

"I SEZ, SEZ I"

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Not fancy, merely, or the rush
Of feeling, guides the pen and brush,
As tint by tint, and line by line,
The verses grow, the colors shine!
We find with these the crowning art,
Whose magic can alone impart
To genius all its highest gains—
The faculty of taking pains.

Lo, for the joy of years to be,
Destined for immortality,
We hail the statue's marble grace,
The loveliness of form and face.
Nor dream what hours the sculptor wrought,
With tireless hand and anxious thought,
Till from the stone, with stroke on stroke,
The unveiled beauty stirred and woke!

The rapt musician, whose sweet strain
Bids vanquished sorrow smile again,
Threw his whole soul, the while he wrote,
Into each heaven-aspiring note,
Pausing a thousand times before
His judgment passed the perfect score;
For, holding meaner work in scorn,
He toiled for ages yet unborn!