

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A Thanksgiving Story. Not Long. But Sad.
 There was once a fat old turkey
 Of very handsome feather,
 Who went walking in the barnyard
 In every kind of weather.
 And he gobble-gobble-gobbled
 While his birdly head he wobbled,
 And smacked his lips together.
 For there dwelt a caterpillar
 In the yard where he was living—
 So extremely fat and juicy,
 That she set his bosom heaving.
 And he gobble-gobble-gobbled,
 With such joy he fairly hobbled,
 While planning for Thanksgiving.
 At last it was November,
 And the turkey was no thinner;
 He lost his head one morning,
 And himself was served for dinner.
 He was gobble-gobble-gobbled,
 And the gravy round him bubbled
 As became so old a sinner.
 But the caterpillar started
 On a tour far warmer weather,
 And reflected as she travelled,
 On her friend of lordly feather
 Who had gobble-gobble-gobbled,
 And his head toward her had wobbled,
 When they used to live together.

The Way to be Happy.

A hermit there was, and he lived in a
 grot,
 And the way to be happy they said he
 had got.
 As I wanted to learn it, I went to his
 cell,
 And when I came there he said,
 "Well,
 Young man, by your looks you wish
 something, I see;
 Now, tell me the business that brings
 you to me."
 "The way to be happy, they said, you
 have got

And as I wished to learn it, I have
 come to your grot;
 Now I beg and entreat, if you have
 such a plan,
 That you'll write it me down, and as
 plain as you can."
 Upon which the old hermit went in for
 a pen,
 And brought me this note when he
 came out again:

"'Tis *being*, and *doing*, and *having* that
 make
 All the pleasures and pains that men
 partake—
 To be what God pleases,—to *do* a man's
 best,—
 And to *have* a good heart,—*is the way to*
be blest."

November.

Oh! dear old dull November,
 They don't speak well of you;
 They say your winds are chilling,
 Your skies are seldom blue.
 They tell me you go sighing
 Along the leafless trees,
 You have no warmth or brightness—
 All kinds of things like these.

But deary me, November,
 They quite forgot to speak
 About the wealth of color
 On each round apple's cheek;
 How yellow is each pippin
 That in the meadow lies,
 Almost as good as sunshine,
 And better still for pies.

Why yes, dear old November,
 You've lots of pleasant things;
 All through the month we're longing
 to taste your turkey wings;
 What if you are a trifle dull
 Or just a little gray,
 If not for you we'd never have
 Dear old Thanksgiving Day.