

cruel ; the future is uncertain, and may have all in store.' These were the sentiments he indulged, and

'Thus he lingered to survey,  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way.'

But when he saw himself advancing in years, and no prospect of his speedily entering college appeared, a gloom, in spite of himself, began to settle on his brow, and although he endeavoured to hide his feelings, it was begun to be noted that Frank was not what he used to be. His sweetness of disposition was not changed—he was the same affable obliging being he had ever been—he had no complaint—but a melancholy in his words, and the paleness of his cheek told, alas ! too plainly, the working of a secret sorrow. It was with deep regret and alarm, his friends began to observe this to them unaccountable change—every expedient which tenderness could suggest was had recourse to with no apparent effect. It was to no purpose that the surgeon of the hamlet assured them that this disease proceeded from inquietude of mind. The tenor of his life seemed to them a tale without incident, and they could fix on no circumstance as the cause ; besides they had the word of Francis himself, who was not known to lie, that nothing extraordinary had happened to him. The surgeon, although satisfied in his mind that his skill was unavailing, prescribed some simple medicines, and withdrew ; for who can

“ ——— minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidotes  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart ”

Time, which waits not the completion of our griefs, rolled silently on, and sadness was now the never failing companion of him who experienced in all its bitterness, how “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.”

When labouring under severe depression of spirits, a small sum of money which, by the strictest economy, he had contrived to save, was lost, by a professedly needy friend had re-

ceived it in the hour of his alleged necessity on the solemn assurance of repayment by a certain day. He proved to be an impostor, and left the vicinity with more than one debt unaccounted for. By this shock his expectations were blasted at the very root, and thenceforward a more awful alteration than melancholy began to be visible ; his words and actions occasionally betrayed a mind unhinged, and whisper gave birth to louder language, expressing that poor Francis Morier was sometimes insane :

(To be continued.)

---

## ASTRONOMY.

---

### THE APPROACHING COMET.

Alluding to the approaching comet, the Edinburgh Review says :

We must not expect to be revisited by that body of portentous aspect and gigantic magnitude which spread terror amongst the people of the fifteenth century. Happily the light of science has dissipated these vain superstitions. Since astronomy has passed from the hands of priests and historians into those of geometers, Nature, immutable in her laws, and grand in her simplicity, seems to have obeyed, in the succession of her phenomena, an habitual order, from which she never departs. That passion, in the excitement of which mankind so much delights, will still be stimulated, — not, however, as formerly, accompanied by vain terrors raised by a physical prodigy, but accompanied by sentiments of the highest admiration at these powers of thought, by the exercise of which the day is appointed at which a star shall return to us from such enormous distances, that, for three fourths of a century, it has transcended the limits of our system. It is doubtless not one of the miracles of science least to be admired, nor one of the proofs of the progress of the human mind least striking to behold this comet, formerly the terror of mankind, now waited for with impatience by the learned. And in these times, when information is so widely diffused, we may hope,