

that it was some mysterious prompting that urged me to it on that particular day. It was late and dark when I arrived, but it was, I knew, the best time for seeing my mother alone, as the hour approached at which my father generally closed the shop and went abroad. Meantime, I wrapped my cloak around me, and muffling the lower part of my face in its folds, I walked up and down, gazing fondly on my dear mother, who was as usual busied in the shop. As I stood in the shadow without the door, I could hear some of the customers, who were neighbors, inquiring for me, and attempting, in their own style, to comfort my mother, whose tears flowed at my name. They prophesied that I would soon see my father and return, unless, indeed, I should fall into the wicked ways of the great city, and then there was no saying, &c. All, however, agreed that it was cruel in my father to cast me off for a first offence; but here his entrance from the back parlour suspended the conversation, and the gossips dispersed, one of them saying as she passed me in the darkness, "Ah! I doubt he is a wild boy—no good could he be thinking of when he refused the decent trade his father offered him." I continued to hover near the house until I saw my father close the shop and go out. I then knocked gently, and making myself known, was soon clasped in my mother's arms

---

## TRAVELS.

### THE RED SEA.

The setting of the sun from the spot where we stood, was very beautiful, although there were neither groves nor vales on which the sinking rays might linger, but a low & naked shore. But this was not the case on the other side of the sea, to which nature had been more bountiful: the mountains were there bold and lofty, and the sun was sinking slowly behind them, while his red beams rested on their broken ridges. They were the same amidst which the Israelites were entangled in their flight, and the wilderness on the other side being a sandy expanse, left them at the mercy of their pursuers. It was the divine intention, doubtless, from the first, to destroy the power of Egypt, as the route towards the head of the Red Sea was equally direct and near, and the secret of Sin was then open to the fugitives

without either mountain or waves in the way. The twilight soon rested on the silent sheet of water, that was not broken by a single bark or vessel from the ports below, as the breeze was too faint to carry them through its uncertain navigation, that abounds with numerous shoals and rocks. The rugged forms of the mountains opposite grew dim and indistinct. No sound broke on the stillness of the beach, on which we now lay down to rest, save the faint murmur of the shallow water, and there was little danger of intruders, for the place was too desert to tempt either the wandering Bedouin or the busy fisherman. The hours fled almost unperceived; the scene was full of interest; and we could not help recalling the description of the famous passage of this sea by the chosen people, that has given rise to so many fruitless doubts and explanations. What a noble subject for a painter that hour of darkness and terror would be, and the rushing of the hosts through this wide gulf! It would seem that the absurd idea of representing the waves standing like a wall on each side, had as well be abandoned. This is giving a literal interpretation to the evidently figurative words of Scripture; where it is said that God caused the sea to go back all night by a strong east wind and when the morning dawned, there was probably a wide and vast expanse from which the waters had retired to some distance; and that "the sea returning to its strength in the morning," was the rushing back of an impetuous and restless tide, inevitable but not instantaneous, for it is evident the Egyptians turned and fled from its approach.—Crane's Travels in the East.

---

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### FLIGHT OF TIME.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years? alas! how many of the lively actors, at present on the stage of life, will make their exit long ere ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told!" a dream; an empty sound that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age; like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes for ever. Is it possible that