

Make the Best of Life.

What's the use of always fretting
Over ills that can't be cured?
What's the use of finding fault with
What we know must be endured?
Does it make our burdens lighter
If we grumble 'neath their load?
Does it make life's pathway smoother
If we fret about the road?
Better use our time than fill it
Full of sighs and vain regrets,
Over some imagined blunder—
As does he who always frets.
We cannot expect life's pathway
To be always strewn with flowers;
Nor the time which God has given
To be all made of happy hours.
Storms will follow every sunshine,
Grief be mixed with every joy;
And 'tis best that it should be so—
God's too soft without alloy.
"Half our trouble's our invention,"
We're to blame for half our strife;
Then, if life is what we make it,
Why not make the best of life?

Selected Serial.

ALYPIUS OF TAGASTE.

A Tale of the Early Church.

BY MRS. WEBB,
Author of "Pomponia; or, the Gospel in
Caesar's Household," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

While we have thus endeavored to make our readers acquainted with the feelings and character of some of the individuals whose story we are telling, Marcella and her daughter, with Justin and Pyrrha, were swiftly but silently pursuing their way along the beach and across the plain, and were approaching the narrow way which would lead them into the open streets of the city.

Hitherto they had met few passengers, and those few had apparently taken no notice of them; but just as they were about to enter the lane, which was thickly overhung with trees, they observed the figure of a man emerge from the shadow, and come directly toward them. Medora shrank behind her mother; and Pyrrha, who feared nothing except for her young mistress, instantly went forward and helped to conceal her from the stranger.

He did not, however, appear to be at all disconcerted; for he walked quietly up to Marcella, and in a voice which caused Medora both surprise and fear—for she recognized it as that of Muthis—he said:

"I missed Medora from her place in the great temple this evening; and as she is the being who rules my destiny, and at whose shrine I worship, I ventured to seek her in her home. There I heard that she had dutifully accompanied you, Marcella, in a walk by the sea-side. It seemed a late hour for such an expedition; and as neither moon or stars are visible—either for Medora to pour forth her adoration to as the emblems of her goddess, or to light her steps homeward—I presumed to come this way to offer my services as her escort."

There was something sarcastic in the tone of Muthis that excited both alarm and indignation in the breast of Medora; but she kept silence, and her mother replied, rather proudly: "I am sorry you should think any further escort necessary than that which I have provided for my daughter. She is quite safe under my protection and that of our attendants."

"I saw your own servant at your house, and he it was who told me in what direction you were gone. Now," he added, glancing towards Justin, "I see you are attended by a stranger."

"By one on whom I can depend," said Marcella, coldly, "and therefore I need not give you any further trouble. Allow me to thank you for your attention, and to wish you good night."

"Does Sophis know that you are fond of evening walks by the sea-side?" inquired Muthis, still keeping his place in front of Marcella, and thus preventing her from advancing on her way. "And does he know that the plain you have just crossed is full of ancient sepulchres, and that there are dangerous openings into dark and gloomy catacombs, which may be frequented by robbers, or by persons still more to be feared?"

Muthis laid a peculiar emphasis on the last few words, and then he

paused, as if to observe their effect on Marcella. She made no reply; she felt that there was a deeper meaning in the questions of Muthis than the words expressed, and she feared to show either her anger or her suspicions. She had never liked the Egyptian; and it had only been in accordance with her husband's wishes, and from a consideration of the friendship which her son entertained for him, that Muthis had been admitted to her house on terms of intimacy. She knew his influence with Sophis, and she dreaded that eventually Medora would be either persuaded or compelled to accept him as a husband. Of all the inhabitants of Alexandria there was therefore not one whom she would not have preferred to have met at this particular juncture. She knew not what to reply, so she kept silence.

After a pause, during which Marcella knew that the dark eyes of Muthis were fixed on her countenance, and—even in the evening gloom, were reading its varied expressions—the wily Egyptian continued:

"Might it not be an act of kindness to my excellent friend, and also to his wife and daughter, if I were to give him a hint of the dangers to which those most dear to him are exposed, by indulging their tastes for late evening rambles in desolate and secluded places? I would not willingly omit anything in my power to preserve the lovely and unsuspecting Medora, and you, her excellent mother, from peril of any kind,—and more especially of that kind which is most to be dreaded in the plain which you have just crossed, and among the ruins and caves which are there so abundant."

The spirit of Marcella was roused by the insinuations and the malicious manner of Muthis, and she answered proudly—

"I can inform my husband when I find either my daughter or myself threatened with any peril. We are the best judges of the times and places when and where it suits us to take exercise. I pray you let us pass—we wish to return to our home."

"You will find Sophis there before you. I met him returning from the club, which broke up this evening at an early hour. How will you account to him, Marcella, for being absent at such a time of night?"

"Muthis," replied Marcella, more gently—for her anger was giving place to fear—"Muthis, I perceive that you have a further meaning for all that you say. I perceive that you have some suspicions connected with our being here this evening. If so, I entreat you to tell me their nature, and not to communicate those suspicions to my husband until you have heard my reply to your accusations. You know that Sophis has strong prejudices."

"I know that he has strong national feelings, and a great contempt for superstition and fanaticism," replied Muthis, as, with a triumphant smile, he turned to accompany Marcella along the shadowy lane, and no longer opposed her progress. Medora and Pyrrha followed closely, and anxiously listened to the conversation, while Justin walked a little in advance, to guide the party on their way.

"It is because I am so well acquainted with the opinions and sentiments of Sophis," continued Muthis, in a decided and measured tone, "that I am so earnestly desirous to warn you, Marcella, of the danger to which you are exposing yourself and your daughter. You know my love for her—you know that to obtain her hand there is no sacrifice I would not make, and no hardship I would not endure. Sophis and Orestes are resolved to give Medora's hand only to an Egyptian by birth, and an Egyptian in faith: I am both—and the land of the Nile contains none of purer blood, or more entire devotion to the religion of our great ancestors. To these recommendations I can add that which wealth bestows, and which most women prize highly. I say nothing of personal advantages,"—and Muthis drew up his really fine and well-dressed figure to its full height, and gave a self-complacent glance towards Medora, as he proceeded—"such

points are matters of taste; and your lovely daughter knows best whom and what she admires."

"To what does all this tend?" asked Marcella, rather hastily.

"Simply to this," answered Muthis: "I have waited patiently, hoping each day to find my attentions more favourably received, but in vain. I have sought to discover the cause of Medora's indifference, but hitherto equally in vain. Once I fancied that another was preferred before me; but a moment's calm reflection showed me that such a preference was impossible."

"By no means," said Medora to herself, almost aloud.

"But at length," continued Muthis, in the same calm, monotonous tone, "at length I believe the mystery is explained. I have long known that you, Marcella, were a secret listener to the absurd doctrines of the Nazarenes; but so long as Medora was at Philæ, and safe from the vile contagion, it mattered little whether you worshipped Jupiter and Juno, or the crucified son of a Jewish peasant. I also hoped that before her return your eyes would be opened to the folly of such a fantastic faith. Since your daughter came back to Alexandria I have watched your proceedings more narrowly than you are at all aware of. I was jealous for the religious principles of my future wife, and I carefully observed her in the temple, and noted with satisfaction the regularity of her attendance, and the costliness of her offerings to our great goddess. This continued for a time; but latterly I have perceived an abstraction in her manner during the sacred ceremonies, that has filled my mind with anxious doubts and fears. I am well aware that the wilder and more unreasonable any new doctrine may be, the more readily is it received, and the more widely does it spread; and this alone can account for the great diffusion of the faith of the Nazarenes, and the obstinacy of its followers. Might not even the pure mind of Medora become infected by this spiritual pestilence, especially when she knew her mother to have become one of its willing victims? With this apprehension I looked in vain this evening for your daughter bending as usual before the shrine of Isis. She came not—and I knew that the Nazarenes were to hold a secret meeting. You start, Marcella—but I know all their movements. I sought for Medora at her father's house, and I was informed that she had gone out with you and Pyrrha on foot. Instantly I repaired to the spot where I met you, and by which I knew you must pass. I wished to warn you—I wished to counsel you to escape from the snares of these wily fanatics before you have taken any irrevocable step. Marcella!" he continued, in a more passionate and excited manner—and he stopped suddenly and grasped her arm, while he confronted the agitated Medora, and gazed earnestly at her pale and anxious countenance—"Marcella, hear me! I do not wish to betray you to the anger and just indignation of Sophis; I do not wish to arouse persecution against your insane associates; but I solemnly declare to you, that unless you pledge yourself that Medora shall never again be present at any of your mysterious meetings, and also that you will employ all your influence and all your authority to induce her to become my bride without any further delay, I will make known to Sophis all I have myself become acquainted with, and will leave him to deal with both you and his daughter. I know that he can be stern and inflexible—and so do you!"

Marcella trembled; she feared the anger of her husband, and she feared even more the reproaches of her pagan friends and connexions. She was about to attempt half measures with the Egyptian, and to try the effect of persuasion, in order to shake his determination, and so at least to gain time. But Medora rightly interpreted her mother's hesitation, and she advanced to her side, and fixed her eyes on Muthis: then in a resolute voice, though with pale and quivering lips, she addressed him: "I am not a Christian, Muthis, and I have no intention of becoming one. I am a devoted worshipper of the an-

cient gods of Egypt. At the same time I respect the principles of the Christians, and I admire their conduct. Rather than again sit by and see them murdered, as I saw them in the Circus, I would unite myself to their cause, and die with them. But enough of this. If you are cowardly and unmanly enough to act as a spy on my mother's actions, and then to use your cunningly acquired knowledge to injure her happiness and her reputation—be it so; but I tell you plainly, you will gain nothing by your artifices or your malice—I never will become your wife. I have endeavored to show you that it was useless for you to seek to gain my affections; it would therefore be worse than useless for you to endeavour to obtain my hand. You are my brother's friend, and I would gladly have you for my friend also. We can never be anything more to each other. Let me, then, entreat you to prove the regard which you profess for me, and for which I thank you, by looking on me only as the sister of Orestes, and abstaining from all further mention of our marriage to my father. Promise me this, Muthis, and I freely offer you my friendship and my gratitude."

As Medora spoke, she held out her hand to Muthis, and a sweet smile lighted up her countenance. She thought that her persuasions must prove effectual; but she did not know the character of him whom she hoped to move by motives of generosity and kindness.

Muthis caught her hand, but not in the spirit in which she had tendered it.

"It shall be mine!" he exclaimed. "Willingly or unwillingly you shall give this hand to me, and no other shall possess it. I will appeal to Sophis!"

Medora attempted to withdraw her hand, but Muthis held it as in a vice. Then offended dignity came to her aid, and, drawing up her tall graceful figure, she stood perfectly still, and said in a firm voice—

"I also will appeal to my father. He loves me, and he will not suffer me to be insulted: far less will he seek to compel me to accept as a husband a man who condescends first to act the part of a spy, and then that of a ruffian."

Fire flashed from the eyes of Muthis at this well-merited approach. But he did not loose the hand of Medora; he only crushed it in his own till the tears started to her eyes with pain. She still remained motionless, waiting for his reply, and scorning to show her indignation at his violence. Setting his teeth firmly, and speaking in a low, deep voice, he said—

"Your father loves his country and his gods more than he loves his child. Your father is a man of honour, and he has pledged himself that you shall be my wife. Your father is a stern man, and he has already cast off one daughter who disobeyed him; he may cast off another. We shall see!"

With these words he flung back her hand, and strode away into the darkness, leaving Medora and her mother greatly agitated, and full of apprehension for the future.

When they reached their home, they found that Sophis had retired to the luxurious bath-room, where he was, according to the custom of the time, enjoying the society of some friends. They therefore hastened to their own apartments, rejoicing to escape for the present any awkward interrogatories, and full of anxiety as to the part which it was now their duty to take.

To their very unpleasant meditations we must now leave them, and return to Milan, to follow Alypius and his friend Augustine through trials and conflicts of a different nature.

(To be continued.)

A Legal Decision on the Sabbath Question has been pronounced in Manitoba. Six young men went to work on a railroad. The contractor ordered them to work on the Sabbath, and they refused, whereupon he dismissed them, and they brought suit for damages. The court gave a decision for the amount claimed, and the Chief Justice of Manitoba said he "was bound to tell them that they were not bound to work on Sunday."

PRESIDENTIAL FAVORITES.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Men Who Stand Closest to the Chief Executive.

Visitors who, from curiosity or business, have called at the White House, must have been impressed by the courteous yet systematic manner with which they were received and escorted through the mansion. The gentlemen whose duty it is to receive all persons coming to the White House are Colonel E. S. Denmore, Mr. John T. Rickard and Mr. T. F. Pendel, and they have occupied their present positions through the various administrations since and even during the war. Mr. Pendel was President Lincoln's body-guard; saw him to his carriage the fatal night on which he visited Ford's theater, and he now has in his possession the blood-stained coat which Mr. Lincoln wore on that memorable occasion. There is not a public man in America to-day who does not know, and who is not known by, these gentlemen, and the reminiscences of public and social life which they can recount would fill a congressional volume. During the weary yet exciting years of the war; through the more peaceful times of Grant's administration; while Hayes held the reins of government, and when Garfield was shot, it was these men who stood in the executive mansion, welcoming the advent of each new administration, bowing at its departure, and receiving both martyrs through its portals.

During that long, hot and never to be forgotten summer when President Garfield lay between "two worlds," the nation became aware of the deadly malarial influence which hung about the White House. But all through that period these three men never deserted their posts for a single day, although each one was suffering intensely. In conversation with the writer, Colonel Denmore said:

"It is impossible to describe the tortures I have undergone. To be compelled to smile and treat the thousands of visitors who come here daily with courtesy when one is in the greatest agony requires a tremendous effort. All that summer I had terrible headaches, heart-burn and a stifling sensation that sometimes took away my breath. My appetite was uncertain and I felt severe pains in the small of my back. I was under the doctor's care with strict instructions not to go out of the house but I remained on duty nevertheless. You would be surprised to know the amount of quinine I took; on some days it was as much as sixteen grains."

"And was Mr. Rickard badly off, too?"

"I should think he was. Why, time and again we have picked him up and laid him on the mantel, here in the vestibule, he was so used up."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Rickard, "I was so weak I could not rise after lying down without help, and could only walk with the aid of two canes, and then in a stooping position. Oh, we have been in a pretty bad condition here, all of us."

"And yet you are all the embodiment of health," said the writer, as he looked at the three bright and vigorous men before him.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Rickard, "we have not known what sickness was for more than a year."

"Have you some secret way of overcoming malaria and its attendant horrors?"

"I think we have a most certain way," replied Colonel Denmore, "but it is no secret. You see, about two years ago my wife began to grow blind, and I was alarmed at her condition. She finally became so she could not tell whether a person were white or black at a distance of ten feet. One of her lady friends advised her to try a certain treatment that had done wonders for her, and to make a long story short, she did so and was completely cured. This induced me to try the same means for my own restoration and as soon as I found it was doing me good I recommended it to my associates and we have all been cured right here in the stronghold of malaria and kept in perfect health ever since by means of Warner's Safe Cure. Now I am not a believer in medicines in general, but I do not hesitate to say that I am

satisfied I should have died of Bright's disease of the kidneys before this had it not been for this wonderful remedy. Indeed, I use it as a household medicine and give it to my children whenever they have any ailments."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Pendel, "I use it in my family all the while and have found it the most efficient remedy we have ever employed. I know of very many public men who are using it to-day and they all speak well of it."

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," said Mr. Rickard, "and when my physicians told me over a year ago I could not hope to recover I weighed 122 pounds. Under such influences you cannot wonder that I consider this the best medicine before the American people."

The above statements from these gentlemen need no comments. They are voluntary and outspoken expressions from sources which are the highest in the land. Were there the slightest question regarding their authenticity they would not be made public, but as they furnish such valuable truths for all who are suffering, we unhesitatingly publish them for the good of all.

Teacher to little boy: "What is a reptile?" "Don't know." "O, yes, you do; something that crawls." "O, a baby."

Consumptives should try Allen's Lung Balm; it can be had of any Druggist. See Advt.

A rural journalist writes that, if "as many people knew how to pay their subscriptions as well as they know how to run a newspaper, editors would have an easier time of it."

If your child is suffering from Worms, we would recommend you to give at once Dr. McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup, it is not only a safe and effectual remedy, but an exceedingly pleasant one.

Startled owner: "Hey, what are you doing there?" Colored Thief (who has just fallen through sky-light): "Ise blown here, boss, by dat dah dreadful hurricane we had souf."

NEW YORK WANTS IT.—Mrs. R. Liss man, 344 East 78th St., N. Y., writes: "Send me another gross Minard's Liniment by express at once. I consider it the only rheumatism and neuralgia cure yet found. The last lot has cured many persons of rheumatism and neuralgia of long standing. What will you let me have the agency for, New York for, as every rheumatic patient wants it."

"Waitaw, I will weally have to wemove to anothaw table. There appears to be a terrible dwaff eaw."

"Tain't no draft heah, no how, Mr. La Dude. Dah ain't no win' 'tall 'cept what dat yer lady am makin' win' her fan."

"Aw, that's it. I knew there was a dwaff. It nearly blew me away. Weally, now, couldn't you ask her to stop?"

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"Say, sis," remarked a high-school girl's brother, "you ought to see a new chap we've got at the store; he don't know beans." "Can I never teach you to use proper language?" inquired the high-school girl, severely. "You should not say 'he don't know beans,' but 'he is not sufficiently versed in botany to recognize the matured ovule of a common leguminous plant.'"

The chief clerk of the Government Dispensary says that no medicine chest is now complete without Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. No medicine known to medical science for internal and external use possesses the wonderful power of this Anodyne.

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