

people that were in the camp troubled," etc. (See Exod. xix. 16-20.)

The position where we stood answers admirably all the conditions required by the narrative. Below lay the plain Er Rahah, or Desert of Sinai, one-half of the area of which, as before stated, could have amply accommodated the two million people; while Wadies es Shiek, ed Deir, es Sudud, and Seil Leja could have supplied places for the tents and beasts. Looking down we could see almost to the very foot of the mount, a slight swell near the base alone changing the almost perpendicular line. In the open space at its foot the people stood, "at the nether part of the mount." Verse 17. These "bounds" were commanded to be set to prevent the too near approach and gaze of the people. How clear is all this when thus standing on the spot! Truly this was, as the apostle describes it, "the mount that might be touched." (Heb. xii. 13.)

Sufsafeh is distinctly visible from all parts of the plain, and from most parts of the surrounding valleys; thus corroborating the statement of the sacred historian, that the Lord came "down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai."

We followed the ravine called Sikket Sho'eb, or Jethro's Road, which comes out at the north-east corner of the mountain, close by the mouth of Wady ed Deir. For one thousand feet it was down, down-slipping, falling, sliding, leaping. We paused only to see the cave of St. Callistratus. From it flows a spring of the coldest water, and about its mouth grow beautiful mosses and delicately-tinted flowers. This spot struck me as a most natural one for the location of "the rock in Horeb." (Exod. xvii. 12.) Moses and Joshua were descending through this same ravine, bearing the tables of the law, when a strange noise, proceeding from the camp below, burst upon their ears. (See Exod. xxxii. 17-19.) Just in front, as we emerged upon the valley, was "the Hill of the Golden Calf," answering by its formation and position to this description. Ascending to its top, I found it admirably formed and located for the purpose to which Aaron prostituted it. It is of easy access, and from its summit, a few hundred feet high, there is a good view of Er Rahah, Wady ed Deir, and Wady Seba'yeh. The traditional site of the Golden calf is now marked by a small square stone structure, and can be very distinctly seen from all directions. Near the base flow the waters from both Wady Seba'yeh and Wady Leja. Upon this stream was cast the golden dust after Moses had ground the calf to powder.

The night of March 17 was very cold, with a slight fall of snow. In the morning, with brother Jacobus again for guide, we walked around the base of Sufsafeh, crossing the lower extremity of the plain Er Rahah, and entered Seil Lejah, the Wady of the Rock. We passed three gardens, where once were convents, and in about two hours came to the rock shown by the monks as the one which Moses smote. It is a huge boulder which some convulsion has thrown from the body of the mountain. It is a pebble of many tons weight! but its detached position makes the tradition seem most improbable. Ten transverse gashes along a central vertical depression in its front are pointed out as the marks left by the successive strokes of Moses' rod.

We returned by the way we came. At the base of Sufsafeh was pointed out a hole in the ground, which is the traditional "mould of the golden calf," but where, the Moham medans assert, the Jews sacrificed a pig. We also passed Jethro's Well. Here it was, according to their tradition, that Moses first saw the daughters of the Midianitish priest, and for his gallantry to them obtained the favour of the good father and of his daughter Zipporah. We got back to camp at one p.m.

KINDNESS. }

A rose was faint and hung its head
One sultry summer's day,
When a zephyr kindly fanned its cheek,
Then sped upon its way.

That zephyr now, wherever it roams
Delicious perfume brings;
So kindness gathers as it goes
A fragrance for its wings. S. Newbould.

UNROMANTIC RAMBLES.

(BY OUR OWN COMMISSIONER.)

NIGHT-SCENES IN SHADWELL.

MY daily avocations take me, at intervals, to almost every part of the compass in this great London, and having a wide field for observation, I see, from time to time, much to take note of, and, willing or unwilling, much that I would forget or keep in the background, lives in my memory. Scenes, some of which are terribly realistic, present themselves as I pen these sentences; and I feel that it is necessary to tone them down a little before presenting them to the too-sensitive reader.

It was but the other night that I beheld scenes and involuntarily listened to language which have haunted my thoughts ever since. Several months previously I had visited the east of London, and had seen fruits of earnest endeavour to lay hold of and make better men and women of the masses of home-heathen who are to be found there in such large numbers, and I had a desire to re-visit the neighbourhood and to see how the work was progressing.

My starting point was Aldersgate-street, and my route was by way of Cheapside, King William-street, and so on to Tower-hill, leaving which, *via* Royal Mint-street, I found myself in the not over refined region of which Cable-street is the centre. The day had been wet, and the pavement was thick with mud. But it was a new fair, and the stars were beginning to peep through the clouds, and heads to peep out of the windows, and figures, not remarkable for grace of movement, were thronging the street. Here the passengers are not particular about keeping to the footpaths, nor are they careful to observe "the rule of the road." The streets are narrow, and, except on the approach of some vehicle, are thronged equally on the sides and in the middle. The people of the district seem to have their Rotten-row as well as those who dwell at the West-end. It is not for the writer to insist that the morals of the East are more corrupt than those of the West, but there is a difference. As metaphysics, however, is not my present subject, I will spare the reader the analysis, and would refer him to the archives of the Central Criminal Court, and would suggest a study of the manners of modern society. In Hyde Park his ideas of propriety may not receive so great a shock as they will in the Rotten-row of Shadwell and Ratchffe Highway—*i.e.*, the streets—where he will find vice with a brazen front, and cruelty and brutality without *finesse*.

Here, a few paces down this side street, leading towards the docks, flaring with the light of opposing gin-palaces, we have a group of men whose occupation it would be difficult to define. Some of them seem to be foreigners, yet they have not the roll of the ordinary seaman, and which is so pronounced in the British Jack Tar. Mischievous is astir inside the bar-room opposite which they are standing, and towards which, as they engage in excited conversation, they turn from time to time, with rapid glances, when suddenly the doors fly open, and, quicker than I can write the words, a man rushes out and embraces one of the group, with whom he is immediately locked in a struggle almost deadly. As by preconcerted signal, alley and court, highway and byway, contribute a vast crowd whose numbers I do not attempt to compute, as they hurry to and fro with fierce impetuosity, and a description of the members of which would tax the powers of a Hogarth, a Cruikshank, or a Dickens—a tatterdemalion through, whose laughing, and yelling, and shrieking, and blasphemous imprecations produce an indescribable thrill of horror; and I ask are these our fellows, or are they another order of creatures? or are they hapless beings let loose for a brief period from Pandemonium? Suddenly the crowd separates as two or three guardians of the peace appear on the scene, and, but for the excited appearance of the combatants, who have been dragged from each other, so quiet is the demeanour of those who remain, that it would be difficult for any but a spectator to have fixed the charge on any one in particular as the cause of the disorder; and so the *ci-devant* combatants and their friends walk quietly away, probably to fight it out elsewhere.

Leaving away some score of yards up Cable-street, a tipsy carpenter, whose bag of tools has fallen off his shoulders, and emptied its contents in the mire, is engaged in fruitless efforts to gather them together. To many the scene was viewed in its ludicrous aspects: to the writer it presented only its