

THE Children's Presbyterian.

THE GREAT FAMINE CRY.

*'Tell your people how fast we are dying;
and ask if they cannot send the Gospel a
little faster.'*—WORDS OF A HEATHEN
WOMAN,

HARK! the wail of heathen nations;
List! the cry comes back again,
With its solemn, sad, reproaching,
With its piteous refrain:
"We are dying fast of hunger,
Starving for the Bread of Life!
Hast, O hasten! ere we perish,
Send the Messengers of Life!

"Send the Gospel faster, swifter,
Ye who dwell in Christian lands:
Reck ye not we're dying, dying,
More in number than the sands?
Heed ye not His words—your Master,
"Go ye forth to all the world?"
Send the gospel faster, faster—
Let its banner be unfurled!"

Christians! can you sit in silence,
While this cry fills all the air,
Or content yourself with giving
Merely what you "well can spare?"
Will you make your God a beggar
Will you dole Him, from your treasure,
A poor pittance, as a loan?

Sound the trumpet! wake God's people!
"Walks" not Christ amid His flock?
Sits He not "against the Treasury"?
Shall he stand without and knock—
Knock in vain, to come and feast us?
Open, open, heart and hands?
And as surely His best blessings
Shall overflow all hearts, all lands.

M. A. W.

LETTER FROM A PASTOR.

Dear Children:—

You all know that our church has missionaries labouring in India and some of you can tell me that through this vast country flows a large river. A few days

ago I was reading a letter in which a missionary was telling a few things about the Ganges. I will try and gather together some of the interesting things he told us about this sacred river and the poor deluded people that worship it.

Away up in the Himalaya mountains the Ganges takes its rise. If you were to climb up to the spot you would see a little stream running out of a snow bed 29 feet broad and 15 inches deep. Ten miles from where it is cradled it gathers its waters into a bay and there a temple has been erected. To this temple a great many devout Hindoos come. They have nobody to point them to the Saviour and when their consciences accuse them they travel to this spot to find peace.

As the river rushes on other streams flow into it until it reaches a place called Hardwar a favourite resort for pilgrims. A great many flock here to bathe in the river in order that sin may be washed away. Would not some of you like to go and point them to Jesus, whose blood was shed to blot out sin. One traveller who visited this place several years ago at the time of this religious festival says that the camps in which the pilgrims were dwelling extended nine miles and that 2,000,000 of people were present.

Four hundred and eighty-eight miles below Hardwar is another sacred place called Allahabad, where are hot springs which the heathen of India think are caused by their gods. Here the Ganges receives the water of another river called the Jumna. Between these two rivers is a tongue of land, which is thought to be very holy ground. Every year a great religious festival is held here. Young and old, men and women attend that feast. Large numbers of beggars are also present, and the blind, the lame, and the leprous are also brought. The multitudes that gather from all parts of India at these feasts, show the hold that the religion of this country has upon the people.

One hundred miles below Allahabad is Benares in which there are one thousand