

One of his principles was that a child must never be taught anything that it did not wish to learn. As a result it happened about twice a week his pupils one by one took their caps and went away early in the day but the other three days they were there and often kept him late for supper just because they were interested. There was an immense amount of truth in the theory. What Tolstoi attacked was the unrelated view of education: art for art's sake, science for science's sake, languages for their own sake, where people knew half a dozen languages and could say nothing sensible in any. Nothing was for its own sake but was relative to complete and rounded manhood and womanhood.

Marriage at the age of thirty-five, for many years kept somewhat in the background the serious questions which had been pressing for solution. A growing family called for a larger income, and so with Madame Tolstoi's partial collaboration *War and Peace* and other books were written. At fifty however, the disturbing questions reasserted themselves. Tolstoi had been long famous, was now well off and surrounded by a happy family, yet he was so despondent that he thought of suicide; he resisted the impulse, however, grappled with the questions that tortured him through five agonizing years, applied in vain for light to his fashionable friends, his religious friends, the philosophers and scientific men. He left the city, went down into the country where the peasants, hard as their life was, seemed to get more out of it than the gilded aristocracy of St. Petersburg, attended church for a year and a half. The war with Turkey broke out. The

prayers for Russian success in the churches were a great shock to him and he forsook the church.

One ray of light remained in the gloom—the gospels. He turned to the New Testament. Certain series of texts began to stand out from the whole: "Resist not evil," "If thine enemy smite thee on one cheek turn the other," "Love one another." He saw the meaning of what had before been a mere form of words. He seemed to be lifted up. He felt that he had an immortal soul. He made the discovery of what this soul was intended for. He had been using it as a means of personal and family aggrandisement. It was meant to be a loving machine. He sought an outlet for this new love of his neighbor. He worked in the slums of Moscow. The unworthy poor bulked large. Where he expected gratitude he met with ingratitude, complaint, deceit. Almsgiving he found did not unite but separate. Another dramatic incident enabled him to see that what was needed was justice, not charity. He had taken about this time to manual labor, sawing wood, to be precise. Returning home one night with two other sawyers they met a beggar. Each dropped a copper into the latter's hat. The act looked the same in the three cases but was in reality very different. It involved sacrifice on the part of the other two who were workingmen, but none to Tolstoi, who was merely taking the money from one peasant's pocket in the country and putting into another peasant's pocket in the city. He broke completely with the fashionable life, adopted the peasant dress, took to regular manual labor and tried to get into human relations with the peas-