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the Treaty of Berlin, his sword and coronet were hung up in the Royal Chapel at Windsor beside those of the proudest nobility of England. The name of that once humble Jew will go down to future generations by the side of Pitt, Peel and Palmerston. But there are many who think if they have to labor ten hours a day with their hands there will be no time for mental improvement. But is it so? Was it not while Hugh Miller was earning his bread as a stonemason that he fitted himself to become the leading geologist of his time, and the writer of as pure English as has been written in any time? Was it not while earning his bread by book-binding that Faraday educated himself to win all the honors that are offered for scientific discovery? Whoever has stood on Prince's street, Edinburgh, has gazed on Walter Scott's monument which is a perfect poem in stone. It is one of the greatest products of art of this or any other century. The design for that "thing of beauty" was furnished by George Kemp, who at the time was working at the carpenter's bench in Ayrshire. It did not come to him by inspiration; it was not revealed to him in a dream. It represents intense labor. He had, while a mere youth, walked on foot, working as he went, into England, to study all the finest specimens of Gothic architecture, and that "miracle in stone" is the fruit of that humble labor. It will bear favorable comparison with the celebrated tower of Giotto, proudly called "the Lile of Florence." Within the last eighteen months a young mechanic in Louisville has