

## The Art of Living.

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AN artist sat by his easel  
His canvas before him spread,  
And he asked himself  
Was it fear or pelf,—  
Fear that he would not make his bread,  
Pelf that would see him splendidly fed,—  
That lured him on to his task.

What was his motive he asked,  
And the answer he hardly knew.  
The answer was near,  
Neither pelf nor fear,  
But a love that bounded towards his art,  
And a love that well'd from out his heart,  
Enthralled with what it could do.

So he rose a man inspired,  
And drew from his soul a flame.  
A touch from his brush  
Made the canvas blush,  
And the red and the gold of a noble aim  
To his masterpiece made a fitting frame,  
And the task was a wonderful love.