

'It's me, Amy, dear,' she called, as she tapped softly, and then, opening the door she went in.

A pale, slender woman in black came forward to meet her and clasped the tiny little old lady in her arms. Aunt Mattie kissed and patted her head as if she had been a child. Then she went to the window and threw up the blind.

'Don't shut the sunshine out, Amy. It ought to shine into every home and heart all the time.'

'This is Dorothy's birthday, you know, Aunt Mattie,' said Mrs. Ellis in a trembling voice. 'If she had lived she would have been ten years old to-day.'

Aunt Mattie sat down on the little rocker by the window and looked at her niece kindly and gravely. None knew better than she the depth and bitterness of that sorrow. Five years ago there had been buried, in golden-haired Dorothy's grave all the brightness and happiness of her widowed mother's life. Amy had never recovered from the blow.

Aunt Mattie's tender old heart ached for her, but she did not believe in the idle indulgence of a grief. She thought the time had come to speak seriously and wisely to Amy.

'I don't know why you always spend the day in darkness, Amy,' she said gently; 'instead of spending the dear little one's birthday in gloom and sorrow, you ought to make it a day of rejoicing, because it once brought you a joy and a delight that was yours for five lovely years. Nothing can ever take those five years from you, Amy. You ought to make every birthday of Dorothy's a thanksgiving for those five years.'

'I never thought of it like that,' said Mrs. Ellis musingly. 'But it is a beautiful thought. You always have such beautiful thoughts, Aunt Mattie. What would you do with the day?'

'I would have a birthday party for Dorothy,' said Aunt Mattie. 'You have a lovely house here, Amy, and grounds that were meant for children. Throw them open to them for one day in the year at least. Ask every child here that Dorothy, dear heart, would have asked, if she had been living—and that would be everyone she knew, I am sure, for she had the sweetest, most loving disposition ever put into a baby's heart. Have them all here and give them a good time. There are lots of poor children living all around you who would think it was a little bit of heaven to come here for a day.'

'I am afraid I've been very wicked and selfish, Aunt Mattie,' said Mrs. Ellis thoughtfully. 'I've never been able to bear the sight of children since Dorothy died. It just cut me to the heart. I've avoided them wherever possible, and I don't believe there has been a child inside the gate of 'Westlands' for these five years.'

'There you have done very wrong, dear. You have shut God's love out of your heart for five years, just as you are shutting his sunshine out of your house to-day. Open them both, Amy, and you'll find a comfort you never dreamed of.'

Mrs. Ellis bent down and kissed the little woman's soft, white hair.

'You dear Aunt Mattie! I'll do just as you say. I'll have a birthday party for Dorothy this very day. It isn't too late, because it's Saturday, and the children will be at home. I can send uptown for cake and fruit and ice cream. But you must help me, too!'

'I'll do all I can. And first thing, I'll go down and confer with Em'ly. She'll be glad too, I know.'

Jubilee Awards Announced.

Probably none of those who secured the awards expected them on such small remittances, with one exception.

We are daily receiving most congratulatory letters concerning the "Witness" Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the "Witness." In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications EACH DAY. (Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger," or from publishers or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer).

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars. This is an opportunity to obtain a handsome Bible.

The list to date with the amount of subscriptions each sent in is as follows:—

Nov. 15th, Wednesday, Mrs. Christie, Truro, N.S. . . . \$ 2.00
 Nov. 16th, Thursday, Mr. W. McKillican,
 Vankleek Hill, Ont. 3.80
 Nov. 17th, Friday, Mr. John Ritchie, Howick, Que. . . . 20.30
 Nov. 18th, Saturday, Mr. J. Freeman, Fernandina, Fla. . . 2.30

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles Free.

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week? The smallness of the amounts sent in should encourage others to go and do likewise or a little better.

See our JUBILEE OFFERS on another page.

'Everything must be done, just as if Dorothy were here,' said Mrs. Ellis, softly. 'At this late hour, I can't ask many children, so I'll just ask those who would have been in her Sunday school class. Their teacher, Miss Trueman, lives just over the street, and I will run over and get her to address the invitations.'

In a very few minutes 'Westlands' seemed a different place. Blinds were up, windows and doors open, and the sunshine and wind were streaming through the beautiful rooms. Aunt Mattie and Em'ly were scurrying from pantry to kitchen with faces of great importance. Orders were being sent uptown. China and glass and silver were being hunted out and polished. Mrs. Ellis was flitting from room to room, heaping vases and jars with the loveliest flowers of the garden.

'The very best shall be given to the children for Dorothy's sake,' she said.

Dorothy's picture was brought down to the parlor and placed on an easel there.

'I want the children to remember that it is her party,' she said to Miss Trueman, who had come over to help too.

'It is a lovely idea,' said Miss Trueman.

'All Aunt Mattie's ideas are lovely,' responded Mrs. Ellis. 'She is so good and sweet through and through that she couldn't think of anything that wasn't, even if she tried.'

Later on Mrs. Ellis came downstairs with a dress of soft, silvery gray silk on her arm.

'Dearest of aunties, I'm going to put this on to-day. You know I've never worn anything but black since Dorothy died. But this is her party, so I must dress in honor of it. I'll wear this dress; it is a little old-fashioned, but the children will not care for that.'

In the afternoon the children came, rather shy and timid at first. But Mrs. Ellis, in the lovely silk dress, with pink roses in her hair, was so kind and beautiful and Aunt

Mattie so sweet and lovable that they soon felt at home.

I am sure that not one of those children ever forgot that birthday party. What a splendid time they had. The beautiful old house and grounds rang with laughter and happy voices. I really don't know which enjoyed themselves the most, the little guests or the four women who waited on them and frolicked with them.

And before they went home the children did something that was very sweet. I think the little dark-eyed girl who was so grave and shy and thoughtful suggested it first. But they all went to the lily-of-the-valley beds under the big chestnuts and picked a fragrant spray, and then all went together into the parlor and laid the blossoms in a fragrant heap under Dorothy's picture.

'Wasn't it sweet of them?' said Mrs. Ellis with shining eyes, when she found the lilies there after the tired, delighted children had gone. 'Oh, Aunt Mattie, this has been such a beautiful day. Dorothy has seemed so near to me. And I am full of plans for the children. This day shall be "Dorothy's Day," and on it "Westlands" shall be thrown open to every chick and child, high and low, in town. And that isn't all. I've been talking to Miss Trueman and I mean to do all I can for the children; I know there is so much I can do for them, especially the factory children. I am rich, and all the money that would have been Dorothy's, shall be spent in bringing happiness into the lives of other little ones. Aunty, dear, I can never thank you enough. Your beautiful "thanksgiving" idea was an inspiration.'

'"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again,"' said Aunt Mattie, softly. 'You see, Amy, the joy you gave those children has crept back into your heart tenfold. I don't wonder that Dorothy seems near you. I don't doubt that she is. I believe that she was here at her birthday party, bless her, and I believe she always will be.'

'I believe it, too,' said Dorothy's mother with a glad smile.