

ceive credit for what we do—we want somebody to acknowledge we have done something. We see in the bee journals long articles written as to who should have credit for certain inventions. We want to appear great; we want to stand out on the pages of history as bright lights, and so we fight for the greatest name and the greatest honor. Now the Master says: "He who would be great among you, let him be your servant," and I want to say to you that true greatness is in being the servant. No matter what I do, no matter what you do, if it only gets out into the world and helps lift the world up, makes the world better, elevates it up towards God. That is all the greatness we should wish for or desire.

Once upon a time there was a ship that had sprung a leak. The crew made every effort to stop the leak, but finally it was seen that it was of no avail, the ship was slowly sinking, and so it was desired that as the lifeboats could not take more than a quarter, that they should draw lots to see which should go. The lots were prepared. One reached over and drew. It says "you are to stay." Another, "you may go." Two or three more, you can go, and the old mate reached over all, scarred and battered with the service of years, picked out a ballot and it read, "you can go," but instead, as all the rest preceding had done, immediately going and getting into the life-boat, the old mate stayed back in a corner to see the rest of the proceedings go on. After a little the captain came up, reached over and took out the lot "you are to stay." For a few moments the mate stood where he was; then going up to the captain said: "Here, take this and get into the life-boat and go." "I cannot do that," said the captain. "Oh, captain," the mate said, "these boys of yours; you can be the means of educating and lifting up to God and sending out into the world in the future. Take this lot of mine and go. Bring up these boys in the admonition of the Lord and send them out to bless the world." The captain took the lot "you can go," went into the boat and did as the mate had requested him. Now do you not think when the great books are opened, and the history of the world be spread out, that among the crowds that shall stand around that white throne will be that old mate? When you and I sacrifice ourselves for the benefit of the world and go out with food in our hands to help lift our fallen brethren, to help make the road easy for some feet, we shall have the greatest record that book above that will far outshine anything we desire in keeping things to ourselves and being selfish, and desiring credit for what we do.

Another thing I shall say and I may step on some editors' toes here, they have said altogether too much regarding the adulteration of honey. We have said a good deal and were unable to accomplish but little, our thought and our action have been right and it has tended to throw back on our own heads. The secular journals have taken our papers and it has gone forth in the world and declared there was great adulteration in the honey, so that people who should consume honey have failed to consume it for the reasons they said it was an adulterated article. Now, if we had gone to our state legislature and you to your legislatures and quietly demanded that laws be passed to make it a criminal offence to adulterate honey (applause), then, after these laws were passed, quietly gone to work and captured the individuals, and sent out through the land that such a man was in the penitentiary, being punished for a crime he had committed, we should have accomplished something. (Applause.) Last spring, in my own neighborhood, a mail carrier who was carrying mails began to use cancelled stamps on his letters. It was ascertained by the postmaster what was going on and so he quietly wrote to the inspector telling him what was being done. In due time the inspector came, he found out who the person was and he was arrested and sent to the penitentiary. Up to this time no person outside the postmaster and one or two others knew what was going on, but when he was arrested then the papers came out and told the whole matter, and so there goes, over the country to-day an awe regarding the use of cancelled postage stamps that will keep the people from doing such a thing for years to come. And so if we had taken this course in regard to the adulteration of honey we might have accomplished something.

I am reminded of a poor church that wanted fifty hymn books, and they went to all the booksellers in the country to see where they could get them the cheapest, and they were all 50 cents a piece, but one of the men said he would let them have them for 5 cents each, providing they would let them have a few advertisements in the hymn book. A church meeting was called, and as they were so poor they thought it would be no objection, and so they sent on for the hymn-books. Christmas came on Sunday and the hymn-books arrived late the night before, and the next morning, when service commenced, the minister got up, and having read from his hymn-book the first song they were to sing, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing, Glory to the New-Born King." Imagine the surprise of that audience when the choir struck up and