

maker, fairly out of patience, took the decision into his own hands, and made a most remarkable pair of boots—one boot round-toed, the other square-toed.

Later in life Prof. Henry often came deliberately to his decisions, with the advantage that he seldom if ever had occasion to abandon them.

While Joseph was a schoolboy he acquired a taste for reading in this peculiar way: One day he chased a pet rabbit through an opening in the foundation wall of the village meeting-house. While crawling about among dirt and rubbish a gleam of light enticed him through the broken floor, and he found himself in a room containing the open book-case of the town library. The title of one of the books struck his fancy and he took it down. It was Brooks' "Fool of Quality," and he read, coming again and again through the hole in the floor, until access by the door was finally granted him. From this first book that he ever read with relish, he passed on eagerly to other works of fiction in that library.

A few years later, in a way almost equally accidental, his mind was turned to an entirely different class of reading.

Confined at home by a temporary illness, he took up a book casually left on the table by a boarder, and entitled "Lectures on Experimental Philosophy, Astronomy, and Chemistry, intended chiefly for the Use of Young Persons. By G. Gregory." It began with a few questions: "You throw a stone, or shoot an arrow into the air; why does it not go forward in the line or direction that you give it? . . . Why does flame or smoke always mount upward, though no force is used to send them in that direction? And why should not the flame of a candle drop toward the floor when you reverse it or hold it downward? . . . Again, you look into a clear well of water and see your own face and figure, as if painted there. Why is this? You are told it is done by the reflection of light. But what is this reflection of light?"

The trifling incident of taking up this book may be said to have turned the whole course of this lad's life.

After his death this book was found in Professor Henry's library with the following entry upon the fly-leaf, written in his own hand:

"This book, although by no means a profound work, has, under Providence, exerted a remarkable influence upon my life. It accidentally fell into my hands when I was about sixteen years old, and was the first work I ever read with attention. It opened to me a new world of thought and enjoyment; invested things before almost unnoticed with the highest interest; fixed my mind on the study of nature, and caused me to resolve at the time of reading it that I would immediately commence to devote my life to the acquisition of knowledge."

Many young men quit school at sixteen years of age. They should take a lesson from Joseph Henry, and regard education as not completed, but just begun.—C. P. Osborne.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

A May Day at the River.

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

The elms turn to deeper green
With each succeeding day;
The earth is glad with May:
The air is fill'd with sapphire sheen.
The breezes are at play.

The Flower-de-luce now lifts
Blue banners in the sun;
The cresses, dank and dun,
Turn green between the ragged rifts
Where laughing waters run.

A choir of early thrushes
In a thicket sing a song,
While near, the minnows throng
Close to the swaying rushes,
That to the brook belong.

A dragon-fly flits over
The stream in silken vest;
While on his airy rest
Flutters the keen windhover
Above the mouse's nest.

BEN BROCK, 4th May '83

SELECTED.

"Sipping only what is sweet;
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

Colinette.

"Colinette" she had for a name;
In the summer of my prime,
For the happy harvest time,
To her village home I came.
I was but a school boy yet,
But a simple girl was she,
And she died in February
Little Colinette.

Up and down a leafy chase
Hand in hand we used to run;
How I revelled in the fun!
How she panted with the race!
Finch and linnet when we met
Sang our loves that knew no wrong,
Made the burden of their song
Little Colinette.

Then at length we met to part,
Sat with darkening skies above,
Love (I knew it not for love)
Throbbing to my inmost heart.
Hiding all my soul's regret,
"Till another year," said I,
As I took her hand, "goodbye,
Little Colinette."

Oh, the story's very old,
Very common, that I tell
—Not the less will tears upwell
Whence'er the story's told:
Many a witching young coquette
Now I woo with poet's pen
—Once alone I've loved, and then
Little Colinette.

Why Eve Didn't Need a Girl.

A lady writer in one of our exchanges furnishes some of the reasons why Eve did not keep a hired girl. She says: "There has been a great deal said about the faults of women and why they need so much waiting on. Some one (a man of course) has the presumption to ask, 'Why, when Eve was manufactured out of a spare rib, a servant was not made at the time to wait on her?' She didn't need any. A bright writer has said, Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, buttons to be sewed on, gloves to be mended 'right away—quick, now!' He never read the newspapers until the sun went down behind the palm trees, and he, stretching himself, yawned out, 'Is supper ready yet, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire, and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows, fed the chickens and looked after the pigs himself, and never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates. He never stayed out till eleven o'clock at night and then scolded because Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. He never called Eve up from the cellar to put away his slippers. Not he. When he took them off he put them under the fig tree beside his Sunday boots. In short he did not think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and he wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That's the reason Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it is the reason her descendants did."

A True Story.

"Tears, Lillian, tears?"
The lovely hair drooped across the folded, bare white arms,
and tears fell thick and fast on the white robe which enveloped her form
Even an actress can shed real tears, sometimes.
"Here, here! see here, Lillian, those tears will soil that lovely dress. Lift up your head and tell me about it; has