

was nearly grey. There was a dignified air of wisdom about his face, and his actions were kind and even patriarchal. He had a deep black eye, a loud sonorous voice, and manners that would ensure reverence and love, as they did with all who approached him. After Roland had recited his sorrowful story and asked protection for the time, Astalpha, who had listened patiently, surveyed him with curious gaze, and his deep black eye fairly pierced through him. "Young stranger," says he, "you greatly excite my curiosity, as well as my sympathy; be seated on yonder cushion, I will tell you part of my history, which, perhaps will make you to dissipate my anxiety. It is now six years since I was banished from my native city, Constantinople, by the Sultan Mahmoud. I have since, thanks be to our great Prophet, prospered where you now see me, in riches and the love of a people, who were before oppressed. Providence has not in vain clothed you with that beautiful garment you now wear; my heart too truly tells me it was made by the fingers of her—my once-loved child. Oh! my Almyra! I see thy finger-work there! O, my last consolation—my lost lamb! I would give all I have to regain thee —"

The tears rolled down the grey beard of the venerable old man, and his face sunk on his bosom. Roland would have consoled him, but he was fearful lest it would be thought presumptuous.

"I have," resumed Astalpha, "an exact pattern of that flowered garment, made by the fingers of my daughter, who was wrested in tyranny from my bosom, by a woman's anger. She gave me it when I took my farewell leave of her, and pressed her soft rosy white form to my aching heart. She told me to remember her by it, as she bathed my feet in tears of filial love. Tell me, young stranger, how came you by it, and when?"

It is unnecessary here to repeat what has already been told the rescue of Almyra from death, by Roland. He told the whole story to the noble Astalpha, amid the mutual sighs of both. "Go," says Astalpha Algamma "bring her to me and I will give you all I have, my friend; may the blessed prophet speed you.... You have saved her from death; I will make her your wife, and you shall live with me;—haste my friend, haste. To-morrow morning you shall sail for her."

Thus ended the scene. Roland drank coffee with the Prince and his consort—for he did not adhere to the seraglio system. He had but one wife, the mother of Almyra. She was a beautiful woman, and looked much like her lovely daughter; tall and graceful with beautiful eyes and expressive countenance; but years had made her fade. These two noble persons seemed already like parents to Roland, and his heart rejoiced at the thought of

letting them see their long-lost daughter.... Early on the following morning, a ship having been got ready by the governor's command, Roland set sail to tell the good news to the diamond-eyed fair one, after taking an affecting adieu and swearing by the Prophet Mahomet, as they wished him to do, since they were Mahometans, that he would surely return as soon as possible with their daughter. Thus we leave our story until Roland again arrives in England, which he did safely. * * * * *

Roland from what happened to him on this voyage was more strongly convinced than ever that there is a God, by whose Providence we all live and breathe. He saw the evident display of his Maker's power in guiding him, whither he wished to go, and in rescuing him from so many dangers. His conscience told him there were favors that must not be overlooked in prosperity. He daily prayed more to his Maker, for that strength and faith which alone can render a mortal man above sublunary vanities and visionary dreams of earthly ambition. Were the world to continue for hundreds of ages to come, it would continue in the same darkness as to the light of God, in which it now physically is. There is an impassable veil of mystery between God and man which human learning as vainly attempts to fathom, as does darkness to become light. The only medium through which we can know God on earth is through that of the christian grace and faith in our Savior Jesus Christ. This is a truth at which infidelity sneers and human learning scoffs. But the time will be as certainly as we live, when this shall be known in a future state of intellectual being. The providence of the Almighty which blind men theoretically profess to own, but practically declare to be false, as they do the power of christian regeneration, by a considerate and dispassionate observer can be seen and felt less or more in our daily walks. Roland was thus strongly impressed with this truth, and he rejoiced in his heart in his God and Redeemer, whilst his soul on wings of divine love and ecstasy soared far above the decaying bubbles of this nether world; he loved to live and breathe in God his Creator.

He had only went as far as Gibraltar in the African galley, from which place he sailed in an English vessel and arrived as I have said, at his home. His heart was full of joy at the idea of telling his beloved Almyra the good news of his discovery. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of the glad-some meeting of this youthful pair; and as the pathetic Scottish bard beautifully says—

"Oh happy love! where love like this is found?
Oh! heart-felt joys! and bliss beyond compare."
TO BE CONTINUED.

Cato pleaded four hundred cases, and gained them all.