



Negro Girls of South Central Africa.

ONE THOUSAND MILLION SOULS.

A RECITATION.

Dying, dying, dying!
In deep and dark despair;
In speechless sorrow lying.
In wan and weary care.

No God, no Christ, no hope,
In rayless gloom they grope,
And dying, dying, dying.

Mid China's peopled plains,
Or Greenland's frozen snow,
Where India's temple fanes
In glittering splendors glow—

And many an ocean isle
Mid nature's sweetest smile
One night of horror reigns.

Yes, dying, dying, dying,
As hopeless wanderers die,
No gleam of light decrying
Along their darkened sky.

No Christ to them made known,
No blood which doth atone
For sins of deepest dye.

"One thousand million souls,"
What means this mighty host?
Where rushes, gurgles, rolls
This torrent of the lost?

In surging stream it pours
Upon the eternal shores,
Where—Lord thou only know st.

And must they die un-angst?
Die, in their voiceless grief?
Die, mid their woes untaught?
Die, like the withered leaf?

And in their hour of need
Shall none give willing heed
Or send the craved relief?

No, no, it must not be—
Rise, sluggish Church of God
The Saviour calls to thee

"Through all the earth abroad,
Go, ere the years are flown,
And there my love make known,
Wherever man hath trod."—*Sel.*

NO COMFORT IN IDOLS.

A writer in the *Canadian Missionary Link* tells of a visit she made to an idol temple:

"As I drew near I heard a cry like the wail of some bereaved mother weeping for her child. I paused for a little before going nearer, lest I might disturb the worshipper and miss what I longed to see. I had not long to wait. The sound came again—a low, sobbing cry. A step forward and I could see a poor woman sitting on the ground before the idol, now weeping, now shouting frantically like one in hysterics, now scolding the idol. 'You killed my child! You didn't save my child! I gave you three fowls and a goat, but you didn't save my child. You mean old thing! You are not God at all. You have no pity for me. I won't give you any more goats.'"

Thus saying, in revenge she spat upon the idol, which made no reply, offered no resist-
ance, and gave no comfort to its worshipper.

I then told her of the true God and of His Son Jesus Christ, who offered Himself a sacrifice for her sins. The old, old story seemed to comfort her, as it comforts all who mourn. Who will tell it to *India's* and *Africa's* won-en?"