

**MARY AND FRANK:
OR, A MOTHER'S
INFLUENCE**

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Mary and Frank: Or, a Mother's Influence by Anonymous

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"EARNESTLY AND HEARTILY."

See page 40.

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A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLIND NELLY."

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1868.

Mary and Frank;

OR,

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

CHAPTER I.

"Is there a little orphan child,
Father and mother gone,
Who deems himself quite desolate,
Left in the world alone?"

It is not so—while Christ's own words
On every lip are laid,
While each a Father has in heaven,
To cheer him, and to aid."

IN a darkened room, where the bright summer sun was making golden lines upon the carpet, by vainly trying to peep through the closed blinds, stood two children—a boy and girl—in the deep embrasure of a window, through which the soft air was wafted in, bearing on it the

perfume of a thousand flowers, and the pleasant warbling of the birds. You could tell at once that they were brother and sister, by the strong likeness which existed between them ; the same features were traceable in both, though the dark hair of the girl was golden in her little brother. Their faces were very sorrowful, and there were signs of recent tears on their cheeks ; the girl's arm was put fondly round her brother's neck, as he stood plucking the leaves of a myrtle which stood in the window.

" Frankie, dear, don't cry ;" said his sister, tenderly, as a sob every now and then shook his slender frame ; " God will take care of us, Frankie, darling. Dear Mamma is so happy now," and the girl's own voice trembled as she spoke ; " that we ought not to be sorry, Nurse says, that she is gone ; because she has been ill so long, and now God has taken her where she will never suffer any more. She is with dear Papa, oh, so happy !"

" But, May," answered the little boy, " I cannot help crying, because I shall never see her any more." And then came a fresh burst of tears.

" Yes, Frankie, you will," said his sister, fondly : " I am sure we both shall, if we only

try to be good, and to love God, and to pray to Him. I remember dear Mamma telling me so one night, when I was sitting by her : she told me that we must love nobody like our Saviour, and be always praying to Him to help us to do what is right, and that then, when we die, He will take us to heaven to live with Him for ever. And she told me, oh ! such beautiful things that we shall see there, Frankie !”

“ Tell me about them, May,” said the little boy, looking earnestly into his sister’s face.

“ Well, then, Frankie,” she said, “ sit down by me, and I will see if I can remember.” And she seated herself on a low chair, while Frank threw himself on the floor by her side, and laid his head on her lap. Fondly stroking his fair curls, his sister began—

“ Dear Mamma said, Frankie, that there are gates of pearl, and streets of gold, more beautiful than anything we can see on earth ; and that all those who go there will have white robes put on them, and palms in their hands ; and they will spend all their time in singing, and praising God. There will be so many too, more than anybody can count ; and they will be *quite* happy, and there will be nothing more to grieve them, or make them sorry.”

"I wish God would take me there at once, May: I am so tired of being without dear Mamma," said little Frank, whose eyes had lighted up with a radiant expression, as his sister had told him of the glories surpassing human ken, which are prepared in that world of light and love, for those who love and serve God.

"Sing me that hymn, May, dear, will you please, that Mamma liked so much, about the children in heaven?" said the little boy, after a pause.

Mary's voice trembled a little, but she bravely conquered the disposition to cry, and readily complied with his request. Fixing her eyes on a picture which hung on the opposite side of the room, that of a lady with a calm, sweet expression of countenance, evidently the likeness of her mother, whose gentle eyes seemed to look down lovingly on her little daughter,—
Mary sang:—

"Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand,
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

"What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?