

a coward. He was afraid to think for himself. Frank was singularly fearless both in mind and body. He always said what he thought, without caring what others thought of him. Mr. Netherton had been very anxious to encourage this feeling; but he always never failed to remind him, that although the truth must be spoken at all times, it should be spoken in fore—that we may be perfectly sincere, without being harsh or unkind. To be sure, Frank had yet to learn whether he could bear being ridiculed for his opinions.

It is strange how the fear of God casts out the fear of man. If we can feel quite sure that God approves of our thoughts and actions, how trifling, in comparison, appears the approval of others!

The cousins had been talking together a few weeks after Frederick's arrival.

'I dare say,' observed he, 'that I am just as good as you, only I do not make such a fuss about it. If I did, I should be finely laughed at at school, I can tell you.'

'I do not pretend to be good,' answered Frank; 'but I do not see why I should be ashamed of trying to be better, or of talking about that which can alone make me so.'

'It is all very well here, with my uncle and little Helen; but we have no saints at school.'

'I have heard my father say,' replied Frank, 'that the word saint is often used in the same sense as believer. Are there no believers at your school?'

'Pshaw!' exclaimed Frederick, impatiently. 'Do you take us for heathens?'

'Then if Christians, why be ashamed of Christ?'

'It is all very well at present,' said Frederick, 'but I should like to see what you would do at school: and it is not improbable that I may, from what I overheard mamma say yesterday to my uncle.'

'O, what could that be? But do not tell me; if my father wishes me to know, he will tell me himself.'

'Should you like to go back with me, Frank?'

'I do not know; I never thought about it. I think I should; only I should be sorry to leave my dear father. Wordsworth, I remember, calls his school-days 'the golden time.''

'Ah! that was when he was a man. But I can tell you that it is a great bore having to study so many hours, and being obliged to learn

whether you like it or not. To be sure, the play-time is pleasant enough; and the half-holidays, when it does not rain. But I do not know what you would do in play-time; why, you do not know a single game.'

'I suppose I could learn.'

'I do not know,' replied Frederick, gazing rather contemptuously at his cousin's slight, delicate form. 'We call such fellows as you girls, at school.'

'Never mind, Frank,' said little Helen kindly. 'I do not mind being called a girl.'

Neither of the cousins could help laughing.

'That is because you are a girl. But you would mind being called a 'Tom-boy,' said her brother.

'She need not,' interrupted Frank; 'because it would not be the truth. It does not signify what any one says of us if we know it is untrue.'

'Very well, Mr. Philosopher,' said Frederick, shaking his head; 'we shall see.'

Frederick was right in supposing that, in all probability, his cousin would accompany him back to school. When Mrs. Mortimer first spoke of it to her brother, he instantly and decidedly refused to part with his child; but she gradually succeeded in convincing him how much it would be for Frank's advantage in every way, and a reluctant consent was at length obtained.

'Be it so,' said Mr. Netherton. 'Let him go and form fresh connections and associations that may console him, should it please God to take me away. As it is, I fear that such an event would break the poor child's heart.'

'Let us hope better things,' replied his sister, gently. 'You are already considerably stronger; and Frank is quite a different boy to what he was a month ago.'

'Thanks to you.'

'Thanks to God, my dear brother. I trust, if it be his will, you may be spared many years to see your son become all that he could wish. Frank is a noble little fellow; but as yet he is only a dreamer. It will be good both for his mind and body to associate for a time with other boys, and learn to act as well as to think for himself; and to join not only in their studies but their sports. It is not enough to be clever and learned; we must also be useful and active—men and boys more especially.'

Mr. Netherton admitted that she was right, with a sigh for his own helplessness. Sorrow, and a lingering, although painless disease, had made him what he was; but it had not been so in past

days, and he could still anticipate a brighter future for his child.

Frank could not help feeling sad at the thought of leaving home, and, above all his kind and indulgent parent, from whom he had never before been separated, even for a single day; but Mrs. Mortimer had warned him, for that parent's sake, to try and control his emotion. The little fellow obeyed her as well as he was able: but it was a hard trial for his fortitude—almost his first trial. Even the bay pony and the flower garden came in for a share of his regrets, although little Helen promised to take the latter under her own care; Mrs. Mortimer having consented to continue to reside at the Grange, at least for the present.

Frederick did very little towards encouraging his young companion, for he warned him that he must not look to him for everything, but fight his own battles, as he had been obliged to do when he first went to school. To which Frank replied, that he did not want any one to fight his battles, and that he had no doubt but what he should do very well; although, in his heart he could not help thinking his cousin somewhat unkind.

It was not ill-nature, but the fear of being laughed at, which made Frederick determined to hold back until he had seen how Frank was likely to be received. He felt half ashamed that a cousin of his should be so profoundly ignorant of all that he thought it necessary for a school-boy to know.

'What is the use of his Greek and Latin,' argued Frederick, 'when he understands nothing of cricket, and cannot even play at foot-ball? And then he is such a little fellow—though, to be sure, he cannot help that—and has such old-fashioned notions. He is sure to be quizzed.'

CHAPTER IV.

FRANK LEAVES HOME.

THE evening before Frank left home, he went into the study to have what he called a last look. There stood his father's easy chair, and his own little stool on which he had so often sat at his feet, and listened to his conversation, in which amusement, instruction, and something higher still, were ever carefully blended together; where he had so often heard his favorite story of the child and the reapers. And now he was going away for months, and he might never hear that dear father's voice again. Child as he was, Frank knew the sad meaning of the word death. His little heart was full to burst