

LITTLE FOLKS

Hymn.

The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health,
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning;

What shall we children bring?
We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even

The poorest child may bring.
We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play;
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring.



[For the 'Messenger']

Little Hal and the Turkeys.

On the side of a hill in a beautiful part of Canada stands little Hal's home. He has no brothers and sisters to play with, but he has more playmates than you would think. For he lives on a big farm where there are plenty of horses and cows, frisky little colts and gentle-looking calves, big white hens and last of all these turkeys.

How pleased Baby Hal was when he could run by Mamma's side to see the turkey chicks that had just pecked their way out of those funny prisons where they had been so long shut up! And then it was such fun to feed them! The little things grew very fast for they were well cared for. They were very tame and as soon as Hal went out on the green by the kitchen door, they would crowd round his feet and push one another about in their haste to get the good food. Hal

had to watch the hens and keep them away, for they had their own place to eat and their own food, and they did not need to take the turkeys' share, did they? As the turkeys grew big and strong they used to stray up over the hill behind the house and wander about among the stubble, picking up the grain that the reaper had left. Little Hal used to go up after them, for wasn't Papa up there reaping, and wasn't it just the nicest thing in the world to sit up on the big binder with him and watch the golden grain fall on that queer place behind and 'tie itself'?

Hal had a big collie dog, too, such a beauty that he won first prize at the fair, and Bruce, for that was his name, used to help drive the turkeys home at night. By the time summer was over Mamma began to say, 'Those turkeys are getting

fat, aren't they, Hal? You can almost see them grow.' They'll be all right for Thanksgiving.' And Hal would laugh and say 'Yes,' though he didn't know much about Thanksgiving yet. But he knew those turkeys were going with Papa to market some day, and that some little boys and girls would eat them, so he wanted them to be nice. And when Mamma tells him about Thanksgiving Day and counts up for him all the things God has given him to make him happy, I am sure little Hal will understand, and be thankful, too.

This is a true story and Hal is a 'really, truly' little boy. Perhaps if you lived near enough to his home, your Papa might buy one of Hal's turkeys in the market, and if he did, I'm sure you would all say it was very sweet and tender, just right for Thanksgiving Day.—
A. W. R.