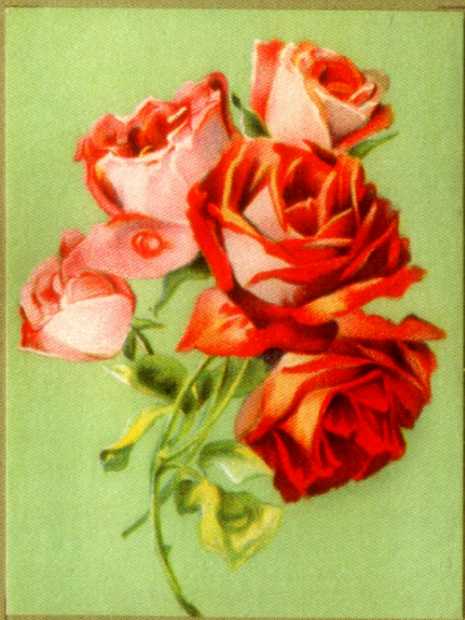


IN THE GARDEN  
OF THE LORD.



In the  
Garden  
of the  
Lord.

Gertrude W. Seibert.



BIBLE & TRACT SOCIETY  
BROOKLYN TABERNACLE, NEW YORK.







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.”



and then





He took my

trembling hand,

and led me thro'

the gloom—

Until we came to

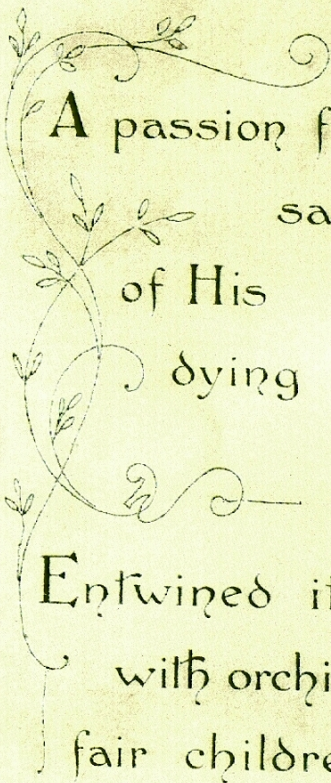
where a

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,  
clothed 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.



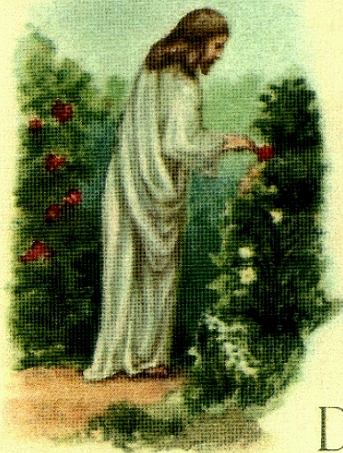




And close  
beside, the  
lilies of  
the valley  
bent in  
sweet  
humility.

And everywhere  
the tender grass,  
a carpet—  
soft  
and  
cool.





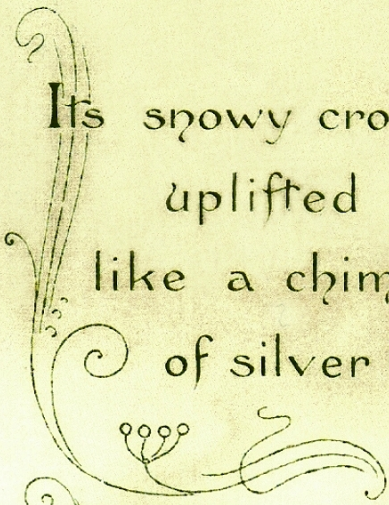
And often  
as we  
passed,  
the Master's  
hand with  
loving  
touch—

Did rest


Upon some drooping flower,  
And lo! at  
once it  
seemed  
refreshed.

At last we  
came to where  
a stately lily  
stood.



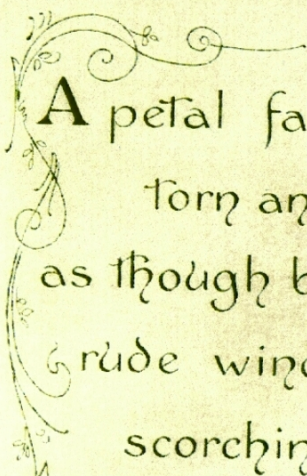
A large, intricate decorative flourish on the left side of the page, featuring a long, vertical, curved line that loops and swirls, ending in a small floral motif with three buds.

Its snowy crown  
uplifted  
like a chime  
of silver bells.

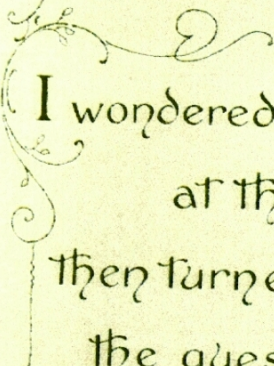
A decorative flourish on the left side of the page, consisting of a vertical line with several loops and swirls, ending in a small hook.

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.

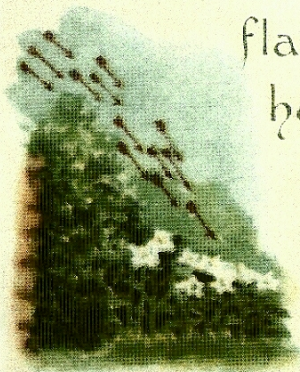


I wondered greatly  
at the sight,  
then turned,  
the question on  
my lips,—



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.

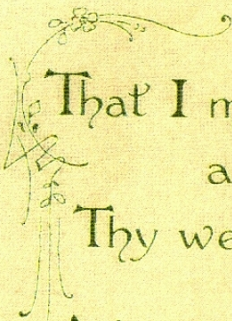





And thus I thought  
on each and all  
that garden's lovely  
ones,—

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.





