

furs, another hung with carpets and shawls and silk of Persia, all handwoven, by the side of machine-made Brussels and Kidderminster, rows of talking dolls, crackers and bonbons. Tall, grave Persians with cylinder hats saunter along. Two, however, carrying a festal amount of "wodbi," excite the jeers of the crowd, "Isvibatch? what'll your wife say? Oho!" Soldiers and ishooshchiks cross themselves before numerous "eikons" lit up with tapers. Tartar porters with padded backs wait to carry your purchases home, all having their hair shaved from brows to nape, giving the impression of a face without eyes, nose or mouth from the rear.

On the left we pass the Public Free Library with the motto over the entrance "Non solum armis." A polite soldier hands you the catalogue and brings any book you desire. These free libraries are found in most of the Russian cities. Free schools also exist, but are only free to those who intend a military career. By paying a small fee, however, the student has choice of profession according to his attainments.

The Bishop dwelt in the Church House which in its appointments differed little from a London West End mansion, but he was not lord of all he surveyed there, as we shall see. He and his family occupied the ground floor. In Russia the acting ecclesiastics must be married men and if the wife dies the priest or bishop may not marry again, he becomes a monk and enters a monastery or occupies the upper floor of the Church House and acts as a sort of supervisor over the ways of his successor below.

What a Romanist would call a convent for retired female religious celibates, is in the Greek Church a penitentiary, whither faithless wives and faulty females of the orthodox are obliged to retire or be excommunicated.

The Bishop received me with great "bonhomie", and first led me to a side table loaded with a gold collation where it was "de rigueur" to taste every dish. He then led us to his sanctum overlooking the deep gorge of the Kurra. He was eager to learn all I could tell him of our methods, ritual, and church arrangements. This I expedited by calling for pencil and paper and delineating the costumes of our bishops and clergy, much to his delight, so that he kept me at this work for two hours and I heard from the Baron some years after that he pulls these out of his drawers and shows them to his intimates as a sort of relic of "Shwaschenik Andress." Twenty years after I could have given him more color, but in those days I was under Archbishop Tait's rule, who so strongly objected to colored stoles that he once refused to consecrate a church till the "advanced clergy" had removed them.

The Bishop took from his writing table his one sermon of the year and went through his pet passages. A sermon in Russia is a rare thing. He seemed quite proud of his literary effort which touched on the evils of sectarianism and drew a parallel from the division of the Jews, "which heralded and resulted in the downfall of their nation." A drive to the Persian gardens through the city finished the afternoon. Every time