

FARADAY.

"WHICH side am I on?" The question was propounded by the philosophic independent mind of a boy who felt his own identity, and who, having stuck his head between the bars of an iron fence, wondered which side *he* was on. The child was father to the man. The questioner was Michael Faraday, and through all the busy years of his eventful career, the characteristic which showed itself at that time marked his life. It followed him from the cradle to the grave. He was a great questioner. Even as a child he felt the throbbings of a great life within him, and of a great world around him, and he wanted to know.

Contact with scientific books early waked the genius of his mind and the long enquiry after truth began. This characteristic caused him to have a subject of thought or investigation ready for every spare hour, and in the active days of his scientific life, this spirit stood ever by his side in the laboratory and was his guide to many a grand discovery. It was a spirit that made him be satisfied with a fact, but never with a theory; that caused him to ask questions and use hypotheses merely to get at the truth.

Faraday's ancestry were all imbued with sincere respect for religion, and the English devotion to duty. Though they could not boast of Norman blood, yet they were men who brought no stain upon the yeomanry or mechanics of England. More than one of their descendants rose at least to popularity as a local celebrity, and among these was one "gem of purest ray serene"—one name which England delights to honor, and which the science of a world to-day pronounces with uncovered head.

In a room over a coach-house in Manchester Square, London, the young Michael was nurtured. And had we the daily history of life in that humble home, doubtless we would find its obscurity made brilliant by flashes of the light of genius from that intellect which was there gathering strength for its future career of conquest. At thirteen years of age Faraday was an