

THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.



IN the 11th of December, 1811, was born at New Britain, Connecticut, Elihu Burritt, whose subsequent attainments won for him the title of "The Learned Blacksmith." He was the son of a shoemaker, who, though poor in this world's goods, was rich toward God, as young Burritt was raised in the fear of God. During his boyhood he

assisted his father, and was permitted to attend school four months of each year. Death removed his father when Elihu was but 16 years old; and as it then became necessary for him to stake out a path for himself, he determined to learn the Blacksmith's trade, and he served five years apprenticeship to the same. But from an early age he shewed a wonderful thirst for knowledge. He read everything upon which he could lay his hands. With the aid of funds he was enabled to gain access to many valuable works. When he had mastered his trade, he used to employ his winter in study, and in the spring he returned to his forge, and made up for lost time by labouring hard at the anvil for over fourteen hours a day. About the year 1834, when but 23 years old, he first heard of the American Antiquarian Society, at Worcester. He proceeded there at once, and was enabled to secure entry to the valuable library of the Society. He arranged to study three hours a day, and work at the anvil for his support at other times. In this

manner he pursued the study of languages, and before he left Worcester he was able to read Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Gaelic, English, Welsh, Irish, Celtic, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German, Flemish, Saxon, Gothic, Icelandic, Polish, Bohemian, Russian, Slavonic, Armenian, Turkish, Chaldaic, Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, Ethiopic, Indian, Sanscrit and Tamul.

We have in Elihu Burritt a remarkable instance of what may be accomplished by perseverance. A forge, of all places in the world, would seem the least favorable for the prosecution of such studies.

Boys, take a lesson from him. Don't waste any time. Improve every moment, and while you may never master as many languages, you will certainly fit yourself for the better fulfilment of life's duties. Above all, make God's word and works your daily study.

GIANTS.

I WISH that I had a 'sword of sharpness' and 'shoes of swiftness,' and could go about killing off big ugly giants like that JACK in my book. I like my giant-killer book better than the stories of good boys that get ill and die. I would like to live and do something. The giants were horrid, putting men and women in their dungeons, and devouring up children. Blunderbore and Cormoran were the worst. It is a good think that they were stupid and greedy, and ate too much, and went to sleep often. Jack was splendid; so clever and never afraid, and everybody said,

'This is the valiant Cornishman,
That slew the giant Cormoran.'

But that was long ago, and there are no giants nowadays."

Are there not, my boy? Indeed there are; all, I suspect, that ever there were. There are a great many horrid, cruel giants that do sore mischief to men,