

## INDIA'S WAIFS.

BY REV. NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

For the CHILDRENS' RECORD.

You have heard much about the famine orphans. Let me tell you, not of these, but of the little waifs, who even at the best of times are living very near to the verge of starvation.

Millions of India's little ones are living on famine's borderland, and when scarcity

ragged and very dirty. He looked hardly worth saving, he was so thin and miserable.

But this good missionary took him in and fed and clothed him, allowing him to sleep in his own house, in fact, caring for him as though he were his own child.

I saw that boy many times afterwards. He grew to be a fine strong young man and an earnest Christian. Though never a teacher or preacher he was always an example, and thus a living epistle to his



comes they are first to suffer. They are wretchedly clothed, and seldom, if ever, have enough to eat. They are utterly ignorant and for the most part bad, being taught to lie and beg and steal from infancy, and yet it is such as these whom Jesus came to save.

One evening I was in a missionary's bungalow when one of these little wanderers was brought to the door. He had been found on the streets, hungry and cold, by one of the native Christians. He was very

fellow Christians and the heathen round about. After a short life of service this young lad was lately called away, but it was to go home to Jesus.

One day a sturdy little fellow not very well dressed, or very clean, but with a good face, came to a missionary to ask that he might stay with him and learn about Jesus, for he had been hearing about Him in a roadside Sunday School.

The missionary was finally persuaded to take care of him, and give him a home