

## THE GRAVE OF A LITTLE CHILD.



HERE'S a spot on the hillside far away,  
Where in summer the grass grows green;  
Where beneath a rustling elm tree's shade,  
A moss-covered stone is seen.  
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,  
A solitude lone and wild;  
Yet—somebody's hopes are buried there—  
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In winter, alas! that mossy stone  
Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow;  
But around it in springtime, fresh and sweet,  
The daisies and violets grow;  
And o'er it the summer breezes blow,  
With a fragrance soft and mild,  
And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew  
That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a redbreast comes,  
When the month of May is nigh,  
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,  
'Mid the elm tree's branches high;  
With her melody sweet by the hour she trills,  
As if by the scene beguiled;  
Perhaps—who knows? 'tis an angel comes  
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there,  
Some mother is weeping in vain,  
For, though years may come and years may go,  
'Twill never come back again.  
Yet blessed are those who die in youth,  
The pure and the undefiled;  
Some road to Heaven, perchance, runs through  
That grave of a little child.

## THE FIVE LOST GOLDEN MOHORS.

FROM THE CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.



N Indian Prince saw five lovely little Parsee children idling about near the Bazaar in Bombay.

"Why do you waste the precious moments thus?" he asked.

"We have nothing to do," they answered, looking rather dull.

Upon this the Prince drew out a bag of gold coins from his waist-band, and gave each of the children a golden mohor; saying as he did so, "This will give you something to do." And then he passed on his way, and they saw him no more.

For a minute the children stood gazing on their new possessions:—then they darted off in various directions, each with his golden mohor tightly clasped in his or her hand.

Rani was the eldest of the group—and so she knew best the value of the coin. "I'll just hide it away in my treasure-box," she said, "and I won't let any one know about it lest they should ask me to give them part." But her home took fire that very night, and her golden mohor was burnt in the flames.

Nusta, who was of a different disposition, rushed with her mohor to the first sweetmeat stall in the Bazaar, followed by her companions; and very soon her golden coin was exchanged for a huge bag of sugar-plums. As she did not know the worth of the mohor, the shopman cheated her, and

did not give her the value of one quarter of her money. So her gift was lost.

Munti made a hundred plans of what he would do with the Prince's gift as he ran home, tossing it up in the air, and catching it as it fell, careless of its worth. He did it, however, once too often, for he happened to be running along the sea-shore, and a huge wave came rushing up and knocked him over, and as the mohor was up in the air at the moment it got washed away in the rising tide. For weeks Munti's father went dredging along the beach in hopes of finding it, but he only lost his own temper and time in the search, as the coin never appeared.

Hamet, being a very little boy, thought the golden mohor would grow if he planted it, which he did in his own little garden; for he said, "If it grows like our great mango tree, I shall soon have a crop of a hundred coins instead of one." But one of his little friends saw him doing this from the roof of his house close by, and when night came on he ran to Hamet's garden, dug up the coin, and planted a giant Locust Bean in its place. This sprouted in a few days, and when Hamet saw it he danced with glee. But his happiness was short-lived; for when his mother saw the plant she said it was only a bean and not a mohor at all, and she beat the child for his folly. "If you had only brought the coin to me," she cried, "it would have fed and clothed you for a year, and paid your schooling too. It has now doubtless melted like a lump of sugar with the rain, and you will never see it again."

Peer Bux meanwhile lost no time in showing his parents the Prince's golden gift. "Put it in a bank," cried his father, who knew something of business,— "Put it in a bank till you are old enough and wise enough to use it rightly." Off went Peer; but a cunning thief met him on the road and asked to see the golden mohor the Prince had given him. Peer, unsuspecting mischief, showed it to him at once. "Let me feel its weight," said the thief; but when the child gave it he suddenly ran off with it at such a pace that the poor child could not keep up with him; and thus he lost his mohor too.

Children, there are many valuable things in the world that are lost through being misused, or not rightly valued, or safely kept.

There is the golden gift of riches, which, if hidden away, like Rani's mohor, is sure to rust and spoil, or get burnt up at last.

There is the golden gift of health, which, like Nusta's mohor, is ruthlessly wasted on vanities that are worthless.

There is the golden gift of time, which, like Munti's mohor, is easily lost but never re-found.

There is the golden gift of knowledge, which is often misplaced, like Hamet's mohor, and never produces the harvest it might do if used properly.

There is the golden gift of faith, which, if not safely deposited in a sure place, may be easily stolen from us at some unexpected moment—like Peer's mohor.