MY GARDEN SINGS

able and cheerful. I think that the use of painted wood is going to bring a delightful color note into our homes. Everywhere we are working for the beautiful thing that is more individual and of necessity useful and comfortable.

"AT NIGHT, AT NIGHT, MY GARDEN SINGS"

My garden does not sing at noon,
   It lies, so orderly and trim,
Quiescent, calm and smooth of face,
   Its soul is dim.
With prettiness its day is decked,
   With colours laid in seemly row
The borders keep their strait array
   And stately show.
But day being dead, and night awake,
Ah—now night's tender, ardent eyes
Turn to the garden's still, soft length,
   Where its soul lies
Asleep. Now I have seen it breathe,
And offer, languorous and sweet,
A thousand hidden melodies
The night to greet
While shadows of the stars surround
Tall, quiring lilies, passion-bright,
   And in the borders stoop to kiss
Petunias white:
   Under the somber pine tree's dusk
Where the soft moths fly low—they drift,
While brave the sweet alyssum lets
Her low song lift.
Swinging her perfumed censers high,
Tall, earth-starred nicotiana glows;
   And the white throats of hollyhocks
Lost bees enclose
Who murmur all night long in dreams
Elysian, of honey'd fields;
   And to the south wind's summoning song
The white rose yields.
My garden does not sing at noon,
Close folded are its fragrant wings,
   Day may not hear—but oh, at night,
At night, my garden sings!

M. E. CROCKER.