

By Major Kerr Lawson.

The Cloth Hall, Ypres.

(See last week's issue for description.)

Scene, are treated in rather a sketchy manner but abound in atmosphere and movement. The one depicts a regatta and the other a striking effect of light on steam and smoke as seen from the freight yards of a busy terminal.

The Arrival of the Circus, by Peter Shepherd, is a large canvas dealing with a most interesting subject, the detaining of a circus in a large city, but the artist has somewhat lost its value in the overpowering treatment of his background. *A Shipbuilding Yard*, by Robert Gagen, R. C. A., is a fine piece of draughtsmanship full of careful detail and brilliancy of color. The hull of the ship and its surrounding scaffold are in bright sunlight with a breezy blue sky over head contrasting admirably with the bright red of the newly painted hull.

Amongst other works could be mentioned *Autumn Evening*, by Bertha Des Claves; two small landscapes by W. E. Atkinson; a very pretty winter scene of a stream running by snow-covered banks by Harry Britton, A. R. C. A.; and a delightful woodland glade by Mrs. H. Britton. Two large canvases by Horne Russel, R. C. A., *Carling Seaweed* and *On the Beach, St. Andrews*, cannot fail to attract attention. This is also the case with the picture entitled *November 11th, 1918*, by J. E. Sampson, a subject which rightly appeals to everyone, a joyous crowd celebrating the signing of the armistice in what is obviously a main thoroughfare in Toronto.

The portraits as a class were distinctly in the minority but included a notable example of the work of Mr. Harry Britton whose portrait of Mrs. F. H. Lovington is a sample. *A Canadian Nurse*, by John Russel, is a painting of the seated figure of a nurse in the uniform of the C. A. M. C., the dark blue of which is enriched by the gold and scarlet of the decorations and medals.

Miss Russel, by the way, served in the South African War, and in the Philippines during the Spanish-American War, as well as in The Great War. She is a sister of the artist who painted the portrait.

Amongst the smaller works was a most charming sketch of a child's head in pastels by Gertrude des Claves, A. R. C. A. It is full of life, the laughter and innocence of childhood and delightfully spontaneous in treatment.

Little can be said of the few water colors exhibited. Besides being few in number they were lacking in the technique and quality this medium seems to demand.

Higson—"What is ennui?" Hawkins—"It's when a man gets so lazy that loafing about seems to be hard work."

Hope's Quiet Hour.

A Great Thing.

"His servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, my father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, wash, and be clean.—2 Kings 5:13."

"We rise by the things that are under feet; By what we have mastered if good or gain; By the pride deposed, and the passion slain, And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a "great man with his master," we are told; and his character—as revealed in the brief glimpse given in the Bible—was great indeed. He had those virtues which win admiration in every age and country—courage, generosity and kindness. His courage is evident,

for "by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valour." His generosity was shown by his eagerly urging Elisha to accept a rich present, and by his giving to Gehazi twice as much as he asked. If he had not been kind, the little captive maid would not have been so eager to have his leprosy cured, neither would his servants have ventured to offer him unasked advice.

But these virtues may often be found, even in heathen lands, and Naaman was great in another way, displaying a very rare virtue indeed. He promptly and frankly owned himself to be in the wrong. This he did in a very practical fashion by accepting the advice offered by his servants and acting in it fully freely. It requires courage and greatness of spirit for a man in a high position to accept the unasked advice of a member of his own household, especially if the advice comes from one in a very inferior position.

We are so apt to look at our actions from the world's point of view. Instead of saying frankly: "You are quite right, and I was foolish and wrong!" We say to ourselves: "It is humiliating

to own that I made a mistake, so I will stick to my point at any cost."

Naaman was great enough to leave his dignity to care for itself. He cared more to be cured of his leprosy than to win the admiration of the world. The matter was put clearly before him that if the prophet had prescribed something expensive or difficult, he would have faithfully obeyed the specialist he had taken so much trouble to consult, and it was folly to refuse obedience because he was only told to wash in Jordan seven times. It was easy to see that they were right; but it was indeed a great and hard thing to acknowledge it and go back humbly to wash in the river he had spoken of in scornful derision.

It took very little greatness to go away in a rage from the house of Elisha, but it required real greatness of spirit to act as Naaman did. If you are big enough to confess a wrongdoing you may feel yourself "small," but God knows better. The thing that is really small is to know you have done wrong yet persistently declare that you are in the right. "Blessed are the meek," said the Great Teacher, "for they shall inherit the earth."

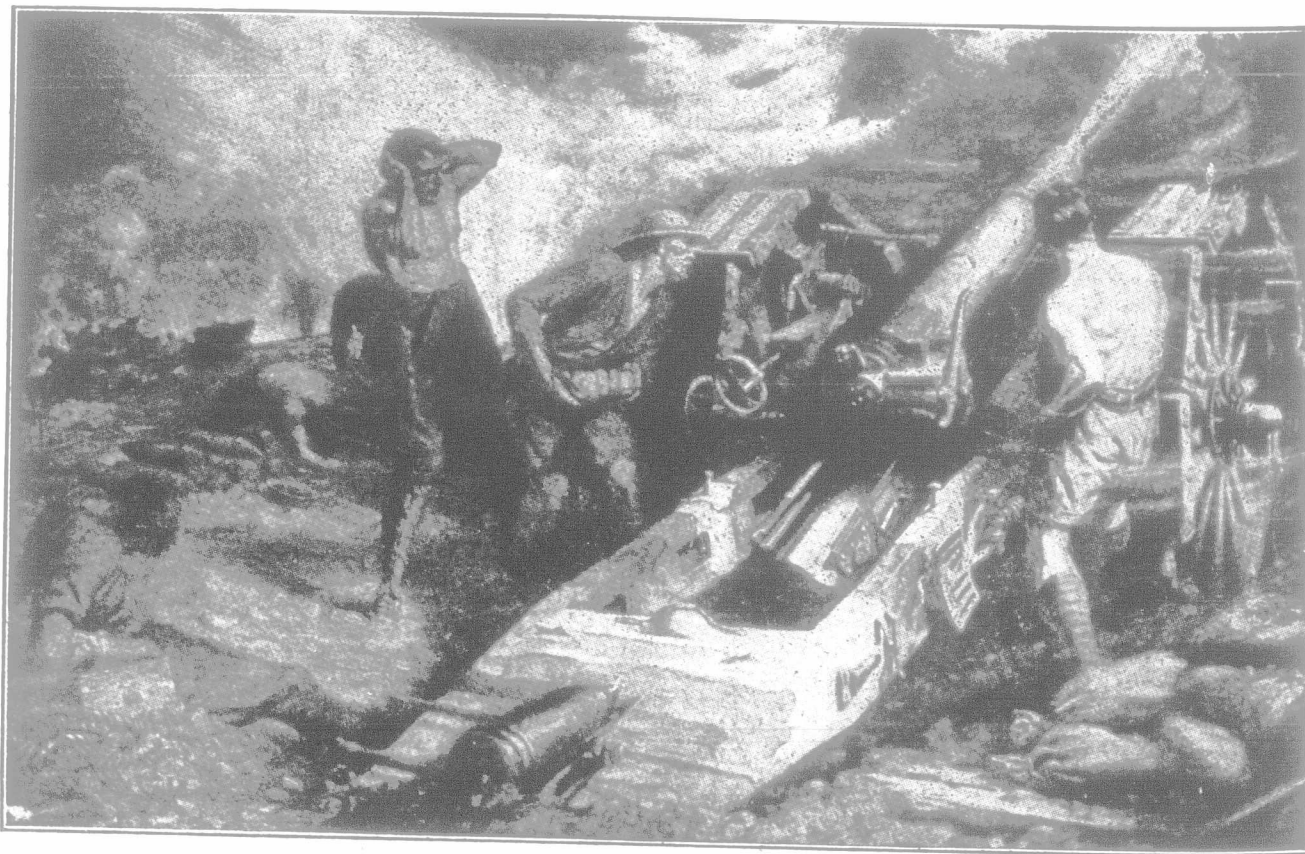
Naaman lived about three thousand years ago, and knew nothing about the blessedness of meekness; yet we who call ourselves Christians might learn a very useful lesson from him. We have hardly learned to admire meekness yet, much less to practice it, considering that it is almost the same thing as weakness. We talk scornfully about a man who is "poor-spirited," ignoring the fact that the very first words of our Master's great sermon are: "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

The meek "shall inherit the earth" and the poor in spirit already possess "the kingdom of heaven." Those surprising words can only be understood from the heights of the valley of humiliation. I say the "heights" of that sad valley, for the "valley of vision" which Isaiah described (22) was a time of bitterest humiliation. The joyous town learned great things in its day of discomfiture and perplexity; and even our sins can bring us nearer to God, if we acknowledge them humbly.

"Thine the fault, not mine," I cried
Brooding bitterly,
And Fate looked grim and once again
Closed in and grappled me.

"Mine, not thine, the fault," I said,
Discerning unity,
And Fate arose and clasped my hand
And made a man of me."

I have been greatly interested in reading a sketch of "The Kaiser," which was written by A. G. Gardiner about six years before the war started. Here is one statement about the "Kaiser" which shows why he lost his earthly inheritance—he certainly had little of that great quality of meekness: "He will brook no interference, tolerate no counsel.



By Capt. Kenneth Forbes.

Canadian Howitzer Battery in Action.

(See last week's issue for description.)