

A GIRL PAINTER.

GENTLE and constant reader, you may remember the above title in the "G.O.P." with "and her paintings" tacked on to it; a title belonging to a paper on Miss Fortescue Brickdale and illustrated by a description of several of her paintings, which we were fortunately able to reproduce. A collection of her works, including those you have seen reproduced, have again attracted the world, this time at Leighton House, the home of the late President of the Royal Academy. The Editor now thinks you would like to see the artist herself, as photographed at her work.

Her portrait shows a dark, strong, capable face, almost stern in its determination and power. But we who know her pictures know that she has also tenderness and sentiment in its true verbal sense, that of feeling, feeling not only for but with others, be they high or low, rich or poor, weeping or rejoicing, suffering, sinning, striving; not a

class, not an age, not a state, social or spiritual, but appeals to her imagination. Where this girl has found her knowledge, her insight, her sympathy, I cannot tell, but they are written upon her canvases in hues of dazzling beauty, limned in the lines of human life. Almost every situation of life is depicted in her works; and though she sometimes sheds a lurid light on sin, she never for a moment lowers her God-given gift, never panders to the modern spirit of sensation. For all that, she burns her subject into the heart of the gazer, so that each asks himself or herself, "Is it I? Am I the sinner?"

There is cheer in the pictures, and there must be cheer in the heart that conceived them; nay, there is fun and merriment if we look for it.

I once asked her how she managed to place side by side, so daringly and successfully, the most brilliant colours, which in the work of ordinary painters would "kill" each other. She replied simply that she thought chiefly of the drawing, and just put on such colour as "came into her head."

There we have it, girls! She is that rare person, a genius. For genius is not, as has been said, "an infinite capacity for taking pains"; it is a gift of God.

Girls, it would not be the Welsh Spinster if she did not bother you with a moral. As to genius, then, remember that it belongs to our "unconscious mind." So do not set about to "make yourself into a genius"; look for your talent (we all have at least one) and use it, and what you find denied you, enjoy in others.

Moral 2. The chief personal charm to me in Miss Brickdale is her complete absence of affectation. She is as simple about her great gift as if it were bread-making. Just a good, bright gift from the loving Father, to be used for Him and for His other children: such, I think, she would regard it. "And that is good for us all."



MISS FORTESCUE BRICKDALE.

[Photo by Miss Yates.]

A WELSH SPINSTER.

GIRLS' AMBITIONS.

PART IV.

ALTRUISTIC (Continued).

IN our last paper on "Doing good"—to borrow a familiar though somewhat self-righteous expression—we glanced at several aspects of missionary work for girls at home and abroad. An interesting series of articles, "What it means to be a Sister" which have recently appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, have also dealt with various kinds of work among the poor. We will now try to weave together the scattered ends of information that still remain. No girl who has the altruistic ambition—and may her tribe increase—need be without some definite aim in this great field of labour, and it is our desire to furnish her with hints for guidance.

We must take up the points that have not yet been mentioned, and this in no set or formal manner, but rather as if we were talking with our girl-reader. The first type of work we shall suggest is

THE VISITING OF HOSPITALS.

The mention of the name may conjure up visions of terrible and heartrending scenes. These have little foundation in reality. A hospital ward is usually a cheerful, calm, and by no means a sad place. It does not require much effort of imagination, however, to realise that the separation from home, the tedium and weakness of illness, the monotony of confinement to bed, may be lightened by visits from anyone from the outer world. Naturally such visits are not allowed in the wards allotted to infectious diseases.

You feel, dear reader, that you would like to visit the suffering, and help to cheer them, and the aim is sanctioned by the "home people." Your first step is to write to the Matron or Secretary of the hospital you select. In connection with some hospitals—e.g., Guy's—there is an association of lady visitors, and your application must be approved by the committee; but full information will, of course, be sent to you. You will then have a ward allotted to you, and an afternoon assigned, on which you will be welcome.