

saw a little girl, about two years old, with a tip thimble in her mouth, sucking it. I went up to the girl, took the thimble from her and put it on the mantle shelf. Says I to the mother—"you must not allow the child to have this thing; if it should go into the stomach it will decay." The man looked at me as if he would faint away. He was a large man, but I suppose he never attempted to say such a thing to his wife in his life. I said it; and the mother was so confounded that she did not say a word; and it would not have done her any good it she had. Now, if you will mind this—You bring up your children correctly, and teach them those principles and habits that are correct, and you will find that you will improve very materially in your families. If you find that the children are cruel, do not contend with them, soothe them, and invite those who through accident have injured a little sister to pity her. "You have accidentally hurt your little sister, go and kiss her." By taking this course you will have good children, and they will not contend with each other. I am talking to you of that which I know. I have had an experience in these matters.

I will relate a little incident that occurred in my own family. A little boy about three and a half years old was very ill. His mother would feed him bread and milk, or whatever he wished. As soon as he could stand by her, every day he wanted his bread and milk. Just as soon as he had got what he wanted, he would throw up his hand, and away went the basin to the floor. His mother did not know what to do. Said I, "If you will do just as I tell you, I will tell you what to do. The next time you sit down to feed this little boy, when

he has got through he will knock the dish out of your hand." Said I, "lean him against the chair, do not say one word to him, go to your work, pay no attention to him whatever." She did so. The little fellow stood there, looked at her, watched her; then he would look at the basin and the spoon, watch his mother, and look at the basin and spoon again. By and by he got down and crept along the floor and climbed up to the chair, and then set the basin on the table, and crept until he got the spoon and put it on the table. He never tried to knock that dish out of her hand again. Now she might have whipped him and injured him, as a great many others would have done; but if they know what to do, they can correct the child without violence.

One of the nicest things in the world is to let an enemy alone entirely, and it mortifies him to death. If your neighbors talk about you, and you think that they do wrong in speaking evil of you, do not let them know that you ever heard a word, and conduct yourselves as if they always did right, and it will mortify them, and they will say, "We'll not try this game any longer." I have seen men, and women also, that are never happy until they are miserable, and never easy until they are in pain.

These are little things; but is not the world made up of little things? The whole earth is composed of these small atoms of sand. Our lives are made up of little, simple circumstances that amount to a great deal when they are brought together, and sum up the whole life of the man or woman; and yet in our passing from one to another our little acts and incidents seem to be very minute or simple, but we find that they amount to a great deal.