

Prevalent Poetry.

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

A WANDERING tribe called the Siouxs,
Wear moccasins, having no shioux;
They are made of buckskin,
With the fleshy side in,
Embroidered with beads of bright hioux.

When out on the warpath, the Siouxs
March single file—never by tioux—
And by "blazing" the trees
Can return at their ease,
And their way through the forest ne'er lioux.

All new-fashioned boats he eschioux,
And uses the birch bark caniox;
These are handy and light,
And inverted at night,
Give shelter from storms and from dioux.

The principal food of the Siouxs
Is Indian maize, which they brioux,
And hominy make,
And mix in a cake,
And eat it with pork, as they chioux.

Now doesn't this spelling look cyiouxrioux?
'Tis enough to make any one fyiouxrioux?
So a word to the wise—
Pray our language revise,
With orthography not so injiouxrioux.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1893.

JUNIOR LEAGUE WORK.

A VERY successful entertainment was recently given by the Junior Epworth League of the Sherbourne Street Methodist church, Toronto. A large number of the fathers, mothers and friends of the children came out "to encourage the juniors," and well were they repaid for their kindness. The programme, furnished entirely by the little folk themselves, consisted of a number of bright hymns sung by the whole society, responsive readings, solos (by very little soloists—one so small that she had to be lifted on to a chair) and some appropriate recitations. There was not one break in the programme from the beginning to the end.

The president, Master Frank Manning, gave a brief, manly address. He said that during the short time this society had been in existence, it had gained seventy-eight members, with an average attendance of fifty. They were doing what they could to help the poor; had \$1.60 in the treasury, and thought that besides helping the poor they could give something to missions. All the members felt that the society was doing them good, and they thought they would do a great deal more work next year. Everyone went home feeling that this church need have no fears about its success in the years to come with an army of such bright, well-trained recruits for future service.

LINCOLN IN THE HOSPITAL.

[We make no apology for printing this story of President Lincoln. We have no sympathy with that spirit which can see no merit in a great man because he belongs to a foreign nation.—Ep.]

In a recent conversation with a Union soldier a correspondent heard a fresh story about the late President Lincoln. As near as possible, our friend tells it in the soldier's words.

"I had been in the Finley Hospital several months. One day in May, 1863, President Lincoln and Secretary Chase walked into the ward where I was lying. You don't know how much good it did us to see them, one gets so tired looking at the nurse and all the long row of cots. It is hard to lie on a cot day after day, and hear the boys moan as their life ebbs away. Some morning you wake up and see an empty cot near you.

"Number 6 is gone?" you ask the nurse.

"Yes; he went at three this morning, poor fellow! but it's better for him," she answers in a sympathizing voice.

"We boys, therefore, took solid comfort in looking at Lincoln's face that afternoon, and in hearing him talk. He didn't say much to me that day, but it was good to hear him say anything, his words were so gentle and kind. And then he was as thoughtful as a mother, he knew just what to say.

"I had been very sick. Yes, that sleeve's empty; I left the arm at Chattanooga. As I was saying, he only spoke a few words to me and passed on to No. 26.

"A Vermont boy, a mere lad, not over sixteen, was on it. He had been wounded mortally, and was near his end. Mr. Lincoln stopped at his cot, and taking the thin, white hand, said, in a tone that was as tender as a mother's: 'My poor boy, what can I do for you?'

"With a beseeching look, the little fellow turned his eyes up at the homely, kindly face, and asked, 'Won't you write to my mother for me?'

"That I will," answered the President, and calling for pen, ink, and paper, he seated himself by the side of the cot. It was a long letter he wrote, at least three pages of commercial note, and when it was finished, the President said: 'I will mail this as soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?'

"In some way the boy had come to know that it was the President; and so, looking at him in the most appealing sort of way, he asked: 'Won't you stay with me till it's all over? It won't be long, and I do want to hold on to your hand!'

"That was too much for the great-hearted President to resist. The tears came to his eyes, and he sat down by him, and took hold of his hand. The little fellow did not move or speak a word. This was some time before four o'clock, and it was long after six that the end came. But the President sat there as if he had been the boy's father. When the end came, he bent over and folded the thin hands over the breast, and then looked so sorrowful at the pale, thin face. The tears streamed down his cheeks unheeded. We all cried, too.

HALF AN APPLE.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE cold winter morning about thirty years ago, a number of girls and boys were gathered around the stove in a school-room. They talked and laughed among themselves, paying little heed to a new scholar who stood apart from the rest. Now and then they cast side glances in her direction, or turned to stare rudely; but nobody spoke to her.

The little girl had never been to school before, and she began to feel shy and homesick. She now wished she could run home to mother and have a good cry in her loving arms. One little tear drop trembled in her eye, and seemed ready to fall; but it never did, for just then something happened.

Suddenly the outer door flew open, and a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little girl rushed in. She brought plenty of the clear, frosty air with her, and she imparted a cheer to the school-room that it had not had before. She walked up to the stove

quite as if she were at home, and after saying "Good morning" to everybody, her eyes fell upon the new scholar.

"Good morning," she sweetly said across the stove-pipe.

The little girl on the other side brightened up at once, though she answered somewhat timidly.

"Cold, is it not?" The new-comer went on, pulling off her mittens, and holding her red hands over the stove. Then she sent one of her plump hands down to the depths of her pocket, and when it came out it held a fine, red apple. With her strong fingers she split it in two, and, with a smile, passed half of it to the new scholar.

"Do you like apples?" she said. The little girl did like apples very much, and she thought none had ever tasted half so nice as this, it was so juicy and crisp and tart.

"My name is Libby," said the owner of the bright eyes; "what is your name?"

"My name is Hetty," replied the other little girl.

"Well," said Libby, "do you want to sit with me? There is a vacant seat beside mine, and I know the teacher will let you."

Hetty thought she would like that plan very much; so the two girls went off to find Libby's seat, where they chatted happily till the bell rang.

"Where is Hetty Rowe?" asked the teacher; and then before anybody had time to answer, she espied her, seated next to merry-faced Libby. The kind teacher smiled, saying, "I see you are in good hands," and Hetty was allowed to keep the seat for many a day.

When Libby had grown to be a woman she told me the story herself, and she used to say that it was her gift of half an apple that won for her so dear a friend as Hetty Rowe.

But I think it was something besides the apple that comforted the sad little heart on that cold morning; do not you?—*Christian Observer.*

DOES THE CROW REASON?

THE following stories of an unwelcome bird, we have on the authority of Miss Isabella Bird, in "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan." They are related as happening in Yezo, the northern island of the empire, where these birds are a feature of the country:

"There are millions of them, and in many places they break the silence of the silent land with a Babel of noisy discords. They are everywhere, and have attained a degree of most unpardonable impertinence, mingled with a cunning and sagacity which almost puts them on a level with man in some circumstances. Five of them were so impudent as to alight on two of my horses, and so be ferried across the river. In the inn garden at Mori, I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented. At last a big, strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, unwisely letting go the big piece for a second, and two of the crows flew away with it to the pine; and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate, or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them.

"A gentleman told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner, in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him, and after a consultation they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the dog's tail a bite sharp enough to make the dog turn round with a squeak, on which the other villains seized the meat, and the three fed triumphantly upon it on the top of a wall. In some places they are so aggressive as to destroy the crows, unless they are protected by netting. They assemble on the sore backs of horses and pick them into holes, and are mischievous in many ways. They are very late

in going to roost, and are early astir in the morning, and are so bold that they often come, with many a stately flirt and flutter, into the verandah where I was sitting. I never watched an assemblage of them for any length of time without being convinced that there was a Nestor among them to lead their movements."

GOING TO WORK.

EVERY year boys are leaving school and are going to work. Nine times out of ten they think it will be great fun to leave exacting school duties behind, and enter upon a business life.

I sometimes wonder if they realize just how unequal the exchange has been. They leave behind comparative freedom for an occupation that will demand constant energy and application.

The great inventor, Edison, once said to a boy just beginning his business life. "Never look at the clock." Just think what that means. Ninety out of every one hundred men fail once during their business career. If you would be among the few who do not fail, you will be obliged to put forth every effort.

The old Romans had a common saying that "a man was able because he seemed to be able," which is to say that there is no known rule by which a man can win success. It is that happy combination of qualities, chief among which come honesty and fair dealing, which makes men a power among their fellow-men.

The need to-day is for boys who are willing and not afraid of hard work—boys who feel enough interest in their work to improve in it and advance their own interests by pushing the business of their employer. A boy of this kind can soon find a good position.

THE SEVEN APPLES.

ONE day Robert's father saw him playing with some boys who were rude and unmannerly. He had observed for some time a change for the worse in his son, and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry, but he said nothing to Robert at the time. In the evening he brought from the garden six rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate and presented them to Robert. He was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him. "You must lay them aside for a few days, that they may become mellow," said the father; and Robert cheerfully placed the apples in his mother's store room.

Just as he was putting them aside his father laid on the plate the seventh apple, and desired him to allow it to remain there. "But, father," said Robert, "this apple will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh?" said his father; and with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterward he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples which had been so round and rosy-cheeked were quite rotten and spread a bad smell through the room.

"Father," cried he, "did I not tell you that the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? You did not listen to me."

"My boy," said the father, "have I not told you often that the company of bad children will make you bad? Yet do you listen to me? See in the state of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

A BRAVE YOUNG CANADIAN.

ACCORDING to a Montreal despatch, a twelve year old son of Captain Joseph Williams, of Bay Du Vin, was lying in wait on Gardener's Point, Bay Du Vin, for the purpose of getting a shot at brant. At the same time a bald eagle of huge proportions from a vantage position above the boy was awaiting an opportunity to make him his prey. The boy after a time started for home, and the great bird, after soaring above his victim, darted down to seize him; but the lad warded him off by protecting his head with his gun barrel. The eagle alighted on a fence near by. As the boy moved on, the eagle renewed his attack when the plucky little fellow shot him dead. The bird measured seven feet six inches from tip to tip of his wings.