

# THE Children's Presbyterian.

## MY MOTHER'S HYMN.

Like patient saint of olden time,  
With lovely face almost divine,  
So good, so beautiful and fair,  
Her very attitude a prayer;  
I heard her sing so low and sweet,  
"His loving kindness—O, how great,"  
Turning, beheld the saintly face,  
So full of trust and patient grace.

"He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving kindness—O, how free;"  
Sweetly thus did run the song,  
"His loving kindness," all day long:  
Trusting, praising, day by day,  
She sang the sweetest roundelay—  
"He near my soul hath always stood,  
His loving kindness—O, how good."

"He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving kindness—O, how strong;"  
So strong to lead her on the way  
To that eternal, better day,  
Where safe at last in that blest home,  
All care and weariness are gone,  
She "sings with rapture and surprise  
His loving kindness in the skies."

## LETTER FROM A PASTOR.

*Dear Children:—*

What cause more noble than the cause of missions. What privilege greater than doing something for the Master. How sweet the pleasure and happy the reward if we can help to save one soul. Souls are dying every day. Children are hourly passing into eternity without the Saviour's blessing. Think of it full two thirds of the human race now alive are in heathen darkness, 60,000 of the perishing ones die every day. Are you interested in them.

Let me give you a few facts which you can think over, and as you reflect upon them they will tend to encourage you to unite your efforts on behalf of the poor heathen.

Some of you perhaps have seen our missionary from Erromanga who is now

with us. You will hear from his own lips what God hath wrought on that blood-stained isle. Five missionaries have been murdered there. Sacred dust lies beneath Erromanga's soil but is it not true the blood of the martyrs has proved the seed of the church. Only 12 years have passed away since Mr. Robertson landed on that Island. Then they were a fierce and savage people threatening to take his life. Now there are nearly 200 professing to be God's people, and that they are sincere is shown by their readiness to work for Jesus. How often when any of our ministers are away from home churches are closed, People will not meet for worship because the minister is not there. Not so whilst Mr. Robertson is here. There will be service every Sabbath conducted by the native converts.

You are all very much interested in our New Hebrides mission. You love to read the letters of the missionaries and you rejoice (or should) when you hear of parents and children throwing away their idols and worshipping God. Well there are now in the New Hebrides 12 islands occupied by missionaries and native teachers. And let me tell you that thousands have given up their idols, at some places they have buried them and schools and churches have been built on the spot. There are now not less than 8,000 under christian influence.

The prophet Isaiah tells us in that day a man shall cast his idols of silver and his idols of gold which they made each one for himself to worship to the moles and to the bats. In our own mission-fields we are seeing this fulfilled. Many are throwing their idols away because they see that it is folly to trust in them.

We might tell you a good deal more that would prove interesting to you. But do you not think that we have a good deal to encourage us. Surely when God is thus blessing the labours of our missionaries we should feel glad and we should show that we are glad by doing what we can to help them in their great work. You can all have a part. Little streams make the rivers and your efforts feeble