

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.

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### 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.

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### 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

history of his heart as characterized in this verse which is well worth translating into English.

“O thou, of all to me most dear,  
 Thou sleepest now full many a year.  
 While many a year alone I've pined  
 Thee, dear good heart, I bore in mind.  
 When thee I bear in mind, by night  
 Thy faithful face appears so bright!  
 Whate'er I do, thy faithful face  
 Will warn me or approve in grace.  
 And if my word thou wouldst deplore  
 Or blame my deed,  
 Hast oft forgiv'n me! I once more  
 Forgiveness plead!”

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#### BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

LESSONS FOR THE DAY. By *Moncure D. Conway, L. H. D.* London: Watts, 1907. Pp. viii, 226.

This is a posthumous collection of sermons delivered by Moncure D. Conway in his fifties. Shortly before his death the author wrote a preface in which he states that these *Lessons for the Day* had become strange to him in his seventy-fifth year, but he let them go without alterations because he felt the identity of his person in these two different periods of his life. The character of the sermons on nature, religion, pessimism, prayer, the Arimathean tomb, Jacob's ladder, etc., may be judged from the following quotations. His sermon on prayer concludes with the words: "The man of the past offered prayers, the man of the future will answer them" (page 46). In his sermon entitled "The First Person" he says: "Love is the only God that endures forever, and work the only worship that does not sink to a ceremony." In his "Free Thinker's Vision Beyond Death" we find the following statement: "So let us live heart-whole in our thought, our work, childlike in our freedom of anxiety for the future, maternal in our devotion to every cause of truth, manly in our toil for man; and be sure death will be swallowed up in the victory we shall foresee for our race by having already won it in our own lives."

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THE CHRIST FACE IN ART. By *James Burns.* New York; Dutton, 1907. Pp. xxii, 252. Price \$2.00 net.

This book contains 62 illustrations of Christ, beginning consecutively from the earliest times of Christian art down to the most modern representations. The author treats the subject in sixteen chapters beginning with the likenesses of Christ attributed to St. Luke and Veronica, then picturing some frescoes of the catacombs, the statue of the Good Shepherd, and passing over in rapid succession the earlier Renaissance, the Tuscan, the North Italian and the Venetian types of the golden age of Christian art. Most of the well-known pictures of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, German and Dutch schools are reproduced and finally the best known pictures of the nineteenth century, including some of the latest ones.

It is an interesting book and will be useful to both lovers of art and archeologists.