

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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[No. 7.

CHINESE LADIES.

As girls of China, you know, have their feet daged up when they are little, the toes bent over their foot, and thrust into a small shoe that prevents them walking with any comfort when they grow up. They, therefore, seldom go beyond the 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 when they 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 here. 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 "Tim" of the famous "Christmas Eve"; a child, but five years old, he was brought in drunk by his drunken mother, who had to be assisted to stand upright while she committed 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 take care of him. Tim was "a Turk" and after roaring lustily for his mother, while we cropped his hair and stripped him of his ragged shirt, and his 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 some law"; this was unintelligible to us, so he made it plainer, "I want some bacca." On being told that he did not have tobacco, oath after oath came from his baby lips like foul

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

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 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 were not turned, he kept his word like a man of honour! Poor Tim! May he who feeds the ravens and takes note of the sparrow's fall, look after thy young life, bought as it has been by the Blood of the Lamb!



CHINESE LADIES.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The still form of a little boy lay in the coffin surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face.

"You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little

boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked, frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' And before I had time to answer, he said, 'Ah, I know you were not afraid - you had said your prayers this morning before you began your work.' I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that time to this, and by God's blessing I never will."

er from a well. To say "he swore" would give a faint idea of Tim's language; he bubbled up the vilest oaths and the rudest expressions; he tore every bandage from his burnt arms and hands; tore his night shirt to ribbons, strip by strip, commencing at the bottom; finishing that, he beat 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

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 the bandages being systematically torn off again and again. We applied to the Mayor to have him taken care of, somewhere, somehow, but