

better information before practicing these works. Nevertheless, Sober loved doing experiments in his furnace, with waters, oils, essences and spirits which hardly had any use. He wasted his useful time watching and counting the drops realizing very little that along with the drops of liquid, the precious moments of life were oozing out too.

Sober had, in fact, surrendered his life to the demon of idleness so much so that his own life was not under his control. Idleness like the sweet smelling garland of poppies had numbed his senses and made him inactive and incapable of materialising his thoughts into practical life. Johnson is not sure if his writing would have the desired impact on Sober but still he nurtures a twilight of hope that perhaps Sober might get rid of idleness and turn into a new leaf-rational and diligent as well.