



GEORGIE'S PRESENT;

OR,

TALES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

CHAPTER I.



T was a beautiful May-day morning when George Green rose at an early hour ; for it was his birthday, and he had not been able to sleep so long as usual, for counting of the joyful anniversary.

“Ten years old, are you indeed, my boy ?” said his father, who found Master George eagerly awaiting him in the breakfast parlour.