

GOD'S GARDEN.

LOVE! walked in God's garden. The time was the freshening of the year that men call Spring. It was a wide garden with broad and narrow ways. Great box hedges encompassed it, and low willows brooded over little marshy spots where the first violets peeped. Sturdy oaks stood up against the winds, wide-spreading and strong, sheltering between their roots silver-frilled daisies and pallid primroses. God had made his garden like to the gardens of earth—in loving sympathy—and all seasons visited it as in the world below. But only Love lived there—Love and his beloved. The storms of winter were gone. Cloud and sunshine chased each other over the tender plots of grass. The wood-violets already peeped from beneath the hedges. The sap pulsed through the trees, and all the flowers and weeds of earth were here. The ivy-leaved veronica crept close to the ground, hugging it; the wood-anemones trembled in the light winds, showing now their rich gray-white hearts, now their purple-red outsides. They shivered and shook, those tender wind-flowers as Love passed unnoting by—Love, who was looking always for his roses.

But there were no roses. Love sighed. They had died with the summer, his flowers, and he was growing tired. The angel-woman was sweet, but she had grown pale and cold during the winter, and he found her beauty waning. Longing looks Love cast over the garden hedges towards the earth beneath. Far below he could see the sun shining and the roses reddening all the world, and the wine falling.