

## COAL "BAER" ON TO PROMETHEUS.

C. B.—Why are you chained to this rock?

P.—Because I brought fire to mankind.

C. B.—And what price did you get for it?

P.—Nothing. I gave it free.

C. B.—Well, then it serves you right. What business had you to give away fuel for nothing?—Lustige Blaetter (Germany).

## FLESH-POT AND IDEAL.

For The Public.

Extract from a sermon preached by Rev. Quincy Ewing, in the Church of the Advent (Episcopal), Birmingham, Ala., July 31, from the text, Exodus 14:11: "Because there were no graves in Egypt, East thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?"

The majority of the followers and shouters-up of any great leader are likely to have their eyes only half open to his truest greatness, and to be painfully indifferent to the value of his supreme ideal, except as it appeals to their immediate self-interest on the plane of their commonplace desires. And, when loyal to his ideal and purpose, he leads to where the sunshines of gladness is displaced by the shadow of gloom—imminent defeat apparently sure, ultimate triumph apparently impossible; then, either they lay upon him the burden of responsibility for their undoing, and turn upon him with their taunts, or else they continue to flaunt his banners in the breeze while utterly repudiating the principles and the purposes those banners were first unfurled to proclaim.

Give any great leader 50 followers to cheer him on with their applause when his course seems to lie straight and smooth toward the promised land—the land of better bread and butter, or more of it—and he will be lucky if he retains as many as five to do him heart-reverence when he leads to the shore of the threatened deep waters of uncertainty, or enters the dim wilderness of waiting and struggle and lean living that intervenes between every large ideal purpose and its fulfillment—the flesh-pots of servitude left behind, the bread of the free spirit yet unbaled!

The truly heroic leader loves his ideal more than himself, and uses himself serving his fellow-men. They love themselves more than his ideal, and aim to serve themselves using him; and he becomes to most of them a very foolish, and useless, in-the-way-sort-of-creature, when, by using him, they cannot serve themselves in the present moment. This is the many-

times repeated tragedy of human history—great men followed by thousands who are not followers of their greatness; great men purposing great things in the realm of the Ideal that ought to be the realm of the Real—eternal truth their pillar of cloud by day, their pillar of fire by night—repudiated by the majority of their professed disciples, when the majority think they discover that the Seer's eternal truth is a barrier before their temporal welfare; the Seer's ideal course leading straight away from the flesh-pots, and not visibly and certainly toward any Canaan of milk and honey!

Nevertheless, the work of the truly heroic leader of men is never a tragedy nor a failure on the stage of what abides, however this time or that may declare it such. A regenerating idea nobly entertained and loyally served by a human soul is a beneficent power in the human world forever. A humanly-helpful purpose bravely battled for to-day, or 10,000 years ago, goes forward to the day and place of its fulfillment, though it need to journey, stumbling, over the piled cry bones of uncourted generations of men. Moses dies before he leads into the Land of Promise; but the forward-command of his potent spirit was spoken and could not be silenced, and the Promised Land was his vindication and triumph.

So in the case of every great leader, followed and then distrusted by his fellow-men. Distrust may be succeeded by what seems absolute rejection on the part of the generation he appeals to, face to face. But absolute rejection of a regenerative idea there never has been and never will be. It is a force that bends men and bows them, and urges them onward and upward, even while they think they are praying on their knees to be delivered from it, or standing on their feet to hurl it from them. Crucify it on a bleak hill-top, and of its cross it will make a throne, and from that throne rule its empire! Great, indeed, assuredly, is the power of the flesh-pot in determining what men shall love and what they shall hate; what they shall strive for and what they shall strive against; great is its power, and loud its shouts and gorgeous its triumphs in human history. But its shouts, however loud, are swallowed soon in silence; and its triumphs, however gorgeous, have all paraded garlands that withered while they were worn!

Greater than the power of flesh-pot and full stomach is the forward-word of the honest human soul in the service of eternal truth—uttered though it be, in what seem but a wilderness for graves, and a sea impassable ahead!

Sooner or later it will be obeyed. Sooner or later it will pass the impassable. The waters of all seas of space and time will divide for it; and on some further, fairer shore, at last, humanity will sing in mighty voice its hallelujah-ode of eternal thanksgiving!

## UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the original MS.

Dear John: That was a good man you sent me, that Samuel M. Jones, who became Mayor of Toledo. I was mighty sorry to lose him. He is dead. I grew some big men myself, but Jones was the only one of the kind I had—a Welshman, I think he was. It's a kind of a grim joke on me; but I have forty millions of people here, some of them preachers, and all of 'em superior, and blamed if Jones didn't come over and make a national reputation among 'em by observin' the Golden Rule. No novelty about the rule. It had been advertised in the religious papers. Lots of fellows were telling you how to do it every Sunday; but Jones some way showed 'em how. He started with the right feeling.

"We are just people," says Jones. He didn't say "just thieves," or "saloon keepers," or "millionaires," or "members of the 400," but he hit them all, angels and devils.

"We are just people," says Jones, and the saloons closed up when he died, and all went to the funeral. There is that about folks, I notice. They appreciate a good man. They may be fools other ways, they may be thieves or highway-men or any kind of pirate you please. They may even be rich and respectable, but they catch on to his value all right; and those ashamed to follow him livin', will ease their consciences by following him dead. It's the Divine spark within 'em that recognizes its kin, and warms up to it.

Jones was no great man as kings go; a simple, plain man, but strong. John, strong. A strong man is one who takes God's side when it is unpopular, and sticks to it; God does the rest. He lends strength to his elbow, music to his voice, and tips his pen with fire. How? I dunno, and I don't much keer. I've seen it done. Sometimes the people back him up and boost him. Sometimes one way, sometimes another. But I'm sorry about Jones, sorry to lose him, if I have lost him. One thing is sure, wherever his sweet spirit is, that country is richer.

UNCLE SAM.

By the way, since Parker was nominated the Democracy is no longer the great unwashed.—Goodhue (Minn.) Co. News.