

"What could I do, mother," Julia questioned, "I'd love to, especially if it wasn't washing dishes and dusting."

Mother threaded her needle, then she looked out to the space beyond.

"We have a big yard, Julia, dear, why don't you keep a garden for God?"

"A garden for God?" echoed the little girl.

"Yes," mother answered, "a garden for God. You can dig up the ground, you may buy some seeds, and plant flowers for the altar. You alone may take care of them, cultivate them. And when the buds are opened you can pluck them and have them put on the altar. I am sure that the God of the Eucharist would appreciate your gift to Him."

It took no time for Julia to fall in with her mother's suggestion. The book was put away, and with trowel and shovel Julia ran out into the yard. In two days' time the ground was prepared, and the seeds were planted. How Julia did attend to the garden! She watered it often, so often indeed that her mother was afraid that the seeds would rot in the ground. But at last the little green shoots came up from the brown earth and then stalks grew taller, and at last buds appeared and finally flowers.

How happy Julia was when she brought God the flowers. She fairly ran into the sanctuary and gave them to the priest.

"Don't you want to put them in the vases?" he asked her, and Julia gladly consented.

All summer long she took care of her flower garden, and all summer long it produced flowers for God's altar. And she felt she was really working for God as was Joan of Arc when she led troops of the King of France to victory. Joan did what God wanted her to, and Julia did the little that she could.

"The garden is God's own," she told her mother one day, "and I'm glad that I am not worrying because I'm not Joan of Arc. My garden keeps me too busy!"

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