

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.

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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