

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

MY THANKSGIVING.

For all the gifts to me, my gracious Lord, My heart outpours its warm thanks to thee...

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Little Mabel, Mrs. Lee's youngest daughter, was kneeling in a chair with her arms on the table...

sorry when the little head began to droop and eyelids to close. When she had returned from seeing the child in bed there was a tap at the door, and going to open it she found Mrs. Norton...

Lee sat looking vacantly at the rug at her feet. So it was with us, and so I mean it shall be yet, only the family ties must reach out far beyond 'us four and no more' as the story goes...

fluence as strong as that of any other form of teaching—the Sabbath-school—the genuine teacher is never forgotten. As years glide away the remembrance becomes more fond...

friends at home if this Thanksgiving be a reminder of that eternity of joy and peace to which our pilgrim-feet are hastening...

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. THANKSGIVING. He was a bonny little boy, and they had him with them by the heels...

CRIME OF LIQUOR DRINKING. There has ever been a tendency to look with far too much allowance upon the habit of drinking liquor to excess...

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. THANKSGIVING. He was a bonny little boy, and they had him with them by the heels...