

But save for the heavy, painful beat, Graham's heart seemed
ice or stone;
The scorching heat within his brain dried the tears that should
have come;
No prayer, no cry from his cracked lips came—both body and
soul were dumb.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PHARAOHS

She walked beside the river brink
Among her maidens fair;
Her lovely eyes were sorrow dimmed,
Unwonted tears were there:
With gems and gold her locks were bound;
Her clinging, brodered dress
Reveal'd the charm of gracious curves
And slender suppleness:
Fair as a daughter of the Gods,
Along the way she passed.
Her heart was full of bitter pain,
The joy of life o'ercast:
The shrieks of a Hebrew slave she'd heard
For her dear slaughtered child,
Slain by stern Pharaoh's harsh command;
That anguish fierce and wild—
Rang in her ears and seared her heart,
She could not still the sound;
Her maids had played and sung to her;
That cry their music drowned.
Peace by her bathing pool she'd seek;
Stretched there, aloud she'd pray
Dear Mother Isis, mercifully,
To take her hurt away.
The river's music soothed her soul—
Isis her prayer would hear—
Then came from the shivering reeds, a sound
That turned her hope to fear;
'Twas not the mother's maddened cry;
'Twas the helpless infant's wail!
She stopped her ears and closed eyes,
While horror left her pale: