IN THE GARDEN
OF THE LORD.
In the Garden of the Lord.

Gertrude W. Seibert.
LAST night, I dreamed the Master came to me and gently said,—

“Beloved, lay thy cross aside, and come with Me awhile, For I would have thee rest within the Garden of the Lord.”
He took my trembling hand, and led me thro' the gloom—

Until we came to where a massive gateway barred our path.
The gates were closed—
but opened
at the Master's
sweet command.

We entered,
and the shadows fled
before His
radiant smile.
A passion flower, sad symbol of His dying agony.

Entwined itself with orchids rare, fair children of the air.
While velvet pansies, clothes in royalty—
together grew

with Lovely,
clinging,
pink and white
sweet-peas.
Oh, vision rapturous!
Can words be found,
to tell how fair!
Ten thousand roses
beckoned with Love's
crimson hue,
And round about our feet,
the violets nestled in their purple grief.
And close beside, the lilies of the valley bent in sweet humility.

And everywhere the tender grass, a carpet soft and cool.
And often as we passed, the Master's hand with loving touch—

Did rest upon some drooping flower, And lo! at once it seemed refreshed.

At last we came to where a stately lily stood.
Its snowy crown uplifted
like a chime of silver bells.

We closer drew,
and then I saw,

alas! how here and there,
A petal fair was torn and brown, as though by some rude wind, or scorching heat.

I wondered greatly at the sight, then turned, the question on my lips,
When suddenly there rose a storm, So fierce, that every flower in the garden bent its head.

And then a shower of flaming arrows, hurled by shadowy forms.
Outside the garden’s ivy-covered walls, rained down upon the lilies, while I clung in terror to my Heavenly Guide.

A moment only did the storm prevail, and then I heard the Master’s “Peace, be still!”
The tempest ceased and there was calm.
The wondrous light grew dim,
the garden vanished,
and I woke.
The Master had not spoken thus, and yet I seemed to know,
The fair dream-garden was a picture of His "little ones."
He neither sleeps
nor slumbers
in His watch-care
over these.

And then the thought-
If in this garden
I might choose my
place, would I be like
the rose?

Ah no! lest in my passionate
zeal To show by
works my heart of love,
I should forget the thorns,
Dear Lord, and wound
Thy loving hand.
Ah, then—perhaps
I would
the lily
be,

and sound Thy
blessed Truth
o'er land and sea
in clear-toned eloquence.

Ah no,—I might not
bear the storms that
beat upon the one
whose head

Thou hast uplifted
far above his fellows,—

And a shining mark
for Satan's darts.
And thus I thought on each and all that garden’s lovely ones,

Then cried—

“My blessed Lord, if I might choose, oh, let me be the tender grass.”
That I may rest
and soothe
Thy weariness,—
A lowly place,
safe sheltered
from the wind and
fiery dart,—
What rapture this,
to lay down life
itself beneath Thy
feet.