

# SERMON.

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COLOSSIANS III. 22: 17. 1.

Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye service, as men pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God. Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven.

MAN was made to work—the feet for motion, the hand for action, the brain for contrivance. To bring together, to fit and make useful or beautiful the things which are found scattered in a chaotic way, he is well adapted. Anterior to all questions of necessity he is suited for work. It is no consequence of the curse that he is the child of labour. It is his native vocation. He is as much made for it as his lungs are for breathing. It is also his delight. He is not happy without it. He cannot live in inaction. The child toils as hard as the man. Toil is our normal state. Toil causes the blood to flow freely, and the vital powers to perform their duties. Toil not and rust. Toil not! it is impossible. You may avoid ruder toils, but you will yet rack your brain to invent gentler ones. You will not dig, you have those who will do that for you; you may be under no necessity to degrade yourselves by trade, being gentlemen, but you will ride, dance, play various games that require skill, and bring out the sweat on the brow. If you disdain the useful in labour, you yet find the useless necessary. The only thing you have gained is a distinction from the meaner sort of men, perhaps, into the bargain, a soft hand, and the peculiar air of your profession—that of a gentleman—a compound article, of great expense, and variously made up according to the reigning fashion. What with dressing, lounging, visiting, dancing, gaming, and the various other unnameable avocations of the professional gentleman, he is generally a rather hard worked