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HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls,  
Though with pictures hung and gilded;  
Home is where affection calls—  
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

Home—go watch the faithful dove  
Sailing 'neath the heavens above us,  
Home is where there's one to love—  
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;  
It needs something to endear it;  
Home is where the heart can bloom—  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.

What is home with none to meet,  
None to welcome, none to greet us?  
Home is sweet, and only sweet,  
When there's one we love to meet us.

**FRANK NETHERTON,**

OR

**THE TALISMAN.**

CHAPTER I.

FRANK NETHERTON.

The mother of Frank Nether-ton died at his birth, and from that time his father would scarcely suffer him to be out of his sight. No one thought that the infant would live; but God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, took care of the little motherless boy, and raised him up to be a comfort to his surviving parent. Frank was never so happy as when seated on his little stool at his father's feet, learning "something new," as he termed it; or

listening to the wonderful histories of foreign lands which his father used to narrate.

When Frank was six years old he knew more than most boys of ten or twelve, and was so quick and diligent that it was a pleasure to teach him. Many people observed, and with truth, that he understood almost too much for his age, and that he often sat poring over his book when he ought to have been playing about in the green fields. That might have been partly the reason why he was not strong and healthy like other children, but used often to come and rest his weary head against his father's knee, and ask him to repeat the story of the child who went out to his father among the reapers, and said to him all on a sudden, "My head! my head!" and was borne home to his mother and died, and was raised again by the power of God. Frank liked all the Old Testament histories, but this was his favorite at such times, and he never grew tired of hearing it.

Mr. Nether-ton was a man of studious and retired habits. After the death of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, he cared less than ever for society, and wholly devoted himself to his books and the education of his little son. But his health rapidly declined; so rapidly of late that the old housekeeper, who had lived in the family for many years, and was much attached to her master, thought it her duty to write to his sister, the only relative he had in the world, and confide to her her fears for the result.

Mrs. Mortimer set off immediately on receiving the letter, and arrived at the Grange quite unexpectedly, and much to the surprise of every one but the faithful domestic before mentioned. The brother and sister had not met since the death of his wife. She had been opposed to

their marriage; but all unkind feeling on both sides was buried in the grave, and Mrs. Mortimer embraced her little nephew with almost maternal affection.

"He is very like you, William," said she, looking at her brother with the tears in her eyes. "But how short for his age! Why, my Frederick, who is only a year older, is above a head and shoulders taller. And how pale he is! I am afraid that he does not take exercise enough. William, you are killing this boy by inches."

"My dear sister!" exclaimed Mr. Nether-ton. "But he is not ill. You are not ill, Frank, are you?" and he trembled as he took the boy's little thin hand in his.

"No, papa; my head does not ache to-day."

"Go away, child," said Mrs. Mortimer. "Go into the garden and amuse yourself."

Frank immediately obeyed her; but he took his book with him, and sat down under the trees to read it.

"You are killing the boy, I tell you," repeated Mrs. Mortimer, when he was gone, "and yourself too. The air of this close room is absolutely poisonous. No wonder the poor child looks so pale and miserable. You must get him a pony the first thing."

"He shall have one to-morrow," said Mr. Nether-ton.

"And you must ride and walk with him every day."

"I do not think that I could walk very far," said her brother, with a sigh, thus unconsciously admitting his own weakness.

"Not just at first perhaps, and yet how you and I used to walk, William! Do you remember?"