

Weekly



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For The Weekly Visitor.

TO A. M. PHILLIPS, Esq., W. C. C. T., B. O. G. T.

'Tis evening's pensive hour, the moon
With slender thread hangs in the west,
My bird has checked his joyous tune,
With head beneath his wing to rest;
And busy feet are pattering by
With hasty steps or footfall slow;
Not e'en the winter's wind doth sigh,
Nor stormy breezes loudly blow.

And now to thee my musings lead,
I scan the lines thy pen hath traced,
Where thoughts that shine and words that burn,
Stand forth and may be of offence;
I see thee toiling up the hill,
Where science rears her palace high,
Now drinking from the sparkling rill,
Whose source is hid beyond the sky.

Press on for noble is the aim,
Gain knowledge for the immortal soul,
Trace in that palace high thy name,
Among the great thine own enroll,
May graces fan thy lofty brow,
And cheer thee on thy winding way,
Good angels keep the pure as now,
And guard thee with a hallowed sway.

JENNIE ROWE

FRANK NETHERTON,
OR
THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued

After a few more turns up and down the garden walk, Frank went on communing, as it were, with his own heart. 'After all, my dear father does not care about my getting a prize. He would rather see me well and happy, and doing what was right. Neither does he need a

book, or anything else to remind him of me; nor Helen either. She would not love me any better, nor so well, if she knew all. I do think I will give it up. Yes, I am determined. Whatever Doyle says, I will not desert poor Rushton, especially now that my presence seems to render him so happy; now that I am beginning to hope that God will make him a different boy for the time to come. If I am permitted to say a single word that may be useful,

having come to this determination, Frank entered Rushton's chamber with a light heart, and his countenance so full of animation that Rushton involuntarily exclaimed, 'Has anything happened? How happy you look!' 'Do I? I have been walking in the garden, and the air is so fresh and cool.'

'When shall I be able to walk again? But it serves me right. I am justly punished. Mr. Campbell did well to leave me to God. How perfectly I remember those words! But are you come to stay? Will you read a little to me?'

Frank was glad that he could say yes, cheerfully.

'That is right,' said Rushton, as Frank opened his little Bible; 'let it be your favorite book—your talisman! I had no idea how many beautiful stories it contained, until you pointed them out to me.'

'I have heard my father,' observed Frank, 'compare the Scripture to a mine, in which many precious things are always to be obtained if we will only take the trouble of digging for them. Above all, there is 'the Pearl of great price.' You know what that signifies?' 'No,' answered Rushton, shaking his head.

'Well, no more should I if it had not been explained to me. Our Lord Jesus Christ is 'the Pearl of great price.' You will find it mentioned in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew.'

'But what does it mean about the merchant selling all that he had, and buying it?' asked Rushton.

'I do not know exactly,' replied Frank, thoughtfully. 'I suppose it means, that when one has given up everything else in the world for his sake—'

Frank went on reading. 'Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'

'I cannot help understanding that,' said Rushton, bitterly. 'Thus it will be with me.'

Frank did not know what to say, so he had recourse to his talisman; and turning to the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, read aloud to his companion the beautiful parables of the lost sheep, the piece of silver, and the prodigal son. Rushton wept as he listened.

He was much struck with that sentence in the twentieth verse—'When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.'

'I am a long way off now,' thought the penitent boy; 'but it may be that God sees, and will have compassion upon me.'