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sixpence or more in the year. Travellers might drop in a penny, and from large towns and seaports *very* considerable sums might be gathered. We should fancy that not less than £100,000 might be at the disposal of the Church *every* year—the voluntary small tax, self-imposed, and willingly given to the National Church by its thirteen or fourteen millions of loyal sons and daughters.

ANNE W. FANSHAWE.

ART. VI.—SLOTH.

A POWERFUL enemy of true or spiritual life is Sloth, Sluggishness, or Idleness. The broad facts about this vice have been well put by an economical writer, Karl Blind: "The idle man is a sponge upon the world, and a curse to his fellow-creatures. Every man that remains idle, or gets his living without work—that is, without doing anything in return for such a privilege—is adding to the misery of the world, is really injuring the morals and happiness of the human family, and should be held responsible for it. None can be happy without employment, mental and physical; the idler becomes a fit subject for the penitentiary or the gallows."

Our blessed Lord, both by precept and example, set the virtue of strenuous work and the vice of wilful laziness in the very front of the contrasts belonging to the Christian life. "He went about doing good." The number of kind and beautiful actions crowded into one day was extraordinary. He never allowed fatigue to interfere with opportunity. As if to emphasize the dignity of labour, He was born in the family of an artizan, and spent thirty years of His life in a carpenter's shop. At twelve years old His one idea was to be about His Father's business. He thought not of food: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me and to finish His work." Whenever occasion offered He was ready: "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works." "Go work to-day in My vineyard." "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" "O thou wicked and slothful servant!"

It is obvious, of course, that listlessness in the case of that great majority of mankind who have to earn their daily bread and provide for their families is something very like insanity. On that point no lesson needs to be enforced. There are only two classes who do not acknowledge it: the drunkards and the thieves, and neither of them are we likely to reach by

anything that we urge here. But what are we to say to those who have by birth inherited enough for comfortable subsistence, and who decline to bestir themselves or make their lives in any way useful? We would speak in the words of Robert Hall of the extreme folly of idleness:

"I can wonder at nothing more than how a man can be idle, but of all others one who can read; in so many improvements of reason, in such sweetness of knowledge, in such a variety of studies, in such importunity of thoughts. To find wit in poetry; in philosophy, profoundness; in history, wonder of events; in oratory, sweet eloquence; in divinity, supernaturnal life and holy devotion, as so many rich metals in their proper mines—whom would it not ravish with delight!"

Or we might urge him to recollect that unless he does something useful he will become perfectly *vacuous*, like the young men satirized in the comic journals, who, from excessive repose of mind, can hardly put together a single articulate sentence.

"It is no more possible," said the witty Canon of St. Paul's, Sydney Smith, "for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge than it is possible to keep together a stock of ice exposed to the meridian sun. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an influence; and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it."

We might tell him in plain words that in his present condition, in his utter, entire selfishness, whatever his hereditary claims may be, and whatever the undeveloped possibilities lying dormant in his mind, he is simply *offensive and hurtful.*

"The idle man," says a popular writer, Sala, "is an annoyance, a nuisance; he is of no benefit to anybody; he is an intruder in the busy thoroughfare of every-day life; he stands in our path, and we push him contemptuously aside; he is of no advantage to anybody; he annoys busy men; he makes them unhappy; he is an unnecessary unit in what should be social life. Therefore, young man, do something in this busy, bustling, wide-awake world! Move about for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourself. Do not be idle. God's law is that by the sweat of our brow we shall earn our bread. Do not be idle: every man and every woman, however exalted or however humble, can do good in this short life. Therefore, do not be idle."

"*Idleness*," wrote Jeremy Collier, "is an inlet to disorder, and makes way for licentiousness. People that have nothing to do are quickly tired of their own company."

"Idleness," wrote Richard Baxter, "is a constant sin, and labour is a duty. Idleness is the devil's home for temptation,

and for unprofitable, distracting musings, while labour profiteth others and ourselves."

Idleness is utterly *unreasonable,* and admits of neither defence nor excuse :

> What is man,

asks Shakespeare's Hamlet with perennial point and truth,

> If his chief good and market of his time
> Be but to sleep and feed ? A beast, no more.
> Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and god-like reason
> To rust in us unused.

The time of the loiterer hangs heavy on his hands. He sleeps as long as he can, and then follows day after day the tedious pursuit of listless pleasure. Very soon no excitement under the sun is new. On no single day can he look back with satisfaction. He has a dim memory that there are truer objects, and happier ways of living ; but his conscience and brain are drugged with the enchantments of pleasure. He is partly conscious that he is out of harmony with the law of the universe and of his being ; but the habit of doing nothing, long cherished, is fatally strong. What he does take any trouble about is mere selfish indulgence :

> All nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair,
> The bees are stirring, birds are on the wing,
> And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
> Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring ;
> And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
> Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.
> Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
> Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
> Bloom, O ye amaranths ! bloom for whom ye may,
> For me ye bloom not ! Glide, rich streams, away !
> With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll.
> And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul ?
> Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
> And hope without an object cannot live.—COLERIDGE.

I had rather myself have too much to do than too little. Wisely is it the rule of the Imperial family of Germany that each of its members should in youth be taught a trade, in order that they may know something of the happiness of industrial production and creation. Happiest are those who have a definite task for every day, and who can feel at a certain regular hour that it is finished—"something accomplished, something done." Miserable are those whom evil training, or too great wealth suddenly inherited without preparation, or perverse inclinations, have hardened to the empty, purposeless life.

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.
Who would be doomed to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sun?
Less hideous far the tempest's roar
Than ne'er to brave the billows more,
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
A lonely wreck on Fortune's shore,
Mid sullen calm and silent bay,
Unseen, to drop by dull decay.
Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.—BYRON.

Now we will look on the other side of the question: the necessity, the nobleness, the happiness of work. "Our birthright consists in the useful effects of the labours of our forefathers; but we cannot enjoy them unless we ourselves take part in the work. All must labour either with head or hand. Without work life is worthless; it becomes a mere state of moral coma. I do not mean merely physical work. There is a great deal of far higher work—the works of action and endurance, of trial and patience, of enterprise and philanthropy, of spreading truth and civilization, of diminishing suffering and relieving the poor, of helping the weak and enabling them to help themselves."[1]

"A noble heart," says Barrow, "will disdain to subsist like a drone upon others' labours, like a vermin to filch its food out of the public granary, or like a shark to prey upon the lesser fry; but it will rather outdo his private obligations to other men's care and toil, by considerable service and beneficence to the public; for there is no calling of any sort, from the sceptre to the spade, the management whereof with any good success, any credit, any satisfaction, doth not demand much work of the head, or of the hands, or of both."

Labour is not only a necessity, but it is also a pleasure. What would otherwise be a curse, by the constitution of our physical nature becomes a blessing. Our life is a conflict with Nature in some respects, but it is also a co-operation with Nature in others.

In an infinite variety of ways men co-operate with each other for the mutual sustenance and comfort of all. The husbandman tills the ground and provides food, and the manufacturer weaves tissues which others transform into clothes. The mason, the bricklayer, the carpenter, the glazier, the painter, the upholsterer build and furnish the houses in

[1] Smiles.

which we enjoy household life. An infinite series of workmen thus contribute and help to create the general result.

Nature works with us. She provides the earth which we furrow; she grows and ripens the seeds which we sow and gather. With the help of human labour she furnishes the wool that we spin, the materials that we manufacture, the food that we eat. And it ought never to be forgotten that however rich or poor we may be, all that we eat, all that we are clothed with, all the infinities of inventions that we use, all that shelters us, from the palace to the cottage, is the result of labour.

Labour and skill applied to the commonest things invest them at once with precious value. Labour is indeed the life of humanity; take it away, banish it, and we're at once stricken with death. "He that will not work," said St. Paul, "neither shall he eat"; and he glorified himself in that he had laboured with his own hands, and had not been chargeable to any man.

Work is *noble*. "There is a perennial nobleness," said Carlyle, "and even sacredness in work; were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, never so mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth; the latest gospel in the world is, Know thy work and do it."

Work is *necessary*. "Work, according to my feeling," said one of the most strenuous and fruitful of workers, Humboldt, "is as much a necessity to man as eating or sleeping. Even those who do nothing which to a sensible man can be called work, still imagine that they are doing something; the world possesses not a man who is an idler in his own eyes."

Work is *the source of happiness*. "If," said the serene worker and thinker, Marcus Aurelius, "thou workest at that which is before thee vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to Nature, and with heroic truth in every word thou utterest, thou wilt live happy, and there is no man who is able to prevent this."

There is no more inspiring, hopeful, or truly wise motto than the ancient apothegm of Scripture: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

How speaks the present hour? Act!
Walk upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked
Slow, but advancing.

Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavour,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work as believing that labour is gain.

What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face sunward!
Look where light fringes the far-rising slope,
Day cometh onward.
Watch, though so long be the daylight delaying,
Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying;
Fear not, for greater is God by thy side
Than armies of Satan against thee allied.

But there is a sluggishness in spiritual things which is fatal to the truly happy life. Who will not admit that there is in almost all of us *a proneness to inattention?* Which of us prays every prayer through the whole of our beautiful service? Which of us could say at the end of each of our Christian assemblies what the lessons from Scripture were about? Is there not again in most men *a habit of desultoriness*—of life without purpose and days without plans? Is not there often *a general dreaminess, listlessness and vagueness,* fatal to resolute faith and determined action? Remember that *you cannot indulge in slothfulness in one part of your nature without affecting the whole.* Remember that if the body is slothful, the whole man is slothful; that if the mind is slothful, the whole man is in the same way slothful also. Remember that *diligence has to be exercised in the spiritual life* as in all other things. *Revelation is not given to save a man trouble.* In the life of the soul it is true that God co-operates with man, but it is no less true that man has actively to co-operate with God. Remember that *one man who is afflicted with indolence in religion quickly becomes a bigot.* He takes a lump of doctrine second-hand, never attempts to realize it in his own soul, and thinks it may be applied all round, like a prescription. *Another man this disastrous habit makes a sceptic.* He will not be at the pains to examine any of the numerous branches of evidences that there are for the truth of the Christian faith; he jumps hastily at the conclusion that all religious thought is superannuated; and so he loses the comfort and inspiration of religious principle. There is *nothing so deadening to the spiritual ear as sloth.* There is *nothing so operative as sloth in keeping multitudes of men who are in other respects active, vigorous, and not self-indulgent, from the necessary practice of beginning each day with an earnest, thoughtful, deliberate act of self-dedication and devotion.* Prayer—true prayer—requires more of effort, more of exertion, than any other act of the life. In every part of the region of Christian action, there is a special warfare to be waged with the spirit of sloth. Remember the wise and well-directed

urgency of Holy Scripture: *That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.*

The removal of two true and exemplary workers of the most strenuous kind we have to lament within the past season. Frederick Edward Wigram, a Prebendary of St. Paul's, was through his life of sixty-two years a rare instance of absolute thoroughness of conception and execution. The sixteen years of his work as a parish priest at Portswood, Southampton, showed what energy and sympathy could effect. His fourteen years as secretary of the vast operations of the Church Missionary Society were a time of laborious and diligent development, the value of which it is impossible fully to estimate. Born to great wealth, he gave his own life; it is said that he gave £200,000 from the fortune which he had inherited; he gave three of his children—one to be Principal of the College at Lahore, one to be a missionary at Uganda; and a daughter to work amongst Indian women in Tinnevelly, all of whom supported themselves. He was a high-minded Christian gentleman, whose office became like the department of a Secretary of State, and who did more than anyone else to foster the missionary spirit of the Church. I wrote to him once that the martyr Bishops should be commemorated at St. Paul's, where they had been consecrated. He replied that every penny of the friends of missions was needed for the evangelization of the heathen.

The other worker whose departure we deplore is Professor Henry Drummond. His career was sixteen years short of that of Prebendary Wigram, as he was only forty-six when he was taken from us. His scientific sympathies were consecrated by religious earnestness, and though he may not have convinced many scientific sceptics, as his reasoning was not always very strict nor his position very clear, still the trains of thought which he suggested, and the analogies which he drew from the laws and discoveries of modern science, were an invaluable supplement to the more closely-reasoned work of Bishop Butler, and contained hints of the highest importance of the way to bridge the difficulties which the advance of self-contained and unsympathetic science entailed. We are not surprised that "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" went through twenty-nine editions, and was published in many foreign languages, nor at the impression made by "The Ascent of Man," "The Greatest Thing in the World," and "Pax Vobiscum."

I said just now that there is a great deal of far higher work than that which can be measured by physical or tangible results. I spoke of the works of action and endurance, of

trial and patience, of wisdom and thought, of enterprise and philanthropy, of spreading truth and civilization. May I pay a tribute to one whom during the past four years we have learned to love and honour in the highest degree as a very genuine, sincere, and able contributor to this kind of permanent result. The two greatest branches of the Anglo-Saxon race live on the eastern and western shores of the Atlantic. They ought to be all one people, but differences have from time to time arisen to cloud the friendly and pleasant intercourse of these great kinsfolk. It is not too much to say that nobody has done more to remove such disagreements, to clear up such misunderstandings, and to re-unite the sacred and natural ties of kinship, than that sincerely-beloved guest whom this country has with one consent delighted to honour. Wherever the opportunity has offered, with a noble, lofty, and memorable eloquence he has upheld the principles of passionless justice and eternal right and divine sympathy. It is with unfeigned sorrow that we realize henceforth that in his official capacity as interpreter and peacemaker between two great Christian peoples of the same blood, we shall hear his voice and see his presence no more. The genuine ring of the earnest and elevated tones of that voice, the dignity and entire friendliness of that presence, we shall never forget. In bidding him farewell, it is not unfitting in this central cathedral[1] of English life that in the name of the Church of Christ in this country we offer him our heartfelt acknowledgments for his unaffected kindness to ourselves, his loyalty to his own magnificent people, and the powerful contributions which he has made to the peace of the world. And wherever he goes, and to whatever work he may be called, with no dissentient voice we invoke upon him and the great sister nation which he has so worthily represented the best blessings of the King of Righteousness and the Prince of Peace.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

ART. VII.—ARMENIA.[2]

THE recurrence of massacres at Tokat in Armenia recalls our attention to that unhappy country from the more recent phase of the Easter Question in Crete.

Armenia was at one time an independent kingdom, but is now divided between Russia, Turkey, and Persia. It was

[1] The substance of this paper was a sermon preached at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, March 14, 1897.

[2] Armenian Papers.