tic it sieo encountered numerous well armed with European wea-obtained from Portugueso traders Atlantic

ons, obtained from Fortiguess traders Stanley's greatest and most important sploit was the descent of the Congo liver, for a thousand miles, to the At-River, for a thousand miles, to the At-lantic Ocean. It was a task of incredible toil and danger. His little army was in-creased durine part of the time to nearly nine hundred, by the addition of seven hundred Arabs and camp followers. They had to run the gauntiet of cannibal tribes and peritous cauracts. The Lady Alice was launched, and a neet of Lady Alice was launched, and a flect of twenty-two large boats guided down the river to seek: the unknowr. I no cap-ture of these cannes is a string story, but too long to toll. Soveray-four fails or cataracts are passed. I heas they were compelled to pass by portages, often in the face of infurnate bands of savages. Some of these portages were three miles through a tropical jungle, with an ascent of fifteen hundred feet. One took three days and three nights incessant labour to overcome some working white others signt—a watchful for meanwhile lurking in the forest, thirsting for their blood,

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the chespest, the most entertaining, the Yearly
Christian Guardian, weekly.
Sub'n
S Haguiles and Iteriew, Quardian and Onward to gettler g eview and Review, Quardian and Onward to

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2176 St. Catherine St.,
Montreal.

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Wesley an Book Room,
Hallfax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO, JULY 7, 1900.

POINTED, POTENT, PRACTICAL

FOINTED, POTENT, PRAOTIOAL.

The substance of this keen little stry has been in many papers it is worthy obtains an expert whistler when a boy, came out of a hotel one day whistling quite low. A little boy at piay in the yard, hearing him, inquired. "Is that the best you can whistle?" "No," replied the minister "Can you beat it?" The boy said he could, and the minister didde: "Wol, let's hear you." Thereupon the little fellow gave a sample of his best skill and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, which we have a sample of the best skill and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, which we have a sample of the best skill and then sinsisted that the minister should try again. He did so, with much a should have a sample of the best will much a should be The substance of this keen little story

"DULGE DOMUM."-"SWEET HOME." A STORY OF WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

BY IVY M BOLTON

His name is not written in the records of the great, or his life told among those of Englands heroes, yet a truer hero never lived than our little lad," the youngest and frailest of us rough boys youngest and trailest of as rough boys at Winchester. So I. his friend, write this chronicle that an the boys of Win-chester may learn to honour his name and perchance some other lonely lad may be made braver and truer by the story of Harold Marston.

I well remember the day he came among us, a shy little iad, scarce looking his twelve summers, with his slight form, aweck, grave face and wonderful haio of short goiden hair. How we ali laughted when we saw him, yet very shame kept us from builying him as we did every one eise. Not that Harold Marston was a coward. U no: Utten and often has he stood against the whole school and fought a boy double his size to precent injustice or to save a poor dumb animal from pain. We none of us knew his story, save that he was an orphan, and Harold never spoke of himself, only sometimes when the boys sang Duice Doman, have I seen those dreamy gray eyes of his fill with tears, and half suspected all was not well, though the depth of loneliness he hid beetth his bright, cheery manner I will red. Why he well come me will red. never guessed.

Nover guessed.

Why he chose me, Wilfred Northingford, as a chum I know not, for I was
the scapegrace of the school, and five
years his senior, yet between us there
existed the friendship that comes but once in a lifetime.

We did not understand him at all, he

We did not understand him at all, he was usually so shy and quiet, and at the time of the great Armada we were the more astonished at his enthusiasm. "O Will," he said, eagerly, one day, "If I were only strong enough to fight ose one battle for my Queen and country! It would almost content one to die, it one died a hero."

"Tis not so easy to die, lad," said Giles Coleburn, an unpopular boy, and one of the builtes of the school. "I'll warrant it is for reward and glory that you wish to fight. I have no patience with boasters."

one of the builties of the senool. "in warrant it is for reward and glory that you wish to fight. I have no pattened with boasters." "This for Queen and country," cried liaroid, eagerly. "It would not matter about aught else, reward or none, if one's "Pshaw" said Glies, tauntingly. "Easy enough to boast of what one could do when one is too small to perform. Mark me, Marston, if the opportunity should come you would be the first to fall. A boaster is always a coward; "Stop that, Glies," I began, hotly, but Haroid checked me, "Come on, Will, he's not worth minding, and maybe I might turn coward at the critical moment, as he says." It was a summer ovening, and all Winchester was rejoicing. Bells pealed from every beltry, flags waved from every beltry, flags waved framada was deseated and Queen Elizabeth was in the town.

town.

The school was in the wildest excitement; hither and thither rushed masters and boys, reckless of everything in the general confusion; and no wonder, for at curfew Queen Elizabeth herself was coming to hear "Duice Domum," our famous

ong
Tired, at length, Harold and I slipped
way to the deserted corner of the quadangle by the postern door Never shall rangle by the postern door rangle by the postern door Never shall it forget the beauty of that evening as the setting sun lighted up the school, glimmering on the gray old clotvers and the oak trees, making the shadows fall in deeper contrast on the velvety turf, while as we looked through the half-opened postern, the whole town, with the stately cathedral in the midst like some stately cathedral in the midst like some the contrast of th the sunlight, with such a depth of wistful longing in his eyes that it almost frightened me.

frightened mo.

"Hal," I said at last, "what is the matter with you to-night? You are more stupid than an own, starring into vacancy as if you were moon-struck Let us go in, they will begin 'Domum' in a few minutes, and then hurrah for Good Queen Bess.

Good Queen Bess.

Harold laughed. "I am glad she is coming," he said, "perhaps she may notice you, Wilfred and make you great famous, as we have

planned."

Of all dreamers, Hal, you are the
worst, I exclaimed. "Now I prophesy
something very different. The Queen
will be much more likely to notice your worst. yellow curls and general moon-struck ap-pearance, and when I am a poor scholar at Cambridge, you will be a great man of the Copy."

of the Court"
"I should rather you were famous," "I should rather you were famous," asid Hal, rather wistfully. I care not for the Court. I could not make it beter, as you could, its only home I want. O Will, I do long for it so when we sing. Duice Domm. You all have homes but me, and I am an alone since mother died Nobody wants me.

"You have your uncle," I said.
"He does not want me, responded softly."

"I am always in the way, and his 1741

Hal "I am always in the way, and nis-home is not Dulce Domunium." As he spoke it flashed upon me that here was the reason of certain black bruises and hours of pain Harold had en-dured, unknown by all save me, and I clenched my hands viciously at the thought of the man who would strike a thought of the man who would strike a fittle lad like that. But Harold spoke a an, and there was a strange hope in his voice. 'I shall reach it at last. With, when my work is done, and it will be Duice Domum' then, such a 'Dulce Domum as I never even dreamed of before, and something seems to tell me that you will be great, 'Will, and will

fore, and something seems to tell me that yo will bo great, Will, and will be great, will, and will be great, will, and will be great, will, and will it cach people? I exclaimed. "I tear not, Hai, I am not good, like you. "O Will, you are; you are brave and good. You will never be a coware, and you will ever fight for the right, and you will ever fight for the right, and you will conquer as I could never do," said Hai with strange persistency.

You must not L at this way, Hai, 'I want to great you good, and we will fight for the right together, and together we will

said, rather huskily. "You must help no to grow good, and we will fight for the right together, and together we will have 'Dulce Domena' together, and together we will have 'Dulce Domena' together, and the right will more than retrieve that cals. T. "."

I stood stunned at the words. "Hal, Hal, what shall we do?" I whispered. "Tils a plot to murder the varn her. Let us fell the master. Let us was rather to warn her. Let us fell the master. There's now was rather to warn her. Let us fell the master. There's now was rather to warn her. I will warn her," and before I had time to collect my thoughts, Hal had dashed out through the open act. Swiftly he ran, as a hoarse cry warned him he was discovered; a sharp arrow plerced his side, vet till he rushed gate. Swiftly he ran, as a hoarse cry warned him he was discovered; a sharp arrow pierced his side, yet still he rushed

The Queen was safe! Her stately The Queen was safe! Her stately composure was hardly stirred; her face, calm and unperturbed. She stood in the entrance hall of the school looking around at the knots of frightened boys, quelting them almost by her very look. Then as a little group near the great west window attracted her attention she

Then as a little group near the great west window attracted her attention she swiftly crossed the room to where I and the headmaster bent over Harold Marston. Her proud face softened, and kneeling beside the window seat, she rested the boy's fair head against her shoulder. But Harold never stirred.

"Is he dead?" asked the Queen.
"Nay, madam," said the grave headmaster, "but he is sorely wounded, and can scarce live long."

Just then the great eyes opened, and Harold looked around. "Where am I?" be asked feebly. Then, catching sight of me, "Oh, Will, I have had such a strange dream early and taken you great and court, and they said it, and the court of the state of the said that the product of the court of the said that the product of the court of the said that the product of the court of the said. "Said the Cueen was hurt. O Wilfred, will it never come true—my dream? I will she never make you great?"

"Itstel held" said the Queen, and her "Itstel held" said the Queen and her

never come true-my dream? Will she never make you great?"
"Little lad," said the Queen, and her proud voice trembled," the Queen lives, for you have saved her, and will do whatover you desire."
"I saved the Queen!" cried Harold, his whole face alight with joy, "then I really did serve her, though I am too small to fight, and I am not a coward, after all."
There was a sob-and Glies flume htm-

There was a sob and Giles flung him-self beside Harold, "Oh, Hal! Hal! forgive me," he sobbed; "that I ever called you a coward; you who are braver us all

than us ail."
"Don't cry, Glies," said Harold, rather wonderingly. "It is all past and forgotten now," and as Glies sobbed the more. "Be kind to him, Will, tell him I did not mind."

I did not mind."

I threw my arm about Giles, and I threw my arm about Giles, and Harold spoke again. "Oh, Will; it's like a dream, all is well now—only—make Will great—promise to help him to be great. Oh, promise."

I promise, little lad," said the Queen, amid her falling tears, as she kissed the broad, white how. "Fet is there nothing you desire for yourself? Nothing?"
Only 'Dulce-Domum,' said Harold, softly. He lay back contentedly in the

"It is all as I wished," Queen's arms. Queen's arms. "It is all as I wished," he whispered; "I only wanted to serve you, to die for you."

The Queen sobbed and kissed him

The Queen sobbed and Rissed him again.
"No one has kissed me like that since mother died," he said, raising his eyes full of loving reverence to hers.
Then suddenly a great l'ght came into his face, and raising himself he stretched

out his arms

out his arms.
"Oil, Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum" he cried Joyously
The sunlight streamed in the old west window bathing the atill form and happy face of our little lad in golden glory, and as the fair head rested once more on the Queen's shoulder we knew that Harold was indeed at home 'Union Signal'

The Children's Hour. BY LONGFEILOW.

Between the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower, omes a pause in the day s occupations, That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me, The patter of little feet, The sound of a door that is opened, And voices soft and sweet.

A whisper, and then a silence: Yet I know by their merry eyes, They are plotting and planning together To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway. A sudden raid from the hall By three doors left unguarded, They enter my castle-wall

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me,
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses, Their arms around me entwine,
Titl I think of the bishop of Bingen
In his mouse-tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti, Because you have scaled the wall, Such an old moustache as I am Is not enough for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress, And will not let you depart, But put you down in the dungeon In the round-tower of my heart,

And there I will keep you forever, Yes, forever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,

THE DOLDRUMS.

An equatorial region of clouds, calms, and baffling winds, so much feared by seafaring people, is called doldrums. It is one of the most oppressive and-disagreeable parts of the ocean. Through agreeable parts of the ocean. Through it emigrant ships from Europe to Australia have to pass. Sometimes they are tossed about therein for weeks, when persons of delicate constitution suffer greatly, and not infrequently death ensues. So many voyagers have been buried in the doldrums that it has been buried in the doldrums that has come to be a dreaded watery graveyard on the way to golden Australia. Do we not all encounter similar regions in our life voyage? Baffling winds, counter currents, oppressive calms, checking, diverting our barques until we are exhausted and half-discouraged with our failure to make any headwry? Remember, the doldrums constitute only a cloudy beit and may soon be passed. Beyond this belt is the golden land of such spiritual riches as will be ample reward for any sacrifice required. It is even possible to live in such close touch with Christ that there will be no doldrums in your experience. Claim by faith all that is offered you in our giorious Gospel.

WHAT REPENTANCE IS.

A gentleman once asked a Sunday-school what was moone by A gentleman once make a sunday-thool what was meant by the word re-entance. A little boy raised his hand. "Well, what is it, my lad?". "Being sorry for your sins," was the

A little girl on the back seat raised her

hand.
"Well, my little girl, what do you
hink it asked the gentleman.
"I think," said the child, "it's being
sorry enough to quit."
That is just where so many people fall.
They are sorry enough at the time, but
not sorry enough to quit.