

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Rest a While.

He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while.—S. Mark vi. 31.

Between the days, the weary days,
He drops the darkness and the dew;
Over tired eyes His hands He lays,
And strength and hope, and life renews.
Thank God for rest between the days!

Else who could bear the battle stress
Or who withstand the tempest's shock,
Who tread the dreary wilderness
Among the pitfalls and the rocks,
Came not the night with folded flocks?

The white light scorches and the plain
Stretches before us, parched with the heat;
But, by and by, the fierce beams wane;
And lo! the nightfall, cool and sweet,
With dews to bathe our aching feet!

For He remembereth our frame!
Even for this I render praise,
O, tender Master, slow to blame
The falterer on life's stormy ways,
Abide with us—between the days!

These are strenuous days, and the ideal of service acts as a continual spur to effort, so that many of the noblest men and women are living in a wild rush of work all the year round. Their lives are so full that meditation is impossible, prayers are hurried, reading is almost entirely crowded out, and peace is a dream of the future rather than an ever-present reality. We may say that we should like to be sitting at the feet of Jesus, like Mary of Bethany, but most of us form the daily habit of copying Martha.

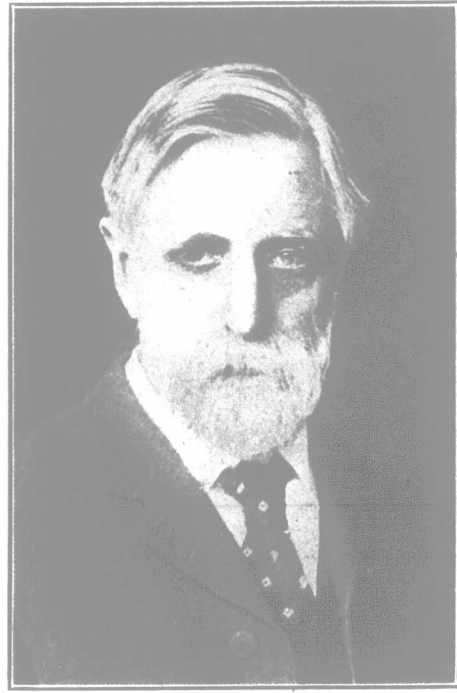
There is only One Man Who ever dared to say to all the weary and heavy laden: "I will give you rest." It is a wonderful offer—have we any right to go on being weary and heavy laden, without even trying to take advantage of it? We love Him, and are eager to serve Him. Why do we disappoint Him? He loves us with deepest, tenderest love—is it any pleasure to Him to have us toiling constantly, jaded, nervous, almost ready to drop? Work should be a joy—not a weary drudgery. I know that there are countless thousands who are forced to toil from early morning till late at night, in order "to keep body and soul together."

But that is a wrong condition of things, and as men become more enlightened, they are trying to cure the disease of crushing work, as they try to cure smallpox and other diseases. But I take it for granted that you are not forced by awful necessity to such an inhuman kind of life. Most of our readers can—if they will—secure a certain amount of restful leisure, without really neglecting God-given duties. If men and women refused to rest until all the work in the world was done, then they would never rest at all. But God insists on a certain amount of rest. He has placed us in bodies which cannot go on at all without many hours of sleep. And, as it is a delight to Him, to take a tired worker into His arms at night, quieting the excited nerves and giving new freshness and vigor so that the day's work may be like the happy play of a child, so He still calls willing workers apart to "rest a while" sometimes, even in the daytime. The work of the disciples was pressing heavily on them when the order was given to come apart and rest, "for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure, so much as to eat." Is the Master less wise and merciful now? He always wants to keep His disciples in a well-balanced condition, and He still warns us—by our own experience and the experience of others—against overstrain. His command to rest is a command given to willing workers, is both wise and tender. To disobey such a reasonable and kind command is foolish as well as wrong. The apostles wanted to serve their generation—as you do—therefore it was necessary to take a real holiday in order that body, mind and spirit might be refreshed and invigorated. Then new zeal and eager energy could accomplish far better work.

When you feel tired and worried, when

your head is aching and depression has spoiled the expression of your face, when you are "blue" and "cross as a bear," then the healing power of a rest in God's out-of-doors is simply magical. A light couch or a hammock under the trees, where you can stretch yourself out and drink in life fresh from God, is usually the best medicine.

But prevention is better than cure, as we are at last beginning to realize, and sensible people will not wait until they feel irritable and depressed before they obey the command to "rest a while."



Mr. Charles Barnard.

Founder of the Darien Housekeeping Experiment Station, Conn.

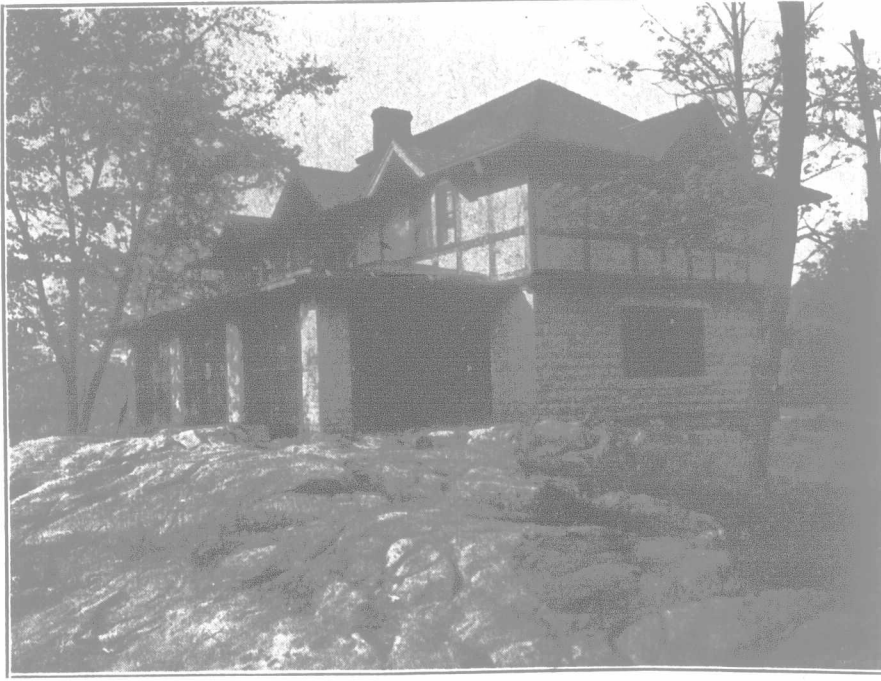
As we grow older, we usually need a little rest during the day—especially when the day is extra busy or hot—and very often it is the greatest comfort to all the family to know that the hard-worked mother takes her afternoon rest as regularly as her dinner. If one person is so weary that the others can see the tired lines in the face, and hear the tired sound in the voice, the rest of the family find it hard to be glad. It is a wonderful help and inspiration to everybody when one member of the household can always be depended on to wear "a glorious

ing when it is only on the outside. Others can feel the unreality of it. If you can possibly manage a real out-door holiday, during the summer, it will be good for you, and good for the people who live with you.

A restful season can do more than refresh the body. We are apt to set a high value on visible gains, forgetting the far greater importance of the invisible building of the soul, which is going on all the time. Many a mother is conscientiously working for her husband and children, wearing herself out over meals and other household cares, yet all the time drifting farther and farther from those she loves. She has no time to keep in touch with their interests, no time for a drive or a walk or a picnic, no time to read books which will help her to understand their up-to-date ideas, no time for the companionable chats with them and their friends, which can inspire high ideals and make them ashamed of low thoughts. Perhaps she thinks she has no time to pray for them—but we can usually find time for anything which seems to us of vital importance, and it is possible to pray and work at the same moment. While she is wearing herself out in caring for their bodies, she may be doing scarcely anything to strengthen their far more precious souls. The power of the Holy Spirit is close at hand, waiting for her to use. She can keep in touch with God and in touch with her dear ones, a link through which His Life can flow to them. This is a great mystery, but too many have proved by experience the possibility of going into God's open Treasury, and bringing out priceless gifts for those they love best, for any of us to throw away the opportunity—unless we are very foolish.

But when we try to pray only in the rush of the early morning, or when we are too tired to concentrate our thoughts at night, it is little wonder that our prayers seem to accomplish very little. We are doing ourselves and others serious wrong if we are always too busy or too tired to hold communion with God. It is not easy to fix our minds and hearts on Him, even when we are fresh and not hurried, it is far more difficult when the mind is distracted over "getting breakfast," or when the body is longing for rest in bed.

It has been said: "One of the best means of saving power is to rest just before getting tired. When exhaustion comes, it cannot be recovered from readily." When I was a child my father often used to tell me about a boy who



View of "The Little House in the Woods."

Housekeeping Experiment Station, Darien, Conn., where housekeeping problems are being worked out scientifically.

morning face," and to keep the morning freshness undimmed all day, radiating joy everywhere. And it is just as depressing to have a member of the family looking pale and forlorn, speaking cheerlessly and walking with weak and weary steps. None of us are angels, and it is much easier to be bright and sweet in soul when we are rested and healthy in body. Let us be sensible enough to accept all the helps that are offered to us. Gladness of voice or face is not inspir-

ing when it is only on the outside. Others can feel the unreality of it. If you can possibly manage a real out-door holiday, during the summer, it will be good for you, and good for the people who live with you.

God has given us social powers, and expects us to take time for friendship. If we are not always busy with "social things," we may gain a lot from them.

getting into touch with other people—either in daily life or through books—and may also help to uplift and cheer other lives.

It is not always possible to get a complete change of scene, but those who understand the value to body and soul of a time of restful leisure occasionally, can generally find some time for it, without neglecting real duties. Indeed, if rest is a duty, and our Master's command to "rest a while" is one which cannot be constantly disobeyed without serious loss to ourselves and to others, we must learn to "make time" for it.

"Nay, I'll not shun to-morrow's wild claim;

Storms when Thou sendest, I'll not ask for calms.

Yet, I grow weary on the way I go,
I put underneath the Everlasting Arms—
Just for to-night."

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.]

Simplifying Housework.

Dear Ingle Nook Friends:—A fortnight or so ago I spoke to you of the Housekeeping Experiment Station at Darien, Conn., and promised to tell you more about it if I could find out anything worth telling. Since then I have received several of the bulletins from the Station, and very interesting indeed is the story which they tell.

A few years ago Mr. Barnard, the originator of the movement, and his wife became weary of the life in New York City and set out to find a spot, quiet and beautiful, where they might find the restfulness and interest that they craved. In their search they came upon the place now known as "The Little House in the Woods," and so they began life anew in an environment wholly different yet full of promise.

From the very beginning, in renovating and furnishing the house, convenience and economy—not only of money, but of time and strength, which are surely not less important—were looked to, then one day the inspiration came, "Why not tell the world about all these little useful things that we have found out? There are thousands of housewives working under conditions that sap them of strength and rob them of the time for mental development, rest and recreation, that every human being should have.—Why not write pamphlets that may help to lessen the daily burden for such as these?"

The thought was acted upon, bulletins were sent out, and so great became the demand for them, and for information on a variety of subjects connected with housekeeping, that the Barnards found it advisable to secure two assistants, Mr. and Mrs. Child, who are now in charge of the station, Mr. Barnard being at present in California.

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In looking over the bulletins one becomes impressed with the fact that one of the great secrets—perhaps the one great secret—of the methods at the Station is the securing of all the utensils and contrivances that tend to ensure speed and ease in doing the general work. Look right into the question and you come to the conclusion that this is all right, do you not? The good farmer, for instance, buys every machine that can expedite his work or bring about better results. Why, then, should he refuse his wife the same privileges? Or, if he should happen to concern himself not at all with the matter, why should the wife voluntarily deny herself any help that she can afford to have? She certainly earns her right to such things just as much as her husband does. Considering her strength she works quite as hard as he. She is by no means idle; often she is busy, busy, when her spouse is calmly resting or reading the newspaper. She has a right to a little spare time too.

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Perhaps the convenience most insisted