

which I have ever looked ! A brief description may present to those who have not seen it, at least a faint idea of the work ; the following note made at the time, will suffice :—" Upon the centre and to the left of the canvas stand a group of workmen, close to the furnaces in a large smelting shop—the upraised sinewy arm of the honest smithy guiding the molten metal from the fiery furnace—the anxious faces of the helpmates crowding about, and waiting as it were with breathless anx-

xiety, the triumphs of the many days of preparation. It is masterly !" In the painter of that picture I see the future leader of the school of latter day art. But whatever change art may take in its course of national growth, whatever developments it may undergo, one thing is certain,—that future art must be true to the highest ideals of honest worth, of simple nature, and untainted beauty, if it is to receive the guerdon of a more than evanescent success.

A TEMPORARY MATTER.

Good-bye,—the word shall be, since you have spoken ;
Nor will I crown your verdict with a sigh,
Nor ask for a reprieve ; but, for a token,
I'll take this last good-bye.

I'll take and treasure it, when it is given,
The truest thing that ever you and I
Exchanged or gave. Not all the vows 'neath Heaven
Shall match this last good-bye.

Your kiss, your clasp, your vows, the hours that fleetly
Fled by, shall be forgot—are now ; but I
Must have this little word. You shall not cheat me
Out of this last good-bye.

Come, come—this last good-bye, since you did cry !
The stars lean half-impatient from the sky ;
And breathless all the air has grown, and quiet,
To hear this last good-bye !

Tears ? And a little hand stretched to detain me ?
Hold up your head and let me kiss your eyes ;
And set a seal upon your lips, not vainly
Annulling such good-byes.

—CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.