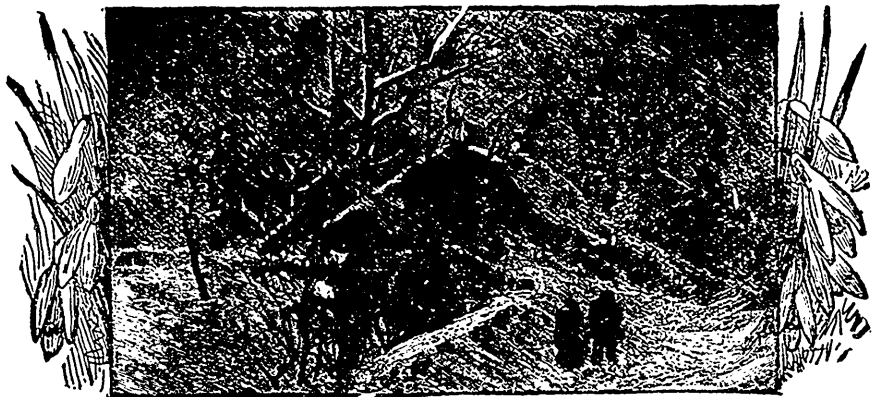


are all alike. This morning you say they forbade you to look at the peasants. They forbid us zemstvo men to gather any helpful statistics. The Natchalniks intrude at every step, on the ground that statisticians are dangerous 'propagandists.' And the moment they telegraph this dread word to Petersburg their enemies are at once swept away by the majesty of the law. It makes no difference if the accusation be true or not. Not long ago our zemstvo chose eleven statisticians (the law allows us twenty or more). These eleven, although long in the service of the zemstvo, had not once been under the suspicion of the police. When a zemstvo man can work for years without being sus-

pected by one of the two hundred thousand police and inspectors of various kinds, then he must indeed be a harmless and conservative person. So I thought. But to make doubly sure I sent to our governor the names of these men, that he might endorse them. Weeks of waiting. Then the list came back. At the bottom was written simply this:

"I forbid them all."

"The governor did right. For those men had been trained in universities for their work. Had he allowed them to go into the villages down there in the plain, they would have brought back the most dangerous of all propaganda—the truth about Russia."



WHEN GOD THINKS BEST.

There's an end to the burdens of souls unblest,
 When God thinks best!
 He will pluck every thorn from the aching breast,
 He will lay them tenderly down to rest,
 And roses shall bloom from the clay, spade-prest,
 When God thinks best!

For that end that will come we must watch and wait,
 Be we little or great.
 We must stand by the highway, and stand by the gate,
 For we know not the quarter, and know not the date,
 But, if we be watching, ah, happy our fate!
 Be we little or great.

—Angelus.