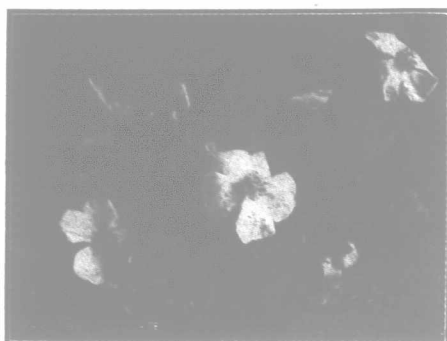
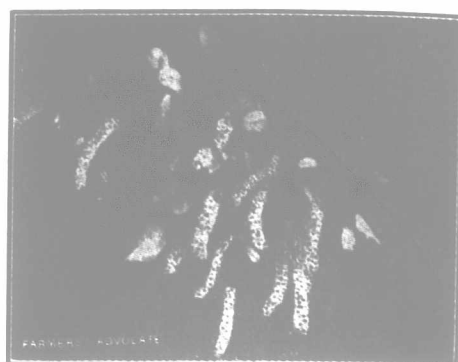




A Garden is a Lovesome Thing

"God the first garden made, and the first city Cain."—Cowley.

"God Almighty first planted a garden."—Bacon.



A Garden.

"A garden is a lovesome thing.
God wot!
Rose plot.
Fringed pool.
Fern'd Grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contented that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the
eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign:
'Tis very sure God walks in
mine."

The Garden Inspiration.

I have a garden filled with sound
Of thrushes; paths that circle
round;
And one straight walk more sweet-
ly set
With lavender and mignonette,
Sweet herbs of grace, whose scent
lives on
Like virtue, after life is gone.
My Sanctuary, for so I call
That long straight path beneath
the wall.

There do I muse—how Nature's self
Moves upward; how, from shelf to
shelf
Ennobled through perpetual strife
She issues in a grander life.
And as I think how one small bud
Engrafted tames the wildest wood,
Sweet fruitage for man's use to
bear,
And of its sweetness leave an heir,
Seems it—ah, may my faith be
true—
Grace has its power in Nature,
too.
'T is grace that lurks in kindly
soil;
'T is grace attends the tiller's
toil;
Grace works in every flower that
blows;
And in each briar there lives a
rose.—[Spectator.

My Rose Garden.

Surely in my dear garden grows
Every kind of old-fashioned rose,
There upon wall and in border
In the sweetest gay disorder
This mass of scented blossom
blows.
With maiden's blush and briar, I
wot
Our Granny filled the blue bean
pot,
And from moss and damask roses
Gathered our Granny dainty posies.
'Seven sisters' have lost their
lame,
'York and Lancaster' share the
same.
Fads! All, all, are out of fashion,
For roses are now a passion.
Still, if ven their age will pardon,
I'll pick a rosegay from my garden
—Clare E. Crad

From "Maud."

(Tennyson.)

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted
abroad,

And the musk of the rose is blown.
For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light
that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun
she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessa-
mine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking
bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be
gay.
When will the dancers leave her
alone?
She is weary of dance and play."

Now half to the setting moon are
gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the
stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief
night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are
those,

For one that will never be thine,
But mine, but mine," so I sware
to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went in-
to my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall,
And long by the garden lake I
stood,

For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and
on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have
left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel print of your feet.

In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which
we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree
The white lake-blossom fell into
the lake

As the pimpernel dozed on the fen,
But the rose was awake all night
for your sake.

Knowing your promise to me,
The lilies and roses were all a-ake,
They sigh'd for the dawn I then
Queen rose of the rose-tree among
of girls,

Come hither, the dances are a-ake,
In gloss of satin and glimmering
pearls.

Queen lily and rose in one,
Shine out, little head, among
over with curls.

To the flowers, and be their sun

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near,
she is near";
And the white rose weeps, "She
is late";
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I
hear";
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her
feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

The Amateur Gardener; His Song.

O give me a rake, and give me a
hoe,
And I will a-gardening, gardening
go
Down where the peaches and cab-
bages grow.

O what is so rare, and what is
so sweet,
As hoeing and raking a garden
discreet
In hope of a Squash or a prize
Lima Beet.

O see the fair Bean on the blos-
soming tree
A-smiling, and smirking, and wink-
ing at me,
And flirting the while with the
frolicsome Pea.

O see the soft Cabbages there on
the vine—
Ten little Cabbages all in a line—
Purple and soft as the shimmer of
wine!

Off in the pasture, as shy as a
lass,
Sprouteth the Rye in the lush
summer grass.
Waiting the wassail with bottle
and glass!

See the fair Eggplant in mosses
and fen
Putting forth tendrils uncounted
by men,
Waiting the care of the wandering
hen!

Down in the meadow 'mid sedges
and thorn,
Smiling, beguiling, comes popping
the Corn,
Scaring the cow with the old
crumpled horn!

Here the Chrysanthemum, modest
and true,
Rivals the Rose's celestial blue,
And the pale Peony's purplesome
hue.

Here flaming violets, yellow as
gold,
Vaulting their beauty, pinnodest
and bold,
Shelter the Sunflower shy from the
cold!

O give me a rake, and give me a
hoe,
And I will a-gardening, gardening
go
Down where the peaches and cab-
bages grow.

Hiawatha on Gar- dening.

"Rake and hoe!" said Hiawatha,
"Rake and hoe, you bustling hus-
bands

In the gay suburban districts.
Fix your little beds of lettuce,
Cultivate the spicy radish,
Plant the Perfume-Kiss, the onion,
And the tender little beanlet.
By the way, my little children,
Have you ever made a garden?
Have you ever hoed and spaded
Till your backs were nearly
broken?

There is ecstasy in digging,
There is rapture in upturning
All the fertile sand and gravel
Out behind the summer kitchen.
There is joy in planting fodder
For the Kill-Em-Quick, the cut-
worm.

First, you dicker with the grocer
For the cunning little seedlets,
And the grocer cannot fool you,
For the catalogues you've studied
Ever since the first of April.
Then you sneak behind the wood-
shed,

With the first gray flush of morn-
ing,

Peel your coat and seize a shovel,
Make a bed 18 x 20,
Or, perhaps, a little longer,
Mix a little fertilizer
(Note my diction—fertilizer)
With the sand, to make it mellow,
Then mark off some tiny trenches,
Not too far apart, remember—
And deposit in the trenches
All the seed and close them over
With the sand and fertilizer.
Now that you have made your
garden

You begin to watch the surface
For the first green shoot to
straggle
Through the gravel, and you
watch it

For perhaps a weary fortnight.
By and by the little raindrops
And a spell of sunny weather
Bring the garden 'sass' to greet
you.

But, alas, the early radish,
Nice string beans and hardy let-
tuce

Never live to tell the story
Of their childhood recollections.
First, old Chilly-Thing, the North
Wind,

Comes and brings the frost, my
dearies,
Nipping all the vegetation
That is really worth the nipping.

Then the Kill-Em-Quick, the cut-
worm,
Chuckles down beneath the surface,
Sharpens up his little molars,

Calls a bunch of friends to help
him.

Saying, 'We are in a garden,
Therefore, let us all go to it.'
Let us paralyze the lettuce!

That is why I never dally
With a rustic hoe and shovel;
That is why I can't help laughing
When I see my next-door neighbor
Working over-time to fashion
In his yard a little garden

For old Chilly-Thing, the North
Wind,

And the Kill-Em-Quick, the cut-
worm."