

I clasped my laughing, dancing baby closer to me, and kissed her fervently two or three times.

"My baby will be all right," I replied, "for the same dear, wise mother who guided me will help me guide my little one. Won't she, sweetheart?"

My baby laughed and threw her arms around grandma's neck, crying:

"Yes, grandma teach baby everysing."

The dear mother's face became very solemn, and taking my hands in hers she looked into my face with such intense earnestness that I almost faltered beneath it.

"Reta," she said, "grandma cannot always live, and you will have that baby to teach yourself. Will you remember how I have taught you? Will you remember how much a mother owes to her child? That little mind is soon going to begin to question, and who will answer those questions? If that young intellect blossoms and ripens under the Heavenly Father's hand, *it is going to know*.

"You understand me, Reta. There are things never taught in the school room, seldom taught in books, but about which young minds are curious; and it is the mother's place to satisfy this curiosity. Will you remember, my daughter, that you never learned in the playground, or on the street from vulgar tongues those things which should come pure and simple from the mother's lips? Will you remember, too, my child, that as you neared womanhood you were not left in ignorance of your being; that you did not endure years of suffering because of my neglect? Will you