

we remember the past as it was. If a mother loses a child of three years, it always remains to her as a child of three years. She grows old; twenty summers and winters pass; yet as often as she thinks of her child, she thinks of him, dreams of him, as a child, for it is as such only that she remembers him. Though all things change, fortunes vary, friends depart, the world grows unkind, and we grow old, the former things remain treasured in our memory, and we can stand as mourners at the grave of what we once were. Thus it is that we can never be wholly alone—though we are alone, we can people the realms of fancy with creations which are invisible, but are as real to us as if we could see and touch them; for they do us as much good, if they are unreal, keeping before us some ideal which we are ever striving to reach. Then, in old age, people dream of the scenes of their childhood, the sports and companions of their youth, the hills and streams, the bright eyes and laughing faces on which their young eyes rested. So the extremes of life meet. Age completes the circuit and we close where we began. Life is a magic ring. We wander back into past ages—see Rome in all her grandeur. Then see the gorgeous pageants of her emperors sweep past in proud contrast with the ruin and desolation of the present. So we may make the dead and vanished past a living present to our minds, so hold communion with the mysterious future and make it ours. There is no business so commonplace, no occupation so menial, the cares and services of which may not be lightened by a reasonable indulgence in the wanderings into dreamland.

LOUISE.

THOUGHTS ON SKETCHING.

It seems to me a day cannot be spent more pleasantly than by starting out, paint-box in hand, to sketch from nature. I would not say that under all circumstances one would enjoy it. During the first few lessons our brush seems powerless in our hands to reproduce on canvas that which is before us. But although it may be that an artist is never really satisfied with his work, yet each succeeding lesson we feel more at ease with our tools.

There is one mistake which I think some

of us make in choosing our subject. We start out with the intention of seeking a good position from which we think a good sketch can be made. We go from place to place and at last choose one which we only half like. As a result our sketch is not a success. How much more enjoyable it would have been to have selected something which had impressed us with its beauty. Often we say "Oh! What a lovely bit of colour, how I should love to paint it." That is just the subject we should have painted if we wished to be successful and interested in our work.

How different we all are in our tastes. One likes the gorgeous crimson of the poppy, another is more pleased with the soft delicate tints of the wild rose. One climbs grand and rugged mountains, another is out among the field daisies.

How apt we are to seek for beauty, when in reality it is at our own doors, and we only need to look at the familiar objects around us to find it.

For myself, I prefer being alone or with only a few when out sketching. Then everything is quiet. There is nothing to interrupt or take the attention. I do not think there is any other time at which our thoughts run in the same course. We seem to forget the little things which have vexed us in the past, and our cares for the future do not molest us. I cannot explain the charm, but I know it is found not only in sketching the forest but also the single leaf.

With what different eyes the people see the same scene in nature. Some will see every flower and all the details, the pictures of such artists are often very pretty, but we are apt to grow tired of them. Others will only see masses of light and shade, these are our artists of strength, we enjoy their pictures more each time we see them.

ADELA.

SUNBEAMS.

Considered from the philosophical standpoint this subject is full of interest. Scientists have long endeavored to discover the nature and composition of light. From repeated experiments they have learned, or think they have, that it is composed of transversely vibrating ether. They have also discovered that there are seven primary