

NO CHILDREN'S GRAVES IN CHINA.

No Children's graves in China
The missionaries say;
In cruel haste and silence
They put those buds away;
No tombstones mark their rest
To keep their memory sweet;
Their dust, unknown, is trodden
By many careless feet.

No Children's graves in China,
That land of heathen gloom;
They deem not that their spirits
Will live beyond the tomb.
No little coffin holds them
Like to a downy nest,
No spotless shroud enfolds them
Low in their quiet rest.

No Children's graves in China,
Do mothers ever weep;
No toy or little relic
The thoughtless mothers keep.
No mourners e'er assemble
Around the early dead,
And flowers of careful planting
Ne'er mark their lowly bed.

No Children's graves in China,
With sad and lovely ties,
To make the living humble
And point them to the skies;
No musings pure and holy
Of them, when day is done—
Be faithful, missionary,
Your work is just begun!

—H. M. Echo.

WON BY A WHITE ROSE.

THE far-reaching influence of a little act of kindness is beautifully shown in this story. Kindness and sympathy are what the world needs; not criticism and spurning. The incident is told by a writer in the *Silver Cross* :—

"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, and a message of sympathy and Christian hope.

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

"'No; there is one 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 which 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 into the world to devote her life to the saving of such as she had been."—*Sel.*

Once a Sunday School teacher asked a little boy what he would do for Jesus, if Jesus were on earth, and wanted him to do something for him. The little fellow had never thought about that before, but after a moment's thought he answered, "Oh, I'm so small that I couldn't do much, but I'd—I'd run errands for him." That's just what Jesus wishes us to do—"run errands for him." There are ever so many errands of love and mercy we can run for him if we only will.