

DEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

[No. 37.]

A Small, Sweet Way.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleet.

There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendour.

No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawnlight gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.
—Our Young Folks.

HINDU WIDOWS.

This picture shows a group of Hindu widows rescued by the British Government from the cruel rite of sutteeism, that is, from being burned to death.

One of the greatest obstacles to civilization is the degraded condition of women. It is impossible to raise the moral status of a people without raising that of its women. And here the Gospel has shown itself the best friend of the women of India, as well as of womanhood throughout the world.

All the advent of Christianity they were regarded in youth as the toys, and in age as the slaves, of their lords and masters. Married at a very early age to men of twice or thrice their years, whom they had never seen before, their union was, with few exceptions, a loveless one on their side. Should the helpless woman be left a widow, her lot was indeed sad. If she escaped being burned alive upon her husband's funeral pyre, she was condemned to a perpetual solitude and seclusion, amounting almost to living burial. The strong arm of the British Government has been stretched out for the protection of the widowed daughters of India. Sutteeism has been forever abolished, and the possibilities of home and family ties and support have been given her. But even into the jealous seclusion of Oriental homes the blessings of Christianity, with its ennobling and elevating influence, have penetrated; and the Zenana Mission has opened up new possibilities of happiness and knowledge, of mental and moral development, to the daughters of that dusky race.

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 being all night. All this was to support the family; for they had four little mouths to feed their own to feed. There was August, Issidoro and Juliette, and lastly, the one I am going to tell about, Rosa.

Her mother—tired with hard work—died when Rosa was eight years old. The children were placed in the care of a good woman, who sent them to school, but Rosa was a little truant. She didn't like to be put up in a schoolroom and spent most of her time playing in the woods gathering berries and marigolds.

But her father thought if she did not go to school she must be taught something

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 woke up to the fact that his little girl had great talent. He began to teach her carefully in drawing.

He went to the slaughter pens of Paris and sat on a bundle of hay with her colours about her, drawing and painting, while the drovers and butchers gathered around to look at her pictures.

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

Her father shared the success of his daughter, he was at once made the director of the Government School of Design for girls. But this relief from poverty and trouble came too late, for he died the same year.

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 to an Englishman for eight thousand dollars, and was finally bought by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, for his famous collection.

One day after she had become famous, the Empress of France called upon her, and coming into the studio without warning, found her at work. She rose to receive the Empress, who threw her arms about Rosa's neck and kissed her. After a very short call the visitor went away, but not until after she had gone did Rosa discover that as the Empress had given 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.

Perhaps some of you girls want to reach and hope to reach the heights of fame as artists, but don't forget that everything worth having in this world has a high price set on it—and if you want a true fame as an artist, you must be willing to pay the price. Rosa Bonheur says:

"Art demands heart, brain, soul, body. Nothing less will win its highest favour. I wed art, it is my husband, my world, my life-dream. I know nothing else, feel nothing else, think of nothing else. I have no taste for general society, I only wish to be known through my works."

BE TRUE.

Be true to your parents. You are under obligations higher and greater than you can possibly think. You must honour these obligations with the utmost fidelity, with expression of respect and loyal obedience.

Be true to yourself. You owe duties to yourself of the highest order. We do not mean that you are to consider selfishly your own interests regardless of the rights of others. But you must make of yourself the noblest man or the noblest woman that you are capable of.

Be true to your Sunday-school and church. Here is the field in which your life work is to be cast. Do not speak with disparagement of your church or Sunday-school, of your minister, superintendent, or teacher. If your church or school is smaller, or your house of worship less elegant, than somebody else's, remember that God has us; for the smaller as well as for the larger things, for the sparrow or humming bird as well as for the eagle, for the insect as well as for the elephant, for the little brook as well as for the great river, for the child as well as for the man. Your church and school have their mission in the world. Be true to them, and help them perform the mission best.

Be true to your God. Every commandment given by him is pure and holy. To obey them is for your best welfare, in this world and in the next. Thorough loyalty to truth, to right, to all that is pure and elevating, is the sure road to a noble character and life.



HINDU WIDOWS.

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 them killed, but she must learn how to paint their suffering on canvas, and so she

his back down six flights of stairs, and after letting him graze on the outside would bring him back to his garden home on the roof.

At nineteen years of age Rosa sent two pictures to the Art Exhibition. The critics spoke kindly of these, and she was encouraged 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 case