

THE LITTLE ARTIST'S HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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COLUMBUS' FIRST SIGHT OF AMERICA.

We have given a very full account of the discovery of America in our special Columbus number of *Onward*. We hope that every scholar in our schools will procure and keep that number. It will be furnished at the cheap price of one cent apiece in quantities of ten or over. In this number we give some additional pictures of the great discoverer.

After the long years of indefatigable labour, patient waiting and sickening discouragement, what must the feelings of Columbus have been as, with the first dawn of day on the 12th of October, 1492, standing on the deck of his vessel, his eye eagerly trying to pierce the darkness, he, at last, caught sight of land ahead! What tumultuous thoughts must have rushed upon his mind, how his very soul must have been stirred within him! He had not been deceived. He had not suffered the many years of trial and privation in vain. These thoughts must have filled the devout heart of Columbus with gratitude to God. He may have thought that he had made for himself a name that would live forever, but he never realized one half the magnitude of his great discovery nor its effect upon the history of the world.

Columbus toiled and waited long,
But he secured his end.
Have you a purpose good a true?
Then persevere, my friend.

HOW A GIRL SUCCEEDED.

In a simple home in Paris, some fifty years ago, lived Mr. Bonheur and his poor family. He was a man of talent in painting, but he was obliged to spend his time in giving drawing lessons.

His wife gave piano lessons, going from house to house all day long, and sometimes sewing all night. All this was to support the family, for they had four little mouths besides their own to feed. There were August and Isadore and Juliette, and lastly the one I am going to tell you about, Rosa.

Her mother tired with hard work, died when Rosa was about eight years old. The children were placed in the care of a good woman, who sent them to school; but Rosa didn't like to be shut up in a school-room, and spent most of the time playing in the woods, gathering daisies and marigolds.

So her father thought if she did not love school she must learn some thing useful, and tried to have her taught sewing; but she couldn't learn this, and became so sick at the sewing-school that she had to be taken away.

Finally, she was left to herself for awhile, and she hung about her father's studio, copying whatever she saw him do. Then he suddenly awoke to the fact that his little girl had great talent. He began to teach her carefully in drawing. At this she studied and worked with all her might.

One day she happened to paint the picture of a goat. She found so much pleasure in the work that she made up her mind to paint animals only.

She had no money to buy or hire models, so she had to take long walks in the country, working all day in the open air. She loved animals and it pained her to see

house, Rosa made a little flower-garden, and kept a sheep there for a model. Very often Rosa's brother would carry the sheep on his back down six flights of stairs, and, after letting it graze on the grass outside, would bring it back to its garden home on the roof.

At nineteen years of age Rosa sent two

daughter. He was at once made the director of the government school of design for girls.

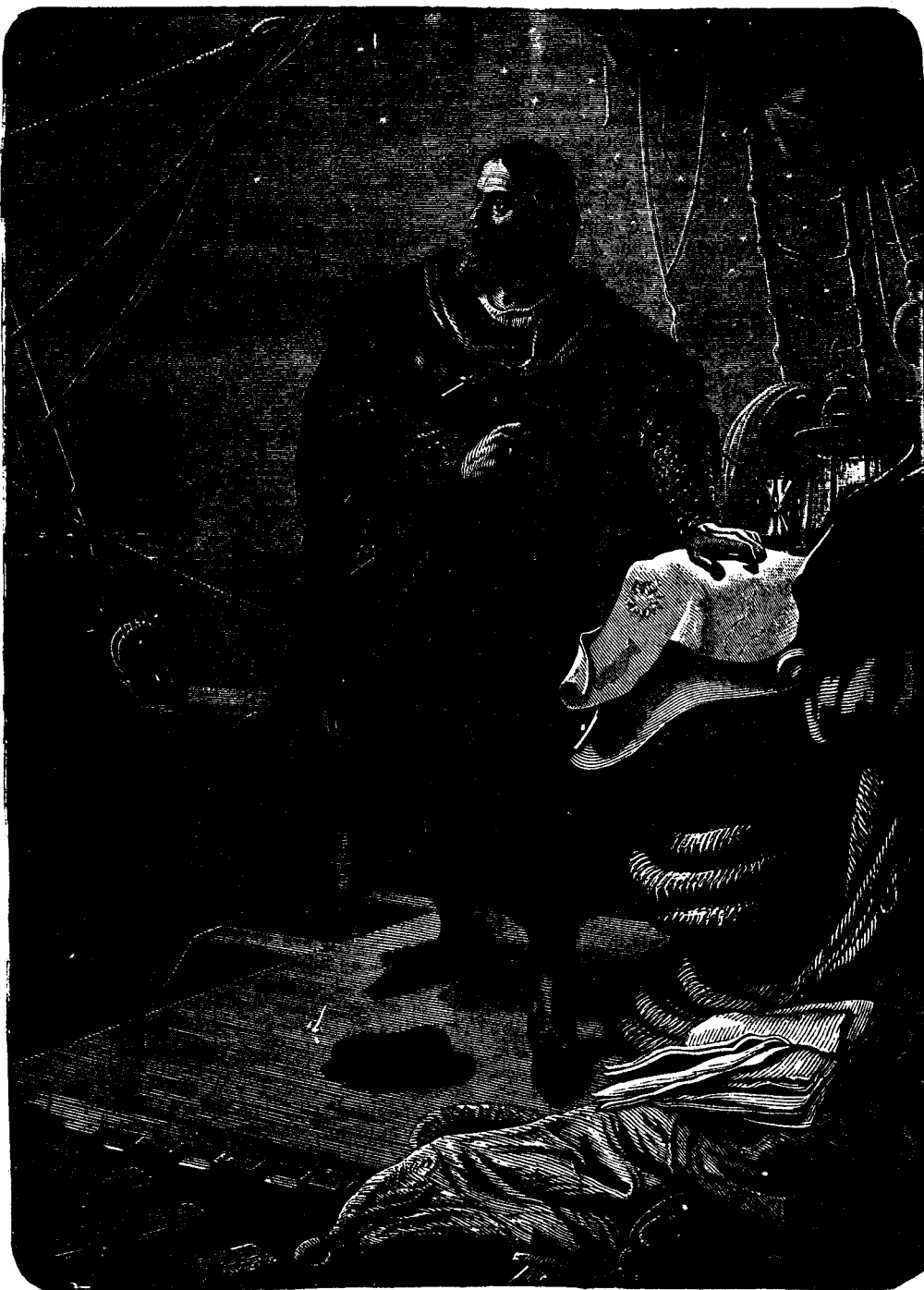
Orders for work now poured in upon her, more than she could do. Four years later, after long months of study, she painted "The Horse Fair." This was greatly admired, both in England and America. It was sold first to an Englishman for \$8,000, and was finally bought by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, for his famous collection. It is now on free exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

One day, after Rosa had become famous, the Empress of France called upon her, and, coming into the studio without warning, found her at work. She arose to receive the empress, who threw her arms about Rosa's neck and kissed her. After a short call the visitor went away, but not until after she had gone did Rosa discover that, as the empress had given her the kiss, she had pinned upon the artist's blouse the cross of the Legion of Honour. This was the highest honour that the empress could bestow.—*Home and School Visitor*.

THE OWL.

"As wise as an owl," as "solemn as an owl," and as "blind as an owl," are expressions not inaptly applied to full-grown owls, but would certainly be out of place to attribute such to an unfledged young owl. Their eyes seem bright enough to enable them to see; and although they have somewhat of a serious appearance, still they look as if they might be ready for a game of play when they get a little warmer clothing on. Owls, generally speaking, are not much sought after as pets, like many other birds. Their voices are not musical, and they do not seem to appreciate kindness bestowed on them, frequently snapping at the hand that proffers food, and sometimes inflicting an ugly wound. This may, perhaps, be their way of showing affection, but a very queer way if it is so. The birds sleep during the day, and travel around at night in search of their food—mice and other small living animals; small birds, also, if they find any indiscreet enough to be out in the dusk of the evening. Owls can scarcely see at all in the daylight, and thus Providence kindly enables them to use their eyes at night instead. Having performed their work at night, they pass the day in sleep or lazy stupor. One curious characteristic of the owl is his digestion. He eats his birds without taking off the feathers, and swallows his mice skin and all. After a little time, his stomach having separated the good meat from the feathers and skin and bones, he throws up these rolled together as a ball.

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a saber; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.



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them killed, but she must learn how to paint their suffering on canvas, and so she went to the slaughter pens of Paris, and sat on a bundle of hay with her colours about her, drawing and painting while the butchers gathered around her to look at her pictures.

At home—where the family had all moved together again—on the roof of the

pictures to the fine art exhibition. The critics spoke kindly of these, and encouraged her to keep on painting.

At twenty-seven her splendid picture "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal, and was purchased by the English government. Her own government presented her with a silver vase.

Her father shared the success of his