

little first-born, and amiable boy, clinging in fond talkativeness to its father's hand.—They sat down upon a mossy bank near a pactolean rivulet and were enjoying themselves in sweet converse and heartfelt communion of sentiment, when lo! in the distance there approached a stranger as they thought. He was closely wrapped in a sable shroud—his hair hung to the middle of his shoulders in curly whiteness, and his ancient beard shadowed his venerable time-beaten breast with its reverent grayness. His step was gentle and firm, and his figure stately and solemn. Thus he passed this beautiful couple while the father was dandling in his lap his little curly-headed son, and the lovely smiling mother, Almyra, was pressing to her affectionate bosom, an infant daughter. He passed them—Roland watched him with fixedness of gaze, for alas he knew his errand.—The stranger turns and fixing his deep gloomy eye on Roland as he approached, says—“Roland! Roland! tremble not.” Poor Roland was pale as snow—and the tears gushed from his eyes as he stared on the silent-looking eyes of the grey-headed sire. His little boy clung to his neck and kissed him, and smiling asked him why he wept. Almyra looked at her husband with a melting look of goodness, for she knew not any thing that was to transpire:—Roland himself had forgotten it in his happiness and connubial bliss. But he now remembered and sighed in vain. “Oh Roland, my friend, why weepst thou?” began the sage: “Hast thou forgotten thy covenant with me in times gone by? I come to claim my own. Fear not ’twas thy condition. Let thy lisping boy be mine. He shall be my son. Ah parents he is mine—thou canst not save him.” This said, he seized—when Roland, trembling, said: “Spirit not of earth, I remember thy goodness to me; thou art just—but to give the first thing of my hope and love, torments this mortal heart of mine; alas, how great is our worldlines!—Our carnal nature loves the clayey incorruptions of the world. If I had been mindful of my God I had not thus forgot his goodness in fondness for the mortal babe. Oh, stranger of an invisible world, give me until morning and thy will be done.” “Be it so then, son of visionary happiness.—Adieu till then.” All again was void—silent as the visions of the past—still as the flickering of an unmeaning dream—mysteries of mysteries sank in overwhelming wonder on the dazzled eyelids of Roland, and he lay on the ground insensible. The gentle heart of Almyra throbbed in amazement; but she clung with maternal fondness to the little innocent of her white-heaving breast. The shades of evening had come, and the dim stillness of night, the last echo of the woodland melody had whispered its parting, and the last tint of

crimson eve gave way to the spangled host of Heaven. The hush of creation—the wind whose dwelling place no man listeth like the habitation of the vanished spirit moaned in the loneliness of solitude, and proclaimed the unreal happiness and wisdom of earth. Roland related the wonderful cause of the visitation of an unearthly spirit to them. He recounted the supernatural hand of God in his escape from the ocean's fathomless waters, and told weeping but resigned Almyra, that it must be so. It was impossible to conceal the cause of their grief from the reverend Astalpa, and his consort, who were filled with amazement at the recital of the wonderful revelation of the all-glorious sublime Jehovah. In the morning when the whole family were seated in a rich and splendid room of the palace on silk cushions and sofas, thinking on such mysterious things—suddenly a darkness overpread the eyes of all, and the palace shook. Lo! there stood before him the spirit of Albert Romley; his face was gloomy, his grey locks were wet with tears. “Son of man, rememberest thou me: fulfil thy promise.” “Angel of light,” cried Roland, “do as thou wilt: here is the offspring of my loins: the darling of his father: a tie that binds my soul to earth: ah wicked man that I am: I have forgotten whose gift he is: take the innocent issue of our love: Almyra, my love, bid thy son adieu—check that tear—yield him in resignation to God. Why murmur at his decree. He rides in glory on the whirlwind of eternity.—He shines an eternal now—on the eyeless plains of immensity his soul exists in love. Sublime essayer of the universe—unimpeachable prince of glory—thy will be done even now and ever.” “Son of clay,” replies the angel, “stay thy purpose: thy meekness is accepted: I am the spirit of Albert Romley, the merchant of Constantinople. I am he who by the will of God on high, raised thee from the ocean's bottom—tremble not my friend—inasmuch as thy soul had compassion on a christian brother in a strange land, and in the hands of enemies: so has it pleased God to reward thee. Receive thy offspring again: I require it not: goodness done in the grace of God shall be rewarded even on the earth. Verily angels rejoiced in the pity thou hadst on me. Roland adieu. Remember me.” Thus vanished Romley, and rejoicing filled the palace of Astalpa Algamba.

I AM THAT I AM, says the mighty one: even be it so Jehovah our Maker. It was at the request of a friend that I undertook to write the above tale, and I hope it will be found interesting to all who read it. Its fictitious part must not be considered, and one reason why it was thus written, is from a belief the author has always indulged that morality and religion may be greatly advanced by a ten-