

The congregation and the Tabernacle Choir sang the hymn, "Come, Let Us Anew."

ELDER CHARLES A. CALLIS

Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

Listen to this glorious truth—It is found in the Book of Mormon:

For it behooveth the great Creator that he suffereth himself to become subject unto man in the flesh, and die for all men, that all men might become subject unto him. (2 Nephi 9:5).

SERVICE THE PRICE OF CONTENTMENT

Consecrated service is the road to the hearts of men. The mother becomes subject to her family, so to speak, by sacred service and sacrifice, and therefore her high position as queen of the home is eternally assured.

The sublime truth which I have quoted from the Book of Mormon foreshadows the condescension of God Almighty. Because of the Fall men were cut off from the presence of the Lord. Only an infinite atonement could save mankind from spiritual death and bring about the power of the resurrection to fallen men and make them incorruptible, immortal, living souls.

To secure this priceless boon the Creator suffered "the pains of every living creature, both men, women, and children, who belong to the family of Adam." Mankind was delivered by the power of the Holy One of Israel by his atonement. We belong to him: we are not our own. He bought us with the price of his precious blood.

The Savior said: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." I believe that work is the weapon of honor. One of the evils that is oppressing this nation is the failure of a large number of men to work: many people unfortunately cannot find employment. Every able-bodied man should have "a mind to work."

The locomotive that runs light is more likely to jump the track than the one that is pulling a load. If more of the young men and women in our country were married there would be fewer social and industrial disturbances. Long engagements, as a rule, are not good. There are too many men running light in this old world. More personal responsibility is needed. Henry Ward Beecher said that the darkest hour in a young man's life was when he sat down and planned and devised how to make a living without work. Without mental or physical labor an honest living cannot be made.

When Erskine, the great British advocate was addressing a jury—the first time, by the way, that he had made an address in a court of law—he said that he must succeed for he felt that his wife and children were tugging at his coat tails.

Jesus said: "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be

your servant; even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." To give his life for a ransom for many—that was the grandest service ever beheld in the universe of God.

We read in the New Testament the profound truth that God permitted His Only Begotten Son, the Being who created the world, to work in a carpenter shop at the carpenter's bench. I think as I read the Savior's words "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me * * * for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light," that he, the divine Son of God, made yokes in that workshop for beasts of burden. The yokes were so well made that they made no sore places. The man who wears the yoke of Christ has no sore spots on him, for in the wearing of that yoke there is perfect liberty and joy. He that would be great let him be the servant of his fellow creatures and minister to their needs.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF UNSELFISHNESS

Once upon a time, as the story goes, two men owned a field jointly, and side by side they planted, they watered, and they shared the crops share and share alike. One of these men had seven sons. Zimri lived by himself. One night when the crops were harvested, Zimri said, "I am alone, and my brother has seven sons; it is not pleasing in the sight of God that I should have as much as he." So he stole forth from the field and took one-third of his sheaves and placed them with Abram's sheaves. Abram awoke and he thought of Zimri, and said he: "Here am I, surrounded by my sons, and Zimri is alone. At the end of the day's labor he goes to a cold, lonely home. I am going to give him one-third of my sheaves." He did so. The next morning both were astonished to find when they arose that they had not lost anything by giving to each other.

The next night Zimri went into the field and took a third of his sheaves to Abram's pile and placed them there and then he hid. He saw Abram coming out. And now the words of the poet:

Then Abram came down softly from his home
 And looking to the left and right, went on,
 Took from his ample store a generous third,
 And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
 Then Zimri rose, and caught him in his arms,
 And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek;
 And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak;
 Neither could Zimri, for their hearts were full.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord," for "when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God." May this heavenly duty shine in our hearts with a broad and glowing light, I humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.