

you that you might become a mother, the highest office to which God has ever called one of His creatures. Do not debase yourself and become lower than the beasts of the field.

If this habit has fastened itself upon any one of our readers, stop it now. Do not allow yourself to think about it; give up evil associations, seek pure companions, and go to your mother, older sister, or physician for advice.

And you, mother, knowing the danger that besets your daughters at this critical period, are you justified in keeping silent? Can you be held guiltless if your daughter ruins body and mind because you were too modest to tell her the laws of her being? There is no love that is dearer to your daughter than yours, no advice that is more respected than yours, no one whose warning would be more potent. Fail not in your duty. As motherhood has been your sweetest joy, so help your daughter to make it hers.

Come stand by my knee, little children
Too weary for laughter or song;
The sports of the daylight are over,
The evening is creeping along.
The snow-fields are white in the moonlight,
The winds of the winter are chill,
But under the sheltering roof-tree
The fire shineth ruddy and still.

Now come to your rest, little children,
And over your innocent sleep,
Unseen by your vision, the angels
Their watch through the darkness shall keep;
Then pray that the Shepherd who guideth
The lambs that he loveth so well,
May lead you, in life's rosy morning,
Beside the still waters to dwell.