

crowned as king, for I will behold his excellence while I am yet alive." Possibly in course of time tradition among the Jews may have mixed up Rameses II. and Moses, as among the Greeks it undoubtedly manufactured out of Seti I. and Rameses II. (father and son) one Sesostris ; or, if both incidents were true, and Rameses II. was not born when Moses was presented to Seti I.—which their relative ages show to have been possible—the act of the king in playfully placing on the head of Moses the double diadem may serve to show that even then he had begun to think of one day exalting a son (adopted if not real) to the throne as co-regent with himself. But in any case, whether what Josephus narrates was fact or fiction, history or legend, it substantially expresses what Moses did in declining to be longer known or spoken of as the son of Pharaoh's daughter. A king's adopted son, he effectually put from him all hope and prospect of succeeding to the crown. Renouncing his foster-parent, he went back to his true mother, though a Hebrew slave. From being himself a prince, he sank to the status of a peasant and a serf. His life of pleasure and renown he exchanged for one of hardship and oppression, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." His liberty he threw away like a thing of nought, and girt himself about with a bondman's chain ; or at least he was prepared to do so should necessity arise. Of course he had other objects in view than simply to toil in the brickfields of Pharaoh, and at length to sleep in a bondman's grave. He meant, if possible, to accomplish the emancipation of his countrymen ; but should that bright dream vanish into thin air, he would rather share the lot of his down-trodden brethren, rather sweat himself in making bricks without straw beneath an Egyptian sun, and to the music of an overseer's lash, than he would longer enjoy the gilded pleasures of iniquity, or even wear the honours of a semi-royal name. Brave son of Amram ! At a distance of thirty centuries we honour thee, we crown thee king, weaving around thine imperishable name a garland of equally imperishable fame, setting on thine immortal brow a double crown, more lustrous than that which either Rameses or Seti wore, or ever playfully placed upon