

fore the then most cultured nation in the world and declared God had created all one, all the nations of the earth a little further back than that one speaking before the high heaven and earth. said: "Be ye not called masters, for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brothers," and thus we have the great Father—head of God and the great brotherhood of man. This is the grand principle which uplifts the world, which cements us together in brotherly love, which advances the world out along the grander line of life, and yet we find in our ranks selfishness, something which would hold back from his brother beekeeper that which would help him along, and the idea of holding and hugging to ourselves that which we have wrought out unless some pecuniary gain accrues to us for devolving the same. All ye are brothers, freely ye have received, freely give, and I wish to say to you here to-day that no pleasure in life, no enjoyment in this world can be equal to that which is freely given to humanity to help them advance in a line of life, to help them advance along the road that gives them ease and comfort; yet, I say, we hug the little thing that we take out ourselves to ourselves, and say we will not part with it unless somebody gives us money for the secret. Only this week a beekeeper called at my shop and speaking of an individual whom both he and I knew, he says: "That man has done me an injury and I never will forgive him." Now I wish to say that by holding back we are holding on to the worst thing we can possibly hold on to. Years ago in the days of old flint-lock guns a little piece of flint was put in the hammer and clamped over, and powder was put in the pan, and a spark from the flint igniting the powder made it explode. In those days Henry Clay was nominated for President of the United States. Being desirous that he should sit in the Presidential chair he sent to an old friend a schoolmate, and he said to his friend, "You will help me?" and this friend says "No." Henry Clay says, "What is the reason?" and his friend says, "Why, you went back on me one time, and I cannot do it." Seeing that further reasoning or urging along this line would be without avail, Clay says, "John, do you remember when we used to go to school along the road, sit upon the same bench, play antics with the teacher together, etc.?" "Yes, Henry, I remember all about it." "Do you remember the shade of the old tree where we used to play marbles and enjoy ourselves well together?" "Yes, I remember that." "Do you remember lying down in the cow pasture where we used to go to get the cows?" "Yes, I remember that." "Do you remember the old gun, do

you remember how we used to go hunting with it, how we fished down the squirrels and pigeons?" "Yes, I remember the old gun well." Then says Clay, "Did the old gun ever fail you?" "Yes, when I had a bear within short range and thought he was mine, once when I wanted that gun most of any to take action, it failed me, and there was no flash in the pan." "What did you do John, did you throw away the old gun?" "No, I packed the flint and tried it again." "John," he says, "cannot you try me as well as you did the old gun?" John walked up to him, put his arms around his neck, and the tears stood in his eyes. "Yes, Clay, I will pack the flint and try you again." So my friends do not let you and I get it into our heads that because some one stepped on our toes once we will throw that person aside. Oh, no, do not let us do that. Christ's disciples said to him, "How often shall I forgive, seven times?" "Yes," he says, "seventy times seven." Remember we are all poor humanity and that you and I should be willing to stand some little things that we call "treading upon our toes."

The next thing I wish to speak about, which I think of interest, I am aware there are some of us getting in the habit of kicking and some of us kick very ridiculously. We have been kicking all along for some time on the price of honey, we say we can hardly raise honey and live by it, we tell each other that honey did not bring a third of what it did in '74, in this we tell the truth, but if we go out through all the agricultural products and look the matter over we will find that farmers are only getting one third for their products of what they did in '74. Some of us have got into the habit and it is fret, fret with us all the while. If we do not cease this kicking we will get kicked out. Two drunken men went into an hotel to find lodgement. They went to the clerk and he showed them to a room which contained two beds and they said they would take a separate bed and in their muddled condition they blew the light out, and in their muddled condition they both got into one bed. After feeling around a little the first one says: "Jones, there is someone in my bed." Smith says: "There is someone in mine, Jones; what had we better do?" "I guess we had better kick them out," so a great struggle ensued, and Jones found himself out on the floor, and Smith says: "Jones, I have got my man out." "Jones," says Smith, you have done better than I have done, my man has kicked me out." So if you don't stop this kicking, some of you will get kicked out.

There is another thing I wish to call to your attention. We are all anxious to