

are red-faced like fat gossips, and the pansies have little griffin-like phizes.

I ate a strawberry and plucked a pansy.

The peony seemed to say to me :

—And I; do you forget me ?

And I seemed to reply to her :

—You look like a kitchen maid, and do not know how to cook.

The strawberry was exquisite. I stuck the pansy into my button-hole.

\* \*

In the priest's garden there are sanded alleys.

Sand is the waxed floor of a garden. I prefer walks less carefully kept, where the grass wanders freely, where the poppies, with their red caps, stroll about like rowdies as they are! where a host of surprises are to be seen; honeysuckles with little pink fingers, briars with the blackberries that are so good, and eglantines with mossy buds, and the red fruit of which sour wine is made. There are labeled pear trees, there are muscat grapes, there are dwarf apple trees.

\* \*

In the priest's garden there is a shrine painted blue and studded with little yellow stars; in the shrine there is a holy Virgin; at the feet of the holy Virgin is a chest inscribed: *For the poor*. There are peach trees and two apricot trees; there are—on my faith, there is everything in the priest's garden!

For everyone can visit the priest's garden—a garden without an equal in the whole village—on one condition, however; he shall take a fruit, pluck a flower, and drop an alms into the little chest.

I had eaten the fruit, I had plucked the flower; I now dropped a little sou into the box for the poor.

\* \*

In the priest's garden is an arbor, and beneath the arbor a bench, where sat Mademoiselle Therese, the niece of the priest.

—Is that you, Monsieur Valentine ?

I took Therese's hand and kissed it. She did not resist.

\* \*

In the priest's garden there are birds. In the spring-time the birds sing of love; they twitter from early dawn, they brood in the trees, they hop about in the grass, they peck for seeds, they are joyous and full of song.

I said to Therese :

—How delightful a spot this is!

She looked into my eyes and began to smile; then in her turn taking my hand, she laid it on her bosom, and said :

—Feel how my heart beats!

\* \*

In the priest's garden I forgot the whole world, the necessities of life, the sufferings of the body, the political affairs which were then turning the village upside down; and I looked at Therese, so fair, so good, so sweet, and

loving me so dearly! She was an orphan; her uncle, the priest, had taken her in, and was spoiling her, the good old man!

—Therese, I love thee!

And I kissed her hands and gazed deeply into her eyes, and I was so happy, so happy, that I did not see the wicked peasant watching us over the hedge.

\* \*

In the priest's garden one cannot be hidden; it extends to the church on one side, and on the other it is separated from the adjoining highway only by the hedge of hawthorne behind which the peasant was watching us.

But why hide ourselves when we love each other? Love is a victory, and it must be proclaimed.

The peasant told all to the priest.

—They were alone, said he; they kissed each other.

The priest replied :

—Jean Pierre, I had entrusted them to the good God and the Virgin Mary! They were not alone, my friend. What they have done, God has permitted.

Jean Pierre bowed his head, and retired in confusion.

\* \*

The priest entered his garden and came to find us.

—Do you wish to become my child? said he.

I fell upon his neck; Therese wept.

The priest, deeply moved, regarding us, murmured :

—Is it then, indeed, a good thing to love the creature? As for me, I have loved none but the Creator.

I shall remember all my life that in eating a strawberry, plucking a pansy, and giving a sou for the poor, I found happiness in the garden of the village priest.—*Translated from the French of Lemercier de Neuville.*

#### A LAMENT.

SCATTER the withered leaves,  
Wild wind and dreary,  
Chant round the dripping eaves  
A miserere.

Summer is gone and fled,  
And with its roses  
She, who now with the dead  
Gently reposes.

Yet, when the water grim  
Flies from spring's shadow,  
When the field daisies prim  
Nod in the meadow.

Summer once more will bring  
Sunshine and flowers.  
Flora again will sing  
In garden bowers.

But in my lonely heart  
Winter is ever;  
Sorrow shall ne'er depart,  
Never, ah never.

—Selected.