

### A LISTENING CHILD.

I LIKE those grand old anthems that they sang  
 When I, a child, with reverence heard; my head  
 Held high—for voices solemn from the dead  
 All through the grim, old oaken rafters rang—  
 And men and women with a harmless twang  
 Piped eager onward where the pitch-pipe led;  
 And the gray pastor his warm fervor fed  
 With Bible texts and many a Bible bang.  
 Oh, all the Martyrs, Saints, and Prophets then,  
 From burning stake and cave and desert wild,  
 Filled the dim space—and Luther's mighty voice:  
 "Be Thou, O God! exalted high"—Amen!—  
 From all the nations rang—and I, a child,  
 Felt all my little life uplifted to rejoice.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

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**DETERMINED TO MASTER IT.**—I know of a boy who was preparing to enter the New York University. He was studying Trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood; but the third, a very difficult one, he had not performed. I said to him:

"Shall I help you?"

"No, sir! I can and will do it, if you give me time."

I said, "I will give you all the time you wish."

The next day he came into my room to recite another lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked out that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I can and will do it, if you will give me a little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like these boys who are determined to do their own work; for they make our best scholars, and men too.

The third morning, you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he

had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labor. Not only had he solved the problem, but, what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers, which, under the inspiration of "I can and I will," he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.

My young friends, let your mottoever be, "If I can, I will."—*Ex.*

### WILL YOU TELL ME, LITTLE BIRDIE?

IT is quickening our pulses,  
 It is stirring every vein,  
 As it moves upon the mountains,  
 And across the frozen plain.

CHO.--Will you tell me, little birdie,  
 Will you tell me what you sing?  
 Are you joyful as your mistress,  
 At the coming of the spring?

Though the stormy winds are blowing,  
 While the snows are drifting high,  
 I can feel the southern breezes,  
 As they through the myrtles sigh!

CHO.--Dost thou scent the orange blossoms,  
 Or the sweet acacia's bloom?  
 For thy notes, the sweetest, purest,  
 Now with music flood my room!

Oh, I fancy, as I listen,  
 That I hear the cuckoo's note;  
 And the varied sounds of summer  
 Through the air around me float!

CHO.--Will you tell me, little birdie,  
 Whence your pretty tones have come?  
 (Oh, I know a song so tender,  
 It must be a dream of home!

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On the branches bare and homely,  
 As our hopeful song we sing,  
 Swiftly spreads a leafy mantle!  
 Ah! the birds and flowers—'tis spring!

CHO.--Freshest herbs for you, my birdie;  
 Unto what do you aspire?  
 From your little lowly cage,  
 Still your notes are rising higher!

GRACE H. HARR.