

bed. She put up her fingers and touched her hair. 'It doesn't feel white!' she laughed softly, in her relief at being young again. She turned over on her pillow, and went back to sleep; but first she made a firm little resolve to go and see one of the Old Ladies right away. It was not until next morning that she had her kind little inspiration to get up a Grandmothers' Day.

At the Do-Unto-Others Club she proposed it. Josephine was the president for August; they took turns every month.

'The meeting will please come to order—Oh, say, girls, I've thought of something beautiful! It's a way to do unto others, to do unto some dear, poor, lonesome old ladies! I know they're lonesome. I vote we have a Grandmothers' Day, and—and celebrate 'em!'

It was not very clear at first but untangled itself gradually, and was unanimously adopted. Every hand went up. Then Rose Mary made a list of the old ladies, and they each selected a name. Aunt Euphemy fell to Josephine.

'I'll take Aunt Mercy Grant,' laughed Rose Mary. 'Aunt Mercy is the little mite of a one with the striped shoulder-shawl.'

'I'll take Miss Honoria.'

'I'll take Grandmother Anon!' somebody cried gayly.

'And I'll take Grandmother Ditto!' cried somebody else. Rose Mary laughed.

'I couldn't remember all the names,' she said 'so I anon-ed one and ditto-ed another!'

'It's just as well,' the president said very gravely. 'You can find out all their names on Grandmothers' Day.'

A Saturday in mid-August was set, and all the plans were made carefully. There would be two weeks to get acquainted in; of course you wanted to get acquainted with your grandmother! Josephine called on Aunt Euphemy at once. She knocked at the door, and a sweet old voice said, 'Come in.'

'How do you do?' Josephine smiled shyly. 'I'm Josephine Terry. I came to see if you would like—if you would mind being my own grandmother.'

'Bless the child!' cried dear old Aunt Euphemy. She looked so astonished that Josephine couldn't help laughing, and of course then it was all right. In a minute they were quite 'acquainted,' and Josephine was explaining.

'You see, the sixteenth of August is Grandmothers' Day, and I need a grandmother to celebrate it,' she said. 'I'd like to have you. We're each of us going to have one, and there is going to be a picnic in the park. It's going to be just as nice as can be, honest. Our mothers are going to give us the dinner in baskets enough for each one of us and our grandmother. Don't you think—wouldn't you like to go to it?'

'Bless the child!' The old voice quavered with sudden tears, but Aunt Euphemy's eyes were full of light.

'I never had a grandmother before,' Josephine said softly, 'and if you haven't any little grandchild—'

Never mind the rest. Josephine went away smiling, and in dear old Aunt Euphemy's lonely heart she left a great warm spot.

On the sixteenth of August the nurses in the park and the stray resters on the benches under the trees wondered at the 'picnic,' that went on in the midst of them. A dozen or more grandmothers and a dozen or more little girls, one apiece, laughed and were happy under the trees. The young children or the old—it was a toss-up which enjoyed themselves most. There was the gay little feast of the things that grandmothers like, and there were

the long rest in the cool shade and the stories that grandmothers always tell. Then the young children played and walked up and down the paths or fed the park swans, while the old ones dozed or looked on peacefully. Grandmothers' Day was a great success.

'Good-night, grandmother,' Josephine said at Aunt Euphemy's door again. And Aunt Euphemy said—you know very well what Aunt Euphemy said! You know she said, 'Bless the child!' but you did not see the soft, glad light in her faded old eyes. Josephine did.

### How the Gospel Spreads.

(The Rev. R. A. Torrey in the 'C. E. World.')

Some years ago a number of Christian men in Minneapolis decided to carry the war into the enemy's country. They engaged the lowest and vilest variety theatre in the city for gospel services Sunday afternoons. The first service was held on New Year's Day.

A few days after, the writer received an anonymous letter from Ottumwa, Io. The writer of the letter said that he had been present at the theatre service on New Year's Day, and had heard the gospel, and had decided to leave a life of sin and turn to the Christ.

Many months after, a large, fine-looking, intelligent Englishman dropped into our regular services, and soon became a constant attendant. When it was decided to organize a people's church in the heart of the city, this man was made a deacon.

One New Year's Day, a few years after this, he said to me at our New Year's reception, 'Do you remember receiving an anonymous letter from Ottumwa, written one New Year's Day?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I wrote it. I came to America a professing Christian but the first thing I did after landing in America was to go into a saloon and get a glass of beer. I went very steadily down. In the three weeks preceding your opening meeting in the theatre, I had spent three hundred dollars in the place. That first meeting brought me back to Christ.'

A blind man was brought into the services at the Chicago Avenue Church by a Christian young woman. He seemed very eager to hear the way of life, and soon accepted Christ as his Saviour. One night after this step had been taken, the preacher was urging the Christians to go to work to bring in the unconverted. There was no hearty response. At last the blind man could stand it no longer.

'Why don't you help?' he cried. 'I can't see to bring any one, but I'll feel for somebody.'

The next night came, and he was picking his way along to the church, and was in a narrow passageway near the building, when it occurred to him that he had not brought his man.

He stopped, backed up against the wall, and listened. He heard footsteps coming down the alley. When they seemed just opposite, he sprang out and grabbed the man.

'Come,' he said, 'I want you to go to church with me.'

I think the startled man had not been in church for years. But he went that night, and was converted at that meeting.

The next night the blind man tried it again and, I am told, brought three persons who were also converted. How many he brought in all, I do not know. He went home last year; but I think he will have more stars in his crown than many of us who have eyes to help us in our work.

I met a man from Mexico one day, who

said that he brought me the love of my grandson down in Mexico. This was startling news. But it came about in this way.

A man and his wife from Nova Scotia came into some meetings I was holding in Minnesota. Most of the attendants were poor, but these people were well-to-do, and well educated. They were attracted by the services, and came day after day.

After a while the wife accepted Christ, made a public profession of her faith, and was baptized. This greatly incensed the husband, but he continued coming, and within a month had followed his wife's example.

They had lost several thousand dollars just about this time, but, meeting me on the street one day, he said, 'If any one had told me I would be glad that I lost that money I really wouldn't have believed it. But I am, for it brought me to Christ.'

Business shortly took them to Mexico. They took their religion with them, and they soon opened services in their home. Among those that came was a man beyond the prime of life, who had lived long in open sin. After much deliberation on what it would cost him to become a Christian, he took the step.

They had told him how they had been led to Christ, and he persists in calling me his grandfather, and seems to have a very warm love for me, though we have never met or corresponded.

### Discoveries in Egypt.

News comes from the excavators under Prof. Plinders Petrie, who are working near Abydos, that an ivory statuette of Cheops the Pharaoh who built the great Pyramid, had been found. It shows a square face, heavy features, and a coarse, determined expression. So exquisite is the workmanship that it is a fair presumption of its being a good likeness. Prof. Petrie has uncovered several temples, which were built one above the ruins of an earlier one. The lowest temple has inscriptions which indicate that it was built five thousand years before our era. It contained a large vase of clay with a green glaze, on which, in a purple glaze, appears the name Menes—Aha in Egyptian. Thus nearly seven thousand years ago the Egyptians knew how to make finely glazed pottery. Another statuette shows a royal personage in old age wearing the crown of Upper Egypt, which shows a delicacy and truth of work, says the report, that equals anything of later time. 'On his head is the crown of Upper Egypt; a thick, quilted robe is wrapped about his body. The head declines forward; the expression of the face is at once rather senile and distinctly crafty.' Scientists are astonished to find how advanced the arts were in that early time. The specimens of polychrome glazing are especially remarkable, because they prove that it was understood thousands of years before it had been supposed to exist. The idols discovered, however, prove that with all their learning and their civilization, the people were ignorant of the true God. That knowledge came by revelation, yet we, who enjoy the privilege that they did not have, too often fail to appreciate it.

### Good News.

'Ah, sir,' said a poor boy in a Sunday-school to his teacher, 'I am not good enough to go to Christ.'

'My boy, Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He receives the bad, not the good; it is our badness, and not our goodness, that we are to bring to him.'

'Oh!' cried the boy, 'that is news, good news; there is hope for me, then, for I am a sinner.'