

The Rockwood Review.

The sound of the sea is in mine ears,
And the trample of waves on the beach,
And the roar of the wind as it scatters the sand,
But never an answering speech.
The days go by, and the desolate years,
Each like the one before,
But the rocks and the sea are round me still,
And shall be evermore.

K. S. McL.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF DR. GOULD.

WRITTEN AT NAZARETH, PALESTINE.

Speaking of the general lack of order and justice in the countries ruled by the Sultan, Dr. Gould writes in a recent letter from Palestine:—

"But this interference with one's correspondence is one of the many exasperating things that we have to endure in this land of the Turk. Truly the patriarch Job must have had a prolonged experience of him as well as of his Satanic majesty, or he would never have learned the secret of patience so thoroughly as he did. In these latter days, at least, the two always seem to go up and down, and to and fro in the land together. But still, groaning under the weight of an intolerable oppression, as it is, the land possesses a wonderful and undying charm. After our repressed staid western ways, the people are wonderfully impulsive and still interesting. The last rains this year were very scanty and delayed, but after a day of promise the fall began on Monday morning, and the town was immediately filled with a perfect hubbub of rejoicing. The men shot off guns, or anything else to make a noise, the women danced, and the children joined in processions went singing through the streets. Prior to this rainfall we had what is known here as "Sirocco," that is, close sultry weather with an east wind, hot and scorching as the blast from a furnace. Then it is that one realizes the force of the Psalmist's malediction—"a wind from the desert shall smite them."

A little while ago I was one of the invited guests at a native wedding at Bassah, which, by the way, is the very next village to "Cana of Galilee," where Jesus turned the water into wine.

It is impossible for me to describe the scene with any degree of vividness. Of course, to begin with, there was a great feast for invited guests; and it is only in quite recent years that the custom of providing "wedding garments" has fallen into disuse. One disadvantage to the enjoyment of an European is that there are usually about three coffee-cups for about twenty or more guests; but the Arabs are great sticklers for their own ideas of etiquette, so the greatest must always drink first, and the least last. As an Hakim or "dire-man," as they call a doctor, I of course stand first in the front rank, and since it involves first chance at a moderately clean coffee cup, always thankfully accept the precedence and privilege. Somehow or other long before the time the second round comes, my desire for coffee has quite disappeared.

Of course your table and your seat are both the same, and that is the floor, while everybody uses his own finger and thumb to select and pull out whatever he may fancy from a common dish placed at the centre. It is not quite so bad as it sounds however; for each guest has a plentiful supply of the thin flat Arabic bread thrown down before him, and by using a piece of this, either as a scoop or a wrapper according to necessity one can often manage fairly well.

I have been rather embarrassed though, once or twice, by a parti-