

CHRISTMAS.

Time hath not sundered every chain
 That holds us to the ruder thought,
 For many a link our fathers wrought
 Twists in and out our heart and brain.

We treasure still an ample store
 Of myth and fable, tale and song,
 That to the elder days belong,—
 Bloom that the race's childhood bore.

And be its vision ne'er so dim,
 Through all the strivings of our race
 Messiah-hopes we faintly trace,—
 Age after age hath looked for him.

He came, men dreamt, in Palestine ;
 Upon the holy Christmas night
 A mother gave a child to light,
 Whom longing hearts proclaimed divine.

And legend saith, a bright star led
 Earth's wisest to the cradled God ;
 While shepherds, who their night-watch trod,
 Heard angel-voices overhead.

The myth may fade, the dream may melt,
 God's truth within it never dies :
 Though sweeter visions bless our eyes,
 We read the word our fathers spelt.

To-day no star the wise men brings,
 The simplest soul can find the child ;
 O'er every cradle undefiled
 The mother-heart her Christ-child sings.

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN.

CLARK UNIVERSITY, WORCESTER, MASS.

TOLSTOY AND FRAU SEURON.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Mr. Aylmer Maude's article "The Misinterpretation of Tolstoy" in *The Open Court* for October repeatedly calls attention to Mrs. Evans's transliteration of the distinguished Russian's name and graciously condescends to "correct her orthography"; he also adduces her "wrong spelling" as conclusive proof of her ignorance of Tolstoy's works, but only succeeds in revealing his own narrow-mindedness and petty pedantry. So far as the pronunciation is concerned it makes no

difference whether Tolstoy or Tolstoi is used, and although the former is the usual English orthography, the latter is by no means incorrect and is preferred by many good writers of the English language. Mr. Ernest Howard Crosby, a disciple of Tolstoy in the province of social reform, who forwarded Mr. Maude's article to the editor of *The Open Court*, informs us in the sketch of his own life that on his return home from Alexandria to New York he "visited Tolstoi in Russia"; and a book recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons bears the title *Tolstoi as Man and Artist. With an Essay on Dostoievski. By Dmitri Merejkowski*. Of course it would be sufficient for Mr. Maude to read the title-page of this volume in order to be convinced that the author "knows nothing about Russia and nothing about Tolstoy."

Mr. Maude was formerly an English tradesman in Moscow and seems to show in his present occupation as an interpreter of Tolstoy a marked tendency to what the Germans call *Kleinkrämerei*. It is a characteristic common to men who devote themselves to a specialty to imagine that no one else knows anything about it and Mr. Maude seems to furnish a striking illustration of this general truth. As regards Frau Seuron the very fact that she submitted the manuscript of her book to Tolstoy for correction shows that she was not animated by malice and that she wished to tell the truth. Tolstoy's remark that "he felt sure she would not write what should not be written" implies that he had confidence in her. This would not have been the case if she had been "dismissed for disgraceful conduct" as Mr. Maude affirms.

FAIR PLAY.

BOOK REVIEWS.

OUR BENEVOLENT FEUDALISM. By *W. J. Ghent*. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1902. Pages, vii, 202. Price, \$1 25 net.

This interesting book is a caustic criticism of recent industrial, social, and political tendencies in the United States. The irresistible movement toward great combinations in certain trades, toward coalescence of kindred industries and the consequent complete integration of capital, and the rise of the social, industrial, and political power of the captains and lieutenants of industry,—these are the dominating marks of the time. The state is growing stronger, so the author argues, in its relation to the propertyless citizen and weaker in its relation to the man of capital; subordination of classes and a tremendous increase in the numbers of the lower orders follow; the petty industries are eliminated; defenceless labor,—the labor of women and children,—increases both absolutely and relatively; men's wages decline or remain stationary, while the value of the product and the cost of living advance by steady steps; the old system of independent farming is being gradually done away with; in a word, says Mr. Ghent: "They who desire to live—whether farmers, workmen, middlemen, teachers, or ministers—must make their peace with those who have the disposition of the livings. The result is a renascent Feudalism, which, though it differs in many forms from that of the time of Edward I., is yet based upon the same status of lord, agent, and underling. It is a Feudalism somewhat graced by a sense of ethics and somewhat restrained by a fear of democracy. The new barons seek a public sanction through conspicuous giving, and they avoid a too obvious exercise of their power upon political institutions. Their beneficence, however, though large, is but rarely prodigal. It betokens, as in the case of the careful spouse of John Gilpin, a frugal mind. They