

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

JUNE 15, 1911

of Luke, he read late into the night, praying for help to build his house "on the rock, rather than on the sand." He read about the woman who washed the feet of Christ with her tears, and anointed them with ointment, and he compared himself to the rich Pharisee who did not enough honor the Lord as his guest. Presently he fell asleep.

Avdyeitch rested his head upon both his arms, and did not notice how he fell asleep.

"Martuin!" suddenly seemed to sound in his ears.

Martuin started from his sleep. "Who is here?"

He turned around, glanced toward the door—no one.

Again he fell into a doze. Suddenly he plainly hears:

"Martuin! Ah, Martuin! look to-morrow on the street. I am coming."

Martuin awoke, rose from the chair, began to rub his eyes. He himself does not know whether he heard those words in a dream or in reality. He turned down his lamp and went to bed.

At daybreak next morning Avdyeitch arose, made his prayer to God, lighted the stove, put on the "shchi" (cabbage-soup) and the kasha (gruel), put the water in the samovar, put on his apron, and sat down by the window to work.

Avdyeitch is working, and at the same time thinking about all that had happened yesterday. He thinks both ways: now he thinks it was a dream; and now he thinks he really heard a voice. "Well," he thinks, "such things have been."

Martuin is sitting by the window, and does not work as much as he looks through the window. When anyone passes by in boots that he does not know, he bends down, looks out of the window, in order to see, not only the feet, but also the face. The dvornik (house-porter) passed by in new felt boots; the water-carrier passed by; then came alongside of the window an old soldier of Nicholas's time, in an old pair of laced felt boots, with a shovel in his hands. Avdyeitch recognized him by his felt boots. The old man's name was Stepanuitch; and a neighboring merchant, out of charity, gave him a home with him. He was required to assist the dvornik. Stepanuitch began to shovel away the snow from in front of Avdyeitch's window. Avdyeitch glanced at him, and took up his work again.

"Pshaw! I must be getting crazy in my old age," said he, and laughed at himself. "Stepanuitch is clearing away the snow, and I imagine that Christ is coming to see me. I was entirely out of my mind, old dotard that I am!" Avdyeitch sewed about a dozen stitches, and then felt impelled to look through the window again. He sees that Stepanuitch has leaned his shovel against the wall, and is either warming himself or resting. He is an old, broken-down man; evidently he has not strength enough to shovel the snow. Avdyeitch said to himself, "I will give him some tea; by the way, the samovar must be boiling by this time." Avdyeitch laid down his awl, rose from his seat, put the samovar on the table, made the tea, and tapped with his finger at the glass. Stepanuitch turned around and came to the window. Avdyeitch beckoned to him, and went to open the door.

"Come in, warm yourself a little," he said, "you must be cold."

"May Christ reward you for this! My bones ache," said Stepanuitch.

Stepanuitch came in and shook off the snow, tried to wipe his feet so as not to soil the floor, but staggered.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet. I will clean it up myself; we are used to such things. Come in and sit down," said Avdyeitch. "Drink a cup of tea."

Stepanuitch finished drinking his glass of tea, turned the glass upside down, put upon it the half-eaten loaf of sugar, and began to express thanks. But it was evident he wanted some more.

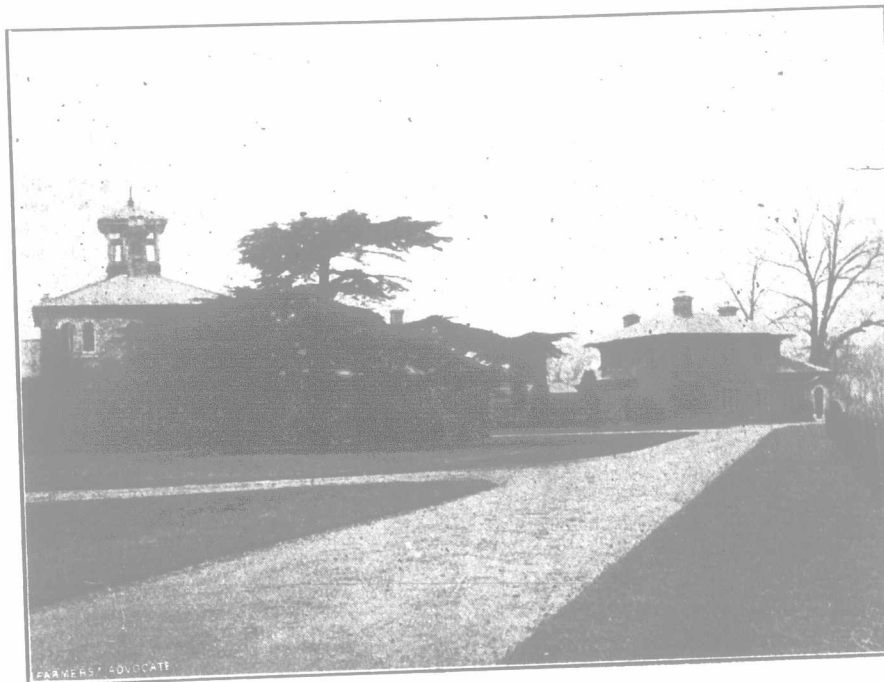
"Have some more," said Avdyeitch, filling both his own glass and his guest's. Avdyeitch drinks his tea, but from time to time keeps glancing out into the street.

Are you expecting anyone? asked his guest.

"Am I expecting anyone? I am ashamed even to tell whom I expect. I am, and I am not, expecting someone; but one word has impressed

me; but we are a people in darkness; we can't read."

"Well, now, I was reading about that very thing—how He walked upon the earth; I read, you know, how He comes to the Pharisee, and the Pharisee does not treat Him hospitably. Well, and so, my brother, I was reading, yesterday, about this very thing, and was thinking to myself how he did not receive Christ."



Royal Farms at Windsor.
One of the houses.



Foreman's Cottage, Royal Farms at Windsor.
The chimney stacks are picturesque.



Bowling Green, Royal Farms at Windsor.
Veranda posts need such vines.

itself upon my heart. Whether it is a dream, or something else, I do not know. Don't you see, brother, I was reading yesterday the gospel about Christ, the Batiushka (Little Father); how He suffered, how He walked on the earth. I suppose you have heard about it?"

"Indeed I have," replied Stepanuitch.

the Batiushka, with honor. If, for example, He should come to me or anyone else, I think to myself, I should not even know how to receive Him. Well! while I was thus thinking, I fell asleep, brother, and I hear someone call me by name. I got up; the voice, just as though someone whispered, said, 'Be on the

watch; I shall come to-morrow.' And this happened twice. Well! would you believe it, it got into my head? I scold myself—and yet I am expecting Him, the Batiushka."

Stepanuitch shook his head, and said nothing. He finished drinking his glass of tea, and put it on one side; but Avdyeitch picked up the glass again, and filled it once more.

"Drink some more for your good health. You see, I have an idea that, when the Batiushka went about on this earth, He disdained no one, and had more to do with the simple people. He always went to see the simple people. He picked out his disciples more from among our brethren, sinners like ourselves from the working class. He says He who exalts himself shall be humbled, and he who is humble shall become exalted. You, says He, call me Lord, and I, says He, wash your feet. Whoever wishes, says He, to be the first, the same shall be a servant to all. Because, says He, blessed are the poor, the humble, the kind, the generous." And Stepanuitch forgot about his tea: he was an old man, and easily moved to tears. He is sitting listening, and the tears are rolling down his face.

"Come, now, have some more tea," said Avdyeitch; but Stepanuitch made the sign of the cross, thanked him, turned up his glass, and arose.

"Thanks to you," he says, "Martuin Avdyeitch, for treating me kindly, and satisfying me, soul and body."

"You are welcome; come in, again; always glad to see a friend," said Avdyeitch.

Stepanuitch departed; and Martuin poured up the rest of the tea, drank it up, put away the dishes, and sat down again by the window, and sat to stitch on a patch. He is stitching, and at the same time looking through the window. He is expecting Christ, and is all the while thinking of Him and His deeds, and his head is filled with the different speeches of Christ.

Two soldiers passed by: One wore boots furnished by the Crown, and the other one boots that he had made; then the master of the next house passed by in shining galoshes; then the baker with a basket passed by. All passed by; and now there came also by the window a woman in woollen stockings and wooden shoes. She passed by the window, and stood still near the window case.

Avdyeitch looked up at her from the window, sees it is a strange woman poorly clad, and with a child; she is standing by the wall with her back to the wind, trying to wrap up the child, and she has nothing to wrap it up in. The woman was dressed in shabby summer clothes; and from behind the frame Avdyeitch hears the child crying, and the woman trying to pacify it; but she is not able to pacify it. Avdyeitch got up, went to the door, ascended the steps and cried, "Hey! my good woman!" The woman heard him and turned around.

"Why are you standing in the cold with the child? Come into my room, where it is warm; you can manage it better. Right in this way!"

The woman was astonished. She sees an old, old man in an apron, with his spectacles on his nose, calling her. She followed him. They descended the steps, entered the room. "There," says he, "sit down, my good woman, nearer to the stove; you can get warm and nurse the child."

"I myself have not eaten anything since morning," said the woman; but nevertheless, she took the child to her breast.

Avdyeitch shook his head, went to the table, brought out the bread and a dish, opened the oven-door, poured into the dish some cabbage soup, took out the pot with the gruel. He got the bread, took the towel down from the hook, and put it upon the table.

"Sit down," he says, "and eat, my good woman; and I will mind the little one. You see, I once had

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