

Exactly so : and if she had, I am sure she might have done more good. If instead of hurrying him rather crossly, she had meekly and mildly told him where he had done wrong, and entreated him to correct his evil habits, she might have left her brother a wiser and a better boy ; and certainly, she would have been more truly " following her Saviour's steps."—*Children's Magazine.* E.

ISRAELITES PASSING THE RED SEA.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

For many a cold black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Mizraim's throne were there ;
On either wing, the fiery coursers check
The parch'd and sinewy sons of Amalek ;
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Deck'd in behemoth's spoils the tall Shangalla strode,
Mid blazing helms, and buckles rough with gold,
Saw ye how swift the sithed chariots roll'd ?
Lo ! these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes has poured through all her hundred gates—
Mother of armies ! How the emerald glowed,
Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode ;
And stoled in white, whose blazing wheels before
Osiris' ark, his swarthy wizards bore :
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry,
The priestly sistrum murmur'd " Victory !"
Why swells these shouts that rend the desert's gloom ?
Whom come ye forth to combat ? warriors whom ?
These flocks and herds, this faint and weary train,
Red from the scourge, and weary from the chain ?
Friend of the poor ! the poor and friendless save—
Giver and Lord of freedom ! help the slave.
North, south, and west, the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling pale of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train,
Their cloudy guide moves on—and must we swim the main ?
'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood.
He comes—their leader comes—the Man of God
O'er the wide waters, lifts his mighty rod
And onward treads ; the circling waves retreat,
In hoarse, deep murmurs, from his holy feet,
And the chafed surges inly roaring shew
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass, a steep and slippery dell,
Round them arise, in pristine chaos hur'd,
The ancient rocks the secrets of the world ;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green ;
And caves the sea-calf's low-roof'd haunts are seen ;
Down safely down, the narrow pass they tread,
The seething waters storm above their head :
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night ;
Still in the van along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God,
Its meteor glare a ten fold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave ;
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Mizraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster gods in vain :
Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods along their line,
Yet on they go, by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed,
Till midway now that strange and fiery form
Show'd his dread visage, light'ning through the storm,
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marr'd their couriers' flight.
" Fly Mizraims, fly !" The ravenous flood they see,
And fiercer than the floods the Deity !
" Fly Mizraim, fly !" From Edom's coral strand,
Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand,

With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep ;
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swell'd the nightly blast,
And strange and sad the whispering surges bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.
O welcome came the morn, where Israel stood,
In trustless wonder, by the avenging flood !
O welcome came the cheerful morn, to shew
The drifted wreck of Iran's pride below ;
The mingled limbs of men, the broken car,
A few sad relics of a nation's war :
Alas how few ! Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born Freedom fell—
And he, whose harden'd heart alike had borne
The hours of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave, by Hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobb'd his gratitude,
Till kindling into warmer zeal around,
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound ;
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppress'd,
The struggling spirit throbb'd in Mizraim's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
" Where now" she sang " the tall Egyptian spear ?
On's sunlike shield, and Iran's chariot, where ?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread ;
Shout, Israel ! for the Lord hath triumphed."
And every pause between, as Mizraim sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang ;
And loud and far the stormy chorus spread—
" Shout Israel for the Lord hath triumphed !"

METRICAL PARAPHRASE

ON THE COLLECT FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Grant we beseech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve thee with quiet mind ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Deep is the wound and sharp the pang
Awaken'd sinners feel ;
Thy grace, O God, first gives that wound
And only thou canst heal,
Nor do thy people mourn alone
The past effects of sin,
They still lament whilst still they feel
Its sad remains within.
From this corrupted state they seek
To gain a full release,
And pour to thee their fervent pray'r
For pardon and for peace.
Thus cleansed from sin may they no more
Submit to Satan's sway,
But with a mind serene and free
Thy sacred laws obey.

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