

said or done since Montpelier sent up his balloon. It is the most conspicuous case of the swift intuition of genius that I ever knew. Crosby was almost a Newton in a mechanical field, and I said to myself that man, were he to devote himself to aerial problems, might yet navigate the air."

At the memorial meeting held in Cooper Union, this city, Tolstoy, "the soul of Russia" from whom Mr. Crosby received the inspiration that made his life work possible, sent a letter, and to Bernard Prieth, of Newark, N. J., Tolstoy also sent the following:

"I delayed my answer to your letter because of illness. I knew the sad news of Ernest Crosby's death before, but nevertheless I thank you for your letter.

Though a sad one, it is a satisfaction to see a true appreciation of the rare qualities and high character of one's best friends.

"What you say of him, that he never said an evil word of anyone, is one of the greatest commendations that can be said of any man. I hope that Ernest Crosby did not estimate me more than I loved and estimated him."

We are glad to present the tributes that follow. They are evidence of the fact that Mr. Crosby had touched some of his contemporaries profoundly. It is conceivable that in the intellectual atmosphere that prevailed in New England in the days of Thoreau, Emerson, Ripley, Margaret Fuller, the life and death of such a man would have occasioned far wider newspaper comment than was called forth by Mr. Crosby's death. But from the intellectual atmosphere of to-day the moral enthusiasms of those times are gone. It is saddening to reflect that the death of Mr. Crosby occasioned only the briefest mention in the great dailies. The lesson that could be drawn from his life and death was not such as to appeal to a generation in whom generous impulses and high purposes have been allowed to slumber. To these such ministry as that of Mr. Crosby comes as the language of a foreign tongue, wholly unintelligible.

Editor *Single Tax Review*.

## HE DWELT UPON THE HEIGHTS.

(*For the Review.*)

By MARGARET LACEY.

Ernest Crosby can never die.

Like a solitary mountain peak Mr. Crosby towers above the patriot, the reformer, the social worker, the preacher, the literary aspirant.

In a vigorous, calmer, rarer atmosphere he felt his unity with all effort and all progress. A great exponent of the Law, his was the greatness that includes the less, the inclusiveness that holds in its grasp the truth of every vital movement in progress to-day.

No one more clearly saw than Mr. Crosby that only by the possession of an idea outside himself could man grow to self-understanding and self-expression.

In consecration to humanity, and unselfish devotion to ideals, the baby-man grows into the mature man, and wherever Ernest Crosby saw men plodding, for the freedom of the race, in simplicity and honest conviction, there he stood beside them.

But, for himself, he saw always the larger truth, the truth beyond those with whom he served, and, while lending his force to their strength, it was essential for him to maintain a positive independence and freedom.

Mr. Crosby's attitude was frequently open to misunderstanding; the ardent Single Taxer, the enthusiastic socialist, the settlement worker, and the

philanthropist, all recognized a substratum of reserve in Mr. Crosby which prevented his going the whole way with them.

Of all reforms the Single Tax Reform unquestionably was to him the most fundamental and essential, for in Single Tax he recognized an approach and return to the Divine intention.

The order and natural law, which through centuries of man's eager grasping for himself, had become overlaid and lost sight of. But there was no code he could accept as final and complete or as holding the full solution.

Mr. Crosby's leading was written alone on the palimpsest of his own soul; there was one truth he recognized more clearly than all others; it was his relation with the Eternal Order, to which in due time every man is born.

In the face of this knowledge Ernest Crosby recognized all reforms as partial and incomplete, important only as an endeavor to bring men to this culminating experience.

Ernest Crosby's books are himself. As he carried in his personality the embodiment and realization of his own visions, these same visions he expressed in simplicity and directness in his literary achievement. There was not one line in his books written for effect, the weight and depth and sincerity of the thought forced its form; he was overpowered by the idea, and the expression was inevitable. In this way his writing became the highest art, not the literary art of a Pater who manipulates words and phrases, but the consummate art of a Tolstoy, in whom the form becomes an unconscious medium.

It was the assimilated truth in daily experience that was the essence of Mr. Crosby's power.

His glorious integrity, freedom, insight, inspiration, impersonality, meet with the personal, these were the gifts Mr. Crosby brought to men. What he spoke or wrote he first lived, and his word had therefore the vitalizing force of life itself. Indifferent to power and leadership and praise, with a humility and modesty that were childlike and possessing, Mr. Crosby became a true leader of men.

It was Mr. Huxley who pointed out that it was "only reasonable to believe there were intelligences in men, as far above men, as men are above black beetles," and it is true that, between the real reformer like Mr. Crosby, who had attained to inspiration and self-mastery, and those who have a mere instinct for reform, there is a gulf to be passed as deep as the abyss of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*.

*Peer Gynt* in all his struggles never dreamed or touched the corner-stone of true mastery and leadership. But the keynote of this great epic "only he becomes himself who slays himself" was spoken by a mightier voice, and in an earlier century than Ibsen's. To Mr. Crosby this Truth, like all Truth, was a matter of progressive revelation, ever assuming larger aspects and profounder meaning.

Ernest Crosby will never die. He was instinct with life, and compact with the things that are Eternal.

Free of self, an unfettered instrument, the Universal Will, through him could express its most subtle and delicate harmonies and directions. Nor is it difficult to understand Mr. Crosby's secret. His nature was as clear as crystal. Living always in the presence of the Permanent and True, his acts and words were those of simple proportion.

"Happy the land that knoweth its prophets before they die."

Happy are they who knew him.