



"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

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Written for the Canadian Garland.

ROLAND UPTON.

CONTINUED.

There was a particular street in which Roland had walked in his rambles up and down several times. In this street seeing a dead body lie on the ground, he inquired who it was and what was the meaning of leaving it thus exposed. To this inquiry a surly well dressed man, sitting near in his door, made no reply, so that Roland went on. In the afternoon he passed the same way again and begged of an old man standing near, why the body was thus left unburied, as it appeared to be well dressed, and a person of some importance whilst living. The old grey headed man, who was a christian servant there, whispered to him, that it was the body of an English merchant who had died some days previous, and who, whilst living, had been in the custody of his master for a debt of fifty pounds, which he was unable to pay, and that his master thus detained the body until some person should come and pay the debt and take it away. He said this merchant had been a long resident of the city, that he had been unfortunate by losing all his family by a late plague, and most of his property by fire, and that he had been a pious christian, and died in the faith in his master's house. Roland's heart was greatly affected at this narration of the old man's, so much so that he wept bitterly for a long time. He then desired to be led to the master, to whom he was immediately conducted. He found Ali Mured, the master seated cross legged on his silken sofa with the greatest dignity and pride. Having told him his errand, and that he would pay him the debt due, the Turkish Bashaw, for such he was, consented to his act of humanity, and the same evening Roland saw the body of the old gentleman entered in the christian burial ground and read prayers over him himself. He was buried by the side of his wife and children. The old man's only daughter, a girl of sixteen, had been buried there a few months before him, and the flowers that the father planted over his beloved child's head were just-bursting forth in their vernal bloom. It

was a beautiful evening, the sky being clear and cloudless, excepting the smoke of the city. Every thing around seemed to smile, and the flowers and cypress trees seemed to bow in token of their satisfaction of this humane act of Mr. Upton's. It is said that two beautiful doves hovered over him in the grave-yard, and followed him to his house where they cooed in plaintive sweetness all night.

When Roland had retired to rest for the evening, the remembrance of this humane action came over his mind like a sweet dream. His heart was filled with the joy of goodness, and he seemed to hear the kind whispers of divinity approving the action.— He said to himself, how would the friends of this childless father thank me for this deed? How would the angels of Heaven smile at one another in their approval of it? In this way we follow our Redeemer; in this way our God is glorified on earth. With the holiness of such meditations and with a heart overflowing in prayer to God, Roland sunk in the arms of gently-soothing and thoughtless slumber. All around him was still, save the murmuring of the southern gale among the dark heads of the cypress trees, that shadowed his windows. In the distant part of the city the wild bark of the prowling dogs could be heard at times, or the drowsy sittings of bats and night-birds. When the golden car of Apollo had again climbed the crimson heights of Aurora and the blushing Venus hid her silver lamp behind the lighted world, and when the dews of morn mingled its scents and melody awoke creation in universal jubilee to the eternal One of Israel, Roland Upton commenced his rambles again and alone in this great city. Whilst sauntering in the forenoon, in the most charming part of its suburbs, he saw a lovely girl sitting on the marble front of a splendid building. She appeared to be sorrowful and weeping. Her face was ever and anon sunk upon her lovely bosom, and her jet black hair fell over her highly arched and beautiful forehead in glossy richness and luxuriant curls. Her form was finely proportioned, and her complexion of a velvet olive. Her dress was flowing silk, of black colour,