JOTTINGS FROM THE DIARY OF THE SUN

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Jottings from the Diary of the Sun by M. H.

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By M. H.,
RDITOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR,"

Condon :

HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLXXXV.

1489. j. 457.



INTRODUCTION.



the Sun could speak, what curious atories it could tell! said a bright little girl to me some time ago.

To please her these Jottings were begun; and others, more suited to older readers, have been since added. Should any of my readers find a pleasant or a profitable thought in these little narratives, their end will have been abundantly answered.

'I have sometimes thought,' writes John Foster, 'if the Sun were an intelligence, he would be horribly incensed at the world he is appointed to enlighten.' Such an intelligence I have supposed it to be; but have preferred rather to dwell on the pleasant scenes of which it is a witness, than on the many dreadful ones on which its beams too often fall.

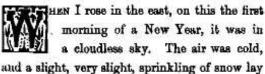
'Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall;
A joy thou art, and a wreath to all;
A bearer of hope unto land and sea;
Sunbeam' what gift hath the world like thee?

One thing is like thee to mortals given— The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.



JOTTINGS FROM THE DIARY OF THE SUN.

JANUARY 1.



on the green sward, made crisp by a somewhat sharp frost.

As I looked around me, my attention was attracted to a small country house in the Highlands of Scotland. I had glanced into it often before, and knew something of the history, and had learned to love its gentle inmate, a widow lady. In doors, all spoke of the comfort, nay, even the elegances of life; whilst the surrounding scenery, even on that cold January morning, was sublimely beautiful, bounded as it was on the east by high snow-capped hills, at whose foot lay a large loch, whose calm waters my rays played upon, as I rose above the mountain-tops, and peeped into the quiet house on this New Year's Day.

Seated near a warm fire in the pretty drawingroom, with its bright crimson curtains, sat the
lady, attired as usual in her mourning dress,
with a close-fitting widow's cap, underneath
which her silvery gray hair was plainly braided.
The expression of her face was sorrowful, though
resigned, and a tear stood in her expressive
eyes, as she raised her head from the book she
was reading, and, as if in prayer, said aloud,
'Lord Jesus, who heard the prayer of the
woman of Canaan in behalf of her daughter.