

honest toil of whatever kind : nay, in all well-directed labour there is true nobility. Even in his primeval innocence man was ordained to labour. Eden required to be dressed and kept. The original article in the charter by which man was made a tenant of the earth was, "occupy, subdue." Ages before his creation, nature's store-houses were filled for him; the iron beds were laid down; the coal and marble strata spread; the forests waved; the rivers had cleft their channels; and man was appointed "lord of creation," and, set over the works of the Divine Architect, that he might, by his intellectual and physical prowess, conquer the wild elements and chain the mighty forces of nature to his triumphant chariot wheels. This was the original order of God; and when man sinned, in mercy more than in judgment, a new clause was added to the ordinance of labour, rendering it more toilsome and less productive. "In the sweat of thy face," it ran, "shalt thou eat bread." But in reality, this additional hardness and imperiousness of labour were the mercy of the curse, and were designed to meet and counteract the effects of sin. In a sinful world, were there no necessity for labour, wickedness would soon create a pandemonium. Human energy would run into wild, lawless passion; and destructiveness would make earth a desolation. Even now it has passed into a proverb that "idle men are the devil's play-fellows."

On the other hand, mark how, by God's merciful arrangement, the curse has been transformed into a blessing. See how, by this very labour, man's nature has been elevated and dignified. Glance at the triumphs of man's industry, and say is there not a character-forming power, a true nobility in all work? Take as an example, the Anglo-Saxons, the most indomitable of all workers, and think what they have achieved. The British Isles were once covered with swamp, forest and bog; they are now comparatively a fair garden overspread with cities and palaces. The country is covered with a network of railways; fire-breathing steeds of iron career over the land; telegraphs flash intelligence on the lightning's pinion; and steam-power is driving the printing press, the spinning-jenny, the loom, the forge, the Naysmith hammer. Think what creations of human industry are London, Manchester, Liverpool, New York! How much is suggested by the mere mention of the Thames Tunnel, the Suez Canal, the Menai Bridge, the iron tube that spans the St. Lawrence at Montreal, Mount Cenis Tunnel, or the steam-ship *Great Eastern*. Consider the toil of hand and brain that has brought the daily newspaper to its present state of perfection, as it throws off a fresh volume of world-history each morning. Think of the vast amount of patient thought, profound skill, mechanical ingenuity that has been lavished on that gigantic coil that like a huge nerve unites the Old World to the New. These great Saxon workers too have formed an Indian Empire in the East, and thrown off an American Republic in the West, and recently laid the foundation of another mighty State—the Dominion of Canada—destined to stretch from Newfoundland to Vancouver's Island,—from Atlantic to Pacific. They have commenced a new empire in Austra-