



Art and Artists.

The Editor is pleased to announce that she has secured the services of Mrs. M. E. Dignam, the well-known President of the Women's Art League, for this Department. Her clever work is widely known in Chicago, New York and Toronto.

Holiday Sketching.

The majority of our artists spend the summer months in the country, at the sea-shore, among the mountains or in quiet, rural districts, as either circumstances or individual preference may decree. With the studio door closed on dusty canvases and worn out models and a prospect of weeks spent in direct communication with Nature, the artist may well feel jubilant. This period is his life, his food, his harvest. What a range of subjects meets him at every turn, from the "poetry of earth and sea and sky," to the homely and everyday things of common life. For Nature and life out-of-doors presents a panorama inexhaustible and varied enough for every personality.

An artist cannot treat a subject without having first submitted to the influence of it. The sentiment that one wishes to render must first be experienced. A city-bred artist or student, always painting from models, could scarcely depict such a scene without his brush and his imagination, as that supremely beautiful description of the morning meetings of Angel and Tess—in Tess of the D'Urbervilles—during the heights of the milking season. Those daily meetings in that solemn interval the twilight of the morning—in the violet of pink dawn—which has its parallel in "The Bashful Suitor" of that great artist of the Dutch school, Israel; or, again, in the description of "The Storm" and "The Rain" in "Far from the Madding Crowd."

It is not within the four walls of the studio that the massive serenity, the large air, the austere dignity of Nature herself may be acquired.

Robustness of thought does not disdain the strong smell of the earth, the fierce activities of the energies of Nature, the rain and rudeness of black weather—"the moil of muddy ways."

Turner lashed to the deck witnessed a storm at sea. Corot loved the pure atmosphere and poetic mysteries of early morning enveloping the unrevealed realities of coming day.

Millet seeing things not at his feet only, but with his clear gaze taking in all in just proportions, painted with a purpose, "The End of the Day," with its battlers for bread loaded with toil and sordid with care.

Cazin—"when the constraint of day and suspense of night neutralized each other"—loved to paint the stars and moon shining serenely on some lone cottage of the Moor, with but a single light burning to guide the way-farer or benighted one, or, perchance, a loved wanderer still looked for; or, again, a quiet village street sleeping calmly under the stars.

IN out-of-door sketching, however, Nature has pains and penalties, as well as soft breezes, mysteries and rosy hues for her devotees. The buzzing insect can be particularly disagreeable at times. A memory of a morning of futile effort spent in fighting a bee, which pertinaciously insisted on disputing possession of the place I had chosen to make a sketch from, and of having finally to succumb to the enemy, however humiliating the confession may be, is still fresh in my mind. The gentle breeze sometimes increases one's temperature as it increases its momentum. When, after frantically having endeavored to hold palette, easel and canvas for an hour, you see them lifted and carried far beyond your reach, it is not with perfect calmness that you follow your belongings to find your canvas butter side down, and pick it up fuller of Nature's realities than you intended. And after picking off bits of sticks, straws, dust and other etceteras, resume your painting only to repeat the same thing a number of times during the course of the morning.

The lovely calm of evening, perhaps, inspires your next effort, and "all the air a solemn stillness holds," until suddenly you are recalled from your poetic dreams by the buzzing and whirring sound of a mosquito *en train* in such close proximity that you imagine yourself surrounded by an army, so loud are the voices in their nearness, contrasted with the stillness of the vast spaces beyond, from whose depths comes only an occasional tinkle of a bell, or a sleepy croak of a bull-frog.

If you are a cattle painter and seek the sweet clover-scented pastures where the lonely herd feeds, settle yourself in some shady nook and begin to work, feeling the rhythm of the movements of the grazing beasts as they go slowly on one foot at a time, the monotony only being broken when some big fly more vicious than another causes a stamping and vigorous tail-switching. When all lapses into the normal again you are absorbed, suddenly an animal in a distant corner makes up its mind to take possession of your sylvan shade, and you are ignominiously routed, and seeking safety on the other side of the fence, from which position you are obliged to peer through the spaces at your subjects or masters; but sweet, peaceful harmony with your surroundings is hardly regained that morning.

The next day you make up your mind to take a younger generation for your models, and invade the calf pasture, but upon your approach the occupants rise and flee; by gentle persuasion and some guile you succeed in calming their fears, and seeking some fence corner they lie down to doze. Now is your chance to get them in repose, when suddenly, from some inexplicable cause or some sound too subtle for your ear, one calf pricks up its ears and another puts its ears back on its neck in the most irresponsible manner, and immediately the whole group holds a conversation of ears as unintelligible to you as it is surprising, in which, however, they all seem to agree, as the one which began the conversation leisurely pulls itself up on its hind legs, first, and with a good stretch and yawn walks off, the others following suit. They