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TABERNACLE SERVICES.

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government of the United States took off the tax from personal income, among other reasons because so few people would tell the truth, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply he was about to be handed over to the overseer of the poor.

Described in the text are all those who are particular never to break the law of grammar, and who want all their language an elegant specimen of syntax, straining out all the inaccuracies of speech with a fine sieve of literary criticism, while through their conversation go slander and innuendo and profanity and falsehood larger than a whole caravan of camels, when they might better fracture every law of the language and shock intellectual taste, and better let every verb seek in vain for its nominative, and every noun for its government, and every preposition lose its way in the sentence, and adjectives and participles and pronouns get into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth ward on election day, than to commit a moral inaccuracy. Better swallow a thousand gnats than one camel.

Such persons are also described in the text who are very much alarmed about the small faults of others, and have no alarm about their own great transgressions. There are in every community and every church watch dogs, who feel called upon to keep their eyes on others and growl. They are full of suspicions. They wonder if that man is not dishonest; if that man is not unclean; if there is not something wrong about the other man. They are always the first to hear of anything wrong. Vultures are always the first to smell carrion. They are self-appointed detectives. I lay this down as a rule without any exception, that those people who have the most faults themselves are most merciful in their watching of others. From scarp of head to sole of foot they are full of jealousies and hypercriticisms. They spend their life in hunting for snarls and mud turtles, instead of hunting for Rocky mountain eagles, always for something mean instead of something grand. They look at their neighbors' imperfections through a microscope and look at their own imperfections through a telescope upside down. Twenty faults of their own do not hurt them so much as one fault of somebody else. Their neighbors' imperfections are like gnats and they strain them out; their own imperfections are like camels and they swallow them.

But lest some might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you that we all come under the divine satire when we make the questions of time more prominent than the questions of eternity. Come now, let us all go into the confessional. Are not all tempted to make the question, Where shall I live now? greater than the question, Where shall I live forever? How shall I get more dollars here? greater than the question, How shall I lay up treasures in heaven? the question, How shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question, How shall I meet my obligations to God? the question, How shall I gain the world? greater than the question, What if I lose my soul? the question, Why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question, How shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question, What shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my sublunary existence? greater than the question, What shall I do with the millions of cycles of my post terrestrial existence? Time, how small it is! Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said, "That doesn't mean me, and that doesn't mean me," and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon away.

But let us all surrender to the charge. What an ado about things here. What poor preparation for a larger eternity. As though a minnow were larger than a behemoth, as though a swallow took wider circuit than an albatross, as though a nettle were taller than a Lebanon cedar, as though a gnat were greater than a camel, as though a minute were longer than a century, as though time were higher, deeper, broader than eternity. So the text which flashed with lightning of wit as Christ uttered it, is followed by the crashing thunders of awful catastrophe to those who make the questions of time greater than the questions of the future, the oncoming, overshadowing future. O, eternity! eternity! eternity!

An Illusion Fence.

W. E. Stout, Anderson county, Kan., sends us a description of a novel device to prevent and finally break any horse of the habit of jumping fences. He takes a piece of leather ten inches long and five inches wide—the leg of an old boot will do—cuts strips lengthwise, half an inch apart, and to within half an inch of the ends, and then removes each alternate strip of leather, leaving six strips, with five openings. Bind the leather spectacles over the horse's eyes with the strips across the head, placing two corners, or any round substance of similar size, between the leather and the forehead, to keep it away from the eyes far enough to produce the illusion. Then let the horse loose in a clear field with plenty of room. The horse prepares to leap the illusion fence before him, and as he is ready to spring, the fence rises with the motion of his head, and he comes to the ground without making the leap. The horse will keep up the trial for an hour perhaps, and finally desist. After a second day with the leather spectacles, he could not coax the horse to leap a fence two feet high.—American Agriculturist.

Scene in Hungary.

A traveler writes that there is certainly little or nothing that can be qualified as attractive about Flume, in Hungary. From nearly all the upper windows in these little streets poles protruded, and on these were hung countless petticoats. These articles of female apparel were wonderfully and fearfully made. Some were brown, some bright yellow, some red, others blue, and some seemed to have no color at all. While these emblems of female sovereignty proudly floated overhead, he failed to notice below any women whatever. There were a few men in the streets, but the women were conspicuously absent.—Chicago News.

Why the Rails Break.

It is said, on the authority of "an American railway engineer," that low temperatures do not decrease the strength of rails as is commonly supposed, although it is true that accidents are more likely to occur from broken rails in cold weather. This is because when the ground is frozen hard it loses its elasticity. Something must yield when the train runs over the road; it is the ground that yields in unfrozen weather; but during a freeze the ground will not yield, and the rail, as being the weakest part of the structure, has to suffer the consequences.—Boston Herald.

St. James' sale on December 18th.

TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY.

Andrew Carnegie and Mr. Gronlund Before the Nineteenth Century Club.

New York, Dec. 9.—Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire iron manufacturer, and Lawrence Gronlund, the socialist, lectured before the Nineteenth Century club last night. Mr. Carnegie's subject was "Triumphant Democracy." He said that the sovereign care for the man who looks with discontented eyes upon society to-day is to look back one or two centuries and see what the people were then. "It is not two hundred years ago," he said, "that all traces of serfdom passed away. Your forefathers and mine were bought and sold." Mr. Carnegie spoke of the increasing attendance in the public schools of England and said that this was due to the influence of divine benign democracy. Mr. Carnegie waved a paper and said, "This is a letter written by our distinguished president, Mr. Palmer, who denounces rent-taking and interest-taking. When he didn't take them he would be a beggar." (Laughter.) He gets them from the energy and thrift of the people around him. What is the hell of want and misery from which his soul recoils? There is no such thing as forced pauperism in this country. There is no sober industrious man who cannot make a living for himself and acquire a competency for his old age. (Applause.) What law would he change in this country? I challenge him to mention it. The socialists can talk and rant. Who are the men, the drunken worthless men, who do no work and with whom no honest workmen will associate? For one strike in America under democracy there are ten in Europe under monarchies. Mr. Carnegie predicted that the time would come when the descendants of the Vanderbilts would be the employees of the descendants of the men who now till the soil and work in factories. The great fortunes would be scattered under the foot of a triumphant democracy. The time will come when the man who dies rich will be disgraced. Mr. Palmer introduced Mr. Gronlund as "the author of 'Co-operative commonwealth,' and the fairest minded socialist we know." He began by observing that Mr. Carnegie is a millionaire and has consequently good reason to be satisfied with the existing state of things. "You would give to us your sympathy and influence," he said, "if you knew what socialism is. You not only do not know what it is, but you entirely misunderstand it. Anarchism and socialism are diametrically opposed. If the revolution comes to-morrow, which God forbid, it would surely result in a struggle between the anarchists and us. It has generally been charged against us that we want to abolish the family relation and then to abolish property. What socialists advocate is the real true democracy and not the kind Mr. Carnegie speaks of. Working men should select their foremen, their superintendents and so forth; that is the difference between us and that other democracy. I say that socialism will give property to everyone and will enable anyone to acquire it. The great change that we expect may come about peaceably or it may be forced."

PROTECTION IN ENGLAND.

It is Likely, if Pushed, to Break the Government—Valuable Warning. LONDON, Dec. 9.—Protection policy is considered a *casus belli* by the liberal unionists. This was authoritatively announced by Lord Hartington at the unionists' conference. He said that the adoption of a protective policy would lead to a disruption, for which the unionist liberals would not be responsible. This clearly shows that Lord Hartington is not disposed to back the government in everything they please to do, and the moment this support is withdrawn Lord Salisbury falls. Lord Hartington, however, has the strongest motives not to quarrel with Lord Salisbury. His party, although considerable in parliament, is alleged to have almost disappeared in the country, and a general election, it is said, would lead to the retirement of all except a few, and these would only get in by tory votes. The tories will make strenuous efforts to avert the danger. Mr. Chaplin's attitude has given great offence to his own allies. Mr. Lowther, another prominent conservative, attacked him, accusing him of dragging the red herring of Bi-metalism across its scent, in allusion to Mr. Chaplin's proposed remedy for the industrial depression by currency reform, in other words by debasing the currency. The Daily News says: "Nobody was present at the protection meeting whose opinions are worth a straw, and the arguments were worthy of the company." The same paper referring to the fisheries says: "Nobody can blame Canada for trying to get the best possible terms, but the Canadians will overreach themselves if they hold out for more than they can possibly get and so cause the entire failure of the negotiations."

THE FATHER-IN-LAW CAUGHT.

A charivari at the Home of a Grass Widow at Opinicon Village. A grass widow, whose husband works in the States, resides in a house near Opinicon village. Her fair fame was frequently aspersed, and an indignant, married, moral man proposed to others to pay her a nocturnal visit, and if found guilty to root her out. A charivari party was at once organized by him, and at 10 p.m. the men and boys paraded in front of the frail one's domicile. "Turn out that blackguard," was shouted by the leader and such other demands were made by others of the storming party, accompanied by volleys of stones which shattered the glass in the windows and beat the devil's tattoo on the stovepipe and roof, when to the utter astonishment of all present the door opened and out sneaked, not the gay Lothario that was expected, but a hoary old sinner, the father-in-law of the leader of the party. He spoke not, but quickly vanished and is now non est.

The Blending of Life

And death is one of the mysterious functions of the human organism. There are constantly battling two rival elements; the one throwing off waste and effete matter—death, the other to supply living atoms to build up and sustain—life. It is when the system grows sluggish, when the effete and dead particles are not eliminated and remain to clog life's channels, that Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut render greatest service. They cleanse the system, restore the liver to a healthy action, correct morbid secretions, renew the springs of life by making digestion more perfect, and proved by use the most perfect family medicine in existence. Accept no substitute for Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. At all druggists and dealers in medicine.

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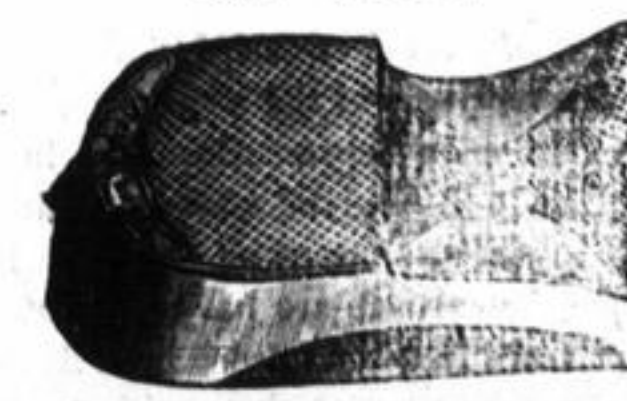
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