

A bare-foot boy stood 'neath the viney bower,  
Looked and looked, and loved to gaze.

First herald of the spring, so pure and bright,  
Ope'd ere the first bird thought of song;  
Longere the noisy lake-frog croaked at night,  
Star-like these beauties shone.

From branch to branch I've seen it as in play,  
Build living arches o'er the stream,  
And the sun perch nibble where garlands sway,  
Trying to kiss the waters seem.

I've seen it climb to the slender tops high,  
Of the Sweet Gum trees, stately old;  
Then hanging back, far out against the sky,  
Look like some wavy thing of gold.

Oh! Southern flower, modest, lovable and free!  
Charms of its name will ne'er depart;  
Cherished in my boy dreams and still to be  
First of flowers in my heart.

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#### Educated Leadership.

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(Synopsis of an address by Prof. Harrington, before the Austin Literary Society, at their annual celebration.)

Contrary to a somewhat popular belief, orators or men of learning in any other branch, are never born without the necessity of study or the enduring patience of toil and preparation. Self-denial, patience, industry and perseverance, all, when honestly laid, are the foundation stones of a great and useful life. It is now universally admitted that if we want speed and endurance in the horse, we must not only look to his blood, but he must be most carefully trained in every way. If we want "sense," as we term it, in the dog, whether he is to be the performing spaniel of the circus ring, or the champion pointer of the mid-season hunt, he must be most carefully trained. Yet, there are boys and young men who hope to achieve intellectual success, and even greatness, without train-