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Dong Sun Yet.

(Sarah Hughes Graves, M.D., in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

Dong Sun Yet moaned so loudly in the night that she aroused her father. 'Am I not to sleep at night?' he cried. 'Be still, or tomorrow I will take you to the white devil woman and she will cut off your feet.'

Poor Dong Sun Yet was in too much pain

before he had the bandages applied, or they may have been too tightly put on.

Twice had the binding been done over; at last, it seemed, with success. Dong felt no pain for many weeks. Then the agony began afresh, accompanied by high fever, which burned for many days.

The Chinese doctor was called in; he made great pinches, which left black and blue marks between her eyes and on the backs of her

A nurse took the child from his arms and knelt down in front of the door. Skilful fingers soon unrolled the aching feet; when the last bandage fell to the floor, a murmur of pity ran over the crowd of onlookers, accustomed as they were to the bound-foot cruelty.

Doctor Yarramore took the shrieking child into her own lap while the nurse hastily wrapped up the distorted mass of swollen and discolored flesh.

'Must cut off feet,' said the doctor. 'No cut off feet, she die, pretty soon.'

'All lite, you likee,' grunted Dong Wo, 'Me no likee no moh. Cut off foot, no can be sing-song gel; no can work, allee samee coolie. She not muchee 'coun'. You keep allee time.'

The doctor's eyes filled with tears. 'I keep allee time?' she asked. 'You no come take her back?'

Dong Wo repeated sullenly, 'Oh! she not muchee 'coun'. You keep allee time!' Then he shuffled away. Hoo Bee, the nurse, carried Dong Sun Yet into another room. The child stopped crying and looked timorously around. 'I am afraid of the devil woman,' she said in Chinese; 'I want to go away.'

'Be not ungrateful,' replied Hoo Bee; 'she is not a devil, but a good white spirit. She will make you well.'

Then Hoo Bee bathed her little charge, dressed her in a clean white slip, and taking her into a big room with a glass roof, laid her on a table. When the doctor, in her long white gown, came in, Dong Yet shrieked again with fear.

'White devil woman!' she cried. 'White dev—' then something sweet and suffocating rushed down her nose and throat. She struggled faintly a few moments, gave up with a sigh of weariness, closed her eyes—and opened them again to find herself lying in a soft white bed with Hoo Bee bathing her forehead, and an open window at her side.

She was almost too weak to breathe, but oh! so wonderfully free from pain. Hoo Bee had told the truth; the white woman-doctor was a good spirit.

Just then, at a light touch on her arm, Dong raised her heavy eyelids and saw the woman-doctor with a shining something in her hand. The doctor thrust the tiny point of her hypodermic syringe into Dong Yet's arm; it had a sting like a needle, and frightened the child so that she fainted. Her first sensation on recovering was one of fear.

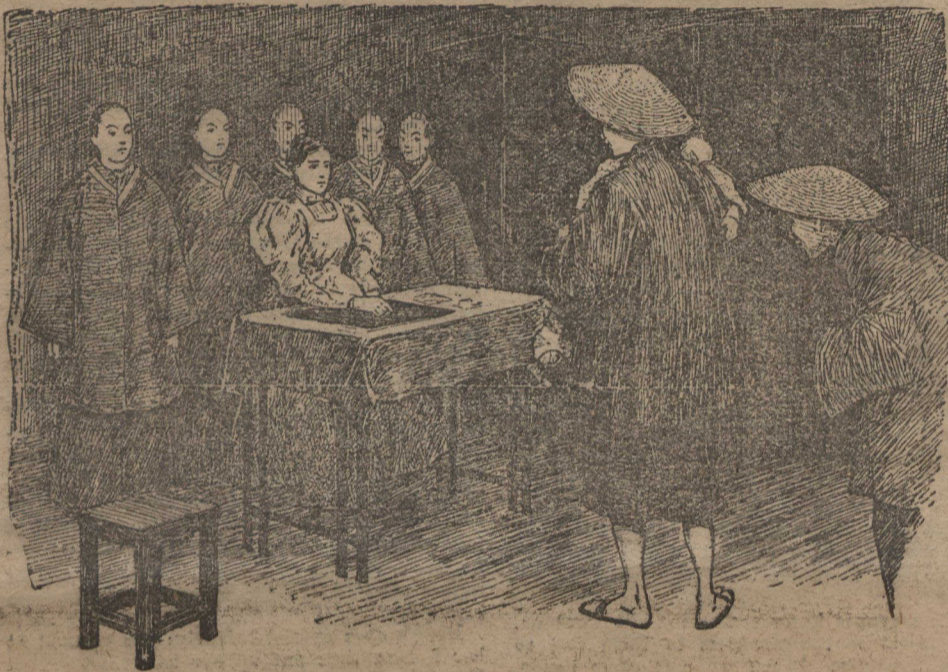
'The needle-dagger!' she moaned. Hoo Bee soothed her.

'That is not a dagger, it is to make you well. See, even now you feel better. With that the doctor brings back the spirit when it is making ready to leave the body. I have seen her do it. It is more powerful than our prayer to the dying.'

Dong did indeed feel better. She looked up at the doctor's face and was reassured by her smile, 'Did you bring me back?' she asked in Chinese.

The doctor did not understand, but she nodded cheerfully, closed the inquiring eyes with kisses, and hurried away to visit other patients.

Poor little Dong had never been kissed in



'WHAT YOU WANT?'

to heed this threat, which had been repeated so often that it had lost its first terror. Her head ached, her small body burned with fever, and the agony in her tortured feet overcame the filial reverence which she, in common with all Chinese children, was taught to consider the first rule of life.

'Will you let me sleep?' A blow from her mother's hand enforced Dong Wo's demand.

The moans hushed for a moment, but soon rose again, tending toward delirium.

Dong Wo grew uneasy. 'She has a devil,' he said. 'She will bring a curse upon us. If I take her away our gods may give us a son.'

Dong Kwee, the mother, arose and stooped over the suffering child. 'It is better to be a coolie than to be possessed of a devil,' she said, bitterly.

Dong Kwee was a coolie, with broad, flat feet; her husband's determination to make a 'lily-foot' of their only child had long rankled in her heart. She had not dared to rebel; in fact, when the tender feet had been bent double so that the balls of the great toes rested upon the soles of the heels, her pride knew no bounds. She witnessed the little girl's sufferings with a jealous pang. Gladly would she have gone through the necessary pain, had it been possible to reshape her own flat feet.

Things went wrong with little Dong; from the first her sufferings were intense. Her father may have waited until she was too old

wrists; he gave her the dust of ground-up black spiders; then he shook his head and went away; but the fever rose higher and the pain grew worse.

This night every breath was a moan. 'She has a devil,' said her father.

The next morning he carried the raving child to the Woman's Hospital, where he waited in the midst of half a hundred other Chinamen, all more or less sick or crippled, until a door at the end of a long hall was opened, and they crowded into a large, well-lighted room, where the woman-doctor sat, surrounded by her trained and uniformed Chinese nurses. It was in a city of China, where the missionary doctor had established her hospital in connection with the work of the mission.

'Rice Christians!' muttered Dong Wo, disdainfully glancing at the attendants. The mission Chinamen are held in deep contempt by the unconverted coolies, who allege that they profess Christianity solely to get free rations of rice; and at this time, on account of the missionary massacres that had recently taken place, the feeling against 'Rice Christians' was intense.

Dong Wo elbowed his way to the front. 'What you want?' asked the doctor, in her kindly voice.

'One piece gel, she makee bailly sick,' explained Dong Wo.

'Her feet?'

'Yeh, too muchee tight.'