

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### Good Fellowship.

They came to meet us . . . . . whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage.—Acts xxviii.: 15.

I reached home several days ago, and have only this minute finished reading the pile of letters and MSS. which had accumulated during my trip to Europe. It is impossible to mention them individually, but I thank the writers for their kindness, and for the interest they show in our Quiet Hour.

It has been inadvisable to throw open this column to correspondents, but occasionally a MS. sent to me finds its way into print.

My old friend, Mr. Ebenezer Tracy—who calls himself "a boy of 81"—writes that his mother, in the old days, used to describe the glories of Heaven: "Heaven appeared a very far-off country, and all the inhabitants were total strangers—I had never seen any of them. But now, as I think of Heaven, it seems so near that it is like going out of this room into the next. My parents, brothers, sisters, and numbers of friends are there; so that it really seems to me that I have more friends in Heaven than on earth. But the best of all the friends is the One who is preparing a place for me in the Heavenly Home."

What an inspiring thing fellowship is! When I stood on the deck of "The Gramplan" at Glasgow, nearly two weeks ago, and heard the crowd on the dock singing the dear old Scotch songs, and the grand hymns which we all love, as a token of fellowship with the true friends who were leaving them, I did a wee bit o' greetin' myself (is that the proper way to spell the Scotch?), though not one of all that crowd of lads and lassies was thinking of me when the faces were uplifted and the voices rang out in the often-repeated refrain:

"GOD be with you till we meet again!  
When life's perils thick confound you,  
Put his loving arms around you;

Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threatening wave before  
you;  
GOD be with you till we meet again."

Friends—what a power they are to help us forward on our way! How a letter, or a word of affection, or even the remembrance that somebody cares, can help us to "thank God and take courage" as we brace ourselves to lift the burdens of life.

A few days ago, when the express from Montreal dashed past the little village where I was born, the sight of friends standing on a fence waving handkerchiefs, and the crack of the pistol-shots fired as a salute, meant more to me than I can tell you.

Friends don't always give the kind of sympathy that can inspire those who need their help. Often a friend will only speak words of sorrowful pity, when he might encourage a sad heart to be joyful in tribulation.

One who was called to shoulder a heavy responsibility, received this inspiring message from a life-long friend: "You are having a rare experience, and must feel that God has shown you special favor in asking you to make a big venture in His Name, and to carry a heavy burden. There are moments when St. Paul's words are real and stirring—I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed to usward." Time seems so insignificant, and the severest discipline so temporary, that one is able to be patient."

Don't you think that a message like that—a message from one who really cared—would be a word of power, rousing a discouraged soul to thank God and take courage?

We are so filled with wonder at St. Paul's undaunted facing of difficulty and danger, that we are apt to forget his human need of fellowship. Our text shows that the great Apostle could draw strength, courage and joy from the welcome of friends. He was nearing Rome, approaching the great city, not only as a stranger, but as a prisoner—to be tried, and possibly executed, by a cruel, heathen emperor. After the hardships of the

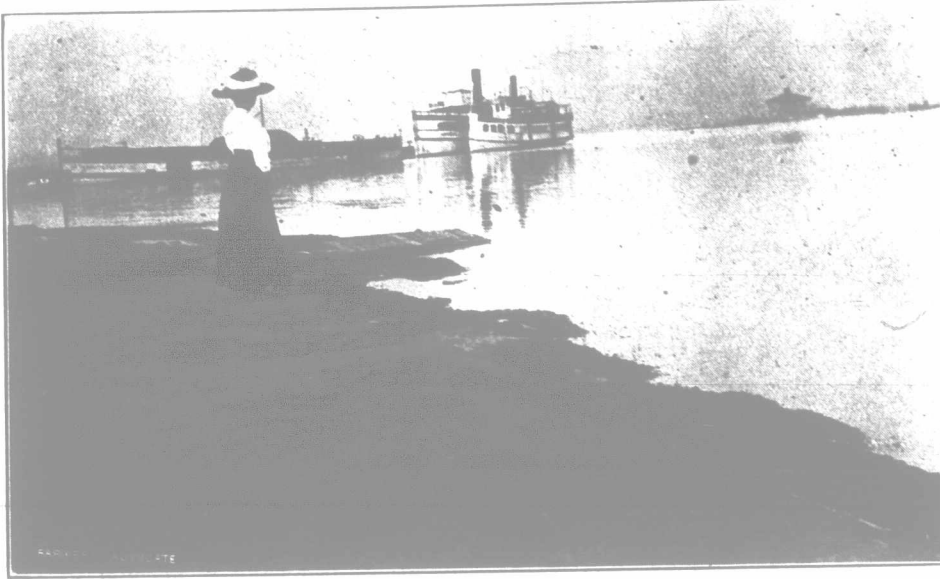
long and trying journey, it would be little wonder if his heart was heavy as he thought of the doubtful prospect before him. But the news of his coming had reached Rome—though there was no "wireless" communication such as we have now—and Christians who had heard of this noble soldier of Christ, hurried out to welcome him. He was a great leader, a man of deathless renown, and yet these unknown Christians had power to help him to do great things for the cause of Christ.

Yesterday evening I went to a week-night service in my brother's church in Toronto; and, after the service, nearly the whole congregation shook hands with

their own share of play and games, folk dances and the maypole—for which the college gymnasium is used weekly.

"But so democratic has been the consideration of those who built and support the clubhouse for those who use it, that none but invited guests of the maids' own Good Fellowship Club may even visit the house. The student body and the club membership meet and mingle in the 'council' and in the classes, clubs and recreational groups.

"The college girls, besides providing for maintenance and the resident supervisor, have given or raised \$10,000 for the building, and \$17,000 toward an endowment. In appreciation of this goodwill,



From Hanlan's Point, Showing Ferry Boats.

me, with hearty expressions of welcome. If a greeting is merely a formal thing—only an outside husk of politeness—it has very little value; but this spontaneous expression of goodwill touched me very deeply. Like the great Apostle, I "thanked God and took courage."

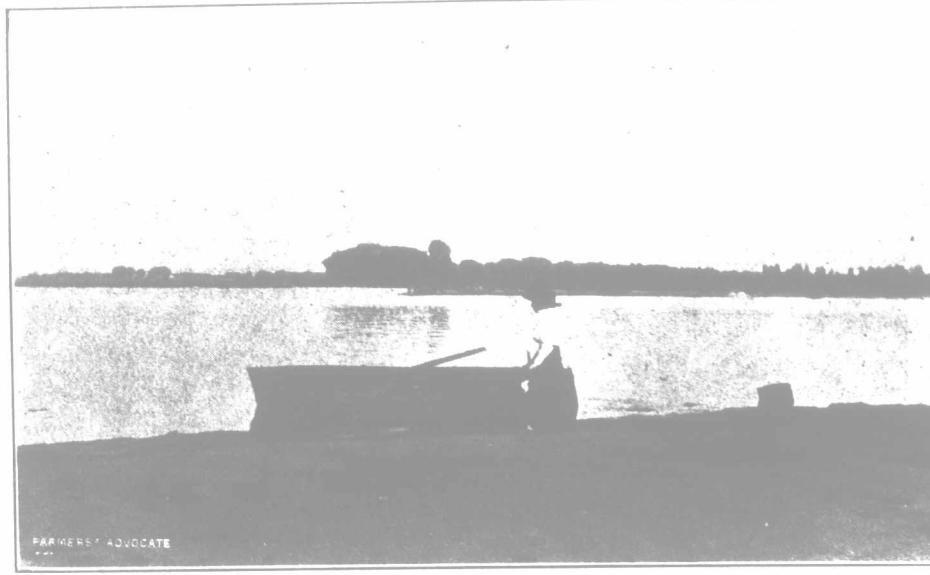
The girls of Vassar College have a "Good Fellowship Club," which is described in "The Survey" for July 2. It is for the maids who are hired to wait on the college girls, and there the positions are reversed, and the college girls delight in serving the maids. Here is an extract from the article in "The Survey":

"In a setting of evergreens, with a lovely lawn in the foreground, and the glass arches of the college conservatory

the Good Fellowship maids have contributed one hundred dollars in addition to their dues.

"The college women on their part recognize the reflex advantages to them and the college of having this viewpoint of democratic vision and the natural points of contact it affords for giving and getting a larger share of human experience."

Good Fellowship is a great treasure, but it is within the reach of every one of us. Are we really trying to make the most of the opportunities of friendliness which God has given us? Or are we trying to shirk responsibility, have as easy a life as possible, and shove others aside in struggling to get the best of everything for ourselves?



View from "The Island."

Centre Island in the distance

at one side, the Good Fellowship Clubhouse stands as a unique though integral part of the college equipment.

"Here the maids belonging to the Good Fellowship Club—130 of them already—entertain their friends, prepare their refreshments, use the sewing machine, wash and iron their own clothes, get acquainted with each other, and make at home the stranger coming from the countryside or over sea to serve with them the great college household. Here they may seek or accept service from the college girls in learning English, cooking, sharing the treasures of literature, art and music, and in taking from them

"As the days go by, are our hands more swift

For a trifle beyond their share,  
Than to grasp—through a kindly, helpful life—

The burden some one must bear?"

The burdens are there. Some one must carry them. Are you willing to lift more than you are actually forced to carry? Our Master's command is: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." If you have the spirit of a bondsman, you will carry only the load which you can't escape; if you have the Spirit of Christ—the Friend of friends—you will gladly spend and be spent for

those whom He loves. Do you know anyone who is not beloved by Him?  
DORA FARNCOMB.

Dear Hope,—I was very much impressed by your talk on "Why I Believe the Bible." Now, the Bible is the most wonderful book in the whole world, and I don't understand why it is that more people in the world don't try to follow its teachings better than they do. I don't see, or can't see, for my part, why it is that every Christian man and woman is not a missionary. A woman or man nowadays, to my mind, need not go to Africa or China to be a missionary, as we have heathens all around us—they even come to our very door in the form of tramps. How do we treat them? Do we always deal out the bread of Life to them, along with a bit of temporal bread? We often meet opportunities to give the cup of cold water, but oh, how we fail! A good many of us could say (if we would be honest with ourselves), "Here am I, O Lord, but do send somebody else; I haven't time; I'm too nervous, or I'm afraid." Perhaps, more often, if we see them first, they don't see us—the door is locked. Who are we locking the door against? Whose time are we using? Who, or what, rules our nerves? What are nerves, and who gave us nerves, and for what use are they? "Oh, I am afraid of tramps," you say. Is that true? Where, and in whom have you put your trust? I think the heathens are sadly neglected, both at home and abroad. If Christian men or women can't be missionaries to their own children, or to someone in their own neighborhood, or among their friends or relations, their faith in God's great love to the world is not very strong.

Seems to me, Dear Hope, I could write right on, after reading what I have of your new book, "The Vision of His Face." I feel as if I was quite well acquainted with you.

MRS. R. A. P.

Hastings.

## 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.]

## A Trip About Toronto.

(Concluded.)

After wandering about Rosedale admiring the fine houses—not palaces for the most part, just artistic, comfortable, rather small houses, speaking volumes for the good sense of the modern citizen—you will make no mistake if you continue your travels down into Reservoir Park.

Bettina and I had been told to go there, and so accosted a rather pretty woman on one of the lawns, as to the way. Can you tell how it is that some people never seem to be able to reach any point directly? This woman, evidently with the best intentions in the world, talked and sputtered, and sputtered and talked, and mixed things up so that we didn't know whether we were to go over a hill, around a hill, behind a hill, or under a hill. Finally, evidently taking pity on us, a man who looked as if he might be the spouse of the pretty, fussy woman, thrust his head out of an upstairs window. "Go on to St. Andrew's school," said he, "turn to the left, and go down a path under the railway bridge." There it was, in a nutshell, and we wondered if the poor man always had to go about as interpreter to his wife.

St. Andrew's is a large, and we should take it, rather fashionable school for boys. Skirting along the western side of its campus we soon reached the park, a very delightful spot running off into the Rosedale ravines to the eastward, itself, indeed, a part of the ravines. Fine trees are everywhere, and seats and picnic tables are placed at convenient points. Down the middle of the glen a tiny stream, trained into a series of small waterfalls, surmounted by tiny bridges, runs as musically as though the hand of man had had no share in their construction.