

Ode to our State.

Oh could I paint the landscape o'er
With brush inspired by beauties Queen,
Or try to add by magic touch
New grandeurs yet to us unseen.

My brush would fail thus to portray
Things I would try to do,
While magic art would loose its power
To waken things anew.

For never was a touch so great,
Or painting, home, abroad,
As that of natures great out-doors,
Inspired by natures God.

And you may wander where you will,
Where shines the silvery moon,
And you'll find nothing to surpass
Our Michigan in June.

Nellie I. Thomas.