

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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JERUSALEM.

To look upon a corner gray wall stretching along a rocky foundation, with one massive square tower in sight; to find yourself suddenly in a crowded and noisy space, among rude and springless carriages, groups of munching and moaning camels, self-occupied and serious donkeys coming and going on all sides, and the general area filled with an ever-changing, ever-multiplying crowd in every kind of picturesque and strange costume; to enter through the momentary darkness of the gate, grateful in the midst of the dazzling sunshine, into the street thronged and noisy as the square outside, through which it is difficult to push your way, a little tired by your journey, a

relieved against a low green hill, which forms the background of the whole picture; while other domes, and tall, straight, slim minarets, and glimpses of façades and doorways fill up the many varying lines of the town before us. And is that indeed the Mount of Olives? We look at it with the water rising to our eyes in a sudden rush; we identify it with a strange, indescribable thrill of recognition, which indicates a sacred spot that we have known all our lives. There are walls and storied buildings which may have come into being since that day. But there it is sure that he must have walked, there mused and prayed and rested under the sunshine, and when the stars came out over Jerusalem.

endless little domes and level lines of gray-white. There is, perhaps, nothing more striking in all the after-views of Jerusalem than this first glimpse.

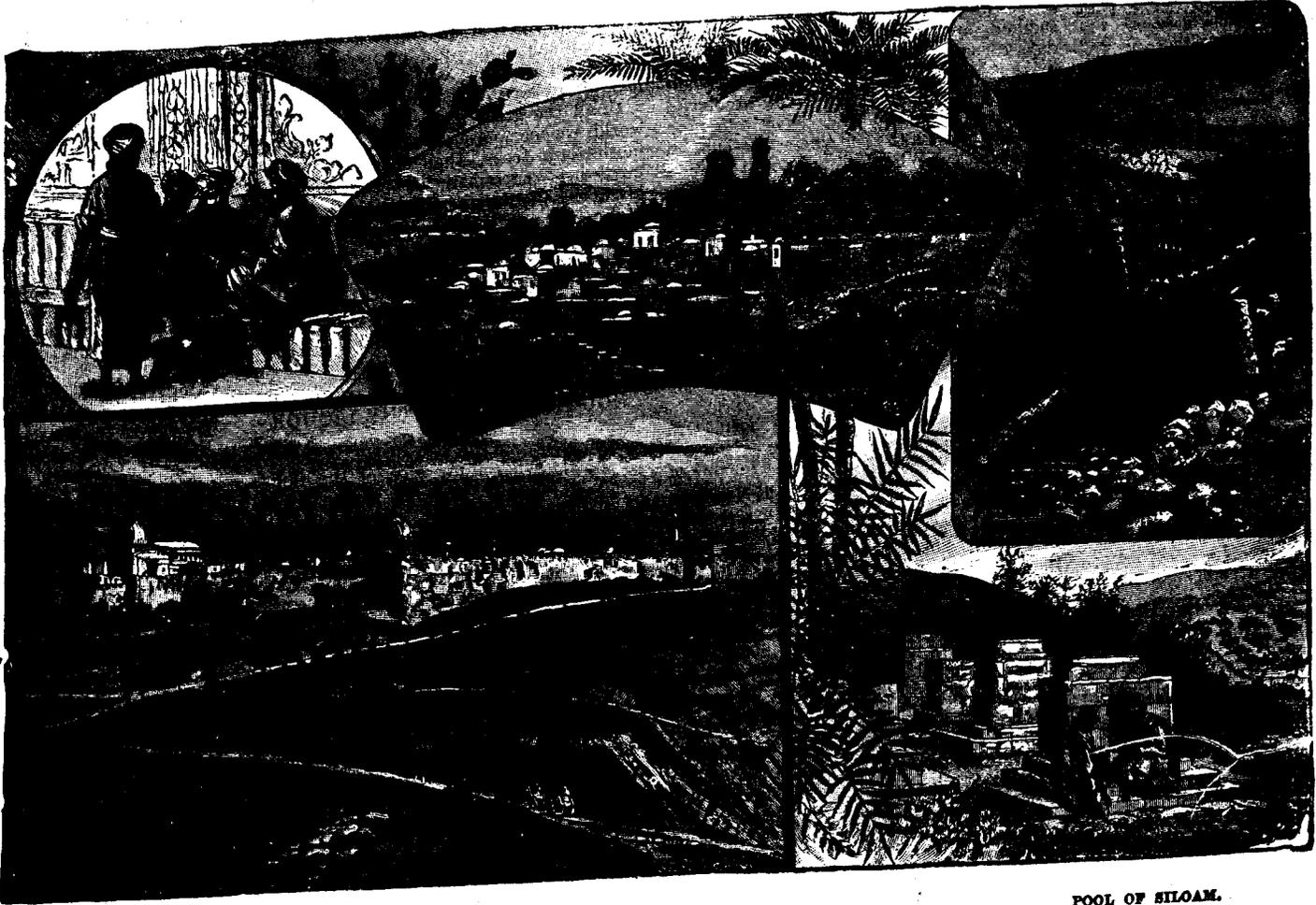
The octagonal building is the famous Mosque of Omar, occupying the centre of the platform, walled and strong, which once was occupied by Solomon's Temple—the centre of religious life, the constant haunts of those pilgrims of the old world, who came from all quarters of the land to keep the feast at Jerusalem. It brings a chill to the heart of the pilgrim to-day to find that shadow of another worship and faith occupying such a place in the very heart of this wonderful scene.

And it is something of a downfall to go

of impaling insects and small birds on the points of twigs and thorns.

Mr. G. H. Ragsdale, of Gainesville, Texas, a reader of the *Visitor*, a friend of the little people, and one of the keenest observers of birds we know, sends us the following interesting items concerning the butcher-bird:

"I once surprised one while making a meal off a Lapland long-spur. Having spitted his game on a dead twig of a hackberry-tree, he perched himself on a branch underneath the long-spur, and stripped the flesh down with his beak, swinging on to his support like grim death. The introduction of barbed wire is quite a convenience to the shrikes in some parts of the



JEWISH INTERIOR.

WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

BETHANY.

AROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

POOL OF SILOAM.

TOMBS WITHOUT THE WALLS.

little anxious about the accommodation provided for you, a little, or more than a little, awed by the sense of what this place is, which at last, after so many thoughts and anticipations of it, you have attained—and then to step out suddenly without warning and find yourself upon the terrace of your lodging, the house-top of all Eastern story and description, looking into the very heart of Jerusalem, is a sensation which can come but once in his life to the most indefatigable traveller.

If it were not an hotel but some hospice or religious house, such as are still to be found, the effect would be perfect. And it is to be said for the Mediterranean (which by this time is a hotel no longer) that it is as little like an inn in the modern sense of the word as can be conceived. From the house-top we look down upon the pool of Hezekiah, lying a square mirror at our feet, surrounded by houses, and their reflection in its still surface—while beyond stands full before us, upon its platform, an octagonal building, with its dome sharply

I cannot think of any sensation more strangely touching, solemn and real. The sight of the Mount of Olives is like the sudden sight of a never-doubted, always recognizable friend. We never thought we should have lived to see it, yet there it stands as we knew it would, as we have always known, held green and unchangeable in the soft keeping of nature. The stones can be cast down so that no one shall stand on another, but nothing can overthrow the gentle slopes, the sacred hill.

The Holy Sepulchre is also in sight from this wonderful point of vision, and many other places of interest, yet nothing that touches the heart of the spectator with this sudden sense of recognition, of satisfaction and tender awe. Among the buildings on the other side, stands rooted up high among the mason work, a solitary palm tree, which has no story or association, yet it comes into the landscape with a curious individuality, as of a half-alien spectator gazing across the house-tops, with their

down afterward into the very common, not to say vulgar, life of a hotel, which has a *table d'hôte* with a number of very ordinary people around it, and where we are obliged to withdraw our thoughts to very commonplace matters—such as getting comfortable places and securing the eye of a hurried and anxious waiter.

THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

A BOLD, bad fellow he is—this same shrike. It feeds on insects, especially grasshoppers and crickets, but it also attacks and kills small birds, which it tears apart and swallows in large pieces. It pitches downward like a hawk with closed wings on the back of its victim, which it instantly strikes on the head, tearing open its skull. It is so bold that it often enters apartments where pet birds are kept, and attempts to seize them from the cages. It has the singular propensity

South-western States, and they seem to prefer the barbs to thorns, although both are used. My children find it convenient to strip off grasshoppers from the wire along the school-road, to feed to their mocking-bird. In October, 1884, I was passing an outpost, and counted seventy-five bugs, all alike, and evidently impaled that day, many being still alive. Five grasshoppers were stuck on the same fence."

"Well, Aunt Rachael," said the young lady in the travelling suit, "I shall have to bid you a long farewell." "If you're going on this train, ma'am," said the guard, signalling the driver to go ahead, "you'll have to make it pretty short."

—Little Dot.—I wonder why it is grown folks' noses get so thin and hooked when they grow old. Little Dick—Huh! Any-one might know why that is. It's to hold the spectacles.—*Good News.*