

parts and in different ways, but we are laboring all to produce the sweetness, the honey of life, the faith and the hope and the love, of which the greatest is love, and God is the greatest worker of us all.

From this limited application of the term work and from the unequal distribution of the world's labor, the former referring it to those whose life is drudgery and the latter forcing those who do work to work too hard, has grown up in the minds of many the conception of heaven as a place where people do nothing, and of God as one who never need put forth any exertion. A man without being consulted is born into a condition of life against which his nature maintains constant rebellion. From the outset he has to bear a burden too heavy. In a narrow place, shut up, he picks and shovels, and scarce has time to look about him for a moment on the beauties of the world. And he gets sick of it. If he had his will he would go where there was nothing to do, absolute idleness would be perfect happiness. If there is a heaven, it must be such a place, and if there is a God who can do as he likes He must enjoy one long eternal holiday, undisturbed by the discordant sounds of labor. And this thought is not the outcome of laziness. It grows out of a sense of injustice. The man has had too much to do. He has had no chance. He has been cramped. In a dim, half-conscious way he feels that his life has been one-sided. There are powers and aspirations and instincts that have lain dormant and uncultivated. He thinks that to work is to live as he does. He sees those about him who, according to his ideas, don't do anything. He would not call them idle, but he can't see that they put forth effort as he has to do. Professional men, politicians, wealthy people, artists—these don't work. His idea of work is taking off your coat, putting forth physical effort and sweating at your task. But he would soon find that absolute idleness was as unbearable as too much toil.

We cannot pass without uttering our protest against that miserable idea, so prevalent among some people of the world, though as yet it only hangs on the skirts of life in this country—the idea that there is something degrading in being under necessity to work. It is all very well to give one's energies to something as a matter of taste or inclination, but to say that one works for a living is to close the door to the highest (!) society in certain countries. A gentleman does not work. So long as he keeps clear of that stain he is received into society. One of my congregation who was raised in England was lemoaning his hard fortune, apologizing for present circumstances and telling me how the glory had departed from his family. "Why, sir, I never did a hand's turn till I came to

this country. If you'd see me in the old country—I was as well dressed every day as you see me on Sunday. I never worked for my living;" and he was priding himself on it. It was a green spot in the otherwise barren wastes of his memory, and many have this notion. By earthly standards the aristocracy do nothing, but in the spiritual realm the aristocrat is a worker, and because he is a worker. The perfect life here is the do-nothing life; the perfect life there is having all the powers employed to the best advantage, and the God who made us is the hardest worker.

That is a low, view of life to see in it that we work only in order to live; a better statement is that we live in order that we may work. But neither statement is true. Working and living are reciprocal. We live to work and work to live. That is the best living in which we can produce the best work, and that is the best work by which we can produce the noblest living. There is the inward necessity impelling us to activity even if we have no external compulsion in our bodily needs. When our labor is a labor of love, when we engage in tasks that use our energies and excite our enthusiasm, then labor is a joy. Time flies on swift wings then. "I am troubled with the same old complaint," said a great worker, "There are only twenty-four hours in a day and seven days in a week, I can't catch up." The active nature intent on the performance of some great work, feels life too short. There is pathos in the cry that comes from biography, "We are not done yet, We cannot die." Congenial work is not repulsive. "He has no need to work, he can live without working." That is true if we regard life as a gathering together of a heap of food big enough to keep us eating till we die. When we have gathered it we may stop our toiling and sit down and eat it, but that is a poor view, the poorest of life.

In all our life let us keep in mind this, that the highest intelligence is a worker and delights in working, that when in the coming time all the perplexing problems of social and political economy shall be correctly solved, everyone shall do his share of work and do it easily: that when all the parts of this vast and complicated machine we call society shall be properly adjusted there shall be no friction, nor joining of different numbers; that when the millenium dawn appears the strife of contending factions and the clashing of selfish interests will cease, and the work of the world, of the universe, will be done in movement beautiful, regular and musical as the motion of the stars. The drones will be driven from the hive, the idlers will be cast away and in the "new earth" the sluggard will find no place reserved.

Consider briefly the spiritual aspect of work.