

who are right noble too—nay, nobler than the workers in clay and iron. I mean those who toil, not with hammer and hand, but with pen and tongue and brain. The material worker is perhaps most appreciated, as the results are most apparent; but, after all, it is the kings of thought who mould the destinies of nations and fashion the ages. Thought guides the hand of labour and rules the world. Ideas, diffused through the medium of speech, or on the printed page, touch the springs of human action and mould the life of man. Change men's thoughts and you change everything. The great thinkers must precede the great workers. The Bacons must go before the Stephensons. The men of action must follow the path indicated by the men of thought. All the triumphs of industry, splendid as they look when realised, once existed as thoughts in the mind of the philosopher, the mathematician, or the man of science, and are but the embodiment of his ideas. The Atlantic Cable, the Great Eastern, the Needle Gun, were all thoughts before they became tangible realities. The Constitution of Britain, and that of the United States, under which so many millions of men live and have their being, were forged painfully on the anvil of thought, before they could become instruments of government. The greatest of all factories is the busy brain of man. Men may resist, and wander, comet-like, for a time, but ultimately they must gravitate towards the great thinkers. That pale student, consuming the midnight oil, as he painfully elaborates his book, is one of the true kings of men; for the thoughts he is now robing in beauty and winging with spiritual power, will pass like the silent rays of light from mind to mind, and mould the thoughts and characters of men and women, and form the institutions which will influence the destinies of millions not yet born. His work will last when kingdoms have floated as wrecks down the stream of time, and when great battles, which now startle the world, are no more remembered than the street brawl that disturbed the silence of last night. The thoughts that once beat in the brain of Homer, Plato, or Æschylus, are potent forces in the world to-day and still sway the current of human affairs. Nay, it is curious to think that in diffusing these thoughts over the world to-day, the mechanic is earning his daily bread, and that multitudes of printers, paper-makers, and kindred artisans, are fed by the mental labours of the melodious singers or profound thinkers of three thousand years ago, whose dust is long since blown about by the winds of heaven. Such is the spiritual force that lies in a true thought. In the whole human race there is not strength enough to annihilate a single truth. While, then, we honour the strong-armed material worker, let us reverence more highly the brain-workers—the clear, deep thinkers that search out the laws of God's universe, the sweet singers that lift us from the actual to the ideal,—the men of the pen and throbbing thought and eloquent tongue. They toil to give freedom, guidance, happiness to the workers for the daily bread. If the one conquers earth, the other subdues the world of mind and secures for us a spiritual inheritance.

All true work, then, is beautiful and venerable. All genuine workers are filling up a chink in the great economy, and helping to build up the