

The R. W. Bro. possesses in a marked degree the rarely combined powers of a ready writer and a ready speaker, and in both, his style is characterized by a lucid clearness of statement, a pungent force of exposition and a never erring accuracy of logic. His mind is one of wide range and great keenness of grasp; and masters with great thoroughness and wonderful rapidity the details of whatever subject he takes in hand; for mere ornament of literary style he has no fondness, except for that crowning ornament of all others which subordinates the mere literary workmanship to the purpose of bodying forth substantial thought.

THE GARDEN OF IREM.

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BY A. T. FREED.
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“The old order changeth, giving place to new.”—TENNYSON.
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CHAPTER V.

The army of the Queen took the route for Hesece on the morning following the arrival of Zohair and his companions at the oasis. The irregular cavalry, which comprised the larger part of the force, scattered over the face of the whole country, apparently in the wildest confusion, but really subject to recall at short notice. In the center of the line of march were the Queen with her immediate attendants, the chiefs of the army, the chariots, the civilians and the other hangers-on of the army. Novara was placed with the Queen's maidens. When the cavalcade halted, our young friend, Selif, would often steal to her side and whisper words in her ear which caused a glow of pleasure to overspread her cheek; but when on the march he was always at the head of his troop, and she saw nothing of him.

A week's march brought the army to Hesece. It was shut up, the fields and outlying villages were deserted, and the approaches to the city were carefully guarded. A summons to the usurper to surrender was disregarded, Modar having evidently determined to fight to extremity for his ill-gotten throne.

Preparatory to a formal siege the main body of the Queen's army encamped on the height over against the city, the valley lying between, while a considerable force, crossing the valley, had taken position on the mountain, guarding the exit to the hill country and the upper valley.

On the same night, a noise of conflict in the city was heard, shoutings and blows and the fierce tumult of battle. Fearful of treachery, and ignorant of the occasion of the strife, Belkis refused to allow her troops to move during the darkness. With the dawn of morning it was found that a large number of citizens had risen against Modar, who had beaten them in the fight; but, afraid of the results of a siege with a powerful enemy without and more than discontent within, he had suddenly collected his followers, evacuated the city and shut himself up in the Garden of Irem.

The results of this movement were favorable to the legitimate King. He was at once restored to his throne, and his entrance to the city, accompanied by the great Queen, the paramount ruler of all Southern