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Grandmother's Day.

(Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'Junior Christian Endeavor World.')

'Supposing you were old—Oh, very old!' Josephine said dreamily. She was looking out across the lawn, across the street, at the desolate front of the Old Ladies' Home.

'No,' laughed Rose Mary, 's'posing I was young—Oh, very young. Thirteen years young! I'd rather s'posed nice things.'

'I was thinking about the old ladies over there,' the dreamy voice went on. 'About how it must feel, you know. Seems to me it must—hurt, Rose Mary. It might not be so bad if you were somebody's grandmother, and your little grandchildren came into your room every little while, and hugged and kissed you, and said "dear grandma" to you. That might be a little nice. Maybe you'd rather enjoy being old then. But over there—'

Josephine shook her brown head decisively. 'Not over there,' she said.

Rose Mary laughed again. Rose Mary always laughed. She had lived just opposite the Old Ladies' Home so long it had come to be a familiar spot in her landscape. The oldest Old Ladies she knew by name, and sometimes nodded to some of them in their windows. The newest one she knew by sight.

'What's set you to thinking about old ladies, Josephine Terry?' Rose Mary laughed. 'I never do. I'm used to 'em, I suppose.'

'Did you ever have a grandmother?' asked Josephine gravely.

'Of course—three.'

'Three grandmothers!'

'Well, one of them was a "great." She was the one that kept peppermints in her knitting bag for me, always. Red ones and white ones.' Rose Mary smacked her lips. 'I liked my great-grandmother best!' she laughed.

'I never had any,' Josephine said slowly. 'They died before I was born. When I was a little thing, I used to cry for a grandmother.'

'If you'd lived here then, you might have crossed the street and helped yourself to one! Taken your pick. There's plenty of 'em over there.'

Rose Mary dug her toes into the sod and sent the hammock a-soaring. When they came down again, Josephine's thoughts were still on the Old Ladies' Home.

'Don't they ever go anywhere, do you suppose?' she asked thoughtfully. 'Out-of-doors, or anywhere?'

Rose Mary refused to be serious. 'Oh, they go to bed, and down to dinners and suppers!' she said, giving the hammock another swing.

'To church or a-visiting or calling? They must go somewhere, Rose Mary. It's awful not to go somewhere!'

'Awful! But when you're old, maybe you don't mind it.'

'Yes, they do,' Josephine nodded positively. 'But you keep it to yourself, I suppose, and bear it. What do they do all day in the Old Ladies' Homes, Rose Mary?'

'Knit,' laconically.

'Did you ever go in there?' her eyes regarding the dreary brick front of the Home curiously.

'Yes once; that's all. Old Aunt Euphemy dropped her spectacle-case out of the window, and I carried it back to her. She was knitting.'

'Didn't she want you to stay and make a call?'

'Why, I don't know. I didn't want to stay! It looked lonesome up there—ugh!'

'Well, Josephine got out of the hammock and struck a little attitude before Rose Mary. 'Well, I pity Old Ladies' Homes! I'm certain sure they hurt.'

She thought about it a good deal the rest of the day, especially every time she went by the tall brick building, and saw the sober old faces at some of the windows. She really thought they all looked sober. And why shouldn't they? If there never was anything sweet and bright in their lives,—never any little grandchildren running in and out of their rooms, never anybody to call on or to call on them, never any special day to look ahead to,—why shouldn't the sweet old faces at the windows look sober?

Josephine dreamed that night that her hair was growing white and little crow's feet were creeping into her face. 'You will be old pret-

ty soon,' people said. 'Then you must go to an Old Ladies' Home.'

'But I don't want to. Must I? Can't I stay here and be a grandmother? I shouldn't know what to do there,' she pleaded.

'You can knit.'

'I don't know how; I don't want to know how! Would any little children ever come to see me there?'

'Oh, no not little children! You could not expect them to go to see Old Ladies. Maybe they might nod to you on their way past the house, and you could nod to them.'

'A nod isn't as good as a hug and a kiss,' wistfully. 'I should rather have a hug and a kiss.'

'Then you'll have to be a grandmother. That's your only chance.'

'Can't I go to see people? Won't they ever come and see me? It must hurt if you can't, and they never do.'

'Yes, it will hurt; but you'll get used to it most likely.'

Josephine woke suddenly with a sob in her throat. It was dim starlight in the room, but she could see the little brass knobs twinkle faintly on her bed; she knew it was her



'WOULD YOU MIND BEING MY GRANDMOTHER?'

(Drawn by Mary A. Lathbury.)