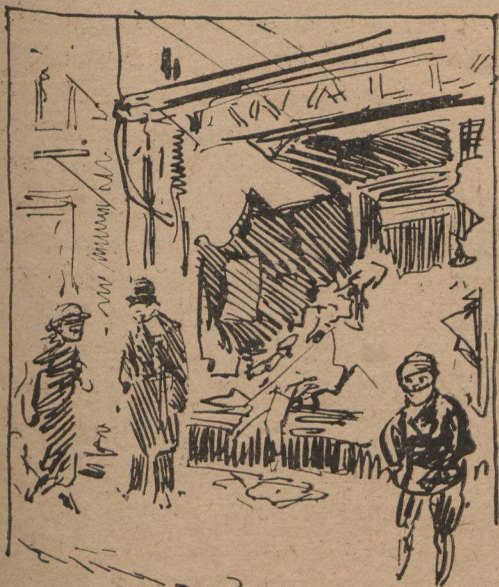


# As Seen by the Artist

THE TRAIN WHICH ARTHUR LISMER, PRINCIPAL OF THE HALIFAX ART SCHOOL, ALWAYS TOOK FROM BEDFORD TO THE CITY WAS WRECKED BY THE EXPLOSION. THE ARTIST—FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SIX WEEKS—WAS NOT ON BOARD. HIS DOORS AT BEDFORD, EIGHT MILES FROM THE MONT BLANC, WERE TORN FROM THEIR HINGES. IN RESPONSE TO A LONG-DELAYED WIRE FROM THE CANADIAN COURIER, THESE QUICK-FIRE SKETCHES WERE MADE ON THE SPOT. THEY WERE FINISHED ON A DESK OF COFFINS. THEY TELL THE STORY BETTER THAN PHOTOGRAPHS. THE CAMERA IS A MACHINE. IT FEELS NOTHING. THE ARTIST PUTS INTO HIS IMPRESSIONS—HIMSELF, AS HE WAS POWERFULLY AFFECTED BY THE HEART-RENDING SCENES HE DEPICTS

*combined to make Halifax our first historic city of Canada, outside of Quebec.*

*Scientists may tell us that the blow to Halifax extended but a few miles in its impact. We know better. The vibrations of*



EVERY Plate Glass Window was rapped by a finger of 3,000 lbs. pressure to the square inch.

*that awful explosion found their way into the remotest hamlet in any cranny of Canada, and beyond. For all that Halifax has been to the story of Canada, let us all be thankful. For the great heart of Halifax, rent with human agony that had scarcely time to scream, let the sympathy of the whole of Canada go out. For all she is yet to be, in spite of all that she has suffered, let us all in our common sorrow think of Halifax in her ruin as the emblem of the unconquerable spirit that dwells in any city, great not so much in population, commerce or wealth, as in the life that made the world remember Athens when it would have forgotten Babylon.*



EVENING in a Place of Refuge, says the Artist. He does not say whether it was a church or college. People who had never seen one another before were suddenly homed here. Children asked their mothers—what? The mothers knew not. The aged woman, somebody's grandmother, could not recall in all her readings of the Bible anything that seemed so like the Day of Judgment on earth as this. And because the Artist felt what he saw he flung down his impressions in quick, nervous lines and splashes more eloquent than the accurate lines of any camera, at a time when the eyes and ears and the very brains of people were in a State of Chaos in a City of Wrecks.

HEAVEN, they say, is kind at last. And heaven sent to Halifax a cruel, blinding blizzard, so that people who trembled in its grip because they were alive might not see clearly these ghostly caravans of the dead to the suddenly improvised places of assembly called morgues.

