

so many beautiful thoughts for you, that kept coming and coming when I was busy, and then I grew so weary that I never could tell them all to you. Then to our neighbors and friends did sickness come, once, twice, thrice; and the death-angel knocked at the next door twice, once at the very next door to our home, and once next door to our hearts. But though we mourn, the departed do rejoice.

Not for them are these thoughts to-night,
Nor any of their good kin,
For they loved the children with main and
might,
The depths of their hearts within,
And each meets a daughter in realms of
Light,
Where never was thought of sin.

Dear children, I would not have written to-night, but I was afraid if another month went by with no tidings you would think I had surely forgotten you. Come little band, put forth a hand, and lead me out of the shadows into the sunshine of our Cosy Corner.

Cousin JULIA.

[We regret that this article was unintentionally crowded out last month.—Eds.]

THE BOY MOSES IN EGYPT.

Written for the "Little Folks."

A boy, eleven or twelve years old,* stood on the banks of the Nile watching, with sober earnestness, a procession just coming into view at some distance down the river. As it drew nearer he raised his eyes toward heaven, clasped his hands, and his lips might be seen to move in prayer. As the procession approached he stepped aside and gazed with a strange look in his eyes as the priests, in snow-white garments, led the sacred cows by golden chains, followed by a crocodile in a cage-like cart, surrounded by every dainty a crocodile might fancy; still another curious conveyance was occupied by a hawk, some beetles, and the deadly asp. A priest also carried in his hands a beautiful casket, inlaid with precious stones containing—*onions!*

Then followed carts, bearing images, more than I can describe, some of them very horrible, part human, part beast or bird, and with the most hideous features it would seem that man could invent. The procession was followed by a lot of children, but they moved in a quiet, reverent way, although as some grew tired they stopped to gather flowers or to talk together in little groups. At length one group drew near the boy who had watched the procession from a distance, and who had now thrown himself on the grass and lay quietly watching the children. A little girl approached him and said: "Moses, I should think that one as good as thou art would be following the procession." "What is there in the procession that could do me any good?" inquired the youth, as he raised to the little maiden a pair of dark blue eyes, almost black in their earnestness and depth. "Why," she replied, "both of the sacred cows were out to-day." "Oh, yes," chimed in her little brother, "and the crocodile, I couldn't help but bow down to him." Said another child: "I worship the great god Ammon." "Oh, yes," said a large boy, "thou art from Thebes, I worship Phthah." "Well," said a little Ethiopian girl, "none of them are greater than Kneph." Another child liked best the beautiful hawk, while a little girl of four or five summers exclaimed: "O, I do love the holy beetles." At this last remark Moses laughed aloud. While the children looked at him in astonishment and indignation. Then the worshipper of Phthah, a boy of fifteen years, said to Moses: "How darest thou laugh at the sacred gods of Egypt? *thou* a miserable Hebrew!" "Hush," said his sister, "is he not the son of our Princess, who would rather destroy us all than have him offended." Moses' eyes flashed and his hands clenched for a moment, but controlling himself he stood up and, with a look of power, striking in the face of one so young, he addressed his companions: "Do you