

again, and in right good earnest. I will turn over a new leaf, as the saying is, and see if I cannot make fewer blots.'

Frank warmly encouraged him in this determination. Rushton, to whom Howard made a point of telling everything that passed, and with whom since their reconciliation, he had become very intimate, said that it was a wise resolution, and he hoped that Howard would be able to keep it; but he was afraid. And as for the tailor, it was all stuff; and he should be sorry to see him converted into a Methodist, like his friend Netherton.

As the school was to break up so shortly, it was not thought worth while for Frank to recommence his studies; and the time hung heavily on his hands until the holidays arrived. Of the wound on his forehead nothing now remained but a slight scar; but its weakening effects were but too plainly evident in the pale cheek and heavy eyes, and were severely felt by Frank in his inability to fix his mind steadily on any object, and the intense headache which was the inevitable result of such an attempt. It was partly this feeling of incapacity which gave him a childlike longing to be home again and seated once more at his father's feet in that little quiet room, listening to the old story of the child and the reapers.

It was all over at length; the distribution of prizes, the cheerful and somewhat boisterous 'breaking up,' and the joyous parting of the school-fellows—joyous, because they were going home and because they should meet again so soon. But all were not happy. At the distribution of prizes, Frank, as we have said, had a hard struggle with himself not to feel envious. Philip Doyle won the first prize, but it gave him little satisfaction. Howard looked on in despair. At the breaking up, Frank stood apart from their noisy mirth, and leaned his aching head upon his hands. He did not know that Doyle was watching him, and that the sight took away all his pleasure.

Their parting, notwithstanding all Frank's assumed cheerfulness, was a sad one. 'What if he should never return!' thought Doyle, as he gazed upon his slight form, and pale smiling face. 'Take care of yourself,' whispered he, as they shook hands; 'for my sake, Netherton, try and get well.'

'Never fear,' replied Frank, gayly.

Claude Hamilton also mingled cautions with his farewell; and was so kind and friendly that Frank felt quite happy.

The cousins enjoyed their drive home. Frederick was very cheerful and talkative; he said

a great deal about his prize. It was the first that he had ever gained, and he was very proud of it, and longed to exhibit it to his mother and sister. Frank was soon able to enter into his feelings without a single remaining shadow of self-regret. But not before he had more than once had recourse in memory to his tailor, and recalled to mind that it was written therein.

'The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy. But he giveth more grace.' James iv, 5, 6. And again, 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not.' 1 Cor. xiii, 4.

After a time, Frank's thoughts wandered; and he could not help wondering how he should find his father. Just before the coach entered the village, he turned to ask Frederick whether he really looked so very ill, and if the scar showed much.

'No, scarcely at all when you brush your hair over it; and the air has given you quite a color.'

'I am so glad!' exclaimed Frank.

The first person they saw was little Helen, evidently looking out for them; for as soon as she perceived the carriage approaching she clapped her hands, and ran away to proclaim the welcome intelligence.

'Mrs. Mortimer met them on the hall steps. 'Your father is better,' whispered she to Frank, as she gave him a hasty kiss. 'He is waiting for you in the study. But, bless the boy! what has he been doing to himself?'

'It is nothing,' replied Frank; and in another moment he was in his father's arms.

'God be thanked! God be thanked!' murmured Mr. Netherton as he embraced him. And then pushing him a little way from him, and trying to smile, he added, 'What a fuss I am making about a few months' absence! Let me look at you, my dear boy. You have been ill!'

'It was only an accident,' replied Frank carelessly; 'it is all over now.' But Mr. Netherton was not satisfied.

Mrs. Mortimer did not leave them long together. She kissed Frank again when she entered, with much affection, parting back the hair from his forehead as she did so; and then dismissed him to wash his hands, and get ready for dinner. 'It is quite ready for you,' said she. 'I knew you would be hungry after your drive.'

Frank forbore to assure his aunt that he was not at all hungry, and would rather remain where he was, for he knew that it would be of no use, and therefore went and did as she desired him.

'It is nothing,' exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer,

meeting her brother's anxious glance; 'a mere scratch.'

'But do you not think Frank is looking pale and thin?'

'He is tired, and shall go to bed early. He will be all right to-morrow.'

Frank was not sorry to go to bed early; and the next morning, as his aunt had prophesied, he seemed to be quite himself again. He was always pale, and therefore, as Mrs. Mortimer said, it was no sign of ill health. Nevertheless she nursed him in her own quiet and judicious manner; and Frank was soon all the better for her management.

Frederick's prize received its due share of notice and commendation, especially from his sister, who was never weary of looking at it, and admiring the handsome binding, and the beautiful handwriting upon the title-page, showing it to be the reward of merit. But it might have been observed that Helen never asked to look at it when Frank was by, or spoke of it in his presence. Her own kind thoughtful heart taught her to act thus. Helen had become quite a favorite with Mr. Netherton, so much so that Frank told her he had a great mind to be jealous; and then ended by thanking her for her loving care.

It was settled that the two families should continue to reside together, and the arrangement seemed to give satisfaction to all parties. As Mr. Netherton said, he did, not know what he should do now without his sister to manage everything for him; neither could he bear to be separated from the little, golden-haired child who had so wound herself around his heart, and whose very name was linked with fond memories of the past.

Frank was pleased to think that his father would have some one to cheer and amuse him when he should have gone back to school. And Helen, with her low, sweet voice, her winning and playful ways, and gentle countenance, always busy and helpful, and yet quiet and unobtrusive, was no unwelcome addition to that dear old study which he so enjoyed when at home, and thought about when away.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISSIONARIES.

FREDERICK related the history of his cousin's illness, as far as he knew it; and the mystery which still hung over its author: hinting that, now Frank was at home, and among his own family, there could be no impropriety in his disclosing, in confidence, the real name of the