

on the right hand one gets a backview of the long border mentioned, thus making closer acquaintance with the hollyhock, delphiniums, arancus, anchusa, and other tall background plants, yet, between these, getting glimpses of the velvet lawn and stretches of color made by the plant groups in the front of the border as they bloom just behind that carrot edge. On the left of the pergola are rockeries where ferns and other shade-loving plants enjoy existence. Just before the end of the pergola is reached a gate on the left leads to the vegetable garden, attractive enough to merit an article itself, but a path faces this gate and following this part again a rockery appears in a nook, and here honey-sweet fumitory, dainty campanulas and other plants which enjoy a root run among stones find a pleasant habitation.

There is such a wealth of nature's beauty every where around that a fair description of any one part seems impossible, while to do justice to the whole would be a severe task for the most skilful pen.

The formal garden has its special attractions. It was here that the dwarf lychnis appeared in creams and pinks, as well as the bright scarlet blossom so like the tall growing variety, but with a magnified bloom, and little alpenes peeped up between the flag-stones of the walk.

It was not the mound rockeries alone

that were interesting, but in another part of the grounds newly-made flat-bed kinds were found, where the grey-stone brought out tints in individual plants—dainty dwarf plants— which would be lost amid the green of an ordinary border. Here dainty sedums and fairylike bells of campanulas invited study, while the rear two borders, a short distance away, showed not only a parsley edge but beets and other occupants heretofore found in the kitchen garden. But what can be prettier than curly parsley and kale? Why should they not be in front borders, as here in what might be termed the rear-front of "Craighleigh," a front which has caused many favorable comments from passers-by.

"There's perfume upon every wind,
Music in every tree,
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers,
Sweets for the sucking bee."

So sang the poet Willis, and to wander hither and thither in 'Craighleigh' grounds on a summer day is to realize the truth of this. The song of bird, the hum of insect and windwafted perfume transported from the busy life of the real world to the dream garden which memory paints as one revels in the beauty lavished around recalls to mind Lowell's description:

"A poem every flower is,
And every leaf a line,
And with delicious memories
They fill this heart of mine."

