and "janua" was the common Latin word for "house-door." I do not wonder that we are to be evicted from our present house, for even in the term of a single year we have proved ourselves pretty bad tenants. How selfish and thoughtless and wrong-headed and wrong-hearted we have been, and what a mess we have made of the premises! I do not know what use our landlord, Father Time, makes of the old year when we have done with it, but what a house-cleaning must be necessary before he can let it out to other occupants! And, on the other hand, what a fine thing it is to have a brand-new year to move into, as pure and spotless as the celestial regions and quite as fit for angels as for men and women. Nothing is cleaner than the future, and January First is really the door of a possible heaven. If we make anything less than a heaven of our new apartments, it will be altogether our own fault and not that of the janitor.

Since we have to move anyhow, why should we not take the opportunity of changing our way of conducting our business at the same time? What a lot of broken and outworn office-furniture we have accumulated! And we ought to be ashamed of our obsolete system of push and pull, violence and deceit—each for himself and against everyone else. Let us open a new set of books and adopt the best up-to-date methods. It is only in so far as we have been generous and kindly and helpful in the past that we have got any sound satisfaction out of life. Let us encourage those qualities at the expense of the others. I suggest the insertion of the following business notice in the list of similar announcements which always mark the beginning of a new year:

"We, the American people, hereby give notice that, on the occasion of our enforced change of quarters on the First Day of January next, we shall cease doing business under our old firm name of Greed, Grab, and Graft, having formed the new partnership of Freedom, Fairplay, and Friendliness, which will act as Anglo-Saxon representative of the well-known French house of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

Wouldn't that sound well? But let us not be discouraged if we cannot effect this great change all at once. At any rate, on this and every succeeding New Year's Day we can, each of us, resolve to contribute our little part toward bringing the good time nearer, and then—who knows?—some day it may actually come true, and January First at last prove to be the real door of a new heaven on earth—for Justice is the architecture of heaven and its courts are warmed by Love.

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LOOKING FOR THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

From Ernest Crosby's "Whimsies" in Ariel* for September, 1906.

Take the case of a seed growing in the ground. Clearly the resulting plant is the effect of the seed and the environment combined, but of this combination the seed is the more important factor. "But," says the materialist, "the seed itself is the result of former environments." "Prove it," say I. Go back as far as you please in its history and also in the history of its ancestors through all the phases of evolution. Trace it through all the eternal labyrinth of varying environment. Strip it down to the most minute particle of original protoplasm, and there remains still a germ of something which is not environment,—a center of force,—a fountain of life,—which is more important than all the other accidents of its career. And what is this germ? It is the door of ingress for a power involving infinite possibilities, of which environment may become the occasion, but the power itself is the only cause. The flower which bursts into beauty on the sixtieth day after the seed is planted owes its origin to the creative impuse in the seed, and it is this creative impulse which is unexplainable, uninterpretable, by a whole universe of environment or a whole university of dogmatic professors. No amount of material environment can account for the difference between a seed and a flower, or between the amoeba and the man.

It is just as if a scientist should insist upon it that the water comes into a city house from below, and that the cause of its rise is the pipes through which it passes and which constitute its environment. And he proves it beautifully. He follows every pipe down until they unite in a grand trunk pipe which comes into the cellar from the depths of the earth. It is as clear as the nose on your face that it comes from below and that the pipes bring it up. Go to,' you impudent idealist who say that it comes from above and that it rises by its own inherent law of being! There are reservoirs and forces of which the new materialistic philosophy has no inkling.

* Published by George Ilmer Littlefield at Westwood, Mass.

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ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

A Sermon Delivered at the First Universalist Church in Buffalo, Jan. 13, 1907, by John Shillady.

One of the world's great souls has passed into the silence of eternity, one whose life work is an answer to the prayer of George Eliot:

> Oh, may I join the choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence: live
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce like stars,
> And with their mild persistence urge men's search
> To vaster issues.

Ernest Howard Crosby, poet, prophet, and saint of the new dispensation, fell asleep at Baltimore on January 3; but in his waking hours he dreamed so well that his dreams shall be carried along the current of the ages, gathering new strength as they enter into the hearts of the lovers of mankind. In one of his poems he says:

> So I choose to be a dreamer—
> A dreamer whose dreams come true.

One month from now, had he lived, it would have been our privilege to sit here and listen to him tell of Tolstoy, and his message to the world. So I think it particularly fitting that here in this church, the Universalist church, which by its very name is pledged to a fellowship with all the lovers of men—here above anywhere else—should be said the words that may serve to carry the message of Ernest Crosby to everyone whose mind is open and whose

heart beats true to the same sweet chord in the symphony of life. It will be a sad day for the human race when men like Crosby can step out of the ranks without comment or a word of regret. The heroes of the earth live in our midst. They look very much like the rest of us; they do many of the same things that we do; only they are intoxicated by drinking deeply of the Fountain of Comprehension. They are immersed in some great idea that transforms them into new beings. In reverencing them, we pay tribute to the divine possibilities that lie hidden within our own breasts. The man we reverence is the man we are in our best moments, and so to-day, as we sit at the feet of this noble comrade, our hope is that his life and thought may warm into action the dormant longings of our own souls to be true to the highest, to learn to know and live the free life, the loving life, the religious life.

One of the newer magazines calls its editorial department "The Interpreter's House," a name taken from Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. I shall be well satisfied if I may occupy that house this morning in relation to the subject I have chosen. There are only two of the nine volumes Crosby has written to be found in our public library, and one of our city editors on a local paper did not know who Crosby was—had never heard of him, so the Interpreter's task may not be wholly vain.

Ernest Crosby was born and bred an aristocrat, in no offensive sense of the term. His father, the Rev. Howard Crosby, of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York, ministered to a large and fashionable congregation. He was a man of learning, influence, and power as a preacher. One of our local editorial writers referred to him as a "sensible reformer," which in the usual newspaper interpretation, means one who doesn't attempt anything very startling along that line, or one who has been dead many years.

The son was educated in the best institutions in the State, completing his studies at the University of New York and the Columbia College of Law. With other rich men's sons, Theodore Roosevelt among the number, he entered New York politics in the hope of reforming and purifying them. Elected and re-elected a member of the New York Legislature, succeeding Mr. Roosevelt, he served with ability and distinction. The game of politics was, however, not to his liking, and so his nomination and appointment in 1889, by President Harrison and the Khedive of Egypt, as judge of the International Court in Egypt was gladly accepted. A fluent master of French and Italian, in which languages the proceedings of the court were conducted, Judge Crosby passed five years of pleasure and profit in Egypt, adding much to his store of knowledge of men and events.

His appointment was for life, but at the end of five years he chanced to read a book that changed the whole current of his life. He had read many books before. He was a man of books, familiar with the culture and learning of the world, accustomed to weigh and measure and render decisions as judges do, in accordance with the workings of a trained mind and disciplined understanding. This man who had read hundreds of books, read one more—and was converted. It was a book of Tolstoy's, a book of power, and the man of aristocratic training and temperament became a democrat in the most comprehensive sense of the term.

There are great moments in a man's life. They do not come to all. Few give the soul a chance to thrill under their spell. They do not strike as does the lightning, suddenly, but only as we have prepared the way. There seems something in our dull, so-called respectability, our desire to avoid the unusual, our fear to be unconventional, that prevents religion from taking hold of us in a vital way. Crosby refers to respectability as "the dullest fiend in hell," and the comparison is not inapropos. If we are confronted by some deep problem involving on the one hand our standing in the community, our conventional respectability, the approval of our social set, and on the other our religion, or what ought to be our religion, what do we do? You know what we do, everyone of us, almost. We throw our religion overboard; that's what we do!

That wouldn't be so bad if we didn't add to it the blind folly of trying to justify our own short-coming, or lack of vision, by calling the man who shows us our sins and the sins of the race, a pessimist. A pessimist! God help us! We ought to be in sackcloth and ashes, instead of calling men pessimists who are doing the work that is the greatest factor in giving us a world in which men may be optimists and still be sane.

Who are the real pessimists? Ask Wm. Lloyd Garrison, ask Wendell Phillips, who were called pessimists because they would not see that any other solution but freedom for the slaves was practical. Ask Florence Kelly who can't see that everything is lovely while women and children have to work so many hours that they have no heart for anything else. Ask Robert Hunter, millionaire though he is, who has shown us the misery of poverty. Ask John Spargo whose "Bitter Cry of the Children" is enough to melt a heart of stone. Ask them why they are crying aloud in such a pessimistic way. Ask them who are the real pessimists. Are they the pessimists who, realizing what glorious possibilities there are in a world of justice and love, refuse to let us rest until we have made it easier for the toiling millions to live and enjoy? Are they the pessimists who love their fellowmen so well that they cannot bear to see them in misery without striving to make us feel that these things ought not to be? Are they the pessimists who believe in God so profoundly that they see in every face the reflection of God, and cannot say, "All is beautiful," until God's love and God's justice are everywhere a fact—not a dream nor a vagary.

Men like Crosby are the real optimists—they whose faith in love as opposed to hate, in justice as opposed to alms-giving, in peace as opposed to war, in the unity of the race as opposed to race prejudice, in right as opposed to expediency, makes them say to us, now in thunder peals, and again with the softer voice of love as occasion warrants: "Repent of your social sins, and lo, the kingdom of heaven will be at hand."

In his little book, "Tolstoy and His Message," Crosby tells us the story of the turning point in his career. He says: "I was living in Alexandria, Egypt, at the time, and chanced to pick up a French

copy of 'On Life,' translated by the Countess Tolstoy. I knew little of Tolstoy then. I had read 'Anna Karenina' years before, and been duly impressed by it, and afterwards had read a collection of his practical essays on vicious habits, which had seemed to me rather narrow and ascetic, but which nevertheless had had the effect of making me stop smoking for three or four days—no mean achievement at that time, even for Tolstoy. I took home the volume 'On Life' and read it through almost at one sitting on a Sunday. For some reason it took hold of me with a strange power. I was still a church member and went regularly to church, but I had no genuine faith, and was not sure of anything intangible, and now the simple teaching that it is man's higher nature to love; and that if he would only let himself love and renounce his selfish aims, he would enter a wider sphere, find his immortal soul, and in fact be born again—all this struck me as a great, new discovery. I leaned back in my study chair; I tried to love, and—could I believe my own sensations? I did actually feel that I had risen to a loftier plane, and that there was something immortal within me. . . . I remember going out in the garden and giving a small coin to a little Soudanese boy who was playing there, and it seemed to me that no act of mine had ever given me so much pleasure, and for weeks after the novelty of the experience of loving was a continual delight. Nor was the change merely temporary, for since that day the world has never looked to me quite as it used to."

The giving of the coin in this little incident is not the point. Men do that every day. Loveless giving —the careless tip flipped to one who serves us—degrades both the giver and receiver. Crosby asks us:

Would you make brothers of the poor by giving to them?
Try it, and learn that in a world of injustice it is the most unbrotherly of acts.
There is no gulf between men so wide as the alms gift.
There is no wall so impassable as money given and taken.
There is nothing so unfraternal as the dollar,—it is the very symbol of division and discord.
Make brothers of the poor if you will, but do it by ceasing to steal from them;
For charity separates and only justice unites.

Not the gift but the love is the power. "Love is the dynamite of heaven," he tells us. He carries this idea to its logical ultimate in the lines:

Love the oppressors and tyrants,
It is the only way to get rid of them.

Soon after the incident in the garden Crosby gave up his office to devote himself to the work of hastening the day of social righteousness. On the way back to America he stepped aside to visit Tolstoy in his Russian home. There began a friendship that ripened into a close communion of soul as the modern, well groomed American gravitated toward this hardy, vigorous old prophet of Russia. Crosby gives us an inkling of the new pride that comes to one who, once an aristocrat, comes under the sway of a divine democracy:

Since my soul has become brother to the lowest its pride knows no bounds.
It looks down on kingship and empire, on rule and mastery, on laws and institutions, on the ambitions and successes of men.
It condescends to mountains and oceans, to suns and constellations, to time and space.
It feels equal to the sum total of all things, of all excellencies and grandeurs.
It bows to nothing and nobody, and finds all that is worshipful in itself.
When my soul became brother to the lowest, it feared to lose the tiny atom that it was, and instead of that it has expanded into a universe.
All this has happened since my soul became brother to the lowest.
Ho! for the pride of democracy!
The other prides of kings and aristocrats shrivel up before it.
. . . . . .
Ho! for the bottomless, topless pride of democracy.

Crosby's first book was a collection of poems mainly in the Whitman rhymeless meter, entitled "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable." It is a strong book, holding up to the light the evils and injustices of society, and pointing to an era of peace and fellowship. The first poem he wrote, "The Prison," lay unused in his desk for a long time, until an incident of the day suggested his sending it to Horace Traubel's Conservator. It was published and widely reprinted, which encouraged him to offer others.

His books have all grown out of his life, and sprung spontaneously from the activities of his mind and the warm glow of his heart. They have not been written to order with the copy boy at his elbow, the publisher in a hurry, and the stipulated fee waiting at the end of the transaction. Great literature does not come into being in any such way as that. It comes only from the soul on fire with great ideas clamoring for expression.

From Tolstoy, Whitman and Henry George he imbibed ideas that forced him to consecrate his life, his talents, and his fortune, to the cause of peace, justice and brotherhood. He saw that the religion of Jesus was the crying need of the world, and that the priests and ecclesiastical pretenders had lost the spirit of real religion, and were "blind leaders of the blind." He followed Tolstoy as a non-resistant, opposing the military spirit in all its phases. Whitman taught him the love of comrades as the sure basis of a better social state. George showed him that the earth was the heritage of all men.

He realized the danger of cutting free from his past to enter into new fields. In one of his verses he says:

It is dangerous to set sail alone on the ocean of truth.
. . . . . .
It is so much more comfortable to be insane with the hoary insanities of the majority!
It is so reassuring to read the same delusions in the eyes of our friends!
The danger flag warning us not to go out to sea is always flying from the signal station.
And yet I flout the danger flag.
I am a man and out to sea will I go.

"Swords and Ploughshares" and "Capt. Jinks, Hero" grew out of the events surrounding the Cuban-Philippine war. The former contains some of the strongest things in the English language. In January, 1901, while lecturing in Tremont Temple, Boston, on "The Absurdities of Militarism," Crosby concluded with the wish that Mark Twain or some other humorist might show up the absurdities of military life. Two gentlemen in the audience told him he was the man to do it. Six weeks later the book appeared, illustrated by Dan Beard, and no keener satire has been written this many a year. It is the story of a

little boy who had played with the "chickens and sparrows and swallows," living a natural, sweetly child-like life, until given a set of toy soldiers as a birthday gift. From toy soldiers to a military school, then a military life, and at last in old age in a hospital for the insane, playing all the day with little toy soldiers—so the story proceeds, the author trying to show that the end to which his hero came was in reality the thing he was doing all his life—that war and the war spirit, the parading and fuss and feathers, is to an enlightened race, an insane thing, to say nothing of the glorification of murder it encourages.

Some of Crosby's most vigorous appeals were for peace and in ridicule and denunciation of war. As an example:

What do they accomplish who take the sword?
Now and then they cut off the ear of a servant of the high priest;
Quite as often they lose their own.
While they who say, "Put up thy sword into its place," tho' they die, yet succeed sometimes in changing the heart of the world.

To the church he offered a translation from the German of Bodenstedt:

Talk, if you will, of hero deed,
Of clash of arms and battle wonders;
But prate not of your Christian creed,
Preached by the cannon's murderous thunders.

And if your courage needs a test,
Copy the pagan's fierce behavior;
Revel in bloodshed east and west,
But speak not with it of the Savior.

. . . . . .

Be what you will, entire and free,
Christian or warrior—each can please us;
But not the rank hypocrisy
Of warlike followers of Jesus.

As a poet Ernest Crosby had a note of sweet simplicity, the natural expression of a man with a profoundly religious soul. He was fluid, ever growing, with his face toward the east, always ready to sit at the feet of nature and learn the way of life.

Nothing concrete was fixed or final to him. He believed "There are many roads to God for He is latent everywhere," and that—

Our highest truths are but half-truths.
Think not to settle down forever in any truth.
Make use of it as a tent in which to pass a summer night, but build no house of it, or it will be your tomb.

And again—

The boundless universe is but a segment,—
A narrow segment,—of the infinite whole,
Wherein God stalls us for a single night
While he prepares for us an ampler place
Within his many-mansioned house.

His "Garrison, the Non-Resistant" and "Golden Rule Jones" are little classics, written by one who loved these two lovers of men. His latest volume of verse, "Broadcast," opens with a poem from which I quote a few lines as an index of the man and his own idea of his work:

Others may frame and construct,
Fitting together the stones,
As they think, of the City of God.
Mine be the lowlier task,—
Mine be the dropping of seed
In the long silent furrows of earth;
Where she bringeth forth fruit of herself.

Publishers' Column

The Public

is a weekly review which prints in concise and plain terms, with lucid explanations and without editorial bias all the news of the world of historical value. It is also an editorial paper. Though it abstains from mingling editorial opinions with its news accounts, it has opinions of a pronounced character, based upon the principles of radical democracy, which, in the columns reserved for editorial comment, it expresses fully and freely, without favor or prejudice, without fear of consequences, and without hope of discreditable reward. Yet it makes no pretensions to infallibility, either in opinions or in statements of fact; it simply aspires to a deserved reputation for intelligence and honesty in both. Besides its editorial and news features, the paper contains a department of original and selected matter, in which appear articles and extracts upon various subjects, verse as well as prose, chosen alike for their literary merit and their wholesome human interest.

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Advertising forms close on the Tuesday preceding the Saturday of publication.

Ernest Crosby has gone away to a friendly shore, but his work will live wherever the spirit of Jesus Christ finds a lodgment in the human heart. Things of brick and stone may crumble into dust; monuments of marble may stand as silent symbols of forgotten heroes, and then topple and fall to the earth; the work of men's hands may decay and fade from memory, but the noble souls who write their names in love on the hearts of men will find a surer welcome as each succeeding generation learns the lesson that "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

These men, who are vanguards of the better day to be, who teach us that liberty, not restriction; peace, not war; love, not indifference; justice, not privilege, are the end and aim of true civilization—these men are the sanest leaders of the race.

Standing in their midst, I see the figure of Ernest Crosby, lofty in the purity of his motives, exalted in the splendor of his ideals, holding in his hand a white banner on which his own words, "Justice and Peace forever one," are inscribed; and my heart assures me that his memory will live in the affections of all the generous and good through all the years to come. My friends, I commend to you the man and his message.

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TRUTH.

Ernest Crosby in "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable."

Our highest truths are but half-truths.
Think not to settle down forever in any truth.
Make use of it as a tent in which to pass a summer night, but build no house of it, or it will be your tomb.
When you find the old truth irksome and confining,
When you first have an inkling of its insufficiency, and begin to descry a dim counter-truth looming up beyond,
Then weep not, but give thanks.
It is the Lord's voice, whispering, "Take up thy bed and walk."

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The truth is one with the way and the life;
It is the climbing, zigzag road which we must travel;
It is the irrepressible growth which we must experience.
Hail the new truth as the old truth raised from the dead;
Hail it, but forget not that it too will prove to be a half-truth;
For sooner or later we shall have to dismiss it also at another and loftier stage of our journey.

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THE LAND QUESTION IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

From the Issue for Dec. 6 of The Federalist and Grenada People, Published at St. George, Grenada, B. W. I.

The process of assimilation by which the large landowners are absorbing the holdings of the peasants, if allowed to continue unchecked, will soon bring the community face to face with a very serious and difficult problem. Just as the rise in the price of cocoa has taken place, and just as the peasants are looking forward with hope that they will, therefore, be able through this opportune occurrence to write much if not all their liabilities off, foreclosure suits are instituted, and week after week a string of properties are offered for sale. It is need-