

Give Thanks, O Heart.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Give thanks, O heart, for the high souls
That point us to the deathless goals—
For all the courage of their cry
That echoes down from sky to sky;
Thanksgiving for the armed seers
And heroes called to mortal years—
Souls that have built our faith in man,
And lit the ages as they ran.

Lincoln, Mazzini, Lamennais,
Living the thing that others pray—
Cromwell, St. Francis and the rest,
Bearing the God-fire in the breast—
These are the sons of sacred flame,
Their brows marked with the secret name;
The company of souls supreme,
The conscripts of the mighty dream.

Made of unpurchasable stuff
They went the way when ways were rough
They, when the traitors had deceived,
Held the long purpose and believed;
They, when the face of God grew dim,
Held thro' the dark and trusted him—
Brave souls that fought the mortal way,
And felt that faith could not betray.

Give thanks for heroes that have stirred
Earth with the wonder of a word.
But all the thanksgiving for the breed
Who have bent destiny with deed—
Souls of the high, heroic birth,
Souls sent to poise the shaken earth,
And then called back to God again
To make heaven possible for men.

Paintings at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

BY MARY HEALEY.

[The following article was written by Miss Mary Healey, an English artist who has recently come to Canada. Those who attended the Western Fair at London, Ont., may remember her beautiful water-color paintings in the "Professional" exhibit, all bits of landscape about London.

We predict for Miss Healey rapid fame and steadily increasing sales. Her work is true in drawing, faithful in coloring, and possesses that indescribable virtue known to the artistic world as "atmosphere". Perhaps it may be opportune to say, just here, that Miss Healey is a graduate from the Slade School, London, Eng., where she received a prize for her work in water-color. Also she has travelled on the Continent, and studied the work of the galleries there as well as in England. Her comments on the paintings shown at the big Exhibition at Toronto will be interesting to those among our readers who are interested in the development in Canada of Art as well as of all other things that will help to place this Dominion of ours forward among the nations known for culture as well as for material prosperity.

Judging by the letters we receive, there are many among our readers to whom painting, sculpture, music, literature, and the drama, mean something to be appreciated and encouraged,—without setting aside in the least the love of Nature or science (perhaps, on the contrary, adding to it), or standing in the way of agricultural prosperity. Indeed does not "prosperity," in the broadest sense of the term, embrace the growth of soul and mind as well as possession of lands and herds? Is not that country poor, indeed, that can show material prosperity only?—As the poet Pope long ago remarked, "Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

In this "vast society of interests" to which every far-seeing farmer and "farmeress" must belong, the artists have an honored place, hence it is with much pleasure that we introduce Miss Healey to our readers. She is not aware of this preamble. Perhaps,

with her shyness, she may not exactly like it, but we feel that her light should not be hidden "beneath a bushel," also that we owe it to our readers to tell them something of one who comes to them so generously, and is so likely to become a well-known factor in our national life:

Our Readers—Miss Healey.

Ed.]

The War Memorial Pictures.

[NOTE—These pictures will be on exhibition for some time in Toronto before being removed permanently to Ottawa.]

MUCH has already been said concerning the wonderful collection of pictures, which are to live and be handed down to posterity as a just reminder of the gallant deeds and colossal acts of daring and courage, performed by Canada through her sons, for the sake of a future world peace. That such a memorial should be formed in this way, shows that, besides having had that staunch faith in her fighting men, Canada has herein shown her progressive spirit in desiring to immortalize these deeds for future generations.

On looking at these pictures it is difficult to consider them merely as works of Art. Each scene or face conjures up some unforgettable deed of heroism, and our mind goes back to those days when all was dim and uncertain and the Empire's fate still hung in the balance. And yet how thankful are we now that those few men selected for carrying out this splendid work of picturing Canada's part in the War, could still, amidst all their surrounding anxieties, their dangers, and their fears, maintain their power to depict for us what must appeal to every individual heart, both amongst those who have suffered, and those who bore their anxieties so bravely at home.

In this collection there are pictures of every kind, of graphic realism, and of the imagination, arousing our very deepest feelings and national pride and patriotism, our horror at the barbarism of this world-struggle, and on the other hand, even relief, that amidst all this horror, there is yet a brighter side where love, self-sacrifice, and even joy, still find a place. It is a pictorial record of great events

and personalities well worth everybody's thoughtful inspection. . . Now to the pictures:

Landing of 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade at St. Nazaire, 1915. This is a large canvas by Edgar Bundy, A. R. A., every inch of which is glowing with life and full of interest. Although the principal figure in this picture, from a military standpoint, is undoubtedly Lieut.-General Sir R. E. W. Turner, V. C., K. C. B., D. S. O., who is seen shaking hands with a French officer, one's attention is attracted rather to the solitary figure of an officer wearing a "Glengarry", who stands watching the passing of a band of pipers, while in the distance the streams of khaki clad figures cross the gangways from the great liners which have safely conveyed them across the Channel.

On the other side of this picture are two large marine paintings, one by Lieut. Commander Norman Wilkinson, R.N. V. R., *Canada's Answer*, a splendid piece of painting depicting the convoy of troops under armed escort across the Atlantic. The sun is shining on a large fleet of troopships in double column crowded with men in khaki wearing the Maple Leaf, while nearer at hand, plunging its way through foam-flecked waves, is a grim battle-cruiser, stern reminder of Britain's magnificent seapower. . . The other is a night scene by Julius Olsson, *The Night Patrol*, showing Canadian M. L. boats in a rough Channel sea off Dover, and evidently making heavy weather of it. A stormy moonlit sky pierced by flash of searchlights, lights up the scene, throwing one of the boats into high relief. There is splendid force and movement in this picture.

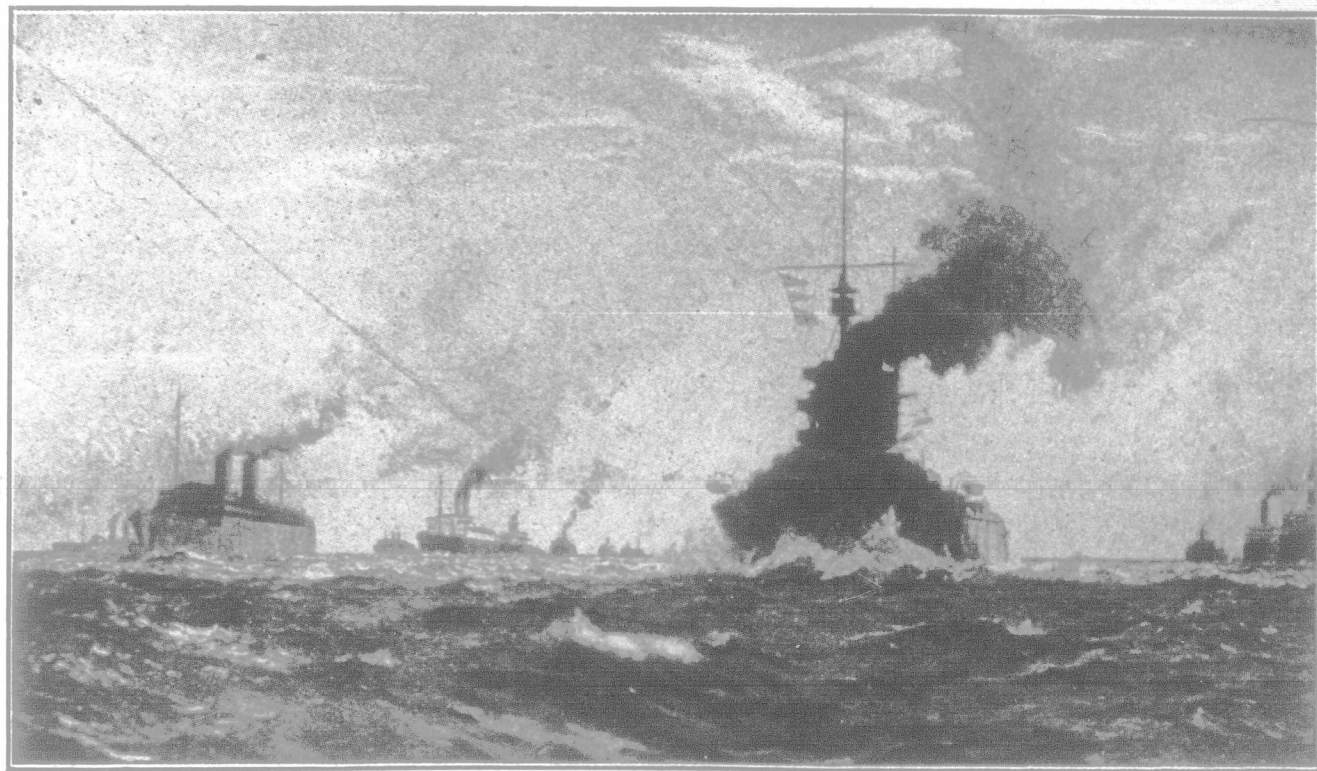
Two other very large canvases, by Major Richard Jack, A. R. A. are grim reminders of two famous battles where the Canadians played the prominent part and crowned their stupendous effort with victory. *The Taking of Vimy Ridge* was a world-famous triumph, and in this picture one is able to grasp in some way, by the anxious faces, the grim determination, the feverish handling of the guns and the lurid atmosphere, what a terrible crises it was. It is a work of dramatic power which cannot fail to strike us with awe at the thought of the

terrible odds against which our men fought. . . The other picture, equally large, is again another battle scene. *The 2nd Battle of Ypres, April 22nd to May 3rd, 1915.* Here an officer, himself wounded in the head, is urging his men to doggedly maintain the trench they are holding, even though the enemy is breaking through in the open beyond. The firing is fast and furious and to the ever lasting glory of the Canadians the positions were held and the situation saved. There is much fine detail in this picture. The ground behind the parapet of sandbags is littered with the paraphernalia of war; here and there is some poor soul gone to his final rest, and others are being led away, thankful that for them at least there will at last be a time of peace.

The Battle of Courcellette, by Capt. Louis Weirter, R. B. A., is a huge canvas which probably depicts very graphically the subject it is intended to illustrate, but as a picture it lacks the essentials of composition and centre of interest. The subject is the struggle by the Canadians for the Sugar Refinery, in 1916, which was the key to Courcellette.

Two other pictures of the Canadians in action are *Over the Top* by Lieut. A. Bastien, in which beneath a lurid sky the Canadians are seen, as the title describes, leaving their trenches for the attack on the enemy line, and the moment has at last come when death is met face to face. The other is a *Canadian Howitzer Battery in Action*, by Capt. Kenneth K. Forbes, a group of men, strenuously feeding the gun amidst the deafening roar of artillery. In the foreground lies a man dead while another is depicted with hands to his ears endeavoring to break the force of concussion as the gun is fired.

Besides scenes of the actual fighting, there are many pictures of the immense preparatory work for the insatiable monster of war, both at home and in the rear of the battle fields. There are: *Canadian Foresters at Work in Windsor Park*, a large, freshly painted canvas by Prof. Gerald Moira depicting woodmen sawing up trees, while behind them rise the beautiful towers and battlements of Windsor Castle. Then there is *A Pilling Factory*, by Lieut. I. C. Ginner,



Canada's Answer.

By Lt.-Commander Norman Wilkinson, R. N. V. R.