

A traveler in the Eastern country overtook an old gentleman walking towards a town, and asked him, "Who is the great man of that little town? Who is your leading man? Who is the governor and controlling spirit of that little place?" The old gentleman replied, "I am the king of that little town." "Really," says the traveler, "are you the leading man?" "Yes, sir, I am king in that place, and reign as king." "How do you make this to appear? Are you in affluent circumstances?" "No, I am poor; but in that little village there are so many children. All those children go to my school; I rule the children, and they rule their parents, and that makes me king." I frequently think of this. Let the children rule the mother, and the mother the father, and that makes the children kings. How frequently you find this. How is it, my brethren? When you call your families together for prayers, where are your children? Were this question asked me, I should say, "I do not know." Mothers, where are your children? "We do not know; it is as much as we can do to be here." Why do you not have your children together? It is your duty to look after them; they should not be running at random in the streets. Some mothers will put a ten-dollar frock on a child and let it go straight into the mud, while they are watching the father and trying to keep him in bounds. Take care of your children, clothe them comfortably, and avoid all extravagance.

I am ashamed, not only in my own family, but others, to see the gewgaws that are so often put upon children, when an antelope skin or a piece of blue factory would make much more suitable clothing for them. Dress them in strong, durable cloth, and that, too, made by your own hands. But no; the finest fabrics must be put upon them to

play in. Some, if they could get it, would put fifty dollars' worth on a child, and send him into the streets to ride upon rails, climb trees, etc. And when prayer time comes, the husband inquires, "Where are your children?" "I don't know." It is your duty, mothers, to look after them; and when you have your children in the prayer room, tell them that their father is coming to pray with them. Also, let it be your delight that your children do not waste bread and other food. If you have bread to spare, give it to the poor, and see that your children do not destroy it. Do not let them destroy valuable clothing, but put strong, durable cloth upon them, and save where you can, and give it to gathering the poor. I do not rule my family with an iron hand, as many do, but in kindness and with pleasant words; and if soft words would teach them, they would know as much as any family on this earth. See that your children are taught every principle of goodness and virtue, and do not let them run uncontrolled in the streets, with expensive food in their hands to waste and expensive clothing upon their backs to tear and destroy. If you get a frock worth three dollars when a two-dollar one will answer, and maybe last longer, you might have saved a dollar to give for gathering the poor. Treat your children like children.

Some mothers try to make father believe that a child five years old knows as much as the father. Another great cause of dissatisfaction is that so many women are such noble women, and know so much more than their husbands. They say, "This man is not capable of leading me." That is a positive proof to me that that man does not know his ability and calling. I will acknowledge that many women are smarter than their husbands. But when people are married, instead of trying