

Sunday School Lesson

August 25. Lesson VIII—Rebuilding the Temple—Ezra 3: 10-13; 6: 14-16; Psalm 94: 1-4. Golden Text—*I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord—Psalm 122: 1.*

ANALYSIS.

I. BEGINNINGS AND ADVERSARIES, Ezra 3: 1 to 4: 24.
II. BUILDING THE HOUSE, Ezra 5: 1 to 6: 22.
III. LOVE OF THE SANCTUARY, Psalm 94: 1-12.

INTRODUCTION—The temple had been looted of its treasures by the invading Chaldeans in B.C. 597 (2 Kings 24: 13), and had been totally destroyed by fire when they took the city of Jerusalem again in B.C. 586, 2 Kings 24: 9. It was of this the prophet wrote addressing God in prayer, "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste" (Isa. 64: 11). And again, in bitter lamentation:

"The Lord has discarded his own altar, scorned his sanctuary, and let the foe lay hands upon the ark of the compact."
—Moffatt's Translation.

Most probably it was of this tragic loss the psalmist wrote:

"O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps."
—Psalm 79: 1, 7: 7.

The Jews who had been left in the land by Nebuchadnezzar had neither wealth enough nor courage enough to undertake the rebuilding of their temple. Many of them had migrated to Egypt or other lands. Many who remained had mingled with, and become depraved by association with, the heathen people who poured in to occupy the abandoned dwellings and cultivated fields. These built their altars and offered their sacrifices everywhere throughout the country, reviving some of the ancient shrines which Josiah had destroyed, and mingling worship of Jehovah with that of the other gods. The more devout of the exiles had carried books with them to Babylon their sacred books and memories of the great past, and the first desire now of those who returned was to build an altar to the Lord and prepare for the work of building the temple.

I. BEGINNINGS AND ADVERSARIES, Ezra 3: 1 to 4: 24.

The seventh month, corresponding to part of September and October in our calendar, was probably in the year B.C. 537. The feast of tabernacles, which commemorated the dwelling in the wilderness, was celebrated in this month, which was reckoned, and is still reckoned, as the first month of the Jewish year. Exod. 23: 16; Lev. 23: 33-36, 39-41. Joshua, or Joshua (Zech. 3: 1), the chief priest, and Zerubbabel, the prince of the royal line of David, are named together here as leaders of the returned exiles.

First, they build the altar of the God of Israel. The altar was the essential part of the sanctuary. It was the place of sacrifice and of prayer. They believed that by setting up God's altar they would secure his favor and protection against the hostile people round about them, ch. 3: 3. For a description of the daily burnt-offerings of the feast (v. 4) see Numbers 29. For the continual burnt-offering, offered all the year round, see Num. 29: 26. The new mans, or new moon offerings, are described in Num. 28: 11. For a list of the set feasts see Lev. 23.

The skilled craftsmen of Tyre were employed, as in former days by Solomon, 1 Kings 5: 6-11. The timber was brought from the forests of Lebanon by permission of Cyrus to whose dominions they now belonged. It was cut in the mountains, dragged down to the sea, rafted along the shore to Joppa, then dragged up on the road to Jerusalem. In the second year B.C. the foundation of the temple was laid (vs. 8-10) and this was made an occasion of praise and rejoicing. The same of praise (v. 11) is recorded in Psalm 136. Some very old people were present who had seen the glory of the great temple of Solomon, and remembering brought weeping mingled with rejoicing (Compare Haggai 2: 1-9).

The adversaries (4: 1) were the mixed people of northern Israel whose origin and character are described in 2 Kings, ch. 17. They professed to worship the God of Israel, but debased his worship with heathen rites. There must have been a disposition on their part to be friendly, but the Jews distrusted them and rejected their advances. Henceforth they were actively hostile. Chapter 4 contains an account of three occasions on which they opposed the enterprises of the Jews. The first was in connection with the rebuilding of the temple, ch. 4: 1-5. The second was in the halting of the work of Ananias (B.C. 485-464) when there may have been an attempt to fortify the city of Jerusalem, ch. 4: 6, 17. The third was still later in the reign of Artaxerxes I. (B.C. 464-424) when the Jews attempted to rebuild the city walls, ch. 4: 7-23. In verse 24 the writer returns to the story of the temple building.

II. BUILDING THE HOUSE, Ezra 5: 1 to 6: 22.

To work on again years later when the prophets Haggai and Zechariah stirred up the people to renew their unfinished labors. See Hag. 1: 1 to 2: 9, and Zech. 4: 6-10 and 8: 12, 13. Opposition was again manifest and the governor of the country west of the Euphrates took official notice of what was being done and demanded that they produce their authority. When the decree of Cyrus was found at Bechtans in Media, summer residence of the Persian kings (6: 2), the governor's attitude changed, and he and his companions did speedily command of Darius, and set forward the building. By some accident the name

of Artaxerxes is associated here with Cyrus and Darius. His reign did not begin until B.C. 464, and the temple was finished in B.C. 516.

III. LOVE OF THE SANCTUARY, Psalm 94: 1-12.

During the period of the exile, synagogue worship began to take the place of the services of the temple. But the love and loyalty of the people, widely dispersed as they were throughout the world, were still fixed upon the temple, and the city within which it stood. This sentiment finds frequent expression in the Psalms (see Psalm 87: 78; 98; 69; 121; 122). Psalm 94 beautifully expresses the longing of the exile for the peace and security of the sanctuary, the living blessing which accompanies the pilgrims on their way to it, the supreme satisfaction of those whose privilege it is to share in its ministries.

Spring Has Come To Greece

Saloniki, the capital of Macedonia, Saint Paul's Thessalonica—how magnificent is her setting! Encircled in the mountains over which famed Olympus towers in majesty and beauty, mirrored in the rich blue of her bay, this city whose history is one of continual conflict, is now growing in size and importance, at strides which make one gape in wonder.

From the wide French window of a modern apartment house, one has an unobstructed view across the low roofs of the neighboring houses, across the gleaming bay to snow-capped Olympus. As the outlook is broad and lovely beyond words, one's thoughts become lofty; one waxes poetical at thinking of the dark past, the vigorous present and the hopeful future of Macedonia and all Greece. For the moment there could be no finer symbol of Greece than a pine tree in the early spring when, still dark and somber with the garment of winter, her branches are tipped with the fresh, fair green of her new garb. So is Greece, in that stage of changing her raiment, and putting on the garment of progress; there is still about her the lingering charm of the old regime which she is fast shedding as her sails fill with the keen wind of freedom and hope.

Far below in the cobbled street a peasant woman passes on her way to the city market. Her costume is heavy and colorful, as is that of her husband who leads his patient, heavily burdened donkey bedecked in a collar of blue beads. They pass the gate of the general's house where an Evzone (Greek soldier who wears a strange costume of Albanian origin) leans sleepily on his bayonet, in breeze stirring his short, full kilt and the long tassel on his little skull cap.

A barefoot fisherman, with his tray of wares upon his head, moves swiftly and easily through the crowded streets passing a vendor of arrowroot cream whose big, round, folding table makes a spacious tray for his little bowls of pudding. A hama, head down, bent double under his incredible load, has right of way on a narrow pavement. A Jewish matron, arms folded under her narrow apron, wears a long open coat lined and trimmed with dress, this costume and the others are fast disappearing as the Near East sheds her old manners for the standardized garments of the West.

The old citadel of the city lies sun-drenched behind the remnants of the old city wall, unchanged and unchanged aloof above the teeming modern city of trams and buses, shops and hotels. How soon will the springtime of progress creep up those narrow streets of the old Turkish town, turning the darkness of antiquity into the freshness of modernity?

And the man who, like the rising sap of the pine tree, makes growth and progress possible—is he too changing with the external things about him? Antiquated business methods, ancient superstitions, old enmities must all give way before the purifying elements of education and enlightenment; till this land shall stand, like the pine tree on the hillside, clothed in fresh raiment. For spring has come to Greece, after the long winter of oppression and ignorance.

Pick Up Yo' Feet

Pick up yo' feet; don't shuffle along!
Raise up yo' head; start humming a song!
Look wit a smile at folks what you meet;
Lif' up yo' head, chille; pick up yo' feet.

Raise up yo' thoughts; look up at the sky!
Lif' up yo' voice; sing: "Hebben is nigh!"
Send all de glooms back whar dey belong;
Lif' up yo' feet, an' raise up yo' song!

Stick out yo' chest, an' 'tlow out yo' voice!
Put back yo' shoulders; praise an' rejoice!
Join dat joy chorus; make it complete.
Lif' up yo' heart, an' pick up yo' feet!

—Douglas Hurn.

A Smile

The way to get cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when your own is "most burstin', to keep on be-heret' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut.—Mrs. Rice. (Lovey Mary.)

Would You Like to Join



CUT, PARRY AND LUNGE
The fencing class of the United States Army Camp at Fort McKinley, Me., learns to use a sabre.

Canada, The Heiress: A British View

That man is rightly suspect who spends a couple of months in Canada and returns home with the complete truth about the great Dominion in his handbag. But our impressionist need not seek to put upon canvas the complete truth of the subject before him, but only the truth of his experience of that subject, and this article, and the one that shall follow it, pretend to be no more than one man's experience of Canada. My only reason for supposing that it may possess some value is that I journeyed from New Brunswick to Vancouver for the purpose of touching the political, educational, and artistic life of the country, and that sometimes a practicing novelist is a fairly good instrument, by reason of his curious mental working, for using every particular incident as a symptom and looking through it to larger truths behind.

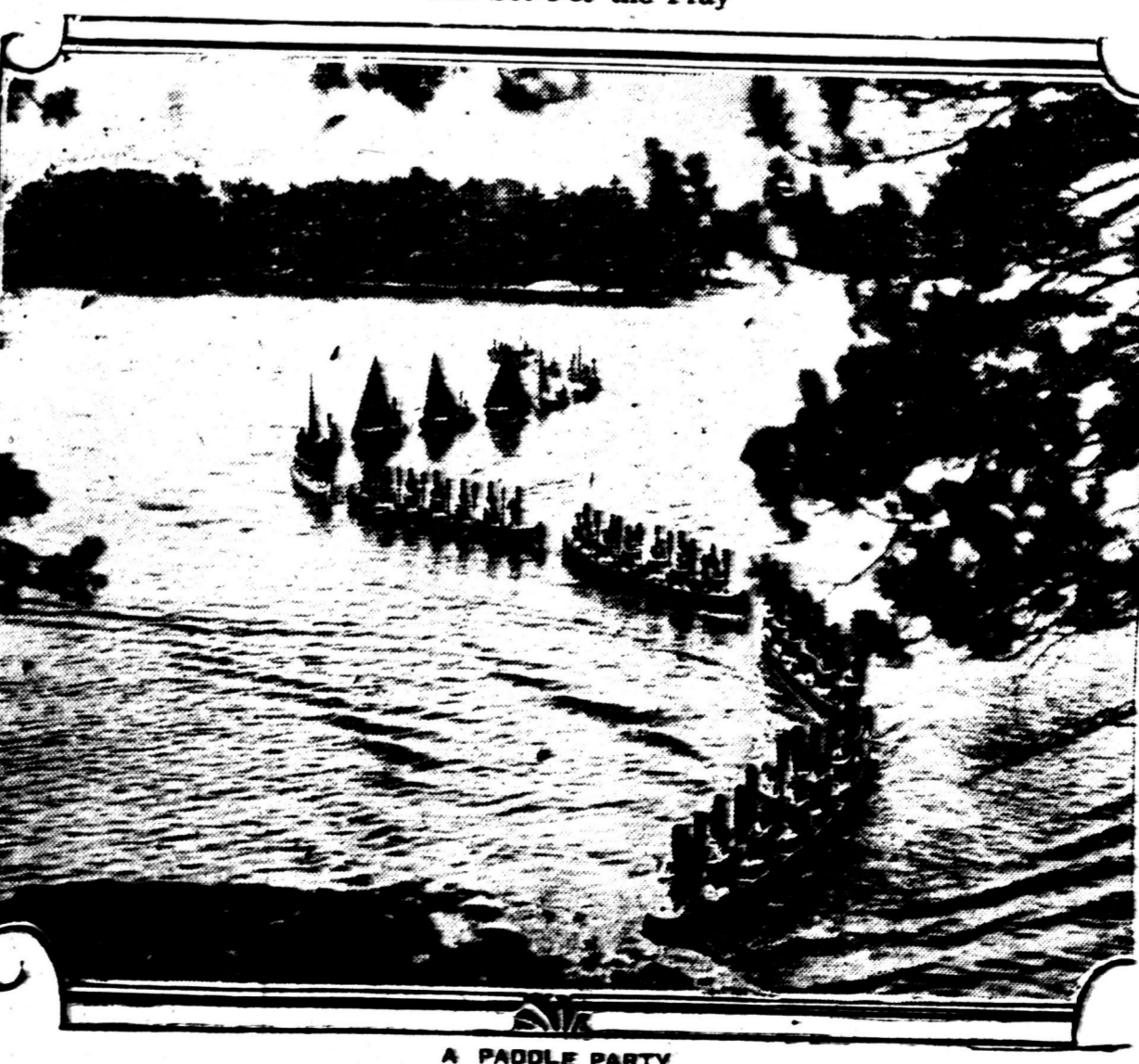
First, then, let me state boldly that my final picture of Canada, now that I am back in a comparatively quiet old country, and all the multiplied sensations have had a spare moment or two in which to settle into some sort of pattern, is the picture of—and it will still persist in this form—a great hearty, magnificent girl, a daughter in all the glory of her debutante years, a dazzling young heiress just came into her own, a restless creature, at once proud of her vigorous youth and self-consciously diffident about it, noisy and yet wistful, self-assured and yet sensitive, con-

fident about many things and humble about some strangely unsophisticated and strangely puritan. Such a portrait is not, I think, flippant nor facile; every colorful adjective has been carefully tested before being picked up on the brush; and if it presents something wholly lovable and admirable, it presents my view. It might, of course, be the portrait of almost any young person of 21, and indeed, I was amazed to find when I tried to formulate my impressions of Canada, that the adjectives which precisely described a "Modern Girl" could also precisely describe a nation.

Her Pride And Her Humility

To call Canada England's debutante heiress is assuredly to say the right thing. Which of her sister Dominions can compare with her in prosperity or promise? Everywhere you go in her you get the same impressive trade position and a boundless hope for her future. The talk everywhere is of booming minerals, oil, wheat, wood-pulp, and hydro-electricity. One Canadian dramatist that I met had made an exceedingly amusing comedy out of his ability to escape the talk of mineral and oil shares. Everywhere you go you find the assurance that the American continent already is, or soon will be, the geographical centre of the world; which assurance, it seems to me, is fully justified. The fact is that Canada has caught, and rightly, a manner of splendid confidence from her cousin, friend, and bedfellow, the United States.

All Set For the Fray



A PADDLE PARTY
Girls of the summer camps at Lake Sebago voyage to their annual regatta in barbarically painted war canoes

And this mention of her pride brings us to her wistfulness and her humility. Under all her self-assurance you feel that she is not wholly at ease about the road she is travelling as quickly and so prosperously. She fears she may be leaving something of value or missing much of beauty by the way. If you go about Canada with all your faculties out for the apprehending of her spiritual atmosphere you must very quickly become conscious of a strange and deeply interesting conflict in her thought. Your first impression, if you are European, will be that she is almost completely Americanized. Her language, trading methods, journalism, radio, are all American. You will be hurt; but not by her good American things, such as her soaring architecture and her rich sociability, but by the thought that Canada has succumbed to that least admirable characteristic of American civilization, its predominantly quantitative valuation of life, with its inevitable result, the standardisation of all things from motor-cars to human characters.

Her Inherent Patriotism

This for the first or so. But as you go on across the continent, meeting Canadians of every type, you will be astonished at your growing awareness that there is a divergence between the surface of Canadian life and its roots. Its surface is American, but its roots are hungrily British. That sounds supercilious; as though one should say that Britain is the antithesis of America in the matter of the quantitative measurement of life, which would be profoundly untrue; at least I mean is that Europe, old and leisured, is a better soil than the new world for qualitative values to flourish in, and that Canada is holding hungrily to the best of her British traditions, not simply for sentimental reasons, but because she is a little afraid of a tendency in her own nature and believes them necessary to her salvation.

Warrants for this assertion will meet you at every turn. The most striking, perhaps to an Englishman is the unblinking quality of Canadian patriotism. Patriotism in Canada is conscious, articulate and highly vocal; in these islands, as we know, it is subconscious, inarticulate, and rather ashamed. In Canada patriotic societies flourish that could hardly find a membership in England—because we do not care to organize our patriotism. "Songs of England," "Daughters of Empire," "Daughters of Britain," "Royal Societies of St. George"—they blossom in every town and township. And patriotic speeches are delivered in such generous and emphatic phrases as would draw from an English audience many a murmured "Waw-wow!" from beneath their denuding heads. If John of Gaunt were his celebrated address on England, he would only, I am persuaded, plunge a modern British audience into discomfort as acute as their agreement with him in Winnipeg or Moose Jaw—God bless them!—he would get splendidly away with it. Songs are sung in Canada that could have no parallel in England—always excepting our one curious lapse, "Land of Hope and Glory," which we allow ourselves (so I imagine) for the sake of its uproarious tune, taking its words in our stride, unheedingly.

A Great Tradition

And all this is as it should be, surely. Over here the roots of our British tradition are too old and strong to need worrying about; in a new land, and which the seeds of a different tradition blowing up from the south, they must be guarded and tended. I have been to a St. George's Day dinner in England, when the Roast Beef was brought in with trumpets and banners and a congregation standing, and I knew that nine out of ten of my standing neighbors were feeling as foolish as myself and as inclined to giggle. I went to a similar St. George's Day dinner in Winnipeg, and every item in the gay program seemed right; indeed, I was so rash on

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Soaring High Over Yucatan Finds Old City

Santa Fe, N.M.—Civilizations which flowered in Central and North America at a time when Charlemagne's military genius was consolidating a vast empire in Europe, are surrendering the secrets of their ruins to this age, with Col Charles A. Lindbergh a prime mover in the research work. "The glory which was Maya," exemplified by archaeological discoveries of aboriginal knowledge of architecture, astronomy, sundry arts and writing, is being emphasized through the medium of the airplane. It was disclosed here that Colonel Lindbergh, aided by his bride, is taking a keen interest in archaeology and has contributed to the historical scroll the discovery of an ancient Mayan "lost city" in the Yucatan jungle.

The find was made while Colonel Lindbergh was making his Pan-American "good-will" tours. But the story of his interest in air photography of such ruins is one which had to be patched together and eventually verified after a lapse of almost a year, in which he exhibited his usual disinclination to talk about himself and his personal activities.

COLONEL'S INTEREST AROUSED
His interest aroused by the Yucatan discovery, Colonel Lindbergh consulted Dr. J. C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and, on invitation, advised the institution regarding the methods of making aerial surveys in the tropics. At Dr. Merriam's suggestion he agreed to photograph in Arizona and New Mexico localities known to contain ancient Pueblo ruins as well as unexplored regions.

It was during his stay with his bride at the archaeological camp at the Pecos ruins in this State, that the photography program was initiated. He and Mrs. Lindbergh took pictures in Chaco Canyon, Pajarito Plateau and Pecos Valleys. Air surveys have been checked with ground surveys made by members of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, Phillips Academy and the Laboratory of Anthropology here. Numbers of the photographs are subjects, heretofore unknown to archaeologists, sighted from the air.

PHOTOGRAPHS ARE IMPORTANT
The photographs have been developed by Wesley Bradford in the laboratory of the School of American Research here, and have been sent to the Carnegie Institution at Washington.

Perhaps no other civilization of the New World, with the exception of the Aztec Indians in Mexico, has spurred historians to greater romantic fantasies than the Mayans. The script, archaeologists have reported, contain several true, phonetic characters and approaches, thereby, the syllabic or alphabetic system. Yucatan and neighboring districts are strewn with monumental ruins of Mayan culture. It was on one of these ruins that the colonel chanced, and his curiosity aroused, he circled it several times, making notes for future references. That was the genesis of his venture into archaeological photography.

Here At Last

Negotiate for Production of "Baby" Auto to be Sold by Mail Order House For \$200

New York, N.Y.—(AP)—The New York Times today says negotiations are under way for the large scale production of a new "baby" automobile which would be sold through a mail-order house for \$200. The car is the invention of James B. Martin of Garden City, N.Y.

A feature of the car is that it has no axles in the usual sense of the word, each wheel being independently mounted 1 1/2 inches apart. Rubber "aviator cord" is used in the suspension of each wheel instead of a spring.

The new car has a wheelbase of 60 inches, compared with the 102 1/2 inch wheelbase of the smallest car now being produced in the United States. Mr. Hargin said his invention will do 50 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

He declared he planned to have it shipped in a weather-proof packing case with a hinged door which may be used as a garage.

Favor
"Friendship confers favor but so as to show that it is the party obliged, and never thinking of any recompense beyond the happiness of its object."

that occasion as to deliver an address on the British Tradition myself—an address which, now that I am back in an English atmosphere, abides in my memory as somewhat syrupy; and it is typical of the strange divergence in Canada life which I am illustrating that, after my peroration, the chairman should have announced that the speeches were being broadcast through the courtesy of an American chewing gum company.

Of course, this is not the complete portrait; it is but one prevailing expression on the bright face of Canada a wistful expression very pleasant for an Englishman to study. There are other expressions fleeting there, and with these I am to be allowed to deal in a second article.