

TO MICHIGAN.

Oh could I paint the landscape o'er
With brush inspired by beauty's 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 it's power
To waken things anew.

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

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

Nellie I. Thomas.