

er victims as you sink to the caverns of oblivion.

But to labor for complete results in this life is not the end and aim of man's existence. Work was given him by the Almighty, and must be for some more enduring purpose. This world is but a great artist's atelier, and we are but apprentices who should labor faithfully, perseveringly and to the best of our several abilities, to intelligently and successfully accomplish what is given us to do; and, as Ruskin says, "It is no man's business whether he is a genius or not, work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily, and the natural and unforced results of such work will always be the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best. No agonies or heartrendings will enable him to do any better. If he is a great man, they will be great things, but always if peacefully done, good and right; and always if restlessly and ambitiously done, false hollow and despicable."

But if this be true, why does a man feel such a natural aversion to work? It is a fact that all men are constitutionally lazy. I have yet to see a child who is not afflicted with a chronic indisposition to work, or the young man who does not look with longing to a time in the future when he shall retire from the duties and cares of a business life to one of ease. We none of us love industry for its own sake, nor would we ever become thoroughly industrious without the promptings of outside motives. We labor to acquire the necessities, comforts or elegancies of life, or to gratify some ambition. I believe we were created lazy for a purpose. If work were a pleasure, we would value nothing that we have, for all values have their basis on cost, and labor is the first cost of everything; though through it we are continually longing for a rest from our labors. How many people are toiling through this world cheered by the prospect of an eternal rest beyond; and entertaining the same idea of heaven as did the old lady who said to an acquaintance of mine. "When

I get to heaven I expect to have nothing to do but just sit around with a clean white apron on and knit." And no doubt the good simple mother thought such a state would be heaven indeed. Though were she compelled to adopt such a life of inactivity, she, and the class she represents, would soon think themselves the victims of the most serious of practical jokes. When we have completed our apprenticeship in this vast work-shop and have become fitted for some higher accomplishment, we are removed to our proper sphere of action only to engage in the grand lofty work our present life of toil has fitted us for. If I have a complete conception of our future state, eternity will not tax us much to provide food and raiment, nor will we be obliged to get up before daylight to meet the demands of our employers, nor will a great many be troubled as to where they shall obtain their winter fuel. A Rip Van Winkle sleep will be given if needed, and if the orthodox theory is correct, an abundant supply of combustibles was laid by, when Lucifer and a third part of Heaven's host fell.

Whatever is for our best, will be; and with the old clogs of this earth thrown off, and the feeling of renewed everlasting youth come on, we will consider the work given us to do as something to be grateful for, and the use of powers labor has trained for worthy ends will be out pleasure as keenly enjoyed as the games of childhood. To me this is a much more pleasureable state of existence than that of sitting around the throne, dressed in a freshly starched robe of white, with a crown on my head, a palm leaf in my hand, playing on a golden harp, and singing pennyroyal hymns.

But there is another view to be taken of this subject, from the standpoint of considering man in his relations to himself and the world. It is estimated by political economists that the consumption nearly equals the production of each year and that it equals nearly one-fifth the whole property of the world. A week or two