



“TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART.”

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Written for the Canadian Garland.

ROLAND UPTON.

CONTINUED.

Roland found his future consort enjoying herself in her favorite place, a flower garden. Her eyes sparkled with delight at the rehearsal of his tale, and her countenance was lit up with the bright sunshine of the joy of her heart. Her black silken hair appeared to speak in beauty and expression. Roland durst not relate the dangers he had undergone, until the loss of a favorite servant forced him so to do. At this a tear involuntarily forced its way down her velvet cheek, like a dew drop shaken by the honey bee from the blue petal of the fragrant violet. Grief, however, seldom lasted long in Almyra's gentle bosom, for like an Angel she turned her eyes to that *Lamb* who holds in his hands the key of the fountain of joys and the effulgent beams of the morning star of righteousness. This happy couple appear to have been providentially brought together, so alike were they in all things. Almyra, I would remark, had become a sincere child of the shepherd of the faithful in God. When it was made known to Almyra what her father, the noble Prince Astalpa had wished Roland Upton to do, and what he had promised. She paused for a moment, and her cheek assumed a modest glow, like the bright flash of the lightning on a sun lit summer cloud. “If” says she smiling on Roland “my father so has promised it shall be as you would have it, I am an eternal captive to your goodness for my life, and thrice more so for your instruction—my bondage chains are gratitude—Hymen's ring would but little increase my love for you—your goodness is too great.” “My sweet Almyra, you are a princess—the heiress of a kindly fortune—the child of a noble and rich prince, and what is better than all, the possessor of a soul of goodness. With regard to Hymen's crown, you are at liberty to wear it or not for me. In it you will find flowers and thorns, but when modest affection and religion are its angels, it is the cement of the purest earthly bliss. Had you not the heart you have I would despise me; so great is the vanity of

men! The insignificant pomp of birth and wealth makes him soar on the gilded wings of the butterfly above those with whom he is equal whilst sunny fortune lasts; but soon comes the trying time—the withering blasts of winter—the cold stings of adversity—the chill and dismal grasp—the iron frown and its inexorable call of death—when all his splendor—all this gorgeous show of effervescent mortality, like the unreal vision of a dream—like the sunborn rainbow, or like the counter tints of the ephemeral butterfly shall vanish away, unseen and forgot.” It was no difficulty to reconcile Almyra to his determination for she longed to see her father and mother. Accordingly in a few days they had left London, and were cleaving the briny waves of the bellowing main. In their passage they passed through the straits of Gibraltar, and were in the Mediterranean sea. This sea is subject at times to the most violent storms, and consequently also to great calms. During a calm which had thus lasted for twenty four hours, the ship's crew had employed themselves in various ways—some in fishing—some in shooting at sea fowl, and some playing, as is usual, at games. Roland and Almyra however walked the deck arm in arm, in silent and amusing conversation, or in surveying the wide plain of water. The sun at that season of the year was not warm, and moreover the sky was cloudy. A contemplative mind can always find some thing to admire in any place. The wonders of God are seen in every thing; and when his works are seen through the mirror of religion, a mutual reflection of delight and beauty takes place.—So passed the time with these two young lovers. The sun although with all his yellow mellow splendor laid his head on the wide and tremulous cap of the Mediterranean. The diamond sparkling sea looked like an immense golden plain; myriads of fish flitted their many colored sides and fins in playfulness to his departing smiles, and the sea fowl with their snowy pinions screamed in their wild merriment in the blue and glimmering ether. Feeble is the hand of man when he attempts a description of God's power and