

ished a text for all the pulpits of Europe."

The ancient Egyptians were an exceedingly religious people. As a proof of this we need only explore the great tunnel of Lackhara or Memphis containing the Sarcophigu, —twenty-six in number—of the god Apis. Here the bodies of the bulls, supposed to have been inhabited by gods, were laid in state, each in his own vault. The tunnel is several hundred yards long, and the right and left are great recesses containing the Sarcophigu. These are marvels of art, most wonderful to behold, and no traveller can gaze on them without paying the highest compliment to Egyptian skill. The tomb, marked P, the most beautiful, most elaborately finished, and the best preserved relic of antiquity of which even Egypt can boast, is situated a few yards from the entrance to the tunnel. The walls of this tomb are decorated with paintings and basso relievo figures, exhibiting the domestic lives of the Copts. All kinds of social customs are illustrated. A history might be written from the "handwriting on the walls." The tracings on the columns are as perfect as if only just completed by the sculptor. This tunnel is only a portion of the great temple of Serapis. There are nine pyramids at Memphis, and catcombs innumerable.

### A GEM OF DICKENS.

Here is a sketch by Dickens, which has always seemed to be unsurpassed in beauty, a delicate fancy, in touching tenderness. We know those who have read it many, many, many times, and never without tears. Who can read it without wishing a blessing upon him who wrote it?

#### A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal and thought of a great number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. Those two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; the wondered at the depth of the bright waters;

they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "supposing all the children of the earth were to die, would the flowers and the water and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the waters; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, about the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they both cried out together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So that they grew to be such friends with it that before laying down in their beds, they looked once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they would say "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself and when he saw the star, a smile would come upon his face, and a little weak voice used to say: "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon, when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears. Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a beautiful, shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that shining road by angels. And the star opening,