

The Sanctuary Curtains.

“ Beneath the desert’s rim went down the sun,
And from their tent-doors, all their service done,
Came forth the Hebrew women, one by one.

For Bezaleel, the master—who had rare
And curious skill, and gifts beyond compare—
Greater than old Misraim’s greatest were—

Had bidden them approach at his command,
As on a goat-skin spread upon the sand,
He sate, and saw them grouped on every hand.

And soon, as came to pass, a silence fell ;
He spake, and said : ‘ Daughters of Israel,
I bring a word ; I pray ye hearken well.

‘ God’s tabernacle, by His pattern made,
Shall fail of finish, though in order laid,
Unless ye women lift your hands to aid.’

A murmur ran the crouched assembly through,
As each her veil about her closer drew—
‘ We are but women ! What can women do ? ’

And Bezaleel made answer : ‘ Not a man
Of all our tribes, from Judah unto Dan,
Can do the thing that just ye women can.

‘ The gold and brodered work about the hem
Of the priest’s robes—pomegranate, knop and stem—
Man’s clumsy fingers cannot compass them.