

dom in the south-west of Korea, from which country Japan is said to have received her first lessons in Chinese art. Huang Po-ssü, the art-critic, points out that Chou Fang made his name first of all by Buddhistic pictures, and that later on his Taoist pictures were among the finest of his day. 'But now,' he adds, 'we see nothing save his men and girls, which is very much a matter for regret.'

This artist also painted a picture of Confucius and another of Lao-tze as *T'ai Shang Lao Chün*, "the Great Exalted Ancient Sage," under which title he has been deified as the chief Taoist deity.

Our frontispiece, a reproduction of Mr. Freer's Chou Fang, represents Lao-tze as playing on a stringed instrument, and so far as we know this is the only picture in which he is so portrayed. Apparently the artist has in mind that a man whose main intention was to harmonize the soul by insisting on its attainment of unity must have been a lover of music. Lao-tze says in the tenth chapter of his *Canon of Reason and Virtue*: "Who by unending discipline of the senses embraces unity cannot be disintegrated." Usually he is painted as seated on an ox, indicating his journey into the distant west.

In this picture the sage, with a distant and thoughtful expression in his eye, is sitting cross-legged, the lute on his knees. His attendant, a boy of about fifteen, is squatting on his heels. Lao-tze is surrounded by scrolls, a gourd bottle, a fan, a bag, a back-scratcher in the shape of an ivory hand on a stick, and other objects.

The Open Court Publishing Company has in preparation a new and thoroughly revised edition of Dr. Paul Carus's translation of *The Canon of Reason and Virtue*, which it is expected will appear in the spring.

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#### BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

ERINNERUNGEN EINER ERZIEHERIN. Nach Aufzeichnungen von \* \* \* mit einem Vorwort herausgegeben von Prof. Ernst Mach. Vienna: W. Braumüller, 1912. Pp. 318.

That Professor Mach considers these "Recollections of a Governess" of sufficient interest to encourage their publication and to introduce them to the public himself is sufficient guarantee of their enjoyable character. In themselves these sketches portray a life experience of remarkable courage. Many details would be unspeakably pathetic were it not for the strength and bravery with which obstacles were overcome and defeat turned into victory. The chapter which records the author's experiences in Croatia reads quite like a sensational novel. The interest in the volume will be especially great just now because of the romantic picture another chapter gives of life and loyalty in Montenegro. We do not know the exact date of the author's sojourn there but suppose it was some time during the last two decades of the nineteenth century.

The book contains many charming anecdotes about children in connection with the author's intimate acquaintance with them. In a chapter on "The Psychology of the Child," she has collected a number of notes from her own experience supplemented by comments on various writers who have made a study of the child-mind. These notes bear on the following general topics: Natural ability and education, cunning and persistence, vanity and the instinct of self-preservation, the child as poet, evolution, pity, memory, falsehood,

hallucinations, illusions of sense and memory, visions, recollection and mis-recollection, grief, childish jealousy, imagination, the language of children, and children's pets.

We translate a few of the anecdotes she has collected in a chapter of miscellanies:

*The Astronomy of Children.*

This is often very curious. A boy pointed to a twinkling star and asked why it winked its eyes; then why it did not fall, or whether there was water up there in which it could swim.

A little girl accompanied her older sister to the poultry yard to gather the freshly laid eggs. Some time afterwards she was thoughtfully gazing one night at the sky and asked, "Aren't the stars the eggs which the moon has laid?" Here the author calls attention in a footnote to the resemblance to the cosmology of the ancient Egyptians.

One little school-girl thought that on cloudy days the sun had a holiday, and expressed surprise only that its holiday did not recur at regular intervals. She wondered considerably that in the winter she had to take her piano lesson by lamplight whereas in the spring I called her to her lesson while the sun was still shining. When I explained to her the lengthening of the days, she shook her head doubtfully: "There is no order about it," she grumbled.

Once when the sky was covered with dark clouds I asked a pupil, "Why are the clouds so black?" "Because the water is dirty up there," was the prompt reply.

*Children's Sayings.*

A group of children were jumping down from the steps of a staircase, at first from the first step and then from the second. When they wished to continue from the third and the fourth they were forbidden, being told that they might break their feet. "How lucky God is," sighed a little girl, "for he could jump down from the twelfth step without breaking his foot."

A boy once drew a picture of a hen with but one foot. When he was criticized for it he said, "The second foot is on the other side."

"Mamma," asked a small boy, "Why do I have feathers only on my head while a pigeon has them on his whole body?" He did not comprehend the difference between feathers and hair.

A lady had a French maid who was by no means a beauty. When she proposed to her six year old son that he should learn the French language she received the answer, "But, mamma, please why should I learn French when all French women are so ugly?"

A boy of nine years confided to his little five year old cousin that he was going to marry a certain girl. The little one answered indignantly, "Do you intend to marry a girl like that? She is not at all healthy and hasn't any money. You had better marry me. I have ten florins in the bank."

A boy of seven years wanted to kiss his governess. She saw that his mouth was black with plum jam and so refused. "Oh, never mind," said the boy, "play it's a mustache."

A girl who was particularly good in nature study gave the following answers: "What is the goose?" "A singing bird." "What is the sparrow?" "A ruminant." "What is the snail?" "A beast of prey."

One evening I was out in the garden with my pupils. It was on a hill which sloped down steeply towards a meadow. Below in the meadow brook

a frog concert was taking place. One little girl of eleven years said: "Listen, Fräulein, they are regular Frenchmen." "How do you mean?" "The old ones are crying, *Roi, Roi*, and the young ones, *République, République!*"

*Wickedness.*

Of the wickedness of children which one hears so much about I have known but little. I have had to suffer only from the inconsistency and lack of comprehension of parents, who often work against the governess, sometimes from ignorance and sometimes from jealousy. For this reason I am always horrified at the efforts of those who try to introduce into the schools a larger amount of the influence of parents. What teacher could stand it? It would be necessary first to establish a school for parents. ρ

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MY LITTLE BOOK OF LIFE. By *Muriel Strode*. Chicago: McClurg, 1912.

The many admirers of Muriel Strode's *My Little Book of Prayer* (Chicago, Open Court Publishing Co., 1905) will cordially welcome her *Book of Life*. Like the former publication it is composed of brief and pithy aphorisms betraying an original and independent mind and often furnishing food for helpful thought. We believe we can best serve our readers by quoting a number of these terse sentences taken at random.

"If I go unloved, I shall not chide Fate, but I shall bemoan that I should be a thing unlovable.

"I will not ask for succor, but for increased strength.

"I cursed my misfortune,—and it remained one.

"I importuned the gods, and got a beggar's deserts.

"When I moan in agony of body, you may heal me, but when I moan in agony of soul, I must heal myself.

"If I would be queen to-morrow when I sit upon a throne, I must be not less a queen to-day in my hand-maiden sphere.

"Gladly would I toil in the mill,—it is the tread-mill we pray to be delivered from.

"Yesterday's weaving is as irrevocable as yesterday. I may not draw out the threads, but I may change my shuttle.

"In the hey-day I painted the spirit of the free, unfettered flight, and men passed it by, but later I painted the shadow of the broken pinion, and they came to look.

"It is my unending privilege to be my most eccentric self, but it is not my privilege to inflict my eccentricities upon my neighbor. When I am my neighbor's guest, I will leave my cats and my parrots behind in my own domain.

"I prayed to God for strength to keep a promise, when strength to break it was my great need.

"Who can abandon the thing but abandons a foundling. He has never known his own.

"We pray for fruition, when, if our prayer were answered, our all-too-soon-ripened fruit would be worm-mellowed and wind-blown.

"To become reconciled to, may be to become like unto. I will have a care. I may be the tree-toad taking on the color of the tree.

"It cannot possibly be to my discredit that I believed in you, but it may be to your shame.

"Life could have withheld her lash, but she did not wish me to die in my sleep.

"I toiled for my body, and starved. That day that I labor for my soul, the birds from heaven will feed me.

"I said I did not have time, but to what did I give the time, and was it a fair exchange?

"I bemoaned conditions, when I should have bemoaned merely the faint heart within me.

"I saw a cross on the mountain-side, white and holy in its repose, and on approach I found that it was a fissure in the earth, a scar, a nature-wound, which had been healed and anointed.

"I know not your decree to keep the Sabbath day holy. Go tell it to the brook. It will chortle at your implied desecration of the other six.

"I would have the things that I desire, to prove my power, and then I would have the capacity to forego them, to prove my greatness.

"I have stayed too long with a task that fed an alien hunger, and starved my own soul.

"I cry for the light to break, while all the time the light is shining. Courage to follow it is my great need.

"I will swear by a thing to-day, but I will have the courage to denounce it to-morrow, if needs be. The vows of ignorance are not binding upon enlightenment.

"Give me that fabric which bears the fingermarks of the weaver, whose thread is the fiber of character, and whose design is the impress of soul.

"Life gives her best gifts to those who could get on without them.

"I will have a care lest my burden rest all too long where my wings might have grown.

"If I drink the hemlock, it is because I have sat long hours over the fire brewing my own bitterness." p

FARMERS OF FORTY CENTURIES Or Permanent Agriculture in China, Korea and Japan. By *F. H. King*. Madison, Wisconsin: Mrs. F. H. King, 1911. Pp. 441. Price \$2.50.

The author of this posthumous work was formerly professor of agricultural physics in the University of Wisconsin, and chief director of soil-management in the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Professor King has been a great authority in matters agricultural and has written a number of good books on his specialty, among which we enumerate *The Soil, Irrigation and Drainage, Physics of Agriculture* and *Ventilation for Dwellings, Rural Schools and Stables*. The present book is of a somewhat different character, for it refers to the nations of northeastern Asia, China, Korea and Japan. The book is fully illustrated, and is prefaced by Dr. L. H. Bailey, who has undertaken the publication of Professor King's manuscripts. The subject matter is treated in seventeen chapters and is the result of a journey to Japan, China, Manchuria and Korea. There are not less than 248 pictures and charts, all of which help to make the observations of the author vivid. The discussion is not entirely limited to agricultural matters, but treats all matters of interest in a pleasant way in the style of a diary, though the subjects of agriculture, of rice-culture, production of silk, and tea industry and other subjects relating to making a living out of the soil, receive first attention. κ