

Dying! and "No Man Careth for Their Souls."

Dying! yes, dying in thousands!
A hopeless, despairing death.
Can we not hear them calling—
Pleading with bated breath—
"Will no one come over and bring us light?
Must we perish in darkness, darker than night?"

Dying! and "no man careth"—
Oh! shame that it should be so!
How is it so many are sleeping,
When they ought to rise and go!
There are blind eyes here in this Christian land;
Would to God they were touched by a mighty hand!

Dying! in cruel bondage,
With no one to set them free;
Though the chains of ignorance and sin
Are galling so heavily.
The Saviour has freed us all we know,
Yet "no man careth" to tell them so!

Dying! in loveless silence;
For there is none to tell
The only message that comforts,
The message we know so well—
That the God of love, who gave His Son,
Has given Him freely for every one.

Dying! untaught, uncared for,
While we, in this favored land,
Who know that they are perishing,
Lend not a helping hand!
Yet we thank the Lord we are not as they,
That on us He has shed the Gospel ray

Dying! while we are dreaming
In selfish idleness,
Unconscious that these darkened lives
Are full of bitterness.
Oh! brothers and sisters for whom Christ died,
Let us spread His message far and wide.

Dying! Ah! it is easy,
Unhooding the Master's call,
To sit with folded hands and sing,
Oh! "Crown Him Lord of all!"
But where are the genis to lay at His feet,
Which may sparkle some day in His crown complete!

Dying! and Christ says, "Save them;
Little your strength may be,
But ye shall be instruments in My hand
To redeem them unto Me."
Oh, Lord! shall we see on Thy patient brow
The thorns, instead of the jewels now?

Dying! and "no man careth";
Alas! it is sadly true,
Oh! for a voice to cry aloud,
And rouse men up—to do!
Sympathy, pity, good-will, they give;
But is that enough, that the dying may live?

Dying! yes, they are dying—
May it echo in our ears,
Till the cry shall wring from our sinful hearts
Holy, repentant tears,
And we whisper low, at the Master's feet,
"Lord, use us just as Thou seemest meet."

Dying! Lord, we are willing
To tell them that Christ hath died;
We are ready to go to earth's darkest place,
And speak of the Crucified;
Ready, dear Master, to work for Thee,
And to carry Thy message, wherever it be.

Dying! but we can save them;
For it really is not we,
But the Lord that worketh through us—
He shall the glory be—
Till at last the redeemed from every shore
Shall "crown Him" their King for evermore.

—Selected.

The Homes of India.

Though resident in India only six months, we have had many opportunities of visiting the homes of the people, and have seen what may be taken, I should judge, as types of the homes of the whole country. We have visited high and low, rich and poor, at least one family of each, of many different ranks in life, have seen the inside of the rude mud hut, with its thatch of palm leaves, the more comfortable houses of those more well-to-do, and the stately residences of the wealthy. There are some in India who seem to have nothing that can be called a home, except that whose floor is the earth and roof the sky, for one can see them cooking their simple meals over a little fire of sticks by the roadside during the day, and at night stretched out on the ground in sleep.

In the hot season the great majority of the poor people live in the open air, except perhaps at mid-day; I fancy any one who has a house will seek its shelter at that time. All along the streets in Cocanada, if one is returning home in the evening after the darkness falls, the people may be seen lying on the streets outside their houses, sometimes on cots, sometimes on the ground, just as pleasure or the purse may dictate; anything to get out of the close, low, ill-smelling places in which they live is a change for the better. There are no side-walks or pavements, and foot passengers keep to the centre of the street, so the sleepers are not likely to be disturbed by anything except the noise made by a passing bandy or bullock cart, or perhaps the screeching shoes of a pedestrian; how ever, when a native goes to sleep, no trifling noise will waken him.

The native goes barefooted in the cool season, but even the poorest try to get some sort of foot-wear when the ground becomes heated in the hot season. I have heard that it is very painful walking on the hot ground with bare feet. Some of the shoes are sandals merely, with leather loops through which the toes are slipped, and perhaps a leather strap passing over the instep. Some are made of deer or goat skin with the hair outside, others are like slippers, with toes pointed and slightly turned up; very often the back of the shoe (if there be any) is flattened down by the wearer so that he can slip his foot into it without stooping. In India it is not polite to enter a house wearing shoes, that is, of course, among the natives—the shoes are left at the door (and are very often inconsiderate enough to walk off before the owner finishes his visit), consequently the shoes that can be easily put on and taken off find most favor. I have seen natives wearing low shoes of English make, but this is not common; the native shoes are usually the uncolored leather. One native gentleman whom we often met, comes out in stockings and black morocco slippers, he looks very nice indeed, and there is a sort of fitness about his attire that is very pleasing; it does seem so ridiculous to put on all sorts of expensive clothing, and tremendous head-dresses and go about with bare feet. The native gentleman, though he removes his shoes, keeps his turban on his head when he calls on his friends, to show his respect, just the opposite to our custom of taking off the hat upon entering a house. A great many things are