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Children's Department.

A HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

Praise the love that ne'er knows change,
Praise Him, favoured happy land,
Who hath shed on field and grange
Blessings with so free a hand.
Had the Lord refused to bless,
Vain were toils and carefulness
When He sends His quickening
breath,
Earth awakes from winter's death.

Lord, Thou canst not be concealed;
Everywhere Thy hand is seen;
Smiling mead and fertile field
Show us where Thy steps have
been.

As the rolling years fly past,
Still Thy faithful oath stands fast—
"Springtide, seed-time, harvest's
mirth
Never shall forsake the earth."

Wondrous power, nor power alone,
Tenderest love Thy works disclose;
Barren wilds and deserts lone
'Neath Thy steps bloom like the
rose.

In our midst Thou art, O Lord!
On our heads Thy gifts are poured;
Praise is heard throughout the
land,
For the blessings from Thy hand.

Scythe and sickle sound Thy praise,
And the ponderous golden sheaves
To Thy Name mute carols raise,
As the barn each load receives.
Lord, Thy mercies fall like showers,
Bread and fodder, fruit and flowers;
With such stores of hoarded grain
Fear we not cold winter's reign.

Lord, to Thee we consecrate
All Thy gifts. They came from
Thee.

Bless our bodies and estate,
If Thy gracious will it be.
But we pray, above the rest,
Holy Spirit! be our Guest!
That our lives may speak Thy
praise
For these joyful harvest days.



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Holt, Renfrew & Co.
LIMITED
Toronto, Ont.

MARCO KNEW.

A young girl was passing the public garden the other morning upon the main path which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her. The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to Charles Street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy street, turned to him and said: "There, that is far enough, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home." She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant conversational voice. Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the common, wagging his tail slowly as though he were thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally he turned back to her again, and with a movement of his head and eyes, asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth: "Please let me go a little farther, it

is such a fine morning." "No; I am going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty as if Marco were human, "there'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along, now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon." Without another word, Marco turned and walked across the garden. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth Avenue.

GOLDEN WINDOWS.

There was once a farmer who, having had a prosperous season, promised his son that at the end of the season he could have a holiday, or go wherever he pleased. When the time came the boy said he wanted to go to the house with the golden windows, which stood on a hill not far from his own home. His father granted his wish, and the boy set out on his journey. He went down the hill to the valley, crossed the river by a bridge, and climbed up the other hill till he came to the house. In answer to his knock the lady of the house asked him what he wanted. "Please," he said, "I've come to see the house with the golden windows." "Come in—come in," replied the lady, "and glad I am to see you." He was taken into a room, and pres-



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**WINDSOR
TABLE
SALT** 16