

THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 324. (VOL. VII.—45.) CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 9, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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THE GREAT PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

BY ALLEN PRINGLE.

II.

How has the chronic conflict between religion and science come out of this Congress? That it has passed another—though perhaps not the final—stage, and that both religion and science have gained by the friendly encounter, is certain—that is to say, the highest religion, as tacitly accepted and reflected by the Parliament, and the established science and philosophy of the present time, have been drawn towards each other, and, if not blended practically, at least harmonised theoretically in many minds.

The unity of all nature—of the vast universe—and the solidarity of man, are established and admitted on both sides. While dogmatic religion and “iron-bound creeds” are further off than ever from any hope of reconciliation with science, or philosophy, or the common-sense of man, the religion of *works*, and kindness, and fraternity among men, as set forth by the Rev. Dr. Momerie, the Rev. Dr. Briggs, and other Christians at the Congress, and by every representative of the great religions of the East, has been immeasurably strengthened; and as that is the Religion of Science and Philosophy—the common and universal religion of man—there can be no real conflict between the two. The narrow and cruel creeds—the so-called religions, which make of God a tyrant worse than any human tyrant—are doomed, for how can we reasonably expect man to be better than the God he believes in? How can we expect him to be merciful to his kind, if the God he worships is without justice or mercy to the creatures he is said to have made, many of them (according to these creeds) only to be damned everlastingly? This is too much to expect of human nature—especially since we have found out that human nature is not “utterly depraved,” and that the man of to-day is in fact a good deal better (aye, and more intelligent) than the gods his ancestors have so numerously created.

The gods of the past are not as high—none of them—as the man of the present; and it would seem to be common sense as well as the “consensus of the competent” to say that the gods must be better than man, or their worship by man will be of no benefit to

him. Hence Calvinism, and every other “ism,” which “drags the Creator of the Universe lower than any human malefactor,” are doomed! Not a few of the ablest and best men in the Christian churches are seeing this and wisely governing themselves accordingly.

Dr. Adolf Brodbeck of Hanover, Germany, created consternation among a few of the dogmatic Puritans on the platform, as well as in the audience, when, in his address before the Parliament, in proposing a new religion, he declared:

“It is an open secret that millions of people in our civilised countries have practically given up Christianity, and with it religion. Millions of others cling to the old belief only because there is nothing better there. Again, millions are believers in Christianity or other religions, because they have been educated in those lines and do not know better. The time has come for a new form of religion, in which the painful discord between modern civilisation and old beliefs disappears, and bright harmony is placed instead.”

The evidence of the coming great change was amply manifest throughout the Religious Parliament. The conclusion reached—subjective, if not formal—was that the best religion *consists in doing right*, instead of practising rites and subscribing to creeds. All religions contain more or less truth, and all Bibles and sacred books more or less error. What we want is the best of them—the truth without the error, the good without the evil.

The Rev. Dr. Briggs (the distinguished heretical professor), in his address to the Parliament, said: “All the great historic religions have sacred books, which are regarded as inspired. . . . Study them, compare them, recognise what is true in each.” In speaking of the Bible, which Dr. Briggs placed at the head of all sacred books, he said:

“It is now being subjected to the searching criticism of science, and it will not do to oppose criticism with faith. . . . We admit that it contains errors in astronomy, geology, and anthropology. . . . Different texts show great discrepancies. All scientific criticism finds errors in the Bible. But the truthfulness of the Bible can be maintained by those who recognise these errors.”

Dr. Briggs also admits the immorality of the Old Testament, as follows:

“We cannot defend the morals of the Old Testament. Polygamy and slavery are not anywhere condemned. The Patriarchs were not truthful. David was a wicked sinner. The Israelites were told to destroy their enemies, etc.”

The representative of the Church of England from London said in his opening address :

"It cannot be that the new commandment was inspired when uttered by Christ, and not inspired when uttered, as it was uttered, by Hillial. The fact is, all religions are fundamentally more or less true, and all religions are superficially more or less false."

The Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, made substantially the same admission.

With these frank concessions before us, together with the Rev. Dr. Momerie's declaration, that "the essence of religion is not the recognition of God," but that religion is conduct, and morality its essence; and when we reflect that almost every delegate to the Parliament, Christian and Pagan, uttered like sentiments, we may safely conclude that the religion of dogma and authority has had its best day. The intelligent observer at the Parliament of Religions has no doubt of that. The creeds and confessions were relegated to a back seat, and a low seat, in the Art Palace, so that their ugly heads could hardly be seen; while the universal religion—the human and humane religion—the spirit of love to man and aspiration towards a worthy God—which is to be found in some form in all religions—was exalted to the highest place in the Parliament. Who, then, can undertake to measure the salutary effects of that Congress on the moral future of mankind? But what a pity that the spirit manifested by the Parliament collectively, could not have been carried away and permanently nurtured by its individual members. Unfortunately, a few were no sooner outside the wholesome moral atmosphere of the Art Palace and in their pulpits, than the "old Adam" regained the ascendancy, and the natural results of a narrow creed made themselves manifest. A religion that will make a man worse than he is by nature is not a good one. That is what Calvin's religion did for him else he never would have burned Servetus; and what Torquemada's religion did for him or he never would have invented the bloody Inquisition; and that is what the religion of thousands and tens of thousands of persecutors in all ages has done for them else they would not have tortured and put to death hundreds of thousands of their fellow-beings for heresy, witchcraft, and other imaginary offences.

The respective attitudes of the two great religious bodies of Christendom (the Protestant and Roman Catholic) towards the Parliament of Religions, and the respective parts played by each, was an interesting and significant study to the outsider. Roman Catholicism—always on the alert for vantage-ground and advantages—managed to get precedence at the opening of the Parliament, to the great scandal and mortification of some very zealous and excellent Protestants. Cardinal Gibbons, in his scarlet cap and cloak,

after crossing himself, offered the opening prayer. It would appear that there was a pretty general concurrence of approval of the holding of the Parliament of Religions by the Roman Catholic as well as the Protestant churches.

While the Archbishop of Canterbury declined the invitation to attend, or to endorse the Congress, Dr. Momerie, the Church of England representative from London, in referring to the matter in his opening address, regretted the Archbishop's decision, and assured the Parliament of the general sympathy of the Church in England, adding, as his belief, that had the late and lamented Dean Stanley been alive he would have been present, and, moreover, that he would have been able also to bring with him the Archbishop. The Episcopal Church in the United States approved the Parliament and was ably represented there. Of the dissenting sects the Baptists were, it would seem, strongly opposed to the project. On the Roman Catholic side the Jesuits frowned on the Parliament, a circumstance which ought to surprise nobody, for what would a Jesuit, who changes not and never forgets, hope to gain by an upward and onward movement just near the close of the nineteenth century? With these exceptions the inauguration of a great Congress of Religions had the countenance and support of the Christian religions as well as the so-called Pagan and Heathen.

A noticeable fact was that the Protestant representatives along with the Oriental scholars appeared to freely accept the great doctrine of evolution and the monistic conception of the universe as being so well established that it were useless to deny or attack them. A Roman Catholic theologian did, however, attack Darwinism and, by implication, evolution, but with evident misgiving as to the result, for he proceeded to make himself "solid" by declaring that even though Darwinism and evolution were both true, the truth of his religion would not be affected in the least. In interpreting the first chapters of Genesis, he has probably adopted that marvellously elastic system of exegesis which Professor Huxley ascribes to some clever theologians.

So far as science and evolution *versus* creeds is concerned, the Protestants seemed to let their side go by default—practically at any rate. Not so, however, with the Roman Catholics. They developed their usual policy and tact. Before the Parliament was half over, when its trend was properly cognised, there appeared placards in conspicuous places in the Art Palace stating that "questions regarding Catholic" (instead of Roman Catholic) "faith would be answered in room six," or words to that effect. If any intelligent Roman Catholic with an inquiring turn of mind happened to have his faith disturbed by any of the wonderful things

in science, philosophy, history, or religion (Pagan or Protestant) which he would inevitably hear from the learned Pagans or Protestant heretics of the Parliament, shelter was provided for him before he left the building—a retreat where he could have his doubts removed, and his mind set at rest again—where everything would be explained properly and authoritatively! What a grand opportunity the heretics lost in this line in the matter of holding their disciples in the fold!

Being something of a Catholic myself in religion—though not a Roman Catholic—I ventured to drop into “Room 6” one day to try and have some things explained to me which have bothered me a good deal before ever I went near the Parliament of Religions. I found a lot of people there, seeking light, no doubt, like myself. They were gathered into knots here and there thorough the hall, a priest in the centre of each “explaining.” I soon joined one of the companies, and listened attentively for about an hour to the discussion which was going on between the priest and two opposing Christians, whom I took to be Salvation Army captains, or “class leaders,” or such, from their style of argument and their certainty that they had been “converted” and saved, and had a “corner on heaven” as the sarcastic priest put it. They were sure of their eternal salvation. However that may be, they were no match at all for the clever priest, who was continually turning the laugh on them by his keen ridicule with which he liberally sprinkled his plausible arguments. His supporters, surrounding him, would fairly shake the place with laughter whenever the priest would make a fine hit at his victims.

At last the writer got sorry for the two poor martyrs (for the time being) to their religion, and made up his mind, as soon as he could see a proper opening, to put a stop to the fun and get the two polemics (?) out of the pillory, in which they were held physically as well as mentally, for they could not budge from the centre of that closely-packed crowd surrounding them. They were as nearly “between the Devil and the deep sea” as might be. The priest had been showing most conclusively, so far as the opposition was concerned, that his church was the true church on this planet; that it was older than Protestant churches; that all the Protestants had they had got from his church; that they had got their Bible from the Catholics, and had to accept their authority as to its authenticity, as the bishops of his church had compiled it, rejecting much that was called Scripture and accepting the genuine; that the credentials of his church, and his alone, were genuine; that any outsider, not biassed or prejudiced by education or training, would, *prima facie*, accept his religion in preference to any Protestant religion, because his church alone had the proofs and

verifications—had the title-deeds, as it were, of Christianity, etc., etc.

The replies to all this and much more (part of which was, of course, perfectly true and not to be gainsaid) were weak and often absurd, and only exposed the unfortunates (whose zeal was far away in excess of their knowledge) to the ridicule of the priest and the laughter of his admirers.

The writer at last got a favorable chance to interpose a question to his reverence, when he at once discovered that it “would be useless” to continue the discussion any longer there, and shifted his position to another part of the hall, the crowd of listeners following. The writer also followed, and, finally, got the question squarely in, followed by a few others, which had the effect of taking all the hilarity out of them. Every query appeared to be a wet blanket on their spirits, with the exception of a few knowing ones around, whose countenances began to light up perceptibly; and, although no attempt was made to turn the laugh on the priest (as we were soon in deep water), dismay was turned on to his followers, who soon began to protest and complain that his reverence was not getting a fair show, when in fact he was occupying most of the time in “explaining,” and the questioner but little. In the first place, he was requested to explain how his church, any more than any Protestant church, was going to verify her “title-deeds” to Christianity, when none of them—his no more than the rest—could furnish the New Testament test of a Christian by giving the “signs,” which it is there declared in plain language should “follow them that believe”; could he himself handle serpents without danger; could he swallow poison without dying; could he cast out devils, or even the “old Adam” (what Josh Billings called “pure cussedness”) out of some of his people? Furthermore, should the questioner there and then smite him on one cheek, would he meekly turn the other for more; if a thief stole his coat out of the ante-room, would he send away his cloak also to the scamp; and if he got sick, very ill with, say, cholera, would he depend on prayer and oil, instead of a physician?

In response to this the priest merely claimed that his church could and did perform miracles to day, but never hinted that he could show his own title clear by handling a rattler, or doing something else to prove his case according to the Scriptures. He was then reminded that even the Church would have some difficulty in producing these alleged miracles in the light of day; that the evidence in support of them appeared to be very defective, and would not be accepted in any court of justice, while modern science just scouted such proofs, along with all miracles, past and present. The priest’s attempts to get over other difficulties, presented by evolutionary science, were equally futile,

though very plausible, and no doubt quite satisfactory to most of his people.

From this Parliament of Religions, as well as from other signs of the times, there is, to my mind, a practical lesson or two for the Christian world. The first is the wisdom and necessity of moving faster in broadening out her creeds; and instead of showing the door to her ablest and best exponents, or harassing them with heresy-trials when they happen to outgrow their narrow creeds, if she is wise, she will keep these within the fold, but not within the creed. Let the creed expand to include them, or burst if needs be. These men are coming to the surface every day in all the churches, even the Roman Catholic with all her boasted unity and authority (instance Mivart), and are as sure to keep coming faster and faster, as it is certain that science and enlightenment are increasing at a rapid rate. Can Christianity afford to thus lose her best blood? That is the present question most vital to her existence. If the churches are determined to preserve and maintain their musty creeds intact, and continue to eject those who can no longer subscribe to them or believe them, their downfall comes all the sooner, and Christianity with them; and nobody, whether scientist, philosopher, secularist, atheist, or even pagan, wishes to see what is good and true in Christianity go down.

Let the churches make their platforms broad enough to include every moral, right-living man, no matter what his opinions or beliefs may be on abstract speculative questions, upon which men must continue to honestly differ as long as they are different in make-up. Nothing else will save Christianity as a doctrinal religion for any great length of time.

The next lesson for Christendom is to divert her missionary efforts from so-called pagans or heathens abroad, who evidently do not want our religion, to the heathen at home, where there is an ample field for her best efforts wherever Christianity exists.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

BY RICHARD GARBE.

[CONTINUED.]

IX. CAST OUT.

Ten or twelve distinguished merchants of Benares, whom Lakshman had joined, surrounded the sorely tried Krishnadas in his dwelling. The unfortunate man with bowed head leaned upon a table, and replied to the condolences of his professional comrades. "Accept my thanks, dear friends, but now, I pray you, leave me alone.—But it seems you wish something more; speak out!"

Hesitatingly began the oldest of the visitors who had been appointed by his caste as spokesman. "Eight

days have passed since the sad message reached us of the death of your son-in-law."

"Eight days?" repeated Krishnadas, "it may be; I have not counted how often the sun has risen, and the night drawn on . . . the night, which to me is no consoler, as it is called."

A pause followed; then the spokesman of the merchants inquired: "Krishnadas, is it true, as people say, that Gopa, your daughter, still goes about in gay clothing, and that you have not yet shorn her head as becomes a widow?"

"It is true," affirmed Krishnadas, "I forbade it; speak no more about it."

"It is our duty to speak of it, to rouse you from your useless sorrow, and to warn you of what the laws of our caste command."

"My heart commands otherwise," responded Krishnadas, "I cannot! Pity me; grant me only this!"

Again followed a painful pause which was ended by one quite near to Krishnadas who said: "Remember, consider who and what you are. It pains us all, but it must be."

"No," cried the tortured one, "it must not be! No! If Gopa, my beautiful child, should be robbed of the glorious hair which falls on her shoulders, and condemned to all the wretchedness which my sister endured, I shall go insane. Yes, by the gods, I feel it. I shall go mad!"

Then the leader of the delegation spoke earnestly. "Krishnadas, we stand here not only as your friends, but also as your judges. We are the ones who have been appointed by our caste, who to-day held a consultation, and sent us."

"Ha! is it so?" cried Krishnadas, "you threaten me!"

"I regret it, we must. Here we have no choice. Friend, come to your senses and promise that before to-morrow Gopa . . ."

Krishnadas did not permit him to finish, but cried out in utter despair: "No! and always no!"

"Is this, spoken with full knowledge, your last word?"

"My last! I will endure all, will strive to endure whatever may come!"

Then the speaker raised his voice and with angry earnestness and great force said: "Since you foolishly despise the commands of the gods, hear the judgment of our caste. From this day on, no merchant shall enter your house, no one shall do business with you; and if we meet you upon the street we shall turn from you as if we had never known you. Come, friends, we have done our duty." And without taking leave of Krishnadas, the merchants departed.

The unhappy man was expelled from his caste, but he did not yet understand that even the friend of his

youth could entirely ignore him. "You, too, Lakshman," he exclaimed, "even you leave me without a greeting?"

Half turning round, the latter answered: "The will of the gods stands higher in my mind than the friendship of men," and left, as the last, the now disdained house.

At the same moment Gopa hastily entered, and, running up to her father, impulsively flung her arms about him. "Oh, Father, Father, I have heard it all; we are lost!"

"I fear, child, we are," replied Krishnadas, weakly. "I know these hard men; they will write to-day to all with whom I have connexions. My business is ruined."

"No, Father, no!" cried Gopa then. "I will hasten to dress myself in widow's garments and to shave my head."

"You shall not! I will not allow it!"

"Oh, father, let me, I implore you. If I show myself to-day in widow's garb, the caste will reverse their decision, and rest content with some slight penalty."

But Krishnadas would not yield. "No, my daughter, rather let us die together, if it must be so."

The servant stood loitering in the door. "What is it?" demanded Krishnadas, "you disturb me."

"Master, only a word," he begged. "Just now when the merchants were leaving you, they went to your bookkeeper in the wareroom, and spoke low to him. After a time he left the house and ordered me to say to you . . ."

He stopped, and when Krishnadas, quivering with impatience, shouted, "Well, what? out with your speech!" he anxiously stepped back a pace.

"Ah, sir, I am afraid. Do not look so sternly at me. I tremble in every limb."

"Speak, wretch! What did he say?"

"That you must find another bookkeeper among the Pariahs."

Scarcely had the servant spoken these words, when he disappeared from the door. Gopa groaned aloud, but Krishnadas gnashed his teeth with rage. "Oh that villain! that dog of a villain, to whom I have done nothing but good, whom I received into my house years ago when he was starving! But I will make haste to see if he has added to his infamy by stealing from me."

Gopa remained alone and walked up and down the room, wringing her hands. "All this misery on my account!" thought she; "yet, what have I done to bring it about? That I took Champak for a husband? I was a mere child; I did not know him. The caste gave him to me—the same caste that now wishes to ruin me and my father. And had I been able to resist, would I have dared to do so? Ah, no! And is it

our fault that Champak died? Let the young Prince of Cashmere suffer, who shot him! But we, why we?"

She heard her name called and turned around. Her face brightened, for, unnoticed by her, Ramchandra had entered. "Ah, you, Ramchandra," said she, going to meet him; "this is kind of you. We have not seen you for many days. . . . We shall no longer see you in the future." Her voice trembled with agitation, as she spoke the last words.

Ramchandra looked at her in astonishment. "What do you mean, Gopa; why should you not?"

"You must know it," answered Gopa, sadly. "My father has been expelled from his caste, for refusing to allow me to suffer the widow's fate of Lilavati."

The Brahman started back. "That is hard; I can hardly believe it. . . . Your father would. . . ."

"You know it now, go! I suppose I shall never see you again in this house."

"That remains to be seen, Gopa," said Ramchandra, with a sudden impulse. "I have not yet expressed to you my condolence on the death of your husband. You thought in a short time you would go away to your new home. Does it grieve you deeply?"

"Not more than the death of other men. What was my husband to me? Did I know him? I believe that I have scarcely exchanged ten words with him."

"And, perhaps," said Ramchandra, consolingly, "you would not have found happiness at his side."

"I believe myself that I should not. But what matters the happiness of women in this land?" said Gopa, bitterly. "And yet, if I could, through a long life, have endured, as the wife of Champak, all the trouble which the heart of a woman can endure, I would willingly have done it for my father's sake. My poor, poor father! He speaks of death; and that would be best for us. In a few weeks we shall be beggars. Champak's death was the worst that could happen to us." Tears choked her utterances; she turned her head and covered it.

Then Ramchandra felt his blood seethe through his veins and pressed his right hand upon his beating heart, which seemed like to burst. All his self-control was gone. He rushed to the maiden and folded her in his arms, with the cry, "Oh, Gopa, Gopa!"

The same moment he staggered back. Gopa had freed herself and stood erect in all her dignity. With scornful eyes she looked upon the Brahman, who scarcely knew what had happened, and said in a voice trembling with indignation: "Back, vile man! Was that your friendship? Was that the reason for which the Brahman's kindness honored this house? You Brahmans, you chosen ones of the great gods, are you not ashamed of yourselves? Did not my father save your life? I wish he had not done it; that he had left you before our door to be beaten to death like a

mad dog. Has not my father enabled you to become what you are? And this is your thanks! Answer nothing; not a word! The sound of your voice disgraces this house. My father and I—we were never good enough for you to share a meal with us, because the silly laws of your caste,—no, not laws,—because your pride forbade you. Yes, hear it from the lips of a woman! Open your ears and hear the truth! Oh, the Pariah who sweeps the filth from the streets is better than you! I say it to you; I, a widow, whom you and all of your class despise. . . .”

Ramchandra stood in feverish excitement; in vain had he several times attempted to interrupt the wild torrent of words in which her wrath found expression. “No, Gopa, no! I protest, by all the gods! Listen to me. . . .”

“I will hear nothing more from you,” cried she, “but one thing more I will say to you, and then—go! In the short time that has elapsed since Lilavati’s death, this has become perfectly clear to me. The divine laws, of which you Brahmans are always talking, and whose most distinguished conservator you desire to be, are nothing but lies and deceits! The pitiful existence to which you condemn the poor Pariahs was formerly established as a law by your class through base selfishness. And the mass, the ignorant mass, has believed your words and has languished in these fetters from century to century. You Brahmans are not the protectors, you are the scourges of our people.”

Ramchandra was dumfounded. “Whence has come to the maiden this revelation, which is even now knocking at the door of my heart?”

“No, no more!” continued the angry Gopa; “you are worse than the vicious wolf which breaks in upon the herd; for we can protect ourselves from a wolf, but not from you! With your solemn faces, you stand there unassailable and say: ‘It is the will of the gods that the widow must live in misery and despair.’ I tell you, more tears have flowed from the eyes of the widows of our land, than waters from the Ganges into the sea! But that does not move you; sooner will the lofty glaciers of the Himalaya melt, than the icy coat of cold indifference around a Brahman heart. . . . But in secret you can steal into our homes and approach even the widow, whose honor you do not respect. Oh, it is too much!” Finally, the friendly feeling she had cherished for Ramchandra for years so far returned, that her anger gave place to a deep sense of pain. “And that even you! Even you, Ramchandra, whom I have trusted so long, are no better than the rest of them!”

Sobbing, she left the room.

The Brahman stood there, deeply agitated, but at the same time a feeling of freedom came over his heart. “From the lips of a woman,” thought he,

“the truth has been shown to me, and the truth will conquer and must conquer. I see redemption dawning upon us. But she does me an injustice. From this hour I am no longer a Brahman, but a man.”

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CORNELL'S LIBERAL SPIRIT.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

IN a recent letter, here first printed, Dr. Schurman, President of Cornell University, said :

“There is no Methodist among our professors, or, I believe, associate professors. Of course, this is not intentional: the question of creed was simply not taken into account. The same spirit animates the students, who come together irrespective of religious faith. Jews are members of fraternities, societies, etc., and in the social world they enjoy the same privileges as others. In fact, the spirit of the University is described most truly by saying there is no difference between Jew or Gentile, Greek or barbarian, bond or free. The complete solidarity of life and interests prevents any one inquiring whether any student or professor is a Jew.

“I desire to emphasise and reiterate what has been said, because I now come to an apparent exception. No rabbi has ever preached in Sage Chapel. When the Dean Sage Sermon Fund was given to the University, Mr. Andrew D. White was president, and everybody knows how broad and catholic his sympathies are and have been. Consequently, he insisted that the pulpit should be open alike to all Christian denominations, and the donor heartily concurred, both of them aiming at breadth and tolerance. It was apparently overlooked that even this comprehensive formula excluded one religious body. That fact I brought last winter to the attention of the Trustees, and though it was felt we could not tamper with the conditions of a gift already made to support Christian preaching, we could accept another endowment for the maintenance of Jewish preaching. Some of my Jewish friends in the State of New York, with Rabbi Landsberger of Rochester at their head, are, I think, likely to raise a small endowment for this purpose. It will be a disappointment to me if they do not succeed, but I know they will, for it is important that the thoroughly unsectarian character of Cornell University should be recognised and demonstrated.

“In my Report to the Board of Trustees I have put first among the wants of the University a chair of Hebrew. May some wise and wealthy friend of higher education give us the endowment for it, as we can no longer found new departments with our own resources. Europe and America owe their secular civilisation to Greece; but their religion is the gift of Palestine; and as Cornell has professors of Greek art, language, literature, and philosophy, I feel keenly she should also have at least one chair consecrated to the sacred learning of the Hebrews. The true genius of the University is as congenial to Semite as to Aryan, and I would not have it misunderstood.”

This letter is the key-note of the ceremonies held the other day at Ithaca, when Cornell University celebrated the twenty-fifth year of her existence. It was struck repeatedly, both in the interesting exercises held in the great library and in many of the toasts at the banquet which followed. Such sentiments reflect much honor on President Schurman, and that they can be truly attributed to Cornell University, is one of the strongest claims which that institution has on the support and good-will of the nation. If Cornell stood for

this alone—breadth in religion—it would have been fit that she should publicly celebrate her permanent advent into the growing circle of American university-life.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE assassination of the Mayor of Chicago overshadows all other topics for the time, and gives a sombre tone to conversation, to business, and even to the customary pleasures of the people. The tragedy is full of pathos, intensified by the sacrilegious invasion of that hallowed sanctuary which goes by the name of home. By sympathetic instinct we feel that the assassination of a man in his own house is an assault upon every other home, and we all partake as kindred in the sorrows of the stricken family. Not only the home, but the very ark of our citizenship is rudely assailed when a civic magistrate, elected by the people, is killed for a real or imaginary grievance growing out of his official action. There is no security for the public welfare if the public magistrate performs his duties under the duress of imminent assassination. Nor is there any security for the private citizen either, if, because of social prominence, he has any social power. These are some of the reasons that stimulate the passions of our citizens and provoke them to retort upon the assassin by counter-violence as revengeful as his own.

* * *

To many persons murder, when accompanied by spectacular elements, appears as an eccentricity, and then the assassin is at once resolved into a "crank." He is given that contemptuous nickname which has itself become contemptible, for it may rebound from a Guiteau and a Prendergast upon the wisest reformer, philosopher, or inventor of his time; upon any man whose doctrines and discoveries happen to be unintelligible to the semi-stupid intellect of his generation. Having christened Prendergast a "crank," a multitude of cranks immediately broke into the newspapers to tell us what ought to be done with cranks, and showing us how to get rid of them in all sorts of impossible ways. One of these, a lawyer, has but recently been released from the lunatic asylum, and, as might have been expected, he made the best argument of them all. The act of Prendergast, the "crank," has developed a multiplicity of cranks, all of them frantically prescribing heroic treatment, not only for homicidal cranks, but for cranks philosophical, spiritual, political, scientific, mechanical, and cranks of every degree.

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Of all the cranks revealed by the Harrison tragedy, the most irrational, and, considering their merciful profession, the most illogical, figured in the pulpit. The orthodox clergymen appealed for vengeance with sacerdotal rage. They spoke in the delirium of spiritual intoxication, and their mad cry was like that of the red Indian when he rehearses the scalp-dance of his tribe. Mingling religion and politics together, they seasoned the mixture with the elixir of revenge, and made the Governor's clemency responsible for the crime of Prendergast. There was method in their madness, too, for they saw votes in the tragedy, and they advertised the "ticket." "Standing at the door of an election," said a Doctor of Divinity, "let Chicago speak. Give us judges who dare condemn crime"; which being interpreted according to its personal application means, "Give us judges who will execute mob-vengeance, regardless of the law." Another, sorrowful exceedingly, because, as he plaintively remarked, "not one man has been hanged since the days of the Anarchists," called upon Justice to "unbandage her eyes and grip her sword, and use it as God meant." It seems to be a Modoc Divinity that those clergymen are doctors of; they exhort the congregations to bow down to a

church-made idol, with a sword whose keen, sharp edge is always toward the prisoner; and this effigy they call God.

* * *

Among the sermons called out by the assassination was one delivered by a Congregationalist, a visitor from Boston. He dogmatically begged the question that ought to be decided at the trial, and said, "The murderer is evidently no lunatic"; and having thus judicially overruled the prisoner's defense, he emptied the vials of his wrath upon the dead. Careless of the mourning family, he accused the slain magistrate, and said: "Mr. Harrison, as Mayor, has been understood to have been especially lenient toward lawbreakers. What gambling, dram-selling, Sabbath-desecration has he undertaken to suppress, as by his oath of office he should have done? We have understood the lawless element to be especially the subject of his consideration. If Carter Harrison was right in his policy towards lawbreakers, this murder, consistently with such a policy, is justified. But if this murder is, as I affirm, a diabolical crime, then all the immorality and lawlessness, which encourage contempt for laws both of God and man, and which encourage criminals and lead to crime, are to be condemned. The murderer should be dealt with most severely." I am sorry to say that "severely" is the key-note of all the sermons, excepting those preached by the unevangelical Unitarians and people of that kind. These are distinguished by a more enlightened and a more merciful tone.

* * *

While the clerical cranks may be the most irrational, the most dangerous are those who threaten judge and jury with mob-vengeance if they fail to hang Prendergast. For instance, the crank who writes editorial articles for my favorite paper discourses thus this morning: "The desire to honor the dead man was not the only sentiment that moved the hearts of the marching host. Hidden beneath the decorum of the ceremonial was the stern desire to make it plain that the cowardly miscreant who shot down the defenseless magistrate must not escape the penalty with which society protects her citizens. Notice was served on judge, lawyer, and they who may sit in the jury-box, that no loophole of law must be found for the escape of the man whose hands are red with the blood of the people's chosen ruler." This is the anarchy of what Governor Altgeld calls "the broadcloth mob." It is that form of anarchy that strikes down the law itself in the very temple of the law. It is the kind of anarchy that overawed judge, jury, and lawyer seven years ago. They had not courage enough to face it, so they shut up every "loophole of the law" so securely that not even innocent men could escape. We have had enough of that; and I trust that Prendergast may find a judge and jury brave enough to give him a fair trial. As the case now stands I see no hope for him except in a plea of insanity; and if insanity be proved his plea ought to avail. Neither judge nor jury has any right to close against him that "loophole of the law."

* * *

There is one lesson presented by the Chicago tragedy that ought to have been learned long ago, and it is this, that assassination sanctioned as a political deliverance will be adopted as a private remedy, for murder will not stay within any prescribed political or geographical boundary lines. There is not one single reform in a hundred murders. It is folly to unchain the devil, and then ask him to confine his diabolism to Russia, to Germany, to England, or to France. For twenty years and more we have seen vote-hunting politicians in this country recommending assassination for the rulers of Great Britain as a relief against English law. They sowed the seed here thinking the crop would be harvested there. They said we approve the dynamite punishment, but only for the crowned heads, and the officers of state in Europe. Other agitators went farther, and said, "Why limit the argument? Let us apply it in the United States, for surely it will be as potent here

as it is across the sea." The sacrament of murder is unholy, and from its communion-table comes a plague. It is not well to familiarise our people with the ethics of assassination, for we cannot preach the innocence of murder without endangering ourselves. We cannot invoke death for the Emperor without putting the President in peril, or the Governor, or the Mayor, or anybody else who may be condemned by political or private malignity to die.

* * *

When Alexander the Second was blown to pieces by the Nihilists I wrote and published this: "The murder of kings cannot overthrow monarchy. Institutions are the growth of ideas. Republics will come in time, but assassination will delay the march of liberty. Once admit the right of assassination as a remedy for political evils, and there will always be somebody under sentence of death, a mark for the private executioner. If it is not the Emperor, it will be the King; if not the King, the President, or the Governor, for we must have civil magistrates if we are to have political existence at all. The assassination of Alexander threatens every man who is richer than his neighbors, or higher in rank or station. It is the menace of death to every man above the grade of a tramp. Its warning is not confined to Europe. It threatens every man in America who can wear a decent coat, because according to the sanguinary code of Nihilism, that coat makes him an aristocrat worthy of death; according to that code every employer is an 'oppressor' whom it is praiseworthy to kill." There may be some extravagance of statement in those words, but I still believe that the sentiments they express are ethically, socially, and politically sound. The gospel of political assassination stimulates private murder, and it ought to be condemned.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

BOOK NOTICES.

Prof. Frederick Jodl of Prague sends us a short monograph of twenty pages *Ueber das Wesen des Naturrechtes und seine Bedeutung in der Gegenwart*, which is the development of a lecture delivered by him before the Vienna Juristische Gesellschaft in February, 1893. Professor Jodl's analysis of the idea of the "law of nature" shows that this idea is simply the product and survival of a false metaphysical and speculative philosophy, which still greatly prevails. Law, says Professor Jodl, is not an original but a derived product. Previous to law we have human nature and society: these are the source of law. We find opposed to each other the *statics* of positive law and the *dynamics* of actual life. Besides the facts of life which have been crystallised into legal forms and have come within the province of law, there exists in all societies a vast, obscure multitude of unsatisfied and unlegalised wants and necessities. Thus, a sharp, noticeable contrast is always exhibited between actual law and imagined or wished-for law. It is this latter, more extensive concept which gives rise to the notion of a law of nature. All so-called natural law, says Professor Jodl, really sails under false colors: it is nothing else than social ethics; the criticism which is exercised by the ethical sense or the ethical reason on existing legal ordinances with the view of making them include provisions which are demanded by the needs of the time. Professor Jodl closes his monograph with some practical considerations of the methods by which our ethical notions should become incorporate law, and of the norms which should control such transformations.

The Scriptural Tract Repository of Boston, Massachusetts, 47 Cornhill, have republished, under the title of "The Testimony of History to the Truth of Scripture," Rawlinson's "Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament," (pp. 240,) as gathered from ancient records, monuments, and inscriptions. Mr. H. L. Hastings, editor of *The Christian*, has supplied a preface to the work, and Prof. Horatio R. Hackett, D. D., LL. D., has added some

notes and "additions." Dr. Rawlinson has done some excellent work in the presentation of historical pictures of the ancient Oriental world, and his authority in the matters treated of in this little book will undoubtedly strengthen the conviction of those who share his preconceptions.

The third volume of the second part of M. P. Van Bemmelen's book, *Le nihilisme scientifique, correspondance entre l'étudiant Ti et le professeur de philosophie Ousia*, has made its appearance during the present year. It treats of *Les trois règnes du monde réel—la matière, la vie, l'esprit*. Reviews of the other parts of this work appeared in Vol. II, No. 2, of *The Monist*, and No. 271 of *The Open Court*. During the printing of this last volume, M. Bemmelen died.

Mr. Louis James Block's new poem, *El Nuevo Mundo*, has been flatteringly reviewed by our metropolitan journals and seems to fulfil the promise of which his earlier poems gave evidence. The present production, which is dedicated to "The Women of America," and takes up some ninety-five pages, is, in intent at least, epic, and sings the praises of the new Western world, pointing out the prospect, we might say, of its divine mission on earth. The book is prettily bound and excellently printed on fine paper. (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1893. Price, \$1.00.)

We have received recently a pamphlet of seventy-nine pages, entitled "Agnosticism, New Theology, and Old Theology on the Natural and Supernatural," by the Rev. Joseph Selinger, D. D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee. The pamphlet is published with the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities and is printed by Hoffman Brothers Co., "Printers to the Holy Apostolic See." The treatise was originally written for theological students, but the author, "imagining it would be of some use to others also," thought it wise to give it to the public. In principle, he says, he has sought to follow St. Thomas Aquinas. But the book will be of little value to the unmetaphysical philosopher.

THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

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