

we are idle, the weeds will grow and cover the ground, and God will be very angry with us. But if we are active, and try to root up the bad things, and pray to God to help us, He will be pleased to see us at work in earnest. He will help us to make our garden free from the woods of vice, and pleasant with the flowers of virtue.

How one garden differs from another! One is covered with the nettle and the thistle; the grass grows in the path, the tangled weeds choke the few puny flowers that are fast dying; and everything seems to say, "How idle my owner is!"

Look at another garden. There are scarcely any weeds; the walks are tidy, the flowers are in blossom, the air is sweet with their perfume, the trees are laden with fruit; and everything says, "How active my owner is!"

Happy is the child that begins to work early and earnestly in the garden of his heart. It shall not be like that of the idler, but shall be clean, pleasant, and fruitful—a credit and a comfort.

### The Willow, Poppy, and Violet.

A child held in his hand a slight leafless bough. It was like a supple green wand. But it had been newly cut from the parent stock, and life stirred in its little heart.

He sought out a sheltered spot, and planted it in the moist earth. Often did he visit it, and when the rains of Summer were withheld, he watered it at the cool sunset.

The sap, which is the blood of plants, began to flow freely through its tender vessels. A tiny root, like a thread, crept downward, and around the head was a bursting forth of faint green leaves.

Seasons passed over it, and it be-

came a tree. Its slender branches drooped downward to the earth.—The cheering sun smiled upon them, the happy birds sang to them; but they drooped still.

"Tree, why art thou always so sad and drooping? Am not I kind unto thee?" But it answered not; only as it grew on, it drooped lower and lower; for it was a Weeping Willow.

The boy cast seed into the soft garden mould. When the time of flowers came, a strong budding stalk stood there, with coarse serrated leaves. Soon a full red poppy came forth, glorying in its gaudy dress. At its feet grew a purple violet, which no hand had planted or cherished.

It lived lovingly with the mosses, and with the frail flowers of the grass, not counting itself more excellent than they.

"Large poppy, why dost thou spread out thy scarlet robe so widely, and drink up all the sunbeams from my lowly violet?"

But the flaunting flower replied not to him who planted it. It even seemed to open its rich mantle still more broadly, as though it would have stifled its humble neighbours. Yet nothing hindered the fragrance of the meek violet.

The little child was troubled, and at the hour of sleep he spake to his mother of the tree that continually wept, and of the plant that overshadowed its neighbour. So she took him on her knee, and spoke so tenderly in his ear that he remembered her words when he became a man.

There was some who, like the willow, are weepers all their lives long, though they dwell in pleasant places, and the fair skies shone upon them in love. And there are others, who, like the poppy that thou reprovest, are prond at heart,