

"Tender Shepherd, Safely Lead Me"

BY REV. J. LAYCOCK

Tender Shepherd, safely lead me,
O'er life's tumults through its plains,
Let thy loving voice direct me
In the paths where virtue reigns.
Let me wander
Where my ears catch heaven's refrains.

Lead me gently to the River
Where the living waters flow,
There to drink and bless the Giver,
Whilst my spirits overflow
With the rapture
Ransomed sinners only know

In the day of pain and sorrow,
Let me 'neath thy shadow rest,
And if evil bodes the morrow,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy bosom
Mortals are supremely blest

In the night, when cloud and darkness
Over hill and vale do fall,
When amid deep gloom and blackness
I shall hear death's reaper call—
Take my spirit
As o'er me is spread the pall

Speed me o'er life's mystic ocean,
Through death's billows pilot me;
Sweep me into yonder haven
Gliding on the glassy sea;
Crown me, Saviour,
With time immortality.
Fort William, Ont.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 29, 1900.

WHAT A BEAVER DID.

Mr. A. D. Bartlett, son of the late superintendent of the London Zoo, has an interesting story of a captive Canadian beaver. A large willow-tree in the gardens had blown down. A branch about twelve feet long and thirty inches in circumference was firmly fixed in the ground in the beaver's enclosure. Then the beaver was watched to see what he would do.

The beaver soon visited the spot, and walking around the limb, commenced to bite off the bark and gnaw the wood about twelve inches from the ground. The rapidity of his progress was astonishing. He seemed to put his whole strength into his task, although he left off every few minutes to rest and look upward, as if to determine which way the tree would fall.

Now and then he went into his pond, which was about three feet from the base of the tree. Then he would come out again with renewed energy, and his powerful teeth would set at work anew upon the branch.

About four o'clock, to the surprise of those who saw him, he left his work and came hastily toward the iron fence. The cause of this sudden movement was soon apparent. He had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, which was brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was anxiously expecting his supper.

The keeper, not wishing to disappoint the beaver, although sorry to see his task interrupted, gave him his usual allowance of carrots and bread. The fellow ate it, and was seen swimming about the

pool until half-past five. Then he returned to his work.

In ten minutes the "tree" fell to the ground.

Afterward the beaver cut the log into three convenient lengths, one of which he used in the under part of his house.

A INDIAN'S IDEA OF LIBERTY.

A few years ago Standing Bear, the great Ponca chief, came to New York, with his daughter Bright Eyes. The old man, sitting in his room at the hotel, talked about freedom. He described the life of the Indian as typical of freedom in its highest sense. He compared the liberty of the Indian with that of the eagle, which lifts its wing, and soars whither it pleases. The old chieftain was taken upon the streets. He watched the sights with the closest attention—peered into the shop-windows, where only a fragile pane of glass protected thousands of dollars' worth of property from thieving hands, saw the roads crowded with waggons moving in opposite directions, and the children playing without danger along the pavements.

He watched policemen helping ladies across crowded thoroughfares; and the thousands of people hurrying in every direction, bent upon different errands, working at cross-purposes, opposing each other in the battle of life, especially interested him. In this great struggle nothing but order could be observed. Standing Bear pondered long upon the wonderful sight; and at last he turned to Bright Eyes, recalled his remarks in the hotel and said, "I now see that law is freedom."

So when we learn to know the beauty of law, and love to obey it, we learn also that "law is freedom."

Paul says, "The law of love which is in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

WHY THE DRUMMER LEFT OFF DRINKING.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking—I've sworn off."

His words were greeted by shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him. They put the bottle under his nose, and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've sworn off drinking, something is up. Tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, although I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married. As you all know, I love whiskey—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years, not a day passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other branches of business. Well, I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little pledge in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying,

"Give me ten cents."

"And, boys, what do you suppose that it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. "My—my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink."

"You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, s-she won't, because—because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night."

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase, and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you may laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at one another in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.

JERUSALEM.

(Continued from First Page.)

these borders of Russia come here in immense numbers to worship at its shrines. Then there are the Armenians, the Copts, the Latins (Roman Catholics), and the Protestants; the last being a very small but most useful community in Jerusalem.

The town itself covers an area of more than 1,000 acres, of which thirty-five are occupied by the Haram-esh Sherif (site of the temple area); the remaining space is divided into different quarters, the Christian quarter—including the part occupied by the Armenians—taking up the western half; the Mohammedans live in the north-east portion; the Jews in the south-east." It may be well to explain that the term "Christian" is used here in its broadest sense, and includes any sect who in any way worship Christ, as distinguished from Jews and Mohammedans.

Of all the sections of Jerusalem, most of which are quite dirty enough, the Jews' quarter passes all description. It is something awful, and how human beings can exist in such horrible filth and degradation goes beyond my conception. Even their synagogues, which are certainly nothing to boast of, I have found, after visiting most of them, to be no exception to the general aspect of the quarter. They have apparently long ago forgotten the teaching of Leviticus.

THE JERUSALEM JEWS,

too, from all I can learn and observe, are as much to be despised, on the whole, as their habitation. They are classed as the "meanest people" in the city. Their appearance, with the curls so zealously cared for—one hanging over each temple—their faces, though of many types, are so truly Jewish—and their miserable garb, are certainly not attractive. They are objects of pity. They are largely supported by gratuities from wealthy European Jews, to which fact is traceable, to a large degree, their present degradation, because it has so encouraged laziness, and is principally the cause of greater depreciation and hatred on the part of the other inhabitants. The most of them have come here "from idle and worthless motives," but again many have come as a pious act, for it is the wish of all devout Jews to be buried at Jerusalem. There are several societies doing a good work among this degenerate race, chief of which is the London Jews' Society. The young in its industrial school turn out some excellent work.

As I write a noisy Mohammedan procession is just passing, beating on drums and cymbals and carrying various coloured flags—the celebration of some anniversary, I am informed. The streets are always noisy; especially in this part of the city, near the ever-busy Jaffa Gate, the crowd below keep up an incessant and unintelligible jabbering—a regular Babel—the vendors crying the goods they have for sale, and the people noisily bartering in Oriental fashion with the salesmen and saleswomen squatted on the sidewalks behind the basket of stuff—I know no better name for most of it—which he or she may be displaying. The street is lined with such vendors of all sorts of goods—vegetables, oranges, bread, bits of roots for firewood, sweets, etc., and even substantial goods, as hardware (such as it is), pins, needles, combs, pieces for clothing, etc.

STREET MERCHANTS.

The small scale on which these people do business is astonishing. Think of a woman going to a Toronto market-place with a basketful of vegetables she could carry on her head, to sell as a day's occupation—the proceeds not only to keep herself, but perhaps a family, and to help support a lazy husband! Women actually come to market here with a basket of bits of roots for firewood, which they have brought on their heads for miles, and sell it for twelve and a half cents!

The clattering in the street is continually augmented by the loud shouts of the donkey drivers and camel leaders warning people to get out of the way, and in no small degree by the braying of the donkeys themselves.

At this moment the Turkish band—a large brass band—has started up in the Tower of David, which, with its adjacent courts, the Turkish soldiers use as barracks, and are adding their part to the din; and now it is further increased by the chimes in the Russian Church outside the walls, which have just begun to peal forth—at first very slowly and melodiously, and then faster and faster according to their peculiar custom. The noise at times—like the present instant—becomes an inharmonious mixture and does not serve to sharpen one's wits.

A BUSY SPOT.

As you will imagine from what I have

said, the scene in the open space below in front of the tower, is a busy and lively one—and more especially so at the entrance of David Street. As seen from the hotel's upper porch, it is quite as interesting as the sight could possibly be from the balcony of a theatre. How I wish I could properly picture it to you—all kinds of people in the greatest variety of costume, buying and selling, or hurrying along, or in picturesque groups gossiping and story-telling—but I will not attempt it, for I would only fail.

There are the greatest variety of people in Jerusalem of any city I have ever visited. The Mongolian race is apparently the only one not represented. There are all shades of men, from the blackest Nubian to the fairest European, and all sorts of languages are heard; and in costumes there is an endless variety. As did the "man of Ethiopia" of old, so through the ages up to this day, people by the thousands "come up to Jerusalem for to worship" (Acts 8. 27) "from various parts," and as Jerusalem in the time of Christ and the early Christian Church was very cosmopolitan (Acts 2. 9-11), so it is at the present time. One cannot but be astonished at the "divers tongues" he hears in the streets, most of which are unintelligible to him. To illustrate this point, upon inquiry at the Bible depot—a branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society—I found the Scriptures were there kept on sale in thirty-five languages. The costumes are of all kinds, from European dress to loose flowing robes and scanty dress of the poorest native Syrian. The dress of the Orientals is generally of striking colours. One meets poorly clad Turkish soldiers, who act as policemen, at every corner. Indeed, the regular bugle-call and companies of armed soldiers marching about gives the city quite a military aspect. The fez caps—invariably worn by Turks everywhere, indoors and out—the soldiers also wear, and it is about the only uniform part of their apparel, which is an apology for a European dress.

In Jerusalem, too, are congregated the greatest number of religious sects. The principal ones I have already mentioned, but these again are sub-divided into other sects, and the large number of religious beliefs which have adherents representing them in this city is really quite remarkable.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF JERUSALEM.

The water supply of Jerusalem is poor and very meagre. The inhabitants have to depend almost solely on water collected in cisterns during the rainy season. It might easily be bettered, but the Turkish Government is stupidly indolent and derelict in regard to improvements and such matters.

Most of these cisterns are of very ancient construction—some of them dating back to Solomon's time, when the water supply was excellent. Several of these are of enormous size—great series of caverns—and are located in various parts of the city. A loud shout at the opening of one of these largest wells, so called, will produce a wonderful succession of echoes. During the recent drought, which was only terminated a few days since by a plentiful rain, many of the cisterns were emptied, and much of the water had to be brought a long distance in skin bottles on the backs of men, women, and donkeys, and was sold as high as four pence for a large skin—about sixteen cents for four ordinary pails full. Think of the effect of this on the poor; and the poverty extant in Jerusalem is appalling. Had the drought continued, pestilence was greatly feared—especially in view of the awful sanitary condition of the city, which could scarcely be worse in some parts. Were it not for the high and healthful situation in the mountains of Judea—2,600 feet above sea level—its population would long ago have been decimated by disease.

The climate is good and healthful. Great extremes are not often met with. While snow may fall during the winter, extreme cold is not suffered. The natives, however, are sensitive to chilly weather, and it is most amusing to see how dejected they look on a cold, rainy day, and how curiously they will bundle themselves up.

SYMPATHY WANTED.

An eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and, holding up his pinched finger, said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, pa, how I hurt it!"

The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with just the slightest tone of impatience said, "I can't help it, sonny."

The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and, as he turned to go out, he said in a loud voice, "Yes, you could. You might have said, 'Oh.'"