

following Sunday (the mother being in jail), and when he left, lo! Tim was in possession of his coveted "chaw of bacca;" but which of course was 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 "Yes, when father licks mother he says, by Jesus I'll give it to you!" — think of that answer from a child of such tender years in the City of churches! Tim's burns rapidly healed in spite of the bandages being systematically torn off again and again. We applied to the Mayor to have him taken care of, some where, some how, but in any wise not to be allowed to return to those parents. He, good man, with sorrow informed us he was as powerless as we were, *because he 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; 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 the six weeks he remained in the Hospital he never hit a child nor hurt one in any way, though he would call them to his bedside, and after filling his mouth full of water, would send the contents in their faces, and thoroughly enjoy their discomfort. When taken out of the Ward and placed in an empty room, he climbed to the top shelf of the cupboard, and securing a parcel of linseed meal scattered it on the floor as a sower scatters seed in a field. Yet when he begged not to be locked in and gave his word that he would not try to get out if the key was not turned, he kept his word like a man of honor! Poor Tim! May He who feeds the