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MORNING STAR.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1859.

PATIENT WORKERS.

Who does the most good? This question is not easily answered. Such men as Luther and Wesley, and Edwards and Wilberforce and Howard, are prominent among the great workers in the world. But who knows that they really excelled thousands of others whose names have never been mentioned in history? They never could have done the work they did alone. They stood upon the work of others. They were made prominent by the circumstances around them; and perhaps their success depended more upon the agency of unknown persons, than upon their own power. Very likely their position depended more upon others than upon the success of their own efforts. It is not always the man who applies the torch to the loaded cannon, who deserves the honor of the execution which it does. Hosts of workers must have toiled long, hard, skillfully and successfully, before him, or his torch and the flash and smoke and noise would have amounted to nothing. To him who stands out the most prominently, who stirs up the greatest excitement, and makes the most noise, the least credit is often due for the results attained.

The reformer who rides upon the wave of victory, is properly remembered with reverence, but the men who have prepared the way, who have worked and moulded the thoughts and aspirations of the people, who have laid the foundation, when God and conscience only cheered them onward in their efforts, should not be forgotten. Sometimes the pastor, the parents, the Sunday school teachers, educators, train, discipline a whole community, permeate all hearts with reverence for the gospel, and instruct them in the claims of God, the duty of man and the scheme of mercy which Christ established. By and by a man of zeal and power comes along and gathers these prepared people into the kingdom, and henceforth he is regarded as the chief instrument in their conversion. He is certainly worthy of grateful remembrance, yet he has very likely done less to bring about this happy result, than any of the other laborers. They have worked without the stimulus of an immediate harvest in prospect; they have toiled daily, weekly, constantly, for years; they have plowed and sowed and weeded and watched, and really have done nine-tenths of the work of conversion, and much the harder part of it, and in the great day of revelation it will appear that those who receive the least honor among men, are worthy of the largest praises. We are too liable to esteem that the greatest which causes the greatest commotion, excitement and noise. But the thunder is not as mighty as the law of gravitation, and the raving tempest does not halt the work that the soft, silent, steady breeze does. That which grows slowly, grows strong and large. The mightiest forest trees are those which are slow in growth. The wealth and beauty, the perpetuity and vigor of the material world, depend much more upon silent, concealed, modest forces, than upon the impetuous, rapid, explosive, terrific and violent.

We have often been pained to witness the discontent of persons in humble life. They desire to do something valuable, make their mark, leave an impression, and are constantly bemoaning their limited sphere of action. If they could stand before public assemblies, sit in the chair of State, write books for the million, then they think that they would be doing something worthy of mention. But to move in the family circle, to live in private, to be obscure and unknown, is to them exceedingly disheartening. But if the realities of life were better understood, they would not be discontented. They work at the root, at the heart, at the sources of personal and social life; they bend the twigs, direct the course of the primitive currents, and thus mould the full grown life of society. In social life everything depends upon the subsoil; keep that rich, dry and mellow, and the fruits and grains will grow in glorious abundance. But when that is cold, wet and hard, the crop will be meagre, withered, worthless, and weeds and brambles will possess the field.

Among all the workers of this world, mothers excel. It is a great blessing to be a mother, and to fulfill a mother's duties. Her work is honorable and great. She is above statesmen, public orators, editors, or book-makers, in every element of power, honor and reward. Yet some mothers imagine that they are doing nothing, that their position is very humble and hard, and they long for more public fields of activity. But it is a greater work to make statesmen, orators and leaders, than to be such. And this work the mothers really do. To be the builder of an ocean palace, to construct and manage immense factories, and to direct the affairs of State, are regarded as among the important doings of men. But these are trifles compared to the proper culture and development of mind and the direction of the physical and moral culture of children. To guard the tender frame from disease, to nurse and protect it amidst all the perils of childhood and youth up to manhood, is a great work. To teach, develop and direct the mind in the path of nobleness, truth and piety, is a still more glorious work. This great work is largely in the hands of mothers. Both parents share largely in it. The greatest blessing that is done on earth, is to raise up a family of children, so that they will prove a blessing to the world and to themselves. Parents who have done this, are worthy of honor, and will be honored in eternity for having lived to a good purpose. And yet too many regard the care and culture of children as a small business, a burden, an irksome task, to be avoided. But this is foolish, yes, wicked. "Deliver me from the care of a family; let me never be burdened with children," is a frequent and a foolish prayer; it is equivalent to praying that life may be a blank, that we may lose the highest honors of existence.

The society and the governments of the world are made in the domestic circle. There the elements are fashioned; there they get their character, and are sent out to bless or curse the world. The work is all the more efficient, absolute and important, from the fact that it is private, secluded, quiet, silent and familiar. A little reflection and Christian faith will do much to make us content with our humble place in the vineyard, and prize highly the silent, steady influences of Christian effort in the private channels of life. Those who do the little things, do the most, and are the most valuable and important workers. Let the Sunday school teacher, the private church member, the parent, the believer, in ordinary circles of life, be comforted and encouraged. No laborers are as indispensable as these, and none shall wear a brighter crown in glory.

In sending money for subscribers, be sure and give their P. O. address.

ORGANIZATION OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

Formerly attempts were made to establish distinctive and permanent political organizations, and these attempts were in a degree successful in our early history. Our government was at first regarded in all hands as an experiment, hence there were numerous theories earnestly advocated with reference to almost every measure of its administration. But time, the great practical tester, has settled most of these questions. Subjects relating to finance, the tariff, protection, banks, internal improvement, and the like, once divided the masses of the country; now it is impossible to raise an issue on any of them that shall produce such division. Who can now define the position of any great party respecting either of them? All profess very much the same policy.

Thus with time old issues die out, and parties with them. It would be easy to show that no great party has existed in this country for twenty-five years or any where near it. The opposite has often been claimed, but without foundation. With new circumstances new issues arise, and therefore new parties, whether with or without new names. So it ever has been, will be, and ought to be. Whatever theorists may propose or do, the people will be practical. They care much for realities, very little for abstractions.

These facts should be heeded in future movements, and especially in the one immediately before the nation. While old issues have been in the main died out, and their parties with them, new issues have arisen of great and vital consequence, which must receive attention. One great issue surpasses all others, and must, until it is fairly disposed of, be the issue of slavery—its extension, or its restriction. This is the great practical issue now before the country. It is useless and preposterous to ignore the fact. Yet attempts are made in various quarters with this design—Some would revive obsolete issues, others would disregard all, and organize merely to gain victory and the spoils.

We care very little for parties as such, but we do cherish principles as being of the highest consequence. We have said that the slavery issue is the one now before the country to be disposed of, and it is of the greatest importance that it be rightly disposed of—important, not only in a political and social point of view, but also morally and religiously. Hence the deep interest we take in it.

Those who have much, either of principle or sagacity, must see that any attempt to organize a political party at the present day will be utterly futile. No such party can be formed, it could not succeed, if formed; and if it could succeed in obtaining power, it would be destined to a speedy and ignominious dissolution. But let the real issue now presented be boldly, fairly, earnestly met; not indeed, in a spirit of bigotry, intolerance or fanaticism; but with a fixed resolve to restore the government on this subject to the principles and spirit of its founders, and the party thus organized and persevering in the use of the appropriate means, must succeed. The only question concerning it is one of time. It will succeed, too, just as soon as it is best it should succeed.

Selfish men, who will attach themselves to any party for selfish ends, should never be allowed to control in such a matter. They are being selfish, they are ready to do anything, make any compromise or sacrifice, to carry their point. It is hazardous to principle for such to have any leading direction or influence. Corrupt as the world is, no great organization can be expected to exist without selfish men in it, and such will of course strive hard for the ascendancy; but let the party that would cherish exalted principle, and obtain a noble destiny, keep such men in a subordinate place. They will do harm enough in any situation.

Another thing should be considered. It is useless for any party taking high ground on the slavery issue, to expect at present any great support from the South. Fortunately, the question can be decided without their help. Now, so blinded are they, that no southern state will aid in restricting slavery. But once let the national policy be settled on the platform of the fathers—that henceforth freedom is national and slavery sectional, and very soon state after state at the South will accord with it, and lend a cheerful hand, not only in its restriction, but by their own action will remove it from their midst. Both principle and policy are therefore very plain in their admonitions on this subject.

TRACT SOCIETIES.

From every quarter at the North, we are glad to see that the service position of the American Tract Society at New York, is meeting with rebuke, and measures are being taken to patronize those societies which are true to the cause of Christian integrity. The separation of the Boston Society from that which holds its office at New York, is a good move, and promises well for the truth. The poor slave will find an advocate and friend, we trust, in that organization. The golden rule will not be suppressed, the law of love will be preached, words of kindness to the poor will not be offensive and carefully stricken from the pages of books and tracts which they shall publish. The New York Society can pursue its pernicious course, strike down the hopes of the poor, throw all of its sympathies into the scale of the oppressor, and increase the heavy burden, and prevent the oppressed from going free, but a channel will still be left for the publication of the whole gospel, in its impartial love and equal justice to all men of every color and clime.

The Reform Tract Society at Cincinnati is also occupying a noble stand, and greatly increasing its influence. It operates in perfect harmony with the Boston Society, and promises to be a very efficient instrumentality in spreading the light of the gospel especially in the West. It publishes some excellent books and tracts upon slavery, but those upon infidelity and other sins and errors which prevail at the West, are, if possible, more excellent than those on slavery. It has peculiar facilities for understanding the wants of the West, the peculiar forms of sin which prevail, the numerous enemies to Christianity, and the best means of repelling these forces of Satan and defending the Christian faith. The West is the great battle ground of the church, where millions unborn will be obedient to Christ, or swell the dark currents of infidelity, according as the present generation are trained. We have a great work to do, and our time is short. We must work hard, work fast, work wisely; and we can recommend the Cincinnati Society as a good and efficient channel through which our minds and money can be made useful in scattering the seed of the kingdom all over this wide and inviting field.

THE REGISTER FOR 1860.

The statistical reports of the Quarterly Meetings for the Register for 1860 should now be made without delay. Let us have prompt and full returns from every Quarterly Meeting Clerk. Follow the form in the last Register, and get everything as correct as possible.

REPORTS. The edition is exhausted, so we cannot fill orders. We gave notice to this effect some time ago; but applications for Reports continue to be made. Let all remember that we have none.

Bro. Mott, pastor of the Great Falls church, informs us that there were 125 ministers in attendance at our late Yearly Meeting, held there. This he ascertained, by actual count. We think this the largest number that ever attended any of our Yearly Meeting sessions.

REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Courier & Inquirer, writing from Dublin, Ireland, May 31, gives the following glorious account of a work of Divine grace in that hitherto degraded country:

In the centre of county Antrim a movement is in progress which puzzles some and delights others. It began in the parish of Connor, extended to Abigail, thence to Ballymena, and now it pervades the whole of the county. In many respects it resembles what we read of as taking place in many parts of America, under the name of "revivals." Half a dozen persons are "struck," during the time of public worship; cry out under a deeply distressing conviction, and are prostrated in a body for a time; are restored and enjoy "peace." This, often without anything unusually exciting in the sermon; often to the interruption of public worship; and this, in several Protestant denominations. But, without this physical affliction, and as the result of prayer meetings held by the laity, the feeling of distress on account of sin, followed by crying for mercy, and then a sense of high spiritual enjoyment, have given place to a new state of family worship, crowded churches, sobriety, and religious decorum.

The medical men are at fault as to the cause of the physical convulsions—probably, not taking a right estimate of the effects of mighty mental feeling, however produced, and in reference to whatever objects, upon certain physical temperaments—and the Roman Catholic priests ascribe to satanic agency, as all of their communion who have witnessed these assemblies, and come under this influence, have ceased to attend mass—but the Protestant clergy of all persuasions, rejoice in it, as a signal work of the spirit of God.

From the New York Herald of June 24.

THE BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

TO THEIR BROTHERS IN AMERICA.

LONDON, June 1, 1859.

To the Editor of the New York Chronicle:—MY DEAR SIR:—I take the liberty of forwarding to you the enclosed document, and of requesting that you will insert it in the New York Chronicle, and otherwise give it such publicity as may be in your power.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
J. H. HINTON, Sec'y B. U.

To the Baptist Churches in the United States:—DEAR BROTHERS:—In now addressing you, we avail ourselves of a Christian privilege, and fulfill a Christian duty.

We contemplate your noble country, and the churches of the Saviour which it contains, with mingled sentiments. For all the benefits which God has vouchsafed to them, and for all the good which has been wrought by them, we heartily rejoice, and yield him sincere thanks. We reflect with lively satisfaction on the large measure of civil and religious liberty which your country possesses, and on the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom, within its borders, and throughout other regions of the earth; by the labors of those great Societies which are its glory and defence. It yields us great pleasure to know that in this increase of the saved, and in these holy and successful toils, you, as a body, amply share.

During many months past the glad tidings of a wide-spread revival of religion in the Union have greeted our ears. We have heard with joy of "the spirit of grace and supplication" which has been poured upon the hearts of many sinners; and of the hallowed exertions that you have made on behalf of perishing transgressors; and of the rich mercies vouchsafed by God to you, in the growing holiness of believers, and the hopeful conversion of many sinners; and of the great triumphs of the Christian cause, and the joyful prospect of "our Father's desire and prayer to God" is, that these blessings may be continued and multiplied in the midst of you, and that kindred ones may be granted to ourselves.

It is with no little sorrow that we turn from topics so gladdening as these to the wrong and wretchedness which, in the form of Slavery, exist in your land. We have no wish to describe in exaggerated language the evils which this system inflicts; but we would say, that the entire loss of liberty, of the unrequited toil, and the stern refusal of slave evidence in courts of justice; when we see that in most of the Slave States it is made a criminal offence to teach slaves to read; that law yields no protection and security to their wretched ties; that their families are not seldom violently broken up, and the members of them scattered far asunder; when, in fine, we contemplate the privations and sufferings to which, in cases, too numerous to mention, the victims of slavery have been subjected, grief and indignation are stirred within us.

We have, moreover, viewed with pungent regret the statute which transforms the sheltering of a fugitive from oppression into a crime; the legal decision which makes an immortal being, in all respects, a legal chattel; and the violent measures employed, by the supporters of slavery in Kansas to impose and extend this system of slavery. We have seen brethren, that a system which inflicts so much wrong and suffering can be otherwise than displeasing to God; and yet the fact is for a perpetual lamentation—many who bear the honored name of Christians, and of Baptists, connive at, and plead for the maintenance of slavery, and share alike in its cruelties and its gains. Has not God rather laid you under sacred obligations to do what lies in your power to abate and remove this crying iniquity?

We are fully aware that the abolition of Slavery in the Union is beset with difficulties. Still, permit us to remind you that there are steps towards its removal which you can take. You can abstain from participation in the enslavement of your fellow men; you can, in the free states, at least, protest against the evils of the system; you can influence public opinion concerning it; you can record your votes in favor of freedom. We derive very great gratification from a knowledge of the fact that increasing numbers of your body are, in these and other suitable ways, subverting the interests of righteousness. While of such we do devoutly say, "the blessing of the Lord be upon them," we cannot but express our earnest wish that, in this deeply important enterprise, you were "all of one heart and of one soul."

We are, with much interest, wishing to see what influence the late revival of religion among you will exercise on behalf of the slave. We are too well acquainted with the circumstances of the case to imagine that any great result will immediately accrue; but if it should not promote a change in the prevailing views and feelings with regard to slavery, and to foster wise and peaceful efforts "to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free," we shall be grievously disappointed, and shall fear that we have misestimated the work.

We entreat you, dear brethren, as "the redeemed of the Lord," to lay this matter to heart, and to exert yourselves to free your

LETTERS FROM ABROAD—NO. 12.

THEBES, West Bank of the Nile, Feb. 22, 1859.

The magnificent ruins of Thebes lie scattered upon both banks of the Nile, at once the most vast and ancient monuments which have survived the fall of a nation. Once the city filled all the plain, from desert to desert, from mountain to mountain. Her wealth and splendor were the proverb of the world. From the hundred gates of her palaces and temples, went forth twenty thousand armed chariots to the conquest of every nation. "Art thou better than populous No," (Thebes), "that was situated among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea?" asks the prophet of Nineveh. For more than five hundred years before Abraham came into Egypt, and more than seven hundred years before Joseph was sold to the officer of Pharaoh, she had been gathering her riches, and when at length David sat upon the throne of Israel, there was no city in the world like Thebes. Yet now she has been "carried away." She went into captivity, her young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets; and they cast lots for her honorable men, and all her great men were bound in chains. Cambyes has plundered her palaces. The stranger loots in vain for the ancient city, among the miserable hovels that cluster about the temple of Luxor. Thebes had perished. We had come to see her ruins.

Our guide first led us to the colossal statue of Memnon. It towers fifty-three feet above the plain, the figure of a king, with the size of a giant. From the foot to the knee, it is nearly twenty feet, and the length of the arm is thirty-three feet. The king is represented as sitting with his hands upon his knees, a position which to the Egyptians was a symbol of that calm dignity, so essential to all greatness.

One block of coarse sandstone gave birth to the immense statue. For many ages travelers have come to listen to the sounds, which were said to come forth from its lips at sunrise, and the legs of the statue in Greek the credulity of these, who were thus taught to read the symbols upon the throne and back, and to believe that Memnon was the great king of old Egypt. I climbed with difficulty into the lap of the colossus, and beheld the chamber where the priest had concealed himself to hear the voice of the statue. To my hand, as well as to the priest, the stone resounded with its ringing tones. Nature is true to every man in every time. She is impartial. The Romans wondered that the gracious deity should speak thence to Tiberius. To us it spoke still more.

Nearly behind this colossus, which, with its still perfect mate once formed part of a long line of statues, is the temple called the Memnonium. It embraced three courts, opening into each other with superb gateways. These courts were once filled with columns, and colossal, and sculptured walls, unequalled for the beauty of their conception or the elegance of their execution. About one colossal statue of Remeses Sesostri, I lingered for a long time—astonished at the completeness of its execution, and its destruction. It was so immense as to have weighed nearly nine hundred tons, and was cut from a single granite block—filling in Egypt the promise of a mountain cut into the statue of a king. Its prostrate form is rudely scattered and broken. Boys slide down the polished shoulders. Girls feel their heads under its shadow. It lies a monument of rage; yet Cambyes found more difficulty in destroying the statue of a king, than he did the liberty of a people. Violence repaid violence, so purely is it decreed, that they who build by the sword shall by the sword perish; that kings whose honor is destruction, whose pride is cruelty, shall hand down their names upon ruins, and the story of their deeds vanish, as the dust collects above the walls of their palaces.

Following the mountains as they bend towards the South, and penetrating a ravine which led us into the face of the cliffs, we arrived at the beautiful temple called Dair el Medeneh, because it was the abode of the early Christians. It is the Memnonium in miniature. The scenes upon the walls are, however, different from others in Thebes. One especially, both surprised and interested me, since it was the sequel of that which I saw at Philae, in the room of the priest. It was the scene of Judgment. Osiris, their great god seated on his throne, awaits the deceased, who advances between two figures of a goddess. Thoth, the god of letters, with the head of a hawk, stands before the king, bearing in his hand a tablet, on which he marks down the deeds of the departed, while Horus and another god, are weighing in a balance the actions of the man. A small jar contains good actions, and an ostrich feather, the symbol of Truth or Justice, balances upon the opposite scale. The four genii of man sit upon a lotus flower before the king; one has the head of a hawk, another of a monkey, the third of a jackal, the fourth of a woman. Forty-two judges, each with a different head, complete the picture, whose details covered the entire side of a chamber. I might say, that although against this man the scales were already declining the sentence, above the king were three happy spirits, winging their way in the form of birds to the prepared heavens. What a scene for the walls of ancient Egypt! The truth which the schools of Greece and the academies of Rome contended for, as if before unknown, was taught in the land of darkness, among the groves of Memphis, and Heliopolis, and Syene, and Thebes, when the Acropolis of Greece was an abode for wild beasts, and the savage wandered among the hills of Rome, and followed the game over the capitoline.

South of this temple lie the ruins of the temple palace of Rameses II. Of all the kings, he only seems to have enjoyed the fruit of his labors; for when completing after the manner of his fathers, the first three years of his reign which were spent in war and conquest, he did not devote himself to adorning or erecting temples to the gods alone, but remembered himself also. He satisfied his religion and pride, by building for both at the same time—a temple palace. The rooms which composed the pavilion of the king, are small, dark and gloomy. Perpetual mist attended his private hours. More peaceful subjects adorn the walls. The monarch is exchanged for the father and priest; the piles of mutilated hands and feet, for fruits and flowers; the procession of armed men, for the standard bearers about the sacred bull and holy ark; the rejoicing of victory, for the coronation when the king with a golden sickle, cuts six ears of corn, and sends four doves to the four quarters of the world. It must have gratified the pride of Rameses to read the tale of his achievements upon the massive corridors; it must have pleased his ambition to wander through the immense temple he had built for posterity, but strange as it may seem, I pitied

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LETTERS FROM ABROAD—NO. 12.

THEBES, West Bank of the Nile, Feb. 22, 1859.

The magnificent ruins of Thebes lie scattered upon both banks of the Nile, at once the most vast and ancient monuments which have survived the fall of a nation. Once the city filled all the plain, from desert to desert, from mountain to mountain. Her wealth and splendor were the proverb of the world. From the hundred gates of her palaces and temples, went forth twenty thousand armed chariots to the conquest of every nation. "Art thou better than populous No," (Thebes), "that was situated among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea?" asks the prophet of Nineveh. For more than five hundred years before Abraham came into Egypt, and more than seven hundred years before Joseph was sold to the officer of Pharaoh, she had been gathering her riches, and when at length David sat upon the throne of Israel, there was no city in the world like Thebes. Yet now she has been "carried away." She went into captivity, her young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets; and they cast lots for her honorable men, and all her great men were bound in chains. Cambyes has plundered her palaces. The stranger loots in vain for the ancient city, among the miserable hovels that cluster about the temple of Luxor. Thebes had perished. We had come to see her ruins.

Our guide first led us to the colossal statue of Memnon. It towers fifty-three feet above the plain, the figure of a king, with the size of a giant. From the foot to the knee, it is nearly twenty feet, and the length of the arm is thirty-three feet. The king is represented as sitting with his hands upon his knees, a position which to the Egyptians was a symbol of that calm dignity, so essential to all greatness.

One block of coarse sandstone gave birth to the immense statue. For many ages travelers have come to listen to the sounds, which were said to come forth from its lips at sunrise, and the legs of the statue in Greek the credulity of these, who were thus taught to read the symbols upon the throne and back, and to believe that Memnon was the great king of old Egypt. I climbed with difficulty into the lap of the colossus, and beheld the chamber where the priest had concealed himself to hear the voice of the statue. To my hand, as well as to the priest, the stone resounded with its ringing tones. Nature is true to every man in every time. She is impartial. The Romans wondered that the gracious deity should speak thence to Tiberius. To us it spoke still more.

Nearly behind this colossus, which, with its still perfect mate once formed part of a long line of statues, is the temple called the Memnonium. It embraced three courts, opening into each other with superb gateways. These courts were once filled with columns, and colossal, and sculptured walls, unequalled for the beauty of their conception or the elegance of their execution. About one colossal statue of Remeses Sesostri, I lingered for a long time—astonished at the completeness of its execution, and its destruction. It was so immense as to have weighed nearly nine hundred tons, and was cut from a single granite block—filling in Egypt the promise of a mountain cut into the statue of a king. Its prostrate form is rudely scattered and broken. Boys slide down the polished shoulders. Girls feel their heads under its shadow. It lies a monument of rage; yet Cambyes found more difficulty in destroying the statue of a king, than he did the liberty of a people. Violence repaid violence, so purely is it decreed, that they who build by the sword shall by the sword perish; that kings whose honor is destruction, whose pride is cruelty, shall hand down their names upon ruins, and the story of their deeds vanish, as the dust collects above the walls of their palaces.

Following the mountains as they bend towards the South, and penetrating a ravine which led us into the face of the cliffs, we arrived at the beautiful temple called Dair el Medeneh, because it was the abode of the early Christians. It is the Memnonium in miniature. The scenes upon the walls are, however, different from others in Thebes. One especially, both surprised and interested me, since it was the sequel of that which I saw at Philae, in the room of the priest. It was the scene of Judgment. Osiris, their great god seated on his throne, awaits the deceased, who advances between two figures of a goddess. Thoth, the god of letters, with the head of a hawk, stands before the king, bearing in his hand a tablet, on which he marks down the deeds of the departed, while Horus and another god, are weighing in a balance the actions of the man. A small jar contains good actions, and an ostrich feather, the symbol of Truth or Justice, balances upon the opposite scale. The four genii of man sit upon a lotus flower before the king; one has the head of a hawk, another of a monkey, the third of a jackal, the fourth of a woman. Forty-two judges, each with a different head, complete the picture, whose details covered the entire side of a chamber. I might say, that although against this man the scales were already declining the sentence, above the king were three happy spirits, winging their way in the form of birds to the prepared heavens. What a scene for the walls of ancient Egypt! The truth which the schools of Greece and the academies of Rome contended for, as if before unknown, was taught in the land of darkness, among the groves of Memphis, and Heliopolis, and Syene, and Thebes, when the Acropolis of Greece was an abode for wild beasts, and the savage wandered among the hills of Rome, and followed the game over the capitoline.

South of this temple lie the ruins of the temple palace of Rameses II. Of all the kings, he only seems to have enjoyed the fruit of his labors; for when completing after the manner of his fathers, the first three years of his reign which were spent in war and conquest, he did not devote himself to adorning or erecting temples to the gods alone, but remembered himself also. He satisfied his religion and pride, by building for both at the same time—a temple palace. The rooms which composed the pavilion of the king, are small, dark and gloomy. Perpetual mist attended his private hours. More peaceful subjects adorn the walls. The monarch is exchanged for the father and priest; the piles of mutilated hands and feet, for fruits and flowers; the procession of armed men, for the standard bearers about the sacred bull and holy ark; the rejoicing of victory, for the coronation when the king with a golden sickle, cuts six ears of corn, and sends four doves to the four quarters of the world. It must have gratified the pride of Rameses to read the tale of his achievements upon the massive corridors; it must have pleased his ambition to wander through the immense temple he had built for posterity, but strange as it may seem, I pitied

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