

Born, Not Made.

The power to write a pretty poem
Is a gift that can't be bought,
For none but Nature can bestow
The pen and ink and thought.

And even if surrounded with
Material most profuse,
Unless he has the gift divine,
The plant and stock's no use.

The poet's pen drops every word
Into its proper crease ;
He'll only write the thoughts that come,
And when they stop he'll cease.

His heart must beat in sympathy
With Nature's every touch ;
He knows what all her lessons are,
Nor makes her say too much.

No striving for effect is his,
No painting green the skies ;
His colors are all natural,
His mountains the right size.

His similes are always true,
His lines correct in feet ;
Where'er his work appears to view
Our hearts rejoice to greet.

WM. STRONG.