

a great way off, and is not this one of the needs of the Society? E. E.

TOLSTOI AT HOME,

Count Tolstoi is a firm believer in the maxim that work is a sacred duty. He always devotes four hours of every day to manual labor of some kind, either plowing in the fields or making shoes, and he laughs at the ideas of those who despise toiling with their hands. The village shoemaker is a chosen chum of his, and they are accustomed to work together in the count's house. On his literary labors Tolstoi expends great pains, both from an intellectual and a mechanical standpoint. His manuscript is full of interlineations and erasures, and the handwriting is small, fine and hard to read. The countess transcribes it for the printer, and I know of one instance where she made fifteen copies within a year of one of her husband's books.

So lives Leo Tolstoi, the master-mind of Russian thought, and one of three or four great thinkers who stand alone in the intellectual record of this century above and beyond all others. Thus he journeys to the goal of life, preaching and practicing the sweet doctrine of man's humanity to man. His bare, rude house is never closed to the hungry or the wanderer. His recent practical efforts in the cause of his starving countrymen have proved, moreover, that he is no mere theorist or dreamer, but that in the teeth of a great emergency he can be a most practical man of action. In person he is of giant frame. His face is a strong one. From beneath a massive wrinkled brow, blue-gray eyes seem to look you through and through, to scan it once your outer and inner man. Powerful flat nostrils just from between high cheek bones. A mouth made for pity is not wholly obscured by the vast gray beard sprawling downward over a mighty chest. He dresses in peasants' clothes of the coarsest homespun, the blouse gathered at the waist by a

leather belt, and his feet are shod in shoes made by his own brown sinewy hands. They are very roughly fashioned footwear, too. When out of doors in stormy weather he wears long boots, into which the ends of his trousers are stuffed.

Russia has been blessed in the possession of the Tolstoi family—a fact that has come home to her with peculiar force very recently in the presence of the famine disaster. When the cry of distress arose, a responsive echo of sympathy sounded from the quiet home at Yasnia Poliana; and not only the great recluse himself, but his self-sacrificing wife, daughters and sons went forth without an instant's hesitation to labor amid the suffering peasants in the sweet cause of charity. From what I personally witnessed during my visit to the Tolstois, I can form some idea of their noble work in the famine centers. During a walk through the village, which I was privileged to enjoy in company with the great writer's daughter, I had an excellent opportunity of observing the relations maintained by his family with the villagers. Everywhere we went, whether along the highway or into the interiors of the humble houses, were evident the signs of love and veneration. Not a mujik we met but would raise his hat with intense respect, and murmur a simple benediction on my companion; and when we entered a cottage where anybody was sick, she would tenderly inquire for the patient, either offer assistance on the spot or arrange for its speedy arrival, and in every instance be hailed as a succoring angel. The deeds of this noble family long after they have passed away will smell sweet and blossom in the dust, remaining a precious memory to every Russian heart.—*James Creelman, in Harper's Weekly.*

God's system of government is not to work for man, but to supply him with the means of working for himself.