

Enough has been said, we trust to excite an interest for him in the hearts of your youthful readers; and in the hearts of schoolboys especially, as they will be able to enter the more readily into all his little trials and difficulties, having experienced similar ones themselves.

Towards the conclusion of the year in which it had been finally arranged that Frank should leave school, he was summoned home in great haste, where he arrived only just in time to receive his father's blessing, and hear and treasure up his last words. 'Do not grieve for me over much,' said he. 'I should like to remain here a little longer; but to die, and be with Christ, is far better. My son, be useful, be happy. Serve God, and your fellow-creatures; and in a few years, through the merits of the dear Redeemer, we shall meet again in the kingdom of heaven.'

A little while before he died, Mr Netherton asked Frank if he remembered a pleasing anecdote of the good Richard Cecil; but Frank could not remember anything then. 'As he was lying on his death-bed,' continued his father, 'he requested one of the members of his family to write down for him in a book the following sentence: "None but Christ! None but Christ!"' ~~Mr Netherton, lying at the stake, the same in~~ dying circumstance, with his whole heart, said Richard Cecil. 'So also,' added the expiring Christian, 'saith William Netherton: None but Christ! None but Christ! He is all-sufficient.'

After giving this testimony. Mr. Netherton never uttered another word, but fell asleep with his head resting upon Frank's shoulder.

"Asleep in Jesus—O! how bless'd,  
How sweet their slumbers are!  
From sufferings and from sin released,  
And freed from every snare.

"Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord,  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward."

For a long time Frank was inconsolable. It was only natural that he should lament for so kind a parent. Our blessed Saviour himself wept at the tomb of Lazarus. But when Frank said that he should never be happy again, his aunt rebuked him gently, very gently, and with the tears in her own eyes, reminded him of his father's last wishes, that he should rouse himself, and endeavour to become an active and useful member of society. Then it was that Frank remembered the lesson learned so long before, and tried to say, 'Not my will, O God, but thine, be done.'

About this time Frank received a letter from his friend Claude Hamilton, inviting him to come and stay with him for a few weeks previous to his departure for India. 'It will do you good,' wrote he; 'besides which, I think you will be glad to meet my missionary uncle,' as we used to call him, who is now here on a visit. Remember, I will take no denial.'

Frank showed the letter to his aunt, who advised him by all means to go. At his earnest request, she consented to continue to make the Grange her home.

'What should I do without you,' said Frank, 'and dear Helen, and Frederick?'

'Take care,' said his cousin, 'or I shall be jealous at your putting Helen's name before mine.'

'He loved her so!' answered Frank. 'I shall never forget Helen's kindness to my father. It would not seem like home if you were all to go away and leave me.'

'But we will not leave you,' said Helen, in a low voice.

'I am so glad.'

Frank passed several happy weeks with his friend. He was quite as much pleased with the 'missionary uncle' as he had expected to be; while Mr. Hamilton, on his part, took quite a fancy to Frank, and loved to draw him out, and hear him relate some of the many quaint stories and anecdotes with which his memory was stored. But what won the old man's heart more than anything else, was his simple and earnest zeal for the cause of his Divine Redeemer.

As the time drew near for Claude Hamilton's departure, the two friends became sad and thoughtful, for they loved one another very much.

One day when Frank and Mr. Hamilton were alone, the latter said, 'Claude tells me that you would like to be a missionary; is it so?'

'Yes,' answered Frank, 'I should like it above everything else in the world.'

'And your friends?'

'My best friend, my dear father, approved of and encouraged the wish. We used often to talk it over together.'

'Do you think yourself qualified for a missionary?'

'I am young,' answered Frank, modestly; 'but there is nothing I would not do and bear, with God's help, in his glorious cause. Had you asked me if I thought myself worthy of such an honor, I must have answered in the negative.'

'We none of us are,' replied Mr. Hamilton; 'but God has promised to accept our imperfect services for Jesus Christ's sake, our blessed Lord and Saviour. Years hence, when your education is finished, if you still continue in the same mind, I shall be happy to assist, as far as lies in my power, in furthering your wishes. But remember, my dear Frank, we are all too apt to forget that there are home duties as well as home missionaries.'

'So my father used to tell me,' said Frank. 'Yes, I will try to remember; I will try to do what is right, indeed I will.'

'I believe it, my dear boy,' replied Mr. Hamilton; 'and can only pray that you may be led to clearly perceive, and resolutely follow, the path of duty and providence.'

A few weeks after this conversation, Claude Hamilton and his uncle quitted England. The hope that they might hereafter meet again in India, dim and undefined as it was, somewhat lessened Frank's grief at parting with his friend; but the great source of consolation was the firm conviction in both their minds, that God ordereth everything for the best, and that he was leading them—as he leads all who trust in him as they did—forth by the right way to 'a city of habitation.'

Our readers will be glad to hear that Howard continued to persevere; and what was better still, he continued to consult his talisman upon all occasions, and so grew up to be an active and useful member of society, and a faithful and humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

God grant that this little history may not have been written in vain. And it will not, if, by his blessing, it should be the humble instrument of drawing one youthful heart near to himself. We would fain set forth in it the beauty as well as the comfort of the religion of Christ, showing how it supports, and cheers, and can alone make us happy. We would also encourage the very humblest of our readers to try and do something for God; and to remember that there are school, and home, as well as foreign missionaries. Frank Netherton was only a little school-boy, and yet he did a great deal of good. We may all do something if we try. As Dr. Chalmers says, 'there is nothing like trying'—only we must not forget the TALISMAN.

THE END.

An interesting meeting was held in the Coldstream Hall, Brock-street, last Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Reformation Society and Coldstream Division Sons of Temperance. W. S. Finch, Esq., occupied the Chair. Miss Wallace presided at the Melodeon, and sang several pieces. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Lundy and Messrs. R. Moore, Warden, Pomeroy, and the Editor of this paper. Several persons signed the pledge at the close.