

"But, Bertha, you little dear," said Mr. Martyn, "I ought not take it. What will your father and mother say?"

"Oh! that is all right," answered Bertha. "Now I want to know what you will do with it."

Then, after a great deal of talking and a number of plans were proposed, it was finally settled that Bertha was to come around for Mr. Martyn at five o'clock. Then, in the meantime, he would see Dr. Richards, who was the rector of the parish, and who preached the fine sermons, and had all sorts of charity funds in the parish. He would try and get twenty dollars more. Then he would buy lots of turkeys and chickens and geese, and that very evening Bertha, and her teacher, and her brother Arthur, and Mr. Martyn would all go round in a sleigh, ringing door-bells at these poor people's homes, and leave the turkeys there.

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#### IV.

#### HOW THEY ALL DID GOD'S WILL.

At five o'clock the sleigh-bells were heard coming up to the minister's door. Michael, the driver, had a big tarpaulin put down between the front seat and dasher, to put the turkeys in. Bertha and her Sunday-school teacher sat on the back seat, and Arthur and Mr. Martyn in front, while Michael stood up and drove his two horses.

"Be lively, Michael," said the minister; "and if you do your job we will try and save you a turkey."

"Faith and it's cold the noight, and sorry's the creatur' that's got ne'er a taste of a Christmas torkey," replied Michael, as he kept the horses up to it on that cold, crisp night.

But alas! for the poor turkeys. There was the hen-turkey, who had slept on the lilac-bush for fear the farmer would catch her; there was the young rooster, who had been so proud of his youthful crowing; there was the duckie-daddles, who had wandered into the farmer's kitchen the day before Thanksgiving, when the big gobbler had been killed; and there too was the tough old hen, who had lived through so many terrible killing times. They were all there, rolled

up in the tarpaulin, going to make the poor mothers and children happy.

And thus, in the moonlight of Christmas Eve, Bertha's wish was gratified. Her ten dollars were all invested in fowls for the poor; and there she was taking a ride with those very turkeys, who had wondered after Thanksgiving Day if there were any more hard times coming, or if, at last, they were through for that season.

Away, then, the sleighing party went, out of the broad streets, where the dashing sleighs and the splendid big houses were, into the dark and dingy alleys and courts, where it was impossible to turn the sleigh around, and where ragged little boys and girls looked longingly at the turkeys, as they were handed out by their stiff, cold legs. Oh! how they wished they could have some! How they wondered if there was anything for them, and kept hoping somehow there would be some mistake made, by which these good things would be left at their home. Thirty dollars' worth of chickens and other fowls made a good show in the sleigh. Mr. Martyn kept a list of the houses where they should stop, and by eight o'clock there was only one turkey left, and they had got through with their list. You should have seen the faces of these poor women and children, as Mr. Martyn and Arthur ran up the narrow back stairs of the houses, and, knocking at the doors, said: "Here is a turkey for you all. Merry Christmas! Good-night!" and then, before they could say "Thank you," they were down-stairs and off, with the sleigh-bells jingling so cheerily.

At last they had gone all the rounds, and were turning to go home to their warm supper and get ready for Christmas morning, when Bertha said:

"Now, Michael, you shall have that spare turkey, because you drove us so nicely. Take it home with you to Hannah Jane and the children."

And so you see even the driver wasn't forgotten. And Arthur wished now that he had put his \$5 in, so as to make the turkeys last longer.

And now ever since that night when little Bertha gave her money to the poor women in that church they have a Turkey Fund, and the minister goes round