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<p style="text-align: center;">АНАФЕМА (отрывок)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ANATHEMA (excerpt) <i>Translated by Leo Pavlovsky</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ANATHEMA (excerpt) <i>Translated by Stephen Graham</i></p>
<p>– Отец дьякон, полно тебе свечи жечь, не напасешься, – сказала дьяконица. – Время вставать.</p> <p>Эта маленькая, худенькая, желтолицая женщина, бывшая епархиалка, обращалась со своим мужем чрезвычайно строго. Когда она была еще в институте, там господствовало мнение, что мужчины – подлецы, обманщики и тираны, с которыми надо быть жестокими. Но протодьякон вовсе не казался тираном. Он совершенно искренно боялся своей немного истеричной, немного припадочной дьяконицы. Детей у них не было, дьяконица оказалась бесплодной. В дьяконе же было около девяти с половиной пудов чистого веса, грудная клетка – точно корпус автомобиля, страшный голос, и при этом та нежная снисходительность, которая свойственна только чрезвычайно сильным людям по отношению к слабым.</p> <p>Приходилось протодьякону очень долго устраивать голос. Это противное, мучительно-длительное занятие, конечно, знакомо всем, кому случалось петь публично: смазывать горло, полоскать его раствором борной кислоты, дышать паром. Еще лежа в постели, отец</p>	<p>“Father deacon, stop burning that candle. You won't get far at this rate,” said the archdeacon's wife. “It's time to get up.”</p> <p>This little, thin, sallow-faced woman treated her husband very sternly. When she was still at school, the prevalent opinion there was that all men are rascals, cheats, and tyrants. But the deacon was not a tyrant at all. He was really afraid of his hysterical wife, who was subject to fits. They had no children, as the wife was barren. The archdeacon was of immense stature, weighing over three hundred pounds, with a chest that reminded one of the body of an automobile. He was possessed of a powerful voice and, at the same time, of that gentle condescension, which is so peculiar to exceedingly strong men when they are dealing with very weak persons.</p> <p>It took the archdeacon a long time to get his voice into proper shape. He had to go through the whole of that painfully long and unpleasant process which is so familiar to all public singers. He, too, had to make local application with cocaine, and with caustic, and gargle his throat with a solution of boric acid. While still in bed, Father Olympy began to try out his voice :</p>	<p>“Father Deacon, you're wasting the candles,” said the deacon's wife. “ It's time to get up.”</p> <p>This small, thin, yellow-faced woman treated her husband very harshly. In the school at which she had been educated there had been an opinion that men were scoundrels, deceivers, and tyrants. But her husband, the deacon, was certainly not a tyrant. He was absolutely in awe of his half-hysterical, half-epileptic, childless wife. The deacon weighed about nine and a half poods<sup>1</sup> of solid flesh; he had a broad chest like the body of a motor-car, an awful voice, and with it all that gentle condescension of manner which often marks the behaviour of extraordinarily strong people in their relations towards the weak.</p> <p>It always took the deacon a long time to get his voice in order. This occupation – an unpleasant, long-drawn-out torture – is, of course, well known to all those who have to sing in public: the rubbing with cocaine, the burning with caustic, the gargling with boracic acid. And, still lying upon his bed, Father Olympus began to try his voice.</p> <p>“Via . . . kmm! Via-a-a! Alleluia, alleluia. . . Oba-che, . . kmm Ma-ma. . . .”</p> <p>“There's no sound in my voice,” he said to</p>

Олимпий пробовал голос.

– Via... кмм!.. Via-a-a!.. Аллилуйя, аллилуйя... Обаче... кмм!.. Ма-ма... Мам-ма...

«Не звучит голос», – подумал он.

– Вла-ды-ко-бла-го-сло-ви-и-и... Км...

Совершенно так же, как знаменитые певцы, он был подвержен мнительности. Известно, что актеры бледнеют и крестятся перед выходом на сцену. Отец Олимпий, вступая в храм, крестился по чипу и по обычаю. Но нередко, творя крестное знамение, он также бледнел от волнения и думал: «Ах, не сорваться бы!» Однако только один он во всем городе, а может быть, и во всей России, мог бы заставить в тоне ре-фис-ля звучать старинный, темный, с золотом и мозаичными травками старинный собор. Он один умел наполнить своим мощным звериным голосом все закоулки старого здания и заставить дрожать и звенеть в тон хрустальные стекляшки на паникадилах.

Жеманная кислая дьяконица принесла ему жидкого чаю с лимоном и, как всегда по воскресеньям, стакан водки. Олимпий еще раз попробовал голос:

– Ми... ми... фа... Ми-ро-но-сицы... Эй, мать, – крикнул он в другую комнату дьяконице, – дай мне ре на фисгармонии.

Жена протянула длинную, унылую ноту.

– Км... км... колеснице-гонителю фараону... Нет, конечно, спал голос. Да и черт подсунул мне этого писателя, как его?

"Via . . . hmm! . . . Via-a-a! . . . Halleluja, halleluja . . . maa-ma . . ."

"Don't seem to sound well, God bless me. Hm, ..." thought he to himself.

Just like famous singers, he never trusted his own powers. It is a well-known fact that actors become pale and make the sign of the cross just before coming out. Father Olympus was the same way. And yet, there was not another man in the city, perhaps not in all Russia, who could make the dark, ancient church, with its gilt mosaics, resound to his low notes. He alone could fill every nook and corner of the old building with his mighty voice, and make the cut-glass ornaments on the incense-bowls tinkle in unison.

His wife brought him a glass of weak tea with lemon and, as usual on Sundays, a small glass of vodka. Olympus tested his voice again. "Mi, mi, fa. . . ."

"Strike that D, mother," said he.

His wife struck a prolonged, melancholy note.

"Hm . . . Pharaoh, driving his chariot. . . . No; doesn't work. The devil take that writer, what's his name."

Father Olympus was a great lover of books. He read them one after another, in any order, never interesting himself much in the writer's name. His education in the seminary, based mostly on learning things "by heart," and consisting almost exclusively of memorizing church canons and quotations from the Fathers of the Church, had devel-

himself. "Vla-di-ko bla-go-slo-ve-e-e. . . . Km. . . ."

Like all famous singers, he was given to be anxious about his voice. It is well known that actors grow pale and cross themselves before they go on to the stage. And Father Olympus suffered from this vice of fear. Yet he was the only man in the town, and possibly in all Russia, who could make his voice resound in the old dark cathedral church, gleaming with ancient gold and mosaic.

He alone could fill all the corners of the old building with his powerful voice, and when he intoned the funeral service every crystal lustre in the candelabras trembled and jingled with the sound.

His prim wife brought him in a glass of weak tea with lemon in it, and, as usual on Sunday mornings, a glass of vodka. Olympus tried his voice once more: "Mi . . . mi . . . fa. . . . Mi-ro-no-citsi. . . . Here. mother," called he to his wife, "give me re on the harmonium."

His wife sounded a long melancholy note.

"Km . . . km. . . . Pharaoh and his chariots. . . . No, no, I can't do it, my voice has gone. The devil must have got into me from that writer, what's his name ? . . ."

Father Olympus was very fond of reading; he read much and indiscriminately, but paid very little attention to the names of the authors. His seminary education, based chiefly on learning by heart, on reading "rubrics," on learning indispensable quotations from the fathers of the Church, had developed his memory to an unusual degree. In or-

Отец Олимпий был большой любитель чтения, читал много и без разбора, а фамилиями авторов редко интересовался. Семинарское образование, основанное главным образом на зубрежке, на читке «устава», на необходимых цитатах из отцов церкви, развило его память до необыкновенных размеров. Для того чтобы заучить наизусть целую страницу из таких сложных писателей-казуистов, как Блаженный Августин, Тертуллиан, Ориген Адамантовый, Василий Великий и Иоанн Златоуст, ему достаточно было только пробежать глазами строки, чтобы их запомнить наизусть. Книгами снабжал его студент из Вифанской академии Смирнов, и как раз перед этой ночью он принес ему прелестную повесть о том, как на Кавказе жили солдаты, казаки, чеченцы, как убивали друг друга, пили вино, женились и охотились на зверей.

Это чтение взбудоражило стихийную протодьяконскую душу. Три раза подряд прочитал он повесть и часто во время чтения плакал и смеялся от восторга, сжимал кулаки и ворочался с боку на бок своим огромным телом. Конечно, лучше бы ему было быть охотником, воином, рыболовом, пахарем, а вовсе не духовным лицом.

В собор он всегда приходил немного позднее, чем полагалось. Так же, как знаменитый баритон в театр. Проходя в южные двери алтаря, он в последний раз, откашливаясь, попро-

oped his memory wonderfully. In order to memorize a whole page of the complicated works of such dialecticians as Augustine, Tertullian,

Origen, and Basil the Great, all he had to do was to read the lines, and they would become firmly fixed in his memory. Books for reading were supplied by his friend Smirnov, a student at the Academy. The book he had just read was a beautiful story of life in the Caucasus, where soldiers, Cossacks, and Chechens killed each other, drank wine, married, and hunted wild beasts.

The book aroused the archdeacon's adventurous soul. He read it over three times, and during each reading he cried and laughed with joy, doubled his fists, and turned his huge body from side to side. Of course, it would have been much better if he were a hunter, a fisherman, a horseman; certainly, his place was not in the clergy.

He always came to the church a little later than was necessary; just like the famous barytone at the opera. Approaching the southern gate of the altar, he tested his voice for the last time.

"Hm, hm. . . . Sounds like D, and that rascal of a regent will be sure to strike C-sharp. But I don't care. I'll get the choir to sing my tone, anyway."

The pride of the popular favorite awoke in him. He knew that the whole city adored him, and that even boys in the streets gathered in crowds to gaze at him, as they did upon the gaping mouth of the enormous trumpet in the military orchestra that played in the public square.

der to get by heart a whole page of complicated casuistical reasoning. such as that of St. Augustine, Tertullian, Origen, Basil the Great or St. John Chrysostom, it was quite sufficient for him to run his eye over the hues, and he would remember them. It was a student from the Bethany Academy who brought him books to read, and only the evening before he had given him a delightful romance, a picture of life in the Caucasus, of soldiers, Cossacks, Tchetchenians, and how they lived there and fought one another, drank wine, married, hunted.

The reading of this tale had disturbed the elementary soul of the deacon. He had read it three times over, and often during the reading had laughed and wept emotionally, clenching his fists and turning his huge body from one side to the other in his chair. He continually asked himself, "Would it not have been better to have been a hunter, a trapper, a fisherman, a horseman, anything rather than a clergyman?" He was always a little later in coming into the cathedral than he ought to have been. Just like a famous baritone at a theatre. As he came through the south door into the sanctuary, on this Sunday morning, he tried his voice for the last time. "Km . . . km. . . . I can sing re," he thought. "But that scoundrel will certainly give me the tone on doh. Never mind, I must change it to my note, and the choir will be obliged to follow."

There awoke in him that pride which always

бывал голос. «Км, км... звучит в ре, – подумал он. – А этот подлец непременно задаст в до-диез. Все равно я переведу хор на свой тон».

В нем проснулась настоящая гордость любимица публики, баловня всего города, на которого даже мальчишки собирались глазеть с таким же благоговением, с каким они смотрят в раскрытую пасть медного геликона в военном оркестре на бульваре.

Вошел архиепископ и торжественно был водворен на свое место. Митра у него была надетая немного на левый бок. Два иподиакона стояли по бокам с кадилами и в такт бряцали ими. Священство в светлых праздничных ризах окружало архиерейское место. Два священника вынесли из алтаря иконы спасителя и богородицы и положили их на аналой.

Собор был на южный образец, и в нем, наподобие католических церквей, была устроена дубовая резная кафедра, прилепившаяся в углу храма, с винтовым ходом вверх.

Медленно, ощупывая ступеньку за ступенькой и бережно трогая руками дубовые поручни – он всегда боялся, как бы не сломать чего-нибудь по нечаянности, – поднялся протодьякон на кафедру, откашлялся, потянул из носа в рот, плюнул через барьер, ущипнул камертон, перешел от до к ре и начал:

– Благослови, преосвященнейший владыко.

«Нет, подлец регент, – подумал он, – ты при владыке не посмеешь перевести мне тон».

The archbishop came in and was solemnly led to his place. His mitre was tilted a little to the left. Two subdeacons were standing on each side, swaying the censers rhythmically. The clergy, in bright holiday vestments, surrounded the archbishop's seat. Two clergymen brought the images of the Saviour and the Virgin Mary from the altar.

The church was an old one, and, like Catholic churches, it had a little elevated platform in one corner, with a carved-oak railing around it, and a flight of narrow, winding steps leading up to it.

Slowly, feeling each step and carefully supporting himself by the hand-rail, as he was always afraid to break something through his awkwardness, the archdeacon mounted the platform, coughed, spit over the railing, touched his tuning-fork, went from C to D, and began the service.

"Bless me, your most gracious Eminence!"

"Oh, no, Mr. Regent. You won't dare to change the pitch as long as the bishop is here," he thought. He felt with pleasure at that moment that his voice sounded better than ever, went easily from note to note, and made the air of the whole church tremble with its soft, deep sighs.

It was Quadragesima Sunday, in the first week of Lent. At first there was very little work for Father Olympy. The reader monotonously mumbled the psalms; the deacon, an academician and future professor of homiletics, spoke rapidly through his nose.

slumbers in the breast of a public favourite, for he was spoilt by the whole town; even the street-boys used to collect together to stare at him with a similar veneration to that with which they gazed into the immense mouth of the brass hehcon in the military band on the boulevard.

The bishop entered and was solemnly installed in his seat. He wore his mitre a little on one side. Two sub-deacons stood beside him with censers, swinging them harmoniously. The clergy, in bright festival robes, stood around. Two priests brought forward from the altar the ikons of the Saviour and the Virgin-Mother, and placed them on a stand before the people.

The cathedral was an ancient building, and had a pulpit of carved oak like that of a Catholic church. It stood close up to the wall, and was reached by a winding staircase. This was the deacon's place.

Slowly, trying each step as he went, and carefully resting his hands on the balustrade – he was always afraid of breaking something accidentally – the deacon went up into the pulpit. Then, clearing his throat and nose and expectorating, he struck the tuning-fork, passed deliberately from doh to re, and began:

"Bless us, most reverend Father."

"Now, you scoundrel," he thought to himself, apostrophising the leader of the choir; "you won't dare to change the tone in the presence of the bishop."

С удовольствием он в эту минуту почувствовал, что его голос звучит гораздо лучше, чем обыкновенно, переходит свободно из тона в тон и сотрясает мягкими глубокими вздохами весь воздух собора.

Шел чин православия в первую неделю великого поста. Пока отцу Олимпию было немного работы. Чтец бубнил неразборчиво псалмы, гнусавил дьякон из академиков – будущий профессор гомиластики.

Протодьякон время от времени рычал: «Воимем»... «Господу помолимся». Стоял он на своем возвышении огромный, в золотом, парчовом, негнувшемся стихаре, с черными сединой волосами, похожими на львиную гриву, и время от времени постоянно пробовал голос. Церковь была вся набита какими-то слезливыми старушонками и седобородыми толстопузыми старичками, похожими не то на рыбных торговцев, не то на ростовщиков.

«Странно, – вдруг подумал Олимпий, – отчего это у всех женщин лица, если глядеть в профиль, похожи либо на рыбу морду, либо на куриную голову... Вот и дьяконица тоже...»

Однако профессиональная привычка заставляла его все время следить за службой по требнику XVII столетия. Псаломщик кончил молитву: «Всевышний Боже, Владыко и Создателю вся твари». Наконец – аминь.

Началось утверждение православия.

«Кто Бог великий, яко Бог наш; Ты еси Бог,

From time to time the archdeacon roared, "We shall attend," or, "We shall pray to the Lord." His huge body, in a surplice embroidered with gold, towered over the crowd. He stood there shaking his black, silvering hair, that was like a lion's mane, and testing his voice from time to time. The church was filled with old women and grey-bearded little old men who reminded one of fish-traders, or money-lenders.

"It's funny," thought Olympy, "that all women's profiles remind you either of a fish or of a hen's head! . . . There's my wife, too. ..."

But his professional habits compelled him to follow closely the service, which was in accordance with the seventeenth-century mass-book. Finally, the psalm-reader finished his part, concluding it with the words: "The Most High Lord, our Master and Creator, Amen."

Then began the rite of the affirmation of Orthodoxy.

"Who is more supreme than our Lord? Thou, O Lord, art supreme above all, thou, alone, performest miracles."

The melody was slow, and not very distinct. The service for Quadragesima Sunday and the rite of anathematization may be varied at will. For example, the Holy Church knows anathemas written for special occasions, e. g., anathemas against Ivashka Mazepa, Stenka Razin, the heretic Arius, the iconoclasts, the Archpriest Habakkuk, etc., etc.

But something peculiar happened to the arch-

At that moment he felt, with pleasure, that his voice sounded much better than usual; it was quite easy to pass from one note to another, and its soft depth of tone caused all the air in the cathedral to vibrate.

It was the Orthodox service for the first week in Lent, and, at first, Father Olympus had not much work. The reader trumpeted out the psalms indistinctly; he was a deacon from the academy, a future professor of homiletics, and he snuffled.

Father Olympus roared out from time to time, "Let us pray." He stood there on his raised platform, immense, in his stiff vestment of gilt brocade, his mane of grey-black hair hanging on his shoulders, and every now and then he tried his voice quietly. The church was full to the doors with sentimental old peasant women and sturdy grey-bearded peasants.

"Strange," thought Olympus to himself suddenly, "but every one of these women's heads, if I look at it from the side, reminds me inevitably either of the head of a fish or of a hen's head. Even the deaconess, my wife. ..."

His attention, however, was not diverted from the service. He followed it all along in his seventeenth-century missal. The prayers came to an end:

"Almighty God, Master and Creator of all living." And at last, "Amen."

Then began the affirmation of Orthodoxy. "Who is as great as the Lord, as our God? Thou art



творяй чудеса един».

Распев был крюковой, не особенно ясный. Вообще последование в неделю православия и чин анафематствования можно видоизменять как угодно. Уже того достаточно, что святая церковь знает анафематствования, написанные по специальным поводам: проклятие Ивашке Мазепе, Стеньке Разину, еретикам: Арию, иконоборцам, протопопу Аввакуму и так далее и так далее.

Но с протодьяконом случилось сегодня что-то странное, чего с ним еще никогда не бывало. Правда, его немного развезло от той водки, которую ему утром поднесла жена.

Почему-то его мысли никак не могли отвязаться от той повести, которую он читал в прошедшую ночь, и постоянно в его уме, с необычайной яркостью, всплывали простые, прелестные и бесконечно увлекательные образы. Но, безошибочно следуя привычке, он уже окончил символ веры, сказал «аминь» и по древнему ключевому распеву возгласил: «Сия вера апостольская, сия вера отеческая, сия вера православная, сия вера вселенную утверди».

Архиепископ был большой формалист, педант и капризник. Он никогда не позволял пропускать ни одного текста ни из канона преблагенного отца и пастыря Андрея Критского, ни из чина погребения, ни из других служб. И отец Олимпий, равнодушно сотрясая своим львиным ревом собор и заставляя тонким дре-

deacon that morning, something that had never happened before. Perhaps it was the whiskey that his wife gave him with his tea.

Somehow his thoughts could not become detached from the story he had read the night before. Simple, beautiful, fascinating pictures rose in his mind with unusual clearness and distinctness. But, through sheer force of habit, he completed this part of the service, pronounced the word "Amen," and concluded:

"This apostolic faith, this paternal faith, this Orthodox faith, this universal faith, affirm."

The archbishop was an extreme formalist and pedant. He never permitted any omission in the canons of the most blessed Father Andrew of Crete, or the funeral rites, or any other service. And Father Olympy, making the whole church tremble with his mighty voice, and the glass ornaments on the lustres tinkle in unison with it, cursed, anathematized, and excommunicated the following: all iconoclasts, all heretics, beginning with Arius, all followers of the teachings of Italus, the pseudo-monk Nile, Constantine and Irinika, Varlaam and Akindina, Herontius and Isaac Argira, all Mohammedans, Jews, those who mock the Holy Church, those who blaspheme the Day of Annunciation, tavern-keepers who rob widows and orphans, Old Believers, the traitors and rebels Gregory Otrepiev, Timoshka Akundinov, Stenka Razin, Ivashka Mazepa, Emelka Pugachev, and also all who profess faith contrary to the Holy Or-

the God who alone doest wonders." The chant had many turns in it, and was not particularly clear. Generally during the first week in Lent there follows, at this point, the ritual of anathema, which can be altered or omitted as may be thought fit by the bishop. There is a list of persons to be anathematized for special reasons, Mazeppa is cursed, Stenka Razin, Arius the iconoclast, the old-believer Avvakum, etc., etc.

But the deacon was not quite himself to-day. Certainly he must have been a little upset by the vodka his wife had given him that morning. For some reason or other he could not get the story which he had read the previous night out of his mind. He kept seeing clear and vivid pictures of a beautiful, simple, and boundlessly attractive life. Almost mechanically he went through the Creed, chanted the Amen, and proclaimed according to an ancient custom to an old and solemn tone: "This is the faith of the apostles, this is the faith of our fathers, this is the Orthodox faith, this is the universal faith, this faith is ours."

The archbishop was a great formalist, a pedant, and a somewhat eccentric man. He never allowed a word to be dropped out of the text of the canon of our thrice-blessed Father Andrew of Crete, or from the funeral service or from any other rite. And Father Olympus, imperturbably causing the cathedral to vibrate with his lion's roar, and making the lustres of the candelabra jingle and sound as they moved, cursed, anathema-

безжащим звуком звенеть стеклышки на люстрах, проклял, анафемствовал и отлучил от церкви: иконоборцев, всех древних еретиков, начиная с Ария, всех держащихся учения Ита-ла, немонаха Нила, Константина-Булгариса и Ириника, Варлаама и Акиндина, Геронтия и Исаака Аргира, проклял обидящих церковь, магометан, богомоллов, жидовствующим, проклял хулящих праздник благовещения, корчемников, обижающих вдов и сирот, русских раскольников, бунтовщиков и изменников: Гришку Отрепьева, Тимошку Акундинова, Стеньку Разина, Ивашку Мазепу, Емельку Пугачева, а также всех принимающих учение, противное православной вере.

Потом пошли проклятия категорические: не приемлющим благодати искупления, отме-щущим все таинства святыя, отвергающим со-боры святых отцов и их предания.

«Помышляющим, яко православнии госу-дари возводятся на престолы не по особливому от них Божию благоволению, и при помазаний дарования Святаго Духа к прохождению великого сего звания в них не изливаются, и тако дерзающим противу их на бунт и измену. Ру-гающим и хулящим святыя иконы». И на каж-дый его возглас хор уныло отвечал ему неж-ными, стонущими, ангельскими голосами: «Анафема».

Давно в толпе истерически всхлипывали женщины.

thodox faith.

Then followed categorical anathemas against those who refuse the blessing of redemption, who deny the holy sacraments, who do not recognize the councils of the Fathers of the Church and their traditions.

"All those who dare to presume that the Or- thodox rulers are not seated on their thrones by the special race of God, and that at their anointing and their elevation to that high station the blessings of the Holy Ghost do not descend upon them, and who dare, therefore, to rise in rebellion against them and to betray them. . . . All those who blas- pheme and mock the holy images. ..."

And after each exclamation the choir answered him sadly, the gentle, angelic voices groaning the word, "Anathema."

Hysterics began among the women.

The archdeacon had already finished the "Long Life!" service to all the deceased zealots of the church, when the psalm-reader mounted the platform and handed him a short note from the archpriest, in which he was instructed, by the order of the archbishop, to anathematize the "boyard Leo Tolstoy." NB" "See Chapt. L. of the mass- book," was added in the note.

The archdeacon's throat was already tired after its long exertions. Yet he cleared it again and be- gan: "Bless me, your most gracious Eminence." He scarcely heard the low whisper of the old archbishop :

tised and excommunicated from the Church the iconoclasts, all the ancient heretics from Arius onward, all those accepting the teaching of Ital, of the monk Nil, of Constantine Bulgaris and Irinik, of Varlaam and Akindin, of Gerontius and Isaac Agrir; cursed those who insulted the Church, all Mahometans, Dissenters and Judaizers; cursed the reproachers of the festival of the Annunciation, smugglers, offenders of widows and orphans, the Old-Believers, the rebels and traitors, Grishka, Otrepief, Timoshka Akundinof, Stenka Razin, Ivashka Mazeppa, Emelka Pugachof, as well as all those who uphold any teaching contrary to that of the Orthodox faith. Then the extent of the curse was proclaimed: denial of the blessings of re- demption, exclusion from the Holy Sacraments, and expulsion from the assembly of the holy fa- thers and their inheritance.

Curses were pronounced on those who do not think that the Orthodox Tsar was raised to the throne by the special will of God, when at his anointing, at the commencement of his high call- ing, the holy oil was poured out upon him ; also on those daring to stir up sedition against him; on those who abuse and blaspheme the holy ikons. And to each of these proclamations the choir re- sponded in a mournful wail, tender angelic voices giving the response,

"Anathema."

The women had long been weeping hysteri- cally.

<p>Протодьякон подходил уже к концу, как к нему на кафедру взобрался псаломщик с краткой запиской от отца протоиерея: по распоряжению преосвященнейшего владыки анафемствовать боярина Льва Толстого. «См. требник, гл. л.», – было приписано в записке.</p> <p>От долгого чтения у отца Олимпия уже болело горло. Однако он откашлялся и опять начал: «Благослови, преосвященнейший владыко». Скорее он не расслышал, а угадал слабое бормотание старенького архиерея:</p> <p>«Протодиаконство твое да благословит Господь Бог наш, анафемствовать богохульника и отступника от веры Христовой, блядословно отвергающего святыне тайны Господни боярина Льва Толстого. Во имя Отца, и Сына, и Святаго Духа».</p>	<p>"May our Lord God bless you, O archdeacon, to anathematize the blasphemer and the apostate from the faith of Christ, rejecting its holy sacraments, the boyard Leo Tolstoy. In the name of Father, and Son, and the Holy Ghost."</p>	<p>The deacon was about to end by singing the "Eternal Memory" for all those departed this life in the true faith, when the psalm-singer brought him a little note from the priest, telling him that his Eminence the archbishop had ordered that Count Leo Tolstoy was to be anathematised.</p> <p>The deacon's throat was sore from much reading. But he cleared his throat by a cough, and began once more: "Bless us, most reverend Father." He guessed, rather than heard, the feeble mutterings of the aged prelate:</p> <p>"The proto-deacon will now, by the grace of God, pronounce a curse upon a blasphemer and apostate from the faith of Christ, and expel from the Holy Sacraments of the Church Count Leo Tolstoy. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."</p> <p><sup>1</sup>A pood is 40 Russian lbs., about 36 lbs. English.</p>
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