

17. Woman's Sphere.

By One of the Sex.

Our Children.

And now, suppose our dear little tiny babe, in spite of all our wise care and excellent methods, should or would have an attack of the colic. I have known mine to do so, notwithstanding they were nursed regularly, and only four times a day. I am so constituted that when something happens I immediately want to know the cause. I knew that other children, fed and taken care of as carefully as mine were, never had a touch of that infant distress the colic and so I knew there must be some other cause for the trouble. Another thing which struck me was that my babies never had the colic after I was up and around on my feet. What then was the matter? It flashed over me one day that as I had a weak liver, and very poor circulation naturally when I lay still in my bed, giving myself no exercise, all the food which I ate was harder to digest, and slow digestion created wind in my own stomach and bowels, and perhaps that was communicated to the baby, and hence the colic. I told this to my attendants, but they laughed at my notion. They would eat fruit they said if it did hurt the baby, so said they, for a day or two. But a few days and nights, especially nights, persuaded my nurse, who was my dear, good mother, that my notion was worth a trial. Anything on earth to keep a baby from crying in the night when respectable people should be in bed! Accordingly, my already spare diet was reduced to fewer articles and I ate no fruit, and no vegetable but potatoes. The change was very noticeable in the baby after the first day. Perfect peace reigned, and there was no further need of argument on my part. The next time I was confined, I listened to the advice of a midwife, whose opinion I respected, and began with my fruit the first meal after the birth of the child. And the baby began with her colic the first night. I took the law in my own hands, and refused to eat another bit of fruit, much as I loved it. The consequence was, that there was no further colic, and when I once got round on my feet, I could eat what I pleased, as the exercise helped me to digest my food.

So I give you this advice: Watch your baby. If you have complied with all the other rules, and you yourself are the cause of the trouble, refrain from eating that which troubles the little stomach. Talk about that being a sacrifice, and that as I have heard mothers say, "I would eat what I wanted no matter if the child did cry with the colic" do you call that true motherliness? I call it worse than heathenish. It is no deprivation to a true mother to deny herself for her child's good.

And now suppose the baby has got a touch of the colic. What shall we do for her? First, be sure she is well warmed. Put hot flannels on her stomach, and give her very warm water to take in sips from a spoon; give her at least four or five tablespoonfuls at a time. Then raise her up and lay her gently over your shoulder, and in a few moments, give her some more warm water. Keep this up until she goes quietly asleep. Don't put milk or sugar in that warm water, you are putting off

her recovery for every drop of milk or sugar added is so much more material for the sick, sore stomach to digest. Warmth, rest, and more warmth, is what the baby needs, not medicine. Don't put peppermint, nor catnip, nor anything else in the warm water, unless the case is a very bad one, and even then what you use should not be sweetened nor have milk added. A warm water injection is good, and a warm bath in extreme cases. But depend mostly on hot flannels put on the stomach and feet, plenty of hot water given in sips, and pray for the little sufferer as you gently move her to help the wind to rise. In giving the warm water, taste it yourself to be sure it is not too warm, and then put it under the little tongue, and this prevents the child from strangling. Don't nurse the child, neither while she is suffering, nor directly afterwards, wait for at least two or three hours. If you have ever had the indigestion, you will know that food eaten at such a time is so much torture added to torture, and the stomach wants a long period of rest after the attack. Make this hard life as easy as you can for your dear little babes, and be wise and prudent.

The Lives We Live.

THE SMALL HONESTIES.

I have been led to reflect very much lately on the causes of honesty and dishonesty. I am under the impression that mothers, as well as fathers, can do a great deal in very young childhood to encourage strict honesty, or on the other hand by carelessness in trifles, I feel that parents increase dishonest tendencies, until to their horror their child grows up and is a thief and a liar. In some instances these traits are inherited, and so strong are they in a child, that no amount of training seems to eradicate the weakness from the child. Let me ask you mothers who are listening to me, how many of you force a child to take back some plaything picked up in a neighbor's yard? How many of you allow your children to keep that which they find? Did it ever occur to you that articles found, even on the open street, are not your own? I have heard the best of men relate instances of finding money on the street, and appropriating it to their own use. This might do in large eastern cities, where there are no places provided for the reception of lost articles. But in our own midst, such a thing as keeping an article found, whether on the street or in the open country is sheer dishonesty, as there is a sure place of deposit, where losers of property can go and find their own. Do any of you remember the Rules of the United Order? There is one of them which reads: "If I find anything, I will try to return it to its owner, or will take it to the tithing office." I am under the impression that a similar rule as to borrowed property should follow this, but it did not. However, ever since I was baptized into the United Order, I have endeavored to keep the rule. How many times I have been laughed at, for taking such a thing as a pocket knife to the Tithing office. But it was not mine, and if the owner of it did not get it, I still had the satisfaction of knowing that I had done my whole duty, and the article was where it could be turned to some poor man's benefit. Again, do your children ever pick fruit from a neighbor's lot? Do you find out that your little boys have been apple or

melon stealing? What do you do under such circumstances? I will tell you what one father, certainly one of the wisest if not the wisest I ever knew, did with one of his boys who was, as the father said, a little inclined to be "tricky." The boy sold his milk, going on a certain round every day. One morning, there was about a pint short in the milk, and this bright boy, who had certain pecuniary benefits in the milk scheme, filled up the cans with water. In some way the father found out, the trick. Taking the boy aside, he gave him a simple but plain "talking to." Then, with the firmness necessary, the father told the boy he would have to take an extra portion of milk to each one of the customers so defrauded, the next morning, and explain to them what he had done the day before, asking forgiveness for the act. "This," said the father, "will let them know that although you were tempted and overcome by an impulse of dishonesty, you are truly repentant and are willing to testify that by making the wrong right." How was that for a lesson? Do you think that boy ever watered the milk again? Not he. I love to tell stories of this particular family, for without exception they are the nearest mortal perfection in all their walks and ways of any single family I ever knew. What is the reason? They were not a bit different to other families of boys and girls, but the mother was one of the queens of the earth, and the father, although not a wealthy or great man, resolved that his time and strength should be devoted not to "money making" for his family, but to "character making." If all of Israel's fathers could have the same noble and high purpose, what would our children be?

TODAY the great Mormon Temple of Salt Lake City is being dedicated. The *Mail and Express* describes the Temple and reports the dedicatory exercises. Striking as its architecture is, and remarkable as are the acoustic properties of the great assembly room, the structure seems to be one of the wonders of the world when we reflect that it was planned by persons who were almost without culture in the arts, and that its erection was undertaken by the Mormons when they were in the straits of poverty.

The temple is a monument to the perseverance and thrift of these people and to the exactions of their rulers.—*Mail and Express.*

What a strange blending of truth and error! The writer has the Temple and Tabernacle confused, while the last paragraph contains a deserved tribute and an unwarranted reflection in the narrow space of three lines. It is the old case of the cow giving a pailful of good milk and then—

IT is said that three-fourths of the American poets belong to the Republican party. Our own experience leads us to the sad conclusion that the local fraternity of rhymesters think the *News* is a Republican paper.

A GIRL in Chicago sneaked up to a doorstep in the early morning and drank from a picher on said doorstep a pint of alleged milk just left there by a perambulating dealer. Arrested and tried, she was sentenced to imprisonment and a diet of bread and water. With hardened effrontery she is now pluming herself on the fact that having had the water she is now in a suitable frame of stomach to enjoy the bread.