

look, Wilson, on these emblems of mortality, a strange mixture of different emotions move me forcibly; I am at once joyous and sorrowful, despondent and grateful. I cannot forget the loss I have sustained, or how that loss has been supplied to me. Perhaps I ought to have no feeling but that of gratitude, if I would do justice to my daughter's merits, for she is all a dutious, loving child can be; my dream by night, my pondered thought by day,—my sweet companion, pupil, tutor, child!"

Lesslie, again overcome by his feelings, suffered Wilson to lead him into a little arbour that was near; the jasmin and woodbine that covered the trellis-work had been trained by the hand of Flora,—where could her father rest so well as in this place.

Lesslie was one of those great minds which bear afflictions as best becomes men and Christians. He was too sensible not to feel, and acutely feel, the sufferings of humanity, but he referred them to their proper purpose and ultimate design. Looking beyond the narrow limits of mere mortal vision, his eye was humbly, yet steadily fixed on that future world where vicissitudes will not be known, and whose joys are of that unmixed description that they cannot fade. Yet was Lesslie a man feelingly alive to the distresses of his fellow-men.

Christianity had taught him resignation, but had not wrapped his heart in coldness; it had taught him to sorrow not as those without hope, but it did not lead him to condemn all expressions of grief as futile and effeminate. He bore privations and sufferings as becomes a man, but he also felt them as a man. He was a stranger to the proud, cold calculations of heathen philosophy, which refuse to consider pain as an evil, and which, at the best, could only inculcate a social indifference or a total apathy, but could never throw one gleam of comfort over the rugged path of life, or lift the soul for an instant above the dark confines of the grave.

Lesslie had recovered his usual firmness and strength of mind, and was discoursing with Wilson on subjects of literature and philosophy, when, at the bottom of the long vista of trees leading to the garden, a female of elegant appearance was seen approaching towards them. A look of fatherly love beamed on the countenance of Lesslie. "It is Flora," said he; "she has prepared our evening meal, and is coming to find me, and lead me to the house, as is her custom."

Wilson contemplated with increasing interest the approach of the fair messenger. She came, not in the consciousness of superior beauty, tripping along like a Parisian belle, or a female of the haut ton, but with that modest dignity of carriage which always distinguishes the truly virtuous woman above the flippant part of the sex. She advanced toward her father with an expression of love and respect. Lesslie took her hand mechanically, and prepared to walk back to the house. "Flora," said he, "this is our friend Wilson, of whom you have heard me speak." She curtsied. "Your supper is waiting for you, father," said the lovely girl, in a voice not less sweet than that which fell like soft music on the ear of our first parent in paradise. "Father,"—no words can describe the tone and gesture with which this fond appellation was spoken, nor any artist pourtray the expression of love which beamed in the countenance of both father and daughter.

Terms sufficiently delicate and expressive have never yet been found to describe that beautiful and holy tie

"Which binds the daughter to her father's heart."

Lesslie, accompanied by Wilson, and holding his daughter's hand, set forward towards the house. When they arrived in the drawing room, every thing around indicated the deep attention which Flora devoted to her father's happiness. With an acknowledgment of thankfulness to Heaven, they sat down to their repast, and when it was over, the prayer, and the evening song of praise, brought them into the im-

mediate presence of the Deity, and restored to them the departed wife and mother whom they had so lately lost. If we should attempt to describe the interesting appearance of Flora whilst kneeling by her father's side, it would only serve to shew how very inadequate human language is to express purity and beauty approaching to perfection. Let us forbear to say more: there are flowers whose texture is so beautiful and delicate, that to touch is to injure them; and whilst we attempt to give their meed of praise, we sully them with our breath.

#### O! YE HOURS.

O! ye hours, ye sunny hours!  
Floating lightly by,  
Are ye come with birds and flowers,  
Odours and the blue sky?

Yes, we come, again we come,  
Through the wood paths free,  
Bringing many a wanderer home,  
With the bird and bee.

O! ye hours, ye sunny hours,  
Are ye wafting song?  
Doth wild music strain in showers  
All the groves among?

Yes, the nightingale is there,  
While the starlight sighs,  
Making young leaves and sweet air  
Tremble with her strains.

O! ye hours, ye sunny hours!  
In your silent flow,  
Ye are mighty powers!  
Bring me bliss or woe?

Ask not this!—oh! ask not this!  
Yield your hearts awhile  
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,  
And the heaven's bright smile.

Throw not shades of anxious thought  
O'er the glowing flowers!  
We are come with sunshine fraught,  
Question not the hours!

#### THE SUN.

The Sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger than our world, and contains six hundred times more matter than all the planets and their moons together. Could a string be passed in a straight line through the Sun, so as to measure him across, from one side to the other, exactly opposite (which we always mean by the term *diameter*;) it would measure about eight hundred and eighty-three thousand miles. It would require a line to encircle him quite round, to be more than two millions seven hundred and seventy-four thousand miles long. How vast his size!—Yet, our Sun is but a small part of creation, as we shall see when we consider the fixed stars. The centre or middle of the whole solar system (which consists of the Sun, the Planets, their Moons, and the Comets) is nearly in the centre of the Sun, round which he moves. He has also a motion on his axis, (that is, a supposed axis passing from pole to pole) turning from west to east, in twenty-five days, fourteen hours and eight minutes, which is known by means of spots on his surface. The Sun's appearing larger in the horizon than when on the meridian, seems to arise merely from our not viewing any other objects, as trees, houses, &c. in connection