

And ever whispered, mild and low,
 "Come, be a child once more!"
 And waved their long arms to and fro,
 And beckoned solemnly and slow;
 Oh, I could not choose but go
 Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
 Into the solemn wood,
 Solemn and silent everywhere!
 Nature with folded hands seemed there,
 Kneeling at her evening prayer!
 Like one in prayer I stood.

And, falling on my weary brain,
 Like a fast-falling shower,
 The dreams of youth came back again,
 Low lispings of the summer rain,
 Dropping on the ripened grain,
 As ónce upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh stay!
 Ye were so sweet and wild!
 But distant voices seemed to say,
 "It cannot be! They pass away!
 Other themes demand thy lay;
 Thou art no more a child!"

JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

FROM GALILEE TO DAMASCUS.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, B.D., LL.B.

THE Sea of Galilee is about fourteen miles in length, by from five to seven in width. Lying 650 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, its climate and productions partake somewhat of a tropical character. On the western side, a narrow plain of varying width separates the green sloping hills from the water; but on the eastern side the brown hills rise more abruptly from the shore, forming a bold front for the table-land of Bashan beyond. Very beautiful is this lake with its fringe of oleander and other bushes, its grassy slopes, and wavy outline of hills. After a swim in its waters, we sat upon the shelving beach through the quiet evening hours, talking about the strange