



Devoted to the interests of the Mission Circles and Bands of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

**"STRETCH IT A LITTLE."**

Trudging along the slippery street  
Two childish figures, with aching feet,  
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,  
Were rudely jostled by young and old,  
Hurrying homeward at close of day  
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed or seemed to care  
For the little ragged, shivering pair;  
Nobody saw how close they crept  
Into the warmth of each gas-jet  
Which swung around its mellow light  
From the gay shop windows in the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,  
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks, and fell  
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold.  
"Taint very big, but I guess 'twill hold  
Both you and me, if I only try  
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry"

The garment was small and tattered and thin,  
But Joe was lovingly folded in  
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew  
That stretching the coat for the needs of two  
Would double the warmth and halve the pain  
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little." O girls and boys!  
In homes overflowing with comforts and joys,  
See how far you can make them reach—  
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,  
Your gifts of service and gifts of gold;  
Let them stretch to households manifold.  
—Harpers' Young People.

**STORY BY A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL.**

**D**URING the sixth moon Wen Shan, one of our neighbor's girls came back from the Peking School. She looked so queer to us! They had taken the bandages from her feet, and she walked like a boy and her feet were nearly as big as a boy's. I laughed at her, because she had followed the foreign devils and had a girl's head and a boy's feet, but offic-

my feet ached, so I wished in my heart that I had boy's feet too.

At first we all made sport of Wen Shan, because she had been off to the mission school; but she was so gentle and kind we got ashamed to make her feel bad. One day I said, "Why don't you get angry and scold like you used to do?"

"Because Jesus said, 'Love your enemies.'"

"Jesus? Who is Jesus? Is He your teacher?"

Then she told me a beautiful story about her Jesus. I did not believe it, but I liked to hear it all the same. We all liked to look at her doll and pretty things that came from America in a box for the school. No one in our village ever saw such pretty things. Every one went to see her house after she trimmed it up with bright picture cards. She says the verses on the cards are Bible verses, and the Bible, she says, is the book the true God has given us to help us to be good and please Him, so we can go to heaven when we die.

When I told grandma she said: "Ask Wen Shan to bring the Bible book over here and read it to me. I want to hear about her Jesus God."

When Wen Shan came I could see that grandma loved to hear her talk about Jesus. Wen Shan seems to love her Jesus, but we are afraid of our gods, and sometimes I think her god must be nicer than ours.

No woman in our village can read. It is a wonderful thing to hear her read as well as the mandarins. One day she read where Jesus said He was going away to prepare many mansions and He promised to come again for His friends.

Grandma said, "That is very nice for the foreigners."

But Wen Shan said, "He is heaven's Lord, our Heavenly Father. We are all His children. He loves Chinese just as well as He does Americans."

"Do you think there is a heaven for me too?" said grandma, and her voice shook so it made me feel very queer in my heart.