

tell us. Shall we read them and see?"

"Oh, no; let us see it directly," said Duncan.

The first knot was carefully untied, but his patience would hold out no longer, and tearing off the paper and the seals he opened the little box and showed, deep down in cotton wool, a beautiful watch, ticking away in the merriest manner, and for brightness and every other good quality putting Mr. Keller's watches quite into the shade. They all stood round—Clara, Kate, and Mr. and Mrs. Graham, and the other children; all but Frank, whom nobody seemed to miss till they sat down to the breakfast-table.

"Frank is not often late; run up and see if he is coming, Arthur," said Mrs. Graham.

"Oh, I quite forgot to tell you, Mrs. Graham. Frank has got a headache, and said he could not get up, but that he did not want his breakfast," said Duncan.

"You should have told us that before, Duncan," said Mrs. Graham, rising from the table to go upstairs and see him. "I am afraid Saturday night was too much for him. He had better stay in bed."

#### CHAPTER V.

It was just three weeks from the day of the shipwreck that Mrs. Graham was sitting in Frank's bedroom. It was silent and dark, and Mrs. Graham dozed as she lay back in an easy-chair. She had been sitting up the greater part of each night with the boy, who was in extreme danger. The wetting and the excitement had brought on an attack of rheumatic fever, which had affected his heart.

His brother and sisters had only been allowed to come in quietly and sit by him without speaking much, but they had shown a tenderness and anxiety about him which did him more good than words.

Duncan had been kept at home while his brother was so ill, but it had at last been decided that he was to waste no more time, and that he should return to school on the following morning. On this Sunday evening Duncan very much wished to see his brother alone. A heavy weight had been lying on his mind lest Frank should die, and the last request he had made Duncan should have been refused.

Fortune favored him, for Mrs. Graham roused herself as he came gently into the room, and

asked him if he would watch Frank for a few minutes while she went to look after Mr. Graham, who had just come in. She drew the curtains aside, for the day was waning, and as she did so Duncan could not help giving a little cry of pain. He had only been in the darkened room hitherto, and had had no idea of the terrible wasting and alteration which those three weeks of illness had wrought. He was quite unused to sickness, and it appeared to him that Frank's face was very nearly like those they had both seen carried into the house on the night of the wreck.

For a moment he quite forgot what he was going to say, and tears gathered in his eyes.

"You must give my love to the fellows in my form," Frank whispered. "Tell Collins he will get ahead of me now. And look here Duncan; if I don't get well, you know, I think I should like Collins to have that Bible of mine. He would like the maps and references, and he wouldn't shy it about. Of course I'd give it to you, or Clara, or Kate, if they hadn't got one like it. I should like to see father and mother again. I tried all last night to remember what they were like when they went away. The photos don't seem to be them somehow. I should like you to tell them how good Mr. and Mrs. Graham have been to us all. Mind you do. Don't let them think all this is their fault. Do you know, Duncan, that is one reason why I didn't want to die? I am so afraid people will blame them for letting me be out that night. You'll set all that right."

"Oh! I say, don't talk like that!" said poor Duncan turning away. "I can't bear it! You'll get all right. But look here, Franky, I tell you what I want to say. You know my father sent me that watch for my birthday?"

"So you'll get a canoe with the money," interrupted Frank.

"No. I've given three pounds of it to Mr. Graham for the boy you wanted to do something for. I kept fifteen shillings to take back to school, and Mr. Graham gave me back another pound, and said I had better only give him two for the boy. He seemed so much pleased at my doing it, but of course I told him I should never have thought of it if it hadn't been for you. And while I was about it I thought I would make a clean sweep of my conscience, so I told him about my getting half-a-crown out of

Mrs. Graham. And you can't think how kind he was. He didn't blame me a bit, and talked to me as if he thought I meant to try to be better."

Frank did not speak. He had somehow got Duncan's hand in his, and now he drew his face down towards him and kissed him, the first time since they were little children together.

"I didn't say anything about your money, you know," said Duncan; "so you can do as you like."

"I gave him mine the other night," said Frank. "Wednesday night, you know, after the doctor had gone, and when you all came to say good-night. I knew what they all thought that night, so I settled up my business. And now, whatever happens, I shall be so happy after this talk with you. Mr. Jones is going to take that boy, you know, and you might look after him a little perhaps. I am sorry for him, he has got no father and mother, and no Mr. and Mrs. Graham instead of them."

"Now then, my dear Duncan, I must turn you out," said Mrs. Graham; "you shall come and see him for a minute before you go away in the morning."

Frank followed him out of the room with his eyes, and then turned round with such a contented expression that Mrs. Graham felt that rather good than harm had been done by the interview.

There were still many anxious days and nights to be gone through, but in the end the fever was conquered and Frank recovered. His illness had been a great blessing, not only to Duncan, who had by it been aroused to a sense of his selfishness, but to Clara, who had been in danger of becoming a fashionable young lady, intent only upon the colors and arrangement of her dress. The feather was given up, and she spent the money intended for it on flannel for the poor, as well as much time in making up the garments.

You may be sure that when Major and Mrs. Wells received Katie's present they also got a letter from Mrs. Graham, saying how well the pocket-money of the others had by their own desire been spent, and that this gave them the greatest happiness. James Deacon, the shipwrecked boy, was a very good, steady fellow, but he did not take to Mr. Jones's trade, and he is now regimental servant to Duncan Wells, who got his commission early, and went out to India, not

very long after his parents returned to England.

Frank is at Cambridge, and hopes some day to be parson of a country parish, with Katie for a housekeeper.

#### A SPEECH ON MODERATION.

Mr. Chairman and friends,—what a great deal of nonsense some people talk about moderation in drinking, as if it was right to drink, but to do it moderately.

And yet, though they talk so much about it, they cannot tell what moderation is; they cannot lay down any rule that can be of use in keeping people from drinking to excess; they cannot say what a moderate quantity is. What one man would say was a very moderate quantity, would make another man drunk. One man takes a glass and says he is drinking moderately; another takes three and says he is drinking moderately; and another man takes a whole bottle at a time, and yet maintains that *he* also is drinking moderately. One man thinks a person drinks moderately so long as what he takes makes no difference in his voice, or his look or his manner. Another thinks he has been drinking moderately so long as he can find his way home without help, even when other people see quite well that he is half-stupified. And many, alas! go on drinking and think they are drinking moderately till they awake too late to find they are already confirmed drunkards! No, no; old Samuel Johnson was right when he said—"Everybody knows what total abstinence is, but what moderation is nobody can define."

The fact is that moderation is not only difficult to define, but even if you *give* a definition, and lay down a rule, it is a rule that, as we see, has not kept, and therefore we may be sure never will keep, people from going on in multitudes of cases to drunkenness.

Moderation is like the Highlander's horse—which he said had only two faults: 1st. It was difficult to catch; and 2nd, it wasn't worth anything when it was caught.

Set your affections  
on things above, not  
on things on the earth.