

This hurt him a great deal. He knew he could never collect so much as some of them, and yet he could not bear the thought of having nothing to give at the end of the month. Just then, as the teacher heard some of the boys boasting about the money they had collected, he read to them the story of the widow and her two mites, and shewed, that if we give or get what we can, whether it is a pound or a penny, God will be equally well pleased with us. This raised George's courage, and he thought how happy he should be, if he could get even a penny. He made up his mind, therefore, that, if he did *not* get it, the fault should not be his, and that he would ask his father for it before he went to bed. So when George came home from school that Sunday afternoon, he found his father sitting smoking his pipe, and his mother putting the tea things on the table. George sat down and looked for a little while at his father; but as his father was not looking at him, and was thinking about something else, the boy did not speak. Then he looked at his mother, but she took no notice of him, and then he looked at his little sister, then at the cat, and at the ceiling; and at the window, and at almost everything in the room, for he did not know what to do with his eyes or how to open his mouth. Thus George sat for some time, but at last he mustered up courage to say, "Father!" "Yes." "Why, father, at our Sunday School —" But here he stopped. "Well," said the man, but in a sharp tone, as if he was not pleased, and did not want to be plagued. Poor George was ready to give up the business, but he managed to get out, "We've got a *Missionary Society* there, father." "Well," said the man again, but with a kinder manner than before, and this encouraged George to add, "I wanted to know if you would give me a penny to give to it;" and he was so glad to think that he had managed at last to ask the question. But his father said nothing, and put the pipe into his mouth again, while his mother said, "I am quite sure, George, that your father

has to work hard enough to get you clothes and bread without giving anything away." Poor George! His hope was now gone. He almost thought, from his father's manner, that he would give the penny, but what his mother said shewed him that there was no chance of it, and bitterly did he cry that night when he went to bed.

But though George's father said nothing, he was pleased that his child had asked him for the penny. So next Sunday, when George came home from school, his father told him that they were going to have a holiday on Monday, and to go to Greenwich, and that he might either go with them, or stay at home and have a penny for the Missionaries. George was surprised, but the offer placed him in great difficulty. He had never seen Greenwich, and had never even been in a steam-boat. Many a time had he watched these boats from the pier, while the steam was rushing up the tube, and had seen the crowds of happy-looking people hurrying on board, and the captain get on the paddle-box, and the man at the head of the boat (for George knew which was the head) letting go the rope, and the wheels turning round slowly at first, then a little faster, stopping again; and then the boy on board calling out "Ease her," "Go-ahead," and then the wheels fly round, and the steamer shooting into the middle of the river. Oh! how he wished that he was the boy who cried out "Go-ahead;" and when his father told him that he might have a pleasant sail in one next day, or a penny to send the Gospel to the heathen, he could not tell which to choose. He did not make up his mind that evening. When he was in bed he thought about it till he fell asleep, and on waking next morning it was the first thing in his mind. Still he did not know what to do. "Well, George," said his father, as they sat at breakfast, "which is it to be?" With a firm voice, George said, "I'll have the penny for the Missionaries." His mother stared at his father, and his little sister stared at him, and they were all so struck, for every one of them was