

everlasting decrees are written above, and what is man that he should seek to alter them!"

"All things," said Zohair, "are in the hand of God; neither requireth he counsel of man."

"Yea, I know," the other returned quickly; "but if he smite us shall we not mourn? Listen to me, Zohair. Thou art a just man; thou servest God daily; thy hand is stretched forth to succor the helpless, and the fatherless praise thee. Among thy fellows thou art counted wise; and thy voice is ever raised for justice and mercy. Look upon me, Zohair: I am a King. I *was* a King; and my people were my children. I sat daily to do justice, and chose me faithful and wise men to counsel me for their good. Yet in the hour when I deemed myself most secure—in the very moment when I verily thought my people would die rather than see me suffer wrong—even in that hour one of my own house raised his hand against me—and to I am a fugitive and an outcast. I made Hesece a garden of delights, and now I am driven from Hesece by this people which I have made. Had I been driven out before Ishmael—had these sons of the shifting sands laid waste my fields and torn down my habitations I would not have murmured; but they who have destroyed me are of my own kindred—even they who sat at mine own table have sought my life."

The old man bowed his head upon his hands and was silent, while Zohair, gazing away toward the eastern horizon, found no words with which to assuage his guest's anguish. Upon that horizon now a faint glimmer of light began to be visible, and shortly the waning moon rose slowly into the quiet sky. The bright stars began to pale before the superior luminary and the faint ones to disappear. The yellow rays fell upon the palm leaves and tinged the dark walls of the serai. The waters of the fountain sparkled in their light, and the fields gloomed and brightened under the mild glow as the gentle breeze crept across them.

Suddenly Zohair started and gazed intently away to the northward.

"Arise, Shedad," he cried, "arise and flee, for thy pursuers are upon thee." The old man arose and looked. A troop of horsemen were just emerging from the defile that led up from the way to the desert. In a moment the household was aroused. The camel was equipped and Novara was placed thereon. Zohair's horses were saddled, and all his servants save one leaped into the saddles. The ass was left behind, being too slow for such flight as was needed now.

"Hhareth!" cried Zohair, "wait thou behind. Do what thou canst for the best. Be in my stead." In another moment the little troop of horsemen, with the camel bearing its precious freight in the midst, swept out of the hamlet, toward the west just as the larger troop entered it coming up from the way to Mesa and the desert.

(To be continued.)

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It seems that in Rio Janiero Masonry has become the standard of respectability. A missionary states that nearly every Brazilian who wishes to be thought respectable becomes a Freemason. We are glad to hear that Masonry is thus tending to the elevation of the Brazilians; and we trust they will show that Masonry not only makes them respectable, but virtuous and useful.—*Mystic Star*.