

A Helping Hand

My favorite picture is called "A Helping Hand," and is the work of E. Renouf.

It is a child with her grandfather in a fishing boat, sailing on the shores of France.

The little girl has her little hands on the oar trying to help her grandfather.

Far behind them lies the vast sea, and the misty horizon dividing the sea from the sky.

The little girl belongs to the French peasant class. She has a simple bonnet on her head, an handkerchief around her neck, a clean little dress and apron, and a pair of wooden shoes.

There is a great contrast between the two occupants of the boat. The grandfather looks to be old. He has a weather-beaten-face, while the little girl has a smooth and fresh complexion. He pulls the oar with all his might, and looks at his grand-child smilingly, while she wears a solemn expression as if she were working very hard. He has on a sailor's hat, a loose coat, and a pair of wooden shoes.

The boat was rather large, and looked to be very strong, as a fisherman's boat ought to be.

I like this picture as it shows us the happiness to be found in the simple life of the peasant. The grandfather finds pleasure in his work and in his family and seems so willing to humor his little grand-child by letting her hold the oar in the belief that she is helping him in his hard work.

Amelie Robinson, age 15.

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The Doctor

The scene is that of an Irish cottage home. It is night-time, the room is large and is lighted with a shaded lamp, the shade is tilted to throw its rays on a bed made of two chairs upon which a little girl is lying, apparently near death's door.

Her parents are standing in the back ground with an expression of longing and fear, they are waiting for the doctor's verdict.

The doctor, a noble and intelligent looking man, is seated by the bedside, bending over the little patient in deep study.

Beside the bed is a bench up on which a pitcher and basin filled with poultices stand, with clothes beside it.

The reason I love the picture is because it recalls to me the time when my own sister was in great danger and how anxiously we waited to hear the danger point was past.

Dorothy Doland, age 13.

Wentworth School.

Horses of Pharaoh

The "Horses of Pharaoh" is the picture I like best. The picture represents three beautiful horses belonging to Pharaoh at the time they tried to cross the Red Sea in pursuit of the children of Israel. In the back ground of the picture are the waters of the sea gradually coming closer. The horses look terrified and they keep close together, but no doubt they are being urged on by Pharaoh's men. The horse that is nearest to the observer's eye is white, the second one is a beautiful brown horse, and this horse has his head thrown back and looks even more determined to reach land than the others. The third horse is grey, but they all have the same wild despairing look and their manes are tossed back in the same wild fashion. Perhaps the terrifying roaring of the waves, together with the hoarse cries and shouts of Pharaoh and his men, makes them panic stricken as well as the cruel, hungry, cold green waters gradually creeping around them.

The reason I like this picture best is because it made me think of how the horses would feel. When I first read this story I thought only of old Pharaoh's feelings. This picture makes one feel sorry for the beautiful horses that suffered such a terrible death through no fault of their own. The typical expression of terror and despair in the horses' eyes is perhaps what fascinates one most.

Dorothy Porter, age 13.

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