

life, after her mother had read and prayed with her, her father came in, and expressed his wish to meet her in heaven. She, knowing his besetting sin, gently warned him ; and so deep was the impression of her words, as never to be effaced from his mind : and it is hoped they led him to prepare for his death, which occurred very soon, and very suddenly. After bidding farewell to each of the family, she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, in the ninth year of her age.

“ This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
 Call'd hence by early doom,
 Just came to show how sweet a flower
 In paradise would bloom.”

H. H. E.

U N C L E S A M .

Children. Uncle, we heard them talking at home this morning about something that was in the newspaper about what they called *the Northern Lights*. Some persons who were going up to London on the coach out of Kent saw them, and the paper says that they thought at first, from the light, that London was on fire. What is it ?

Uncle. The proper name is the *Aurora Borealis*. The word *Aurora* is often used to signify the light that shines between daybreak and sunrise, and in this case is applied to a particular sort of *shining* not connected with the sun. The word *Borealis* means that which belongs to the regions of the *north*.

C. Why then, the hard words, after all, only mean the same thing as the plainer ones, *northern lights*.

U. Even so. And that is what it really is ; a particular sort of light, pale and yellowish, which appears in the sky at night towards the north.

C. Did you ever see it yourself ?

U. Very seldom in England. It is not a common appearance in that country ; but I have seen it in colder countries, and sometimes shining most splendidly and beautifully.

C. Is it always alike ?

U. No. And therefore, instead of giving you any description of it, I will, if you like, just tell you how it looked some three or four times when I saw it.

C. Do, uncle : that will be just what we want.

U. Well, then, at the end of my first voyage, we *made the land* one morning, a good many miles to the northward of our port ; and as the wind was light, we got on very slowly, and it was bed-time long before we were where we wanted to be. However, as it was a fine night, in September, and I wanted to feel the pleasure of actually seeing that we were all safe in port, and knowing that the tossing of