

TEENY AND TECK.

VIOLETS, lady, only have one bunch left and a blessing goes with it!" Sarah Hepburn was in a great hurry, but the pleading face of the little bootblack and "a blessing goes with it" was more than she could resist, and she hurriedly took from her purse ten cents, dropped it into his dirty little palm, and passed on.

When she reached home, she threw herself on a couch in the library, where her mother was sitting doing the week's mending.

"O, I am so tired"

"What makes you tired, dear?" said her mother.

"I walked all the way from the station, two long miles."

"Why did you do that?"

"Well, you know I went down this morning to help our Sunday-school superintendent, Mr. Hall, send off the 'fresh air' children."

After we had arranged places for the hundred whose names were on the list, and had them all ready to step on the cars, we saw the funniest-looking little pair, a boy and girl, standing by themselves holding each other by the hand.

The little girl had on a great big bonnet, that her great grandmother had evidently worn, a clean but faded dress, three sizes too large, shoes with bare toes sticking out, and a white handkerchief crossed on her breast.

In her arms she held an old rag doll. She was about eight years old, and her brother two years her senior.

The boy had on a hat that looked as if it had been worn by the Pilgrim Fathers, a big cutaway coat with a curious looking vest beneath it, and trousers too long for him.

It was the most comical, at the same time most pathetic, sight I ever saw. It makes a lump come into my throat when I think of it.

We walked over to them, and Mr. Hall said, "Well, children, what are you doing here?"

"We are going to the country, sir," said the little boy.

"Are you? I don't think your names are on my list."

"Our names are on God's list," he replied.

"What are your names?"

"This is my sister Teeny, and I'm called Teck," he replied.

"Teck is rather an odd name. Will you tell me who gave it to you?"

"It came about this way, sir. Father died, and before mother died she told me I was always to protect Teeny and not let her go to the workhouse. I had to tell Teeny very often that I would protect her, so she called me Teck."

"And are you going to take Teeny to the country?"

"Yes sir."

"Have you tickets or money?"

"No, sir."

"Then I'm afraid my little man, you and Teeny cannot go the country to-day."

All this time we had been unable to see any thing but Teeny's little chin protruding from under her bonnet. Now she lifted her head, and we saw a pair of sweet brown eyes filled with tears, and a very white little face surrounded by little golden curls.

"Don't cry, Teeny, you will go to the country for sure to-day," said Teck.

"Why are you so sure of going, Teck, when you have neither tickets nor money?"

"Cause Teeny has been sick, and the doctor said he could do nothin' else for her. All she needs is plenty to eat and country air, and I didn't know what to do, for I hadn't money to take her, and I just had to protect her, 'cause I promised mother I would."

"Day before yesterday we 'sweeps' heard singing as we passed the mission; the others went on, but I stopped to listen, and when I went home I sang what I heard to granny."

"Who is granny?" asked Mr. Hall.

"She is the lady that looks after Teeny and me, and she is awful kind to us."

"She has rheumatiz so bad she can't walk, so I sing to her every new thing I hear."

"And what did you hear new at the mission?" I asked. "Will you sing it for us?"

The sweetest voice I ever heard sang:

"Ask your Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through."

"That's all I know of it. Granny said: 'There is your way to take Teeny to the country, Teck; ask your Saviour to help you, and he'll carry you clear through to the green fields and flowers.'"

"And you took granny's advice did you?" asked Mr. Hall; "and asked the Lord to take you to the country to-day?"

"Yes, sir; granny and Teeny and I all asked him. Granny said we must believe that he will answer us, and we do."

"Where did you get your clothes?" I ventured to ask.

"When we knew we could go, then we hadn't any clothes, and granny said: she hadn't any but hers and her husband's weddin' clothes that had been put away in a box for years. She said they didn't look very stylish, but it was the best she could do. Chimney sweeps can't keep their clothes clean, and mine weren't fit to wear to the country. These do first-class, if they are a little big. It's most time for the train isn't it?"