

THE LEXINGTON RECORD.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

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MRS. J. W. McCONNELL,
Business Manager.

Editorial.

Lexington, already ripe in good works, needs yet another institution to meet the wants of a growing city. Growth implies progress, yet clean commercial and industrial progress is no more natural than is the untended growth of the plant free from weeds. So in our improvements and strides towards citydom, there is the usual influx and increase of poverty and ignorance in our midst. We have the college for those who will support it, and the free public school for all who prefer that system. What we lack is a free Kindergarten. Children under eight years of age have really no legitimate place in the regular schools, and what is to be done for them during those tender years, in case they have not the environment of Christian homes?

The arguments in favor of the free Kindergarten are not new, yet they are such as suggest themselves to every thoughtful parent and teacher.

The tenements of the poor swarm with little ones. They are exposed to every form of evil example. Miss—, a thoroughly conscientious woman, said to us, "I was passing along Broadway Sunday morning, and in the Vine and Water streets locality, there were young children uttering profane and obscene language, while older ones were wrangling in boisterous rudeness and quarreling all that they could for the tobacco that was in their mouths." Who that has walked the streets but has seen little boys trading in cigarettes, and larger ones gambling in marbles? Those who ride in carriages are spared all ungentle sights and sounds not inflicted by their own darlings under the shelter of home.

What a blessing to gather these poor untaught babes under one roof and teach them that there is a God. Let their young eyes see the beauty of his love for us, and their young minds feast upon the

richness of the knowledge of wise and pleasant things. The Kindergarten system imparts instruction with every toy-like utensil used. The string instead of idly building Jacob's ladder, or the crow's foot, is made to show the pulley principle. The blocks which build such pretty houses in the nursery, are here used to form geometric figures. Germs of invention are planted with each joyous laugh of triumphant building, and the destructive bump in the little cranium is smoothed into a spirit of laudable investigation.

The songs make light the heart which has no other wellspring of pleasure. More than all, the cleanliness, the refinement, the personal graces of a cultured teacher, infuse new ideas and ambitions. What though the child return to his "wallowing in the mire," between whiles. This one bright bit of sunshine with which his day begins, will linger through all the intermediate gloom.

Should active steps be taken to establish a free Kindergarten in Lexington. We trust that our readers will give encouragement to the enterprise. The question is even now being mooted in our midst.

AUNT JEAN'S LETTER.

Bright Prospects—Good Wishes
—Comfortable Pensioners.

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all!

I have such a pleasant letter for you, dear friends, this time.

Death has mercifully ended the sufferings of those whose story has saddened these pages. Their Christmas tide was celebrated with rejoicings far above our feeble strivings after happiness.

The Infirmary is growing every day in virtues, in advantages and in strides towards the goal for which it started one year ago. It is filling with private patients and increasing in nurses. Miss Mary E. Haley, of Georgetown, is the new housekeeper. A friend has sent you a full notice of the institution from her standpoint of a discharged patient, well and happy. It appears elsewhere in this issue and will give you a fair idea of this haven of rest and comfort. There have been a number of successful surgical operations since my last. There are no cases ill unto death so far as we know. The interesting charity patients whom I have introduced to you, have all gone home, and with those who pay board the Record has nothing to do save to wish them all the health and

strength they need. The new annex is assuming full grown proportions and will be ready for inmates ere the spring opens.

In February before the beginning of Lent the Managers will give a Charity Ball at the Opera House for money to go towards paying for this building. Mr. Joseph Rich, the railroad man who was brought here almost dead from typhoid fever and went away well after weeks of nursing, has written Miss Jenkins from the South a warm letter of friendship and gratitude. He says he is a consistent member of the Methodist Church and can never forget the Protestant Infirmary.

The Home of the Friendless looked unusually tidy and prosperous at my last visit. The flowers had all hidden their heads, but the good people did not seem to miss them. Mother Steele sat resting from her early morning work of sewing carpet rags. She lifted her sightless eyes and smiled her welcome. Just across in her rocking-chair Aunt Patsy was cutting away. At her feet were the piles of rags from which she made her balls. I said, "I am glad to see you so well again, Aunt Patsy, you have had such a serious illness." But she would not allow that she was well. It is her harmless little whim not to be well. I told her I expected to see another new carpet soon, and that I should expect her to make for me a rug of silk pieces.

Mother Crouleigh still nurses her lame foot. She is harmless and amiable, quite a favorite of Matron Mary. One of the old ladies was out for a walk. The kitchen in the basement has been deserted for the warmer one upstairs. Here Mother Morris was cooking dinner. Just out on the brick walk stood Aunt Amy with her pets, for now Dick has a plump pullet named Biddie for a companion, and Flip, a happy little dog shares the affections of the mistress. Dick is very jealous of Flip and chatters about it like the knowing chicken he is. I promised to take him some corn, now that the season for roasting-ears is past, and he gave a loud crow and trotted off eyeing me sideways to see if I really meant it. The delight of Aunt Amy at such "showing off" on the part of her favorite was worth going to see. A happy family was this, and it loses nothing by going into the lower grade of creation for companionship.

I cannot tell you more this time. Your loving friend,
AUNT JEAN.