

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Palestine in Toronto.

For three weeks—from May 12th to May 31st—this wonderful Exhibition of Eastern life is open to the public. I am writing this on May 12th, having just returned home from the Exhibition grounds. Will you go with me and glance at some of the models? But first let us join the hundreds of stewards and other helpers who gathered together last Saturday evening for a service of consecration. We began with a hymn and prayers, then listened to an inspiring address given by our leader, Rev. Samuel Schor—who was born and baptized in Jerusalem. He is a Jew by birth, and is also a whole-souled Christian, whose heart is set on the conversion of his fellow-countrymen.

His message to the whole band of workers was the saying of our Lord: "I call you not servants . . . but I have called you friends." We are reminded that we were not working as slaves for a master, but gladly offering ourselves to serve our "Friend." Those whose duty it is to explain the various exhibits, must not be afraid of their want of eloquence, but pray for needed help to Him Who said to Moses: "I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." Their object must be to glorify their Friend before His friends and enemies, and to make the Bible live before the eyes of sightseers.

Those who had charge of refreshment tables must not imagine that their work could not be consecrated. Though they were handling such common articles as coffee-pots and piles of bread-and-butter, they must remember the evening in Bethany when a supper was prepared for Christ, and Martha served. They also should be Marthas, serving their Friend.

Those who were to dress in Eastern costume, and act bridal and other scenes, must not be frivolous or intent on "showing off." They must remember the wedding psalm—the 45th—in which the King's daughter is described as being "all glorious within," and clothed in "wrought gold"—typical of holiness.

Those who were to sell Eastern curiosities in the market-place, were reminded that in the days of Esther "those who did the king's business helped the Jews." All profits of the great exhibition go directly towards the Jewish mission-work in Jerusalem. So even the business of handling dollars and cents is—or should be—consecrated work, "work done for our Friend."

Then we stood in silent prayer, each worker offering his or her service to the Friend Who was invisibly in our midst, and ended by singing F. R. Havergal's beautiful hymn:

"Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee; . . ."

I have told you about this because it should be an inspiration to you to consecrate your everyday work, also, in love for Him Who is your Friend, too.

Now I will tell you something about the Exhibition itself.

The most unique thing is the full-sized model of the Tabernacle, with its pillars and curtains fifteen feet high, standing in a curtained court 150 feet long by 75 feet in width. The great altar of burnt-offering, and the laver, stand in the Court outside the Tabernacle. In the Holy Place are the massive seven-branched lamp-stand (of brass), the table of shewbread and altar of incense, and—within the Veil—is a model of the sacred Ark and the Cherubim.

There are models of Jerusalem as it used to be, and Jerusalem as it is now; separate models of Herod's Temple, and a Jewish synagogue, and huge pictures of ancient and modern Jerusalem.

There is a full-sized model of a home in Bethany, through which one can walk, climbing the outside staircase to the flat roof which was the only place of privacy. That was probably the reason St. Peter went on the housetop to pray.

There are two full-sized models of

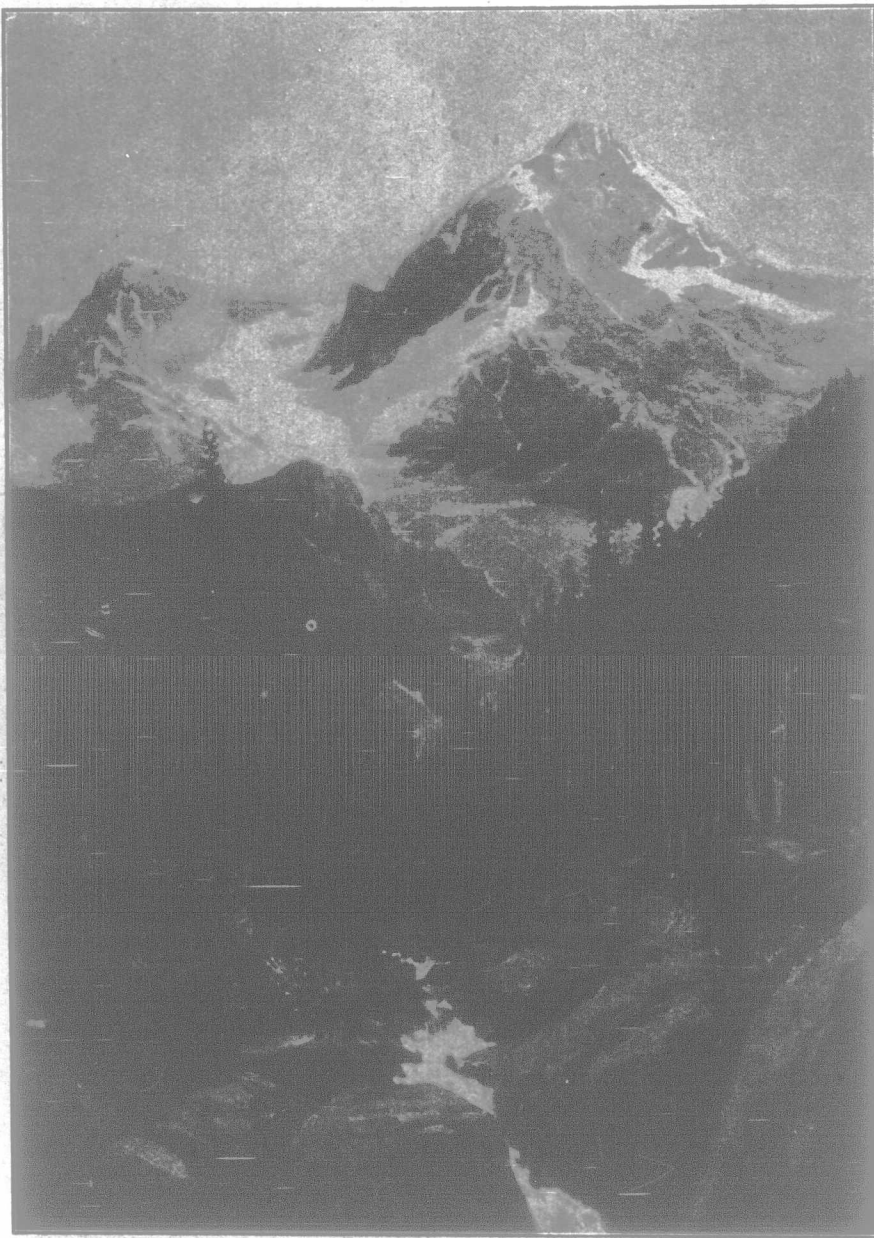
tombs. One, "The Garden Tomb," has a doorway which can easily be entered. The other, called "A Rock-Hewn Tomb," has for its only entrance a low, square hole, cut through the rock near the ground—which explains why the Apostles had to "stoop" in order to look in—and a massive round stone, like a mill-stone, rolling in a groove in front of the entrance. This stone sometimes weighs a ton, so it was not surprising that the women should be troubled about its removal on the first Easter Day.

There is a table set out for the Passover Feast, and around it on three sides are divans for the guests.

There is a real Bedouin tent, made of black goats'-hair cloth, brought from the banks of the Jordan. In it are the workers who represent the Arabs, together with the tent furniture—baby's hammock, churn made of a goat's skin, water-bottle of the same material, large wooden hammer and wooden tent-peg, etc. The part of the tent which is curtained off belongs to the women, the rest is entirely open on one side. When Jael

nothing else in the way of tools. The cooking utensils consist of a clay "oven," with a copper pan to set over it, a copper tray on which stewed food is dished, and a round mat for a bread-plate. Then there are two round stones for grinding grain into flour, a flat disk of metal on which the flat pancake—"bread"—is baked over two or three hot stones, and a clay pitcher for water. The bed is a loose pile of straw, and the coat—woven without seam, like a blanket—serves for bedclothes. In Galilee the looms are wide, and the blanket-like coats are woven all in one piece; but in the south of Palestine, two or three narrow strips are joined together. So the seamless coat was one token that our Lord came from Galilee.

The carpenters in Nazareth are always poor. They make no grand furniture; no tables, chairs, or beds—such things are not needed in the village homes—but they make rough ploughs, and a few other articles of trifling cost. Their houses are made of clay, and they share house-room with cow, hens, or donkey.



Late Afternoon, Selkirks.

From a painting by Robt. F. Gagen, A. R. C. A., O. S. A. Exhibition, 1913.

invited Sisera to come into the tent, she only expected him to enter the open part; but the pursuing Israelites would have seen him there, so he repaid her hospitality by deadly insult, going into the sacred enclosure of the women. That meant death to her when her husband returned, so she saved herself by driving the long and heavy wooden tent-peg through the temples of the bold intruder.

But I cannot begin to describe all the curiosities and antiquities—some of them many thousands of years old (such as a brick from one of the pyramids).

Let us linger a little while in the special department where I have agreed to act as a steward—"A carpenter's home in Nazareth." The house and shop consist of one room, raised at the back for a sleeping-place, and with a walled-in courtyard in front. Here live, work, eat and sleep, the carpenter and his family. There is no carpenter's bench—as we see in many pictures, no neat array of tools hanging on the wall. There is a quaint, primitive saw, two clumsy hand-axes, a plane, and little or

He Who has created all the riches of the universe, chose to live and work in such a poor home as this. There were no pictures, curtains, or carpets; no privacy except the privacy of the starlit hills around the village; no luxurious meals. When a meal was to be prepared, the grain must be ground into flour and mixed to a paste with water, or the oven must be filled with the thorny grass gathered outside for fuel that the bit of meat might be cooked. When He went to sleep, it was on a scanty pile of straw in the room where He had worked all day. It is little wonder that the rich and learned scornfully said: "Is not this the Carpenter?" Yet, with no earthly riches or grandeur to help Him, that Carpenter of Nazareth has reigned, and is reigning, over the hearts and lives of countless millions of earth's noblest and best. Unless He is Divine, how is the miracle to be explained? Is there any other possible explanation?

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for Correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—A week or so ago I wrote you a screed dwelling on the fact that the world nowadays thinks far too much about possessions, and far too little about those things that count so immeasurably more, Personality, and Independence, and Unselfishness, and Benevolence. As Whitman says, we have been seized "with the mania of owning things"; surely it would be better to be seized with the mania of knowing, and feeling, and doing things better worth while.

Since writing that, I have come upon at least two treatises—not sermons (if you keep your eyes open you will chance upon hundreds of others)—dealing with the same question, and I cannot but wonder if the world is at last becoming disgusted with the evidences of greed and self-seeking on every hand, and if these many writers are not, indeed, but the heralds ahead proclaiming the reaction that is to follow. Nor should one confine the revelation to the heraldry of the writers. Anyone who has been watching the course of events of the world, must recognize that there has begun a stubborn, muttering warfare against the Spirit of Greed and Privilege. It is only necessary to remind you, in illustration of this, of the fight against monopolies that has been instituted across the "border," in the United States; of the movement that has resulted in the investigation of banking affairs in our own land; and of the steady increase of Socialism in Europe, for, notwithstanding the many extravagances of radicals who have thrown discredit upon that movement, there are many good men and true, anxious only for justice to all humanity, among the Socialists, and through the working of these there is rapidly evolving from the chaos that has confused and misrepresented true "Christian" Socialism, a party moderate and reasonable, anxious only for state control of things that would be better under state control, for equal opportunity (not eternal, equal dividing of property!) for all men, and for universal and permanent peace among the nations.

To return to the treatises of which I spoke in beginning: The first was an editorial entitled, "Making Insanity Pay," which appeared in a recent number of *The Independent*, a magazine which is usually well worth quoting. The editorial in question referred, it may be noted, only to one phase of the question which we have been considering, the one which leads a coterie of men, for personal gain, to exploit the multitude at will.

"Would anyone take serious exception to the following," says the writer, "as a truthful list of the great 'interests' which make up our American life? 1, the ticker; 2, female apparel; 3, the baseball bulletin; 4, the 'movies'; 5, bridge whist; 6, turkey trotting; 7, yellow journal headlines and 'funny' pages; 8, the prize fight."

"How many of our readers, after due reflection, would dispute the proposition that 100,000 Americans are genuinely interested in the foregoing matters, and day by day, excited over them, to every 10,000 that are interested in religion beyond a perfunctory church attendance, to every 5,000 that are interested in politics beyond a little partisan campaign excitement, to every 1,000 that are interested in schools and education, to every 100 that are interested in reasonably good music or good opera, to every solitary individual who is interested in literature or science?"

Half or more of these great 'interests' have basis in the legitimate satisfaction of normal human wants. But every one of them can become an obsession, and in America every one of them is an obsession. Men and women and children, too, in multitudes, in droves, are 'gone' on them, and this slang word, so accurately descriptive, is the multitude's own indictment of itself.