

of vice and pleasure. Of religion he had as little knowledge as he wished to have, and as all wish to have, who, like him, indulge in the vanities of vanities—the headlong, unenjoyed, and ruinous vices of an unthinking world. It is astonishing that men should persist in that which will as certainly prove their ruin as that they exist. But the fashion of the titled, and those who call themselves patricians and learned, the noble vicious; few countenance this degrading thing; take away that and you would soon see less of it. The picture of Roland clearly shows that riches do not consist in the having riches, but in the way you spend and enjoy them. I may be richer in truth with two hundred pounds a year than he was with his fifty thousand. It is as mistaken a notion to suppose happiness follows rank and station in life, as to suppose all are rich who have the lavish expenditure of millions of pounds. Often did the disconsolate Roland, when walking alone protest again and again he would reform his life, break away from the chains of vice and folly and follow the example of his father. Many a time was he passed by some noble Lord and proud young gentleman, who had often partaken of the splendor of his hospitality and the lavish luxuries of his table, without a look or bow of recognition from them. These same were probably now living upon the spoils of his gaming table. In such cases Roland would bite his lips and sigh to himself, “these are the returns of our great friendship, are they?—Where now are my gallant courtiers, my elbow flutters? They have gone with that which made them mine—with all my insignificance, my vain ill got riches.” It is a consoling thought to see those who are actually insignificant, thus betray their love for that of which they are made, as water follows water, so vice follows vice, and vanity vanity.

An only aunt of Mr. Upton died about this time, and her property, amounting to some thousands of pounds, fell to her nephew and raised him once more to competence. Having reformed his conduct and become steady, and having experienced a juster notion of his duty to God and his own soul, Roland was once more countenanced, not however by his wicked and vice-loving companions of old, but by some respectable tradesmen of London, who made him their agent in a voyage to the Mediterranean, and to the East Indies. Upon a second voyage, at the age of twenty-eight, he was to visit Turkey, and he accordingly set sail for this voyage, on which we shall leave him until we find him walking the streets of the famed Constantinople. Roland, since he had left off his vicious and depraved habits, which time was about three years, had had many opportunities of thinking on his past life. He had taken a contemplative and retrospective view of it, and thoroughly weigh-

ed and considered its frivolities, its vanities, and its absurd heedlessness, and unthinking blindness with respect to rational hopes or real happiness on earth. Had he not been employed as a foreign merchant in the way I have said, it is likely that with these just ideas of true enjoyment, and his duty on earth, he would settle himself permanently in business in his native city. But Roland was very much attached to travelling, and his genius led him to pry into the curiosities and knowledge of the great world. After a safe passage Roland found himself at last in sight of the distant minarets and round shining domes of the mosques of Constantinople.—The sun was just sinking when the ship arrived at the place of anchorage. Every thing, for so great a city, appeared to him silent, and like the Sabbath of his own country. Solemn looking Turks paced on the shore in serious conversation, and every thing had an aspect quite different from many other great places he had seen. The loveliness, curiosity and nobility of the French, or the business walk and look of importance of the English, was not to be seen here.

He immediately repaired to the residence of a friend who lived in the suburbs of the city. In his way thither, his guides who were christians, directed his attention to the lighted towers of the mosques, which he could see from a hill. The call of the muezzin upon the sons of the true prophet to fall down and worship their God, and the lights suspended from the pinnacles of the airy minarets—sometimes scarcely seen through the foliage of the intervening cypress' had a peculiar effect upon the mind of our traveller. Nothing can be more solemn than such a view, and nothing can strike the eye of contemplation more interestingly. Does not the heart of the Christian Philosopher sigh at the idea of the gross infatuation of these Islamites? If it was for the exaltation of the true religion of God delivered by the mouth of our Redeemer, when his holy person was on earth incarnate, it would add doubly to the sublimity of such a contemplation, and rouse the soul in the inexpressible ardor of its love to our Creator in heaven. The call of the muezzin was hushed, and every devout moslemite was silently kneeling in adoration to his Maker, and his prophet. The minaret lamps, however, still cast their sheety glare upon the dark flowing cypress' beneath whose umbrage in the slumbers of eternity, rested many true believers of Mahomet, and many a pious mufti.... Roland at length arrived at the welcome dwelling of his friend, and after a cheerful conversation and pleasant evening, retired to the arms of sleep. On the following morning, long ere the resplendent face of the sun had burst from the eastern sky, you might have seen Mr. Upton pacing the narrow streets of the metropo-