

and tree-stumps, a few figures, and some early search-lights across a not yet darkened sky. The design is simple and the tints are cooler than usual. There is no excitement in it; it owes its success to other factors. Its glacial light and desolate prospect are somehow reconciled with a phosphorescent beauty and almost a fascination that yet in no way detracts from the grimness of the conception. This makes it an unusual picture in which the art is happy and the treatment uncompromising. It seems to depict a world undergoing some subtle chemical change.

One comes away from this exhibition with the conviction that for the artists it has been a test of temperament rather than of technique. The great successes were not scored by the great names, but—one felt it instinctively—by the men of character. It is good that it should be so and for Canadians it is gratifying that the work of native artists should have contributed so much to the worth of the enterprise. When the home contributions are added from Canadian camps and harbours their work will also bulk more largely than it already does.

WHEN HURT COMES

By AMY COMPELL

WHEN hurt comes from
 One whom I love,
 While I pray wistfully
 This to remove—

Comes there the consciousness,
 With victory won,
 Some of Love's sweetness
 Somehow has gone.

Gone the dear glamour
 Once lingering there,
 When in the heart
 Love turns to prayer.