

The Christmas Carol.

In the accompanying illustration you see the fond mother instructing perhaps her only son. That son may be the whole joy of her life; anything and everything that she can possibly do, even to the sacrifice of necessities, or even life itself, would be a willing sacrifice could she feel a certainty that it would be the best for her son. Why does she take him to church to sing the Christmas Carol? Because she desires to implant in him a higher hope, to teach him his duty to his God, as well as to man. She has a belief and a hope herself. She knows of no better place than the church, and of no better counsel or instruction than is given there. No man has yet found better than that given in the book of books, which no doubt she reads daily with her son.

If you remember your mother, had you a better friend? It is to you, the mothers of our children, to whom we must look for the stability of our nation. "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." We cannot exert ourselves too much to maintain the honor, purity and sanctity of our homes. Do we not owe a debt of gratitude? We all should try to do some good with the blessings we receive. Our donations are voluntary. There are many calls on you. "Be not weary in well doing."

This great thanksgiving day—this day of days—is it not right to assemble and be joyful? There is a time for pleasure and games and amusements—a time to enjoy the good things that we are blessed with. When the frivolities are over, your friends have retired or have gone to their homes, there is a time to be meditative and thankful—to think of all the blessings you enjoy from the Great Giver, and why you commemorate this day—to think what has been done for you—think what you might have been had you been born in a pagan land. Compare the huts and hovels, the oppression and misery of the best of such beings with your own condition.

If rightly looked at, this Christmas time is one for the greatest enjoyment. It is especially the children's day, for it celebrates the birth of that Child who made a greater impress upon the world's history than any born before or since. Then when the Child became grown, how He loved children! And did He not repeat those words which have comforted so many mothers, when He said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." There is nothing about Christmas that is not a cause for thankfulness and joyousness. Then let us all have a "Merry Christmas." We know of but just one way to find the greatest enjoyment in such a holiday, and that is to make it "merry" or pleasant

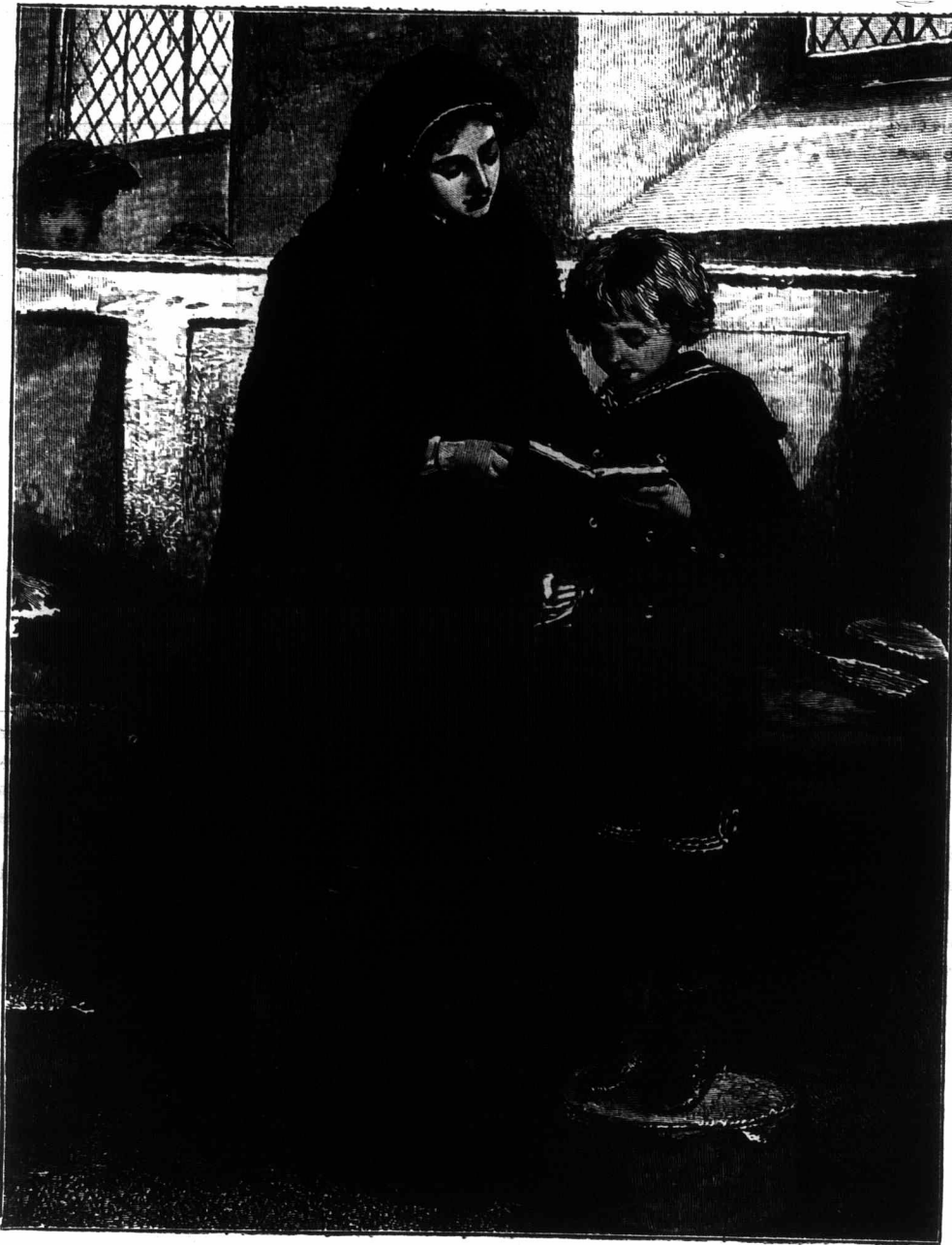
for others. Celebrate this coming Christmas by making some one, old or young, feel happy. The methods need not be expensive. Girls will know of some old man or woman to whom a pair of mittens, a comforter, or some nice thing they could make, would be acceptable. Boys cannot knit such things, but they can ask their father for a basket of those nice apples to take on Christmas morning to some poor people who have no fruit. The value of the gift is of no importance. It is to make such people feel that they are not forgotten. The day will not pass without being a "Merry Christmas," if they feel that some human being thinks of them.

and skirts extending downward only to her knees, and then see her holding them down to keep the wind from driving her home through shame for the capers of her clothing? We believe in short dresses for young children, but surely half-way to the knees is short enough.

But, aside from the æsthetic features of this style of dressing girls, it is cruel and dangerous. Their entire legs are and must be exposed to every wind that blows. A dress that comes only to the knees is no protection against the wind. The necessary movement of the limbs in walking or running, is continually raising the skirts to catch the wind. This must be so, and that is why the girls above mentioned were holding their dresses down. Stockings and thin shoes on the feet; then nothing but stockings to the knees, and really little better than this to the waist. And yet these tender girls are expected to go to and from school in such dresses all along through the cold weather of the winter. It is shameful. We cannot understand how women, otherwise sensible enough, will send their girls out in such clothing. The feet and lower parts of the legs need the best and most clothing.

And the boys are better dressed only because each leg has its own separate covering and that is made small enough to be some protection. But from the knee to the toes, the boys have no advantage over the girls. The lower half of the leg must be exposed with only a stocking to cover it though there may be half a dozen thicknesses of cloth on the upper part of the body.

If people would dress more naturally, more reasonably, in accord with the real object of dressing—comfort, little graves would not accumulate so rapidly. We commend this subject to our readers, as one of the most important they can think about. Health is true riches. Health has real value, and is worth more than gold, because it can buy gold, but gold cannot purchase health. Clothe the children well.



THE CHRISTMAS CAROL—MOTHER AND SON.

Clothe the Children Well.

Let every father and mother now take up the subject of clothing the little folk. Think about the kind and quantity of clothing the children are to wear, and how they are to be shaped. The other day we saw two ten-year-old girls going to school. They were facing a pretty strong breeze, and both of them were compelled to hold their hats and skirts with their hands. The left hands held the hats while the right hands held the short dresses down. Such dressing of children is all wrong. We believe it is immoral. What would any reasonable person think of a grown woman walking about the public streets with her dress

gold cannot purchase health. Clothe the children well.

His Testimony.

"Call the next witness," said the judge of a court in Iowa. As he spoke, a man took his place on the witness-stand. "Hold up your right hand."

"But, I—"

"Hold up your right hand, I tell you!"

The oath was administered.

"Now," said his Honor, "tell what you know about this case."

"Well, all I got ter say am dat General Podgers he hab got home, an' he send me ober ter vite ye ter dinner, an' say fur ye ter be sho' to come, fo' dem sper ribs am er gittin' cold!"