



A Thanksgiving Poem.

For the days when nothing happens,
For the cares that leave no trace,
For the love of little children,
For each sunny dwelling place,
For the altars of our fathers,
And the closets where we pray,
Take, O gracious God and Father,
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.

For our harvests safe ingathered,
For our golden store of wheat,
For the corn lands and the vine lands,
For the flowers upspringing sweet,
For our coasts from want protected,
For each river, inlet, bay,
By Thy bounty full and flowing,
Take our praise this joyful day.

For our dear ones lifted higher,
Through the darkness to the light,
Ours to love and ours to cherish
In dear memory, beyond sight;
For our kindred and acquaintance,
In Thy heaven who safely stay,
We uplift our psalms of triumph,
Lord, on this Thanksgiving Day.

For the hours when heaven is nearest,
And the earth-mood does not cling,
For the very gloom oft broken
By our looking for the King;
By our thought that He is coming,
For our courage on the way,
Take, O Friend, unseen, eternal,
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Thanksgiving.

Is there a tendency in Canada, as in some other places, to make the day set apart for Thanksgiving one of amusement and feasting, rather than one of praise? Perhaps, after all, Thanksgiving would not seem Thanksgiving without its turkey and pumpkin pie, but surely this least matter should not be permitted to obscure the great object of the day—the rendering, in this one day of the year, public thanks to the Giver of all Good for His mercies. Thanksgiving Day, we must acknowledge, if we really think about it, should be a day for attendance at church, and for an especial lifting of the thoughts above the duties that must, on so many hours of other days, keep them on worldly things. And yet, how often do we see it desecrated. For many years it has been the custom in some rural places, to make its main feature a “scrub hunt,” in which sides are picked, and boys and men who should know better scatter far and wide, bringing down with guns the shy animals that contribute so much to the interest of rural life, and the few unfortunate birds—the farmer’s best friends—which still linger, picking off the weed seeds and breaking into cocoons of injurious insects. Parents could do much to discountenance this ill-timed and wicked so-called “sport,” if they would. If the boys want a bit of fun, let them have a good baseball match in the afternoon. There is no harm and much quickening of the judgment in clean, well-conducted games of this nature.

For years, it has been the practice in some of the cities to devote Thanksgiving Day to especial military manoeuvres—sham battles, and such mimicry of war. Surely something better could be devised than such travesty on a day which has been especially set apart for praise and thanksgiving to the Prince of Peace.

Hallowe'en and Other Games.

“Can you give some new games to brighten up the long winter evenings?”

This request, from a Norfolk Co., Ontario, subscriber, has suggested that, for an occasional issue, we devote the first part of our Home Department to games wherewith to vary the long evenings of reading and conversation that are even now upon us. “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” is a maxim as true as old, but, of course, the converse must also be remembered, “All play and no work also makes Jack a dull boy.” However, we have little fear that such calamity may befall because of the few games which we may

months, when good cheer and laughter are needed indoors, often enough, to counteract the gloom of wintry skies and howling winds without. Then, how can we begin better than by giving a few games especially suited to this perhaps merriest night of all the year?

A HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

For the Hallowe'en party, make use of superstitions everywhere. You might begin on the old one which says that, by walking down the cellar stairs at midnight on Hallowe'en, with a mirror held before one, one will see in the mirror the reflected face of one's future wife or husband. Prepare for this feature of the entertainment by making a number of “mirrors” of pasteboard covered with

“There is a nice laddie
Who likes cakes and pies,
And roses and dimples,
And merry blue eyes.
Is he in your mirror?
Of course, you'll not tell;
You needn't, you know,
For we know very well.”

Anyone with a little gift for rhyming can help to make up any number of these jingles.

Now, when the company has arrived, do not wait for midnight, but send your girls all upstairs early in the evening, and be sure to use the kitchen or hall, instead of the “cellar,” which might be rather damp. Have the room used almost dark, however, lighted only by, say, a single lantern or two, about which red tissue-paper has been pinned.

Let each girl come, in turn, down the stairs, backward, with a real mirror in her hand, while the boys sit in the darkened room waiting to enjoy the fun. As she reaches the floor below, an “old witch,” with long, black cape, pointed black hat a foot, at least, high, with charcoal wrinkles on her face and a broom in her hand, comes forth, takes the real mirror out of her hand, and substitutes the pasteboard one. A lamp is then brought in, and the recipient has to read her rhyme aloud.

She now stays down, and another girl undergoes the ordeal. When all have received their mirrors, the boys may be sent up, and the fun repeated.

GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER.

A Hallowe'en party would not, of course, be complete without a gypsy fortune-teller. Have one room darkened, as before, and across one corner of it have arranged a sort of booth, made by drapery, looped back with knots of corn-ears, etc. Choose someone who has a quick imagination and a good “gift of the tongue” for fortune-teller, and have her dressed in character, with a gaudy gown, brass rings, chains, etc., a scarf about her head, and plenty of rouge or carmine on her face. One by one the guests step to this booth and have their fortunes read, either from the palm or tea-leaves. In the latter case, of course, it will be necessary for the witch to serve each with a small cup of tea.

FATE GAME.

Hide a ring, a thimble and a penny in the room. To the one who finds the ring a speedy marriage is assured; the thimble denotes a life of single blessedness; the penny promises wealth.

GHOST STORY.

After supper has been cleared away from the table, have all the lights, save a few candles, taken away, then have someone bring in a dish filled with burning wood-alcohol and salt. Now, in the light of this ghostly fire have one or two tell ghost-stories; or have a progressive ghost-story; i. e., one begins the story and stops short, another carries it on, and so on until all have taken part.

PUMPKIN PIE.

Have a very large pumpkin, with the inside taken out through a hole in the top, and filled with very small vegetables attached to brightly-colored cords. Each of the party draws, and the nature of the vegetable drawn will determine the appearance and occupation of his or her



“Eucharis” (L. “eucharista,” thanksgiving).

From a painting by Lord Leighton, P. R. A.

give in these pages, some of which, as you may note, are even educative, as all things wit-sharpening must be.

Hallowe'en is almost here—that time of romp and fun, when, according to the old superstition, all the powers of evil, witches and goblins, and evil spirits of all kinds, are for a few hours unbound and left free to work their will on the too daring stranger who tempts them by being too late abroad that night; Hallowe'en ushering, as it does, the festivities and merriment of a long six

silver paper. On each paste a picture cut from an old magazine, if you can find suitable ones, and write beneath the picture a rhyme to suit the girl to whom the “mirror” is to be given. For instance, on one might be:

“This mirror's face reveals to you
A lad with black locks curly;
Though solemn he may be at times,
He never will be surly.

On another, for the blue-eyed girl who likes cooking, might be written: