

which to get it except through dependence, beggary, or worse. She can teach? Yes, if she can find some politician to secure an appointment for her. She can prick back poverty with the point of her needle? Yes, at the rate of seventy-five cents a week, or, if she is a skilful needle-woman, at twice or thrice that pittance.

Is it not beyond comprehension that intelligent and affectionate fathers, knowing the dreadful possibilities that lie before daughters whom they love with fondest indulgence, should neglect to take the simplest precaution in their behalf? We are a dull, blind, precedent-loving set of animals, we human beings. We neglect this plain duty, at this terrible risk, simply because such has been the custom. Some few of us have made up our minds to set this cruel custom at defiance, and to give our girls the means of escape from this danger. It is our creed that every education is fatally defective which does not include definite skill in some art or handicraft or knowledge with which bread and shelter may be certainly won in case of need. If the necessity for putting such skill to use never arises, no harm is done, but good rather, even in that case, because the consciousness of ability to do battle with poverty frees its possessor from apprehension, and adds to that confident sense of security without which contentment is impossible. All men recognize this fact in the case of boys; its recognition in the case of girls is not one whit less necessary. It seems to me at least that every girl is grievously wronged who is suffered to grow to womanhood and to enter the world without some marketable skill.—*George Cary Eggleston, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

CHARLES SUMNER, THE SCHOOL-BOY.

Of Charles Sumner, who entered the Latin school in the same year with myself, not much can be written out of any memorials of mine beyond what the world has already found recorded. He was a boy, a real boy; not affecting to be a man, without any affectations of dress or manner, or speech, or character. He played hard, and he studied hard, at least in studies that took his fancy—some studies he paid little attention to; and it is well known that some fellow-students of unknown lives and far inferior capacities stood much higher in the average of studies than he did. He had no care for "rank," the school-boy's rank; if he had had the care, he could always have stood first, as we knew that we could never measure mind and knowledge with him. He was a leader in play, whether in the open square where the statue of Franklin now stands, or in the empty halls and great stone staircases of the Courthouse, and in the cellar of the same, in which places we played "inter-mintere-cutere-corn," and chased one another in hiding places, or went together to the wharves, when the boys went in swimming. He used to come running down the street with great splay-feet, full of eagerness and honesty.

If he had the usual faults of an over-animated boy, he had no meannesses. He had none of that haughtiness and arrogance, or exclusiveness, or other ill-temper that was charged upon him in his later days, after he had endured the blows of Brooks and suffered that serious nervous disturbance which might impair the temper and manner of any man. I think he felt himself not far from the equal of his teachers in what he knew; and I believe we boys would have trusted as much to his statement of a translation, or a point of history, or any recondite matter, as we should to theirs. And he remained a school-boy to the last of his life. He never escaped the influence which the idea of learning, prevalent in his childhood and youth, had worked upon him, not even with all his foreign travel and commerce with the great world and with various kinds of men; but, in a

better sense, he was a boy to the last—in his simplicity and purity, and still more in his happy remembrance of his old school-fellows, whom I know he greeted as long as they met with the same eager cordiality and with the same happy smile that he would have met them with on the play-ground in 1821-6. Yes, and he loved them more at the last.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The farmer came in from the field one day,
His languid step and his weary way,
His bended brow and snowy hand,
All showing the work for the good of the land—
For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
Light of his home and joy of his life,
With face all aglow and busy hand,
Preparing the meal for the husband's band;
For she must boil,
And she must broil,
And she must toil,
All for the sake of the home.

Sun shines bright when the farmer goes out,
Birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about,
The brook babbles softly in the glen,
While he works bravely for the good of men;
For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within
The dishes to wash, and the milk to skim,
The fire goes out, flies buzz about,
—For dear ones at home her heart is kept stout,
There are pies to make,
There is bread to bake,
And steps to take,
All for the sake of the home.

When the day is o'er and the evening has come,
The creatures are fed and the milking is done,
He takes his rest neath the old shade tree,
From the labour of the land his thoughts are free,
Though he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Takes the burden up that's never done;
There is no rest, there is no pay,
For the household goods she must work away;
For to mend the frock,
And to knit the sock,
And the cradle to rock,
All for the good of the home.

When autumn is here, with the chilling blast,
The farmer gathers his crop at last,
His barns are full, his fields are bare,
For the good of the land he ne'er hath care:
While it blows,
And it snows,
Till the winter goes,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
Is the children's, the husband's stay,
From day to day she has done her best,
Until death alone can give her rest;
For after the test
Comes the rest,
With the best,
In the farmer's heavenly home.

STORIES ABOUT THE CZAR NICHOLAS.

In 1848, when insurrections were raging all over Europe, a riot broke out in St. Petersburg, owing to the unpopularity of a police officer. Nicholas jumped into a one-horse sleigh, and was driven to the scene of the disturbance, and, marching alone into the mob, ordered that three ring-leaders should surrender. His terrible presence at once cowed the rioters. Three men stepped out, went by his orders to the police office and were there flogged. The Czar never showed mercy to mutineers, and no doubt the men know quite well what punishment awaited them when they gave themselves up. A few years before this, in 1844, when Nicholas paid a visit to Eng-

land, his grim looks made our court uncomfortable. Lady Lyttleton, after saying in one of her letters how grand and handsome he was, added:— "The only fault in his face is that he has pale eyelashes, so that his enormous and very brilliant eyes have no shade, besides which they have that awful look imparted by occasional glimpses of white above the eyeball, which gives him an expression of savage wildness. His face has an awkward character of deep gravity, almost sadness, and a strange want of smiles." The Czar's military habits also caused astonishment at Windsor. After wearing civilian clothes for a couple of days, he begged the Queen to permit that he should resume his uniform, for he found the other clothes unendurable. He slept on a leather sack stuffed with straw. The first thing his valets did on being shown his bedroom at Windsor Castle was to go to the stables for clean trusses, a proceeding which, as Baron Stockmar remarked, "was pronounced by our Englishmen to be affectation, but affectation or not, the Emperor adhered to the practice through life." The Czar's soldierly tastes explain the quality of his rule. As obedience is reckoned a virtue in a soldier, Nicholas was resolved that it should be regarded as such by his subjects; and he also had in him a strong notion of the *patria protestas* calling himself father of his people, and maintaining that his "children" ought not to feel degraded by any order he gave or any punishment which he inflicted.

One night at a court ball a young Prince Kortsasow made a foolish remark, which the Czar overheard. "You'll walk up and down the ball-room all night when the guests have gone and cry out in a loud voice, 'I am a puppy,'" said his majesty, and the frightened young gentleman did as he was bidden. Horace Vernet, the French painter, who was at St. Petersburg when this happened, said that the affair "sickened him" so that he declined an invitation which had been given him to live in one of the imperial palaces for a year while he did some work for the Emperor. The Frenchman and the Russian autocrat were not likely to agree upon human dignity—a sentiment which the Czar never took into his calculations.

Nicholas disliked books and hated to hear arguments in favour of his system. He said it was a natural system that needed no argument in its favour. When told of Guizot's maxim, "The best government is an intelligent despotism," he remarked shrewdly enough that there can be no real despotism, that is mastery without intelligence.—*London Times.*

THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

The Emperor who has just been crowned at Moscow is six feet high, and is deep-chested and broad-shouldered. His light gray eyes resemble those of his mother's relations at Hesse Darmstadt more than his father, the late Emperor, who had dark blue eyes (such as the French call blue black), which are to be seen in the pictures of Alexander I., Paul, and Peter the Great. In figure and style he is also like his uncle, the late Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. The shape of his head, which is above the average size, like most of his family, is rather peculiar. His forehead is high. A small mouth, with extremely good teeth, which he only shows when he laughs, is his best feature. His hair is auburn and his complexion very fair. In St. Petersburg he is always attired in uniform, but when on a holiday he wears the black and white shepherd's plaid, such a favourite with English noblemen, a black tie, a white hat, but no gloves (though he carries them), ring, or watch. That he has been no carpet soldier is evident from the marks of frost bites on the third and fourth fingers of his left hand, and a scar on his temple, where a Turkish bullet grazed his head.