

HAPPY DAYS

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CHINESE LADIES.

The girls of China, you know, have their feet bandaged up when they are little, the toes bent under their foot, and thrust into a little shoe that prevents them walking with any comfort when they grow up. They, therefore, seldom go beyond their gardens, and are rarely seen in the street. The ladies in the picture are of high rank. You see how richly dressed they are, and what rich silk mantles they have. The poor women of China are more fortunate than the rich ones, in that they have the use of their feet and can walk about. But all of them, rich and poor, except a few Christian converts, are heathens, without a knowledge of the true God, and full of fear and terror of the unknown future. Let us try to send them the Gospel to enlighten their darkness and bring them to Christ.

POOR TIM.

Poor Tim was a patient in the Children's Hospital, Toronto, so unlike the Tiny Tim of the famous "Christmas story": a child, but five years old, that was brought in drunk by his drunken mother, who had to be assisted to stand upright while she handed the child to our care. "Tim" had been burnt by falling into the fire while under the influence of liquor, and his parents were too drunk to pull him out. Tim was "a Turk" indeed. After roaring lustily for his mother, while we cropped his hair and stripped him of his ragged shirt, and still more ragged pants, held up by a bit of string over one shoulder, he was bathed, his sores were dressed, and Tim was put to bed to sleep off the effects of the vile stuff given to him under the plea that it was to keep him warm, as

they had no fire. His first request on waking was, "Give us a chew"; this was unintelligible to us until he made it plainer, "I want some bacca." On being told that he could not have tobacco, oath

by strip, commencing at the bottom; finishing that, he began on the sheets and treated them in a like manner. He was reasoned with, coaxed, and threatened, and finally, at the doctor's orders, tied down with sheets; but he slipped through his bonds like an eel and set to work to reduce the blankets to a like condition as he had left the sheets. His father came to see him the following Sunday (the mother being in jail), and when he left, lo! Tim was in possession of his coveted "chaw of bacca," but which was, of course, taken, though not without a scene, from the mouth of this five-year-old. When asked if he knew who Jesus was, he promptly answered, "That's what father says when he licks mother." Think of that: answer from a child of such tender years in the City of Churches! Tim's burns rapidly healed in spite of his bandages being systematically torn off again and again. We applied to the mayor to have him taken care of, somewhere, somehow, but in anywise not to be allowed to return to those parents. He, good man, with sorrow informed us he was powerless, as we were, because Tim had committed no crime. We appealed to several of our city ministers, many of whom had seen Tim at our annual meeting; but while they were able to send missionaries out to far countries to the heathen, this poor little worse than pagan orphan could not be helped:



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after oath came from his baby lips like foul water from a well. To say he swore would give but a faint idea of Tim's language; he bubbled up with the vilest oaths and the rudest expressions; he tore every bandage from his burnt arms and hands; he tore his night-shirt to ribbons, strip-

and so Tim, when recovered, was returned to his parents, not to his home, for home they had none; and as they changed their name, as well as the place of their abode, he was soon lost sight of amid the multitude in our city.

Yet Tim was not all badness. During