

DECORATIONS BY RUTHERFORD BOYD

# The Secret Garden

By ROBERT NICHOLS

There is somewhere a secret garden, which none has seen,  
In a place apart,  
But, amid the bramble-bound world, the thicket, the screen  
To the understanding of heart.

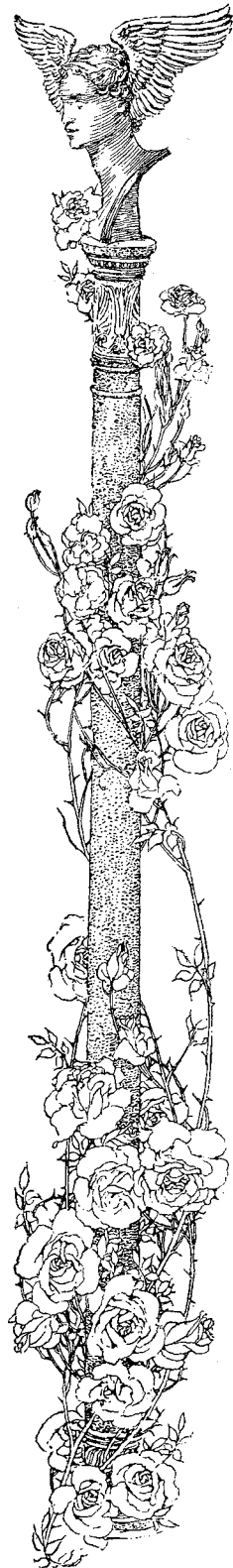
There is somewhere a secret garden, where none has been,  
Where night and day  
Commingle; where the sun and the starlight's sheen  
Shine ever; where even the moony fountains play,  
Lifting their lily-like throats, tossing their spray;  
Whereover the rainbow meets, red-hued, serene;  
Where the flame-dripping branches are brighter green;  
Where the roses burn richer, richer than tongue can say;  
Where the Gardener walks in His garden unheard, unseen.

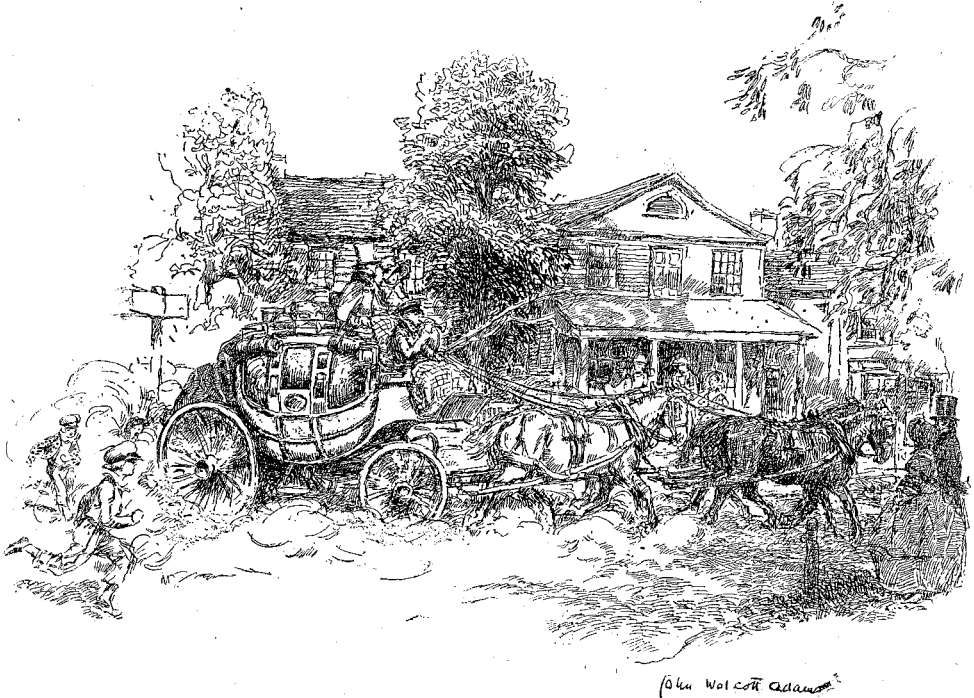
There is somewhere a secret garden; a door in a wall  
Opened. Now shine within  
Flower and fruit and torrent of blossom which cannot fall,  
While a jubilant din  
Floats abroad from birds of scintillant feather,  
Swelling their divine throats in chorus together;  
Or the cry of one,  
Crying alone a sad and a silver call,  
Rings from the garden where none has been.

There everlastingly the Gardener walks  
Unseen, unheard,  
Save He goes  
Humbled and hushed, and happy falls each bird,  
Each fountain throws  
Gentlier upward, changing from blue to rose;  
And there is seen  
Glimpse of a radiant robe, a darkling mien,  
'Twixt the sheeted light and sparkling drift where it blows.

There the flowers wait,  
Abasing each noble head  
Till He draw nigh,  
Then exalt their lovely faces to Him, rose little, rose great,  
Flower of pale or flower of passionate dye,  
Under his eye  
Till softly He lift a hand, and the land is spread,  
Blessing their beauty, their peace with a word like a sigh.

There is somewhere a secret garden, where none has been  
Or glimpsed, lost to their grief.  
There would I bide, though I ever abode unseen,  
A snail or a stone under the lowliest leaf.





## Our Village

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

**I**T was a hill village on the stage road midway between \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. Stage roads in the year 1840 varied with the seasons from bad to worse. In the spring they were rivers of mud, through which the jaded horses dragged the coach wearily; in the summer the passengers were choked with dust, and in the autumn, by reason of the ruts and holes in the road, they were tossed about like dice in a box; in winter the roads were blocked with snow, but the stage, when there was a stage, always came into our village with a clatter of galloping horses and sounding horn. Its round body, swung on leather straps, its gallant driver, its four smoking horses, and its merry horn were followed by shouting boys, who swung from the straps of the boot or fell off in a cloud of

dust. The stage-driver was a personage in every village that depended on his arrival for the daily mail and the latest news from the outside world. He was gazed upon with awe by the children as a sort of hero of romance, who never worked, but drove galloping horses back and forth through a perpetual holiday. He was an expert with the reins whose reputation was counties wide. As he whirled up to the tavern porch, the leaders of his team, which, it was whispered, had been sold to the stage-company by the farmers because of their vicious tricks, walked around to the stable with drooping heads and into their familiar stalls as soon as their traces were unhooked, as innocent-looking as if they had never kicked a farmer's boy or picked up a groom by the collar.

How we admired the driver in his great