when one is not the least bit tired?" was changed for one of relief. He was glad to be able to hide his head in the bed clothes, and eventually cry himself to sleep.

It was not until after he had gone, that Mr. Lacy told his wife of that afternoon's discovery. His manner was so grave that she at once felt alarmed.

"Oh, Arthur! You did not frighten him, did you? You did give him time?"

"Yes, Lily, and though I was a little doubtful at first, I felt quite convinced afterwards that he was speaking the truth. He seemed so pleased and happy at not being suspected. I