

do what you please with me, I will follow you where'er you go. Such goodness as yours, such chivalric disinterested kindness can be requited in no other way by me."—"Beautiful damsel," says Roland, "if my God has made an instrument wherewith to snatch such innocence as you evince in conduct and looks from the grasp of envy and malice and revenge, thou shouldst not turn thy gratitude to such an unworthy object as I, but turn your soul to his face who rules all things—who holds the reigns of universal nature, and walks in holiness through the dark void of immensity, and eternally unseen by us, but glorified by all. Almyra you have devotion in your heart, and that doubly enhances the beauty of your person. Lovely damsel, I rejoice in what I have done for you, and therefore think not that I crave your uncalled-for gratitude. If I have done aught for my God, it is sufficient reward. But if you choose to follow my fortune and return with me to my native home, you shall have in me an eternal protector; and aught that is in my bounty of riches or wisdom, shall not be refused to you. This afternoon I sail for my home and will take you with me. You shall be your own mistress, and return to your native city whenever you please; all I desire is, that you may not fall into the hands of your enemies again. Perhaps I may yet be the means of restoring you to your lost and banished father; if so, the joy of my soul will be greatly increased. There are happier lands than these, Almyra, in reserve for the good after death. Oh there we will get our reward! There, we will see our God in joy indeed! Prepare then, for the journey." "O, Roland Upton, what goodness of heart you display! have I fallen into the care of an angel, or a man? O, why are you so kind? your goodness breaks my heart. Yes, I will follow you in triumph, and bid adieu to the brazen spires, the verdant hills and the melodious groves of my native country.... God has told me he would not forsake me;—he walks with me in you —"

As she spoke the last sentence, the heart of Roland overflowed with joy, and the tears in his joy of grief, bathed his blooming cheeks. The whole scene was lovely; pen cannot describe it. Here was the meeting of two people of God. Around, about they saw

"Hill, dale and shady woods and sunny plains,
And liquid laps of murm'ring streams; birds on
The branches warbling; all things smil'd with fragrance,
And with joy their hearts overflow'd."—*Milton*.

This same afternoon the vessel in which Mr. Upton came, sailed for home, with him and the lovely girl, Almira, on board. They both gazed on the spires of the Turkish capital until they lost sight of them in the Straits of the Dardanelles, just as the sun was taking his adieu of the black cliffs of the mountains of Jekiri Dag. The last thing they could see was the floating crescent of the Great Mahom-

et waving over the palace of the Sultan; with whom this was a great day of rejoicing. We will not accompany our hero in his whole voyage, suffice it to say, he arrived at his destined home, London, safely with his companion, the sweet smiling Almyra Astalpa. The unknown stranger was admired by all the great of London, for her exquisite beauty and gracefulness of demeanor. Her voice was soft and melodious as a flute; her eyes of diamond black, were full of bland smiles and sweetness; and above all, which Roland only esteemed, her milk-white bosom seemed to be a fountain of kindness and simplicity. Her devotion to God was not surpassed, by even christians; and what pleased Roland most, was, that this charming maiden embraced christianity as soon as she learned its doctrines; so much so, that Mr. Upton was almost convinced God had made her so before his instruction. Roland by his two last voyages had accumulated a great fortune, which with large estates, made him one of the wealthiest men in the city in which he lived; but his conduct now was very different from what it was formerly. He now thought it his duty to assist the afflicted and needy; not for his own fame and glory, but for that of his holy Maker. He believed he was enriched, that he might be tried by the rule of Christ's love. The virtuous and lovely Almyra was placed at the head of his household affairs, and was adored by her youthful savior..... Heaven seems to have conspired in bringing two such hearts together. They loved one another as sister and brother, rather than as earthly lovers would have done; they worshipped their God in holiness of heart; their morning and their evening risings were tuneful with praise. Their lips were sacred music itself; their faces love to Christ the Redeemer. In this way passed a year, when Roland had to take another, and as he hoped, a last voyage to foreign countries. It was, no doubt, heart-grieving for the beautiful Almyra to part with her deliverer, for whom, indeed, she had a passion much more akin to love, than Roland returned. I would observe that neither she nor Roland knew in what country the great and good nobleman Astalpa had been banished to, or lived in; therefore, Almyra, thinking it possible that Roland in his travels in foreign countries, might see her father, and might be able to get an introduction to him, worked with the most exquisite taste in fine needlework, a silk coat, which Roland was to take with him to wear in the tropical climates which he expected to visit. This garment was inwrought with curious flowers from golden thread; this she gave to Roland and bade him wear it in case he should visit warm countries, to which request he consented; although ignorant of Almyra's intent. The charming girl followed