

day was on the 21st of July, and that would be next week. She had been saving her money for nearly a year to buy "the cutest little china cupboard," with a complete set of dishes—knives and forks and spoons and goblets. Everything! even a drawer with a tablecloth in it, and, more wonderful still, when everything was out of the cupboard it could be made into a table. And Grace's heart had been set on this for so long, we need not wonder that she felt pretty sober as she walked home that afternoon, for that very evening she was to receive the last fifteen cents. She had been sewing carpet-rags, hot afternoons for two weeks, for this; and now, if she would take out eleven cents, she didn't know when she would have the long-hoped for amount again. Something whispered to buy her dishes, and put her birthday money in when she got it. The box wouldn't be open for a year, any way; and her little cousins from the country had been invited to spend her birthday with her, and they would be so disappointed, too.

Grace walked quietly into the house. Her mamma observed the thoughtful mood in place of the usual bouncing step, and said nothing as Grace walked up to her room, and turned the key softly in her door; but she prayed for her little girl, for she knew something was wrong. What did Grace do? She sat perfectly still in her rocking chair for fifteen whole minutes. Then she knelt at her bedside, and, bursting into tears, sobbed as if her little heart would break. If you have never loved Jesus very much, and at the same time wanted very much to do something that you feared he would not like, you can not appreciate her feelings.

It was full an hour before she left her room. Then the tear-stains were all washed away, and, with a face fairly beaming with joy, she rushed into the sitting-room, caught up first one and then the other of her four-year old twin brothers, and then told mamma all about the birthday box, and showed her the eleven cents she was going to put in next week, and then she explained it all to the boys, who under-

stood enough to earn the pennies she had brought them, by each giving her four kisses, and then carefully putting the money in mamma's hands to "teep for the puty bots when our birfday tums."

"We only promised to get twelve offerings, and this will be three for me already," said Grace.

And mamma understood, and said, in her heart, "I thank Thee."

Thus was the first sacrifice made, and I think Jesus' blessing rested upon that box because of it. There were other sacrifices made during the year, and many dimes fell into the box without any sacrifice at all. The girls had no idea when they began that so many would give. Ethel had thirty-six names on her paper, and Orma forty. I tell you it wasn't safe for any, big or little, to speak of his birthday when those girls were around, unless he wanted to pay for it. Even cross old Mr. Snarl gave little Flossy forty-six pennies on his birthday, and actually smiled as he watched her push them through the opening. Then he tried to shake them out; but there was a little piece of cloth pasted inside with a slit in it that allowed the pennies to be rushed through, but would not let them come back.

Dear old Grandma Sherma put in a little gold dollar. She was only eighty-six, but she said she would put in the other fourteen cents to "grow on." The gold dollar had been taken out of her little Archie's coat-pocket the day after he was drowned, fifty-two years ago, and she had kept it all this time, often wondering herself what she would ever do with it.

Some of the big sisters wouldn't tell their ages, and the rule for them was "a half-dollar, and no questions asked;" and some of the big brothers "didn't want the change" and so their half-dollars went in.

When the year had passed there were just one hundred and fifty-six names on the list, and Nellie Morse's blessed, gray-haired bachelor uncle, who lived in the big house just out of town, told her if the girls would let the box be opened at his house, he would invite all the givers out there.