

got no luncheon. Aunt has gone out, and you know nurse won't give you any more.'

'Well, I don't care,' replied the happy little girl, 'I feel just as if I'd eaten it all myself. The little boy was so hungry, and his mother is sick and hungry too. I wish you could have seen how delighted he looked.'

'Of course you have a right to do what you please with your own things,' said Frank, in a surly tone, as he turned away and slowly walked down the path, feeling rather uncomfortable. His little cousin's conduct was a more severe reproof to him than any words could have been.

When the children returned to the house, Mrs. Clifford said, 'I'm ready now, Maude, to go with you into the city to buy the doll, and this afternoon I'll help you to dress it, as I promised.'

'I can't buy it,' replied Maude, 'I've spent my dollar.'

'Can't buy it! spent your dollar!' exclaimed Mrs. Clifford.

'Yes, mamma, you know uncle James said I might do as I pleased with it, because it is my birthday.'

'You had a right to spend it,' replied her mother; 'but as you have been wanting a wax doll for so long a time, and seemed to anticipate so much pleasure in dressing it this afternoon, I am surprised to hear anything could tempt you to give up the 'little lady' you had selected.'

'O mamma, I didn't get anything else instead. Nothing would please me so much. That doll at Partridge's is such a beauty, with black eyes that can open or shut, and such cunning little curls.'

'Well, Maude,' replied her mother, 'I must say I don't understand. You say you admire the doll as much as ever, and have chosen nothing else instead. How then could you have spent the money?'

'I gave it to a little boy,' replied Maude, 'who said his mother was sick and hungry.'

Mrs. Clifford looked pleased, kissed her little daughter, and said—

'I am glad you are willing to deny yourself in order to relieve the wants of others. I wish I knew where to find the boy, so that I could call and see if his mother is really suffering.'

At this moment, Bridget, who had just entered the room, said—

'Sure, ma'am, if it is the little boy that Miss Maude gave the basket to this morning ye's after finding, I can tell ye's where he lives. He fetched the basket back just now, and I asked him where he lived. 'Tis No. 45, Margin Street. His name is Willow Carlow.'

'Thank you, Bridget,' replied Mrs. Clifford; then turning to Maude, she said, 'Instead of going to buy the doll, if you and Frank would like it, we will call on Mrs. Carlow, and see if she needs anything.'

'O yes, mamma, do go,' said little Maude. Seeing that Frank said nothing, Mrs. Clifford remarked, that if he would prefer riding to the city with Jim who was going to get some groceries, he might do so.

As Frank agreed to this arrangement, Mrs. Clifford and Maude set out on their errand of mercy, taking with them a little basket of delicacies for the invalid.

Maude was fully repaid for giving up the doll, when she saw the heartfelt gratitude of poor Willie, and heard his mother say as she bade her good-bye, 'Whoso giveth a cup of cold water only, to one of these little ones, shall in no wise lose his reward.'

Little Maude told her mother that night that she had never spent so happy a birthday.

Mrs. Clifford replied:

'Tis because you have thought more of others than of yourself. I hope you will always realize 'tis more blessed to give than to receive, and remember the text you learned last Sabbath, 'He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He repay.'