

A Few Hints on Painting.

In a recent number of the "Farmer's Advocate" I read a little wail from Mahlstick, describing the beauties of the sunset just at milking time. I felt inclined to write and sympathize, but it was "chore" time in general, and so the fascinating paper had to be laid down and I had time to think it over. I have frequently been struck by the artistic talent displayed by the boys and girls on the outlying farms, and have felt it to be a pity that they must struggle along alone, when a few words of advice to direct their efforts would mean so many difficulties smoothed over. It was my great good fortune while I was studying at college to be under the direction of Mr. Frank Dicksee, R. A. I also had the happiness of meeting the late John Ruskin more than once, and enjoying his remarks on the Turner collection of water colors. The records of these great masters have been of the greatest assistance to me. The methods of the greatest are always the most simple, and though I chose a breezier, healthier life than that of an artist, I have been enabled by the advice of these men to paint pictures that gladden the hearts of my own household. I should be sorry to leave the freedom of the farm life, to exchange it for that of an artist, for then I should be obliged to paint pictures that would please the purchaser; now I can paint to make myself happy, whenever I can steal a few moments from the house and poultry-yards. Mahlstick's sorrows are frequently my own, only I find that it is the dawn that tempts me most. I believe my greatest temptation is the sight of the pretty children bathing on the sea beach, and perhaps after that pre-Raphaelite bits by clear pools. It was suggested on the same page that we should write and try to help each other with our experiences on drawing and painting. My little contribution towards our "art class" lies in the following few hints: Practice absolute truthfulness in reproducing all that you see. Remember that the simplest little outline that is faithful and accurate is far more valuable than the handsomest, largest canvas that is decorated with falsehoods. Never allow a chance effect to stand. Copy patiently from nature, as though every line was the only one that you were ever to draw. Let your outline be bold, and confine all boldness to your outline. Let the filling in be tender and full of toil. A roll of plain wall paper is a cheap and plentiful supply to practice studies on. A few sticks of charcoal complete the preliminary outfit; and when you have learnt to dash in your outline, I should recommend a few oil paints in preference to water colors, as you are so much more likely to acquire a bold style, and they are much less ominously expensive than the sable brushes and moist paints. Always use a bristle brush for oils; never be tempted into anything more yielding. A flat piece of wood nicely planed will make a delightful panel to try your first attempts on. I have found that I will sometimes happen that I am interrupted just as my palette is set. I have discovered a plan whereby the paint need not be wasted. I squeeze the paint tubes carefully on a small saucer, and with my palette knife take a small portion at a time on the palette. I keep a small bowl of water in the studio, and slide my saucer face downwards under the water. The paint will keep moist for weeks, and will mix up nicely with a little working.

(MRS.) OCTAVIUS ALLEN.
Georges, B. C.

Likes the Wrist Bag.

I am well pleased with the wrist-bag I received. Wishing your paper every success.
L. J. BIGHAM.
Oxford Co.

If you have to sew for many hours in succession, rest yourself by frequently changing your chair and your position.



The Picture Book.

'Twas the first of March and a stormy day,
For a blizzard was raging outside,
So Annie and Jack stayed away from school:
They could not get there if they tried.

The hours drag slowly and wearily on,
When you've nothing to do but play,
And the children found that their favorite games
Couldn't keep them happy all day.

"Let us look at pictures!" said Jack at last,
And Annie agreed to the plan—
They're only pretending, of course, you see,
That they won't show one to Fan.

For baby Fan is the pet of the house:
Do you see how they look and smile?
They know she will climb on the table soon
If she thinks it is worth her while.

But pictures are rather beyond her yet,
Though she loves the "Advocate's" sheep,
And at pigs and cows and horses and calves
She is ready enough to peep.

She cares not for plans of houses and barns
Or portraits of famous men:
But kisses the babies and claps her hands
When they show her a pure-bred hen.

What we're looking for we can always find,
In picture-books as in life,
And our pictures are varied to suit the taste
Of children and husband and wife.

Cousin DOROTHY.

One Little Injun.

I cannot tell how many years the story of "One Little Injun," as written for Harper's Young People and republished, by permission, in booklet form, has lain amongst my gatherings. But here it is with its exquisite humor and tender pathos:

"I am a jolly little Indian pappoose. I keep pretty close to my mother. She does not often like to face a responsibility of my size, but she will shoulder it any time, and so we are bound together by the strongest ties.

"When I am at home I live in a wigwam, which mother and I built. We made it of poles covered with bark and skins. We built it together. Mother did the work, and I backed her up heavily, and between us both we pulled through without interrupting father, who was busy sitting on the warm side watching mother and me work. My father is a proud and lofty being; the Sun is his father, he basks in his rays: the Earth is his mother, he reposes upon her bosom. My father honors his parents, he is bound to bask in all the Sun there is and repose on all the bosom he can lie down upon, no matter how much time it takes to do it. He clings to his mother Earth and she hangs upon him, many waters cannot part them, in life they hold close and in death nobody knows them apart. My father gives all his mind to basking and reposing and he worries in his smoking, drinking and eating at odd times. But when there is a war, or a hunt, or a dance of the graves, he arises, paints himself all glorious, beats mother to make her good, and goes off with a gun.

"Mother and I do all the rest of the work; we plant and hoe and harvest the crops; we grind the corn between stones or pound it in a mortar; then we make it into cakes, and roast them in the fire for father to eat. Mother does it, but I keep right round after her, seeing to it all.

"Sometimes we have nothing to eat—roots, berries, acorns, everything gives

out. My father can shoot no squirrels, my mother can get no corn. Then we start for the Agency to get rations. It is a long tramp, but I don't mind it, for mother does the walking. We form a procession of two—a double-header. Mother heads the front and I head the rear. As the column moves forward I go ahead backward like a born leader of the hindmost, and I pass everything on the road that is not going my way.

"The first thing I notice is our wigwam and cornstalks and bean poles. They are large at first, then they get smaller and fainter, till they are no bigger than a mosquito, and then fade quite away. So all our village goes from sight, and the sky gets big and empty, and the earth has no end. At length we come to things—horses, mules, ditches, rivers, trees, houses. One by one they bounce out upon me from around mother's shoulder. They all begin big and strong, and they go away little and faint. Everything I see is going away from me. I don't know what is coming, and I can't dodge it till it is past. That is what comes of going ahead backward.

"My people are pretty much like me. The old Mother Government straps them upon a board and shoulders them around from one place to another. If she hears them moan with hunger, she feeds them; if she sees them shiver with cold, she blankets them; when they shriek and kick with rage, she beats them. She lets them live on this side of somewhere till somebody else wants it, and then she bundles them off to the other side of nowhere, which nobody wants.

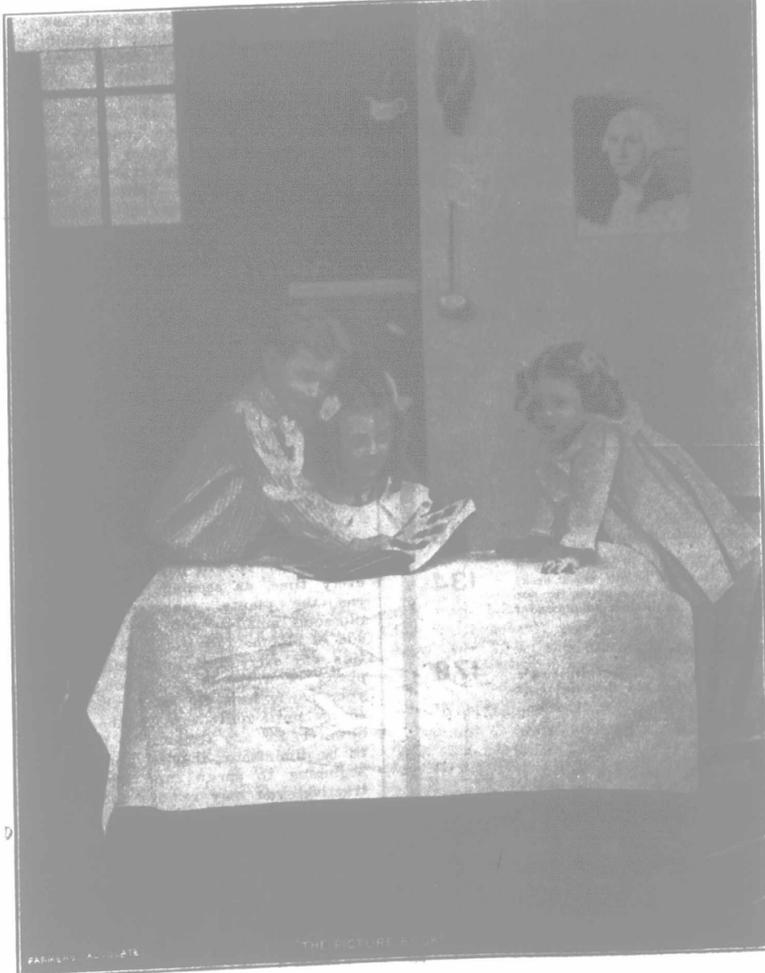
"My people, like me, are going ahead backward. Once they had all America to hunt and fight in; now they have only a small portion of the land where they can stay. The father of all my fathers could shoot an arrow, right through a bison, but his son could only kill a bear, and the bear-killer's son could only kill a deer, and the deer-killer's son shot foxes, and the fox-killer's son shot squirrels, and the squirrel-killer's son—that is myself—can only catch flies. Ah! my people started in 'big Injun,' but they are coming out little pappoose.

"White men who stay home and make books say my people are dying out; but white men who look around and count say my people are living on, as many as ever. Oh, I am the interrogation point, that points the Indian Question? What am I—a person? or folks? How did I come so? Where? When? Why? How am I coming out—voter or scalper? Which or the other? Likely as not, or more so. There are thousands upon thousands like me, bright-eyed, brown-skinned, lusty young braves, at this very minute cutting our eye-teeth on our knuckle-bones and toughening our lungs on young warhoops, but we are always on the hind side and either we are not going the way we are headed or we are headed the way we are not going. Who knows? Either way we shall come at the polls, we fellows—as citizens perhaps, ballot in hand, as outlaws maybe with tomahawk aloft and hang 'em at our belt—the polls. Hoopla! Toss up.

"They say there are white babies who are carried upon their mother's hearts and next to their cheeks; these babies always look forward, and everything starts small and grows large and comes toward them, and they can catch it if they wait it. These babies have their eyes and ears trained to find out what is coming, their foreheads bulge out to meet future events, and their noses are sharpened upon them as they whiz by. So these babies grow to be strong men. They talk with the lightning; fire and water are their horses, and the smoke is their banner. The forests and the mountains bow down to them.

"Oh, old Mother Government, take up my poor people and bear them upon thy heart! feed them with the milk of human kindness; give them justice, and teach them, by example, the law of love. Then shall my people lift up their heavy hands; they shall look forward, and not backward, up and not down, and lend a hand."

From time to time we have had an occasional talk over some nationalities, and their several types, but I ask you could any be found of deeper interest to our readers, whether of Eastern or Western Canada, than that of our red-skinned brothers and sisters, who once, claiming them as their own, roamed at will over the forests and prairies of what we are proud to call the Dominion of Canada?
H. A. B.



The Picture Book.