

# THE Children's Presbyterian.

## THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

One by one the stones we lay,  
Building slowly day by day ;  
Building by our love are we,  
In the lands beyond the sea ;  
Building by each thought and prayer  
For the souls that suffer there ;  
Building in the Hindu land,  
Where the idols are as sand.

Building in vast China, too,  
Living temples rise to view ;  
Building in Japan as well,  
Ah, what stories we could tell !  
Building on dark Afric's shore,  
That there may be slaves no more ;  
Building in the Turk's doomed land  
For Armenia's scattered band.

On Mount Lebanon's fair heights,  
By our many gathered mites ;  
Where the Nile's sweet waters pour,  
Building all the wide world o'er ;  
And one day our eyes shall see,  
In a glad eternity,  
"Living stones" we helped to bring  
For the palace of our king.

*Maria A. West, Constantinople.*

## TRE LITTLE HINDU GIRL,

By MRS. E. C. PEARSON.

"I am a little Hindu girl.  
Of Jesus never heard ;  
Oh, pity me ! dear Christian child,  
And send to me his Word.  
Oh, pity me ! for I have grief  
So great I cannot tell ;  
And say if truly there's a heaven  
Where such as I can dwell."

That pleading voice was borne across  
The rolling ocean wide ;  
Forthwith the children, touched with love  
Of Him who bled and died,  
Said, "Here's our money, little girl.  
To buy God's Word for you,  
We wish't were more, a thousand-fold,  
And you should have it too.

"We've heard of Jesus, and we know  
The way of life full well ;  
'Let children come to me,' says he,  
'And they shall with me dwell.'  
Ever with him ? with hearts renewed,  
And 'badness' all forgiven ;  
For he who never fails has said,  
'Of such the realm of heaven.'"

We'll spread the gospel o'er the earth  
To each dear child so sad,  
If one soul saved gives angels joy,  
Then will all heaven be glad !  
And if at last we reach the shore  
Where sorrow is unknown,  
We hope to greet thee, Hindu girl,  
Safe, safe before the throne.

## LETTER FROM A PASTOR.

During the long winter evenings many will feel inclined to spend hours away from your homes. Whilst we would not shut you out from social enjoyment with others, yet too many young people wish to be from home every evening. This is a bad practice often followed with bad results. The company you keep has much to do with moulding your characters. Oh how important then that you choose good companions. As you have now entered upon a new year it will be a good time to effect reforms, for there are not a few young persons who need to change their habits in this respect.

You all love, children, to hear and read stories. I am going to tell a true one and when you read it you will at once say how sad. It will show you what an influence bad company sometimes exerts on others.

In the month of November, 1883 a poor fellow in Newark, U. S., passed into eternity on the scaffold. He was a hardened unfeeling wretch who, like the unjust judge that we read of in Luke 10th, neither feared God nor regarded man. He met his fate as though he had done nothing wrong and was not guilty of crime. He was a young man of twenty-eight years of age, and had a good trade. When very young he fell into the company of a