

which is occasionally circulated by the uninformed, I have printed for free distribution a second edition of 100,000 copies of a small primer, *Elements of Esperanto*, setting forth the grammar, word-construction and purpose of the language, and will mail a copy to any person who requests it, sending stamp for postage. While you may not be personally interested, there are thousands of your readers to whom this movement for an international auxiliary language, which now covers every country on earth, will appeal as something more than a fad, and they would appreciate your giving space to this letter.

ARTHUR BAKER.

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M. JEAN REVILLE.

It is with deep regret that we are obliged to note the death on May 6 of M. Jean Réville, Professor of the History of Religion in the Collège de France.

He had been the editor of *La Revue de l'histoire des religions* since 1884, and he and his father, the late M. Albert Réville, were the leading spirits in the International Congress of the History of Religions in Paris, 1900. Jean Réville was born in Rotterdam, Holland, in 1854, and was one of the Protestant leaders of France. He was a doctor of theology which in Europe is an honorary degree denoting scholarship and talents of high distinction. He occupied the post of chaplain in the Lyceum of Henry IV at Paris and was director of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes at the Sorbonne, with which he had been connected since 1886. He has written many valuable works of which the principal ones are the following:

La doctrine du Logos dans le IV^e Evangile et dans les œuvres de Philon (1881); *La Religion à Rome sous les Sévères* (1886); *Les Origines de l'Episcopat* (1894); *Paroles d'un libre-croyant* (1898); *Le quatrième Evangile, son origine et sa valeur historique* (1900); *Le Protestantisme libéral* (1903).



M. JEAN RÉVILLE.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

Little is known about the life of Lao-tze, the ancient Chinese philosopher. The only historical reference that can make any claim to credibility is contained in Sze-Ma-Ch'ien's allusion to the sage. There we learn when and where he was born and how at an advanced age he left his country in voluntary exile. The times were troublous, civil wars had rent the empire and caused much public and private calamity. He decided to leave the place where he could foresee that conditions were destined to go from bad to worse. He resigned his position as Keeper of the Secret Archives in the state of Cho,

and left China. His fame must have spread throughout the empire, for it appears that he was known to the custom house officer Yin-Hi, who thought it a pity that such a man should be lost to China without at least bequeathing to the people the message of his philosophy. Thereupon Lao-tze wrote a book, and our frontispiece represents him in the house of the custom house officer, writing his Treatise on Reason and Virtue, a short book comprising only a few more than 5000 characters, but remarkable for its philosophical depth and the nobility of its ethics.

THE WEED'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY MARTHA MARTIN.

Nay, but tell me, am I not unlucky indeed,
To arise from the earth, and be only a weed?

Ever since I came out of my dark little seed,
I have tried to live rightly, but still am a weed.

To be torn by the roots and destroyed—this my meed,
And despised by the gardener for being a weed.

Ah! but why was I born when man longs to be freed
Of a thing so obnoxious and bad as a weed.

Now the cause of myself and my brothers I plead,—
Say—can any good come of my being a weed?

If a purpose divine is in all things decreed,
Then there must be some benefit from me—a weed.

If of evil and suffering the world still has need
In its path of development, then I, a weed

Must form part of that plan which in Nature I read,
Though I live but to die just for being—a weed.

A POEM BY BUSCH.

Wilhelm Busch was never married, and it almost seems that only a confirmed bachelor could be so satirical and at times almost frivolous as he. His muse does not care for dignity or decorum. He himself speaks of her as a country lass who carelessly dances in wooden shoes and does not stop to apologize when she now and then steps on the toes of one of the spectators;—such is the custom at rustic merry-makings.

Concerning his way of presenting things he said: "Nothing looks as it is, and least of all man, this leather bag full of tricks, not to mention capriosles and masks of vanity."

Though Busch did not idealize life but brought out in his caricatures the follies of mankind and though he himself has not felt the influence of family life, we know from one or two of his poems that the softening influence of a woman's soul was a steady guide in his life. The last poem of his *Kritik des Herzens* shows this feature of his character, and if Busch appears to the world as a crusty old bachelor we should bear in mind the tender background of the