

THE INFLUENCE OF A WHITE ROSE.



HE far-reaching influence of a little act of kindness, accompanied by "just a white rose," is beautifully shown in the following story told in *The Silver Cross*. Kindness and sympathy are rarely wasted on the unfortunate :

A wealthy lady, young and beautiful, who had lately experienced genuine conversion, was so overflowing with love for the Saviour that she was drawn to visit those who were in prison. One day, before starting on this errand of mercy, she went to her conservatory and her gardener gathered her up a large box of flowers and was about to tie it up for her when she noticed a perfect white rose untouched, and asked that it be added.

"Oh, no!" he said, "please keep that for yourself to wear to-night."

"I need it more just now," she said, and took it with her on her journey.

Reaching the prison she commenced her rounds among the women's wards, giving a few blossoms to each inmate, with a leaflet, a text, or a message of sympathy and Christian hope.

"Have I seen all the prisoners here?" she asked the jailer.

"No; there is one whom you cannot visit, her language is so wicked it would scorch your ears to hear it."

"She is the one who most needs me," she answered. "I have one flower, the choicest of all I brought; can you not take me to her?"

Then when they confronted each other on either side of the grated door, the visitor was greeted with curses, and the only reply she gave was the beautiful white rose, which was left in the woman's cell. As she turned away she heard one heart-breaking cry, and the voice that had breathed imprecation moaned over and over again the one word, "Mother! mother! mother!"

The next week she came again. The jailer met her, saying: "That woman whom you saw last is asking for you constantly; I never saw a woman so changed."

Soon the two were alone in the cell, and the penitent, her head resting on the shoulder of her new found friend, told, with sobs, her sad story—

"That white rose was just like one which grew by our door at home in Scotland, my mother's favorite flower. She was a good woman; my father's character was stainless, but I broke their hearts by my wicked ways, then drifted to America, where I have lived a wicked life; is there any hope for me?"

And so the dawning of a better day came, as the two "reasoned together."

Many visits the lady made in that narrow room, until she seemed an angel of light to its inmate. When the time came for the woman's release, the love of Christ constraining her, she went out into the world to devote her life to the saving of such as she had been.