

## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

### THE LITTLE WAIF.

A TOO TRUE STORY OF CHINA.

Out doors the sun was shining, but Oh! how cold it was! The three black haired, bright-eyed girls who were coming from the school-room to recite their lesson in Old Testament History, were glad their teacher's study was so warm and cozy, and as they settled themselves, drew their chairs a little nearer the stove. Golden Blessing was reciting—and her eyes were blacker than ever as she told of Goliath's challenge to the lad David, and of his brave reply, when there came a knock at the back door.

Did the teacher feel just a little impatient that her class should be interrupted? Perhaps so—but she said "come in"—and the door handle was carefully fumbled at. "Peach Blossom will you please open the door?" and the door being thrown open in tumbled the old "saint" in our church with—why, what was it in his arms? The teacher dropped her book and the girls jumped up. "Oh!" he said, "I brought her to you, for I knew you'd be good to her."

"Who—what?" said the teacher—an echoing question on the girls' lips. But they saw in an instant—he had in his arms, a poor, ragged, dirty, shivering child, unable to speak or even to cry—almost dead with cold and hunger. "K'e hsi-ke hsi," said the girls—and the teacher put her shawl round the little waif—and gathering her in her arms held her close by the fire. "Quick girls, go and warm up some rice gruel for her, and bring me a little hot water to give her right away." So off trotted the girls, really glad to be of use.

"Now Brother High, tell me where you found this child?" "Well, teacher," said the old man, "I found her by the side of the road—thrown out to die." "But," said the teacher, "Who threw her out?" "I don't know, only please keep her and let her grow up in the school."

By this time the hot water and rice gruel was brought, and a few mouth-fulls were given the child, who was still shivering. All the time the teacher was thinking, "What shall I do with her?" By degrees she got warmed up, but was too weak to stand alone. They decided she must be about 5 years old—they also decided that they would take her in and clean her up, and do for her, as she was very evidently a little child who had been intentionally left out to die.

When she had eaten a little something, and gotten warmed up, the teacher called in the school matron, and they had a consultation. "Mrs. Yang," said the teacher "she is filthy, and the first thing to do is to give her a good bath—her hair is so dirty and matted you may just shave it off, and her clothes must be burned. I've some little garments an English lady gave me. They will do until we can make some."

So the little foundling was taken to the bath room, and when she came out was nice and clean and sweet. She was a pretty little girl too, and was able to tell a little about herself.

At first she said, over and over, "They threw me out." "Tell us dear who they are," said the teacher, so at last she told. She said her father and mother were both dead, and she was taken by her uncle and aunt, but they had no food, and they left her out in the street in a strange part of the city. Poor little mite—how the heart ache came as she told her pathetic little story.

A good home with a Christian woman was found for her, and everything done, but she kept getting weaker and weaker—starvation and cold had done their work—and one day, very quietly, the patient little soul was called to Him who said, "suffer the little children to come unto me."

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

They that seek me early shall find me.