

Down the long, narrow town street Bertha walked, picking her way through the little muddy rills that danced and sparkled over the roadway; feeling the warmth of spring sunshine bring comfort to her weary body and sore heart.

A river, swollen with April snows, separated the town from the steep hill beyond. Standing on the footbridge, half-way from either bank, the girl watched the rapid current that whirled in white foamed chafing below, seeing in the rebellious tossing of the ordinarily smooth-flowing stream a reflection of her own troubled spirit.

Crossing to the opposite side, she continued her walk up the graded roadway that led by twist and curve to the high level of the hill-top.

Half-way up the ascent, where a long stretch of level ground lay before her, she rested for a moment, looking down on the swift-flowing water. A sound of rushing wheels, of a horse's hard gallop, of men's voices in outcry, broke the quiet air, and round the road-bend beyond came a wild, unmanageable pony in mad flight, dragging behind him at fearful pace the light basket phaeton, that swayed from side to side of the roadway. Its solitary occupant, grasping the reins that were powerless to control the frightened animal, crouched white and still beside the seat.

Bertha knew the carriage well enough. She knew too the fair frightened face; the face that but two days ago had blushed its happy secret among her flowers, that had won by virtue of its beauty what Bertha would have given her life to win.

The river! Like a cold steel, the thought chilled Bertha's heart, leaving her face set and bloodless.

Nearer tore the wild frightened creature. In another instant the level would be past and the circling descent begin, while at the base flowed the cold rushing stream. With desperate impulse she flung herself into the roadway, and as the pony swayed aside she caught the loose bridle, and clung to it while he reared and plunged, lifting the little figure from the ground, then dashing it beneath his feet. But the instant of delay had given pursuers a chance, and now the strong hands of men held the wild-eyed creature, and tenderly lifted the prostrate form.

She was not hurt, she said, only a bruise on her temple and a little dizziness and confusion in her head, and in response to the kisses and tears of the rescued girl she only reiterated the words that she was not hurt.

When evening visited the brown cottage, Bertha lay on a couch drawn up into the bow window, watching the dimly lit church and the busy figures that flitted in and out the heavy doorway bearing floral treasures in their arms.

The fair girl sat beside her, and more than once the young rector had crossed the street to make kindly enquiry and report progress.

"Take my rosebush over, please," Bertha said, "the buds are nearly open. I will rest to-night and be ready for to-morrow." So she dismissed the two at her side, following them with her dark eyes until they entered the church door.

An hour or two later and the work was finished. Lilies upheld their hite chalices before the altar, smilax and climbing roses wreathed the pillars, fragrant valley lilies encircled the white font, hyacinths, narcissus and delicate carnations bloomed before the chancel rail, while geraniums and pearly stocks bowered lectern and pulpit. And below the altar window, stretching up its cool, green leaves to the gold and purple lights, stood Bertha's rosebush. The damask buds

drooped over the white altar cloth, the sensitive petals all uncurled, revealing each deep crimson heart, while their perfume fell heavy upon the atmosphere.

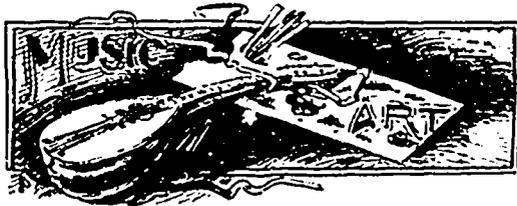
In stillness and in fragrance the church kept its garden vigil.

Easter morning broke bright and glorious, and a worshipping multitude filled the sacred building. The glad Easter anthem rose jubilantly through the heavy-odored air, but one voice, the clearest and sweetest, had no part therein.

In the brown cottage the blinds were drawn, the shutters closed, and the deformed girl lay in her last sleep among her flowers.

She had won her Easter joy.

FAITH FENTON.



STUDIO Day. After the fashion of Old Country cities, Montreal now has its Studio Day. It has indeed come to be a recognized institution. We hope it may be permanent. The first Saturday afternoon of each month is the time when good-natured artists play the "at home" rôle, and make martyrs of themselves for the pleasure of curiosity seekers. But we enjoy their martyrdom, and we hope they do too. Between the hours of two and five o'clock in the aforesaid afternoons, the good-natured artists throw open the sacred privacy of their *atelier* to all comers who will take the trouble to present a calling card. The most of us cannot paint a picture, but the most of us know a little how to enjoy one. But above all others these studio days are beneficial to the student: continuous study under one master contracts the range of the student; contact with various masters expands his views and ideas. Students even from a distance should take advantage of these opportunities. The studios are in holiday attire, duly swept and garnished, and pictures in a 'stages of advancement may be seen, from the dear little souvenir which forms one of the heart strings of the artist, to the proud canvas or paper being made ready for the Royal Academy. They make good hosts, too, these artists, many of whom are yet bachelors. Truly, they are enjoyable afternoons, but whoever is responsible for the notices in the newspapers, we pray that they be more careful. A long tramp to the other end of the city on a blustery, rainy, sloppy day tends to dampen the enthusiasm enough, but when one is met at the door with "not open to-day; monsieur has been in New York for two weeks," it sends a cold stream down one's back. But there are a number of prominent artists who have not yet taken the people into their confidence. Let us hope they will soon emulate the good example set by others.

Have any of your readers heard of the "new art"? That is what they choose to call it. Perhaps it is just the "old art," after all, one stage farther on. The colors are called "Taicoon tints," for painting on silk, satin, linen or cotton. Our decorative artists know how unsatisfactory either oil or water colors are on silks or satins, even at

their best, and these tints are the height of perfection for the purpose named. Silks and satins painted with them retain their original sheen or lustre. While oils or water colors form an opaque body upon the surface of the fabric, these tints sink right in like a stain and become a part of it, producing the same result on either side. Imagine the beauty of an evening dress touched up with a few sprays of colored leaves or flowers, while mantel drapes, chair tidys, cushion scarfs, etc., are only a few of the articles within the scope of these tints. Any artist can apply the colors. No extra study is required.

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Lovers of art in Montreal are at present enjoying the delights of the 17th annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, and the beautiful gallery of the Art Association furnishes accommodation for as fine a show as the Academy has probably ever held. Students anywhere within range of the city should avail themselves of the opportunity of viewing this really excellent exhibition. It will stimulate effort and level out some of the hard roads. It should be the aim of every artist to have a picture hung by the Royal Academy. No doubt some of our friends are smarting, and continue to smart, under the judgment of the council which scores the word "rejected," and some are even known to make "nasty remarks." But this is not the proper spirit; the council is composed of competent men—we will not say infallible, but competent; they have a hard task to perform. We should help them to perform it fearlessly, accept their judgment loyally, and each rejected suitor should emulate the example of Bruce's spider.

Next month, perhaps, I may tell you something about the pictures.

"XMAN."

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Canadian artists are busy preparing for the C.S.A. exhibition, which is the chief annual event among our painters. Mr. and Mrs. Reid's work will be missing from the walls this season, but we may look for fine work as the result of their present tour in Spain.

Mr. C. M. Manly will probably make good showing as a result of his sojourn across the sea.

Our 'dames de luxe'—if one may be permitted to use the term—are adopting hand-painted gowns for evening wear.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Ontario Society of Artists it was decided that the Art Union should be dispensed with, which will be a disappointment no doubt to many. Their annual exhibition will open on May the 4th in their rooms, 165 King west, April the 24th being the last day for receiving pictures.

The Art Students' League invited its friends to see a display of posters in the students' rooms, Adelaide street west, on Tuesday, the 10th. Mr. W. Alexander read an interesting article on the modern poster, which was especially acceptable now that poster competitions seem to be the order of the day. Another contest is coming off for the *Canadian Almanac*. Great praise is due Miss Ford in securing the Horse Show prize, when her competitors show such high grade work as that exhibited on Yonge street last month.

BLACK AND WHITE.