

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

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 home 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 flung abroad 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,
'Tis not 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 o'erflowing 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.

TESSIE.

WHILE canvassing a large tenement in Sullivan street, New York, we found Tessie, a little half-starved girl of seven years. She was so bright and winsome that we were at once interested, and resolved, if possible, to rescue her from the physical and the moral filth which surrounded her. After listening awhile to the maudlin talk of the drunken mother, we drew the child to us, and told her "sweet old story of Jesus and his love," the sad little face growing brighter and brighter in its interest and sympathy for a Saviour who could care for poor little children, and before we left a strong desire had been awakened in her heart to go to Sunday school, where she should learn to sing and hear more about this wonderful Friend.

It was not hard to gain the mother's consent, so Tessie became a member of the Bethlehem Sunday school. Always present, if possible, but, alas! there were often long breaks in her record of attendance, when the mother, drunk for weeks together, resolutely barred

her door against us, shouting through the key-hole in response to our earnest entreaties to see the child, "That her house was all upset, and she could not receive visitors."

When the summer came, with its opportunities to put just such forlorn children into sweet country homes, we desired to send Tessie, but her mother would not let her go, fearing lest she should not get her back again.

She seemed to be somewhat conscious of her unfitness to mother the child, though she clung to her with a passionate love which neither drink nor sin could quench.

Little by little we learned something of Tessie's history. The father had died from the effects of drink. The oldest brother seemed to be given up to his cups, and her home was a constant scene of sin and debauchery, until one day last winter, when the mother's life went out in darkness, and Tessie was left an orphan.

The awful death of the mother seemed to arouse the noble manhood in the eldest brother, now a young man of twenty-three, and from that day he led a different life. The two other brothers, also young men, and always sober and industrious, found him anxious to cooperate with them in their efforts to provide a decent home for themselves and the dear little sister. So to our surprise when we called the day after they had laid their mother away in the

Low green tent, whose curtain never outward swings, with the offer of a home for Tessie, we were kindly but firmly told that they were going to care for her themselves, saying that it was their purpose to educate her and give her every possible advantage in life.

Greatly disappointed, we still determined to wait patiently for the opportunity which we still believed would come of putting this child into a home where she should receive the Christian training we longed for her to have, nor did we wait in vain. In response to our first call for children to go to the country came Tessie, with the unexpected announcement that her brothers were willing to let her go. With a glad heart we worked for hours over her, getting her in a condition to pass the doctor. Then the Dorcas-room must be visited for the needed clothing, and there never was a happier little girl than Tessie when she went out of New York ticketed for Warren, Pa. A wealthy farmer and his wife received her, whose hearts the Lord has opened, and who have begged the privilege of keeping her always, at any rate for the summer. And there we love to leave Tessie, tenderly cared for and lovingly ministered to by a King's daughter, who sees in this little one the likeness of her Lord.—*New York City Mission Monthly.*