

## Scatter ye Seeds.

Scatter ye seeds, and flowers will spring;  
Strew them at broadcast o'er hill and glen;  
Sow in your garden, and time will bring  
Bright flowers, with seeds to scatter again.

Scatter ye seeds—nor think them lost;  
Though they fall amid leaves and are buried  
in earth;  
Spring will awake them, though heedlessly  
tossed,  
And to beautiful flowers those seeds will  
give birth.

Scatter ye seeds; tire not, but toil;  
'Tis the work of life, 'tis the labor of man;  
In the head, in the heart, and on earth's own  
soil,  
Sow, gather and sow, through life's open  
span.

Scatter ye seeds in the field of mind—  
Seeds of flowers, with seeds of grain;  
In the spring and summer, sweet garlands ye'll  
find,  
And in autumn ye'll reap rich fruits for your  
pain.

Scatter ye seeds in the garden of heart,  
Seeds of affection, of truth, and of love;  
Cultivate carefully each hidden part,  
And thy flowers will be seen by angels above.

Scatter ye seeds—the seeds of hope;  
Plant in your bosom the tree of Life—  
Then the flowers here budding, in heaven shall  
ope,  
And in heaven will ripen the fruits of strife.

Then scatter ye seeds each passing year;  
Sow amid winds and storms of rain—  
Hope give thee courage, Faith cast out fear,  
God will requite thee with infinite gain.

[Cincinnati Columbian.]

## THE TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"We therefore commit her body to the deep—  
looking for the general resurrection in the last  
day—when the earth and the sea shall give up  
their dead." And the manly voice of Captain  
Bell quivered with emotion as the dark waters  
closed over the form of Christine Malcolm, a young  
widow, who with her only child, a little girl of  
six, was returning from a lengthened residence in  
Calcutta, to her brother's home in New York.—  
Distress of mind, occasioned by the loss of her  
husband, acting upon an enfeebled constitution,  
brought on one of the severe fevers of the country;  
and in her anxiety to reach her home, Mrs. Mal-  
colm embarked upon her voyage, in a state re-  
quiring the most tender nursing. The consequen-  
ces have been shown; and a day or two preceding  
the commencement of our story, Mrs. M. had  
called the Captain to her side, and placing in his  
hands her papers and other valuables, directed  
him to find the uncle of her little girl, and besought  
him, as only a dying mother could, to guard her  
child. And in his heart the Captain vowed to  
keep the trust. But God had not so ordained.

It was late in the afternoon of the same day,  
when all on board were startled by the cry, "To  
the pump!" "All hands to the pump!" "We have  
sprung a leak." Long and gallantly did they toil,  
but without success; the water still gained upon  
them.

"We must go down," was heard from the Cap-  
tain; and then from many a heart went up the  
cry—"Lord, save us! we perish!"

In the midst of the confusion, little Alice Mal-  
come ran upon deck, finding her native nurse  
completely stupefied with fear. She had left her  
to find her friend Tom, a wholesome sailor,  
between whom and the child a warm friendship  
had sprung up. To him the heaven-directed lit-  
tle one had fled, just as the order to "man the  
life-boat" had been given.

"Save the child, Tom," cried the Captain.  
"Aye, aye, sir, was the hearty response.—  
"But you?"

"I shall stay to the last." And stay he did,  
until the vessel, with its rich freight of souls,  
sunk in the bottom of the Atlantic.

Night was drawing on, and out upon the sea,  
with no covering save the sky, sat the little tender  
Alice; but a stout arm was thrown around her,  
and a kind heart was planning how to make her  
comfortable through the night, which was inevita-  
bly to be passed upon the ocean. The kind souls  
in the boat had devoted their jackets to the little  
orphan's bed and covering, and Tom, forcing a  
smile, said:

"Now, little one, you must lie down and  
sleep."

Alice, ever used to prompt obedience, compli-  
ed, first whispering:

"May I not say my prayers? Dear mamma  
said I must never forget them."

A nod was the only reply Tom's full heart could  
make; and, kneeling by his side, with little clasped  
hands, she said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

As her sweet voice rose above the foaming bil-  
lows, instinctively each sailor's hat was in his  
hand, and many an eye moistened, as that childish  
prayer recalled homes, wives, and little ones, they  
feared never to meet again. But we must leave

them thus, kind reader, to make some inquiries  
about Mrs. Malcolm's brother.

"Shadows from the fitful fire light danced on  
Mr. Hallan's 'parlor wall'; but they were not  
phantoms 'grim and tall,' but like the graceful  
figures of three well-formed boys, who were cap-  
ering about in that pleasurable state of excitement  
incident to young folks on Christmas Eve.

"Mamma, don't you wish it was morning?" said  
Charlie, the youngest, and consequently the pet  
of the family, climbing the back of his mother's  
chair, and putting his arms around her neck—"don't  
you wish it was morning, and then we  
should know all about our presents?"

"No, darling," replied Mrs. Hallan, fondly  
caressing her stout neck; "I am quite willing  
to wait for the morrow, and very much enjoy  
sitting here, and dreaming of all the love-tokens  
I am to receive from my boys.

"Well, here is our grave papa, just like you,  
mamma, looking steadily into the fire, with as  
sober a countenance as if Christmas came twice  
a week, and as if he didn't care much about it  
even then. I don't believe I shall take these  
things so quietly even when I am the father of a  
family."

So saying, Master Edward, the eldest, adjusted  
his collar and stroked his chin, with a vain attempt  
at manly airs.

"My sons," said Mr. Hallan, "if you will be  
quite still for a few minutes, I will tell you a  
story, and then, perhaps, you will sympathize a  
little with papa, if his countenance be graver than  
yours on a Christmas Eve.

"It will be thirty years to-morrow, since good  
old Nurse Benson stood by my bedside and awak-  
ened me with her cheerful voice, saying:

"Why! Master Edward, not up yet! and such a  
nice Christmas gift in store for you."

"Where? Where? What is it?" said I, rubbing  
my eyes, and rising up in bed, now fully awake  
to the fact that it was Christmas morning, and  
that I had overslept myself. "What is it, nurse  
—please tell me?"

"Why, the thing of all others you most wish  
for in the world. Dress quickly, and you'll find  
out," she replied, as she closed the door.

"You may be sure I needed no second admoni-  
tion to dress quickly. My thoughts flew as  
rapidly as my fingers: 'What could it be? What  
I most wished for.' I ran over the catalogue of  
my wants and desires; they were so numerous I  
could not tell which had the ascendancy. At last  
a happy thought darted into my mind—it was a  
pony." My father had promised one, but not  
until my birthday, which would be in the Spring.

However, I felt sure it was a pony, and rushing  
down stairs into the hall, encountered my father.

"O, papa, I am so glad. Where is he? Where  
is he?"

"He!" replied papa, spinning me round, and  
evidently as much elated as myself. "She, if you  
please."

"What! my pony?"

"Oh, ho! this is a good joke. Who told you  
it was a pony?"

"Why, nurse said it was what I wanted most  
in the world, and I thought of course it was a  
pony."

"A most logical conclusion, my son; but come  
into mother's room, and see if another want of  
your life cannot be gratified."

"So saying we softly entered the bedroom.—  
There lay my dear mother, looking ill, but with  
her own dear smile upon her lips. I rushed up,  
and kissing her rather too impressively for an  
invalid, exclaimed:

"Dear mother, don't let them tease me any  
more; do tell me what is my Christmas gift?"

"A sweet sister, my son; look in nurse's  
arms."

"I turned, and as the soft blanket was laid aside,  
and a little pink face disclosed, I knelt beside it,  
and burst into tears. A sister!—the intensest  
longing of my boyish soul was gratified. In all  
my airy castles, in my dreams by day or night, a  
soft blue-eyed sister was ever my companion.—  
I had had two little brothers who died at their  
birth, and, as an only child, had the fondest love  
of both parents lavished upon me. Still my heart  
yearned for a playmate, and, true to our manly  
instincts, it was for one that I might love and  
cherish true. I was now too young to have this  
little darling for a play-fellow, but she could be  
my pet! my own sweet sister! and so, big boy  
that I was, I cried for joy.

At twilight I was again admitted into that dear  
room, and my cup of joy filled to overflowing by  
being permitted to sit by the fire and hold the  
baby in my arms.

"Now, George," said my mother, "tell me  
something about church. How did the garlands  
look?"

"Beautifully, dear mother; and the whole  
service was so pleasant. When the minister and  
the people prayed for all sick persons and young  
children, how it thrilled my heart. I felt that  
they had all asked God to take care of you and  
our baby. And then when Mr. Mortimer spoke  
of the 'Angels heralding the birth of the infant  
Savior,' I wondered if God had not given my little  
sister a guardian angel at her birth. I know you  
will say it was not right to let my thoughts  
wander off so; but just to-day I could not help it.

And now, dear mother," I said, "I want you to  
let me name this baby 'Christine,' I have been  
thinking about it all day."

"Why, my son? I don't think it a very pretty  
name."

"I do, and I want it so, because she was born  
on Christmas. If she had been a boy, I should  
have asked it Christian, so please call her  
'Christine.'"

"If your father has no objection," answered  
mother, "it may be so." And with a good night  
kiss we parted.

"I pass over the period of our childhood, but  
will, perhaps, tell you some other time, many  
little incidents of my sweet Christine's early  
history, which show the beauty and holiness of  
her young life. The dew of God's grace seemed  
ever to fall upon her head, from the hour in which  
she first received it in the holy baptismal waters.

"In my Christine's nineteenth summer, I stood  
beside her at the altar of our village church, and  
the same good minister who received her as an  
unconscious babe, now joined her hand with that  
of William Malcolm, in that holiest of all earthly  
ties, which none but God should sever. You will,  
perhaps, ask how I could bear to part with my  
treasured sister. You will find the answer in that  
easy chair, boys, (and Mr. Hallan glanced across  
the hearth at his smiling wife.) A gentle, dark-  
eyed girl had promised to be even more than  
sister, and our parents on that summer morning  
gained another son and daughter, which, however,  
they did not long live to enjoy.

"After your aunt had been married about four  
years, Mr. Malcolm's business required his resi-  
dence in Calcutta. The parting was a trial, but we  
were cheered by the hope that in a few years they  
would return and end their days with us. And  
now you know all the rest—the birth of your  
aunt's little girl, the recent death of Mr. Malcolm  
in that foreign land, and that dreadful shipwreck,  
when my Christine and her babe sunk to rest in  
the bosom of the Atlantic. Do you wonder, my  
sons, that I do not nail the morrow, Aunt's birth-  
day, with joy?"

"However, I do not wish to cloud your antici-  
pation of a merry Christmas; so let us thank God  
for his unnumbered mercies, and then—Good  
night."

Christmas morning dawned in unusual splen-  
dor. The Frost King had breathed over every  
tree and shrub, and the earth had a robe of white,  
quite suitable for festive occasions. Mr. Hallan's  
family were very early astir; the younger ones  
to examine their gifts, and the elder ones to  
prepare for church, whither they soon wended  
their way. On their return, Edward begged and  
received permission to go home by the lane, as he  
had a new book and some trifling presents, which  
he had purchased for a poor lame boy who lived  
there, and in whom he took a strong interest.

Dinner had been announced some time before  
Edward returned. He came at last; his face  
flushed with excitement, and bursting into the  
room, exclaimed:

"An adventure! an adventure! Behold in me  
a knight-errant. And now I want some turkey,  
for I am half starved."

So saying, he seated himself at the table, and  
plied his knife and fork vigorously, as if he were  
in reality battling with a fallen foe.

"And now," said Mrs. Hallan, laughingly, "that  
your unsentimental appetite is somewhat abated,  
let us know in what fair lady's behalf you have  
been doing service?"

"Well, then, seriously, I will tell you all about  
it. I was just coming from James McCoy's  
house, (who by the way was delighted with his  
presents) when a loud laugh attracted my atten-  
tion, and looking toward the end of the lane, I saw  
two or three rude boys with a pile of snowballs  
before them, evidently watching for some one to  
pass; at the same moment they exclaimed—"there  
she is, now for!" and in an instant a shower of  
balls fell upon the cloak and bonnet of a little girl  
about six years old, who was tripping by with a  
basket on her arm. The snow was soft, and I  
don't think hurt her, but she was terribly frighten-  
ed, and dropping her basket, began to cry pite-  
ously. Of course I was by her side directly,  
and soothed her as well as I could. A few sharp  
words soon sent the boys about their business,  
who, to do them justice, looked quite ashamed,  
and protested they 'didn't want to hurt her, but  
only to have some fun.' I learnt from the little  
girl that she lived with Nurse Brown, who had  
trusted her out alone, to take a jelly to a neigh-  
bor's sick baby. She also told me that her father  
and mother were both dead, and that her name was  
'Alice.' She is so lovely, mother, that I took her  
home, and asked Mrs. Brown to bring her to you  
this afternoon."

Dinner had been over some time, and Edward  
was becoming impatient at the non-appearance of  
his protegee, when the door opened, and a servant  
led in the little girl. She was without a bonnet,  
and her long brown ringlets, fell over a dark stuff  
dress, which only enhanced the beauty of her fair  
young face. Edward sprang to meet her, and  
led her to his mother, who kissed and took her  
upon her knee, saying:

"You are a sweet little girl—won't you tell me  
your name?"

"Alice Malcolm, madam," was the reply.

"A strange coincidence, surely," said Mr.  
Malcolm; "and she is so like my own Christine at  
her age."

"Christine," repeated the child, musingly; "that  
was my poor mamma's name."

"My child! my child!" exclaimed Mr. Hallan,  
now really agitated, "where is your mother?"

"Way down in the deep sea," said Alice; "but  
Nurse says her spirit has gone home to heaven  
with dear papa."

Mrs. Hallan, partaking of her husband's  
agitation, said:

"Edward, call in Mrs. Brown, directly; we  
must know more of this."

The good woman soon entered the room, and  
put them in possession of all the facts within her  
knowledge, in regard to her little charge, as related  
to her by her son Tom, with whom we have had  
a previous acquaintance. She told them of the  
death of Mrs. Malcolm, of the disastrous ship-  
wreck, and of the escape of a part of the crew,  
who were providentially picked up by a passing  
vessel; and how Tom (being unable to learn the  
name of the child's uncle from herself, she always  
calling him 'uncle George') had brought the little  
darling home to his mother, while he had returned  
to New York to again enter upon his calling as a  
sailor.

Every doubt was dissipated—if indeed any  
remained, when Mrs. Brown unclasped a locket  
suspended around Alice's neck, which contained  
the likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm.

Mr. Hallan could only press the child again and  
again to his heart, exclaiming:

"My own Christine's baby. This is, indeed, a  
second precious Christmas gift."

"And I found her," said Edward. "So now, lit-  
tle cousin, give me a kiss."

"And me," said George.

"And me, too," cried Charlie.

Alice embraced them all, and said gaily, "An  
aunt and uncle, and three cousins found all in one  
day; but nurse, won't poor Tom be sorry when he  
comes back?"

"No, honey, if he may come and see you  
sometimes, for he is but a poor lad and it sorely  
grieved him, sir," addressing Mr. Hallan, "lest the  
child should miss many comforts we could not  
give her."

"I assure you," replied Mr. Hallan, "it shall be  
the first care of this whole family to provide for  
you and your noble hearted son; and I beg you  
will bring him here the instant he returns to see  
the child whose presence here this day, has made  
our home so happy."

Evening has come again, and the shadows are  
dancing on the wall; little Alice, wearied with her  
day's excitement, has fallen asleep on Uncle  
George's breast, and Mr. Hallan has acknowledg-  
ed to the boys that 'Christmas is the happiest day  
in the year.'

SHOOTING HENS.—Col. R. and Gen. M. were  
formerly neighbors and had gardens adjoining  
each other.

One pleasant morning in spring, about the time  
of planting, Col. R. met his friend, the General,  
in the street, boiling over with rage, who addressed  
him after this wise:

"Confound your darn'd old hens, Colonel,  
they've been in my garden, and scratched the  
beds every which way; I shall have to make them  
all over again; can't you shut them up this sum-  
mer?"

"Keep cool, General," said the Colonel, "I prefer  
that my hens should have plenty of sun, air, ex-  
ercise and food, and I don't believe that your gar-  
den seeds will hurt them at all. However, if they  
trouble you much, shoot 'em—shoot 'em."

"I will by thunder," Colonel said, the still more  
excited General, "I'll do it, I'll do it, blamed if I  
don't," and turning around on his heel, marched  
away, mad as a wild cat.

The next morning, as the Colonel was sipping  
his coffee, the family were startled by the "bang,"  
"bang," of fire arms, the cause of which was soon  
ascertained.—The Colonel, on going to the di-  
vision fence, looked over and saw Gen. M. in the  
heat of double murder. Six fine specimens of the  
'dung-hill' fowl were flouncing about on the  
ground, unwilling just yet to yield up their giz-  
zards to the gourmand.

"Aha, General! so you are executing your  
threat, are you?"

"To be sure, I told you I'd do it, and I'll be  
darned if I don't shoot all the rest if you don't  
shut 'em up. But here, take the thievish critters,  
I don't want 'em; they are too highly seasoned  
with shot for my family."

"Thank you, thank you, Gen. M., just wait a  
day or two before you kill any more until we eat  
these up, and then I've no objection to having the  
rest shot."

Now, Col. R. was rather jealous of his rights,  
and, moreover, as fiery as Mars in his disposition,  
and it was a great mystery to the Gen. how he  
could keep so cool about this matter. The sequel  
will show.

In two or three days after, three more fine fat  
chickens were thrown into the Colonel's garden,  
and duly taken care of by the cook.

At last the General "smelt a rat." His own  
chickens were missing, and the egg basket hung  
on the peg quite empty, to the utter astonishment  
of his good wife, who had never known a similar  
occurrence before.

"Col. R. said the General," as they met one day  
in the street, "have I killed all your hens yet?"

"Killed all my hens, General," slowly repeated  
Colonel R. "Why I have not owned a living hen  
these three years!"

The Gen. sloped. He had shot and given to  
Col. R. nine of his best layers.—[Carpet Bag.]

JEWISH TRADITION.—A Rabbi was deliver-  
ing a lecture to his disciples, and read the  
following passage from the Talmud: "Many a  
man gives his father viands to eat, and yet  
inherits hell; others set their fathers to grind  
at the mill, and inherit Paradise!"

The auditors were astonished at this sen-  
tence, and one of them exclaimed: "Is it really  
possible, O Rabbi?" The Rabbi replied: "The  
teachings of the Talmud are not deceitful, and  
every man may recognize their wisdom, if they  
are properly explained; a certain person once  
placed a richly prepared dish before his father,  
the latter was greatly rejoiced at the costly  
meal, thanked his son and said: "Dear son,  
thou hast refreshed me to-day with a splendid  
meal; but tell me how didst thou come by it?"

The son looked sternly in his father's face,  
and with a harsh voice said: "Old folks, who  
cannot earn anything, should eat what is given  
to them, and keep silence!" Amazed at such  
rudeness, the father ate no more, retired into a  
lonely chamber of the house, and tears trickled  
down his cheeks. Tell me, now, my hearers,  
what reward does such a son deserve?"

All were silent, and the Rabbi continued:  
"There was another son, who supported him-  
self and his father by working at a mill. But  
the king was at the time beautifying and  
strengthening a certain region of his dominion.  
One day it was given out that certain of the  
inhabitants should be sent to that region in  
order to hasten the completion of the work."

The father was among the number selected; he  
wished to obey the order of the king, but the  
son said: "Dear father, wouldst thou undertake  
such hard work? thou wilt not be able to en-  
dure the work, nor the insults of the overseers."  
"But it is the command of the king!" said the  
father. "Well, I am young," replied the son,  
"I can endure everything. Do thou work in my  
place at the mill; though thou canst not earn  
so much thereby, it is nevertheless better that  
I should go than that thou shouldst be tor-  
mented at the public works." And thus the  
son went to work at the public fortifications,