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pearance on the trails. They unload their freight of human beings at the church door, and then the horses are unhitched and tied to the wagon-boxes, there to browse over a bundle of hay. If it happens to be cold weather some bonfires are sure to be lit within the circle where the teams and wagons are drawn up, and the people gather in groups around these to gossip until the time for service arrives.



Orthodox Greek Church at Wostok, Alta.

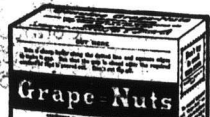
The women are in their native costumes. The closely draped skirt is of some heavy woolen material, usually in a rather gaudy stripe. The blouse is often white, heavily embroidered in some dark shades. Around her neck are many strings of coral beads, and large rings are suspended from her ears. She wears the "fooska," or headshawl. This may be plain white, or may be patterned in brilliant colored flowers. If she wears a coat it will be a rather cumbersome and quaintly cut frieze one, or a sheepskin coat, made with the wool inside, and the white hide of the outside embroidered in some conventional design, with heavy bright-colored thread. Her boots are extremely large, and coarse, and rather shapeless. The little girls look like smaller editions of their mothers.

There is nothing quite so distinctive about the dress of the men. Occasionally one sees a man in pure white linen shirt and trousers, wearing a short,

sleeveless sheepskin coat, heavily embroidered in gaudy colors. Sometimes the small coat is replaced by a long one of frieze or grey goatskin. He is very liable to wear this even in the heat of summer. For the most part, however, the men dress in plain dark clothes, with nothing distinctive perhaps but the heavy fur or sheepskin coat.

The interior of the Russian church is a blaze of colors. Many gorgeous silken banners, centred by ikons, and mounted on poles, stand in rows by the side walls. The front wall is covered with ikons, and through the arch into the alcove one gets a glimpse of the richly draped altar, bearing massive gold candlesticks, and crucifixes, and heavy books bound in carved gold and purple velvet. In the centre of the church is suspended a large chandelier in ornate design, filled with huge candles, all alight. On brackets at the front of the church are scores of smaller lighted candles. The women stand grouped on the left hand side of the church, the men on the right. The gorgeous hues of the headshaws of the women form a constantly moving mass of color. In and out through the scene the priest moves, dressed in flowing robes of some rich color (possibly light blue or purple), over which is worn a cape and stole of yellow and gold. Sometimes he has in his hands the gold and purple book, sometimes the golden crucifix, sometimes the swinging silver censer. The scene, to an Anglo-Saxon onlooker, seems more like some brilliant pageant than like a group of peasant people at a church service. It is the mixture of gorgeous colors and blazing candles that tends to this effect.

The people of the colony belong to three different religious denominations, Orthodox Greek, Greek Catholic and Roman Catholic. About fifty per cent of the population are Orthodox Greek, forty-five per cent Greek Catholic, and the remainder are Roman Catholics. No matter what denomination the Russian may belong to he is a deeply religious being, but there is considerably more of sadness than of joy in his religion. The congregation stands through the long hours of a service (for there are no seats in a Russian church), displaying no signs of weariness or impatience, with eyes fixed impassively on the priest as he performs the rites of service, or expounds to them the scriptures. When



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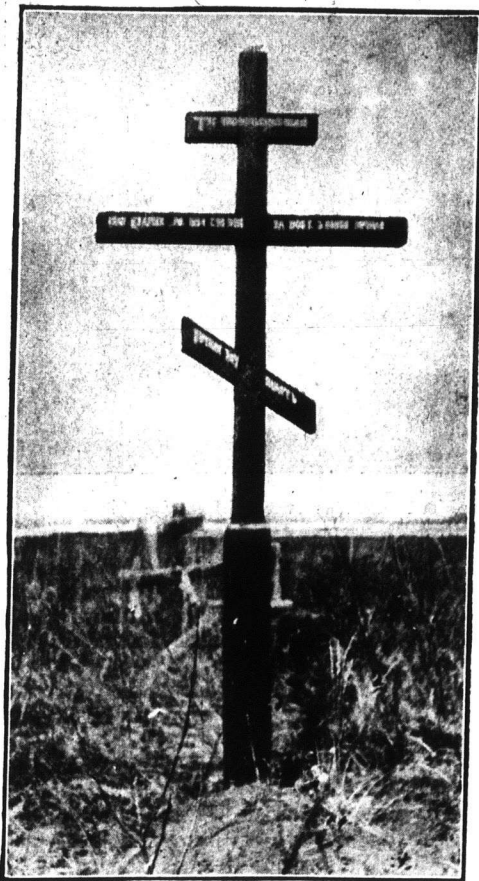
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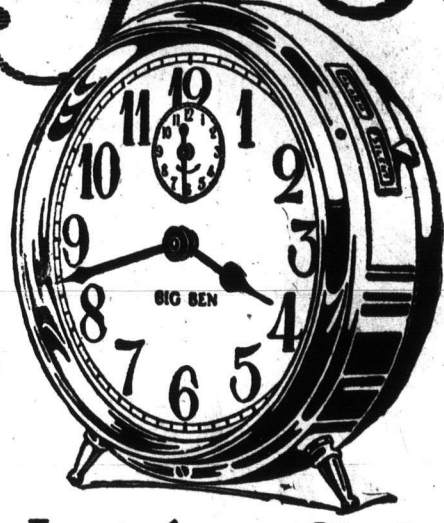


Cross at Russian Grove, Wostok, Alta.

the male choir breaks forth into a chant, as it does at frequent intervals during the service, you feel that the spirit of the worshippers has been vocalized, for the music is appealingly sad. There is a pathos in it that speaks of unsatisfied yearning. Often have my eyes filled with tears as I have listened to their chanting.

The burying-grounds one finds here and there throughout the colony are the

# Big Ben



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