

ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY

There is always a sort of reluctance to launch out into new and untried paths, and so, though we have for many years known about the Annual Exhibition of this Society, yet we never summoned up courage to make any entries.

Last winter, however, Lillian Arnould sent some pretty sketches which one of the Sisters at Ditchingham kindly mounted and forwarded for us, and we have just been delighted to see in the Report that they have been awarded a Bronze Star of the R. D. S.

A HIGHLY VALUED FRIEND.

Anyone living on the banks of the great Fraser River cannot help enumerating it in their list of acquaintances. Irresponsive is this friend, but, in its mere presence there is a feeling towards it akin to friendship. The "chosen music" of the waters is to the tired soul a comfort in trouble or sorrow. In the night it is like the sympathy of a friend to awaken and hear the sound of the waters.

Then again the presence of the flowing river gives one another thought, and that is as the waters roll past every day so the trials of this life are only transitory. The water carries down to the sea rocks, earth, debris and mineral, so the days carry away our difficulties to the sea of time, whither they are lost in the multitude of other troubles.

But how shall I portray this friend to others? Seven hundred and fifty miles it flows down the Pacific slope to the Gulf of Georgia. Its source is far east of the Rockies, whence it flows north and south-west through the Cascade Mountains to the coast. It bounds with terrific speed over rocks, through canyons and down falls. In these spots it seems all hurry; but in the level basin it flows along with the utmost ease and tranquillity. There is not the least bit of monotony in its course, as each bend, each curve, brings before the eye some fresh scenery.

Notwithstanding this the Fraser music has discords in its composition, rapids, whirlpools and under currents. To those who admire music in a minor key the dangerous passages or treacherous depths may appeal, but to others they are repulsive, especially when they bear in mind the dire calamities witnessed along its banks. In the gold rush of the sixties, hundreds of men perished in their haste to reach the gold fields at Yale. Every day, in the summer, there is some fresh tale of an accident from the mouth of the river. The extensive fisheries employ many men, who ignorantly and carelessly meet with a great deal of misfortune.

But one does not dwell on the pessimistic side of the great spirit's character, who, according to tradition of the Indians, lives