

attendants chant, they stumble across the rails, stolid, apparently unmoved; a few friends, smiling faintly, follow the pair with significant, but not joyous glances. Verily your Russian peasant is a master in concealing his emotions—if he has any. Nay, but he surely has emotions of sorts; for this railway chapel would not otherwise minister to people shaken from their homes, and the young peasants would not have demanded the priestly blessing on a venture to which they are invited by Mother Nature, who wants another crop, and another, and another for her perennial devouring.