

A Garden is a Lovesome Thing



From the Hope Chest by Lorene Bowman and Jane Leslie Kift

Assuredly, you want a garden. A home without a garden begins with a handicap. We need the company of friendly trees and embracing the vines to coax our home into the open and make it part of the big outdoors. And surely we need the cheeriness of flowers. How we should miss the gay good morning of the daily rose that has clambered up the trellis to peep in at the window, or the more distant greeting of the hollyhocks as they peer through the lattice windows of the dining-room.

And then the joy each morning of going down a primrose path with the only man in the world, and bidding him good-bye for the day beneath the sheltering arms of a swaying elm. Oh, yes, indeed, every bride must have her garden. It may be large or small. It matters not. It can surround a low, rambling dream-house, or it can be within the confines of a box fastened to some window ledge, far above the roar of city streets.

If it be green and preaches the gospel or color and sings in its psalms the gladness, and has been coaxed into existence by the loving care of its owner, then it will be a real garden, with its highlights and shadows, even if it be within the confines of four wooden sides, and it will ever exhale an atmosphere of contentment that is sweet and satisfying.