

A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

"Come turkeys! Come turkeys!" called a little boy who was standing in the shadow of a big red barn.

Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!

From the farm yard came the turkeys — Bender, White Lady, Black Wings, Brownie, Speckle, and many others.

They are fine turkeys every one of them. Tom is very proud of his flock. He stands waiting to feed the turkeys.

Long ago their bodies looked like little soft balls, and their legs very funny and awkward. That was last spring. Tom's father had said, "If you will care for these turkeys until the holidays you may have half the money that they bring. The hired man will make a pen for them. Be sure that you do not let them wander in the fields when the grass is wet."

Now you know that Tom's father is a farmer. Perhaps you do not know what a very pleasant farm it is, with its wide meadows and large barns, its horses and cows, its ducks, chickens, and turkeys.

Every morning all summer Betty, the cook, has had a large pan of curds ready for the turkeys' breakfast. Mother has helped, too, for in some wonderful way she always remembered the turkeys when the rainy days came and was ready to suggest some plan for their care.

Now the turkeys are grown. It is almost Christmas time.

Father has said, "Get the turkeys into the barn to-night, Tom. In the morning we will make the crates and ship the turkeys to the city."

Tom hurries the turkeys into the barn, for isn't he going to have a ride now with Jack Fowler in a new dog cart? He slips the bolt and is off.

Next morning Tom is up early and out at the tool shed to see the crates made.

How fine the turkeys look! One, two, three, four — but where is Bender, the prize of the flock?

Tom rushes to the meadow calling, and then to the house.

"Oh, Mother, I can't find Bender!" Tom is almost crying.

"Perhaps that little boy standing by the gate can tell you something about Bender," said mother, quietly.

Tom looks up and sees John Noble. John Noble is the shoemaker's little son. His father has been

ill all summer. Tom knows that John can have no Christmas turkey.

"Hello, Tom, Bender is over at our house. He roosted on our shed last night. I fed him this morning and he don't want to go away. Mother said I had better tell you and ask your father to send the hired man over to get Bender."

"Bender heard me tell the hired man yesterday that we were going to have him for our Christmas dinner," replied Tom. "He looked very queer and kept saying, 'Quit, quit,' all the time I was talking. Bender is pretty smart."

"Oh," said John Noble. "Is that the reason?" And both boys laughed.

John walked on and Tom ran back to the house.

"Mother," said Tom, "John Noble can't have any turkey for Christmas, I know that." Tom sat very still, looking at the kitchen stove.

"Mother, do you think we could spare Bender? I think John would like awful well to have him for Christmas."

"That is a good thought, my boy. Of course, we can spare Bender. We have many turkeys to ship and plenty to keep. We shall never miss Bender, I'm sure."

"He was the one I wanted for papa's Christmas, but it's all right, mother. I'll let John keep him."

On the day before Christmas John Noble was a surprised and happy boy, but he was not half as happy as Tom Wilson.— School Education.

A DEVOTIONAL EXERCISE.

The following exercise always interest the little ones. It can be shortened or lengthened at any time without confusion to the children:

Teacher — What does the Great Teacher say to little children?

School — Little children, love one another.

Teacher — What else did He say?

School — Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

Teacher — What is the value of a good name?

School — A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold.

Teacher — Can a little child have a good or bad name?

School — Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure or whether it be right — American Primary Teacher.