

$$\left(\frac{x+8}{2}\right)y = 14 \text{ arps (1)}$$

$$\left(\frac{x+6}{2}\right)(4-y) = 14 \text{ arps. (2)}$$

En transformant on obtient, pour la 1ère équation,

$$y = \frac{28}{x+8} \quad \text{“ “ (3) “}$$

et, 2e équation,

$$y = \frac{4x-4}{x+6} \quad (4)$$

$$\text{Donc } \frac{4x-4}{x+6} = \frac{28}{x+8}$$

$$4x^2 + 28x - 32 = 28x + 168$$

$$4x^2 = 28x - 28x + 168 + 32$$

$$4x^2 = 200$$

$$x^2 = 50$$

D'où $x = \sqrt{50} = 7.07 +$
arps., longueur de la ligne de division.

$y = \frac{28}{x+8} \quad (3) = \frac{28}{7.07+8}$
 $= 1.857 \text{ a. +, distance de la ligne de}$
division de la base inférieure, ou base
de 8 arps.

B. BRAULT,

Inspecteur d'écoles.

ELECTRICITY VERSUS STEAM.

Long was I hid in elements wild
And jealousy stung my soul,
While pert inferiors archly smiled
In their pranks from pole to pole :
Steam was chief of the haughty old tribe—
Whom mortals courted to fear ;
He mocked to scorn as they sought to bribe
And to curb his high career :
Men blindly drove this child of chance
Till pride outweighed renown.
There was no hope that a Brutus' lance
Would bring this Cæsar down.
A giant he stood and tossed with rage
The efforts of mighty hands,
No manhood, prime nor hoary old age
Could bind him down with their bands ;
He burst all ties, and in fury sang :

“Of all the powers I'm head.”
Earth re-echoed the notes that he rang,
And shook at his pompous tread,
Ah ! man ! the wild light flashed from my eyes
To the utmost bounds of earth,
Then quiet again in the azure skies
I scorned the hour of his birth.
I longed for calls from the human race
To be their ally and friend :
To hold in their grateful hearts a place
And use with amity blend ;
To mantle the brow of steam with shame
And check his frantic mien ;
To show his might was puny and tame
When I came on the scene :
And heaven blessed my ardent desire
When Franklin grasped my hand :
The nations of note vie to admire
The genius of Yankee Land.
Yes, by the Schuylkills' floral banks
I pledged allegiance to man,
And now he adopts my reckless pranks
To promote his artful plan :
His message I waft on lightnings' wing
To the sons of every sphere,
Whose hopes and fears alternate I bring
To the living present here :
I permeate the essence of life,
And health to its zephyrs bear
When elements lock in furious strife
I ride as storm-king there :
To blighted members of many a frame
I let lifes' current flow,
And give to midnight by genial flame
The lustre of noon-day glow ;
Mine is a mighty force to behold,
Fo imagery can define :
A myriad oceans in fury rolled
Is a symbol yet benign ;
The glacier's crash, the torrent's leap,
The avalanche's awful roll
Are figures mild of the force I keep
In depths of my tranquil soul,
Still, I obey poor simple man,
To his fingers' tip I yield,
When I rebel 'tis a Master plan
That calls to another field :
For I, the potent, electric spark,
Am the instrument of God
In justice bright or in vengeance dark
I go with his glory shod :
In solemn grandeur on Sinai's peak
I pealed to Israel's Posts
As their faithful guide in awe did seek
A law from the God of hosts :