

the genuine, fervid, dignified pride of an Englishman, which no one dared insult. Order was his first law, but tyranny that to which he flung defiance. He paid just deference to worth wherever he found it, but was jealous of his own rights. He honored the claims of precedent and custom when he could, but in a case of right and wrong went direct to fundamental principles. Patriotic, warm-hearted, free from the petty jealousies which too often dim the lustre of genius and rob success of its happiness, conscientious in the employment of his time, the care of his health and the management of his resources, he did his duty nobly, he made life a success, and lived to see it crowned with honor. Among the characteristics of the man, his biographer has mentioned his truthfulness, his love for truth, his kindness, his energy, "his life-long, lasting strife to seek and say that which he thought was true, and to do that which he thought was kind."

Faraday was in every respect a self-made man, and while the advantages of early and liberal education would doubtless have enabled him sooner to reach the goal of greatness, and to travel farther in the pursuit of knowledge, yet it could not have made the man more admirable, nor the work he did more thorough. A mathematical training, for instance, might have made the poetry of his nature give place to cold reasoning, for mathematics is the logic of science. It might have lessened the force of that inspiration which urged him on. It might have clipped the wings of his imagination, and forbidden its flight to many sunny but unexplored climes, whither his intellect followed his imagination, alighted upon the shores of truth and, planting the *fleur-de-lis* and cross, claimed them in the name of science. In the absence of scientific and literary training, what were the influences which conduced most to his success in life? In the first place, his diligent employment of spare hours—his constant self-education. Combined with, necessary to this, was his humble spirit. Even when as an old man he stood writing on the borders of another world, he felt himself yet a child upon the strand of the great ocean of truth. His talents and energies