

Why, in those distant times, landlords and rulers richly deserved it.

If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets.

But what shall we do with this man, Jesus, who talks in much the same strain?

Oh, away with Him! Crucify Him! crucify Him!

Happy the land that knoweth its prophets before they die!

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And still we rehearse the same dismal comedy, even in America, and in this Nineteenth Century.

How did we hail John Brown, and Thoreau, and Whitman?

Behold Garrison! The astounding, intrepid youth advances single-handed with his sling against the ogre of slavery.

One day he is mobbed and almost massacred on the streets of Boston, under the shadow of the statues of Franklin and Washington, because he preaches freedom.

Now at last his monument too stands, honored by all, at the heart of the Puritan city.

How fare the living prophets in Boston to-day?

Happy the land that knoweth its prophets before they die!

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And there are prophets to-day, though the world passes them by unheeding.

Their race is not extinct, and will not be until we settle down to death.

To them is confided the life of the world.

On the bold, startling lines they lay down, the living structure of the future will grow;

The nerve-like shapes which they trace in the amorphous and distorted mass of society will by and by be centers of visible life, and take on flesh and blood.

Believe me, these partners in creation live; I have seen them—the apostles of manhood, of justice, of simplicity.

They can afford to wait.

If they received now their deserved acclaim we might well doubt their right to rank with the prophets.

Our children will build the monuments of Tolstoy, and George, and the rest;

But how will they treat their own prophets?

Happy the land that knoweth its prophets before they die!

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## ERNEST CROSBY'S LAST BOOK.

From the January Number of *Humanity*, a Magazine Published at 1817 Market St., St. Louis, and Edited by Clifford Greve.

A good book ought not to cost much money. Most great works are brief. True thought does not need any explanation. Elucidation is a certain sign of doubtful purpose. Wordiness indicates fear. I have just finished "Golden Rule Jones, Mayor of Toledo," by Ernest Crosby. It is from the press of the Public Publishing Company of Chicago. For the man or woman who loves mankind there is a smile on every page and a tear drop at each period. It is just a short sketch of the life of a man.

Sam Jones of Toledo was too big to be an author. He was a liver, and he lived to love. It is not often that the world is blessed with a view of a life that comes so near to a realization of perfect human affection without affectation. He was misunderstood; naturally he would be.

We are all so adept in detecting the evil in men that it is rarely we apprehend the good in any one.

Concerning Mayor Jones it has often been said that during his lifetime he was appreciated most by the criminal classes. That murderers, thieves and vagabonds seemed to comprehend in perfect fullness the ideas which he advanced. The men the world calls bad have brushed hardest against our present uncivilized ideas of civilization, and while filled with weakness themselves, they have thus easily learned the weaknesses of those all about them. The recidivation of jail life causes the culprit to come to a very thorough understanding of himself, and he naturally applies this knowledge of his own delinquencies when he goes to measure the abilities of his fellow beings. . . . He applied the principle of human love, and thus came to a full understanding of the complete exaltation of human conscience when enshrined in the only true doctrine—do right because it is right to do right, not because of any possible or expected reward. He fully appreciated that there is a higher code of ethics than an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. To the prudes any attempt to make the bad good, and when once that is done to reintroduce them to society as regenerated men and women, is highly repulsive doctrine; and yet the bad man turned good is very much nearer to godwardness than the so-called good man who is half bad.

The public is a cowardly rabble when allowed enough to eat.

It is not hard to realize how sore at heart a man like Sam Jones must have been when he walked into a factory and saw upon the walls great placards covered with rules and regulations for the government of employees who could not, under any conditions naturally, have broken one of them, and yet at the bottom of that same card he saw a statement, "Any infraction of these rules means immediate discharge."

He knew those men who labored under such conditions had no conception of any idea of mental, physical, social or legal equality with those who employed them. He pitied them, he sympathized with them, but more, he loved them, and so when he started his own factory he had some placards printed, but on them was the Golden Rule. He expected to be laughed at, and he was. But he lived to see the day that the application of that rule made him a rich, successful, beloved, almost sanctified man. Brotherhood is a good talking point but it will not sell goods. It did for Jones.

Love sometimes engenders hate, and many people hated the subject of this hurried sketch—he was so different. The rights of which he talked he gave to no man; everyone of his associates found themselves in possession of them as soon as they came within his presence.

Why will people cut holes in the walls of their houses to let in the light and then put up curtains to keep it out? Do not try to remake your race. Give mankind an example.

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Bodies of men, land, water, and air are the principal of those things which are not, and which it is criminal to consider as personal or exchangeable property.—John Ruskin.