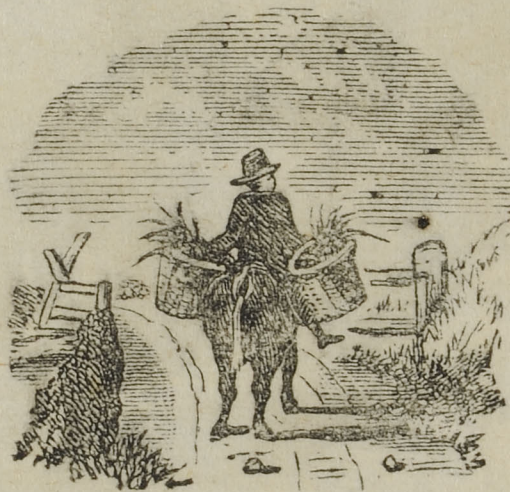


DEAN'S  
Illustrated Farthing Books.

**LITTLE FRANK,  
THE INDIAN.**



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## LITTLE FRANK, THE INDIAN.



THERE was once a child who was separated from his father ; but he was so well



able to keep that father in his mind, that it consoled him many a time for the sorrows of absence. His name was Frank; and he was born in that hot country on the continent of Asia, called India. He had no mamma; and three little sisters, who had once played with Frank, were buried out of sight, and their souls had gone to the Friend of little children; so that Frank was the only one left to his father; and very dearly did the child and his father love one another. He had no play-fellows of his own age; but he did not need them. He was a quiet boy; and, from his ill-health, he did not like rough play, but was always happy to listen to the stories which his father told him, or sit by his side while he wrote, looking up every now and then to his face, but never disturbing him by talking or noise. He told his papa all his thoughts, and hid nothing from him; and wisely and tenderly did the good parent train his little one, trying to win him to love the Saviour, and to give his young heart to Him.



But no care or love could make the roses bloom in Frank's pale cheeks; and so the doctor said that if the boy did not leave India soon, he would die. There are but few English children who can bear the heat of Calcutta, the city in which Frank's father lived: and it was



decided at last that he should go to England, to be educated. The day came

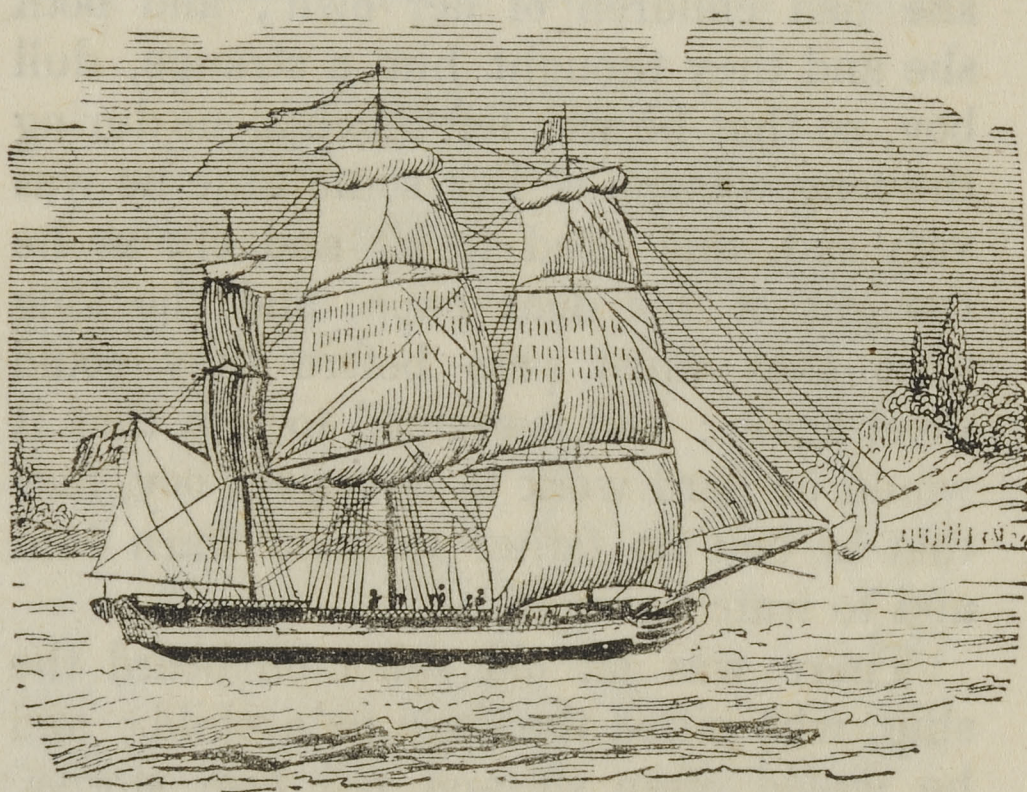


for him to say farewell to his Indian home and his dear papa, who could not leave his business at Calcutta, but who loved his child too well to wish to keep him in so unhealthy a country. A lady, who was going to England, took charge of Frank: she had children of her own; and both she and they thought him a strange, dull boy, so that he was left much alone during the long voyage. For some time he was very sad, and used to sit and cry as he thought of his dear papa, and the long time that must pass before they could meet again; and it seemed to him that it would be hard work to be a good boy, now that he had no father near to warn him and to watch over him.

There was an old sailor on board the ship, who pitied the little pale child; and he would often sit and tell him stories, and explain to him the many wonderful sights of the great deep sea over which they were voyaging; and soon Frank told the good old sailor of his trouble, and how he thought that he could never, never be happy, he feared, because he had no papa



to teach him. But the sailor told him that this was wrong, for if he did truly love his father, he might go to him in thought, and almost fancy him near all the day long. He might do everything



he had taught him, just as if he were present, never forgetting the prayer and text of Scripture morning and evening, and try also to conquer selfish, discontented



tempers. Then, he told him, he might write down his thoughts, his temptations, and his trials; and when he did this, and thought of his absent papa, he would almost feel that he was with him—not his body, indeed, but better than the body, his heart and soul.

And Frank found the sailor's words true; for sometimes, during that long voyage, the little boy's thoughts were so much on his father, and he lived so truly as if he were with and saw him, that he began to enjoy what he called his heart visits to India; and he proved that, to those who really love, it is not needful to be with one another in order to enjoy intercourse. Thus you see how little Frank was constantly going to his father, as truly as if he had run into his open arms and nestled in his bosom.

Just so may you go to Jesus. He is not to be seen with your eyes; but you know that in His Spirit He is always present, and that He is in heaven to hear your prayer, and to watch over and love you. Read of Him in the Bible; and, as



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you read, think of His great love to you in dying on the cross, and let your heart go to Him; and pray that He would make you His dear child, and not only suffer you to come to Him on earth, but take you, whenever you may leave it, to His home in heaven.

