

and over her neck there was a fine Persian shawl. Her whole appearance was at once romantic and interesting, and some great affliction had evidently happened to her. The heart of Roland, ever filled with benevolence, could not let her pass unnoticed by him. He then addressed her in her native language, as he thought, but she made no reply. Her dark diamond eyes, arched by large eye brows, fell imploringly upon his, and again dimmed with gushing tears. The heart of Roland melted within him, and in the greatness of his compassion, the manly tears rolled plentifully over his cheeks. He knelt by the side of the young lady, and addressing her in Greek, requested her to tell him why she so wept.—The poor girl, however, was unable to give utterance to her grief. Her soft downy hand became cold in his, and she fainted in his arms. Roland was soon informed of her whole history, and the cause of her affliction, which was as follows:—Her name was Almyra, daughter of Astalpa, a Turkish nobleman, who had been banished by the reigning Sultan for taking the part of some great men, who had been condemned to death.—He now lived splendidly in Africa, in the empire of Morocco, on the sea coast of the Mediterranean sea, and had a court and Palace of his own. Part of his property had been, however, confiscated by the Sultan at the time of his banishment, and his only daughter Almyra was given as a captive to the Sultan's brother, a rich nobleman. The chief lady of the harem made the beautiful and graceful Almyra her waiting lady, and thus it is we find her. This Turkish lady Alfonte by name, was proud and overbearing to her inferiors, and because the amiable and lovely Almyra had resisted her rage and escaped from her, but chiefly on account of the jealousy Alfonte had towards her. She got Almyra condemned to be hung by her husband, who was glad of the opportunity to revenge himself on the noble Astalpa. This was to be her doom the next morning, and she had no friend to comfort her.

The bosom of our hero beat high with noblest of emotions, humanity, compassion, and generosity for the charming young lady. He could not think of forsaking her in such a condition; he could not think of leaving her to so desolating a doom; the innocent victim of revenge, envy, and anger. And when the filial soul of her great father was perhaps bleeding in anguish, and throbbing with hope for his only beloved child. No, he cried again and again, she shall be saved. In the height of such emotion, gazing with his eyes on the blue firmament of the Almighty one, he sunk on the ground and wept aloud. He got on his knees beside the angelic Almyra, and told her to cease her sighing, for his Father in Heaven would assist him to release her

from her fate. At last, pressing her hand harder, he says, this evening you shall go with me, and his face was lit up with a radiant smile of consolation, and his eyes flashed in brightness like the angel of life when he triumphantly records on the book of fate the salvation of a good man, or the remembrance of a good action. Almyra turned on her friend a look of gratitude, and the tears gushed afresh from her beautiful dark diamond eyes, rolling their pearly way down her delicate and round cheeks. She sighed out, may the Omnipotent God of Glory pour forth his mercy in showers of holiness on your head, O thou godlike young man!—Oh, who would not have envied the joy that Roland must have felt on this occasion? His was the ineffable joy of the holy, the cheering glory of the divine on earth, who live for the kingdom and crown of blissful and exalted immortality in the heaven of heavens, with a God of righteousness! Roland had determined to bribe the black eunuchs who guarded Almyra, and thus take her with him; having advised Almyra to be ready at dusk, he left her, and at the appointed time, came to her rescue. He found the dark-eyed fair one ready, and having given a hundred pounds to the two eunuchs who watched her, walked silently away through the tall trees, of a secret alley to his friend's house, with his fair prize. Here, reader, we will leave thee till morning, and the lovely Almyra to her dreams of gratitude to her preserver, and Roland to the joy of his benevolent heart.

When the green hills about Constantinople were again lit up with the brilliancy of the sun, and the heaving waves of the Dardanelles kissed his emerald glow, and when all nature sung in accordant euphony at his radiant approach, as he peeped o'er the cloud capped mountains of Asia the busy buzz of men again was heard and all the noise of a great city thundered to the sky. After a prayer of thankfulness to his Maker, Roland strayed out into the garden of his friend to taste the sweetness of the morn. He had not been long there before he saw the graceful approach of the modest Almyra. As she raised her eyes on her preserver, the retiring modesty and chaste simplicity of an angel was mixed with that of unutterable gratitude and thankfulness in her look. She knelt before Roland and clasping his hand, would have kissed it had he not objected, and bid her raise up.... "Young stranger," says she, "this was the hour in which I was doomed to be sacrificed to the anger of a wicked woman; and how thankful should I be to you, my providential savior. O, sir, I believe my God in whom I always trust, sent you in his mercy to rescue me from the hands of the wicked. Young man, I never can be sufficiently grateful to you for this favor, and in justice I am yours,