

was the supreme and wise Captain, the only Leader who was always sure of the victory. How great was the sin of insulting such a Lord, and of going after strange gods in return for his mercies! And this was what the Israelites had done before his very eyes; and as he recalled to his memory the doings which had compelled his intervention, the question arose in his mind, how might they be protected against the wrath of the Most High, and how could the eyes of the darkened multitude be opened to His wondrous heart and soul-inspiring greatness?

But he found no answer and saw no remedy, as he pictured to himself the perversity and rebellious spirit prevailing in the camp, which threatened to bring evil on his people.

He had succeeded in reducing the fighting-men to obedience. As soon as the trumpet sounded, and he made his appearance in battle-array at the head of his troops, their stiff-necked will gave way to his. Was there nothing, then, which, in the peaceful round of every-day life, could keep them within the bounds which, under Egyptian rule, made life safe for even the humblest and weakest, and protected them against the high-handed and powerful? Meditating on these things, he watched till dawn was near, and as the stars began to set he sprang up and bid the trumpets sound; and to-day, as yesterday, they assembled without a murmur, and in full numbers. He was soon marching at the head of his troops through the narrow gorge, and after they had gone forward for about an hour, in silence and in darkness, they were refreshed by the cooler air which precedes the day. Dawn began to spread in the east, the sky grew paler, and the glowing splendor of sunrise solemnly and grandly rose above the majesty of the Holy Mountain. It lay spread out before the pilgrims, almost tangibly close and clear, with its brown crags, precipices and ravines; towering above them rose its seven-peaked crown, round which a pair of eagles were soaring, their broad wings bathed in a golden glory, in the light of the new-born day.

And again, as at Alush, a pious thrill brought the marching host to a standstill, while each one, from the first to the last, raised his hands in silent adoration and prayer.

Then the warriors went on with hearts uplifted, one gaily calling to another in glad excitement as some pretty little brown birds flew to meet them, twittering loudly, an assurance that fresh water must be near. Hardly half an hour further on they saw the blue-green foliage of a tamarisk-brake, and above it tall palms, and heard at last the sweetest sound that ever falls on the listening ear in the desert, the babbling of a running stream. This encouraged them greatly, and the mighty form of the peak of Sinai, its heaven-kissing head veiled in blue mist, filled the souls of these men, dwellers until now in the level meads of Goshen, with devout amazement.

They now proceeded with caution, for the remnant of the stricken Amalekites might be lurking in ambush. But there was no foe to be seen or heard; and the only traces the Hebrews found of the scars of the desert and their thirst for revenge were their ruined houses, the fine palms felled and prone, and the garden-ground destroyed.

They were forced to clear the slender trunks out of their path that they might not check the advance of the Hebrew multitude; and when this task was done, Joshua went down through a defile leading to the brook in the valley, and up the nearest boulder of the mountain, to look about him, far and near, for the enemy.

The mountain-path led over masses of granite veined with green diorite, rising steeply till it ended high above the plain of the oasis, at a plateau where, by a clear spring, green shrubs of delicate mountain flowers graced the wilderness.

Here he paused to rest, and looking round he discerned in the shadow of an overhanging rock a tall figure gazing at the ground.

It was Moses.

The course of his reflections had to com-

pletely rapt him from his present surroundings that he did not perceive Joshua's approach, and the warrior reverently kept silence for fear of disturbing the man of God, waiting patiently till he raised his bearded face, and greeted him with dignity and kindness.

Side by side they gazed down into the oasis and the desolate rocky ravines at their feet. Even a tiny strip of the Red Sea, which bathes the western foot of the mountain, gleamed like an emerald in the distance. And their talk was of the people, and of the greatness and power of the God who had brought them so far with such wondrous works; and as they looked to the northward they could see the endless train of the pilgrims, slowly making their way along the devious way of the defile towards the oasis.

Thus did Joshua open his heart to the man of God, and told him all he had thought and wondered during the past sleepless night, finding no answer.

The prophet listened to him with composure, and then replied in a deepening voice and in broken sentences:

"Insubordination in the camp—yes; it is ruining the people. But the Lord of Might has left it in these hands to dash them to pieces. Woe to those who rebel. That Power, as stupendous as this mountain, and as immovable as its foundation rock, they must feel it!" Here the angry speech of Moses ceased. After they had stood for a while looking into the distance, Joshua broke the silence by inquiring: "And what is that Power called?"

And the answer came clear and strong from the bearded lips of the man of God: "The Law," and he pointed with his staff to the top of the peak.

Then, with a gesture of farewell, he quitted his companion.

Joshua, still looking out, perceived some dark shadows moving to and fro on the yellow sand of the valleys. These were the remnant of the Amalekites seeking a new spot where they might dwell.

For a short time he kept his eye on them, and when he had assured himself that they were moving away from the oasis, he returned pensively to the valley.

"The Law," he repeated to himself again and again.

Yes, that was what the exiles lacked. Its severity might be the one thing capable of forming the tribes which had fled from bondage into a nation worthy of the God who had chosen them before all the other peoples of the earth.

Here the captain's reflections were broken off, for the voices of men, the bellowing and bleating of herds and flocks, the barking of dogs and the noise of hammers came up to him from the oasis. The tents were being pitched, a work of peace in which his aid was not needed. He lay down in the shade of a thick tamarisk shrub above which a tall palm towered proudly, and thankfully stretched his limbs in the consciousness that henceforth the people would be amply cared for, in war by his good sword, in peace by the Law. This was much, this raised his hopes; but no, this could not be all, could not be the end of everything. The longer he meditated, the more deeply he felt that this did not satisfy him for the mass of beings down there whom he bore in his heart as his brethren and sisters.

His broad brow darkened again, and, startled out of his rest by these new doubts, he sadly shook his head. No, and again no! The Law could not afford the people who had grown so dear to him all he desired for them. Something else was needed to make their future lot as rosy and fair as he had dreamed it might be on his way to the mines.

But what was that something, what was its name?

And now he began to rack his brain to find out; but while, with closed eyes, he allowed his thoughts to wander to those other nations whom he had seen in war and in peace, to discover what the one thing was still lacking to the Hebrew folk, sleep fell on him, and in a dream he saw Miriam and another lovely form resembling her, as he had often seen her lying to meet him, a pure and innocent child, and after her ran the white lamb which his father had given his favorite grandson. The two figures hindered him a gift, and led him close one of the other. In Miriam's hand was a heavy gold plate, and on the top of it in letters of flame he saw written, "The Law." She held it

forth to him with gloomy gravity. The child offered him a drooping palm-leaf, such as he had often carried in token of love.

The sight of the table of the law filled him with pious awe; but the palm branch waved invitingly in his eyes, and he seized it quickly. Hardly had he grasped it when the figure of the prophetess vanished in thin air, like a mist watted away by the morning breeze. He gazed in anxious surprise at the spot where she had stood, amazed and uneasy at the strange choice he had made, though feeling that he had decided rightly.

Then he asked the child what her gift might signify to him and the people. At this she signed to him, pointing to the distance, and spoke three words, in a gentle sweet voice which went to his heart. But strive as he might to seize their meaning he could not succeed, and when he desired the vision to interpret them he awoke at the sound of his own voice, and made his way back to the camp, disappointed and puzzled.

In later days he often sought again to remember these words, but always in vain.

The whole force of his body and soul he devoted to the Hebrew folk; but his nephew Ephraim, as a powerful prince of his tribe, well worthy of the honor he achieved, founded a house in Israel. Through him old Nun saw great-grandchildren growing up who promised enduring posterity to his noble race.

The rest of Joshua's active life, and how he conquered a new home for his peoples, is a well-known tale.

And there, in the land of promise, many hundred years later, was another Joshua born who brought to all mankind the gifts which the son of Nun vainly sought for the children of Israel. In the three words spoken by the child, and which the captain of the host failed to interpret, were "Love, Mercy and Redemption."

(THE END.)

Stanley Did Not Tell This.

A little incident connected with Stanley's travels on the Congo, after his first trip down the river, is told by his comrades in African toil, although he did not think it worth while to allude to it in the two big volumes in which he gave the history of the founding of the Free State. When the explorer was preparing to ascend the river among the tribes who had fought him so lately a few years before, he was apprehensive lest his mission of peace among the natives should be thwarted by the remembrance of the recent times they had when they did their utmost to add him and his party to their culinary supplies. He thought it would be wise to conceal from them the fact that he was the particular white man who had time and again defeated them in battle.

As Stanley had no idea that their recollection of his personal appearance was vivid, he imagined that he might be able to pass among most of the hostile tribes as some other man. The explorer was encouraged to think he would not be recognized as the only Stanley by the fact that when he first floated down the river his hair was nearly white, while now it had regained its original color. As a further precaution he decided to scratch his head, and accordingly he greatly surprised his comrades one morning by appearing with a clean shaven face. It made considerable change in his appearance, and he felt that the natives would not detect the slightest resemblance to the man with the terrible shaving iron who had sent them fleeing to the shore every time they had attacked him.

The experiment, however, was a complete failure, for as he was recognized everywhere among the few friendly tribes who had sold him provisions on his way down, they sent word up the river a good deal faster than he could travel that Stanley, the white man whose change had been the talk of all the tribes for many months, had come again. He heard the tribes shouting at him from the bank at Longala, where he had had his first light. Fortunately his party would not prevent his making friends with the very savages who had once been his enemies. The moral to be had from this story is that Stanley

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

He mourns the dead who live as they desire. [Young.]

Shame is the dying embers of virtue. [H. W. Shaw.]

Laughter is sometimes the knell of a dead delusion. [DeFond.]

Rashness brings success to few; misfortune to many. [Phaedrus.]

Carelessness does more harm than want of knowledge. [Franklin.]

Science seldom renders men amiable; women never. [Beauchene.]

Can't is not the vehicle, but the substitute of thought. [Robert Hall.]

Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness its poison. [Stamhaus.]

Jealousy is the sister of love, as the devil is the brother of angels. [Bouillier.]

Necessity may render a doubtful act innocent, but it cannot make it praiseworthy. [Joubert.]

We earned once for all that compromise makes a good umbrella, but a poor coat. [J. R. Lowell.]

That which is called liberality is often nothing more than the vanity of giving. [Theodore Parker.]

Life is a journey, and he who has least of a burden to carry travels the fastest and most happily. [Channing.]

It is only through some faults and mistakes that most of us rise to our best and final character. [Mrs. Whitney.]

We bury love; forgetfulness grows over it like grass; that is a thing to mourn for, not the deed. [Alexander Smith.]

Women are as desirous of a lover whom other men try to hold as men are of the women whom other men desire. [Balzac.]

Rash enthusiasm in good society were nothing but moral ineptitude. [Byron.]

We are apt to be kinder to the brute that loves us than we are to the woman. Is it because brutes are dumb? [George Eliot.]

In my youth I thought of writing a satire on mankind; but now in my age I think I should write an apology for them. [Horace Walpole.]

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool dissembling hypocrites of whom you should beware. [Lavater.]

After a number of years of married life a woman learns to let her husband have his own way in some important matters. [W. D. Howells.]

Let us not dream that reason can be popular. Passions, emotions may be made popular, but reason remains ever the great property of the elect few. [Goreau.]

There are many who are who have never intrigued, and many who have never gamed; but those who have done either but once are very extraordinary animals. [Colton.]

Which, I wonder, is the better lot, to die prosperous or to die poor and disappointed? To have, and to be forced to yield; or to sink out of sight, having played and lost the game. [Thackeray.]

In a man's hands silence is the most terrible of all protests to the woman who loves him. Violence she can endure. Words she is always ready to meet with words on her side. But silence—compensation. [Wilkie Collins.]

If a man has reason, he will never be passion without it. He will never be in a state of passion without reason. He will never be a man without it. [Goreau.]

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*Now called Sinai; not the Sinai of the monks which, in my opinion, was not supposed to be the mountain of the law-giving till the time of Justinian. A full exposition of the view that Sinai is the Sinai of Scripture, which was first put forward by Lepsius, and in which other writers agree, may be found in a volume, entitled (in German), "Through Goshen to Sinai," by Dr. G. Ebers.

Tells Frodo that he is a...
the ring game, and that...
the name of Aben-el-...
Sold everywhere, &c.

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