

Frederick Mortimer sided, as usual, with the multitude; while his cousin kept apart, for fear that Howard, in his gratitude, should betray him. The sight of his radiant-looking face was happiness enough. As soon as he could he stole away and re-entered the house. Claude Hamilton was leaning against the door, and, as he moved aside to let Frank pass, he said in a low, sweet voice, "Blessed are the PEACEMAKERS."

CHAPTER VII.

A SABBATH DAY AT SCHOOL.

ALTHOUGH Frank, thanks to the pains which his father had taken with him, knew more than most boys of his age, he was totally unaccustomed to the regular mode of instruction to which he was now obliged to submit; and it cost him no little pains to maintain his position in the class in which Mr. Campbell, misled by his ready and correct answers to his questions, had first placed him. His present systematic course of study was neither so easy nor so pleasant as it had been—to listen to the eloquent and instructive conversation of Mr. Netherton, and turn with him to maps, globes, pictures, and books of reference. Frank's memory, though good, sadly wanted method and arrangement.

Mr. Campbell was not long in discovering the error which he had committed. He said little upon the subject, but kindly and patiently assisted Frank to correct it; and the more cheerfully when he saw how willing he was to assist himself, and how hard he worked in order to maintain his present position. Mindful of his aunt's injunctions, Frank took all the exercise he could out of school hours; and his health, so far from suffering from his severe application at other times, seemed to be slightly improved; and he dwelt with pleasure upon the delight which it would give his father to see him so changed. His cousin found him, one day, looking intently at himself in the glass. He wanted to see if there were any traces of color on his pale cheek; but he found none as yet.

It was a rule in Mr. Campbell's house to lay aside all tasks on the Sabbath day, making it, as it ought and was intended to be, a day of rest. Outwardly at least, no books were read but those of a religious tendency; but the absence of Mr. Campbell generally proved a signal for the production of others of a totally different character. What shocked Frank more than anything else was, to observe that many of the boys concealed these stolen volumes within the covers of their Bibles, which they thus appeared to be diligently perusing. Notwithstanding his

horror of such duplicity, the books were a great temptation; and it cost him many a struggle to refuse to read them when they were offered to him.

'If you would only lend it to me to-morrow,' said he, upon one occasion—

'Now or never!' replied Rushton.

'Then it must be never,' said Frank.

'It is such a beautiful story,' observed Howard, 'about two Indian children, who were carried out to sea in a boat in which they were playing, and cast upon a desert island. I am sure that you would like it.'

'I dare say I should,' said Frank, turning resolutely away. But he could not help wondering to himself what the children did on the desert island; and was glad when Mr. Campbell came in, after his usual custom on the Sabbath evening, to read and talk with them. And when he laid his hand upon his shoulder, and spoke kindly to him as he passed, Frank felt pleased that he had done nothing to deceive him; and thought he should have winced at his touch, and shrunk away from his glance, had it been otherwise.

They read that evening the eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The twenty-eighth verse came to Frank; but he paused, and remained silent.

'Well?' exclaimed Mr. Campbell, inquiringly.

'I was just thinking, sir, how far the eunuch came to worship.'

The boys looked at one another and smiled; but Mr. Campbell answered gravely.

'Yes, Frank, it is worth observing. African Ethiopia lies below Egypt; he must therefore have come some hundreds of miles to worship at the temple.'

'But he had his reward, sir.'

'Yes, my boy. Now let us finish the chapter, and afterwards I will show you a picture which I have of the eunuch's well.'

The chapter was concluded, and the picture produced. It was beautifully finished from a drawing made on the spot, and Frank bent over it in silent admiration.

Claude Hamilton inquired what the old ruins, visible in the vicinity of the well, were supposed to represent.

'They are imagined to be those of some ancient church, or convent, which formerly stood on this spot,' replied Mr. Campbell; 'but nothing certain is known on the subject. I have

heard it maintained that it could not have been here that the eunuch was baptized, because he is represented to have come in a chariot from Jerusalem, whereas this road is not passable for carriages. Chariots of old, however, were very different from our present coaches, the wheels being lower, and much broader and stronger; and the vestiges of an ancient carriage road are yet to be perceived all the way from Jerusalem to Hebron. Still it is very uncertain whether this was the place where the eunuch was baptized. I have several other views taken in the Holy Land, which I will show you at some future opportunity.'

'I suppose it was called the Holy Land because the Holy One lived and walked there,' said Frank, thoughtfully. 'How I should like, when I am old enough, to go to Jerusalem, and tread, as it were, in the footsteps of the Saviour!'

'You may endeavor to do that without going to Jerusalem, or waiting until you are older,' said Mr. Campbell.

'Yes sir, I know,' replied Frank, coloring; 'but I did not exactly mean that.'

'Never mind. It is better to act than to dream. With God's help, you may begin at once practically to follow in the footsteps of the blessed Redeemer when he walked on earth; to take up your cross and learn of him, and be meek and lowly in heart; while it must necessarily be many years, if ever, before you visit the Holy Land. What I say to you I say to all.'

After a pause, Mr. Campbell asked Howard which was the oldest book in the world.

'Homer, sir.'

Mr. Campbell shook his head.

Rushton, in a whisper to his companions, suggested 'Robinson Crusoe.'

'Well, Mortimer, can you tell?'

'The Bible, sir.'

'Right. Herodotus and Thucydides, the oldest profane historians whose writings have reached our times, were contemporary with Ezra and Nehemiah, the last of the historians of the Old Testament. It was nearly six hundred years after Moses before the poems of Homer appeared. The preservation of the Bible is very remarkable. At one time, during the captivity of the Jews in Babylon, not only their temple was burned, but the very ark in which the original copy of the law was kept; and their city laid waste for more than a hundred years. We read, also, that Antiochus Epiphanes, when he took Jerusalem, murdered about 40,000 of