

To dear Martha,

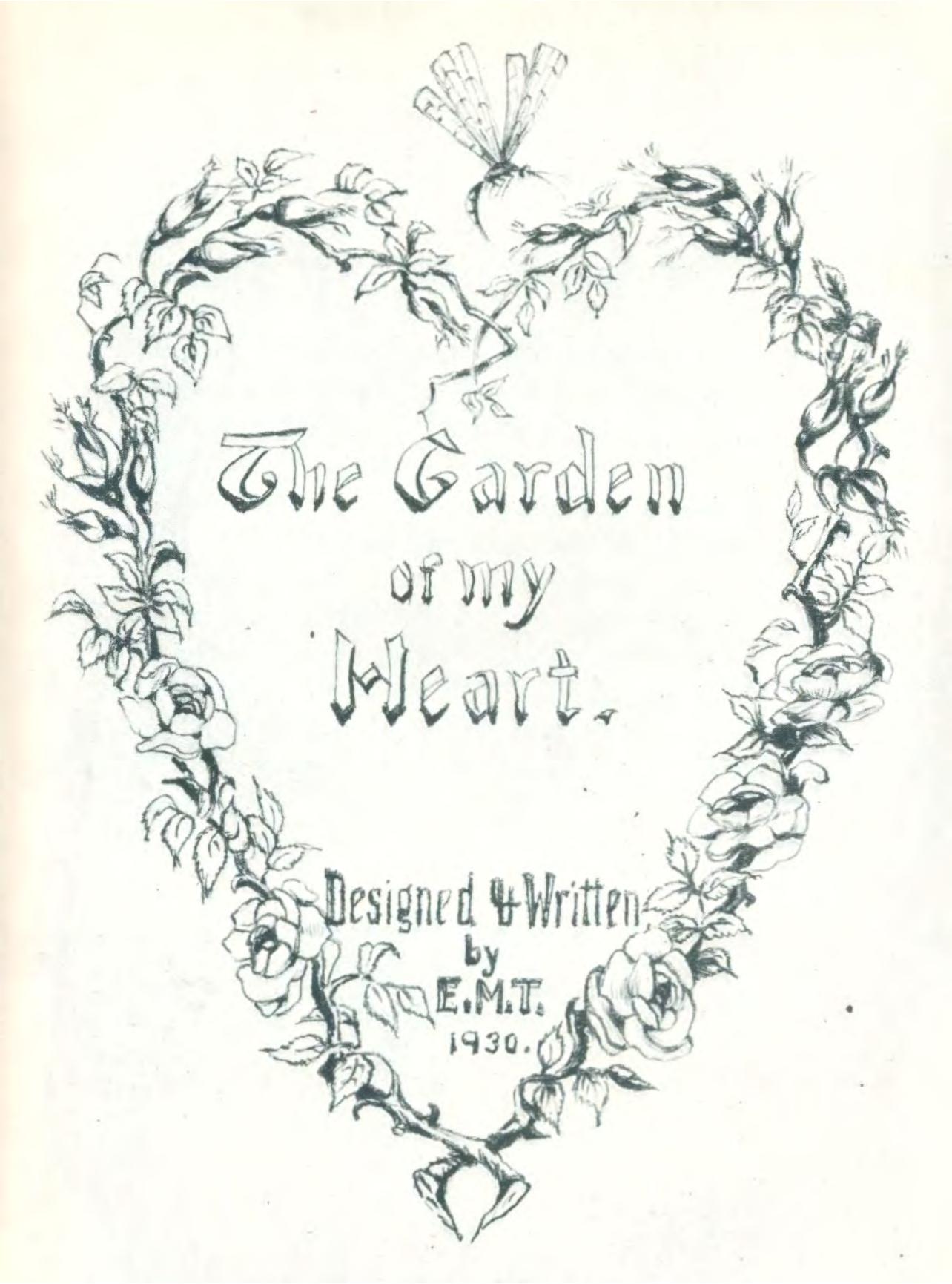
With Love rvery bestwishes.

from arthur mildred Bur.

A little Gift Book for the sorrowing, the lonely, the "Shut-ins," as from one Christian to another. A word for the day in which we live.

Christmas. 1931.





## TO YOU WHO READ.

I BEG of you, accept with all charity, the sayings of this little Book. This bunch of simple flowers, culled from the garden of Spiritual Thought. May they come to you studded with thoughts of Him, whom, in all reverence, we have termed the Great Gardener of the Soul. Perhaps, in its humble lines, you will find parallels to your own thoughts, for "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." May it lead you only to know and praise Him the more, for all His labour of Love and Grace.



#### COMMENTS.

The wise man says, "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding. And lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well, I looked upon it and received instruction."—Prov. 24. 30-39.

What a contrast to this, is the garden of the Spouse, in the Song of Songs 5. 1—"I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse, I have gathered my myrrh with my spice: I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk; eat O my friends, drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved."

I can heartily commend this good little book to those who desire to keep their soul's garden for the Master.

DR. E. A. MARTIN.

Monrovia, Calif.

Those who, from time to time, have read the verses which have appeared in some of our Magazines, over the initials E. M. T., will welcome this other contribution from one who has written so sweetly; and we believe they will not be disappointed.

Having read the manuscript, we feel sure they will not.

W. J. M'CLURE.

Oakland, Calif.

I have read with much interest, the manuscript of this unique little book. It is simple, reliable and rings true to the great truths of the Word of God. It is so short that anyone can quickly read it, and so attractive that it cannot fail to interest.

Christians would do well to secure this good spiritual message so profusely and beautifully illustrated by the flowers of the garden, that they may be protected from the baneful anti-Christian philosophy of our day.

The little volume reveals a reverent love for the Divine Master, an intense zeal for His cause, and provides spiritual instruction for the soul.

May this little volume, which seeks to bring heavenly and eternal things through the garden and the flowers, have a wide and fruitful circulation.

JAMES WAUGH.

Atlantic City, N.J.

I can heartily commend E. M. T.'s little book, "The Garden of My Heart," with a Spiritual application. If you read it, Bible in hand, your own soul will be as a "watered garden."—Jeremiah 31. 12.

"Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock and of the herd: and their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all."

JAMES ERSKINE.

Des Moines, Iowa.

## THE GARDEN OF MY HEART.



HO among us does not love a flower garden, or know the joy of gazing upon the colour and beauty which springs so mysteriously from those tiny dark seeds buried in the earth?

In driving back and forth to my work, week in and

week out, I have passed and admired many beautiful gardens. I had often wished I had some of the same flowers in a garden of my own, but had never really thought I had the time to spare for it.

One day I said to myself, "Now if you

would only make up your mind to have a little garden of your own, you could, just as well as not."

The idea took root and grew, and then and there I made up my mind that I would look over the premises for a likely spot as soon as I arrived home.

In the rear of our house, is a large shady arbour, which covers about half the space of the lot, and back of that was a spot uncultivated and neglected, which was an ideal place for a garden. As I stood and gazed upon it, I said, "There it is, your flower garden."

Thus the resolve was made, and plans came thick and fast.

So, dear fellow saint, if you will come with me out to the selected spot, you may share my thoughts and my labour.

Come with me, and view the tangled mass of grass and weeds.

Feel how hard and dry the sun-baked soil. Will it ever become the garden of my dreams, I wonder, as I set to work to form it with the labour of my hands. My thoughts, as I work, run on ahead to spiritual things, and soon the one is interwoven with the other.

Is there not a likeness to eternal things

in every work of Nature, for those who have eyes to see, and ears to hear?

Look up, and see how "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork," for "There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard."

Thus down to my own tiny corner, the likeness still follows, and it seems in every move of labour in making my garden, that I can hear the voice of the Great Gardener speaking spiritual lessons to my soul.

As I break and turn the hardened soil, I marvel at His ever taking up a portion of clay like myself (just as hard and dry naturally), and seeing promise, after the ploughing, sowing and pruning, of a spot where He can dwell. Of a spot where He can find flowers blooming for His delight, yea, even in this desert place, this gardensoil of my heart.

A heart once unregenerate, the home of weeds and briars of unbelief; never penetrated by the Sun of His love, nor softened by the Water of His Word.

But "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light," the hardened soil breaks up; The Word, "Ye must be born again," sinks in, like good seed between the clods, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ springs up unto Everlasting Life, making into a garden this once rebellious heart of mine.

Now after the breaking up of the soil, comes the sowing, the planting, and the labour.

Being duly dug and watered, I next form the flower beds, placing between them foot-paths of stepping stones. How necessary are these foot-paths, and how like Faith, these stepping stones.

Faith is the pathway of approach to God, and the means by which the impossible is accomplished. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." "Without faith," He says, "it is impossible to please God."

Just so, without a path how could I enjoy my garden? And surely if I am not careful to keep to the path, I might in stepping off it, do injury to some plant that is being raised with much care.

So, beginning at the Cross, Faith is the pathway in which my feet must walk, until I reach the end of the journey of life.

I used to think, when I first came among believers, and found that all God's real servants lived entirely by Faith, depending upon Him for temporal as well as spiritual needs, that the path of Faith was especially for them. But later on I learned that every believer is called to walk that same path of Faith.

That it is their great privilege to lay everything before Him, to "commit their way unto the Lord, and He will direct their path."

And, that those who seek to walk by Faith in every phase of their daily lives, will often seem to have more trial, than those who take their own way.

But surely those who take their own way, are really getting off the "path," and perhaps at the end of the journey will find they have injured, by disobedience, some choice plan the Master had for His own honour and glory.

But to those who seek to please Him, the path of Faith is the only happy and safe one, and walking there, we can always be sure He will be with us to cheer and comfort.

So Faith leads ahead, far and beyond the earthly things, to "things hoped for," and "things unseen." Things undreamed of, all in store for obedient ones by and bye. And by the exercise of Faith, we have courage to tackle the difficulties as

they beset our path, having "respect unto the recompense of the reward."

And so in my own little garden, I must place the stepping stones, so as to have a path to work from without injury to the plants. And I must take hold with a will, for surely the "things hoped for," will never be mine, unless I have the courage to tackle this ungainly spot, and try to transform it into something worth while. So with faith in what I am going to have by and bye, I weed, plant, and water.

I find that a garden is not made in a day, no, nor in many days.

I also go on to find that, after the first upspringing of my new-found Faith, this heart of mine is still the same old place where weeds instead of flowers will grow.

That unless it is kept constantly dug and watered by the Word and Prayer, the weeds will grow much faster than the flowers.

They, being natural to the soil, which from the beginning brought forth "thorns and thistles," grow without effort. But the good seed which will bring the flowers, must come from another source, even from God Himself.



# THE WEEDS.

OH! What an endless variety of weeds! Large and small, all unwelcome things to be battled with, rooted out, and cast away, before the hope of bloom can come. Weeds and flowers cannot grow

together and flourish.

Just so the Great Gardener has to uproot and weed out, through most of the first years of our Christian life, because there is so much that He cannot use. Nothing but tangled grass and weeds of the old soil. All must be cleared away, for He says, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," and His all-seeing eye can often detect only weeds, when we surely think they are acceptable flowers. And how impatient we get, because He takes so long to do the weeding. And Oh! What a wise Gardener He is, preparing the soil with so much care, that the bloom which follows will not fade in a day, but will go on to bring Him joy and honour in a future Day.

Of all the numerous varieties of weeds, one which has given me endless trouble, is the Sour-grass. How it keeps cropping

up, when I think it is all gone.

How like the Pride of my own heart,

which would fight for its own will, rather than give place to the humble virtue of Humility.

Humility! How it makes one think of the violet, hiding under its foliage, growing close to the earth, but giving out a

heavenly fragrance.

What a border for my garden! Violets next to the stepping stones. Can you not

see it? Humility overlapping Faith.

Such a border would make any garden beautiful, were there no taller flowers in the background. But, I am trusting to have more than just a border.

Just a border! Here I stop for a moment, for I seem to hear the Great

Gardener's Voice.

I gaze over the garden beds. There they lie, freshly weeded and smooth, but all empty. Only a border to meet the

gardener's eye.

And how, I ask, could I be likened to just a border? If, knowing and observing the outstanding truths of my life as a believer, i.e., baptism by immersion, gathering to break the bread, attendance at gospel meetings now and then, or a conference once a year; if that is all there is to my Christian life, then it is "just a border."

Where are the taller plants for the background? Those which bloom from much care and labour only. Those which have to be weeded and pruned perhaps through a long period of waiting at the hands of the Gardener. The testimony of my Christianity is my home life, my business life, my thought life.

I see! A border is not enough. So I hear, "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful."

# THE FLOWERS.

AND so, because I want more than just a border to my garden, behind the violets I must plant the sturdy stock. That fragrant old-fashioned flower, which has adorned many a garden before my own.

Looking at the stock, what could one

see, but a likeness to Patience.

Patience is old-fashioned, too. As old as the hills. Yea, as far back as the time when the first Adam came into the world, and Sin entered into his heart, there the "God of all Patience" met him in that first garden, and began His dealings with him.

So Patience belongs to Him. And Oh, what a laborious time the Great Gardener has had, to get some of the blossoms of Patience to bloom in this garden of my

heart.

Now I do trust you are getting the picture in your mind's eye, of the flowers as they take their place in the garden.

Behind the old-fashioned stock, stands the tall larkspur, the graceful aster, and the

heavenly blue delphinium.

How like Hope, the larkspur, with its flowery spikes ever pointing upward, full

of varying colour.

How like Charity, the blue delphinium, spreading its swaying stalks of bloom above the smaller plants of the garden. Acting as a shield. Listen! Do I not hear the Great Gardener's Voice?

"Above all things have fervent Charity among yourselves, for Charity shall cover

a multitude of sins."

Mingling with its beautiful shades of blue, are the pinks and purples of the

graceful aster. Love and Charity grow-

ing side by side.

Here and there through the garden, are the colourful phlox and the pansies, but wait! I am going too fast, for the weeds are not all out yet. This other weed, the Devil-grass, to my mind the most troublesome weed of all, how it warps around the tender roots of the growing plants, hindering growth and often killing them.

"How like Jealousy," I hear the Great Gardener say. That obnoxious weed of the old soil. "Jealousy" which He says,

"is cruel as the grave."

Alas, that it should ever be found in a heart once enlightened by the Holy Spirit! Is it not one of the many weeds which should have been rooted out, and done away with? Yet how often it is kept and nurtured in the heart, hindering and often killing the love and the fruit of the Spirit.

Oh, how fast these weeds grow. Just let me begin to think I can take a rest from my labours, and I discover another, mingling its foliage so successfully with that of the growing plant beside it, such a good imitation of the real thing, that I am almost afraid to uproot it. Surely it will make a flower in time, if I tend

and care for it like the rest.

But no, it soon begins to crowd the good plant, and show its true nature after all.

Thus I find that Nature is full of imitations. Deceiving things. Just like my own heart. He says, "it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

How long it has taken me to believe

that, and to find it out.

How many times, from the counsels of my own heart, have I planned and carried out things which I surely thought were according to His mind, only to find that "my thoughts were not His thoughts, nor my ways His ways." And because of that, the Great Gardener had to root out the cherished plan, and cast it aside, for well He knew it was but a weed which would never make a flower.

And here is another weed with such a strong deep root, that though I pull and tug, and all but break my back, only the top comes off in my hands, while the root is still left to shoot up again later on. But I find if I am wise enough to give the soil around it a good soaking with water, giving it time to soften up quite an area, it then comes up root and all

with very little effort on my part. Is not that just like some fixed habit or desire which is displeasing to the Great Gardener? And though I try and try in my own strength to overcome, I seem to make little headway with the root of the thing. But if I go to Him, letting the Word and Prayer do its softening work in the soil of my heart, I find the desires for things which once looked so attractive, are taken away, no more to satisfy, for something better is there to take its place. So I learn that "there hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation make a way of escape."

Also that He says, "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the

earth."

A slow process, this! And as I look, and weed, and dig, I wonder at the grace of the One who could ever stoop to undertake to make something for Himself, out of this wayward heart of mine.

And Oh, His patience! Uprooting, watering, pruning, that there might be a little more fruit of the Spirit, and a little

less of the weeds of the old soil.

# THE ENEMIES.

NOW, after digging, planting, and watering, the buds begin to appear. Now surely, the labour is over, and rest and enjoyment begin.

But no! The enemies cannot be fenced

out, and so they come.

Burrowing, creeping, crawling, they come trooping into my garden. The gophers, the moles, the cutworm, the snails, and the rust.

Even the winged things of the air, come

in to steal their share of the plunder.

Birds and bees to steal the sweetness. Gnats and little darting things, which sting and worry and destroy. Countless enemies.

Once again I hear the Great Gardener's voice. These little stinging things; how like the stinging unkind words which often rise in haste from the heart, to speed quickly on their mission of destruction, through that little "winged" thing, the tongue.

First grown in the soil of the heart, for "from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, blasphemy, pride, foolishness; all these evil

things come from within and defile the man," says the One who "needed not that any should testify of man, for He knew what was in man.

Generated in the heart, how quickly the poison rises to the tongue, and "Life and

Death are in the power of the tongue."

Oh! how careful we should be of this so powerful a member, remembering that unkind and evil words could never wing their way abroad, if they were not first conceived in the heart.

So the untiring care of the Gardener is

needed, both early and late.

## THE GOPHERS.

AND now, see here! What means this little mound of fresh earth?

Here I trace another enemy. That biggest enemy to any garden, the gopher.

A creature of darkness. Burrowing,

undermining, gnawing.

Not far from my garden lies a vacant lot. The owner is away, so it is left to be a happy hunting ground for the moles and gophers. I chanced to walk across it one day on my way to a neighbour's house, and I was astounded to find how well they had done their nefarious work. At almost every step I stumbled into a hole, sinking sometimes to my shoe-tops, so tunnelled and undermined was the seemingly good surface.

Oh! what a picture of the havoc of this poor world, undermined spiritually by the insidious work of the Enemy.

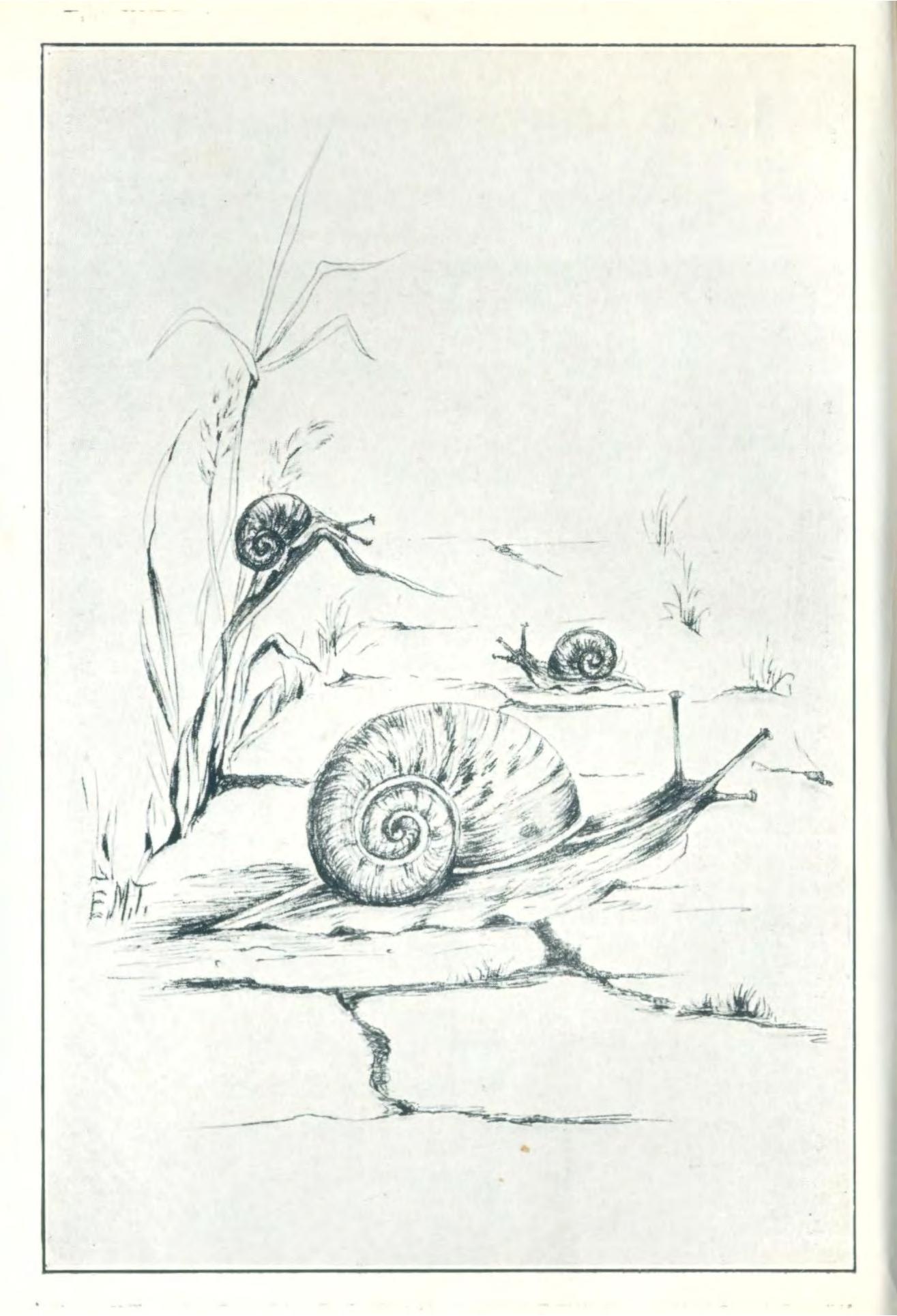
Never in all their history, have the moles and gophers worked so well.

Full of Religion and Cult, a seemingly good surface, yet undermined by Atheism and Sedition.

Beautiful cathedrals, masterpieces of architecture, where one may enter into the hushed atmosphere of shaded lights and softened music, yet hear no blessed news of Salvation through the Blood.

Magnificent churches, where thousands sit weekly, feeding on political questions of the day, or listening to intellectual discourses, which seek to break down under the hammer of Atheism, the inspired Word of the Living God.

How well the gophers have been at



work. Beware of them! They burrow in the darkness, and undermine while men sleep. They strike at the roots, scarcely ever coming to the surface, for they cannot stand the light. "They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

Give them no place in your garden, or they will bring it all to ruin.

## THE SNAILS.

AND Oh! That other enemy, the snail. Such slow crawling things. Turn them over in the light, a slight touch, and they melt away. Like the reasonings of unbelievers.

Do you believe in that story of Adam and Eve?

Why, scientists have discovered the human race evolved from monkeys. And as to Adam eating an apple, scientists have proved it was not an apple, it was a pine-cone.

Do you believe in that story of Jonah and the whale?

Why, scientists have proved there is not a whale alive, with a throat large enough to swallow a man.

Let not these snails get a chance at the plants in your garden, or they will bite and injure. Turn them over under the searching light of the Word, and they will melt away.

The mighty God who guides the planets in their course; who holds the world in the "hollow of His Hand," is the same

God who prepared a "great fish."

He is yet to speak, and at His voice,

the heavens and earth shall flee away.

The sea shall give up its dead. Those in their graves shall obey His voice, and stand before Him, to be judged out of the very Book the Enemy seeks in vain to nullify.

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Only, dear

reader, if you have no Christ.

In Him there is perfect safety, for His shed blood blots out every stain. If you are not yet under its shelter, flee now while there is time. God says, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." Hasten, e'er it be too late.

The snail, like the gopher, does its work in the darkness, too.

Go into the garden when the sky is fair and blue over-head, and the sunlight is there, and not a snail will one see. But wait until the garden is shrouded in darkness, and with a lighted candle one may find hundreds.

Is not that just the way the snails of doubt and unbelief work?

When all is going well, it is easy to trust God; but when the sun is obscured, and the darkness of trial comes, then the enemy comes also, seeking to destroy faith and trust in God's over-ruling care.

"Yea, verily," says the evil one, "if God cares so much for you that the very hairs of your head are all numbered, why has He brought you to this?"

And should the prayers and tears seem to fall unheeded, and the way seem to be all hedged in, the enemy whispers, "You are so insignificant anyway, that what would your little comings and goings mean to God? He has far more important things to attend to, and has forgotten all about you."

What shall I do to get rid of these snails?
This will I do! I will take a light into

my garden, and search them out, and put them under my foot to end their work of destruction.

Where is my light?

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

Now, through the darkness, I can discern the stepping stones, and the snails crawling there.

It does take courage, and sends a few shivers up one's spine, to step upon the crawling things, but killed they must be, if the plants are to have a chance to grow.

Just so when doubt of God's purposes of love to me, has once made headway into this heart of mine. Doubt and unbelief are not easy things to deal with, and eradicate, for we are so often out of touch with Him, and the garden neglected.

Sometimes nothing short of going back to the Cross itself, will re-establish the fact that God does care, though all looks hopeless and undone.

So we go often with the Light, at least every "first day," to the place where doubt as to God's love for us can find no footfold.

By the light of the Word, that wondrous scene at Calvary is brought before our

eyes, and looking at it we never tire.

How clearly at times, is the Holy Spirit able to make us see that other garden, where God's beloved One knelt in direst agony.

How clearly have we seen the darkness closing in upon Him, while all "forsook Him and fled." And in those gathering shadows, the towering Cross, and the crouching demons of hatred, waiting, waiting, until the moment comes to fall upon their Victim.

How we have followed Him from place to place, throughout that dreadful night, and stood aghast at the depths of wickedness revealed in our own hearts.

How we have marvelled at His wondrous dignity and patience through all that cruelty. Never a murmur. Never a slip. Never a false step, by that Only One who was able to put away sin.

Does God care for me? Doubt of that must surely melt away, as I see God's Holy Son stretched upon that cruel Cross, spiked and hung between heaven and earth, to the gaze of all the worlds. And there, upon that Cross, was experienced even greater agony than "wicked hands" could inflict. "Wicked hands" have done

their vilest, but they cannot gather up all the sin of the world, and lay that heavy load upon the sinless One. God Himself must do that.

God Himself smites the "Man who is His fellow," with the relentless sword of Justice, and never stays until its blade unseals that lifegiving, crimson stream, which flowed from the very heart of the Perfect Sacrifice.

"It is finished," we hear, and with heads bowed in shame, we turn away. In the face of THAT, could we ever doubt His love.

All that for such as me. Depths and heights which I can never reach, though I search its mystery through all eternity.

Wondrous love! God's love for me revealed! "God who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things."

So we find the sure way to kill the snails of doubt and unbelief, lest we grieve Him. Let us trust Him in the darkness of trial, for then only can we honour Him. Has He not proved His love? Will He cause a needless tear? Never, "until the day dawn, and the shadows flee away."

# THE CUTWORM.

NOW that we have dispatched the snails, what shall we do with the cutworm? That ugly repulsive thing which one finds often hidden in the very heart of the plant, feeding on its vitals, so to speak.

The cutworm of criticism.

Once we would have been afraid to raise a voice against the servants of the Most High God. Now we are so familiar with the things of God, that we do not hesitate to pick fault with the very servants He has chosen to do His work.

We can calmly sit in their presence, criticising "the way they do things," and "the stuff they preach," cutting to the very

heart, like the worm in the plant.

What presumption! What ignorance! What playing into the hands of the

enemy!

How the thing hampers and cripples! How such cutworms have made inroads into our assemblies, not only with criticism of each other, which is bad enough, but with criticism of honoured servants of the Lord, which is worse.

Does not each one of us stand verily guilty? Have we not each our favourites? and perhaps unconsciously, are using our

influence for or against them, when we should do neither.

They are God's property, not ours, sent to minister what they receive from Him.

Let us draw back and confess our sin, that we may not cause confusion of face to those who seek, with prayers and tears,

the welfare of God's people.

We may not realise it, but a voice of criticism from our own small corner, may resound throughout the world, thus cutting out the very heart of the service some servant is labouring to accomplish.

What trouble and strife some of them have to wade through, wounded and crippled, because of the cutworm of unjust

criticism.

Better to put our "hands upon our mouths" now, than to have to do so at the Judgment Seat of Christ.

### THE BEES.

NOW come the bees. Those busy little insects found in nearly every garden. What brings them? Something to feed

upon of course.

How they buzz about from flower to



flower, never idle a moment. Squeezing into places where they have no business to, and coming out all covered with the pollen they collect.

One or two little bees are not so bad, but get into a place where there are a number, and pretty soon one will run for

cover.

I remember a time when a swarm flew overhead, in a thick dark buzzing cloud, hiding the light of the sun, and making one feel that to seek a place of shelter was the only wise move to make.

They look so small and innocent, too small to be harmful. But alas! they have

a sting.

Looking at them, could we think of any-

thing but little tales of gossip?

How innocent it is to begin with, that little piece of gossip; told just to one person, who promised to keep it a dark secret forever. But, somehow, it leaked out. The little bee began its buzzing, and before one could tell just how, the buzzing increased, and soon there was a swarm.

A few chance words, perhaps just a surmise, can be spread about a fellow Christian or some servant of the Lord. Just so that the story is started, and the buzzing begins, is all the enemy needs.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Will the veriest magician upon earth be able to tell how far it will travel or where it will end?

Research tells us that the little bee can

travel for miles.

How much farther a little tale, perhaps never stopping until it has encircled the globe.

How soon the chance expression gets twisted and added to, until in its travels it collects a swarm big enough to sting the victim to death.

The awful solemnity of it, and the piling up of material to be burned at the Judgment Seat of Christ.

Where shall one run for cover, when the swarm threatens to overtake and in-

jure?

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

So I find, that if I let down on the job for a day, double work is required to re-

store order again.

So I go on to learn that a garden to be a delight to the eyes of the gardener, means constant labour.



I likewise go on to learn that neglect of reading the Word, leaves room for the snails, the cutworm, and the rust to gather, and very soon the blossoms that would have been, are stunted, bitten, and spoiled.

And with what joy I also learn, that though the enemies come (yea, can be expected), the Great Gardener is faithful, "Ever living to make intercession for us." And if I confess my unfaithfulness, "He is faithful and just to forgive, and cleanse me from all unrighteousness."

So I am encouraged to go on, in spite of the snails, the cutworm, and the rust, for He whispers that He not only "restoreth my soul," but "His goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

## THE LILY.

NOW come with me to a secluded spot, and stoop down, for you must needs stoop to see this most delicate of blossoms, this lily-of-the-valley, growing in its sheath of green, so white and beautiful.

Some of you who know I am writing

this about a garden which I really made, might doubt as to whether I raised such a plant here in this tropical end of the country.

I did, though not many. Just a few, given me by a friend whose mother sent them from the North. I understand the bulbs had to be frozen and thawed out, before they were fit to plant.

I was also warned to plant them in a cool shady place, which I did, at the base of a cement pillar of rockwork. With them I also put a few forget-me-not plants, and by and bye, had a small bed of both blossoms.

How could one possibly gaze upon those two tiny delicate things, and not hear the voice of the Great Gardener speaking. Nor see the wonderful picture of our standing in Him!

For many years I believed there was truth in that old hymn, known the world over "He's the Lily-of-the-valley, the bright and Morning Star." But no, it is not "He" who is the "lily," wonder of wonders, it is I.

To Him, I am the "lily-of-the-valley." I, more like the thorny rose, with all my waywardness and wicked heart, am in His

sight as the "lily-of-the-valley." Clean and white," as He sees me in my future state, "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing."

Why am I thus? Because, planted, nourished and watered, I am growing in the "shadow of the Rock." That "Great Rock" which was cleft for me.

The shadow of that rock in my garden was a shield to the tiny plant, and in its shade it grew and thrived.

So is He to me. My great and mighty Shield, my "Shadow of a Great Rock in a weary land." The Rock which separates me from a sinful dying world.

Did He not find my heart a frozen and dead thing, like the lily bulb, to thaw it out with the warmth of His matchless love and make it bloom.

May He ever keep us so, "thawed out," for then only can we be of use to Him.

And so, while the lily is growing in the garden, one must stoop low to see anything of its beauty, it is such a lowly thing.

Just so, I ask you, does not the world have to stoop from its heights of arrogance, to see anything attractive in one of His "lilies," growing in its shaded scene? Are we not in the world's eyes so small

as to be scarcely noticed? True, some who pass by at times cast upon us an eye of pity, but to most we are a puzzle, a "peculiar people."

I call to mind a very dear friend, whose kindness to me was very great, and in whose home I stayed, while my youngest brother lay with a fractured spine in an army hospital. I went to her, so as to be near him, whom I was afraid might pass into eternity in his unsaved condition.

I was in great trouble, but found comfort and support in the Book, which she often found me reading. Out of her kindness of heart, she planned to divert my mind, by arranging for a dinner at a popular café, an evening at a theatre, or some such thing. But I could not go there, having a different place wherein to find the needed comfort.

One day she appeared before me in a burst of exasperation. I shall never forget her expression. Exasperation, puzzlement, wonder, was all written there, as she exclaimed, "I don't see how you can stand it. To live as you do. You never go anywhere, (theatres), you never do anything (dancing, cards), you never read anything (popular literature), to improve

your mind. I don't see how you can stand it."

Poor darling, how she truly pitied me,

and what a puzzle I was.

Yet with all her own "vision" and "improvement of mind," she did not see or know Him, "whom to know is life eternal." She did not have the key (nor could I give it her), to unlock the invisible doors of the Spirit, where through the eyes of Faith she might see the glories of that land which is "fairer than day," and know the One who, once the light of this dark scene, is now its centre and theme of worship.

So after all, who has the greater vision?

Who has the improvement of mind?

The poor world, blinded by its god, who "will not" stoop to drink of the Living Water, or the lowly insignificant ones who with Faith's vision keen, "see Jesus." The lowly ones who are growing as lilies in this shaded scene, soon to be transplanted to their eternal abiding place.

And now see this other little flower, this bit of sky come down to earth, the forget-

me-not.

How like His promise which has never changed, though, we often forget and doubt it. "Can a woman forget her child? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee on the palms of My hands."

Yes, by the nails of Calvary.

## THE STORM.

NOW over the face of my fair garden, comes a shadow.

Dark clouds roll in from the West, to gather and break and fall upon the defenceless flowers.

How they bend under the weight of the rain, and soon look drenched and beaten.

But see, the clouds are moving, (for no storm is ever stationary), and soon they part and drift and the sun shines through, warmer and brighter because of the storm which has passed. Now the flowers take heart again and lift up their heads, washed and refreshed, with their roots pressing deeper into the softened soil.

Just so, the shadows of disappointment



come over my heart. Hopes of years are swept away in disappointment which is overwhelming. The dark clouds break as the cherished desire is taken away, the tears fall, and under the weight of the trial, Patience and Hope are bowed down to the earth.

But see, God is still there behind the clouds, "He that keepeth Israel doth

neither slumber nor sleep."

Soon the trial will pass, the tears cease. Then patience and hope will again lift up their heads, and take firmer root, because of the trial of faith which is past.

Beloved, listen! Through the patter of

the rain, hear that sweet sound.

## THE SONG.

THE song of a bird. How sweetly the clear notes speak of trust and praise, and promise of sunshine to come. How the little winged thing pours forth its song, singing through the rain.

And how could I do less? No matter how much has been withheld, His greatest gift, the Lord Jesus Christ, is still unchanged, and still my own. For Him, I too must pour forth my song of thanksgiving, even through "the rain." And when these lesser things are past and gone, He will still be my song through all Eternity.

Thus the heart learns to trust and sing through every storm of earth, because "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed."

And so the little winged thing is not always a destroyer. If tuned aright it can as easily carry a message of cheer.

Again, in another aspect, we think of the tongue. That "little winged thing" which, like the bird, can carry a message of comfort to some sick and weary soul. Up from the same heart, which alas, is often a hot-bed for weeds of discord, can come forth words of comfort, stored there from the Book, ready to be carried to some fellow saint in time of "storm."

Who has not stood by the side of some dear friend, or loved one, in dire sorrow, and not felt how inadequate are all human words of sympathy?

What use then to quote from even the

greatest and wisest of men, sayings which were born of their own intellects?

How much better the sure and unfailing promises of the Word, which alone can bring true comfort to sorrowing ones. Here indeed, is a bouquet fresh from the heavenly gardens, ready for the "little messenger" to carry to the sick and dying. Flowers which will never fade nor lose their fragrance. Everlastings.

"Fear not, for I am with thee." "I am thy God." "I, the Lord, am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer." "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "I have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand." "I am the Lord that divided the sea." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee."

And even through the darkest hours of the night, listen! "I am the bright and morning star." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

What a bouquet! Study its beauty, drink in its fragrance, this dewy bunch of heavenly flowers, always ready for the "messenger" to carry in the time of storm.

May the messages we carry be ever and only, those of cheer and peace, as we move in and out among His people. Sounding

of "a crooked and perverse" world.....

Down the ages hear His loved voice still speaking, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, that bring glad tidings of good things."

Now the south winds blow "softly," stirring up the blossoms and spreading

their fragrance abroad.

Now every raindrop sends forth sparkling reflections of the light which shines upon the garden. Beautiful picture of a resigned will, reflecting more and more the grace of the Spirit.

Because of the trials of faith, the tears did fall, but every drop is now turned into a chalice which holds the sunlight of His

love and faithfulness.

And at last, after long waiting, the buds begin to unfold. Oh the joy, to see the buds and blossoms transform the once unlovely spot, into a thing of beauty.

Now indeed, can the gardener walk in the cool of the day, and enjoy the results

of his labour.

And if, after long and patient teaching by the Holy Spirit, who has taken up His abode in this garden of my heart (and has been grieved into silence how many, many times); if, after all His patient labour, there is a little denying of self, and a faint reflection of the grace and love of Christ, the buds begin to unfold.

Something blooms to gladden the eye

of the Great Gardener Himself.

Oh! To think that He has desired it. A place where He may dwell, and see heavenly fruit, even in this desert place, this garden soil of my heart.

Did He not consider it the 'pearl of great price,' selling all that He had, to purchase it with His own most precious

plood?

And so, if the Gardener can have His way, by and bye the tables will be turned, and the weeds will find no place to grow, so full will the garden be of bloom and fragrance.

## THE SUNSET HOUR.

NOW in the sunset hour, after the heat and labour of the day is over, what pleasure to walk upon the stepping stones, around the glowing beds of bloom.

What pastel shades of colour, under the

soft glow of the evening sky.

Many of the flowers are already folded and at rest, content to wait until the opening of another day.

How like peace, that brooding light over the garden.

All past, the glare of the mid-day sun. All past, the storm and the labour. Nothing left but the stillness and subdued light of eventide.

And so the heart, after it has passed the testing time, comes home to rest, in the knowledge that "He doeth all things well." Then "The peace of God, which passeth understanding," fills it with holy light.

Peace which the world with all its wealth, can never give, no, nor take away. Peace in Himself, the heart's eternal resting place.

How like this scene is some heart which has passed through the hands of the Gardener, enduring the weeding and pruning perhaps through a lifetime of illness and disappointment, to bring forth a mass of bloom and fragrance in the sunset hours of the day of life. A heart which holds and distils the fragrance of patience, made to bloom at the price of suffering.

Yea, even in the night when no eye

could see, its fragrance spread abroad, and others knew there was a garden there.

Thus, little by little, through all these lessons, He teaches that a heart seeking to be a delight first of all for Him, cannot keep its influence from spreading, nor its "branches" from "running over the wall."

That if silently nourished by the Word and prayer, its fragrance must spread abroad, telling others we have been "with Jesus."

And when at last darkness settles down upon my garden, it is hidden only for a night. The morning will surely come again, bringing the sunlight of another day.

And so when loved ones in Christ are laid away, they are hidden only for a "night," for listen to His loving promise, "If I go—I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Then beloved, what glad reunions, on that sunrise of another day. That better and blessed day, which will never end. In the which we shall see Him face to face, and share with Him all the glory of that everlasting heavenly garden. There the gates are barred to every storm of earth, and all things that offend.

There every tongue is tuned to heavenly music, without a discordant note.

There every heart is made like His own, to grieve Him never more; and only heavenly flowers shall bloom through a long, long Eternal Day.



Lord, keep this Garden of my Heart,
A place where Thou shalt see
No poisonous weeds, nor tangled vine,
In shape of pride or thoughts unkind.
But walking there, in beauty find
The flowers which pleaseth Thee.

May from its borders fair and trim,
Sweetness and grace distil,
Each lovely flower lift up its head,
To speak the source from whence 'tis fed
And nourished there. Its fragrance shed
Subjection to Thy will.

And if the Enemy should come,
To rob, deceive, and spoil,
Help me to close this heart of mine.
Nor let the weeds of Sin entwine,
Blighting the fruit which should be Thine,
For all Thy love and toil.

And if the Storm should come, and I Faith's pathway scarce discern, Help me to feel that Thou art near, And would not cause a needless tear. Give me a heart to know and hear The lessons I should learn.

And when at last I see Thy Face,
Light of that Radiant Shore,
Storm cloud and rain shall flee away,
No more this Garden know decay.
There, fadeless flowers shall bloom for aye,
And weeds shall grieve no more.

E. M. T.



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