

which had so often responded to his supplications, answered: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

Emerging from his tent, the leader gave the command to move forward. But whither? Before them rolled the broad expanse of water, over which a violent wind had begun to blow, raising angry waves, howling mournfully among the rocks, and sweeping heavily up the gorge of Haroth, as though forbidding an advance. On the right hand, and on the left, cliffs. Behind them the infuriated monarch. Before them the Red Sea. Yet, oh Israel, it is commanded thus of the Lord that thou move forward.

Hastily then the tents are struck, the beasts of burden loaded, and the tribes arrayed for flight, each under its own symbolic banner. Forward, forward! was the cry, and the occasion brooked no delay. One last look at the setting sun, as it glared angrily through the dust clouds raised by the fast-increasing gale, one glance through the Pillar, which had now become a very Pillar of Fire, then each strong man drew the arm of a weaker within his own, and bending sturdily forward entered the valley with his face toward the sea.

Moses had preceded them, and by this time his feet were dipped in the thinner waves. His locks flew wildly about his shoulders as the east wind tossed them at pleasure. His mantle fluttered at his waist as he surveyed the stormy scene before him. But his strong heart wavered not, nor for a moment doubted but that a way of passing would be found. He lifted up his rod and stretched his right arm over the sea. Then the sea was stirred by an irresistible impulse. The broken waters, which had been heaped up by the east wind, subsided in the direction indicated by that wonder-working rod, and a furrow, deep and smooth, began to be visible, baring the sands a long way forward from the feet of Moses, and inviting his approach. The miracle was

manifest. Moses, whose momentary halt had brought the leaders to his side, preceded them, as was his duty, and entered the sea. Closely upon his feet came the princes of the tribes, and next the well ordered assemblage.

Night had now drawn her sable curtains above them. There were no way-marks by which the host was guided, for none had passed that way hitherto. But down, down into the bed of the deep sea, down where mountains had brooded and the shapeless forms of marine things had swam and fought, down through shining caverns then first exposed since the creation, the bands of Israel marched, nor feared to err, seeing that the wall of waters on their right hand, and on their left, barred progress in all directions save one.

And step by step the Pillar crept after them. Across the now deserted encampment at Pi-hahiroth it traced its glowing path down the deep gorge and entered the cleft sea. It gave light to the Hebrew wanderers seeking the home of their forefathers. It made a lurid flame upon the vanguard of those who, in the recklessness of their calling, pursued them. And wandering tribes of Ishmael for ages afterward told with blanched cheeks how the Angel of the Presence, on that night of wonders, moved from shore to shore through the divided waters.

All that night the flight and pursuit were maintained. But "it came to pass that in the morning-watch the Lord looked upon the host of the Egyptians through the Pillar of Fire and of the Cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot-wheels, that they drove them heavily; so that the Egyptians said: 'Let us flee from the face of Israel, for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.'"

Forward, through the deep caverns and between the massive rocks, not once deviating from the furrows marked by the pointing of his rod, the Divinely-appointed leader had