

now. As some one says, 'You lose an hour in the morning, and are all day trying in vain to catch it.'

'That is true enough,' observed Howard, with a sigh. 'But how does your tailor keep you from doing wrong, Frank?'

'By teaching me to do right, and warning me against the snares and temptations into which I might otherwise fall; and so proving 'a lamp unto my path,' without which I should continually stumbling. In trouble and perplexity, it has always an answer ready for those who seek it in prayer and faith.'

'I wonder what it would say to me!' exclaimed Howard.

Frank opened his little Bible at the twelfth chapter of the epistle to the Romans, beginning at the ninth verse. 'Listen,' replied he, 'to what it says to all: 'Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality. Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Re-compense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest: is the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

Frank ceased reading, and for several moments neither spoke.

'I will begin from this day,' exclaimed Howard, at length, 'I am determined; and read the Bible every morning and evening. I see now what made you, or rather helped you, to be so patient and forgiving; and why you would not tell who it was that had hurt you. I will try and make it my tailor also. I am sure I want a lamp, for everything seems dark enough sometimes: but it is my own fault. O that I could 'cleave to that which is good!'

'My tailor likewise says,' continued Frank 'and the words are those of our Saviour him-

self, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.'

'I should like to find rest,' said Howard, wearily. 'I have never found it yet.'

'And you never will, out of Christ. He is not a hard taskmaster. I am sure I may say so,' exclaimed Frank, with tears in his eyes. 'What would have become of me if it had been otherwise?'

Frank might well say that. What would become of any of us?

That day Howard made a great many good resolutions. It was a pity that he forgot them again so soon.

A modern writer has truly observed—'It is with our faults as with horseradish: it is terribly difficult to extirpate it from the earth in which it has once taken root; and nothing is more discouraging to him who would banish this weed from his ground than to find it, so lately plucked up, shooting forth again and again from the old root which yet remains buried in the earth.' Yes, it is difficult certainly, and discouraging; but let us take heart, and remember that nothing is impossible with God.

As soon as Frank was able to leave his room, Mr. Campbell had him carried into his own study, where he could remain quiet; and Frank was very careful not to disturb him when he came in to read, or write letters. It was a pleasant room, with a low window opening on to the lawn, and commanding a view of the play-ground beyond. As Frank sat there he could hear the merry voices of his school-fellows; and yet he did not feel sad, or wish to be with them. He was in a very peaceful frame of mind, for he knew that everything happens for the best. He wished that he could always feel as he did then; but the lamp, as we all know from experience, does not always seem bright. Every now and then a shadow comes across it, the shadow of our own sin and unbelief; and God appears, as it were, to hide his face from us. But let us wait and pray, and by-and-by the darkness passes away, and it is light again.

It was a sunny day; the boys had worked hard, and enjoyed their play afterwards. Philip Doyle alone remembered the little invalid; and he only knew whose fault it was that he was prevented from coming among them. As he crossed the lawn, he saw Frank sitting by the open window, and called to him. 'Are you alone, Netherton?' said he. 'What are you doing?'

'Nothing,' replied Frank, 'but enjoying myself, as the good Mrs. Fry says, and giving thanks. What a beautiful day, and how merry you all seem!'

'Not all, Frank; I cannot be merry while you are alone, and suffering.'

'I am not suffering now; and I do not mind being alone.'

'But cannot I do something for you?'

'Yes, go away; and let me hear you laughing and playing with the rest. I do not say this because I want to get rid of you,' added Frank, as Doyle turned sorrowfully back to his companions, 'but because I want to see you happy.'

'Then I shall stay with you,' said Doyle; and he entered the study with a bounding step.

When Mr. Campbell came in some time afterwards, and found him there, he praised him for his kindness to his little school-fellow. Doyle received his commendations with a flushed cheek and downcast eyes. He longed to tell him all. There is nothing more humiliating than to listen to the praises which we feel conscious we have not deserved.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

FREDERICK MORTIMER gained one of the prizes, and his cousin tried not to feel envious.

'Never mind,' said Howard; 'it is not your fault. Everyone pities you. You are not laughed at, and called a dunce, as I am. And a dunce I shall be all my life, I suppose. It is a good thing for me that my aunt would never dream of my bringing home a prize; so she will not be disappointed.'

'We must see what we can do next year,' replied Frank, cheerfully. 'Your aunt may be agreeably surprised some day yet.'

Howard shook his head dispondingly. 'I know I am a dunce,' repeated he; and I cannot help it.'

'But Mr. Campbell says you are not a dunce and that it is your own fault that you do not get on better; you are only careless and indolent.'

'Did he say that?'

'Yes; Hamilton heard him as well as myself. Suppose we both try and begin a new year when we come back, Howard—shall we?—and see what we can do.'

'I have tried so often.'

'Never mind; try again. But you must not forget the tailor. You will never get on without that.'

'You are right,' exclaimed Howard, as he remembered his former resolutions. 'I will try