

MISS GREENE'S PRESENT.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued)

"I will not offer unto the Lord of that which doth cost me nothing." Those words in the sermon decided him; and he took out his sovereign from his purse and put it into the bag. He had not forgotten the face of the drowned woman the night before, nor the story of her little children. But it was not only that that decided him. There was an inner voice saying to him, because he would listen to it, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

He had to hand on the bag to Katie, but she shook her head. She had nothing to put into it.

"Shall I lend you some?" he whispered.

"No." And again she shook her head and studied her prayer-book.

Kate was a small person of great determination, and what Mrs. Graham had said had confirmed her in her intention of spending her whole fortune in presents to her mother and little sister. She could not see why anybody else had so much claim. And she stated her views so forcibly and clearly to Frank, that he began to be shaken in his. But it was not for long, and though he told nobody what he had given, he thought of his sovereign with much greater satisfaction than if he had kept it on any account whatever.

Mr. Graham and the church wardens counted the money in the vestry, but Mr. Graham generally verified it when he got home, and some times he allowed the boys to help him in this.

To-day there was a goodly heap. Sovereigns, half-sovereigns, and all other coins, were represented.

"A farthing!" exclaimed Duncan. "Who could be so mean as to put in a farthing?"

"Once half a farthing was offered, Duncan; and do you not remember that it was said to be a greater gift than those

which the rich men had cast into the treasury? "They had given of their abundance, she of her penury." It is the motive, not the sum, of which God takes account."

"What a lot of money it is!" said Duncan: "just look at the heaps!"

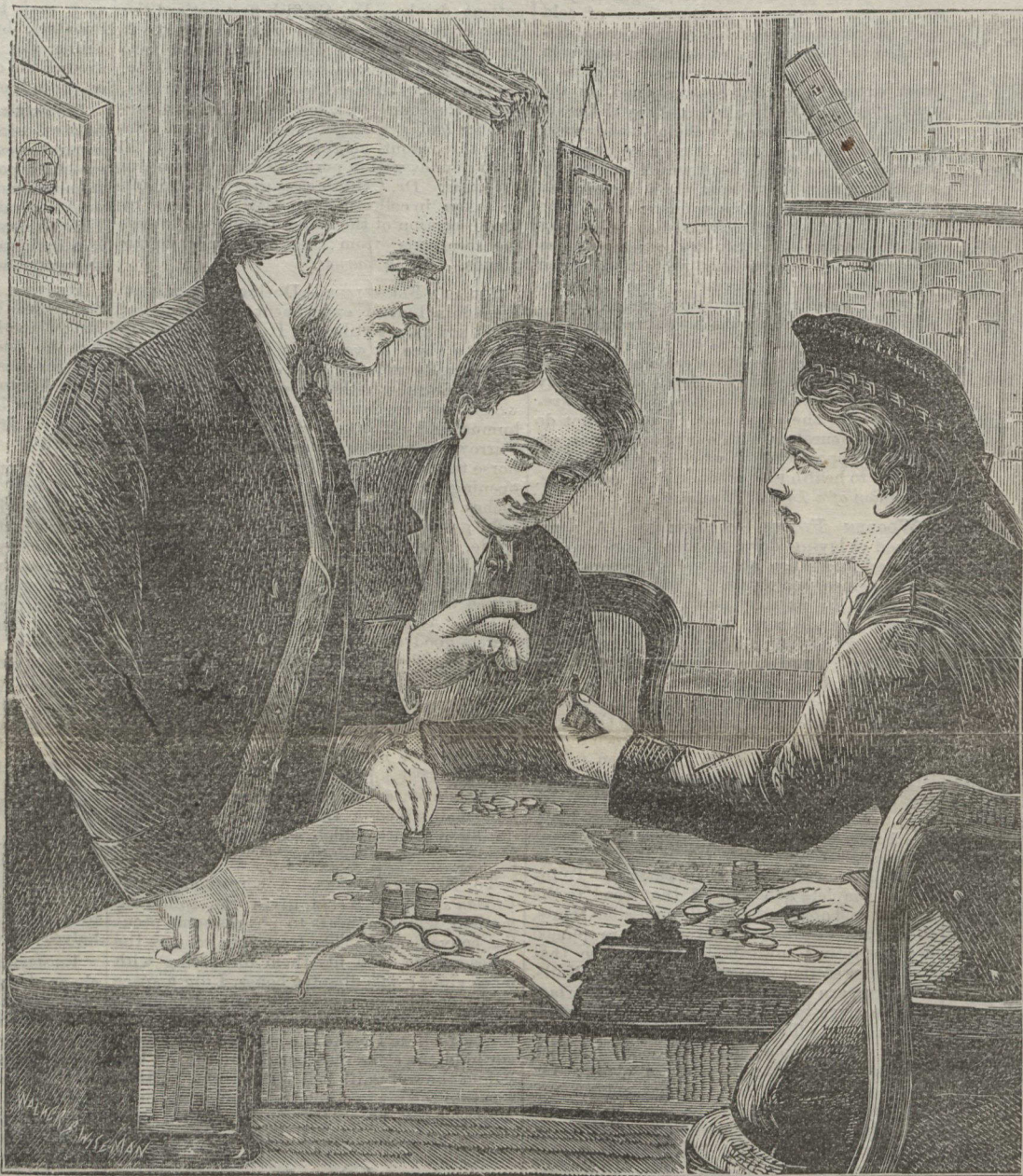
"Not so very much when it is divided among a number of people who have nothing whatever of their own," replied Mr. Graham. "But still I am very thankful for it, and I am sure

were glad to join in it and return thanks for their preservation.

There was one boy of about eleven, who had neither father nor mother. He was going out with an uncle, but the uncle was drowned, and the boy was a special object of interest to Frank.

"Just fancy if either of us was like that, with no relations!" he said to Duncan, as they walked home together.

"Not very likely, I should think," said Duncan, whistling.



MR. GRAHAM AND HIS SONS COUNTING THE MONEY.

many must have given as much as they possibly could, for Wanborough is not a rich place, though it is inclined to take its duties too easily."

After the second service the boys were allowed to accompany Mr. Graham in his visits to the poor shipwrecked people. Many of them entirely refused comfort, and bitterly blamed those who had persuaded them to emigrate; while some were noisy and reckless, with no desire to recollect the terrible danger they had passed through. A special service was held for them, and some

"Perhaps not. I heard Mr. Jones say to Mr. Graham that he was such a bright lad, it was a pity he couldn't be apprenticed in Wanborough. And he said if ten pounds could be raised he would take him himself, and teach him his trade: he generally has fifteen pounds, he says."

"Very interesting!" said Duncan; "but I don't see that it matters to us what Mr. Jones thinks."

"I would give up the canoe if you would give up the watch," said Frank, with a crimson face, and a rather hoarse voice.

"If you are an idiot, I am not. Really the high wind last night must have affected your brain, Frank. Pray, how long have you been so very good?"

"I am not good at all; and of course, when one thinks of it, you couldn't be expected to give up the watch. You have wanted one so long, and at school it is certainly a bore not to have one."

"I don't much care whether I am expected to go without it or not, but I certainly shan't."

"What are you sitting there for, Arthur?" said Mrs. Graham the next morning, noticing Arthur demurely seated in the hall near the bedroom door.

"Waiting to see Duncan; it's his birthday, you know. Frank will have forgotten all about it. I want to be the very first to wish him many happy returns; and I've got the text I painted for him."

"Very well: you may stay till the prayer-bell rings."

Unfortunately, however, the prayer-bell rang before Duncan was ready, and Arthur unwillingly left his post and came down with his text in his hand. A little square box lay on the study-table, with a green paper pulled through the string, and Arthur could not help giving a glance at it now and then. It was with the other letters, and must have come by post. He was so taken up with examining it, with its narrow green ribbon and red seals, that he did not ob-

serve that Duncan was in the room till he heard his mother tell him there was a paper waiting for him to sign, and she supposed there was a birthday present, as it had been registered. Then Arthur remembered his birthday wishes and his text, but Duncan was too much taken up with the square box to notice the little boy.

"How tight the paper is! What do you think it is, Mrs. Graham?"

"I have no idea what it is, nor where it comes from, but no doubt one of these letters will