

out of the rock. Neither the nature of the result nor the means employed are intelligible; and whatever the change effected on the waters it was temporary, for they have returned to their bitterness, although it is said that, after the wet season, when the water becomes more abundant, it is more potable.

A little further on are Wady Gharandel and Wady Useit, one of which must be the Elim of Scripture, with its wells and seventy palms—how pathetic and eye-witness-like the counting of these trees, the only ones probably in a long stretch of desert journey. From Wady Gharandel two roads lead toward Sinai, one inland, the other near the coast, the second being the easier; and the writer of the Book of Numbers, no doubt aware of this double road, informs us that the way toward the shore was followed by the Israelites, and that after leaving Elim they encamped by the sea. (Numbers xxxiii: 10.)

This part of the journey, extending from the Wells of Moses about eighty miles to the southward, is through a desert country with no general verdure except a few herbs and shrubs sufficient to afford browsing to Arab flocks, and supplies of water only at few places, including the Wells of Moses—this place and Wady Gharandel, the probable Elim, being the only places where it is good and plentiful. The country so far is sufficiently open to afford no serious impediment to men and animals, or even to carts.

Beyond the encampment by the sea the Israelites entered on a new and hard stage of their journey—the “Wilderness of Sin,” identified with the desert plain of El Marka, which is characterized by Captain Palmer as one of the most dismal spots in the whole peninsula. It is, he says, in great part, a “wretched, desolate expanse of flints and sand, nearly destitute of vegetation.”

Here the Israelites approached one of the mining districts and smelting works of the old Egyptians. In the plain of El Marka, and in neighboring Wadys, are still to be seen extensive heaps of slag; and copper ores as well as turquoise mines were worked in the sandstone east of the plain, as well as in the syenite ridges beyond. It appears from the inscriptions discovered that these mines had been worked long before the Exodus, and that they were probably abandoned at the time of the passage of the Israelites; or if not, the slaves employed in them would fraternize with the mixed multitude which followed the camp. The name “Sin,” applied to this wilderness, is derived by some Hebrew scholars from a root signifying “to be sharp,” and from which it is conjectured that Sinai itself may come; and that this may mean the sharp or peaked mountain. As to the plain, it may have been called Sin from its thorny bushes; or as these are common everywhere, perhaps, more likely, from its peculiar abundance of sharp flints, making it painful to the feet.

In this wilderness of Sin the Israelites, as was but too natural, seem to have reached an uncontrollable stage of discontent and murmuring; saying, “Would to God we had died in the land of Egypt.” The following extract will show something of the reason of this, as appreciated by the officers of the survey in passing over this plain.

“To journey over these low, scorching plains in the full glare of an Arabian sun, is something more than trying, even in the winter months. * * * From about nine to eleven in the morning of a bright day, when the sun's power is not yet tempered by a cooling sea breeze, travel is almost intolerable. Heat is everywhere present, seen as well as felt. The waters of the Gulf, beautiful in color, are mirror-like, almost motionless, only breaking upon the beach in a sluggish, quiet ripple. The sky, also beautifully blue, is clear and hot and without a cloud; the soil of the desert is arid, baked and glowing. The camel-men, usually talkative and noisily quarrelsome, grow pensive and silent, the camels grunt and sigh, yet toil along under their burdens in a resolute, plodding way. The Europeans of the party, half roasted, half suffocated, become languid and feverish, and wish themselves anywhere out of the exhausting heat and glare. Even the Bedaween, usually indifferent to the sun's rays, now draw their *thaubs*, or white linen tunics over their heads and shoulders, and tramp along under the lee of their camels, glad to avail themselves of the niggard scraps of shadow.”

It is interesting to observe that the murmurings of the Israelites in this wilderness are not for water, which exists in springs along the inner margin of the plain, but for food; and it was here that the quails and the manna were first given to them.

From the Wilderness of Sin the Israelites, in order to reach the Sinaitic Mountains, must have turned eastward, inland, by the valley now known as Wady Feiran, and they may either have entered directly the mouth of this valley, or crossed over by the Egyptian mining settlement of Magharah. The former is thought the most probable route, unless a portion of the less encumbered of the host may have separated and crossed over by the latter. To have gone farther south would have involved them in a still more formidable desert, with less practicable means of access to the objective point of their march.

Along the Wady Feiran, the host marched until it was arrested for a time by the Amalekite resistance at Rephidim.

The battle of Rephidim evidently arose from a mustering of the Amalekite and other Arab tribes to oppose the entrance of the Israelites into the heart of the Peninsula, where their own towns and pasture lands were situated. The scouts of these people must have watched from the eastern ridges the progress of the Hebrews southward, uncertain perhaps of their ultimate intentions; but when they turned inland along the Wady Feiran, the main and most accessible route to the interior, their object must have been at once understood; and an immediate muster would take place of all the available force of the Amalekites to bar their farther progress, while it appears that parties were also sent to cut off stragglers in the rear, or to make flank attacks from the lateral wadys, so as to impede their advance,—a mode of warfare suited to the character of the country, and referred to in Deut. 25, 18:—“How he met thee by the way and slew the hindmost of thee, all the feeble behind thee, when thou wast faint and weary.” This passage is thus perfectly connected with the account of the battle in Exodus.

The ground for the decisive contest was well chosen by the desert tribes, long accustomed to defend their country against the Egyptian armies; but we must describe the scene of the battle, and the subsequent march to Sinai, in a second paper.

J. W. DAWSON.

(To be continued.)

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.—*Christian World Pulpit*.

EDUCATION OF CANADIAN GIRLS.

Our girls must be educated! No one in his senses in this age of progress would dare advance the worn-out theory, that a girl is to be instructed in nothing except cookery and the use of the needle. Mrs. Grundy would lift her hands in holy horror, if such an idea were advanced; and all wise people would agree with her. Well then, what is all the discussion about? Why are so many articles written on the subject, in our leading papers? What is the point on which, the learned disputants differ? Simply this—not whether girls shall be educated, but *how* they shall be educated, to what extent, in what branches? A hurdy-gurdy man was training his monkey; some one present expressed wonder at the patience of the man, and the pains he took to teach the perverse little creature his steps. “Yes sir, it takes a world of trouble,” explained the man of music, “but dancing’s to be his particular calling in life you see, so he’s got to learn it.” Now let us not be misunderstood; we neither wish to say that Canadian girls are monkeys; nor, that dancing is their particular calling. The point we wish to make is this; let the girls have at least the same fair play as the monkey. Give them that education, which is best calculated to fit them for the position they are to occupy. And what is this position? Ah, we have reached the root of the whole matter now. Is there anyone bold enough to answer our question?

We are all familiar with the simile of the vine and the oak. The man in whose poetic soul, the idea first had birth ought to be gratefully remembered by an admiring world; but, alas! while the simile has been sung by poets in all ages, and will continue to be sung as long as genius receives its just homage, the name of its originator is forgotten.

To be beautiful! To cling gracefully! how delightful! Suppose you try it girls. You must not be taught anything useful. Oh no! you must not have your minds strengthened by the study of mathematics or mental science. You might become able to stand alone now and then, and that would spoil the simile. You may learn to read of course, then you can amuse yourself with those charming yellow-backed novels. All about girls just like yourself, who dress so beautifully, and go to such splendid parties and flirt, and play on the piano—you must play on the piano you know, and wear rings that will sparkle when your fingers run over the keys—you must be careful to do nothing to spoil your hands, but keep them white and soft, for you know you are to cultivate the beautiful. *That’s what you’re for.* Then if you keep on being beautiful some one will fall in love with you. *Such a splendid fellow!*—the splendid fellows always fall in love with girls like you—and he’ll *pet* you so much, and you’ll have a *lovely* time getting your trousseau ready, and then there’ll be a wedding, and a tour, and all the fun of getting things for house-keeping. You’ll amuse your Augustus so much by asking his advice about everything, and he’ll be so proud to feel you clinging to him, that he will not mind in the least, when his dinner is not fit to eat or, when long bills for household expenses come in. If he gets into difficulties of any kind, or anything disagreeable happens, tell him that he promised to shelter you from all trouble; that he has deceived you; that he is a mean fellow, and that you wish you hadn’t married him. Then weep,—there is nothing more graceful, more touching or more beautiful than a woman in tears.

Reader, have you ever heard of the juvenile lovers, who went out one bright winter morning to amuse themselves with a new hand sleigh. Darby was twelve years old, Joan eleven. “Sit down on the sleigh, Joan,” said Darby lovingly, “let me tuck you up snug and warm. I’m going to give you a splendid ride all the way to cloverhill and back.” “Oh Darby, you’ll be tired, you’ll let me draw you a little, won’t you?” “Joan,” said Darby, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, “boys don’t get tired drawing a hand sleigh; it’s only girls.” Darby took the rope in his hand, and away they went. “How splendid it is to be a boy,” thought Joan, “this is lovely.” But soon Darby began to go much more slowly; his face was very red, and he gave a great sigh as they came to a hill. “Darby is getting tired,” thought Joan, but she was much too wise to say so. “I believe I’d like to walk up this hill, Darby,” she said, not appearing to notice her companion’s weariness. “Very well, Joan, you can if you like, you’re not as light as you were at first, do you know?” “Oh Darby, how could I have grown in that little time! You were fresh at first, so you didn’t mind it. I wonder how heavy you are; sit down just for a minute, and let me try if I can draw you.” Darby looked round to see that there was no one near; he laughed condescendingly, and finally sat down. “I say, Joan, this is capital, you’re pretty strong after all; say we take it by turns, that would be the fairest way, wouldn’t it?”

Yes, this is what it generally comes to in the end. The oak and vine theory is merely a poetic license—a thrilling fiction founded on rather commonplace fact. If you must have a simile, here is one, which, if not quite so pretty, not quite so flattering to the lords of creation, at least has the advantage of representing things as they are. Two saplings standing side by side, the one on the outside, against which perhaps the fiercest storms beat, is a little the stronger, but both are more or less exposed; each in its turn, as the wind veers round, becomes the shelter or the sheltered.

The merely ornamental, superficial education, which so many girls have received, and many more are receiving, is the cause of a great deal of the suffering and misery in the world. It is not fair to the girls themselves. What would you think of an officer who led his soldiers to suppose that no preparation was needed for the battle, but handsome regimentals and a graceful bearing? Such troops might present a brilliant spectacle at a dress parade, but how would they stand in the hardships of the camp and the din of the fight? Let our girls receive an education which will strengthen them mentally and physically, as much as their natures are capable of being strengthened.

There is a cry in the present day echoed by some of the wisest and best men of the age: “Give our girls the same chance as our boys! Open the universities to them! Let them learn Latin and Greek! In fact, let them receive exactly the same training as their brothers.” Now we agree with this in part. We repeat most heartily, “Open the universities! Let the girls learn Latin and even Greek if they choose, but do *not* let them be educated in all respects like their brothers. This would still be giving them a worse chance of success than the hurdy-gurdy man gave his monkey. Let them, if you please,