

## THE PROGRESS

### THE ARTIST

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Walking out with an artist,  
While fitful breezes sigh ;  
Listening to words of worship,  
While vapors cloud the sky,

Forth goes a beauteous maiden,  
From misty Newfoundland—  
An artist, from brave old London,  
Gallantly asking her hand.

Down by the Province Building,  
Up by the Poplar grove—  
Under a large umbrella—  
Whispering tales of love ;

Watching each tranquil feature,  
Catching each murmur'd tone—  
Feeling of heartfelt friendship  
Blending two souls into one ;

Peering into the future—  
Picturing out "Sweet Home ;"  
Or, the spot where the wild Niag'ra  
Leaps to its chasm of foam,

In colours which only an artist  
Can successfully use ;  
And pressing a suit on the ear  
A maiden could not refuse