

# Weekly



# Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. X.

{ PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,  
F. H. STEWART. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ OFFICE—81 YONGE ST., TORONTO.  
BOX 500 F. O }

No. 6.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1866.

Four Cents per copy.

## FRANK NETHERTON,

OR

## THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER V. Continued.

Frank was very happy attending to his studies, until the play-hour arrived; and then, when all the other boys rushed forth with glad shoutings, the old melancholy feeling stole over him again, as he stood forgotten and alone. His new friend Howard was not permitted to leave the school-room: he was often in disgrace. Frederick never thought of him. Frank listened to his merry laughter, and tried not to feel sad.

'Helloa, little one!' exclaimed Philip Doyle, shaking him roughly by the shoulder. 'Are you going to cry again?'

'No,' replied Frank, 'I am not. As to being little, I cannot help that; it is no disgrace. *Magnus Alexander corpore parvus erat*—The great Alexander was in stature small.'

'Do you think that I could not have translated you Latin doggerel for myself, bad as it was pronounced?'

'I do not know.'

'What do you mean by saying that you do not know?'

'I mean what I said,' replied Frank, fearlessly.

'For shame, Doyle!' interrupted Claude Hamilton, stepping between them. 'Surely you would not strike such a child.'

'He is old enough to be impertinent, and had better keep out of my way,' muttered Doyle as he passed on.

'As for you, Alexander the Great,' said

Claude Hamilton, with a smile, 'I would advise you in future not to rouse the slumbering lion, or quote Latin out of school hours.'

'He began,' said Frank.

'Well, never mind. Are you going to play at something? I will introduce you.'

'But I do not know any games,' said Frank, shrinking back. 'I never played before in my life.'

'Why, where in the world have you been brought up?'

'My father was always ill,' pleaded Frank; 'and I never left him until now.'

'Ah, I see; that is what makes look so pale and sickly. But you can learn, cannot you?'

'To be sure I can, if any one will teach and have patience with me.'

'Come along then. But you must not mind being laughed at.'

'I will not if I can help it.'

But Frank could not always help it, although he persevered notwithstanding. When they told him that he held the bat like a girl, he tried again and again until he had succeeded in doing better. In all his little trials, Frederick's laugh seemed the hardest to bear; but Claude Hamilton stood his friend, and he tried not to care for it.

Poor Frank was not strong, and soon grew weary, especially just at first; and used to fling himself down upon the ground with a beating heart and throbbing temples. O! how he wished himself back in his father's quiet study at such times! But he forbore to complain, and few guessed how much he suffered.

He wrote home in a cheerful spirit, merely mentioning that he was learning to play cricket.

His father little dreamed of the fatigue and mortifications which he cheerfully endured. The same unselfish affection marked that father's reply; in which he dwelt largely on the slight improvement visible in his own health, and said nothing of the long hours of weariness and depression in which his little companion was so sadly missed.

CHAPTER VI.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

BEFORE long, Frank had other and harder trials than learning to play cricket—such trials as all must expect to endure, more or less, who would live godly in Christ Jesus. The days of martyrdom are past; but even a schoolboy may bear his faithful and unflinching testimony to his Master's cause, and fearlessly take to himself the sweet consolation of Scripture, 'If ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled.'

'Did I not warn you of all this?' said Frederick, upon one occasion, when Frank could not help feeling a little 'troubled' for the moment, but it was only for a moment. 'Did I not tell you how you would be laughed at?'

'Yes, you warned me, and that was all that you did do. You never helped me; but please God, I will help myself.'

'That is right, Netherton,' exclaimed Claude Hamilton, encouragingly. 'Rome was not built in a day. I prophesy that the time will come when no one will venture to laugh at you.'

'Thank you,' said Frank, 'I can bear being laughed at in a good cause.'

'And what is the good cause at present in dispute?'