



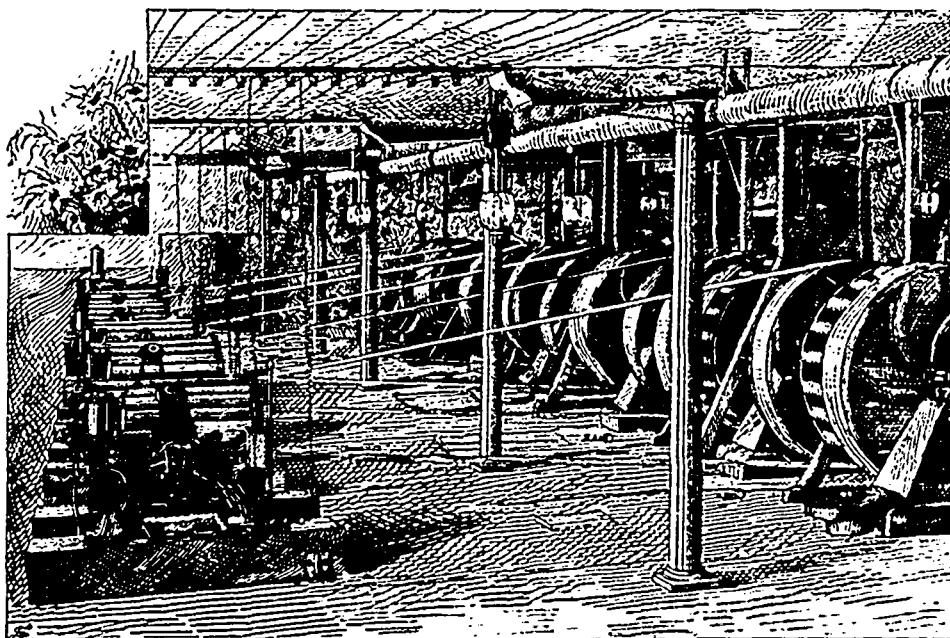
A CHAT ABOUT OUR ELECTRIC LIGHT.

If I began to tell you how we get our electric light in our streets and public halls by asking you to look at the immense poles fixed into the earth, and at the men who climb up so nimbly with the spokes in their boots, I should commence at the top of the tree, instead of at the root. And as it is always a more comfortable feeling to climb up than to climb down, I will take you down to our workshops, where I know you have never been, and where you will see many most wonderful things.

Until a few days ago I had never been there myself, and when I did go I staid so long that I am sure the kind and courteous electrician, who showed me everything, thought I was like a burdock seed in our lovely autumn days—easier to stick on than to stick off.

Never mind, it was all for your sake that I went, and for your sake that I incurred the risk of such a dreadful opinion; for between ourselves few people, without some good cause, deliberately prefer to wear out their welcome.

When Sir Isaac Newton, on seeing the apple fall to the ground, was curious to find out how it fell; and when, by and by, the power that drew the apple to the earth was called gravitation, that did not prove that Sir Isaac had found out what the power was. It merely meant that he had discovered its existence, that it was necessary to give it a name, and that we could commence to observe the way in which the power acted. What the power is, and how it is, no man has found out yet.



I WILL TAKE YOU DOWN TO OUR WORKSHOPS.