

ART TREASURES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

WHEN travelling, a few months ago, on one of the "Observation Cars", lately added to their trains by the far-seeing wisdom of the C. P. R. managers, I had the good fortune to come in contact with a talented artist, who was even then on his way to California, to see and use for himself the far-famed glories of that country. But after entering the Rocky Mountains his attitude grew less buoyant, and at times he even sighed.

"What now my friend," said I "is weighing on your spirits!"

"The feeling" said he "of the majesty and greatness of this wonderful corner of God's earth, which is too stupendous for me to grasp."

And though I had spoken lightly, I could not but feel that his answer was right. It was exactly that "God's earth", and painted in colors which God himself alone could produce. For what pigments could ever give the clear softness and radiance of that azure sky, the sharp crisp and glittering whiteness of the snow as it lay on the mountain heights, and brought forward into striking prominence the lights and shades of the rugged peaks, and over all the sunlight playing till the little cascades, falling down the mountain sides, appeared to dance for very joy in the presence of their Creator?

Even as my friend spoke, we crossed a foaming river, the waters of which were of a strange blue-green, though so clear were they, that the pebbles in its bed could be seen shining clean and white.

When the wilder regions had been left behind, how much of beauty was there still in the scene; what lovely effects of grey, green, rose and

yellow mingled together on the horizon, contrasting yet blending, and again repeated in the depths of a noble lake, as in a mirror, while ever and anon a bright winged bird appeared like a flash, only to vanish as quickly and thus enhance the quiet sweetness of the hour.

And a longer knowledge of the country has only further impressed me with its manifold beauties, and the wide field it opens for artists, for no side of nature is left unrepresented.

Low lying prairie land, rich in the coloring of the red clover, and later in the season the golden corn fields; orchards showing trees laden to the ground with rosy-cheeked apples or purple plums, while in the background a gabled house and quaint barn form altogether, an almost perfect picture of British Columbian rural life.

Go a little further to the capital with its rockbound shores and noble waves, surely one would be tempted to linger here, and daily find fresh impressions and new charms. Nor must the birds of this country be overlooked, Wood-peckers of almost tropical coloring and many varieties, blue jays with their inimitable pose and expression of saucy independence, robins, snow-birds, and many others too numerous to mention.

We feel that the native Indians, with their canoes, rancheries and various other charms, have not received due attention, but when space is limited much must of necessity be omitted in speaking of the art treasures of a country where they are almost inexhaustible. Perhaps at some future time we may again refer to this subject.

D. M.

