

Children's Corner.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How pleasant to me thy deep-blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

"Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow;
But thou hast loveliness far above
What Nature can bestow.

"It is not that the fig tree grows,
And palms in thy soft air,
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose
Once spread its fragrance there.

"Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

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

"Oh! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threifold Thy love Divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both Thine and mine."

—McCheyne.

TRY AGAIN.

A gentleman was once standing by a little brook watching its bounding, gurgling waters. In the midst of his musings he noticed scores of little minnows making their way up the stream, and in the direction of a shoal which was a foot or more high, and over which the clear sparkling waters were leaping. They halted a moment or two as if to survey the surroundings.

"What now?" inquired the gentleman; "can these little fellows continue their journey any further?"

He soon saw that they wanted to go further up the stream, and were only resting and looking out the best course to pursue in order to continue their journey to the unexplored little lakelet that lay just above the shoal. All at once they arranged themselves

like a little column of soldiers, and darted up the foaming little shoal, but the rapid current dashed them back in confusion. A moment's rest, and they are again in the sprayey waters with like results. For an hour or more they repeated their efforts, each time gaining some little advantage. At last, after scores and scores of trials, they bounded over the shoal into the beautiful lakelet, seemingly the happiest little folks in the world.

"Well," said the gentleman, "here is my lesson. I'll never again give up trying when I undertake anything. I did not see how these little people of the brook could possibly scale the shoal—it seemed impassable, but they were determined to cross it. This was their purpose, and they never ceased trying until they were sporting in the waters above it. I shall never give up again."—*Kind Words.*

"PUT OFF THY SHOES FROM OFF THY FEET."

The people of Asia show respect to each other, and to houses, both private and sacred, by taking off their shoes and keeping their heads covered. Their name for Europeans is "Hat people" (*Topee Walas*), because we wear long hats, which we remove as a sign of respect, while we keep our feet covered by leathern boots. "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot," said Jesus Christ, "the Captain of the Lord's host," to Joshua. (Jos. v. 15); "for the place whereon thou standest is holy." So Jehovah commanded Moses at the burning bush (Ex. iii. 5). In the tropical east the shoe is generally a sandal, or sole of skin bound to the foot by a latchet or thong. To care for the shoes is the most menial, but also confidential, and sometimes affectionate, duty of a servant. Hence John the Baptist's remark about his Master and ours (John i. 27). The ancestor of the Maharajah Scindia, the greatest of our Indian tributary kings, was the sandal-bearer of the ruler of the Marathas,