

lis, gazing with observing and anxious curiosity on all to be seen. He strayed among some of the finest gardens, where the most beautiful flowers, and the most delicious and captivating odors from the foliage of the trees and aromatic shrubbery, scented the air and exhilarated the spirits. In these gardens too could be seen splendid marble fountains, whose waters dashed their spray on the surrounding flowers, and rolled in silent bubbling over the alabaster floors. The eastern music of birds flashing with their golden emerald and crimson hues, was not the least among the enchantments of these charming spots. At the rising of the sun the muczzin called the mahometans to prayer again, and now the muffled beauteous fair of the seraglios strolled in companies to the mosques or to inhale the breezes of the morn.

Roland frequently got a glimpse of these tall fair ones, with all their beauties unveiled, singing or dancing in the paths of the gardens. He once attempted to address a tall Turkish girl, but she shunned his presence, and with blushing countenance, gracefully stepped behind the surrounding arbor of trees. What a pity it is such beautiful creatures with their dark curling hair, velvet skin, and graceful forms should be used according to the vicious and capricious wills of the turbaned tyrants of the Seraglios.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Anticipation.—This cold world of ours, admits its multiplicity of ills, and while it seems to delight alone, in throwing over a man the hoar frost of a soul-chilling destiny, is not without its redeeming intervals of happiness. There is a cheering Oasis in the dreary wilderness of its sorrows, a ray of heavenly sun-shine, that gleams through the wo-beclouded darkness of human wanderings. Have we parted, with those we love, love dearly, ho! dearer than life itself? And has the separation insulated us, cut us off from every earthly felicity, and left us sad and alone, though, in the midst of cheerful faces? Has it made us aliens and strangers amidst the crowd that surrounded us! with no other hold upon its good feeling, than the stranger's claim to the stranger's kindness? There are still bright spots in the sombre shadowings of the scene; for this insulated heart has found, in every acquaintance a friend, and in every bosom the evidence of kindly feelings! but, above all, there is in the gloomiest hour of its loneliness, a mellow tint in the rainbow of hope, which nought but despair itself can obscure. It is the hope of meeting again the object of all the heart prizes in its affections, and all it dwells upon in musing over its anticipations? Anticipation! Thou art the sweetener of this bitter life. Thou art that drivest gloom from the gloomy heart, and chasest away the sorrows that intrude them-

selves upon the sorrowful. 'Tis thou that takest,

"The sting from adieu;"

That learnst us to forget the burning bitterness of the last 'farewell and God bless you, in the accompanying redemption of the valedictory—"We shall meet ere long."

'Tis thou that learnest the hearts to fight
From present woes to fresh delight."

There is not in human sensibility, so bright a ministration of happiness as this. To be assured amidst the stormy vicissitudes of life, that there is one who thinks of you—one who communes with you in your sorrows and weeps over them, though distant; and who will shortly hover over you with the consolations which affection can alone impart, it is an emotion that no one can appreciate, but he who has felt it.

MORTALITY.—Job iii. Ecclesiastes i.

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scatter'd around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection hath proved,
The husband that mother and infant hath blest,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her, and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the King that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to they too would cling,
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold,
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come,
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.
They died—ay, they died! and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.
Yea hope and dispondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the puleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!