

the garden the vegetables rapidly growing, giving promise of abundance in the future; when I looked at the flowers springing up in different places, so soon to "beautify the earth, to comfort man and whisper hope," I thought how marvellous the change that has appeared in a short time. But a few weeks ago, and had we not known from the experience of the past what to expect in the future, we might have felt saddened by the aspect of nature. No flower, no leaf, no bud, not even a spear of grass visible, all dark, dreary and unpromising; but now what a transformation, and so silently accomplished, and so steadily, though slowly, that it has scarcely claimed our attention, till suddenly, some day we are surprised at the change, and wonder *when* it happened, for we have not been able to detect the internal forces at work to produce this mighty change. True, we see the sun shine, and we feel the warmth of his rays; we see the rains descend, and we say, the moisture and the heat of the sun, combined, will cause growth in the vegetable world; will cause the corn to germinate, the grass to spring up, and the buds to unfold, but we can not *see* these forces at work, nor can we tell *how* they work, although the *results* are so evident to our senses.

And to my mind came a similitude, between this outward change and the inward change wrought in the heart when brought under the transforming influence of the Spirit of God. Where once all was dark and unlovely, now there is a growth of all that is bright and pure; where falsehood lurked now truth appears; where pride carried itself haughtily now is seen the meek and humble spirit; where hate and malice had been willing to destroy, love now seeks to build up; where the fault finder once was busy now charity, sweet, gentle charity, desires to draw a veil over others' shortcomings; where envy and strife ruled now sweet peace dwells. The whole being permeated by the subtle influence of the sun, and dews of God's love and mercy under-

goes a change as great as that we see in the outward world, and to the *natural* man as difficult to understand. But the result, in the one case as in the other, is beautiful to the beholder, fruitful of good and giving evidence of plenteous harvest in the future. But can we, in this, any more than in the other, tell how it is done? We know a change has been accomplished, for we see, yes, we feel the results, but the *manner* in which it is done is hidden from our eyes.

E. H. COALE.

Holder, Ill., 5th mo. 14th, 1894.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,

At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,

Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.

A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses

The steep square slope of the bottomless bed,
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses,
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land

If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at a strange guest's hand,

So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,

Through branches and briars if a man make way,

He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless

Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled,

That crawls by a track none turn to climb.
To the straight waste place that the years have rifled,

Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.

The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;

The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,

These remain.

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not;

As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;

From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,

Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.