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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1900.

No. 27.

## STANLEY'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

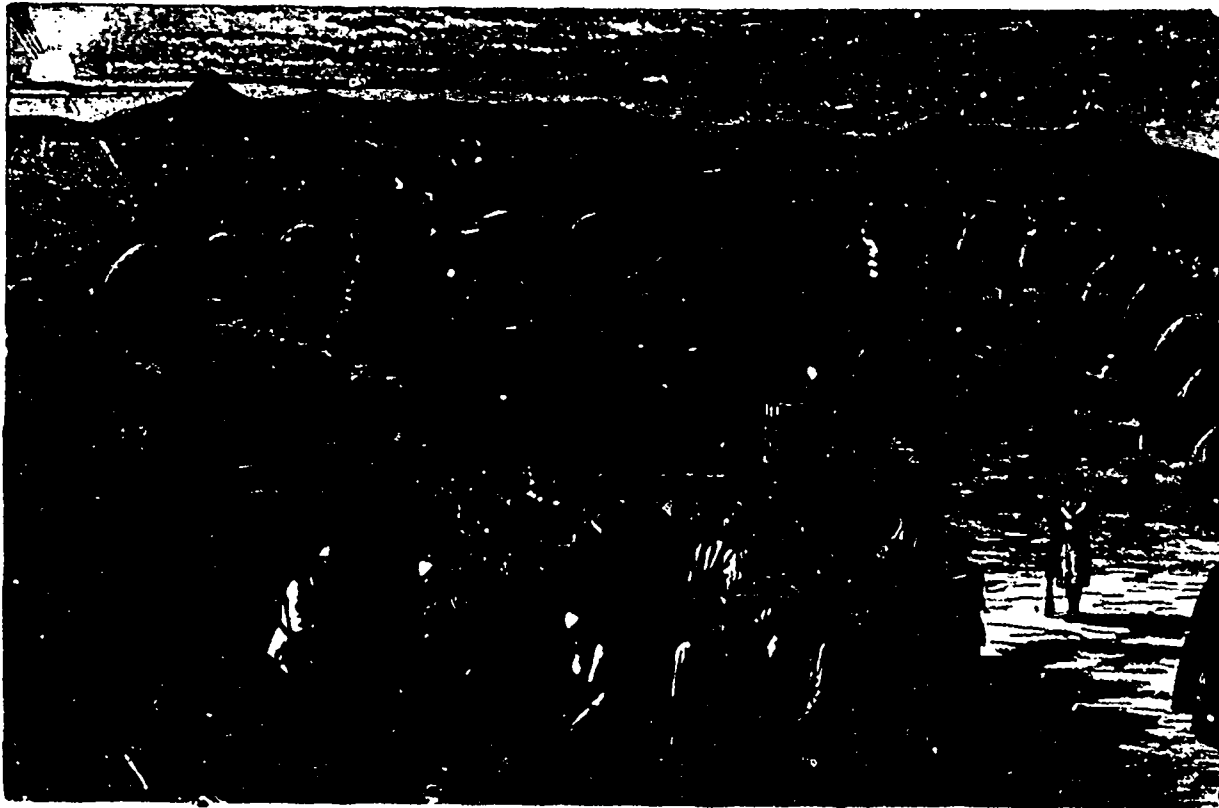
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The Egyptian sphinx is the true emblem of the land of the Nile. Africa is the riddle of the ages. From the time of Herodotus to the time of Stanley, its geographical problems have engaged the eager interest of the world. To no one has it been permitted to do more to solve the mysteries of the Nile, the Nyanza, and the Congo than to the gallant Welsh explorer who has penetrated the very heart of the "Dark Continent," and traversed its vast breadth from sea to sea. The narrative of his heroic adventures is one of the most fascinating books of travel ever written. The deeds of daring of the men of Anglo-Saxon blood who braved the perils of that terrible journey make us feel that the gallant exploits by sea of Drake and Frobisher, and the Elizabethan heroes who carried the name and fame of England to the ends of the earth, are more

than paralleled on land by the bravery and endurance of these African explorers.

It is a remarkable illustration of the influence of modern journalism that the expenses of Stanley's successive African expeditions were defrayed, not by kings or governments, but by two great newspapers, the London Telegraph and the New York Herald.

Stanley won his first laurels by his discovery and relief of Livingstone. He then almost lost his life by African fever. Nevertheless, on the death of that intrepid missionary explorer, he eagerly proffered his services to complete, if possible, his unfinished work. With a force of three hundred and fifty-two native followers and three English attendants, bearing eight tons of cloth, beads, wire, and other supplies, he left the Zanzibar coast November 17th, 1874. An important part of the outfit was the Lady Alice, a London cedar-built boat, forty feet long, six feet beam, carried in ten sections by forty men. They plunged boldly into the wilderness. They were destined to encounter unnumbered perils, under which two-thirds of the party were to perish, and the rest to be reduced to the last extremity of privation. Within a few days the expedition became lost in a pathless jungle, through which it had to steer its course by the compass. Five men became lost, and were never



BURYING THE DEAD IN HOSTILE TUMU—VIEW OF THE CAMP.

seen again. Famine was imminent. Six men died, and thirty were ill.

Stanley pays a noble tribute to his English attendants. "Though ill from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under heat and rain-storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures; stout-hearted, brave, and—better than all—true Christians. Unrepiningly they bore their hard fate and worse fare; resignedly they endured their arduous toils and cheerfully performed their allotted duties." Alas! not one of them returned. Edward Pockock fell ill of typhoid fever in January, 1875. The dying man was borne through the jungle in a hammock, and after four days' illness breathed his last. He was buried beneath an acacia tree. His brother read the burial service over his body. He carved a cross above his grave, and the little army passed on.

Stanley soon found himself in a hostile country. His camp was attacked, and he was obliged, in self-defence, to fight. Twenty-one of his followers were killed. In less than three months he lost over one-third of his little army.

One of the most important events of the expedition was the

### CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

This he accomplished in fifty-eight days, sailing in that time a thousand miles. While skirting the lake, they were invited ashore at Bumbireh by a crowd of apparently friendly natives. As the boat touched the beach the natives seized it and bore it high and dry upon the shore. "Then," says Stanley, "ensued a scene which beggared description. Pandemonium raged around us. A forest of spears were levelled, thirty or forty bows were taut, as

many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing; thick, knotty clubs waved over our heads; two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other and struggled for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us."

Stanley offered beads and cloth, and sought to pacify them. For a short time he succeeded. But there was murder in their eyes, and he almost gave up all hope of escape. The natives carried off their oars and left the boat party almost helpless.

Three hundred warriors now marshalled on the height above the boat. "Push, my boys; push for your lives," shouted the leader, and the Lady Alice shot into the water, pursued by the hordes of yelling savages. Tearing up the seats, the oarsmen paddled with all their might. Their peril was increased by the attack of two large hippopotami. The savages manned their canoes for pursuit, but Stanley kept them at bay with his elephant rifle. All night the boat crew drifted on the stormy lake. In seventy-six hours of arduous toil they had only four bananas among twelve men. Such are some of the incidents of African exploration.

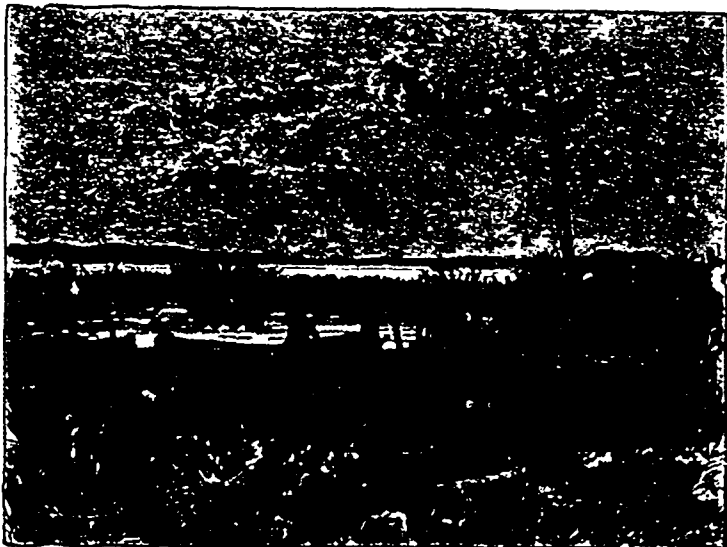
One of the most extraordinary episodes of the expedition was the visit to King Mtesa. Stanley found a monarch ruling over 2,000,000 of subjects. He was received by three thousand well-armed bodyguards. The capital was a strongly-built town, approached by a broad and well-kept avenue. Stanley found his sable majesty very docile, and endeavoured to convert him to Christianity. The king caused the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Golden Rule to be written on a board for his daily perusal. Stanley translated for him the Gospel of St. Luke and an abridgment of the Bible. The

king embraced its teachings, and as his teacher departed said to him, "I am like a man sitting in darkness. All I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live." He announced his determination to build a church, and do all he could to promote the religion of the Bible. "Oh! that some pious, practical missionary would come here," exclaims the explorer. "What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of civilization! Where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? I speak to the Universities Mission at Zanzibar and the Free Methodists at Mombasa,—to the leading philanthropists and pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity,—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts and listen to them, and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number." In

response to this appeal, a mission has already been planted in the kingdom of Mtesa.

Some idea of the power of King Mtesa may be gained from the fact that he was able to bring into war a fleet of 230 large boats, carrying several howitzers, which were well served in action, and manned by 16,000 warriors, many of them armed with European guns.

On the march Stanley himself always led the column, and encountered the brunt of the danger and toil. One of his English companions, so long as they lived, took command of the rear-guard. The burden bearers occupied the centre. The multifarious necessaries of the expedition, consisting chiefly of rolls of cloth, bales of beads, coils of copper wire, and other material for trading with the natives, were made up into parcels of sixty pounds each. The chronometers and scientific instruments, medicines, ammunition, note-books, photographic apparatus, negatives, and more precious articles were made up into smaller parcels and committed to the care of especially trusted carriers. The expedition was well armed with Snider rifles, which it unfortunately was compelled to use in self-defence only too frequently. A considerable proportion of the arms became lost by the upsetting of the boats in the rapids before the expedition reached the



AT THE LANDING-PLACE OF MBOOSI.



ARAB SLAVE-TRADERS.



**The Four Big Brooms.**

BY MARY BAILING STREET.

"Oh, mother, why does the big wind blow,  
And rattle the window-pane?  
If I close my eyes to sleep just so,  
It wakes me up again;  
If I hide my head beneath the spread,  
You speak so soft and low  
That I cannot hear what you have said,  
Oh, why does the big wind blow?"

"Let us play, my darling, a merry play,  
The winds are four big brooms,  
That sweep the world on a windy day,  
As Mary sweeps our rooms.  
The south wind is the parlour brush,  
That sweeps in a quiet way,  
But the north wind comes with roar and  
rush  
On the world-wide sweeping day.

"Like Mary sweeping the halls and stairs  
Is the work of the good west broom,  
And the sweetest odours, the softest airs,  
Float over the world's wide room.  
But to-night the broom from the east is  
here,  
And with it comes the rain,  
Like John when he brushes the porch,  
my dear,  
And hoses the window-pane."

The little boy laughed and cuddled close  
In his warm and downy bed,  
"I hear the broom and I hear the hose,  
And I like them both," he said,  
And so, though the rain may pelt away,  
And the big wind loudly roar,  
He remembers the wide world's sweep-  
ing day,  
And thinks of the big brooms four.  
—Youth's Companion.

**Slaying the Dragon.**

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER I.

THE DRAGON STALKS ABROAD.

Fairport-by-the-Sea was a veritable garden of Eden. Every garden of Eden has its serpent. Fairport was no exception; and although in every sense of the word an earthly paradise, the trail of the serpent was visible to even the most casual observer. The curse of this village was the Maypole Tavern. When this nuisance sprang into existence it was dignified by the name of restaurant, and for a time its true nature was hidden. But all disguises had long ago been discarded, and the Maypole appeared in its real character, a drinking and gambling place. Sad to relate, the place continued to be well patronized.

When times were hard and money scarce, Landlord Merton's business continued brisk, and his coffers were rapidly filling with the price of men's souls. His best customers were the fishermen. Fairport was a seaport town, and a part of the community was composed of sailors and fishermen. In the spring and summer large numbers of these men went out in fishing vessels for a longer or shorter cruise, as the case might be. In the winter the majority of them remained at home and spent time and money at the Maypole, loafing about the fire and spinning long yarns.

There was Rast Dow, an industrious mechanic when he brought his wife Phoebe from her English home and settled in Fairport. Three happy years passed, and then came the terrible warfare with the dragon intemperance. The Maypole sprang into existence, and from that time Dow was a changed man. He frequented the tavern daily, neglected his work, and was discharged by his employers. He became a fisherman, and hired a poor cottage at the Cove for his family. His son Jamie inherited a love for liquor, and young manhood found him a drunkard. The case of Erastus Dow serves as an illustration of the havoc which the tavern made among the fishermen. There were Peter MacDuff, Tom Kinmon, Tyler Matthews, Tom Barton, and a host of others following hard in the same downward path. It is no wonder that the fishermen's wives hated Landlord Merton and cursed his terrible traffic.

Opposite the Maypole, and in striking contrast to it in its aims, was a small church which had long been struggling for existence. It was small in numbers, poor financially, and wholly under the influence of one man, Judge Seabury. He was Judge of the Supreme Court at Salem, and was a wealthy, aristocratic man. He owned all that part of the village of Fairport occupied by the fishermen and their families, and he was a

man who used his power with iron hand. He did not consider the people at the Cove worth any attention, and was opposed to having schools established for their benefit.

"What can you teach such animals?" he asked contemptuously, when good Deacon Ray pleaded with him to assist peculiarly in such an enterprise. The fishermen hated the man, but dared not speak against him outside, knowing he had the power to turn them out of doors. Moreover, they were anxious to be employed by him when he fitted out expeditions to the Banks, or the Bay of St. Lawrence, or the West Indies, which he frequently did.

The Judge was not a member of the church, but of the parish, and his method of church polity, which has proved disastrous in so many country churches, wrought evil in the church at Fairport. The Judge dictated, and the church submitted. If anything was done contrary to his wishes, he threatened to withdraw his support. He had settled his brother-in-law, the Reverend Phineas Felton, over this little church, partly because he wished the reins in his own hands, and partly because the reverend gentleman was a man after his own heart.

Mr. Felton was a type of a glass of ministers not uncommon fifty years ago. He imbibed the social tendencies of his English ancestors, and enjoyed a glass of wine as thoroughly as did his kinsman, Judge Seabury. Indeed, when the temperance question began to be agitated, he declared the movement to be a specimen of "bald fanaticism," and the propagators "lunatics." He considered it to be an infringement upon his moral liberty. It was dictating as to what he, in matters of conscience, should do,—a right which he, at least, would not yield to any man or class of men. He therefore held his position with the same dogged tenacity with which he held the five points of Calvinism, and boldly denounced total abstinence as a subterfuge of the arch-enemy, and the pledge system as a libel on one's manliness and strength of character.

To be sure, he deplored the fact that the Maypole attracted so much patronage, and pitied those who were so weak morally that they could not drink just enough and no more. But he made no attempt to battle against this rapidly growing evil of intemperance, and dismissed the subject with the words, "Men will not always make fools of themselves. They will learn moderation from experience." Such was the pastor of the little church in Fairport-by-the-Sea, a church which had stood for a score of years, opposite the Maypole, having a name to live, and yet dead. And such briefly was the social condition of Fairport, at the time our story begins.

It was a cold November night. The wind howled through the leafless branches of the trees, and chilled man and beast with its icy breath. Ever and anon a fresh gust brought with it a mixture of snow and rain. The roar of the breakers could be heard distinctly above the howling of the wind. Altogether it was a desolate night. The lights in the old Maypole looked very inviting as they sent welcome rays far out into the darkness.

"We shall have business enough to-night," chuckled the landlord, as he looked out of the window, at the same time rubbing his palms together with evident satisfaction. "Look here, John!" addressing his nephew, who stood smoking a cigar, "put a lamp in every window which faces the street, and spread the curtains, that all who pass may see the good cheer which old Maypole can give. Ha, ha! the mice are beginning to fall into the trap," he muttered, as he went forward to meet a half-dozen rough fishermen who were starting for their homes at the Cove, but could not get by the Maypole without making an informal call.

"Give us some grog, quick! We're almost frozen," called out Rast Dow. "We've got a good two miles to walk in this sleet. Fill her up to the brim," he cried. Several times he drained the glass, with the rapidity of an old toper. It was not long before the effects of the draught became apparent.

"Long live the Maypole!" he cried noisily. "I tell you, boys, I feel a good deal more like a spinnin' wheel nor I did before."

Loud laughter greeted Rast's speech. "Guess you're pretty well set up!" "Don't b'lieve you'll ever get ter the Cove ter night!" "The old fool don't know when ter stop drinkin'!"

Such were the remarks which came from the group of men who had accompanied Rast. The drunken man seemed to realize the force of their words, for,

straightening himself, and buttoning his coat with trembling fingers, he staggered toward the door.

"G-Guess I'll go now an' see what the o-old woman's up ter. Jessa like's not sh-she'll lock me out, or a-set the young rascal t-ter play some t-t-tricks on his old dad."

With this attempt at joking, he turned to go. But the wily landlord did not care to have his game slip through his fingers so easily. He had designs on the crowd of fishermen before him. He knew they had that morning disposed of a load of fish, and he had reason to suspect that the money was in their pockets. Once get the party drunk, and the rest could be managed without difficulty.

"You're not going home so early, are you, Rast? Phoebe won't care about your staying a while longer, if you don't break orders again. Boys," he added, as Rast lifted the door latch, "here is a specimen worth looking at—a man tied to his wife's apron strings. Ha! ha! Has to mind Phoebe! Ha, ha!"

These stinging words, together with the shout which arose from the noisy crowd, took immediate effect. Turning upon his persecutor, Rast cried, "Who says I'm tied to my wife's apron strings? Let him say it again, if he dare!"

"Let him alone, Cap'n," growled Tom Kinmon, a burly fisherman, who had been a silent spectator of this side show. "What d'yer want to mad the crazy coot fur? He'll make things lively fur ye ef ye git him started. Rast, old fellow, ye're all right ef ye keep cool. Merton's only chaffin'. But ye're got enough drink inside ye fur one night."

"Guess I-I know wh-when I've go-got enuff," stammered Rast, leaving his post by the door, and going with unsteady steps toward the bar. "I'll dare ye ter shake fur drinks, Merton!"

The landlord accepted this challenge, and produced the dice.

"That Merton," muttered Tom Kinmon, "means ter git all the money from this crowd. He sha'n't git any more of mine then I'm willin' he should. Taint my business to look after Rast or his money. He's in fur it, now. Phoebe 'll never see a cent fur this week's work. The Cap'n's an old thief!"

"What did you order?" said Merton. "I thought I heard you say something."

"Umph!" replied the fisherman. "Give me a glass of gin-sling, and mind ye, Cap'n, ye needn't bring me the kind ye bulldozed Rast with. Ye give me the best, or I'll teach ye the one lesson of ye'er life. Ye're the curse of Fairport, and ye know it, and we know it, but we're fools enuff to come here and drink ye'er pison. But our money isn't all yers, and ye've no right to fleece us as ye do. And mind ye, ef ye try ye cranks on me ye'll ketch it."

The landlord covered before the plain words of the old salt, and ordered his nephew, John Merton, to wait on Tom Kinmon, was not a man to be trifled with, as the inmates of the tavern well knew. He rarely got drunk, although he was a regular customer at the Maypole. Tom drank his potion leisurely, then placing his glass on the counter, stood watching the different groups of card players.

While the landlord, who had enticed Rast to play, was busy with the game, his nephew quietly emptied the contents of the till into his own pocket, and stole into the outer darkness.

The bell in the church steeple struck the hour of midnight. The chimes rang out slowly and solemnly, still the old tavern echoed with shouts, oaths, and drunken revelry. At last there came a sound upon the night wind which startled the faces of the debauchees. An agonizing shriek rose on the air. Again and again it sounded in the ears of the affrighted crowd. Hurrying feet came up the steps. The door was flung open, and on the threshold stood Phoebe Dow, her face white as death and her long black hair hanging loosely about her shoulders. Her great anguish had driven her out in the storm to seek her husband. There she stood, looking wildly around, but uttering no word.

Rast Dow sprang to his feet, sobered by the sudden spectacle.

"What is the matter, Phoebe?" he cried. "Ye look as though ye had gone clean daft. Out with it, girl!"

"My boy, my Jamie!" shrieked the woman. "This is all I've got left of him," holding out a sheet of paper on which was some writing. "He's run away to sea. I shall never see him again! My boy! my boy! Curse the Maypole tavern! Curse you and yours!" she cried, pointing her finger to the frightened landlord. "You tempted my boy to drink when you knew his weakness for it. You have ruined my husband, body and soul. You have robbed me of all I held dear in life. If there be

a God may he avenge my wrongs speedily." With these words Phoebe fell to the floor senseless.

(To be continued.)

**CIGARETTES.**

The increasing use of cigarettes by the youth of Canada is not a hopeful sign of an omen of healthy, robust manhood in coming generations. Very young boys, and, it is said, girls too, are becoming subject to the smoking habit, and the blight is on body and mind. We have on our statute books a law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to minors. Parents, school-teachers and law officers should take an interest in knowing that it is enforced.

A paragraph from a Japan paper will show what enlightened sentiment in the far East is proposing concerning young smokers. The threatened bill for checking the vice of tobacco smoking among the young has actually been introduced in the House of Representatives. Its introducer is Mr. Nemoto Sho, an influential member, and its provisions are that if any person of less than fourteen years of age is found smoking tobacco, the 'appurtenances' of the smoker shall be confiscated, and, in the event of a second offence, or of continued smoking after warning, a fine of from 10 sen to 1 yen may be imposed. Dealers wittingly selling tobacco in any form to young persons shall be liable to the same penalty.

We may add to the above a description given in The Good Health Magazine for October of the "snipe-shooters" of Chicago. Their work is intimately connected with the cigarette industry, and is to gather up the castaway stubs of cigarettes and cigars. It is their business to gather at least three pounds of stubs a day, for which they receive something to eat and miserable lodgings. It is estimated that there are picked up daily from the filth of the streets of Chicago, by boys working under one man, twelve hundred pounds of cigar stubs, to be re-made into cigarettes. David Paulson, M.D., is the authority for this statement.—Guardian.

**The Sparrow's Song.**

I'm only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree;  
My life is of little value,  
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gives me a coat of feathers;  
It is very plain, I know,  
Without a speck of crimson—  
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,  
And it shields me from the rain;  
Were it bordered with gold and purple,  
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And now the springtime cometh,  
I will build me a little nest,  
With many a chirp of pleasure,  
In the spot I like the best.

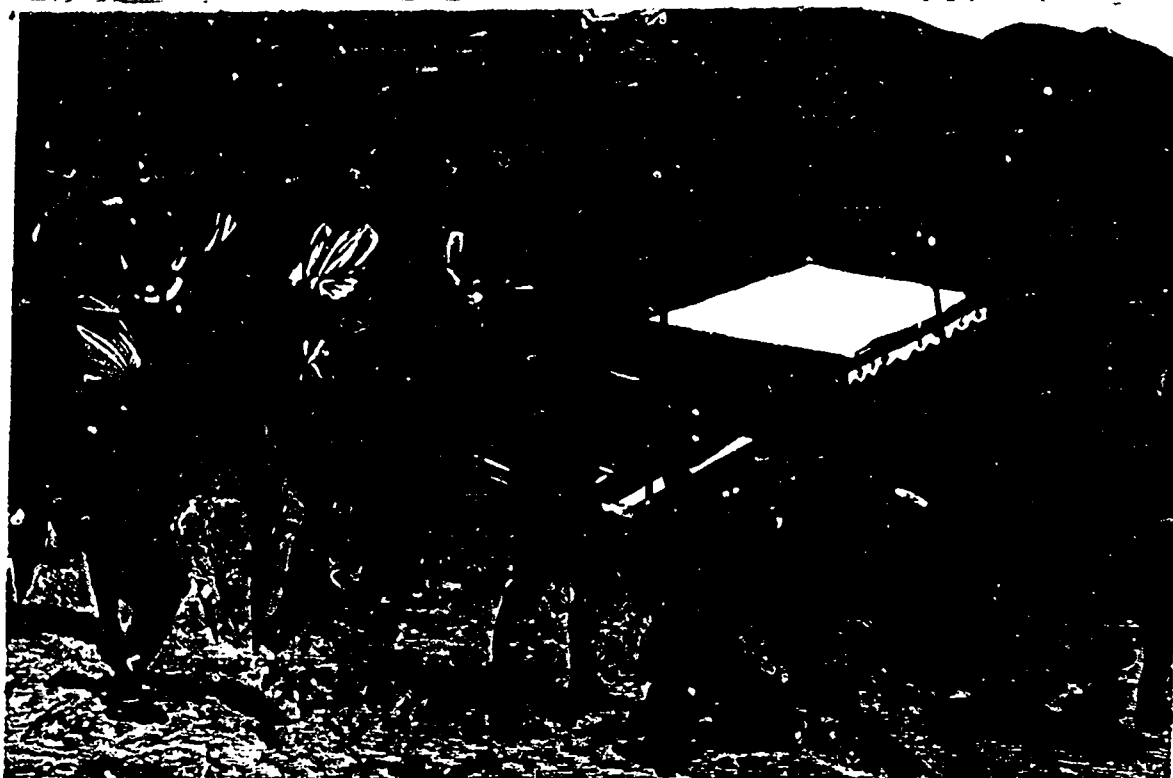
I have no barn or storehouse,  
I neither sow nor reap;  
God gives me a sparrow's portion,  
And never a seed to keep.

If my meat is sometimes scanty,  
Clean picking makes it sweet;  
I have always enough to feed me,  
And life is more than meat.

I know there are many sparrows—  
All o'er the world they are found—  
But our heavenly Father knoweth  
When one of them falls to the ground

The Johnstown flood was repeated on a smaller scale at Austin, Texas, April 7, when the accumulations of sixty hours of terrific rainfall in the headwaters of the Colorado river swept away the huge dam in Austin, and let loose the contents of a reservoir thirty miles long, half a mile wide and sixty feet deep. It is thought that nearly fifty lives were lost. The property damage will reach \$2,000,000.

My friend, have you heard of the town of No-good, on the banks of the river Slow, where the Sometime-or-other scents the air and the soft Go-easys grow? It lies in the province of Leterslide; that tired feeling is native there; it's the home of the reckless Idontcare, where the Giveitups abide. The town is as old as the human race, and it grows with the flight of years; it is wrapped in the fog of the idler's dreams; its streets are paved with discarded schemes and are sprinkled with useless tears.



STANLEY'S RECEPTION AT BUMBIREH ISLAND, VICTORIA NYANZA.

**A June Journey.**

Would you put your soul into sweetest  
tune,  
Take a railroad journey in the heat of  
June;  
Go without company, go without book,  
Drink in the country, with long, loving  
look;  
Care, business, worry, leave far behind,  
And let nature's sweetness flow over your  
mind!

Scores of wild roses, as pink as sea-shells,  
Skirt the rough pastures, and flush the  
deep dells;  
Seas of white daisies, with wide-open  
eyes,  
Smiling so honestly up at the skies;  
Brooks o'er their stones, babble sweet the  
old tune,  
As we ride through the country in blos-  
somy June.

Now, acres of clover, the red and the  
white—  
Like rustical beauties so healthy and  
bright—  
Fragrantly bending in every soft breeze,  
Hummed o'er and plundered by armies  
of bees;  
Here, too, are buttercups, yellow and  
gold,  
And great starry dandelions, jolly and  
bold.

For strawberries ripe that hide under  
their leaves,  
For swallows, that twittering build 'neath  
the eaves;  
For the current's clear globes, that so  
prettily swing,  
Like little red lanterns, all strung on a  
string;  
For every soul that is with nature in  
tune,  
There is rest and delight in a journey in  
June!

**LESSON NOTES.****THIRD QUARTER.****STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.****LESSON III.—JULY 15.****THE GENTILE WOMAN'S FAITH.**

Mark 7. 24-30. Memory verses, 27-30.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Lord, help me.—Matt. 15. 25.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Great Sorrow, v. 24-27.
2. Great Faith, v. 28-30.

Time.—Early summer of A.D. 29.

Place.—The Phoenician country, near Tyre and Sidon.

**LESSON HELPS.**

24. "From thence"—From Capernaum or its vicinity. "He arose"—His countrymen were beginning to be hostile. "Into the borders of Tyre and Sidon"—From Capernaum to Tyre is about thirty-five miles. He and his disciples probably walked all the way. "Entered into a house, and would have no man know it"—He had come to Phoenicia, a hea-

then country, not as a teacher or a worker of miracles, but for rest and safety. "He could not be hid"—He was probably known by sight to some.

25. "Young daughter"—"Little daughter"—"Unclean spirit"—A spirit at once weak in morals, physically diseased, and insane. Exactly what demoniacal possession was we do not know, but we are not entirely ignorant of the insanity which has its roots in sin, such, for example, as delirium tremens.

26. "A Greek"—Palestinians used this word to describe all Gentiles. "A Syrophenician by nation"—A Phoenician of Syria by race, as distinguished from the Phoenicians of Africa, whom we call Carthaginians. "The devil"—A demon.

27. "Jesus said unto her"—Read the account in Matthew for many additional facts. "Let the children first be filled"—Let the Jews, the chosen people of God, have the spiritual right of way. "The dogs"—The phrase was a common one to describe Gentiles. Dogs are not commonly kept in the East as pets or defenders. They are the scavengers of the streets, and are a symbol of outcasts of all sorts.

28. "Yes, Lord"—This woman truly and firmly believed in the power and willingness of Jesus to help her. She understood his words better than some modern Christians.

29. "For this saying go thy way"—Clever as was the woman, it was her faith, not her cleverness, that won her daughter's cure.

30. "She found the devil gone out"—God's universal mercy is taught by this incident. Whoever turns to God is re-

ceived by him, and may eat of "the children's crumbs."

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The Gentile woman's faith.—Mark 7. 24-30.  
Tu. The demoniac child.—Luke 9. 37-42.  
W. God of the Gentiles.—Rom. 3. 21-30.  
Th. One in Christ.—Gal. 3. 20-29.  
F. Opportunity in prayer.—Luke 11. 5-13.  
S. An urgent plea.—Luke 18. 35-43.  
Su. Persevering prayer.—Matt. 15. 21-28.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Great Sorrow, v. 24-27.  
Where were Jesus and his disciples in this lesson?  
Whom did Jesus reprove, and for what, in the first part of this chapter?  
Why did he wish to keep his presence hidden?  
Was this possible?  
Who came to him?  
Was this an unusual thing?  
Why did this woman seek Jesus?  
Were the disciples pleased?  
To what did they liken the Gentiles?
2. Great Faith, v. 28-30.  
How did Jesus receive this woman?  
Was she discouraged by this indifference?  
What special feeling prompted her to persevere?  
What triumphed?  
Ought this to help us?  
What lesson do you draw from our Lord's seeming indifference?  
What from this woman's perseverance?  
What special lesson did Jesus seek to teach his disciples on this occasion?  
Can we fail if our faith is strong enough?

Give a text to illustrate this.  
What prayer is given in the Golden Text?

Is there any other way to triumph?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That we should bring all our troubles to the feet of Jesus?
  2. Though God's blessings seem belated they will surely come?
  3. That faith in God is always rewarded?

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