

saloons, fine pictures, rich clothes, and of the room-full of playthings which engrossed my infantine attention. My foster-mother's affection richly compensated me for the love of those to whom I owed my being. Her husband I never knew. He died soon after my adoption, leaving two sons, one of whom was three years older than myself, the other one year my junior, and a daughter, twin sister of the youngest boy. With these, and with two adopted daughters, I grew up on a footing of perfect equality, receiving the same education, sharing all their sports and pleasures, until I attained my fifteenth year. At that period the countess's eldest son fell dangerously ill, and the physicians gave him up as lost. Then his despairing mother threw herself upon his body, and made a vow to all the saints, that if he recovered she would devote her adopted children to the church. He did recover, and upon the day that he rose from his sick-bed, we unfortunate victims were informed of our future lot. The two girls were sent to a convent; the elder of the two submitted to take the veil; the younger, Julinka, so obstinately refused it, that the *hegumena* (superior of the convent) sent her back to the countess. Furious at her refusal, the countess bestowed her in marriage upon a former gamekeeper, a somewhat dissolute fellow, who received leave of absence, on *abrok*, and took his young wife with him to Moscow. Thence, several years later, he went to St. Petersburg, and for a long time I heard nothing whatever concerning them.

"I had no taste for the priesthood; but what choice had I? A serf and the son of a serf, obedience was my only passport to freedom. By consenting to take the vow, I at least secured my emancipation, for no serf can be a priest in Russia; so I yielded, and was sent to the Archimandrite at Kasan. I entered the convent with repugnance; only the fear of slavery could have driven me into it. Once there, however, I devoted myself ardently to study, and the pursuit of learning soon reconciled me to the profession thus forcibly imposed upon me. My zeal attracted the attention of my superiors; several learned monks admitted me to their society, and vouchsafed me their instruction. Unbounded as is the ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism of the great mass of rural priests, it is common to find in our convents a wonderful amount of learning, comprehending almost all branches of human knowledge. Amongst other inmates of the convent, which had become my prison, were two very learned monks from the Ukraine, a province which has always been noted as sending forth the best ministers of religion; even as, at the present time, it supplies Russia with the best singers and musicians. To the paternal affection of those two monks I am indebted for my education. I was ordained, and some time afterwards I was sent to Moscow. A few years ago I was summoned to the priests' seminary at St. Petersburg. After my installation there, I made an excursion, in order to become acquainted with the environs, and paused here, as we have done to-day, on my return from Gatschina. I was strangely moved at the sight of these pictures, some of which represent scenes well known to my childhood; but how should I describe my astonishment at sight of the hostess, who entered the room to attend

on me? Lapse of years, change of garb and condition, care and misery, had sadly altered her—not so altered her, however, as to prevent my recognising the playmate of my youth. With surprise and emotion I uttered the name 'Julinka!' She looked up, gazed at me for a moment, and with a cry of delight threw herself into my arms."

That meeting with her adopted brother was Julinka's first moment of happiness for many years. Her husband had rented the tavern on the road to Gatschina, and passed his life hunting and drinking. She led a dull existence, occupied only by the routine of an innkeeper's business; her leisure hours she devoted to giving her daughter the best education she could, and at times, with her brushes and palette, she contrived to transport herself in imagination to the happier days of her youth. "Yonder pictures," she said, "are all unskillfully enough executed; but I do not paint because I *will*, but because I *must*; it is the last relic of my childhood. In God's good time there will be an end to all this; and when that day comes," she said to the priest, "I recommend Astafja to thy care."

Tears choked her utterance. I was deeply moved.

A dazzling flash of lightning illuminated the arbor, quickly succeeded by a violent thunder clap. The young girl came running out to us.

"Mother begs you to go in doors to supper," she said; "and quickly, for a terrible storm is coming on."

The father rose from his seat, took my hand, and pressed it.

"May you find a good appetite for supper;" said he, "our *sakusko* has been melancholy enough."—*Pictures from St. Petersburg.*

ARISTENDEEN.*

"THAT night I determined to place her in some asylum, for I hoped that she might be benefited by proper medical treatment. The next morning I told her that I would take her to see new friends who would make her happy; she said that she was happy with me, but if I wished it, she'd go.

"However, I could not bear to part with her so soon after losing her poor mother, and I delayed from day to day my intended journey to London. About this time, Frank Evans, our clergyman's son, who was studying at Oxford, came to spend the Christmas holidays with his father. You don't know Mr. Evans or his son?" inquired Tindal, looking up at me, for his eyes had been gloomily fixed on the floor during his narrative.

"No," I replied, "I have seen neither of them; but Mr. Evans is, I hear, an excellent man."

"Indeed, he is, sir, but his son has, they tell me, turned out badly. At the time of his visit, he was a kind-hearted, generous lad. I had