

Who has not heard of Benjamin Franklin? He ended his days honoured among men of science, and among the first statesmen of the Old World and the New. He landed in Philadelphia with skill to set types and a dollar in his pocket—that was all—having set out in youth to seek his fortune. As a journeyman printer he wrought in Philadelphia and in London. But he found time without neglecting his daily toil to improve and store his mind. He would borrow from a kind bookseller a book as he returned to his lodgings, borrow time from sleep to devour its contents, and return it in the morning. Reads while he makes his meal on a biscuit and a glass of water. “O! I am so tired when I come home from work in the evening, I cannot study. I would not be able to work a week unless I have my regular meals.” O, very well, *you* prefer ease to improvement, and animal gratification to intellectual gratification. Take them, and let us hear no more grumbling at your hard lot. I know a great many creatures who would divide their time between eating and resting, and work only because they must. As far as you and they are concerned, Dr. Franklin must be left alone in his glory.

The name of Hugh Miller is familiar to every one who has read anything except novels. Every one in any measure conversant with science knows that his works are read wherever the English language is spoken. Every one acquainted with geological writers knows that perhaps there is not one of them who uses our tongue who would not concede to Hugh Miller a superiority in the ease and perspicuity of his writings. Yet few may know that Hugh Miller was never more than perhaps a year at school, and that was a very humble one; and that the foundation of his eminence was laid while pursuing the laborious business of a stone-cutter and by improving the spare hours or holidays of a journeyman, following his employer over the length and breadth of Scotland. One need of our times is such *men of valour*.

Another feature worthy of notice in the character of Gideon demands superlative admiration. It is indicated by one little monosyllable, and may escape the notice of nine out of ten readers. It is probable that Gideon himself was not aware how fully he laid open his whole soul in the very trifling verbal distinction between the address of the angel and his reply. “The Lord is with thee thou mighty man of valour,” said the angel. Now mark his reply—“If the Lord be with *us*.”—He is nothing. His country, his brethren is everything. He seems incapable of realising a blessing in which his brethren do not share. What is praise to him if his brethren are a reproach? What is honour to him when his brethren are degraded? With his fellows he has cast in his lot, and he will stand or fall with them. He would say to God, “If thou wouldst bless me, bless my country.” After he had led the victory over Midian, his unselfish and patriotic spirit is invested with fresh lustre. Ephraim, a proud and assuming tribe, glorying in their numbers, not so forward to strive for the mastery in perilous circumstances, as ambitious of the honour and spoils of success, contended with Gideon because he had not called them out in the beginning of the war. It is not enough for him that Israel is victorious and free; and for his own fame in leading them to victory and freedom he is not solicitous. Let Ephraim have the glory if they will. He will grant that the gleanings of Ephraim are better than the vintage