



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

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Written for the Canadian Garland.

ROLAND UPTON.

CONTINUED.

Thus our hero began his voyage, and having a fair wind he soon saw the green banks and black cliffs of his native land sink into an ideal shadow, while his ship like a white-bosomed swan, flew over the fleecy wave and kissed the pendent clouds, in her majestic career. Roland was much affected with the whole scene. On the shore stood hundreds of little children, and poor people, whom his charitable hand had wrested from misery and starvation, and who blessed him as far as they could see him. This, thought Roland to himself, puts me in mind of the career of man in this life. We see our infancy sink like yonder land in the ocean of time, through whose dizzy vista our memories intensely strain on the wild waves of youthful enthusiasm, tossed to and fro by the novelty of life and the passions and fancies of our hearts, we advance in hastiness and imaginary pleasures to manhood. Then comes a calm—a dead calm, and we look in vain for the ruffled billows of our youth. We see that we have attained nothing—all our hopes have fled; our heedless haste is checked, and we gaze on the waters of life, regretting what is past, and fearing what is to come. Ah, ideal worldly happiness thou glittering and unsubstantial shadow of a phrenzied hope; we grasp at thee as at a bubble, when you burst and leave us in depressed inanity and where we commenced our course. Retrace your steps saith the Almighty, become a second child, sanctioned by my spirit, and set your eyes and soul on that which liveth to eternity, even the Messiah's church. We will leave Roland again until we find him in the Mediterranean sea.

Whilst he was standing musing on the deck, the Captain came to him and told him very seriously, that there was evidently a great hurricane coming on, and that it would overtake them in less than half an hour. Roland turned round to the south east, whither the Captain pointed, and as he was a sailor, immediately seen the indication pointed out,

an immense purple mountain of clouds lay stretched in frightful expanse across the horizon, which the lightning frequently lit up like burnished gold. The sun grew dim and silvery, and the calm water began to heave backward and forward in violent trouble; the solemn and deep bellowing of the sea astounded the ear; the sea gulls were confused and hovered round the vessel, and the fish which before were flirting the silver and golden tide to the water's edge, gradually disappeared; the sun grew darker still, and all the crew flew to prepare for the storm; the sea rolled higher, and groaned quicker and deeper; the air was in a sudden blaze of light, and the black clouds wrapped the sky in their dismal folds; the thunders roared louder, and the big splashing rain commixed with the ocean's froth to deluge the ship with water; all were called to the pumps. Thus it lasted for ten minutes, when a cry that the vessel was sinking resounded every where; dozens of men rushed over board, and for a while the glare of the lightning, the thunder peals, with the waves running mountains high, allowed them scarcely time to breathe, or see whether they were sinking or swimming. At length the sea grew quieter, and they were enabled to hoist a boat out, into which as many as could get, jumped, and indeed the only individual left behind was Roland, who fell upon this determination rather than take the place of another who might be saved. Thus he clung, as he thought, to the sinking vessel. The boat had not gone far before she swamped and all that were in her perished. Roland saw it and sighed deeply. The ship, however, in which he was, still floated, although almost filled with water. In an hour's time, all was nearly calm again; the sun shone brightly and the frothy bosom of the Mediterranean heaved to and fro, in silent murmuring; not a vestige of the ship's crew could be seen, except pieces of cloths and wood here and there..... Roland had given up all hopes of ever seeing land again, and expected to sink with the first puff of wind, and had resigned himself to his Redeemer and his God.

Thus passed an hour, when to his surprise,