

a good workman could expect was to be able to rent a small room, absolutely without sanitary arrangements, for which he would pay two dollars a month, and live there with his family.

"Our food consisted almost entirely of hard, black bread, for which we paid three cents for a two-pound loaf. Hunks of this bread with hot tea formed our daily meals, except when we could afford to buy a bit of pork, the only meat ever within our means, at ten cents a pound, and incur the additional expense of cooking it. Half fed and untaught, there was almost an excuse for the vodka drinking which robbed the workman's home of even the poor comforts he might have afforded.

"Our clothing came from the rag-shops; stockings we never wore. We wrapped our feet and legs in rags instead. Without schools or religion we existed, rather than lived. And when on the saint's days we would crowd in our rags and dirt into some church, we would hear a priest in golden robes repeat some mediæval prayers in a language most of us did not understand. Then we were told to cross ourselves before icons, and so draw near to God.

"The things which help so many great cities, missions, night schools, temperance societies, etc., were either prohibited or kept under such strict police surveillance as to be practically useless. In this city of Tokio, to which Russia is sending her missionaries, there are ten book stores to every one in St. Petersburg. Drunkenness and profligacy were our only recreations. How could a people under such conditions either be moral or even understand morality? I was strong, and my strength was trained, as I think all girls should be, but it was only constant watchfulness that saved me from the dangers around me.

"But I was soon known among my workmates, and the first thing I did was to get the girls in my room to help me, and with candles and pails of boiling water we worked each night, till the vermin were got rid of. Then we had Bible readings, to which we admitted some of the young men we knew. I read, not the Gospels only, but the Pentateuch, opening up discussions on hygiene and political economy.

"Then there was a labor riot in the city, though not at our factory, but out of our windows I saw the mob make a stand at the end of the street. And then they were charged by the Cossack riders. Away out of my sight they all went, a hurly-burly of horror, and behind them

I saw a little child lying bleeding on the snow.

"My friends would have prevented me going out if they could, but I had served in the hospital and I went. She was such a little thing, about four or five, with her breast slashed open by a sabre cut. I dressed the wound quickly, as a Cossack rode up and struck at me with his whip. I stood up holding her in my arms that he might see what I was doing, and he—he struck her. I ran then back to where I had left, but he was close behind me, and they would not open the door. Up that street we went then, I running with her in my arms, and he riding beside us, lashing me with his whip, and there was never a door opened that I might escape from him.

"It was out of an evil house that at last women came with painted faces and dragged me in. I had nursed one of them in the hospital once, and she had not forgotten."

Helen paused, instead of that street in Tokio, she saw that squalid chamber in that house of assignation, where she sat exhausted on the floor, while Rab Gordon stood looking down at her with a face that was strangely white, and stern eyes.

"Mr. Gordon!" she exclaimed, "how did you know I was here? I suppose you came because you did know."

"I certainly did not come for anything else," said the man, briefly. "Miss Helen, will you marry me, if you please?"

She looked at him in utter bewilderment, then—

"No, thank you, Mr. Gordon," she said, "I have other plans for my life than marriage, and pardon me, but you have hardly shown your usual tact, in your choice of the time and place for your proposal."

"Do you know you will be arrested to-night?"

"I am not surprised, nor hardly sorry. You remember Thoreau's words, 'under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for every just man is a prison.'"

"I do not mind what Thoreau said or did, you are not going to a Russian prison, Miss Helen, you will leave this house and Russia with me at once, and marry me or not as you like. I am going to take you to Scotland to my mother."

"Mr. Gordon, you mean well, but my work is here, and I stay with my people."

He smiled. "Very well, Miss Helen, then I stay here with you, and before I let a man lay his hand on you I shall shoot you dead."