

THE SOWERS.

Ten thousand sowers through he land
 Pass heedless on their way;
 Ten thousand seeds in every hand
 Of every sort had they.
 They cast seed here, they cast seed there,
 They cast seed everywhere.

The land a forest straightway grew,
 With plants of every kind;
 And kindly fruits and poisonous too,
 In that wood could you find;
 For trees grew here, and trees grew there,
 And trees grew everywhere.

Anon, as many a year went by,
 Those sowers came once more,
 And wandered 'neath the leaf hidden sky,
 And wandered at the store;
 For fruit hung here, and fruit hung there,
 And fruit hung everywhere.

Then plucked they many a berry bright,
 None could their right deny;
 And some ate to their long delight,
 And some ate but to die;
 While some plucked here, and some plucked there,
 And some plucked everywhere.

Nor knew they in that tangled wood
 The trees that were their own;
 But as they plucked as each one should,
 Each plucked what he had sown.
 So do men here, so do men there,
 So do men everywhere.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

VOICE OF SPRING.

Hearst thou those low, sweet, incidental tones that now and then find a trembling, quivering expression, mid the hollow, sepulchral notes of hoary winter, saying: I am the first-born of the seasons, queen of the year, yet am held in bondage by the icy fetters of winter's king. His frost palaces, crystal pillars, and snowy garments edged with glittering icicles, are a mockery to my chained powers and passive will; for to-morrow is March-day, and I, who am queen by birth, am yet a prisoner clasped to his icy breast. Though outwardly quiet, my bursting heart is not all passive and submissive. Already my thousands of bright envoys, gorgeously arrayed, are out rallying and arousing the inert subjects bound by the frozen chains of winter, and ere many hours they will be marshaled forth from their death-trance to the quickness of re-awakened life.

My coronation will be upon a bright golden and red morning. At my feet in liquid beauty will gleam the now crumbled crystals of icy monuments, and from this limpid element will be reflected a mossy, velvet-like robe, speckled with crimson and royal purple, with dottings of silvery white spangles and borderings of golden flossy fringe, while upon my brow will be woven a coronal of diamonds like beads, a most princely kiss, though given in the biting, freezing bitterness of a dethroned king. My prophecy is true, and I, a reigning queen, am clothed in all the regal splendor of my flower-clad court. On my auroral wings I bid me o'er hill and vale, hoisting in mid-air slender stems, bursting buds and delicate flowers as flags of peace between the mighty fallen and life-giving victor. Wild March winds and soft spring sighs are organs by which is written an obituary fitting to the memory of the deceased, wherein is shown the beauty and goodness of his stormy life in the kind guardian care and safe transposition of that sleeping life to my hands.

This hidden, sealed life 'tis now my mission to unlock and lead to the portals of light. Day beams are my drawn arrows, and bright tinted rays the quivers holding the dewdrop and sunbeam till I scatter them as life legacies to brighten with resurrecting beams the darker trailings of the robe of death. Day by day the bright sun with his artist, light, is slowly departing, yet I steal from his unsheathed arrows many a silvery minute, transforming it into a sixtieth part of a golden circlet, weaving it into the web of day, making that much less the starry roll of light. I coax and lead the more direct lines of the day-orb into many a hitherto

sun-ridden and benighted fastness, dispelling by a sunny smile gathered mold and mildew of darkness, while I gently whisper to the buried seed its shackles are loosed, and in the twinkling eye of sunlight the embryo bud bursts its scaly shell, sending forth tiny leaves, whose chalices drink my nightly tears, and under the baptismal touch of the sunbeam soon is christened the perfect flower. I feed, nourish and watch these floral children with joy and pride, and 'tis with sighs and a saddened heart I list to the decree of Father Time, that these offspring must be matured 'neath the gentle influence of my sweet sister, Summer. 'Tis she that will see their perfected beauty, breathe the fragrance of their pure lives, and perhaps shroud them for the grave.

My commands are not always borne upon gentle zephyrs, nor is my voice ever pleasant and harmonious. Its soft-breathing sweetness and gentle influence oftentimes is lost in the mad, frolicsome gales of the storm-wind, or dispelled by the heating beams of noonday; burning rays and driving winds chase each other in mad career over lakes and rivers whose seething under-currents are bound and hedged in viselike walls of masonry framed by winter's chief workman, Frost King; my perfumed breath slowly crumbles and undermines these vast architectural designs, and the strong fabric is swallowed by a crystal stream, drawing its most powerful icy pillars into fine misty threads and gauze-like curtains, which shade the dazzled eyes of mortals from the too gorgeous beauty of those castles standing upon the azure-tinted clouds of heaven.

I open wide the closed windows and drawn blinds of the sick-room, gently whispering to the invalid of growing needs, springing buds, fragrant flowers, green fields, budding forests, and singing birds that are filling the world with beauty and harmony; his dull eye brightens, the pale cheek flushes with deceitful rosiness of health, as suffering senses are for the moment lulled into unconsciousness of pain; the panting soul is lost and bewildered in the sudden transition from the darkness of despair to the hopefulness born of springing life-scenes. I fan his fevered brow, kiss his thin lips, leave a shadowy blush upon the sunken cheek, toss his waving hair, idly turn the leaves of the open Bible, lose the page, and imperceptibly bring him to a silent communion with nature's God that may thereby be seen by spiritual sight the unwritten, unlettered expression of those glories felt but not seen. Thus to the dim, impaired sight of mortality, such lights may fall upon those virtues (faith, hope and charity), as form a rainbow of the soul, whose reflecting tints will seal a bond of peace between the lowly created and the exalted Creator.

I bid the mountains clothe themselves in life and beauty. This command is echoed and re-echoed through meadow, glen, uncultivated wilds, and through darkest forest fastnesses and rock-bedded canyons. From their echoing depths spring sweet blossoms, bright-eyed daisies, fleecy-crowned dandelion, while the verdant shrub wildly waves its bright plumes; these combined ecstatic motions produce vibrations in the scented air which touches the most callous heart and brings a melody, though it may be weird and uncanny, from discordant depths. Thus magically doth all nature put on her life-garments, while I forever sing of regeneration and resurrection.—*Maria B. Lander, in Rural Press.*

PECULIARITIES OF RAPID MOTION.—If a musket ball be fired into the water it will not only rebound, but be flattened; if fired through a pane of glass, it will make a hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. When a tallow candle is loaded in a musket and fired at a board of not too hard a wood, it will make a hole in the board. If a round disk of paper is turned very rapidly on a lathe, its edge will cut the fingers like a knife; and if such a disk of sheet iron is turned with sufficient velocity, it will even cut steel.

MRS. FLUTTER'S BREAKFAST TABLE.

Five o'clock! Everybody in Springdale knows that Mrs. Flutter opens the blinds of her bedroom window at precisely five o'clock in the morning. In five minutes after, by the clock, she will be flying around down stairs, slamming the doors, lighting the fire, dragging out the table, clattering the dishes, getting the breakfast ready; then, upstairs again, hustling the children out of bed, and bidding them hurry down to breakfast, for "it will be on the table in 10 minutes, and them that isn't ready to eat can do without." Sure enough, in just 10 minutes the coffee is smoking on the table, the "men folks" have answered the summons, the sleepy-eyed children come stumbling downstairs in the darkness, and Mrs. Flutter takes her seat at the table, admonishing everybody to "hurry up and eat their breakfast, for it's baking day, and there's them comforters to be tied, and Hezekiah's trowers to be patched, and the ironing to finish, and the milk-room to scour, and the lard to try out, and the souse to make, and the pickle for the pork to fix—and—dear knows what all to do."

"Now, Mary Flutter, why don't you eat your breakfast?"

"Don't see anything you like, eh? Pork and beans, rye bread, doughnuts, apple pie, coffee—my goodness! what does anybody want with any better breakfast than this, I should like to ask? Well! I don't suppose I can cook your breakfast and eat it for you too. Give me a pin, and go fix the fire while I pick up these dishes. Jack, there's a loose nail in that shed door—tore my dress on it—drive it in, and bring some kindling-wood when you come back. Emma, take those kittens right out of this kitchen. I hate cats! Jack, if you don't hurry up with that kindling, the fire will be black out. Run, Mary, there's Tom Quizzle's team coming down the road, and I want him to get me some brown sugar at the village. Mercy on us, child! he'll be out of sight before you get started; it does seem as though there isn't a soul to do anything in this house but just myself! There! he's going to stop anyway. Suppose he tho't I'd want something, and Hezekiah's always doing some errand for Miss Quizzle when he goes to the village.—You, Jack—Sakes alive, children, can't you keep out from under foot. Get out of the way, all of you! and don't let me see you again till dinner's ready, but mind you come then when you're called, sharp, or you can go hungry for all of me."—*Clara Francis, in Prairie Farmer.*

FARM SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.—France has agricultural schools for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen, which is said to have been begun with a capital of one franc, by a sister of charity and two little discharged prisoner girls, and to be now worth \$160,000. The establishment has 300 girls from 6 to 18. The farm, entirely cultivated by them, is over 400 acres in extent. Twenty-five sisters form the staff of teachers. More than one medal of the French Agricultural Society has been awarded to this establishment at Darnetel, and the pupils are in great demand all over Normandy on account of their skill. They go out as stewards, gardeners, farm managers, dairy women and laundresses. Each girl has, on leaving, an outfit and a small sum of money, earned in spare hours. If they want a home, they can always return to Darnetel, which they are taught to regard as home.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—The harmony of married life depends almost entirely upon dinners. It is not the state of the heart so much as the condition of the stomach which makes a man happy. It is better for a woman—rank heresy, we know—to be able to make a cheerful home than to talk Greek. Before marriage the ability to sing divinely, and to play impossible music are very attractive; but when two people settle down to the steady work of loving each other for 40 or 50 years, the kitchen inevitably emphasizes itself, and the chances of success are greater with a comely housewife than with an accomplished beauty, who knows everything except how to make the house attractive.