

**JOTTINGS FROM
THE
DIARY OF THE SUN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649562060

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

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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By M. H.,
EDITOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

London:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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MDCCLXXXV.

1489. j. 457.



INTRODUCTION.

If the Sun could speak, what curious stories 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.

WHEN I rose in the east, on this the first morning of a New Year, it was in a cloudless sky. The air was cold, and a slight, very slight, sprinkling of snow lay 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 drawing-room, 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.