

THANKSGIVING.

O men, grown sick with toll and care, Leave for a while the crowded mart; O women, sinking with despair, Weary of limb and faint of heart, Forget your years today and come, As children back to childhood's home.

THE LITTLE WEAVER.

"If you please, Mr. Avery, I shall have to run father's looms while he is out." The overseer looked over his desk in surprise at the diminutive figure standing just within the office door, with a tightly rolled check apron and a weaver's belt in her hands.

tears fell unheeded, dropping down on the cloth as she reached over to draw broken threads into place, or running down her cheeks when she was changing the filling. Morse answered the quick change of expression in his superior's face. People never wait to say everything in words in a mill. They haven't time; and they save their voices on account of the noise.

she ran out through the back yard and climbed the steep bank littered with rubbish behind the row of tenements. It was a much nearer way than going around to the mill; and she could always unlock the basement door by slipping a broken panel aside.

if you kill the decent man that you always wanted to be, and turn hobo, that'll be a thousand times worse." Something like superstitious dread seized Weeden as he listened to Annie's arguments. He did not know that she had been learning to think in a very superior school for years and years.

A Strange Sect. A Flight of the Donkubors, a Remarkable Russian Fanatical Sect. The Invasion of Yorktown. The Sufferings Endured by these People in the Canadian Northwest and Their Beliefs, Incidents in Their History.

of domestic animals, there is great divergence of practice in the matter of communism. Some villages are more or less strictly communistic, other villages are on an individualistic basis, while some Donkubor families have settled in their own separate "homesteads," and a considerable number have established themselves in the towns, where they are getting a living as carpenters and blacksmiths.