

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

### "Considerable String."

"Yes, yes! he might make out to be a very useful lad.— Our neighbour's son.— If but enough of string he only had To tie up the dangling loose ends He leaves 'round every day; To fasten him in, good and strong At work to make him stay

"And then, about his pocketbook, So ev'ry cent won't go Right out, as fast as it gets in, He needs tight wound, you know. Another length and strength of string He'd want to tie his tongue. That wags so busily all day, With talk, and nothing done.

"Yes, as I said before, he might Be quite a useful lad About our town, if but enough Of string he only had." The hearer shook his head, the while Said not a single thing; But at the last groaned out, " 'Twould take Con-sid-er-a-ble string!"

Now, boys, don't be the sort of lads Who need to be tied strong, To keep you at your work in life, And held from going wrong, And if you are, unless you change, I fear you're surely bound, To need, when you are men, to have Strong strings about you wound.

### BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal. His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home. "I often go in there and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again. "Do you enjoy that?" "Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long." "I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them." "Well, that's different, you're grown up." "Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?" Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke. "A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added. "Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—Christian Work.

### DICKENS' CAT.

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and like all true lovers he was likely to become the slave of his pets. *Williamina*, a little white cat, was a favourite with the whole household, but showed an especial devotion to her master. She selected a corner of his study for her kittens and brought them in from the kitchen one by one. Mr. Dickens had them taken away again, but *Williamina* only brought them quietly back. Again they were removed, but the third time of their return she did not leave them in the corner. Instead, she placed them at her master's feet, and, taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him. That settled the question. Thereafter the kittens belonged to the study, and they made themselves royally at home, swarming up the curtains, playing about the writing-table, and scampering behind the book-shelves. Most of the family were given away; one only remained, en-

tirely deaf, and known, from her devotion to *Dickens*, as "the master's cat."

This little creature followed him about like a dog, and sat beside him while he wrote. One evening *Dickens* was reading by a small table whereon sat a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. *Dickens* was much interested in his book, and he reighted the candle, giving the cat a stroking as he did so.

Afterward he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that he guessed at the reason of her melancholy. Turning suddenly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and again she looked at him appealingly.

She was lonesome; she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for bringing it about.—*Youth's Companion*.

less 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. Suteeism 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.

If you can't be an apostle, be an epistle.



HINDU WIDOWS.

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This picture shows a group of Hindu widows rescued by the British Government from the cruel rite of suteeism, 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. Till 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 help-

### HOW A GIRL SUCCEEDED.

In a simple home in Paris some fifty years ago lived *M. 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 sometime sewing all night. All this was to support the family; for they had four little mouths beside their own to feed. There was *August*, *Isadore*, 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 shut up in a schoolroom, and spent most of her time playing in the

woods gathering daisies and marigolds. But her father thought if she did not have 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 a while, 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. 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 canvases, 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 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 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 vase.

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."

Accompaniment—A police officer met a. organ grinder in the street, and said, "Have you a license to play?" If not, you must accompany me." With pleasure," answered the street musician. "What will you sing?"

"They have moved our choir to the other end of the church." "What's that for?" "Our clergyman is delicate, and he said he couldn't stand having twelve girls fanning his bald spot all at once."