THE HUMOROUS GARDENER

a man and woman are to be one—she and her lover alone can make it possible. A woman knows that. . . . I love it here—"

She led him to the door, and pointed across.

"But let us never forget the children—the thousands with the drugged look about the eyes!" she whispered.

She felt as if the world were hers to love and lift with her own and this man’s strength. . . . Suddenly she laughed—threw back her head and laughed.

“It doesn’t matter—but tell me—I only heard it once—your name—"

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“I AM one, you must know, who am looked upon as a humorist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower-garden, . . . mixt and interwoven with one another. . . . My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriance and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, and if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surprised to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colors, and has often singled out flowers he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method that I observe in this particular is to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wilderness as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil; and am pleased when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple or oak; an elm or pear tree. . . . You must know . . . that I look upon the pleasure we take in a garden as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature to be a laudable if not a virtuous habit of mind.”

JOSEPH ADDISON.