

"GOLDEN ROD."

BY MRS. M. N. VAN BENSCHOTEN.

On a certain Monday, that "common" day, in the morning, when all were busy and hurried, a lady and her husband were visiting in my family. She was beautiful as a dream, while her dainty, birdlike ways made a poem of our prosaic work-a-day world. We called her our "Sunshine," for she brought warmth and glow and beauty; we called her "Zephyr," for she refreshed us like cooling breezes. Underneath and enfolded was great sweetness and sincerity of character.

We were passing through the dining-room, when we paused a moment. We were speaking of the marriage of a friend—of the bride and her future home—when my little Alice came in, and drawing the lady down to her, whispered, "A little boy at the door wishes to give you some flowers." The request being whispered, revealed the hesitancy and doubt of my little daughter as to its propriety; but the lady stepped at once to the door, where a barefoot lad of twelve stood with his hands full of nodding Golden Rod.

"O, how beautiful?" said the lady; "and did you bring them to me? I shall have to give you a kiss for them," and the sweet, exquisite lips pressed the freckled cheek. She laid her hand on him. "Do you go to Sunday-school? Have you a little sister? Do you love Jesus? I want you to be kind and very gentle to the little sister, to love the dear Saviour, and grow up to be a good and noble man. I am glad you love the flowers"—and on and on the sweet words ran. With a glow on her face, she came back into the parlor and held up the golden rod.

Such a "common," simple incident, do you say? Dear reader, this column is to be filled with illustrations of holiness in daily life. The golden rod is common. The humble boy's love for it and the gift may not be rare, but the instant lifting of his thoughts from its graceful sprays to a loving Saviour; the low, sweet-toned pleading for a brother's gentleness, and the inspiration to a noble manhood, *was that common?*

A young lady was standing by and saw the beautiful act. Afterward, with tears, she said, "I never saw anything like it. The words came so fast and earnest, he never will forget them as long as he lives. They were so spontaneous,—they seemed a part of herself."

"So they were," I replied."

Hers is one of those sweet, pure, consecrated lives, so rare in the world. I do not wonder you were impressed, for as she bent over him, it was like the vision of an angel. Reared in one of the most cultured and beautiful homes of Boston, from the hour she found the Saviour her life had been full of sweet and holy ministries. She visits the poor and neglected, and brightens the deathbed of the dying in garret and cellar. I have known her to have three and four hundred children in her infant class, which she has gathered from the streets of the city. It is blessed to see the graces of beauty and of manner, and the power of attraction so consecrated to God. Trial and care have come to her, but she has proven

"Our lives may be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord."

—*Guide to Holiness.*

WHY MANY FAIL TO OBTAIN ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR.

It cannot be the will of our Heavenly Father that any sincere soul should struggle so hard and so long as many have done, with nothing to show for it. For many, after the experience of years, feel in their hearts the humiliating fact that they have not as much meekness, patience, humility, zeal for God and the souls of men, nor as much love to God and the brethren as they had the first week of their adoption into the family of God. Hence they always look back to that period as the brightest of their whole Christian life. It was, indeed, a glorious event never to be forgotten, but surely their subsequent experience in Christian life must be far below God's standard, which is indicated by the wise man thus: "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And thus by St. John: "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." In a healthy development of faith and purity, each succeeding year of our experience should be brighter than its predecessor.

How shall we be able to detect the error which thus trammels our faith, and defeats