

THE BEE.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1890.

The Land of the Pharaohs.

Written for THE BEE.
There's a land far away in the East we
are told,
Renowned for its pyramids and tem-
ples of old;
Where one of the Pharaohs his sceptre
did wield
O'er the children of Israel, and forced
them to yield.
But here let us mark the result that
ensued,
When triumphantly Pharaoh this
course pursued,
And ascending his throne with a smile
on his face,
To think he had conquered so famous
a race.
Pharaoh no doubt thought he was lord
of the land,
Thought all power centered in the
palm of his hand,
But alas for poor Pharaoh his vision
was dim,
For all power as yet was not vested
in him.
A message there came from one might-
ier than he,
Demanding the enslaved sons of
Israel be free;
And though Pharaoh wondered he first
answered go,
Very soon his heart hardened and it
could not be so.
Then in order that Pharaoh might well
understand,
That he did not rule as he thought all
the land;
God told his servants the waters to
smite,
And frogs issued forth, a plague in
his sight;
So when Pharaoh perceived everything
he would eat
Was infested with frogs, he reclined
in his seat;
Though with the keenest repentance he
said they might go,
Very soon his heart hardened and it
could not be so.
As the pestilence of frogs did hardly
suffice,
The dust of the land was now turned
into lice;
Yet still he was stubborn and would
not consent
To liberate his captives, though for
this he'll repent;
Next came the flies in innumerable
swarms
And entered his house like troops
under arms;
His resistance was vain and again he
said go,
But again his heart hardened, and it
could not be so.
God told his servants some ashes to take,
To sprinkle towards heaven and boils
they would make,
Thus Pharaoh, his servants, his beasts of
the field,
Were smitten because he was stubborn
to yield.
Then the hail and rain accompanied with
thunder,
Destroyed all his flock leaving Phar-
oah to wonder,
And again from his lips escaped the
word go,
But again his heart hardened and it
could not be so.
Tis doubtless Pharaoh paused for a
moment in sorrow,
Impatiently waiting the events of the
morrow;
When at breaking of dawn locusts cov-
ered the land,
Twas a terrible sight; more than Phar-
oah could stand.
More surprised yet was he at next dawn-
ing of morn,
To find death had seized on his lovely
first born;
So Pharaoh's heart, softened by sorrow
and woe,
Submitted at last and allowed Israel
to go.
* * * * *
The persecuted nation receiving cen-
sent
To the land of promise their weary
footsteps bent;
When soon the distant sound of Phar-
oah's mighty host,
Was borne by the breeze as they near-
ed the coast;
With the Red Sea in front and Pharaoh
in chase,
The Israelites feared the host they
must face;
"Fear not," were his words, "for the
Lord will provide,
And before Pharaoh's hosts your foot-
steps will guide."
At his master's command Moses
stretched forth his rod,
And then he revealed the mighty
power of their God;
The waves rolled back at the word of
command,
And the Israelites passed through on
a path of dry land.
Believing not the power of the God
from on high,
Pharaoh rushed in pursuit with a
fierce warlike cry;
The waters rolled back and Israel was
saved,
While Pharaoh and warriors found a
watery grave.
* * * * *
Twas calm in the land of the Pharaoh's
one night,
When Albion's sons arrayed in the
pride of their might,
And led by brave Wolesley at the dawn-
ing of morn,
Marched onward to victory, which
was soon to be borne.
Oh little dreamed Arabi and his slum-
bering host,
When the brave 42nd landed there on
his coast,
That the day was at hand when his
doom would be sealed
And the glory of Britain should again
be revealed.

Within five hundred yards on a little
incline,
The order was given to form into
line;
And at one magic word from him in
command;
The British and Egyptians were locked
hand in hand.
And now in the dawning the doomed
leader flees,
His flight towards Cairo being borne
by the breeze;
So Egypt's great Arabi forever is done,
And Britain shouts "Victory! Tel-el-
Kebir is won!" —W. G. Morrison.

Newry, May 2, 1890.

PATIENCE.

Written for THE BEE.
Why should there be such whining
And sad dissatisfaction
Because the sun's not shining
On our side of the section.
The time may soon be coming
When joy may be our portion,
The happy bee be humming
Around our lovely garden.
For grandly in our favor
The tide may soon be turning,
And we be richly paid for
The lessons we are learning.
'Tis best to wait in patience,
Contently persevering,
To look with calm expectation
For brighter days appearing.
—T. E. Hammond.

Elma, April 23, 1890.

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