

bosoms, peace in our families and peace in our surroundings. Have we any difficulty with our neighbors? Why, Gentiles strive to avoid that. Cannot we pass by some of these hard words, as the old man used to say when a child would come to a big word, "Pass it by, my dear, and call it a hard word." When you come across a hard word, pass it by; don't utter it.

Nay, speak no ill;

A kindly word can never leave a sting behind.

Let us treat one another with kindness and one another's reputation with respect, and feel after one another's welfare, treating everybody as we would like God to treat us. And then, when we come to the Lord, we can say, "Father, forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;" for if we do not forgive our brother, how can we expect our heavenly Father to forgive us? If we have had any difficulty with our neighbor, let us endeavor to make it right. Say, "Brother or sister so and so, my conscience rather troubles me about something I said about you or did to you, or some deal I had in which I got the advantage of you, and I have come to make it right, for I am determined to do right, no matter what other people do." And let us all seek after one another's welfare. If we can help one another, let us do it—financially or socially—and don't betray one another. Some people, some poor, miserable—I don't care to say a hard word—I will call them sneaks, they will try, because a man has married a wife according to the laws of God, to bring an accusation against him. Such men will be damned and such women will be damned. Do you know that, when these miserable sneaks come into your house on every kind of pretence,

perhaps to sell wagons or machinery of some kind, in the midst of their conversation they are known to ask such questions as, "How many wives has your husband got?" Poor, low miserable sneaks. Kick them out of your house, have nothing to do with such low, infernal trash. While we treat good men aright, kick such villains out of your house, they have no business among decent people. We do not want them. Tell them to attend to their own affairs and let our business alone. Tell them to go back where they came from, we do not want them among decent people. These are my feelings. That's saying a pretty hard word. It is such a word, though, as suits such people, for there is no decent word that's appropriate for such contemptible beings.

Be true to one another, respect another's reputation. And then, you elders, treat one another as gentlemen with courtesy and kindness. And you ladies treat one another as ladies, and, old gentlemen, treat ladies as ladies, and you, old ladies, treat the gentlemen as gentlemen.

I feel to tell a little story about Bishop Hunter. Most of you know Dr. Sprague. He was sent by President Young to see brother Hunter, when on the frontier many years ago. The doctor had a squeaky kind of a voice. He says (imitating the doctor), "Does Brother Hunter live here?" Bishop Hunter replied (the speaker imitating the Bishop's voice), "My name is Hunter." Doctor Sprague: "President Young has sent me to see if you were sick, and if so he wanted me to administer to you." Bishop Hunter: "Physician, heal thyself." Doctor Sprague: "Well, sir, I feel just like two clap boards stuck together." Then he says, "Is this your old woman, Brother