

"O Saviour, gone to God's right hand,
But the same Saviour still ;
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill."



MOONLIGHT OVER GALILEE—TIBERIAS IN THE FOREGROUND.

In the soft sunset light we climbed the hill behind our camp and watched the lengthening shadows creep over lake and shore and the sun's last kiss lingering on the snowy brow of Hermon. The surface of the water seemed changed to molten gold, reminding us of the expression of the Apocalypse, "a sea of glass mingled