

CHILD LOST! CHILD LOST!

The following touching story is copied from the Foreign Missionary. We hope our young friends will read the tale, and not forget the moral.

Near the close of a delightful summer day, not quite twenty years ago, in the city of——, as we were closing up the labours of the day, we heard in the street the sound of that dismal bell, and then the well-known voice of "big Coffin" the crier, "Child lost!" "Child lost!" Then followed a particular description of the lost child, a little boy about three years old, how he was clad, his complexion, etc., and a liberal reward was offered to any person that would find and bring him to his mother in——street.

How that incident affected us, and what a sensation it created throughout the whole city! A child was lost: its poor distressed mother, O, how dreadfully she must feel! Many called upon the mother to try and comfort her, and many turned out to look for the child, and the fruitless search was continued until late in the evening. But at length one of the women living on the same street began to think of something her own little boy, then in quiet sleep and safe at home, had been saying to her when he came in from his play in the afternoon: he came to his mother, took hold of her dress, and as well as he could articulate, seemed to say, "Mamma, mamma, boy in hole;" but though he often repeated this, she did not comprehend its meaning until late in the evening, when the matter came to her mind, and she thought that perhaps the lost child was the one her little boy had been trying to tell her about, and that perhaps he had fallen into some place from which he could not escape.

These impressions were suggested to others, whereupon inquiries were made as to whereabouts the children had been seen playing in the afternoon, and a hole was discovered under a cross walk through which the water of the gutters ran into a deep sewer under the street. The pavement was immediately torn up, and a man went down with a lantern: he found a little h. t., then he discovered tracks in the mud, and hurriedly traced them, till far off he came upon an object which at first would not be recognized as a child, so completely was he covered with the slime of the sewer, and he was insensible from fright, and the chillness of this loathsome pit. But the man took him up, brought him to the light, and soon he was lifted out and restored to his mother. Then there was rejoicing—rejoicing such as none but a mother can appreciate.

Now, children, I have finished my story: it is a true story. I well remember the circumstances, and they left a strong impression on my mind. But I wish to tell you about other lost children. I believe if you should to-day hear the public crier proclaiming through the streets, "Child lost! Child lost!" you would every one do what you could to help to find it. Well now, I come to you with the startling announcement that there are many lost children—little boys and little girls, and you can help to save them, and you ought to engage immediately in this benevolent enterprise, for soon it will be too late to help them.

In China, in India, in Africa, amongst our American Indians, there are thousands and thousands of children wandering without any light to guide them, or any friendly hand to lead them in the way up to