

I am from above; ye are of this world; I am not of this world.
John viii. 23.

TRAINING CLASS

For Christian Workers,
EVERY THURSDAY, AT 8 P.M.

WORKERS AND SHIRKERS.

SHIRKERS try how little they can do,—workers, how much. Shirkers seek easy jobs; workers take what comes. Shirkers want others to do for them; workers are glad to do for others. Shirkers lie abed and doze; workers are up and at it. Shirkers say, "Must I?" workers say, "May I?" Shirkers are out of sight when hard jobs are coming; workers are on hand when you need them. Shirkers are watching to see the sun go down; workers are toiling to get the work completed. Shirkers begin late and leave off early; workers begin early and work an honest day's work. Shirkers stand waiting for something to do; workers hunt up something and go about it. Shirkers try to keep themselves comfortable; workers seek to make themselves useful. Shirkers refuse to master trades, and grow up botchers and blunderers; workers master their business and then oversee the shirkers and make them do theirs. Shirkers are despised; workers are prized. Shirkers are discharged; workers are retained. Shirkers are a good riddance; workers can not be spared. Shirkers grow shiftless, vicious, and poor; workers become employers, and reliable, responsible people. Shirkers become vagabonds; workers do the business and have the profit and the benefit of it when it is done.

The world is full of workers and shirkers. Which class do you belong to? People shirk study, shirk duty, shirk reproach, and shirk cross-bearing, but though they may be shirkers through this world, they can not shirk death, judgment, or perdition.—*H. L. Hastings.*

HAVE YOU A KEY?



CLERGYMAN, passing a lonely cot by the side of a mountain, observed a woman at the door in apparent distress. Pausing for a moment to inquire the cause of her sorrow, he was told that the key of her treasure-box was broken, and that when she came to use it she found it would not unlock her treasures. She eagerly asked him, "Sir, have you a key?"

The clergyman replied, sadly, that he feared his key would not fit the lock. After unsuccessful attempts to unlock her box, he asked her if she had a key to the gate of Heaven?

Her reply, spoken apparently with every assurance, was, that on the ground of never having harmed any one, having kept the law, nothing could be laid to her charge.

"Ah!" replied he, "that cold key of morality will, in the last dread day, before the great white throne, serve you as the key of your treasure-box has done; and, when you come to use it,

If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins.

John viii. 24.