TOLSTOI

A MAN OF PEACE

BY

ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M.D.

THE NEW SPIRIT

BY

H. HAVELOCK ELLIS

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TOLSTOI

A MAN OF PEACE.

Here are our thoughts, voyages, thoughts * * *
Then falter not O book, fulfill your destiny.

"Count Tolstoi on Education," was the subject of an article by Canon Farrar published in the Forum in 1888.

Being greatly interested by it, I took the liberty of writing to the Count for a series of articles on Education, to appear in the Kindergarten, a magazine published from our house at that time. Accompanying the letter, I sent copies of the magazine. Having understood that the Count's daughter read English, I also forwarded a copy of Tokology. In reply I received the following characteristic letter:

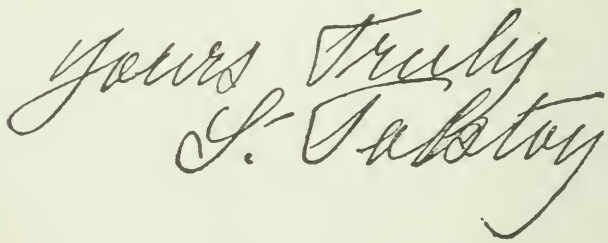
Moscow, 3 Mar., 1888.

Dear Madam:

I have received your Tokology and thank you very much for sending it to me. I have

examined it and find that it is truly as far as I can judge a boon not only for women but for mankind. Without labors in this direction mankind can not go forward and it seems to me that especially in this matter in respect for Motherhood (your XI chapter) we are very much behind. Therefore your book besides its great merits was especially welcome to me. I should very much like to have your book sold in Moscow and Petersburg, and if you wish any intervention between yourself and our librarian I am quite at your service. If you would allow it I should very much like also to have the book translated in Russian and to this end will assist you in any way whatever.

Believe me to be



It will be seen that the Count became interested in the book that was sent for his daughter, and desired that the people of his country should have the benefit of the knowledge it contained. Consent was given to its being translated into Russian, provided it was done under his supervision. In August I received a letter from Tolstoi, saying a competent translator had been secured and was already well along in the work.

Knowing that the customs in Russia are so very different in many ways from those in our own country, especially regarding food and dress, I, without any delay, decided to take a trip to that country and was by the last of August, in London.

Having acquaintances in Sweden and Finland, after getting information and introductions, I arranged to take the Northern trip through those countries. Everywhere I went, astonishment was expressed that I was going to Russia, and *alone;* this was more especially true, as I neared the country. In Finland,

people who had spent months with relatives there and were familiar with the customs, constantly gave discouraging prophecies of the proposed visit; all sorts of difficulties to be encountered, horrible roads, inconveniences of travel, discourtesies of the people, small troubles and great!

How well I remember the night that my good friend placed me aboard the train at Helsingfors. A compartment had been secured for me in the *dam wagon*—lady's coach—and I was met at the station by a large delegation from the Finnish Woman's Club and the Woman's Athletic Association, each with masses of flowers and souvenirs of friendship. As the train was leaving, I stood on the platform, looking into the beaming faces of the friends who were waving a good bye, my own heart filled with emotions of gratitude for the expressions of love and esteem.

At the very last, just as the car was moving, one of the foremost women among these friends, reached over and whispered emphat-

ically in my ear: "Remember there are robbers in Russia!" Should one who was born a Quaker, who had been well schooled in the optimistic philosophy of love and confidence, be daunted or discouraged by even a succession of evil prognostications?

Early in the morning, at Weiburg, the door of my compartment was rudely opened and a German woman called out: "*Bego-sh, bego-sh!*" Replying in her own tongue, I asked her what she wished, and she made me understand that my baggage must be examined by the custom officer. I replied, "*Nur ein stuck,*" and pointed to the one telescope which contained my traveling equipment. After this apparently profane and rude intrusion, I enjoyed the first morning traveling upon Russian soil.

The country through which we traveled was remarkable for dreary monotony. Barren plains were only relieved by stunted little scrub pines, which told but too plainly of the poverty of the soil. Where crops are raised, they are wrung from the earth by greatest

effort, and I wondered if natural conditions in Russia had not much to do with the robustness of physique possessed by her people as well as their sturdiness of character.

Arriving in St. Petersburg, I was met by a runner for L'Anglaise Hotel, who engaged a drosky and cared for my baggage and flowers. At the hotel I was met by the genial steward, who seemed to know all languages and be possessed of all knowledge. It afterwards proved that he had been guide and interpreter in General Grant's party, when he was in Russia, and aside from being unusually efficient for his post, was a cultured gentleman. During my stay in the city he proved wonderfully helpful in pointing out to me the very things I most wanted to see and know.

Across the square from the hotel stands majestically the far famed cathedral of St. Isaacs. Its exterior is grand and imposing, while the interior is magnificently awe-inspiring. The dimly lighted dome, the countless candles reflecting a soft, tender glow, the many, many

icons of rare worth, the polished floors, the marble finish, the enormous pillars of lapis luzuli, the absence of any kind of seats, the devout, reverently absorbed worshipers, alternately standing and kneeling, no man seeing his neighbor, denizen of hut and palace, equal in the church, alike and alone worshiping God, all this splendor and solemnity impress the visitor. It *must* be that symbols lead souls to God!

A moment later from out the shadowy gloom arises richest melody; harmonious strains of sweetest music, as though the heavenly hosts were appealing to the heart of man.

Without an instrument, yet pealing forth as though all instruments were blended, this invisible choir in one strong symphony of tone, one sustained vibration of victory, awakens the spiritual in man. One *must* worship, for through this marvelous melody, strength, power and majesty of spirit are revealed. It is the voice of God calling forth the God-life of the human soul which answering back in

consciousness of its divine origin, is satisfied. One knows not the divine power of music if he has not been wrapt in the one-toned melody of St. Isaacs.

CHAPTER II.

It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing.

My purpose had been to remain only a day or two in St. Petersburg, but the welcome I received opened up so fascinating a study of Russian life, that I found it impossible to resist such an opportunity. I had a letter of introduction to a lady who was physician-in-chief to an eye infirmary, and, though a linguist, did not speak English. However, she gave me a very warm welcome and in less than twenty-four hours called together a large number of lady physicians and prominent women, who also welcomed me with characteristic enthusiasm. Attendants were provided for every hour of the day. I was taken under their guidance to all sorts of places that could be of any possible interest to a tourist or a student of sociology.

Madame Netchaeff, living on a country estate, forty miles from St. Petersburg, gave me an invitation to spend a few days at her country home. She proved a most delightful hostess, possessing the combined attributes of a lady of culture and the bravery and independence of the *new woman.* Her husband, a barrister, was much from home, making it imperative for her to manage the farm, dairy and all interests connected with this large estate, which had been a wedding gift from her father. She proved herself wonderfully efficient in buying, selling, managing accounts and entertaining visitors as well. She had just returned from the Paris Exposition, and with enthusiasm, in good English, described sights and scenes of the wonderful trip.

Aside from supporting a school for the village children, she had established and maintained a hospital, complete in appointments, to which the sick for many miles around had free admission.

Madame Beamish, a beautiful woman of culture, living in Stockholm, was to join me in my visit to Tolstoi, and while waiting for her, I found that the Russian heart seemed overflowing with kindness and good will to that of a stranger. Indeed Tolstoi's name was ever an open sesame! I was constantly made to feel that my appreciation of him, both as a social reformer and writer, insured especial honor from his countrymen.

Arriving at Moscow, I soon met Mr. Dolgoff, who was translating Tokology, and his friend, Mr. Dounaeff, the latter a follower and admirer of Tolstoi. From these and other friends, I learned much of the Count, of his home life, habits and ideals. Contrary to his custom, he was to spend the winter at his country home, and to see him, I must go to Tula, a city about six hours' journey south of Moscow.

The following letter from Tolstoi decided us to leave at once, our hearts filled with pleasant anticipations.

Dear Madam.

Александръ Никифоровичъ
(Дунаевъ), Директоръ Торгово-
ваго банка, на Ильинкѣ.
This is the adress of Mr Doo=
=naieff a friend of mine
who will be happy to help
you in visitting Moscou and
will tell you all about Toko-
-lony which is being translated
by a friend of his Mr Dolgoff.
I am very sorry that I am
not in Moscou and will not
have
the opportunity of making
your personal acquaintance,
if Toula is not on your way
and you will not come to see

We would be very happy to see you. Mr Daanaeff will tell you all what you can wish to know about the journey.

Yours truly
S. Tolstoy.

P.S. If it could happen that Mr D. should not be in town or you could not see him please call at our house in Moscow Хамовники Д. № 15. where you will find my son who will be happy to be useful to you.

CHAPTER III.

Ja, Ja, Tolstoi der grösste Schrifteller.

My friend and I left Moscow late one Sunday afternoon, arriving at Tula in the night. We found ourselves in the heart of Russia, where any but the Russian language was seldom spoken. We were given a parlor and a bed-room connecting, for our apartments, and were greatly gratified in the morning to find that the landlord's wife spoke German. Knowing that we were to visit Tolstoi, she rushed in early in the morning, and, in the most excited manner told us that Count Tolstoi had staid at the hotel over night. We could scarcely believe it. We asked her if it was indeed Tolstoi, the great writer, and she answered, "*Ja ja Tolstoi der grosstec Shrifteller.*" "Expecting us, possibly he has come to meet us," we said. It proved, however, to be one

of his sons, who was returning to college from a visit home. The driver, who brought him, had received instructions to ask for, and take us to Tolstoi's country home, which was ten versts —seven miles—from Tula.

I well remember that wonderful October day; the air crisp and keen, the sun bright and the foliage in all of its autumnal brilliancy. We saw no sign of the bad roads that had been promised, they being as smooth a macadam as could be found in France or Italy. One typical Russian feature of the trip was the frequency of the pilgrims along the roadway, who, with staff and drinking cup, were traveling onward to Kief, or the Holy Land. They were often seen by the wayside bathing their feet in a stream and bandaging them in rags, which, with a shoe woven of a pliable birch bark, constituted the foot covering.

Yasnia Poliania, the name of the estate, signifies a clear streak. As we approach, the house is barely visible through the forest. We turn from the main road, driving

between two stone pillars, which showed indications of a gate having once swung from them. I do not think that Count Tolstoi, with his present views, would admit gates, walks or railways as barriers between his property and that of his neighbors. Between the pillars, adown the avenue, shaded by grand old trees, across a stream, then up a slight ascent, stands the white country house, the home and workshop of the most remarkable man of his times, Count Lyeff Nikolaevitch Tolstoi!

One's first impression is, that the front door, so often the case in Northern Europe, is at the back of the house. We were met upon the porch by the Count himself, his daughter Mascha and a niece, both of whom spoke English fluently and were faithful followers of the most extreme views of the Count. All three were profuse in their expressions of welcome. Count Tolstoi's first remark to me was, "You look very much like your picture," and I replied, "So do you. I should have known you anywhere."

As we entered, at the left was a plain staircase leading to the sitting-room. Madame Beamish apologized for her inability to proceed rapidly, as she was suffering from a pain in her side. "Our doctor here suggests that I could be healed by the power of mind." "Why not?" Count Tolstoi replied: "All life is from the spirit; mind and body are inseparable; nothing exists except by the power of spirit. Man cannot breathe or walk, he cannot move a finger, his tongue would be dumb, his eyes sightless were it not for the impelling life of spirit. Thus with characteristic enthusiasm before reaching the top of the stairs, we were deep in a conversation upon metaphysics.

His avoidance of conventionality, his quick response to our thoughts, his eager, rushing sentences—real shoulder thrusts, made us know at once that we were in the presence of the world renowned writer, simple as a child, great as a lion.

Mascha explained the non-appearance of the Countess, her mother, saying that in the ab-

sence of the nurse, she had taken the baby for a walk through the woods. The Count continued with great earnestness his dissertation upon the philosophy of life. "I agree with some of your Western writers," he said, "that all is spirit. I agree that man in his thought makes his body. I can understand how pain is silenced by thought. I know this by experience; whenever I have an attack of pain, I put myself in the attitude of non-resistance and welcome it as a friend. I think at once, that it is good, very good, that it is a sign of activity for the establishment of harmony; so the more pain the better. It is an agreement with the adversary; according to the law of agreement, the pain soon subsides. Oh, yes, all pain is a blessing!"

COUNTESS TOLSTOI.

CHAPTER IV.

Henceforth none shall spill the blood of life nor taste of
flesh
Seeing that knowledge grows and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful.

—*Light of Asia.*

Countess Sophia Andreeavna Tolstoi, Bers, by birth, an accomplished woman, some years younger than the count, has met the difficulties which her husband's life and views have presented, with remarkable tact and wisdom. Spite of all inconveniences, the Countess proves something of a marvel as to executive ability. With the care of a large family, the entire management of an estate, the mother of thirteen children, she finds it possible to devote much of her time to assisting the Count in his literary labors. Though not strictly a vegetarian herself, she has, to gratify her husband, made a special study, to furnish the table with

a variety of nutrient food. She could give, so she said, dinners of fruits, grains and vegetables, three hundred and sixty-five times in a year and never duplicate one.

Most illy adapted to either the Count's literary labors or to domestic requirements, was the arrangement of the house, it being only the wing of the former palatial residence, the larger part having been burned away, together with a handsome conservatory. To one end, the Countess had added an addition about twenty feet long and thirty feet wide, extending across the house. The upper room of this addition constituted the dining room, used also for a general sitting room. Passing into a hall down the stairway and back through a narrow passage-way some forty feet, was the only way to the kitchen, and every article of food and all dishes were carried this long way at every meal. The Count's study and his own sleeping room was off the front hall where there was no possibility of any seclusion. During our visit, these were undergoing repairs, that

it might be comfortable for a winter residence. The rooms that we occupied as guests, a sitting room and chamber, were on the first floor, adjoining the kitchen.

Naturally, the household was not managed without help. The Countess had what would seem to an American, many servants. Beside these, there were nearly always in the family, the German nurse, English governess and French tutor; all being the requirement of every Russian family of culture. It is through the employment of such foreign assistants that these people have such marvelous ability to acquire modern languages. Language is imbibed with their drink and food. Children often speak German and French before their native language. All of the Count's family spoke English as well as Englishmen. His own pronunciation was not so perfect as that of his children, and he frequently turned to the young ladies for some synonym in expressing metaphysical thought in his discussion, and they rarely failed him.

Count Tolstoi has the appearance and bearing of a soldier. Stately and commanding, an imposing figure of massive proportions and majestic picturesqueness is fittingly crowned by a leonine head and the strong face of the enthusiastic man of mighty genius! Although dressed as a moujik, one feels he is of the nobility, that he is born to command. Projecting shaggy eyebrows, strong features, thick, sensuous lips, mirror a man of the world, a man whose soul has been shaken with powerful emotions, where the fiercest battles from necessity have been with self. His low and impressive voice, calm manner and most of all the deep, soft, spiritual light of the eyes tell plainly that the battle has been well fought and the victory won. One knows he has found the Christ, has clasped hands with God! He is in the world but not of it!

His enthusiasm impresses one. His theories seemingly Utopian and unpractical, still carry a deep current of genuineness, not born of intellect, but rather the inspiration of one who has

become conscious of the divine in his soul. His rugged earnestness, even to the sound of his voice carried conviction in every utterance. The very fashion in which he rapidly twirled a pencil as he chatted seemed significant of untiring energy. He talked cleverly, picturesquely in the same richly glowing language in which he writes; his command of the most complicated situations was a most marvelous exhibition of mental gymnastics. At his disposal was a whole arsenal of the clearest, boldest, most original and utterly unexpected arguments, with pertinent comparisons and delightful, humorous interpolations which evoked involuntary laughter; all the while one was deeply conscious of a prodigious fund of reserve energy.

Mascha reminding the Count of luncheon, we were taken to the dining room, where the ever-present samovar was a steaming prophecy of the fragrant Russian tea. Mascha presided at the simple lunch with such consideration that there was no interruption of the interest-

ing conversation. The samovar is such a constant feature of, not only all social functions, but all business relations, that it proves more an incentive than a hindrance to conversation. Without a servant, the hostess pours the sharply boiling water upon the tea, already heated in the tea-pot, serving it in glasses with lemon to men, and in cups with cream, to women.

Indeed one is ever reminded in Russia of the fiat that he must eat and drink without the slightest reference to needs or else be regarded as morbidly unsociable. Once crossing a threshold, you may not re-cross without partaking of food. A physician making twenty-five calls a day must eat or drink in every house.

Mascha told me that it was not at all unusual for her father to drink from twelve to thirteen glasses of tea at a sitting; that the samovar was always kept boiling and that the family had constant recourse to it. I have learned since that Count Tolstoi has given up the habit of tea

drinking as being too much in the line of self indulgence to harmonize with his well known theories.

The Countess returning with the baby immediately with Madame Beamish set up what might be called a mutual admiration society. These two magnificent women looking into each other's eyes, soul was revealed to soul, and they at once became fast friends. It was something of a delight to see her, a woman of gentle birth, possessing the perfection of elegant manner, receive with her daughters, often gowned in frocks of cotton print, the distinguished guests with whom her house is constantly filled. Surely this gave a truth to her words so oft repeated, "We are plain folk, only simple plain folk!"

CHAPTER V.

"A few small huts, a narrow strip of cultivated land."

Count Tolstoi writes and re-writes, corrects and re-corrects his manuscript often, apparently changing while expressing his views, as if life each day presented fresh complication and he somehow fell short of satisfaction. Proofs are returned with whole paragraphs erased, and elaborate interpolations, till his publishers say that if he had one hundred proofs of an article the last one would yet be speckled with corrections.

Exceedingly difficult to decipher is the writing of the Count, and the infinite patience with which the Countess copies his various books, bears witness to her devotion. *War and Peace* was copied six times, while *Life* she copied *sixteen* times, beside translating it into French.

In addition to this she has the entire control

and management of the household, endeavoring to reconcile all material things to the rigid conditions demanded by the theories of her distinguished husband, the while maintaining some measure of comfort for herself and children. With untiring devotion, she has studied her husband's habits until she is able, by the merest glance at his face, to divine his wishes, to know if he be hopeful or depressed. She counts it her glory that in the very prime of his powers she has given him a quiet happiness, untroubled by storms, with a long series of domestic joys which have been afterward reflected in his works.

Excusing himself to devote his customary hours to writing, the Count left us, but soon returned, saying his thoughts were with us, and "the writing would not go!"

Mascha shortly appeared with a basket containing some delicacies for one of the peasants who was very ill and the Count begged me to go and see him, with the possibility that there might be for him still some ray of hope. We

walked over to the *village*, which consisted of houses on either side of a lane, these being built for the serfs before they were given their freedom, by the owner of the estate.

Unlike anything in this country, is a Russian village. Imagine if you can a collection of houses without a postoffice, drugshop, dry goods store, or even a general store for a common meeting place. When the serfs were freed there was a division of the property, part of it going to the owners and part of it being held in common by the moujiks, who have fifty years in which to pay for it in annual installments. This money, at least in part, is given by the government to the former owner.

There was more thrift and cleanliness evinced in this village than in others that we had visited. Usually the house consists of one room, in which there is a large oven built of brick, stone or clay, some rude benches, a hand-made table, and the simplest kind of household utensils. But ever and always an Icon—a representation of Christ, to which

obeisance is made and all reverence given. Adjoining the house, often contiguous to it, is the stable, where are kept the cows, poultry, etc. Most of the houses are built of logs, with thatched roofs. Here and there is one more pretentious, having a roof of wood or tiling; also two or three houses of brick. The one in which we found the sick man had an extra room about seven feet by five. He lay upon a rude bed with straw upon it, too short for his full length. Tolstoi said a physician had been there the day before, who gave no hope, yet he and the family looked anxiously at me as if I might bring some wonderful elixir that should revive the flickering flame. A glance at his pinched features, parched lips and ashen hue showed at once that he was nearing the great change.

Mascha and I soon left, the Count remaining. In response to my question as to where the people slept, Mascha answered, "They lie on benches, they wrap themselves in skins and stretch upon the floor; the aged and sick are

usually given the place upon the oven where night and day there is warmth for the body."

Strolling among the straw thatched huts, it was a strange sight to American eyes to find women in numbers threshing out grain with flails. I recalled the barn threshing of the pioneers in Western countries, and made an ineffectual attempt to wield the flail; Mascha took it from my hands, deftly separating the grain from the straw and chaff. She told me that she and her cousin had engaged in all of the occupations of a moujik except to follow the plow. "We draw the line at the plow," she said. Not difficult did she consider these labors, but pleasant and exhilarating.

With Mascha as a delightfully sympathetic interpreter, I availed myself of the opportunity to obtain an insight into peasant life, never to be forgotten. Nearly every garment worn is spun, woven and fashioned by the simplest and most primitive of appliances. Fabrics of wool and of flax and outer coats made from the skins of animals comprise the raiment of the

entire peasant class. Cotton kerchiefs of brilliant hue, knotted beneath the chin, are necessarily purchased. But the white aprons, decorated with knitted lace, seem especially dear to every feminine heart, and are donned at the close of the day even if the wearer has been engaged in the heaviest of field work and in closest contact with Mother Earth.

Returning to the house, dinner was served. On a side table was an appetizer called *Zakuska*, in which Russians indulge quite freely before beginning the dinner proper. It consists of pickled mushrooms, cheese, sweetmeats, caviare, etc., much like the *smerges brod* of the Swedes. While the dinner was plain, it was savory and nutritious, consisting of soup, rice baked with vegetables, stewed mushrooms and a dessert of confections, fruit and black coffee.

As is well known, the Count is a vegetarian from conviction, and lays great stress upon the physiological and æsthetic significance of such simple but nutrient foods.

Animal food to him is flesh, *dead* flesh,

from which life has been needlessly taken. His love for all living creatures prevents his taking life to nourish life. Fruits, grains and vegetables supply in abundance the requisite nutriment for the physical body, besides giving better conditions for spiritual growth.

Material surroundings seemed of minor import, however, when we had the exhilaration which came from the trenchant sayings of Lyeff Nikolaevitch. That, by the way, is the manner in which the Count L. N. Tolstoi is generally addressed, both by his own near of kin and by the peasants as well. Indeed, so universal is this custom that a governess who had lived for several months in one of the most prominent families in St. Petersburg said she had never heard the family name spoken.

I was constantly overpowered by his marvelous energy in keeping abreast of every movement for the betterment of humanity. With consummate skill he seemed to glean the wheat from the chaff in the many ultra and visionary schemes which came to him from most remote

parts of the world. It did give me a thrill of pleasure too, when, in speaking of a paper on progressive thought received from Oregon, he said, "I like these Western ideas, they seem to bring with them the freshness and breadth of your magnificent country!"

During dinner a message was brought to the Countess that the women who had been mulching the apple trees were awaiting their pay, it being given them at the close of each day, twenty kopecks—about ten cents.

Mascha suggested that we hear some of their folk songs, to which we readily assented. Picturesque indeed were they, with the gaily colored kerchief knotted about the head, short scarlet skirts and white aprons resembling the opening scene of an opera when the curtain rises on the inevitable chorus. Voices rang out strong and true in the quaint old melodies unchanged from those of generations agone. Hands and feet and bodies swayed in harmonious rhythm, which, while having an odd

charm of its own, gave the impression that these pleasures were to be taken in a somewhat serious way and without the slightest attempt at lightness or hilarity.

CHAPTER VI.

Thou art loved—love; thou hast received—give; thou must die—labor while thou canst; overcome anger by kindness, overcome evil with good.—*Amiel.*

We spent the evening in the dining room, the steaming samovar and the fragrance of the caravan tea giving forth its incense of hospitality. Recurring to the doctrine of non-resistance, the expression of love for humanity which shone in the face of Lyeff Nikolaevitch, bore witness that the flame within was genuine and the fire of origin divine.

"I do not believe," he says, "that violent resistance to evil is ever justifiable under any circumstances. Violence as a means of redressing wrongs is not only futile, but an aggravation of the original evil, since it is in the nature of violence to multiply and reproduce itself in all directions. It is not in that way that the Kingdom of God is to be builded

on earth. The right way to resist evil is to absolutely refuse to do evil, either for oneself or others. This may be done, will be done, by individuals, by communities, by nations, while that which is now known as Government —which for the Christian is only regulated violence—states, nations, property, churches—all of these cease to exist. Indeed, to a true Christian the term property has no significance whatever. Food, raiment and shelter are of course necessaries of mortal life to Christians, as to all human beings, but as soon as I admit my right to property, I necessarily will try to keep it from others and to increase it, and therefore will deviate very far from the true teaching of Christ. All that I use I only use till some one takes it from me; I may not defend my property, so I may hold none."

He says, "I think the world is on fire, and our business is only to keep ourselves burning, and if we may communicate with other burning points, the end to be attained is not far distant."

Tolstoi's conversation constantly reverted to the Christ's teaching of non-resistance. He was greatly interested in the work of the Rev. Adin Ballou, who so early as the year 1830 labored earnestly in the cause of Christian non-resistance, and regards him as one of the first true apostles of the New Time.

Continuing, he says: "If you claim and exercise the right to resist by an act of violence what you regard as evil, every other man will insist upon his right to resist in the same way what he regards as evil, and the world will continue to be filled with violence. Is it not your duty to show that there is a better way?"

"An adversary will not continue to strike a man who neither resists nor tries to defend himself. It is by those who have suffered, not by those who have inflicted suffering that the world has been advanced."

"The whole history of the world is but a history of violence. If you once concede the right to any man to resort to violence to resist what he regards as wrong, he being the judge,

you authorize every other man to enforce his opinions in the same way, and you have a universal reign of violence.

"All men are my brothers, no matter whether they are Russians, or Mexicans, Americans or Chinese!"

Tolstoi, with many others, is coming to know that man, through realization of innate powers, creates his own defense. In this consciousness he is unharmed by deadly poisons or the venom of vipers. It is not only steel and armor to ward off attacks, but by its radiation is a constant protection; it is the white flame of love that consumes hatred, enmity and strife. Man in the full knowledge of his divine nature, is in possession of such a power that none can covet his possessions, none can enter his gate with the thought of theft or murder.

One asked what Tolstoi would do if a daughter should be assaulted with criminal intent. Why the divine radiance from such as Tolstoi would be so great that no thought of evil or violence could enter man's heart in his

presence. His trust in Omnipotence is not only a bulwork for himself, but creates an atmosphere about his home, his kindred and all within his radius; they are defended; theft, murder, rapine, is impossible. His house requires no locks; his possessions no bolts or bars, for his fortress and bulwarks are built of more staple material, a mightier power of defense than any man-made weapons of warfare. Tolstoi would say to Christians: prove your Christianity by your faith in man. Unbar your doors, not only beat your swords into plows and your spears into pruning hooks, but turn the locksmith's genius into the production of tokens of love and fidelity.

Does love rule in one's own small world? Then it becomes a central sun whose light and effulgence are free to all. Servants are trusted to pantry stores, dainty dishes are not hidden from children, while jewels and money are within easy reach of friends and neighbors. In the office, the cash drawer is guarded by no elaborate mechanism, the combination is never

turned on the safe, which is used only as a precaution against fire.

Can one doubt that service is given with an added zest and dignity in such love laden environment and that it soon becomes a matter of course that the key grows rusty in the lock and the office of policeman a sinecure.

Confidence breeds confidence; the Christ in you sees a Christ in every human heart, and as the sun's radiation develops the lotus flower from mire and filth, so shall the trust of man in man breathe into life the lotus blossom in every breast. Love, love born of faith in man is to redeem the souls of men. Love, it is decreed, is the consuming fire, destroying forever distrust, envy, jealousy, hatred, strife and malice.

"If one acknowledge but for a single hour that anything can be more important than love for one's fellowmen, even in some one exceptional case any crime cannot be committed without a feeling of guilt."

Love is the life and perpetuity of righteous-

ness, and as it destroys all distrust and hatred in one's own heart, it sets all forces at work to make conditions—that it may bud and blossom in every other heart.

In Tolstoi's late work, *Resurrection*, he says: "The whole trouble consists in this—that men think there are situations where it is possible to deal with human beings on another basis than love, whereas there are no such situations. With things it is possible to deal without love; it is possible to fell trees, fashion iron, make bricks, without love; but men it is impossible to treat without love, because mutual love among men is the fundamental law of human life. It is true that a man can not force himself to love as he can force himself to work; but it does not follow that he can dispense with love in dealing with men, especially when he demands something from them. You do not feel any love for men—well, sit quietly, occupy yourself with your own person, with things, with whatever you please, but not with men."

CHAPTER VII.

Do you see, O my brothers and sisters?
It is not chaos or death—it is form, union, plan—it is eternal life—it is happiness!

—Walt Whitman.

Breakfast the next morning served about nine o'clock, consisted merely of a roll with tea or coffee, after which a walk was decided upon to the postoffice, about a mile and a half distant. The party consisted of Mascha, two of the little boys and myself. Boys in Russia, up to the age of ten or twelve, wear aprons of red or blue cotton print, confined by a belt from which our modish garment known as a Russian blouse is evidently patterned. Their caps are of wool and in shape much like a fez with a button on top.

Hectograph copies of parts of "My Religion" were at the postoffice; these being by some strange interpretation of the law permitted

transmission through the mail when printed copies are by the censor forbid.

This copying is a loving service performed first by his wife and later by his daughter Tatiana, now his private secretary. She was absent at the time of our visit so we were denied the pleasure of meeting her. Returning, we met the Count, whose face expressed the greatest sadness. "Well," he said, "Last night the sick man passed through the experience that all must have in time. He to-day is wiser than we, for he knows to a certainty what comes after death!"

Tolstoi seemed unwilling to believe there is any continued existence of the soul as an entity. Life or spirit to him is eternal, but individual consciousness not. Often and often he shook his head as not agreeing with Madame Beamish, who expressed herself strongly not only as to a continuance of life, but as to there being positive proof of it through communications between the two worlds. This he seemed to think was entirely incompatible with the

law of life, for if souls had a continued existence they could possibly have no excuse for an interchange of thought with the world they had left.

Seemingly inconsistent is this view with that expressed quite recently, and the very frankness with which he analyzes the evolution of his own soul growth, absolutely indifferent to all criticism, is but added proof of his inborn sincerity and childlike purity of heart. What he believes to-day is hence no index to what he may believe ten years from to-day—or even a much shorter time.

Some years later, he declares that life is more powerful removed from the fleshy envelope than enclosed in it. Speaking of the death of his brother, he says: "I can say that he has quitted that lower relation to the world in which he stood as an animal, and in which I still find myself—and that is all; I do not see the new center of relation to the world in which he now stands, but I may not deny his life, because I am conscious of his power upon

me." Could there be a stronger, more positive statement as to his firm belief in a continued existence and his realization that what we call death is but a birth into a new life? At another time he said to a circle of friends, "As our shadowy dreams are to our present life, so is this shadowy life to our future existence!"

Speaking of death as a transition of the center of life, Tolstoi says: "Invisible life upon which we enter after the death of the body, is the only life for time as well as for eternity." He counsels us to forget time and live always in eternity. Out of this ideal has grown his literal acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount as his daily rule of conduct.

After luncheon, Lyeff Nikolaevitch, having an engagement to attend what was called a Court, to be held seven miles away, invited me to take the trip with him. The two girls and I rode in a telega, this being a light conveyance similar to an American buckboard, with seats running lengthwise so that people sit back to back. Mounting his horse, the

Count accompanied us. Over the dress of a moujik, he wore an overcoat, and this but accentuated his military bearing, showing him to be a gallant soldier and courtly gentleman, a natural heritage from generations of high breeding.

Shortly after we had started, he exchanged with one of the girls, so many questions had he to ask of social conditions in this country. More especially was he curious to know if any religious sect was declaring itself radically for peace. He knew of course, of the position held by the Quakers on that point and expressed surprise that they were not numerically greater. Religionists and moralists have ever been professing to hold sacred Christ's second command in the Golden Rule. "Are they not rigid in statement of doctrine, yet behold how lax and inconsistent in practice." He asked especially of Unitarians, Universalists, Christian Scientists, Swedenborgians and other new sects, and was astonished and regretful to

learn that the doctrine of non-resistance was so far held to be of minor import.

Arriving at the Hall of Justice, which consisted of a rude building of logs at the top of a hill, we found about fifty delegates from the surrounding villages, sitting about on the bank, awaiting the coming of Lyeff Nikolaevitch. Their warm greeting was deeply significant of the place he held in their hearts as it combined the loving cordiality of a brother with the added deference naturally given a superior.

We women were seated at the right of the judge, a man of generous proportions, and having a most kindly face; while a low railing separated us from the men.

Some years ago, three thousand rubles—about fifteen hundred dollars—were given to Lyeff Nikolaevitch to be used for the peasants in any way that he deemed best. The greater part of this had been loaned in small sums and the question now arose if these loans might be retained or their return demanded

for schools, libraries or some other public interest. Impressive to a degree was the grandly simple manner in which the Count made his statement as to disposition of the various amounts and the sum still remaining. A rugged simplicity and straightforwardness in detail, while detracting in no wise from his kingly dignity, made apparent the real feeling of kinship with the peasants, whom he was addressing.

When he ceased speaking, a tall man with bushy hair and red whiskers sprang to his feet and explained that the men were unable to refund the money; while still speaking, another man arose and gave his views, and another and another until at least twenty were all speaking at once.

Suddenly they turned and rushed out of the house. I was greatly amused when Mascha explained that they had gone out to decide the matter; the Count also said they had gone out to come to some conclusion. I wondered how was it possible to know what each thought

when all were speaking at once! Soon they came trooping back; one of the delegates began to speak; then another and another, until the same distracting combination of voices was reproduced.

Lyeff Nikolaevitch arose and at the sound of his voice, heads were uncovered, order was restored and the judge announced his decision to be that those who had borrowed money were to keep the same, although what remained in the Count's hands should be devoted to public use in some way. Really and truly no one knew anything more about how the money should be used after the trial than before!

The Count took this occasion to follow with a temperance lecture, telling them if they did not spend their money for vodka, they would have plenty to be comfortable and pay their taxes; that life was of too much account to dull the sensibilities in the use of liquor and tobacco. They took his lecture kindly and looked as if a new resolve had entered their souls.

Lyeff Nikolaevitch is insistent upon the gospel of work as exemplified in his daily life, and so filled is he with this idea that it impresses each and all who come within his most remote circle. Always and always he inspires even the simplest with new ideas and a determination to make life sweeter and better. One wonders naturally if the printed page which bears his name is so marked by his individuality that the logical result follows from the world of action into the world of thought. Sure it is that we do not read the great writer simply to get his views. We read him because he makes us think—and makes us think hard!

Sergyeenko relates how the Count was discussing with a peasant the question of discipline for children; when the latter said: "So according to your wise head a man must not teach his children?"

"He must teach, but not *beat* them," said Lyeff Nikolaevitch.

"And do you know what Count Aratchkeef

said?" inquired the peasant, in a malicious voice.

"What?"

"Kill nine men, but teach the tenth—"

But before the peasant could finish his sentence, Lyeff Nikolaevitch sprang at him with flaming eyes and shouted:—

"Don't you dare to talk like that. God is not in you. You must know the man who said that was a wild beast!"

Saying this, there was something in his face and voice before which the rage of the harsh peasant was instantly extinguished.

Lyeff Nikolaevitch seems sometimes with the piercing keenness of his glance, to bore through a man and to reach the very depths of his soul, often rendering a lie impossible to the people with whom he is talking.

One remarkable instance of this power was shown in a tragic event which occurred at Yasnaia Poliana in 1896: A moujik found a dead baby in the pond. The whole Tolstoi family was greatly horrified at this occur-

rence. One of the daughters, in particular, was overwhelmed, because she was morally certain that the dead baby belonged to a cross-eyed widow, who had concealed her pregnancy. But the widow obstinately spurned the accusation brought against her, and swore that she was innocent.

Suspicions against other people began to circulate.

Before dinner Lyeff Nikolaevitch betook himself to the wood, in order to have a little stroll, but soon returned with a weary and agitated mien. He had been in the village to the cross-eyed widow's. He did not argue with her at all, but merely listened attentively to what she had to say, and then remarked:—

"If this murder is not the work of your hands, then it will cause you no suffering. But if you committed it, you must feel very sad now; so sad that nothing else in this life can ever seem painful to you!"

"Oh, what a weight I have upon my heart now, as though someone were crushing it

with a stone," cried the widow, breaking into sobs, and she frankly confessed to Lyeff Nikolaevitch that she had strangled her baby, and thrown it into the water. That is why he was so melancholy!

It is almost impossible to estimate the influence for good which Lyeff Nikolaevitch exerts over the peasants with whom he comes in daily contact.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Seeking, seeking, seeking for a God."
—*Towards Democracy.*

What may be called his spiritual birth is magnificently discussed by Tolstoi himself, who was constantly introspective and observed the effect of divine currents of thought upon bodily and mental conditions. He discovered that negation is death, while affirmation is life. His description of the moment when the great truth of the reality of life dawned upon him is significant for every reader. It is given in *My Confession.*

"I remember one day in the early springtime, I was listening to the sounds in a wood, and thinking only of one thing, the same of which I had constantly thought for two years —I was seeking for a God.

I said to myself; it is well there is no God,

there is none that has a reality apart from my own imaginings, none as real as my own life, —there is none such—nothing, no miracles can prove this, for miracles only exist in my own unreasonable imagination. And then I asked myself: But my conception of the God whom I seek, whence comes it? Yet life flashed joyously through my veins. All around me seemed to revive, to have a new meaning. My joy though, did not last long, for reason continued its work. The conception of God is not God. Conception is what goes on within myself; the conception of God is an idea, which I am able to rouse in my mind or not as I choose; that is not what I seek, something without which life could not be. Then again all seemed to die around me, within me, and again I wished to kill myself.

After this I began to retrace the process which had gone on within myself, the hundred times repeated discouragement had revived. I remembered that I had lived only when I believed in a God, as it was before, so it was

now; I had only to know God and I lived; I had only to forget Him, not to believe in Him, and I died. What was this discouragement and revival? I do not live, when I lose faith in the existence of a God. I should long ago have killed myself, if I had not had a dim hope of finding Him. I only really live when I feel and seek Him. What more then do I seek? A voice seemed to say within me, This is He, He without whom there is no life. To know God and to live are one. God is life.

Live to seek God and life will not be without Him. And stronger than ever rose up life within and around me, and the life that then shone never left me again."

It was through this mingled train of thought that Tolstoi reached the conclusions as to the meanings of life with which the present generation has become more or less familiar. "Life is faith and activity," he says, therefore he decided to abandon what he considered the parasitic life of his past and live, not on the labor of others, but through his own labor, for

the good of others. "We find life," he says, "not in the animal existence which will come to an end some day, but in the veritable entity which lives within us, which thinks, suffers and enjoys, not the sensational existence, but that of thought, of mental exertion, of love aside from passion, of feeling aside from emotion and prejudice."

"We are born into the immediate consciousness and enjoyment of animal existence, and we call this life, but it is only the faintest shadow of the real existence which is independent of such trivialities, only valuable from the 'ministry of pain' it involves, resulting in the birth of the spirit."

"Animal existence," he says, in Life, "is the spade given to a rational being in order that he may dig with it and as he digs with it, dull, sharpen it and wear it out; but not to be polished and laid away. This talent is given him to increase and not to hoard. 'And whoso saveth his life shall lose it. And he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'

It is declared that our true life shall begin only when we cease to count as life that which was not and could not be our life, our animal existence."

By losing the care for our animal existence, we lose the fear of death, because the moment we begin to seek happiness through adding something to the existence of others rather than to our own, we lose fear of the cessation of this. We live in the joy of others, and in the realization of such things, and we relinquish the habit of associating life with the increase and decrease of the health of the body, with which it has nothing whatever to do in the opinion of the Russian thinker.

Alluding to this, he speaks in quite a different strain from that which is voiced in the much quoted passages from "What's Belief:" "For a man who understands life as lying in that in which it really does lie"—that is, the eternal current of progress—"to speak of the decrease of his life in sickness and old age, and to grieve over this, is the same as though a man on ap-

proaching the light were to bewail the decrease in his darkness, in proportion to the nearness of his approach to the light. And to believe in the destruction of one's life because the body is destroyed, is the same as believing that the destruction of the shadow of an object, after that object has stepped into the full light, is a sure sign of the destruction of the body itself. Such conclusions could be drawn only by a man who has gazed so long at the shadow alone, that he has finally imagined that it is the object itself."

Tolstoi's ripened views of life are illustrated in his beautiful little tales and tracts which embody and portray spiritual truth. Among these the most noteworthy are *Master and Man*, *What Men Live By*, and *Where Love is, There God is also.*

Mr. Stadling, whose book "In the Land of Tolstoi," gives many interesting incidents, visited Russia to distribute a fund collected for the relief of the famine sufferers. As he made the tour of the miserable striken villages with

the daughter Mascha, they entered hut after hut, in which the people were either dying or dead of black small-pox.

"Are you not afraid?" asked Stadling.

"Afraid?" replied Mascha, "It is immoral to be afraid!"

Commenting upon the hopeless wretchedness they had witnessed, the young lady exclaimed, "Is it not shameful for us to allow ourselves so much luxury, while our brothers and sisters are perishing from want and nameless misery?"

"But you have sacrificed all the comforts and luxuries of your rank and position and stepped down to the poor to help them," said Stadling.

"Yes," she replied, "but look at our warm clothes and other comforts, which are unknown to our suffering brothers and sisters."

"What good would it do them if we should dress in rags and live on the edge of starvation?" was the question. "What right have we," she retorted, "to live better than they?"

In the evening as they were talking, Tolstoi seemed in utter despair at the results of the work. True, the immediate famine sufferers were relieved, but in reality their anguish was but prolonged and the problem of permanent help for his beloved people weighed heavy upon his great and generous heart.

CHAPTER IX.

It is too clear a brightness for man's eye;
Too high a wisdom for his wits to find;
Too deep a secret for his sense to try;
And all too heavenly for his earthly mind.

Hosts of people know of Tolstoi only through his Kreutzer Sonata, which startled as with an earthquake shock the English reading public. One has said that a person gets only from an artistic production what he puts into it; if that be true, of the reviewers of this work, ninety-nine one hundredths of them reflected sensuality and lust. They forget that in Russia there are no forbidden topics for conversation or literature. They forgot, too, that Tolstoi in his realistic pictures wades deep in degradation to pluck the lotus of virtue and spirituality.

Count Tolstoi had come to believe that offspring should come only by the desire of the

wife; that marriage should in no ways be a license; that man's obligation to respect a woman's slightest wish does not cease when he puts the wedding ring on her finger. With this thought he began a novel, as his daughter expressed it, in behalf of the rights of woman; to free her from man's dominion in the marriage relation, that she might have complete control of the crowning function of her life, maternity.

It is not at all strange in a later stage of Tolstoi's spiritual development, he should conclude that in the perfected life there should be no marriage at all. Long before, Jesus had said that in the Kingdom of Heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, but again he declared the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. Naturally accepting Jesus as his teacher, Tolstoi's prophetic vision discloses a life of the spirit, admitting no marriage, a life free from any desire of marriage or offspring.

Kreutzer Sonata is written in the language of the world, and to most does not reveal the

meaning of the author. Tolstoi gives his own interpretation:

"Christ did not marry; nor did he establish marriage, neither did his disciples marry, and ordinary wedlock is a deviation from the doctrine of Christ, and is a sin!

Now there is not and cannot be such an institution as Christian marriage, just as there can not be such a thing as Christian liturgy.

Only over a very insignificant fraction of the unions which they contract, do the men and women of our society have a ceremony performed by the clergy to which they give the name of sacramental marriage; they then live on, in unbridled profligacy, in polygamy and polyandry, acknowledging no restrictions in their relations, and giving themselves up to vice in the belief that they are practicing the monogamy they profess.

Churches have endeavored to create external conditions which would render carnal love sinless and lawful, but have yet ignored the

ideal given by Christ. Somewhat curious is the fact that the principle of family life and its basis—conjugal fidelity—are found to be more firmly rooted among people who possess clear and minute external religious prescriptions on the subject—among Mohammedans and Jews, for instance, than among so-called Christians; the two former have a code of clear detailed external precepts respecting marriage, whereas the latter have nothing of the kind."

He tells of a community of peasants not far from his home who had of their own motives formed themselves into an association, the principle of which might be described as married celibacy.

While he does not regard perfect chastity as perhaps attainable under existing circumstances, he considers as most reprehensible, conditions which not only prevent any approach to that end, but create an environment in the which only grossest sensuality may thrive.

"Fashionable dress of to-day, the course of reading, plays, music, dances, luscious food,

all the elements of our modern life, in a word, from the pictures on the little boxes of sweetmeats up to the novel, the tale, and the poem, contribute to fan this sensuality into a strong consuming flame, with the result that sexual vices and diseases have come to be the normal conditions of the period of tender youth and often continue into the riper age of full-blown manhood."

"What," he continues, "had formerly appeared to me best,—a refined, æsthetic life, poetic, passionate loves sung by all poets and artists, I now know as evil and distasteful romances; most poems, music, theaters, balls, which in former days seemed to me harmless but highly refined pleasures, all of these which form part of a voluptuous, lazy existence, are stumbling blocks in the way of leading the ideal life of purity."

"Abstinence from alcoholic drinks, from excess in eating, from flesh meats on the one hand, and recourse to physical labor on the other (I am not speaking of gymnastics or of

any of those occupations which may be fitly described as playing at work; I mean the genuine toil that fatigues), these make possible the ideal condition of perfect chastity both in marriage and without.

Romantic love is like opium or hashish, the sensation is overpowering and delightful, but it passes! It is not in human nature not to wish to renew the experience, for this novelty is indispensable and the result is that the wife betrays her husband and the husband the wife, this being the tragic consequence of the substitution of romantic for Christian love."

CHAPTER X.

Art is not a handicraft, it is the transmission of feeling the artist has experienced.—"*What is Art.*"

"What is Art," without doubt, is Tolstoi's greatest production. The very fact that for years he was collecting and collating material, searching, working everywhere for the best thoughts upon art, is proof that in his own mind the subject had tremendous importance.

To Tolstoi the philosophy of art is the philosophy of life—as one says of the work: "Religion has been discovered—this is the greatest deed of your life." Art is not merely to paint pictures, to sing songs, and write books, but rather includes every possible human relation. The greatest painting, the living sculpture, the finest fabric, the triumphs of architecture will be for the people, all the people.

Tolstoi says: "The fruits of that highest spiritual strength which passes through him he will try to share with the greatest possible number of people, for in such transmission to others of the feelings that have arisen in him he will find his happiness and his reward.

"The artist of the future will live the common life of man, earning his subsistence by some kind of labor." He will not only produce what he consumes, but in this way he will come in close touch with the different phases of human life, experiencing the sympathies and emotions of the people.*

Carpenter, in "Towards Democracy," also says: "All tools shall serve all trades, professions, ranks and occupations.

In the field with the plough and chain-harrow; by the side of your horse in the stall.

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* Ruskin and Morris both have given the world living examples of the practical application of Tolstoi's ideals, while some people recognize Richard Wagner as one of the most foremost in expressing art for the people. Seldom has a man lived who so truly portrayed the spiritual significance of life.—A. B. S.

The spade shall serve. It shall unearth a treasure beyond price.

The stone hammer and the shovel, the maul-stick, the high stool and desk, the whipping-lines and swingle-tree.

* * * * * * *

The writer shall write, the compositor shall set up, the student by his midnight lamp shall read a word never seen before."

"Art is no longer the cathedral of victory with statues of emperors, but the representation of a human soul so transformed by love that a man who is tormented and murdered, yet pities and loves his persecutors. Judged by this rule, I came to the conviction that almost all that our society considers to be art, good art, and the whole of art, is not even art at all, but only a counterfeit of it.

God expresses himself in nature and in art in the form of beauty; in the object and in the subject, in nature and in spirit. In order to correctly define art, it is necessary first of all to consider it as a means of pleasure and to

consider it as one of the activities of human life.

Viewing it in this way, we cannot fail to observe that art is one of the means of intercourse between man and man. Every work of art causes the receiver to enter into a certain kind of relationship, both with him who produced or is producing the art, and with all those who simultaneously, previously, or subsequently, receive the same artistic impression.

Art is not a pleasure, a solace or an amusement, art is a great matter, art is an organ of human life transmitting man's religious perception into feeling. Enormous indeed, is this task of art. Through the influence of real art, aided by science, guided by religion, that peaceful co-operation of man which is now obtained by external means,—law courts, police, charitable institutions, factory inspection, should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity; *Art should cause violence to be set aside!*

Mind began in the infinite—that is, it began

in God. It finds expression in all the highest thoughts and classic utterances of human genius."

"Art should be a vehicle wherewith to transmit religious, Christian perception from the realm of reason and intellect into that of feeling, and really drawing people in actual life nearer to that perfection and unity indicated to them by their religious feeling."

Art, to Tolstoi, is more than producing a beautiful picture, a fine poem, a thrilling song; it represents all this, but far more. The soul activity of the artist speaks through his work to the soul of the beholder, and the emotions thus aroused create a connecting link to the One Life, the Infinite in man. Art is only art when it possesses the redeeming power of making man know he is something more than a clod of clay; that the spirit of divinity is inherent; that his life forces are impelled by the great central force. Art stirs the soul from the depths and carries it to the heights of realization. Highest and best is the art of life

which perceives the spiritual through the material, the divine through the human. None less great than Tolstoi would attribute the exalted function to the emotions that not only connects man to man in great works of art, but causes an evolution of the soul itself, so that all that is human, all that seems petty and useless becomes a means of transfiguration. Emotions, human though they be, discover to man his own divinity!

Among the most vivid memories of my memorable visit, is that of a marvelous picture of the Christ in the National Gallery, at Moscow. Gee, the artist, spent long years in the Holy Land, and his accurate delineation of Hebraic types in the various canvasses, which are introductory and accessory to the great central masterpiece, are in themselves worthy of study. These do but open the way for that grandly simple presence, that wonderful personification of the God man Jesus, the Christ. To be seen of all men, yet alone, illuminating all men, yet still alone, uplifting all men, yet

ever and alway alone! With arms extended in an attitude of love, embracing the whole round world, he stands transfigured and glorified to the eyes of the awaiting people. One drinks in deep draughts of an overwhelming richness and wealth of radiant color, and of deepest, dusky shadows. Men and women—a great throng of them—in garments of many and varied brilliant hues, are in the foreground, apparently discussing with serious manner, matters of grave import.

Bathed in the full glow of radiant sunlight, stands the majestic figure of the Christ; descending from the mountain top to the awaiting people; that grandly simple figure seems to bear with it a flood of light divine, the transcendant glory of men and angels!

Beholding this picture, the memory is ineffacable; it is an unmistakable revelation of the inner Christ; one ever after has a knowledge of the most irradiating presence, that is an eternal effulgence, an illumination for all time. That Gee gave twenty-five years

of his life to this greatest, great work of art, and still left it unfinished, may be interesting to the reader, but far more vital is the fact that one who beholds this Christ, carries away with him not only a memory of the picture, but in his own heart discovers the redemption of Christ; in his own heart experiences the divine conception that gives birth to a knowledge of the Infinite in man; thus it represents what Tolstoi defines as true art.

CHAPTER XI.

Why should I pray? Why should I venerate and be ceremonious?
I exist as I am, that is enough!
If no other in the world be aware I sit content.
If each and all be aware I sit content!

Tolstoi is honest, earnest, enthusiastic and indefatigable in his search for truth. That there are inconsistencies in his theories is true; these do but mark the epochs of his life. One will always find Tolstoi outdistancing Tolstoi. His very honesty and frankness lead him to proclaim truth as he sees it.

Thus one need not be surprised to know that what he proclaimed years ago as the truth is often quite opposed to that which is his belief to-day. Besides translators and reviewers misquote him and his ideas, after coming through French and English, are so trans-

formed, that he, himself, does not recognize them as children of his brain.

Tolstoi would be great in any country. Even in free America would he stand head and shoulders above other giants in proclaiming truth from his view point. In Russia, however, he is the one Vesuvius, the one mountain peak, rising in boldness and loneliness above a drear and barren plain. Only those acquainted with the limitations, the prison walls, of the forms and functions of the Greek Church can have a glimpse of the stoutness of heart demanded to protest in word and action against its caste and creed. A dissenter is a pariah, an outcast; he is prohibited the rites of birth, marriage and death. How may he be born, how may he be married, how may he even die, without the administration of the sacrament and the unction of the church?

Acting as my guide, was a hospital nurse who made inquiry as to the baptism of infants in America. I explained that there were different sects, some believed in and adminis-

tered infant baptism; others deferred it until the child arrived at a discriminating age; while still others, like the Quakers, believed only in the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but not in the outward form, and so did not baptize their children at all. Quickly the color mounted to her face and in voice of protest and astonishment she cried, "Well, how then can they be born?"

So in marriage, no ceremony is legal that is not solemnized by Church authorities.

Pati Nikon, who gave to the Russian people the first printed Bible, encountered the wildest opposition. Previous to this all copies had been in manuscript, each marked with the bias of the writer.

Through him translations were made from the original Greek, thus securing uniformity in spelling and in subject matter as well. One of the changes was the adoption of the present day spelling of Jesus and the making of the sign of the cross with three fingers instead of two as had been the custom.

Thousands and thousands of people protested against these sacrilegious changes; even the emperor, as head of the church, had no right to invade this domain of church heritage.

Exemplification of this is shown in a wonderful painting hanging to-day in the gallery of Tritiakov at Moscow; Sofia the eldest sister of Peter the Great, is being carried in a sleigh to her execution, because of her refusal to accept this change in form, which to her was utter sacrilege.

She is dressed in black and stands with dark hair streaming over her shoulder, her eyes gleaming with defiance to man and radiantly aflame with the heaven-born rapture of a saint. With manacled wrists uplifted high above her head, her two fingers are daringly, defiantly extended in the form forbidden and her whole being seems aglow with the religious ecstasy of approaching martyrdom. Not for wrong nor for right nor for aught which might in one single iota contribute to the real good of one of God's children great or small; but that the

traditionary symbols of the established church scarcely grasped in their significance by those who counted them most dear, might be upheld! Most dear because of their half understood mystery—for the upholding of these did Sofia and many others go to a death which they glorified as being blessed sacrifice!

Marriage being prohibited to the dissenter, naturally there arise illegitimate relations, giving a nation numerous offspring without lawful parentage. St. Petersburg provides in her asylums for 10,000 foundlings and Moscow 25,000 outcasts, all of these in the name of a single finger!

Excommunication from the Greek church, as recently promulgated but as a natural resultant, as he argues, can for Tolstoi be surely not in the nature of a surprise, but resultant naturally, when he argues in "Resurrection" that the religious forms and ceremonies, thanksgivings and consecrations were alike meaningless to him; that to take part in such was but sheerest hypocrisy and deceit.

In the refusing to attend all such "he was firmly convinced he was right, as no educated man of our time can help being convinced who knows a little history and how the religions and especially church Christianity originated."

As the babe cannot be born without baptism, how can Tolstoi die without the church's sanction?

Lyeff Nikolaevitch, the author, philanthropist throughout orthodox Russia, is declared a disobedient, hostile critic of the church and a heretic!

In case of Count Tolstoi's death, wherever it may occur, no priest of the orthodox church is to administer the holy communion or absolve him, nor is he to be buried according to the orthodox ritual or in consecrated ground, "unless before departing this life he shall repent, acknowledge the orthodox doctrine, believe and return to the church." The clergy have been compelled to affix their signature to the foregoing circular in token of obedience.

Being denied by special ukase the right of burial by the church, behold, he becomes immortal! He cannot die, the church prohibits it! Is this a prophecy, a gleam of the philosophy of immortality in the flesh? Tolstoi will be forced to rejuvenate, to know that spirit is immortal and that through knowledge of the law of spirit operating in the flesh, the body is quickened and transformed into health and strength. Who knows but this transformation may not be the seed of immortality in the flesh?

To many this is true and possibly man is working towards this end and Tolstoi being denied burial, his natural fearlessness may lead the race in proof of this theory!

Fought out through wrath, fears, dark dismays, and many a long suspense,
Man of the mighty days—and equal to the days!
Wherever Freedom, poised by Toleration, sway'd by Law,
Stands or is rising thy true monument!

TOLSTOI PLOWING.

TOLSTOI

THE NEW SPIRIT

BY

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TOLSTOI

THE NEW SPIRIT.

Every artist writes his own autobiography. Even Shakespeare's works contain a life of himself for those who know how to read it. There is little difficulty in reading Tolstoi's; moreover, it is very copious, and possesses the additional advantage of being written from at least two distinct points of view. It is seldom necessary to consult any other authority for the essential facts of his life and growth.

"Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth," the earliest of his large books, and one of the most attractive, tells us all that we need to know of his early life. An English critic has remarked that, if Tolstoi has here described his boyhood,

he must have been a very commonplace child. The early life of men of genius is rarely a record of precocities. The boy here described so minutely, with his abnormal sensitiveness, his shy awkwardness and profound admiration of the *comme il faut*, his perpetual self-analysis, his brooding dreams, his amusing self-conceit, bears in him the germs of a great artist much more certainly than any small monster of perfection. It is scarcely necessary to say that the autobiography here is not one of incident, as some persons have foolishly supposed; it is neither complete nor historically accurate. Tolstoi uses his material as an artist, but the material is himself. The artist craves to express the inward experiences of his past life, of which he can scarcely speak. He invents certain imaginary events, or re-arranges actual events as a frame into which he fits his own inward experiences. Whatever is most poignant and vivid in the novelist's art is so produced; and you say to him, "This is so real; you are narrating your own history." He will

be able to reply laughingly, "Oh, no! my life is not at all like that." Imagination is a poor substitute for experience. There is sufficient external evidence extant, even if it were possible to doubt the internal, that Tolstoi is here throughout drawing on his own youthful experiences. Like Irteneff, young Tolstoi followed Franklin's injunctions as to the use of "Rules of Life;" his favorite books are the same; like him, also, he early developed a love of metaphysics, owing to which, young Irteneff says, "I lost one after the other the convictions which, for the happiness of my own life, I never should have dared to touch." All the slight indications in the "Confessions" of young Tolstoi's spiritual experiences agree with young Irteneff's. Even the plain face, "exactly like that of a common peasant," the small grey eyes and thick lips and wide nose, that caused the boy of the story to look at himself in the glass with such sorrow and aversion, to pray so feverently to God to be made handsome, correspond exactly to those of the real

hero. No sign of the boy's early development is left untouched. We feel that this book, in which the artist is first fully revealed, was the outcome of an overmastering impulse to give expression to the accumulated experiences of an intense and sensitive childhood, now receding forever into the past.

Descended from a well-known minister and friend of Peter the Great, and belonging to a family that has been eminent for two hundred years in war, diplomacy, literature, and art, Lyeff Tolstoi was born in 1828, the youngest of four sons. His mother, the Princess Marie Volkonsky, was the daughter of a general in Catherine's time, and, according to friends of the novelist's family, she resembled the Marie Bolkonsky of "War and Peace." Both parents were, he says, in the general esteem, "good, cultivated, gentle, and devout." He was early left an orphan, his mother dying when he was not yet two years of age, his father when he was nine. At the age of fifteen he went to the University of Kazan; he left it suddenly to

settle on the estate at Yasnaia Poliana, which had fallen to him. In 1851, at the age of twenty-three, he became a yunker (the usual position of a nobleman entering the army, doing the work of a common soldier and associating with the officers) in the artillery at the Caucasus; he was stationed on the Terek. This expedition to the Caucasus was a memorable event in young Tolstoi's life. It determined finally his artistic vocation. A center of military activity on the most interesting frontier of the empire, it is a land of wonderful scenery and strange primitive customs, hallowed with association with Pushkin and Gogol. Tolstoi's elder and most loved brother Nikolai had just come home on leave from the Caucasus; it was natural that young Lyeff, who had never yet left the neighborhood of Moscow, should be attracted to a land which held for him a fascination so manifold. Under the influence of this strange and new environment he became, almost at once, a great

artist, and "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth" was written in 1852.

Tolstoi's critics have sometimes regretted that he never continued this story. The only possible continuation of "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth" is "The Cossacks." The young Irteneff of the end of the former book corresponds as closely as possible with the Olyenin who is analyzed at the beginning of the latter. A few years only have intervened. These years he long after summed up briefly and too sternly in the "Confessions:" "I cannot think of those years without horror, disgust, and pain of heart. There was no vice or crime that in those days I would not have committed. Lying, theft, pleasure of all sorts, intemperance, violence, murder—I have committed all. I lived on my estate, I consumed in drink or at cards what the labor of the peasants had produced. I punished them, and sold them, and deceived them; and for all that I was praised." Tolstoi condemns himself without mercy, as Bunyan condemned himself in his "Grace

Abounding;" even in the "Confessions" he admits that at this time his aspirations after good were the central element in his nature, and it was out of desire to benefit his peasants that he left the university prematurely to settle on his estate.

Tolstoi's spiritual autobiography is carried on as accurately as anyone need desire in "The Cossacks." It was in the Caucasus that he first powerfully realized what nature is, and natural life; he was, for the first time, forced to consider his own relation to such life. Lukashka, the healthy, coarse young Cossack soldier, Maryana, the beautiful robust Cossack girl, and the delightful figure of Uncle Jeroshka, the old hunter, display their vivid and active life before Olyenin, the child of civilization. He lives constantly in the presence of the "eternal and inaccessible mountain snows and a majestic woman endowed with the primitive beauty of the first woman;" he feels the contrast between this and the life of cities: "happiness is to be with Nature, to see her, to

hold converse with her;" and he longs to mingle himself with the life of Maryana. In vain. "Now if I could only become a Cossack like Lukashka, steal horses, get tipsy on red wine, shout ribald songs, shoot men down, and then while drunk creep in through the window where she was, without a thought of what I was doing or why I did it, that would be another thing, then we should understand one another, then I might be happy. . . . She fails to understand me, not because she is beneath me, not at all; it would be out of the nature of things for her to understand me. She is light-hearted; she is like Nature, calm, tranquil, sufficient to herself. But I, an incomplete feeble creature, wish her to understand my ugliness and my anguish." The book is full of strongly-drawn pictures of the beauty of natural strength and health; sometimes recalling Whitman at his best. They are strange, these resemblances between three great typical artists of to-day, so far apart, so little known to each other, Millet, Whitman,

and Tolstoi. In "The Cossacks" Tolstoi gives his first statement of that problem of man's natural function in life which he has been seeking to solve ever since. Here he has no sort of solution to offer; "some voice seemed to bid him wait, not decide hastily."

In 1854 Tolstoi was transferred at his own request to the Crimea, to obtain command of a mountain battery, doing good service at the battle of the Tchernaya. At this period also he wrote his "Sketches of Sebastopool." By this time he had attracted considerable attention as a writer, and by command of the Emperor, who said that "the life of that young man must be looked after," he was, much to his own annoyance, removed to a place of comparative safety.

When peace was made, Tolstoi, then twenty-six years of age, left the army and settled in St. Petersburg, where he was warmly received by the chief literary circle of the capital, then including Tourgueneff, Gregorovitch, and Ostroffsky; the first, who was a

comparatively near neighbor to Yasnaia Poliana, becoming one of his most intimate friends. During the following ten years he wrote little, but traveled in Germany, France, and Italy, and devoted himself to the education of the serfs on his estate, marrying in 1862 the young and beautiful daughter of a German military doctor at Tula. Although he wrote little, he was enlarging his conception of art and studying literature. He admired English novels, both for their art and naturalism, and among French novelists he preferred Dumas and Paul de Kock, whom he called the French Dickens. Schopenhauer was a favorite writer at this period. He found his chief recreations in that love of sport in all its forms which has left such vivid and delightful traces throughout his work. In his portraits he appears with a shaggy bearded face, with large prominent irregular features, and rather a stern fixed and reserved expression; the deep eyes are watchful, yet sympathetic, and at the same time melancholy, and the thick lips are sensitive

His acquaintances described him as not easy to approach, very shy and rather wild (*tres-farouche et tres-sauvage*), but those who approached him, found him "extremely amiable." In his later "Confessions" he thus summarizes his view of things, and that of the group to which he belonged, during this literary period of his life, more especially with reference to the earlier part of it. "The view of life of my literary comrades lay in the opinion that in general life developed itself; that in this development we, the men of intellect, took the chief part, and among the men of intellect we, artists and poets, stood first. Our vocation was to instruct people. The very natural question, 'What do I know and what can I teach,' was unnecessary, for, according to the theory, one needed to know nothing. The artist, the poet, taught unconsciously. I held myself for a wonderful artist and poet, and very naturally appropriated this theory. I was paid for it, I had excellent food, a good habitation, women, society; I was famous.

. . . When I look back to that time, to my state of mind then, and to that of the people I lived with (there are thousands of them, even now), it seems to me melancholy, horrible, ludicrous; I feel as one feels in a lunatic asylum. We were all then convinced that we must talk, talk, write and print as quickly as possible and as much as possible; because it was necessary for the good of humanity." This is by no means a satisfactory or final account of the matter.

"War and Peace," Tolstoi's longest and most ambitious work, which began to appear in 1865, is from the present point of view of comparatively slight interest. His art had now become more complex, and this was a serious attempt to give life to various aspects of a great historical period. Much of himself, certainly, we find scattered through the work, especially in Pierre Besoukhoff, though it is unnecessary to say that a very large part of Pierre's experiences had no counterpart in Tolstoi's; the not very life-like or interesting

Masonic episode, for instance, has clearly been read up. Pierre, however, appears before us, from first to last, as Tolstoi appears before us, a seeker.

"Anna Karenina" is full of biographic material of intense interest. In Vronsky, doubtless much of his earlier experience, and in Levine, his own inner history at that time, are written clearly enough. From this standpoint the book has the vivid interest of a tragedy; we see the man whose efforts to solve the mystery of life we can trace through all that he ever wrote, still groping, but now more restlessly and eagerly, with growing desperation. The nets are drawn tight around him, and when we close the book we see clearly the inevitable fate of which he is still unconscious.

I once lived on the road to the cemetery of a large northern town. All day long, it seemed to me, the hearses were trundling along their dead to the grave, or galloping gaily back. When I walked out I met men carrying coffins, and if I glanced at them, perhaps I caught the

name of the child I saw two days ago in his mother's lap; or I was greeted by the burly widower of yesterday, pipe in mouth, sauntering along to arrange the burial of the wife who lay, I knew, upstairs at home, thin and haggard and dead. The road became fantastic and horrible at last; even such a straight road to the cemetery, it seemed, was the whole of life, a road full of the noise of the preparation of death. How daintily soever we danced along, each person, laughing so merrily or in such downright earnest, was merely a corpse, screwed down in an invisible coffin, trundled along as rapidly as might be to the grave-edge.—It was at such a point of view that Tolstoi arrived in his fiftieth year.

"When I had ended my book 'Anna Karenina,'" he wrote in his "Confessions," "my despair reached such a height that I could do nothing but think, think, of the horrible condition in which I found myself. . . . Questions never ceased multiplying and pressing for answers, and like lines converging all to one

point, so these unanswerable questions pressed to one black spot. And with horror and a consciousness of my weakness, I remained standing before this spot. I was nearly fifty years old when these unanswerable questions brought me into this terrible and quite unexpected position. I had come to this, that I—a healthy and happy man—felt that I could no longer live. . . . Bodily, I was able to work at mowing hay as well as a peasant. Mentally, I could work for eighteen hours at a time without feeling any ill consequence. And yet I had come to this, that I could no longer live. . . . I only saw one thing—Death. Everything else was a lie."

The greater part of the "Confessions" is occupied with the analysis of this mental condition, and with the earlier stages of his deliverance, for when he wrote the book he was scarcely yet quite free. The direction in which light was to break in upon him is very clear even to the reader of "Anna Karenina." It seemed to him at length that the awful ques-

tions which had oppressed him so long had been solved for thousands of years by millions upon millions of persons who had never reasoned about them at all. "From the time when men first began to live anywhere," he says in the "Confessions," "they already knew the meaning of life, and they carried on this life so that it reached me. Everything in me and around me, corporeal and incorporeal, is the fruit of their experiences of life; even the means by which I judge and condemn life, all this is not mine, but brought forth by them. I myself have been born, bred, grown up, thanks to them. They have dug out the iron, have tamed cattle and horses, have taught how to till the ground, and how to live together and to order life; they have taught me to think and to reason. And I, their production, receiving my meat and drink from them, instructed by their thoughts and words, have proved to them they are an absurdity! . . . It is clear that I have only called absurd what I do not understand."

When he had made this great discovery the rest followed, slowly, but simply and naturally. First, he understood the meaning of God. He had all his life been seeking God. Now, one day in early spring, he was in the wood, trying to catch among the tones of the forest the cry of the snipe, listening and waiting, and thinking of the things he had been thinking of for the last three years, especially of this question of God. There was no God—that he knew was an intellectual truth. But is the knowledge of God an intellectual matter? And it seemed to him that he realized that God is life, and that to live is to know God. "And from that moment the consciousness of God, as known by living, has remained with me."

Following up this clue, he proceeded to attend church regularly, and to fulfil all the orthodox ceremonies. This, however, was a failure. He could not get rid of the consciousness that these things were—"bosh." He turned from the church to the Gospels. At this point the "Confessions" end. In the year

1879, in which he wrote that book, he heard of, and met, Soutaieff.

One evening a beggar woman had knocked at Soutaieff's door, asking shelter for the night. She was given food and a place of rest. Next morning all the family went to work in the field. The woman took the opportunity of collecting all the valuables she could lay her hands on, and fled. Some peasants at work saw her, stopped her, examined her bundle, and having bound her hands, led her before the local authorities. Soutaieff heard of this, and soon arrived. "Why have you arrested her?" he asked. "She is a thief; she must be punished," they cried. "Judge not, and you will not be judged," he said solemnly; "we are all guilty at some point. What is the good of condemning her? She will be put in prison, and what advantage will that be? It would be much better to give her something to eat, and to let her go in the grace of God." Such curiously Christ-like stories as this of the peasant-teacher reached

Tolstoi, and made a deep impression on him. They were in the line of his mental development, and threw light on his own experiences. The influence of Soutaieff appears in "What then must we do?"—a further chapter in the history of Tolstoi's development, and perhaps the most memorable of his attempts at the solution of social questions.

What then must we do? It was the question the people asked of John the Baptist, and we know his brief and practical answer. It was the question that pressed itself for solution on Tolstoi when he began to investigate the misery of Moscow, and to start philanthropic plans for its amelioration. He tells us in this narrative, which has a dramatic vividness of its own that will not bear abbreviation, how he was gradually forced, by his own well-meaning attempts and mistakes, to abandon his philanthropic projects, and to realize that he himself and all other respectable and well-to-do people were the direct causes of the misery of poverty.

He investigated the worst parts of the city, finding more comfort and happiness amidst rags than he had expected, and only discovering one hopelessly useless class—the class of those who had seen better days, who had been brought up in the notions that he himself had been brought up in as to the relative position of those who are workers and those who are not workers.

He met with a prostitute who stayed at home nursing the child of a dying woman. He asked her if she would not like to change her life—to become, he suggested at random, a cook. She laughed: "A cook? I cannot even bake bread;" but he detected in her face an expression of contempt for the occupation of a cook. "This woman, who, like the widow of the Gospel, had in the simplest way sacrificed all that she possessed for a dying person, thought, like her companions, that work was low and contemptible. Therein was her misfortune. But who of us, man or woman, can save her from this false view of life? Where among us

are the people who are convinced that a life of labor is more honorable than one of idleness, who live according to such a conviction, and value and respect men accordingly?" He came across another prostitute who had brought up her daughter of thirteen to the same trade. He determined to save the child, to put her in the hands of some compassionate ladies, but it was impossible to persuade the woman that she had not done the best for the daughter whom she had cared for all her life and brought up to the same occupation as herself; and he realized that it was the mother herself who had to be saved from a false view of life, according to which it was right to live without bearing children and without working, in the service of sensuality. "When I had considered this, I understood that the majority of ladies whom I would have called on to save this girl, not only themselves live without bearing children and without working, but also bring up their daughters to live such a life; the one mother sends her daughter to the

public-house, the other to the ball. But both mothers possess the same view of life, namely, that a woman must be fed, clothed, and taken care of, to satisfy the wantonness of a man. How, then, could our ladies improve this woman and her daughter?" He was anxious to befriend a bright boy of twelve, and took him into his own house among the servants, pending some better arrangement to give him work. At the end of a week this ungrateful little boy ran away, and was subsequently found at the circus, acting as conductor to an elephant, for thirty kopecks a day. "To make him happy and to improve him I had taken him into my house, where he saw—what? My children—older, younger, and the same age as himself—who not only did not work for themselves, but in every way gave work to others: they spoiled everything they came in contact with, over-ate themselves with sweets and delicacies, broke crockery, and threw to the dogs what to this boy would seem dainties. . . . I ought to have understood how foolish it

was on my part—I who brought up my children in luxury to do nothing—to try to improve other people and their children, who lived in what I called 'dens,' but three-fourths of whom worked for themselves and for others." His experience was the same throughout, and he brings his usual keen insight to the analysis of his mental attitude when he gave money in charity, and to the mental attitude of the recipients of his charity. He found also that, even if his charity were to rival that of the poor, he would have to give 3,000 rubles to make a gift proportioned to the three kopecks bestowed by a peasant, or to sacrifice his whole living for days at a time, like the prostitute who nursed the dying woman's child.

It seemed to him that he was like a man trying to draw another man out of a swamp, while he himself was standing on the same shifting and treacherous ground; every effort only served to show the character of the ground that he stood upon himself. When he was at the Night Shelter at Moscow, and looked at

the wretched crowd who sought admission, he recalled his impression when he had seen a man guillotined at Paris thirty years previously, and with his whole being had understood that murder would always be murder, and that he had his share in the guilt. "So, at the sight of the hunger, cold, and degradation of thousands of men, I understood, not with my reason, but with my heart and my whole being, that the existence of ten thousand such men in Moscow, while I and other thousands eat daintily, clothe our horses and cover our floors—let the learned say as much as they will that it is inevitable—is a crime, committed not once but constantly, and that I with my luxury do not merely permit the crime, but take a direct part in it. The difference in the two impressions consisted only in this — that before the guillotine all I could have done would have been to cry out to the murderers that they were doing evil, and to try to prevent them. Even then I should have known beforehand that the deed would not

TOLSTOI IN HIS STUDY.

have been prevented. But here I could have given, not merely a warm drink or the little money that I had about me, but I could have given the coat from my body, and all that I had in my house. I did not do so, and therefore I felt, and still feel, and shall never ease to feel, that I am a partaker in that never-ceasing crime, so long as I have superfluous food and another has none, so long as I have two coats and another has none."

"My Religion," the best known of Tolstoi's social works, contains—not, indeed, the latest or the final statement, for Tolstoi is not a man to stand still—the clearest, most vigorous and complete statement of his beliefs. He here frankly admits that he has arrived by the road of his own experience at convictions similar to those of Jesus, as expressed in the Sermon on the Mount. That he has nothing to say in favor of the Christianity of to-day, which approves of society as it now is, with its prison cells, its factories, its houses of infamy, its parliaments, one need scarcely point

out. He has nothing but contempt for "faith" which he regards as merely a kind of lunacy. "But reason, which illuminates our life and impels us to modify our actions, is not an illusion, and its authority can never be denied. . . . Jesus taught men to do nothing contrary to reason. It is unreasonable to go out to kill Turks or Germans; it is unreasonable to make use of the labors of others that you and yours may be clothed in the height of fashion and maintain that source of *ennui*, a drawing-room; it is unreasonable to take people, already corrupted by idleness and depravity, and devote them to further idleness and depravity within prison walls: all this is unreasonable—and yet it is the life of the European world." The doctrine of Jesus is hard, men say. But how much harder, exclaims Tolstoi, is the doctrine of the world! "In my own life," he says "(an exceptionally happy one, from a worldly point of view), I can reckon up as much suffering caused by following the doctrine of the world as many a martyr

has endured for the doctrine of Jesus. All the most painful moments of my life — the orgies and duels in which I took part as a student, the wars in which I have participated, the diseases that I have endured, and the abnormal and unsupportable conditions under which I now live—all these are only so much martyrdom exacted by fidelity to the doctrine of the world." And what of those less happily situated? "Thirty millions of men have perished in wars, fought in behalf of the doctrine of the world; thousands of millions of beings have perished, crushed by a social system organized on the principle of the doctrine of the world. . . . You will find, perhaps to your surprise, that nine-tenths of all human suffering endured by men is useless, and ought not to exist—that, in fact, the majority of men are martyrs to the doctrine of the world."

Tolstoi sums up his own doctrine under a very few heads:—Resist not evil—Judge not—Be not angry—Love one woman. His creed is entirely covered by these four points. "My

Religion" is chiefly occupied by the exposition of what they mean, and in his hands they mean much. They mean nothing less than the abolition of the State and the country. He is as uncompromising as Ibsen in dealing with the State. "It is a humbug, this State," he remarked to Mr. Stead. "What you call a Government is mere phantasmagoria. What is a State? Men I know; peasants and villages, these I see; but governments, nations, states, what are these but fine names invented to conceal the plundering of honest men by dishonest officials?" Law, tribunals, prisons, become impossible with the disappearance of the State; and with the disappearance of the country, and of "that gross imposture called patriotism," there can be no more war.

In place of these great and venerable pillars of civilization, what? The first condition of happiness, he tells us, is that the link between man and nature shall not be broken, that he may enjoy the sky above him, and the pure air and the life of the fields. This involves the

nationalization of the land, or rather, to avoid centralizing tendencies, its communalization. "I quite agree with George," he remarked, "that the landlords may be fairly expropriated without compensation, as a matter of principle. But as a question of expediency, I think compensation might facilitate the necessary change. It will come, I suppose, as the emancipation of slaves came. The idea will spread. A sense of the shamefulness of private ownership will grow. Someone will write an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' about it; there will be agitation, and then it will come, and many who own land will do as did those who owned serfs, voluntarily give it to their tenants. But for the rest, a loan might be arranged, so as to prevent the work being stopped by the cry of confiscation. Of course I do not hold with George about the taxation of the land. If you could get angels from Heaven to administer the taxes from the land, you might do justice and prevent mischief. I am against all taxation." The second condi-

tion of happiness is labor, the intellectual labor that one loves because one has chosen it freely, and the physical labor that is sweet because it produces the muscular joy of work, a good appetite, and tranquil sleep. The third condition of happiness is love. Every healthy man and woman should have sexual relationships; and Tolstoi makes no distinction between those that are called by the name of marriage and those that are not so called; in either case, however, he would demand that they shall be permanent. The fourth condition is unrestrained fellowship with men and women generally, without distinction of class. The fifth is health, though this seems largely the result of obedience to the others. These are the five points of Tolstoi's charter. They seem simple enough, but he is careful to point out that most of them are closed to the rich. The rich man is hedged in by conventions, and cannot live a simple and natural life. A peasant can associate on equal terms with millions of his fellows; the circle of equal

association becomes narrower and narrower the higher the social rank, until we come to kings and emperors, who have scarcely one person with whom they may live on equal terms. "Is not the whole system like a great prison, where each inmate is restricted to association with a few fellow-convicts?" The rich may, indeed, work, but even then their work usually consists in official and administrative duties, or the observance of arduous social conventions which are odious to them: "I say odious, for I never yet met with a person of this class who was contented with his work, or took as much satisfaction in it as the man who shovels the snow from his doorstep." From this stand-point Tolstoi has never since greatly varied.

Such as he is now he is known throughout the civilized world. He lives at his old home at Yasnaia Poliana, surrounded by less luxury than may be found in many a Siberian cottage, writing or shoemaking or ploughing, or kneading clay in a tub to build incombustible

cottages, or spending the day in spreading manure over the land of some poor widow. Such we see him in his portraits, in the coarse blouse and the leather belt that he has always worn, with the massive, earnest, suffering, baffled face, as of a blind but unconquered Samson.

With Tolstoi the artist we have here little concern. Yet from the first he has been an artist, and in spite of himself he is an artist to the last. We cannot pass by his art. One realizes this curiously in reading "What then must we do?" A profoundly sincere record without doubt of deeply-felt experiences and of a mental revolution, it is yet the work of an artist, a tragedy broadly and solemnly unfolding the misery of the world, the impotence of every scheme or impulse of charity, the light that comes only from freedom and self-development. Let us read, again, that little popular tract—"Does a man need much land?"—brimming over with meaning, about the man who gained permission to possess as

much land as he could walk round from sunrise to sunset. Can he get so much into the circuit, not omitting this fine stretch of land, and this other? His constantly growing desires, his efforts, are told in brief, stern phrase, his feverish and failing strain to reach the goal, that at sunset is reached, and the man drops down dead. Then the curt and unaccentuated conclusion: "Pakhom's man took the hoe, dug a grave for him, made it just long enough from head and foot—three arshins—and buried him." All the tragedy of the nineteenth century is pressed together into those half-dozen pages by the strong, relentless hand of the great artist who deigns to point no moral. From the early and delicious sketch of the frail musician, Albert, down to the sombre and awful "Death of Ivan Ilyitch," Tolstoi has produced an immense body of work that must be considered, above all, as art. One reads this body of work with ever-growing delight and satisfaction. Gogol was a finer artist than Dickens, but there are too many suggestions

about him of Dickens and the English novelists. Tourgueneff, a very great artist—how great, those little prose-poems, "Senilia," would alone suffice to show—an artist who thrilled to every touch, suffered from the excess of his sensitiveness, and perhaps also from an undue absorption in the western world. In Dostoieffski there is nothing of the west; he is intimately and intensely personal, with an even morbid research of all the fibres of organic misery in human nature. In all his work we seem to hear the groans of the prison-house, the house of the dead in Siberia. When we have read the wonderful book in which he has recorded the life of his years there, we know the source of all his inspiration. Reading all these authors, we are constantly aware of the neurotic element in Russian life and Russian character, the restless, diseased element that is revealed to us in cold scientific analysis by Tarnowsky and S. P. Kowalevski and Dmitri Drill. It is not so when we turn to Tolstoi. In him we find not

merely the insight and the realistic observation, but a breadth and sanity and wholeness that the others mostly fail to give us. His art is so full and broad and true that he seems able to do for his own time and country what Shakespeare with excess of poetic affluence did for his time, and Balzac for his. He is equal to every effort, he omits nothing that imports, he describes everything with the same calm ease and simplicity. It makes no difference whether, within the limits of a slight sketch, he is tracing delicately the life of the drunken artist, Albert, or producing the largest literary canvas of modern times, "War and Peace."

In "Family Happiness" he analyzes passion, marriage, parenthood, the cycle of life, in a simple narration, a few chapters, yet nothing is omitted, and one shudders at the awful ease with which to this man these things seem to yield their secret. In "Ivan Ilyitch" he analyzes death and the house of death, quietly, completely, with a hand that

never falters. He writes as a man who has touched life at many points, and tasted most that it has to offer, its joys and its sorrows, but he gazes upon it, even from the first, with the luminous and passionless calm of old age. His art is less perfect than Flaubert's, but Flaubert's intense personal note, the ferocious nihilism of the Norman, is absent. He holds life up to the light, simply, and says: "This is what it is!"

For one who cannot read Tolstoi in the original, and who misses the style so much praised by those who are more privileged, Tolstoi seems an uncompromising realist. He has therefore often been compared with Zola, the prodigious representative and champion of Latin realism.

But, one asks oneself, what *is* reality? Zola has frankly explained how a novel ought to be written; how one must get one's human documents, study them thoroughly, accumulate notes, systematically frequent the society of the people one is studying, watch them, listen

to them, minutely observe and record all their surroundings. But have we got reality then? Does the novelist I casually meet, and who has opportunities to take notes of my conversation and appearance, to examine the furniture of my house and to collect gossip about me, know anything whatever of the romance or tragedy which to me is the reality of my life, these other things being but shreds or tatters of life? Or if my romance or tragedy has got into a law-court or a police-court, is he really much nearer then? The unrevealable motives, the charm, the mystery, were not deposed to by the policeman who was immediately summoned, nor by the servant girl who looked through the key-hole. Certain disagreeable details: do they make up reality? To select the most beautiful and charming woman one knows, and to set a detective artist on her track, to follow her about everywhere, to keep an opera-glass fixed upon her, to catch fragments of her conversation, to enter her house, her bed-room, to examine her dirty linen,—

would Helen of Troy emerge beautiful from this *proces-verbal?* And on which side would be most reality? Nature seems to resent this austere method of approaching her, and when we have closed our hands the reality has slipped through our fingers. A great artist, a Shakespeare or a Goethe, is not afraid of any fact, however repulsive it may seem, so long as it is significant. But it must be significant. Without sympathy and a severe criticism of details, the truly illuminating facts will be missed or lost in the heap. It is interesting to note that Zola himself recognizes this, and admits that he has been carried away by his delight and enthusiasm in attempting to vindicate for Art the whole of Nature. Whatever is really fine in Zola's work—"La Faute de l'Abbe Mouret," or the last chapters of "Nana"—is fine because the man of a formula is for awhile subordinated to the artist.

As for great art, that is neither here nor there. Shakesphere, Goethe, Flaubert,—for

such men the extremes of poetry and of realism are equally welcome. Tolstoi, it is clear, is more of a realist than a poet, but his realism is of the kind that grows naturally out of the experiences of a man who has lived a peculiarly full and varied life. It is life *sur le vif*, not studied from a garret window. Nothing is omitted, nothing is superfluous; the narrative seems to lead the narrator rather than the narrator it, and through all we catch perpetually what seems an almost accidental fragrance of poetry. See the account of the storm in the "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth," or of the child in the raspberry bush, or of the mowing, or the horse-race, in "Anna Karenina," with their peculiar, intangible yet vivid reality. But these things, it may be said, are poetry, the effluence of some divine moment of life, the record of some unforgetable thrill of blood and brain. Compare, then, the account of a childbirth in "Anna Karenina" (there is an earlier and less successful attempt in "War and Peace") with a similar scene which is the

central episode in Zola's "La Joie de Vivre." The latter, doubtless, is instructive from its fidelity; every petty detail is coldly and minutely set forth. Its artistic value is difficult to estimate; it can scarcely be large. Zola presents the subject from the point of view of a disinterested and impossible spectator; in Tolstoi's scene we have frankly the husband's point of view. There is no room here for instructive demonstration of the mechanism of birth, of all its physical details and miseries. It is real life, but at such a moment real life is excitement, emotion, and the result is art. What, again, can be more unpromising than a novel about a remote historical war? But read "War and Peace" to see how lifelike, how vivid, and fascinating, the narrative becomes in the hands of a man who has known the life of a soldier and all the chances of war.

Tolstoi is not alone among Russian novelists in the character of his realism. Gogol's "Dead Souls" has something of the wholesome

naturalism as well as of the broad art and the good-nature satire of Fielding. He is perpetually insisting on the importance to the artist of those "little things which only seem little when narrated in a book, but which one finds very important in actual life." In his letters on "Dead Souls" Gogol wrote: "Those who have dissected my literary faculties have not discovered the essential feature of my nature. Pushkin alone perceived it. He always said that no author has been gifted like me to bring into relief the triviality of life, to describe all the platitude of a commonplace man, to make perceptible to all eyes the infinitely little things which escape our vision. That is my dominating faculty." Tourgueneff declared that the novel must cast aside all hypocrisy, sentimentality, and rhetoric for the simple yet nobler aim of becoming the history of life. Dostoieffski, that tender-hearted student of the perversities of the human heart, so faithful in his studies that he sometimes seems to forget how great an artist he is, justifies himself

thus: "What is the good of prescribing to art the roads that it must follow? To do so is to doubt art, which develops normally, according to the laws of nature, and must be exclusively occupied in responding to human needs. Art has always shown itself faithful to nature, and has marched with social progress. The ideal of beauty cannot perish in a healthy society; we must then give liberty to art, and leave her to herself. Have confidence in her; she will reach her end, and if she strays from the way she will soon reach it again; society itself will be the guide. No single artist, not Shakespeare himself, can prescribe to art her roads and aims." Tolstoi but followed in the same path when, in one of the earliest of his books, the "Sebastopol Sketches," he wrote: "The hero of my tale, whom I love with all the strength of my soul, whom I have tried to set forth in all his beauty, and who has always been, is, and always will be, most beautiful, is—Truth."

It is, after all, impossible to disentangle

Tolstoi's art from the man himself and the ideas and aspirations that have stirred him. When we consider his history and development we are sometimes reminded of our own William Morris. They are both men of massive and sanguine temperament, of restless energy, groping their way through life with a vague sense of dissatisfaction; both pure artists through the greater part of their career, and both artists still, when late in life, and under the influence of rather sectarian ideas, they think that they have at length grasped the pillars of the heathen temple of society in which they have so long been groping, and are ready to wreak on it the pent-up unrest of their lives. But they go to work in not quite the same way. Both, it is true, having apparently passed through a very slight religious phase in early life, have had this experience in later life, and in both it has taken on a social character; both, also, have sought their inspiration, not so much in a possible future deduced from the present, as in the past expe-

riences of the race. Tolstoi with his semi-oriental quietism has returned to the rationalistic aspects of the social teaching of Jesus. Morris, who regards Iceland rather than Judæa as the Holy Land of the race, looks to Scandinavian antiquity for light on the problems of to-day. It is on the robust Scandinavian spirit of independence and comfortable well-to-do intolerance of all oppression and domination that Morris relies for the redemption of his own time and people. So far from identifying art, as Tolstoi is inclined to do, with the evil and luxury of the world, Morris finds in art a chief hope for the world. It is not, therefore, surprising that his art has suffered little from the fervor of his convictions, while his varied artistic activities have given him a wholesome grip on life. His new beliefs, on the other hand, have given new meaning to his art. His mastery of prose has only been acquired under the stress of his convictions. It is prose of massive simplicity, a morning freshness, unconscious and effortless. There

is about it something of the peculiar charm of the finest Norman architecture. The "Dream of John Ball," a strong unpretentious piece of work, penetrated at every point by profound social convictions, yet with the artist's touch throughout, may be read with a delight which the complex and artificial prose we are accustomed to cannot give. England, it is said, is predominantly a Scandinavian country; Morris is significant because he gives expression in an extreme form to the racial instincts of his own people, just as Tolstoi expresses in equally extreme form the deepest instincts of his Sclavonic race.

Against the "Dream of John Ball," we may place the work produced at the same time by the Russian's keener and more searching hand, "The Dominion of Darkness." This sombre and awful tragedy is a terribly real and merciless picture of the worst elements in peasant life, a picture of avarice and lust and murder. Only one pious, stuttering, incoherent *moojïk*, whose employment is to clean

out closets, appears as the representative of mercy and justice. So thick is the gloom that it seems the artistic effect would have been heightened if the concluding introduction of the officers of an external and official justice had been omitted, and the curtain had fallen on the tragic merriment of the wedding feast. The same intense earnestness taking, almost unconsciously, an artistic shape, reveals itself in the little stories of which in recent years Tolstoi has produced so many, some indeed comparatively ineffective, but others that are a fascinating combination of simplicity, realism, imaginative insight, brought to the service of social ideas. Such is "What men live by," the story of the angel who disobeyed God, and was sent to earth to learn that it is only in appearance that men are kept alive through care for themselves, but that in reality they are kept alive through love.

Tolstoi's voice is heard throughout the vast extent of Russia, not by the rich only, but by the peasant. That is why his significance is so

great. Sometimes the religious censure prohibits his books; sometimes it allows them; in either case they are circulated. Published at a few halfpence, these little books are within the reach of the poorest, and Tolstoi gives free permission to anyone to reproduce or translate any of his books. His drama, "The Dominion of Darkness, or when a bird lets himself be caught by one foot he is lost," was intended for the public who frequent the open-air theatres of fairs, and eighty thousand copies were sold during the first week, although certainly not altogether among the audience he would have preferred. The stories for children are circulated in scores of editions of twenty thousand copies each. Tolstoi has nothing to teach that he has not learnt from peasants, and which thousands of peasants might not have taught him. He has used his character and genius as a sounding-board to enable his voice to reach millions of persons, many of whom, even the most intelligent, are

not aware that he is but repeating the lessons he has learnt from unlettered *moojiks*.

Now his voice has reached the countries of the West, and it sounds here far more unfamiliar than in a land so stirred by popular religious movements as Russia. "My Religion," that powerful argument *ad hominem* to the Christian from one who accepts both the letter and the spirit of Jesus's simplest and least questionable teaching, has had an especially large circulation in the West. Such a challenge has never before been scattered broadcast among the nations. What, one wonders, will be the outcome?

To most people the simplicity of the challenger is a cause of astonishment. After the assassination of Alexander II. and the sentence on the assassins, Tolstoi wrote to his successor imploring him not to begin his reign with judicial murder, and he was deeply and genuinely disappointed at the inevitable reception of his appeal. Count Tolstoi, the author of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina,"

made the same mistake as the simple peasant Soutaieff. That little incident throws much light on his mental constitution. It is the attitude of a child, absorbed wholly in one thing at a time, unable to calculate the nature and the strength of opposing forces. It is the same fact of mental structure which leads the world renowned novelist to delight to learn from children, to be mortified when they do not like his stories, and to experience one of the greatest excitements of life when he thinks he detects the dawn of genius in a child of ten. The same characteristic appears in his treatment of science. He had heard, he told Mr. Kennan, that a Russian scientist had completely demolished the Darwinian theory. In "Life," one of his later books, this tendency has carried him far away into a sterile and hopeless region of mystical phraseology. He dismisses scientific men briefly as the Scribes. It has not occurred to him apparently that this book, "Life," is a book of science. And, certainly, if science could produce nothing better

than "Life," the language that Tolstoi uses regarding it were not one whit too strong. This childlike simplicity is not peculiar to Tolstoi; it is more or less the attitude of every true Russian, of the peasant who sets up the kingdom of Heaven, as of the Nihilist who thinks he can emancipate his country by destroying a few Tzars. It is a weakness that must often mean failure because it cannot estimate the strength of difficulties. At the same time it is a power. It is by this intense concentration on one desired object, this heroic inability to see opposition, that the highest achievement becomes possible.

Whatever Tolstoi's limitations and failures of perception, those things which he believes he has seen he grasps with inexorable tenacity. The violence and misery of the world—that is a reality; a reality, he feels, which must be fought at all costs. Mr. Kennan tells how he pressed home on Tolstoi the cases of extreme brutality and oppression that he had known practiced on political prisoners in

Siberia, and how, though Tolstoi's eyes filled with tears as he imagined the horrors described, he still pointed out in detail how, by opposing violence to violence in the cases cited, the misery of the world would be increased: "At the time when you interposed there was only one center of evil and suffering. By your violent interference you have created half-a-dozen such centers. It does not seem to me, Mr. Kennan, that that is the way to bring about the reign of peace and goodwill on earth."*

Tolstoi possessed that social imagination which, though growing among us, is still so rare. If at the dinner where cheerful guests prolong their enjoyment, there were placed behind each chair a starved, ragged figure, with haggard and haunting face—would not the meal be broken up as speedily as if every guest had found the sword of Dionysius hanging by a thread above his head? Yet it is only

*See the interesting paper, "A Visit to Count Tolstoi," in Century, June, 1887.

a lack of imagination which prevents us from seeing through the few layers of bricks that screen us off frem these realities. For him who has seen it there is little rest, "so long as I have superfluous food and another has none, so long as I have two coats and another has none."

With tears in his voice, and in words whose intense reality pierces through the translation, though this, we are told, cannot reproduce the graphic vividness of the original, Tolstoi speaks to us through his life and his work as he once spoke to the interviewer who came to him: "People say to me, 'Well, Lyeff Nikolaevitch, as far as preaching goes, you preach; but how about your practice?' The question is a perfectly natural one; it is always put to me, and it always shuts my mouth. 'You preach,' it is said, 'but how do you live?' I can only reply that I do not preach—passionately as I desire to do so. I might preach through my actions, but my actions are bad. That which I say is not preaching; it is only my attempt

to find out the meaning and the significance of life. People often say to me, 'If you think that there is no reasonable life outside the teachings of Christ, and if you love a reasonable life, why do you not fulfil the Christian precepts?' I am guilty and blameworthy and contemptible because I do not fulfil them; but at the same time I say,—not in justification, but in explanation, of my inconsistency,—Compare my previous life with the life I am now living, and you will see that I am trying to fulfil. I have not, it is true, fulfilled one eighty-thousandth part, and I am to blame for it; but it is not because I do not wish to fulfil all, but because I am unable. Teach me how to extricate myself from the meshes of temptation in which I am entangled,—help me,—and I will fulfil all. I wish and hope to do it even without help. Condemn me if you choose,—I do that myself,—but condemn *me*, and not the path which I am following, and which I point out to those who ask me where, in my opinion, the path is. If I know the road

home, and if I go along it drunk, and staggering from side to side, does that prove that the road is not the right one? If it is not the right one, show me another. If I stagger and wander, come to my help, and support and guide me in the right path. Do not yourselves confuse and mislead me and then rejoice over it and cry, 'Look at him! He says he is going home, and he is floundering into the swamp?' You are not evil spirits from the swamp; you are also human beings, and you also are going home. You know that I am alone,—you know that I cannot wish or intend to go into the swamp,—then help me! My heart is breaking with despair because we have all lost the road; and while I struggle with all my strength to find it and keep in it, you, instead of pitying me when I go astray, cry triumphantly, 'See! He is in the swamp with us!' "