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CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM.¹

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

I.

FOUR years ago there came to Russia a well known French agitator for war with Germany, who essayed to prepare the ground for a Franco-Russian Alliance. He paid us a visit in our village. We were then in the field making hay. On our return we made his acquaintance, and during lunch he told us about his service in the war of 1870, how he was taken prisoner, how he escaped, and how he gave a patriotic pledge never to cease agitating for war with Germany until France had redeemed her glory and integrity.

All the pleadings of our guest about the necessity of an alliance between Russia and France for the purpose of restoring France's former boundaries, power, and glory, and in the interest of our own safety against Germany's evil designs, met with no success. To his arguments that France could not rest satisfied until her provinces were restored to her, we answered that neither could Prussia rest satisfied until she had avenged herself for Jena, and that, should the French *revanche* be successful now, Germany would still have to square matters up again, and so on *ad infinitum*.

To his argument that the French are bound to liberate their brethren in Alsace-Lorraine, we answered that the condition of the inhabitants, of the majority of the laboring men of Alsace-Lorraine, was hardly worse now, under the German rule, than it had been before under the French rule. And for the simple reason that certain Alsatians preferred to be French citizens, or that because he, our guest, desired to vindicate the glory of the French arms, it did not follow by any means that we should deliberately bring about the appalling evils incident to war, for in fact we could not sacrifice to that end a single human life.

Furthermore, being Christians, we could not approve of war, because war requires the slaughter of men, whereas Christianity not only forbids all murder, but actually demands the exercise of benevolence towards all men, who are our brethren, without regard to nationality. A Christian government, we said, in undertaking a war, in order to be consistent, ought not only to remove the crosses from its churches, dedicate

its temples to other purposes, give the clergy a different occupation, and forbid the circulation of the New Testament,—but it should also renounce all the precepts of morality that follow from the Christian doctrines. *C'est à prendre, ou à laisser*, we told him. To draw people into a war before Christianity had been stamped out of existence, would be a deceit and a fraud, but one which nevertheless is practised right along. As for our own part, we had seen into that deceit and could not submit to it.

As there was neither music, champagne, nor anything else befogging our heads, our guest only shrugged his shoulders, and with the habitual French amiability told us that he was very grateful for the cordial hospitality which he found in our home, and extremely regretted that his ideas had not met with a similar welcome.

II.

After the foregoing conversation we went out into the fields, and, hoping to find there among the people more sympathy for his ideas, he requested me to translate to an old and sickly, but still industrious, moujik, Procophy, our comrade in toil, his plan of action against the Germans, which consisted, as he expressed it, in squeezing from both sides the German who stood between the Russians and the French. The Frenchman presented his idea to Procophy graphically by placing his white fingers against the sweaty sides of the peasant.

I remember Procophy's good-natured and derisive surprise when I explained to him the Frenchman's words and gestures. Procophy evidently considered his proposition about the squeezing of the Germans as a joke, never entertaining the idea that a mature and learned man could talk in a sober state about the desirability of war.

"Well, suppose we do squeeze him from both sides," he answered, pitting joke against joke, "we'll have him cornered, won't we; and then we'll have to make room for him?"

I translated the answer to my guest.

"*Dites lui que nous aimons les Russes*," he said. These words perplexed Procophy even more than the proposition about squeezing the German, and he grew suspicious.

¹ Translated from the Russian by Paul Borger.

"Who is he?" he inquired of me, looking distrustfully at my guest. I told him that he was a Frenchman, a man of wealth.

"What is his business?" was his next question. I told him again that he had come here to effect an alliance between the Russians and the French in case of war with Germany. Procophy was evidently quite displeased, and, turning to the women who were sitting near a pile of hay, ordered them in a strict tone of voice, which fully expressed his feelings, to go on with their work.

"Here, you old crones," he said, "wake up, bestir yourselves! Now is the time for squeezing the German. The hay is not half gathered yet, and it looks as if harvest would begin in a few days." Then, as if being loath to offend a stranger and a visitor by his remarks, he added, shaping his stubby teeth into a good-natured smile: "Better come to work with us, and let the German go. When the work is over, we'll celebrate it, and we'll have the German with us, too. He is a man like ourselves."

With that Procophy shouldered his pitchfork and joined the women.

"O, *le brave homme!*" laughingly exclaimed our polite Frenchman.

And thus ended at that time his diplomatic mission to the Russian people.

The sight of those two men, so diametrically opposed in stations of life—on the one hand, the well-fed and well-groomed Frenchman, with a silk hat and a long coat of the latest cut, vivacious and elegant and in the best of health, demonstrating energetically with his white hands how we were to squeeze the German; and, on the other, the ungainly peasant, with his hair full of hay, his skin all dried up from hard work, sun-burnt, always tired, yet toiling hard despite his work-swollen fingers, in home-made overalls, with old, worn-out sandals, a huge pitchfork of hay on his shoulder, and moving along with that economical gait which is so characteristic of the laboring man—I say the sight of those two men, so different in all respects, was fraught for me with profound significance at the time, and I vividly recollected the scene on the occasion of the Toulon-Paris festivities.

The one, the Frenchman, impersonated a class in the world who had grown fat on the people's labor, men who afterwards recklessly used that people as food for powder; the other, Procophy, was a type of the food-for-powder class who had reared and put bread into the mouths of all those who were afterwards to lord it over him.

III.

"Well, but the French have been deprived of two provinces, two favorite children have been torn away from their mother. Russia cannot permit Germany to

make laws for her and interfere with her historical mission in the East; nor can she entertain the possibility of losing, like the French, her Ostsee Provinces, Poland, or the Caucasus. Germany, too, cannot suffer the thought of losing those advantages as regards France, which she has acquired at the cost of such great sacrifices. England cannot afford to yield her maritime preponderance to some one else." And so on *ad infinitum*.

In such arguments it is generally presumed that the Frenchman, the Russian, the German, and the Englishman must be ready to sacrifice everything he has, in order to recover the lost provinces, in order to insure their influence in the East, in order to rule the seas, etc.

It is presumed that the sentiment of patriotism, in the first place, is always innate in all men, and secondly, that it is such a lofty sentiment, that, where it is absent, it should be cultivated.

Neither the one nor the other presumption is correct. I have lived for half a century in the midst of the Russian people, and genuine Russians at that, and yet in all that time I have never seen nor heard any manifestation or any expression of such a sentiment, if I except the patriotical formulas and machinery which are learned in military service or from books, and which are afterwards mechanically repeated by empty-headed or corrupt individuals. I have never heard among the mass of people themselves any expression of patriotic sentimentality. On the contrary, I have repeatedly heard from earnest and respectable men words of total indifference and even of contempt for all manifestations of patriotism. I have also observed the same phenomenon among the workmen of other countries, and my observations have been corroborated time and again by intelligent Frenchmen, Germans, and Englishmen.

The working people are too much preoccupied with the absorbing business of gaining a subsistence to bother about the political questions that evoke the sentiment of patriotism. The questions of Russia's influence in the East, of German unity, of the restoration of the French provinces, etc., do not interest him, because, first, he is generally ignorant of the circumstances at the origin of those questions, and also because his interests in life are totally independent of political and state interests.

To a man of the people it is indifferent where this or that boundary-line is marked out, who shall possess Constantinople, whether Saxony shall or shall not become a member of the German Union, or whether Australia and the Matabeleland shall belong to England; he is even indifferent as to whom he has to pay his taxes to, and as to which army his sons serve in. But it is all important for him to know the amount

of his tax, the length of the military service, the time he will have to pay for his land in, or how much he can get for his work. All these are questions independent of general state or political interests.

And so it happens that despite all the energetic measures resorted to by governments to imbue the people with a sentiment of patriotism and to suppress the sprouting of socialistic ideas, yet the latter are constantly striking deeper roots among the masses, while the spirit of patriotism, so skillfully nourished by the government, is not only not affecting them, but is slowly disappearing, and now lingers only among the higher classes whose purposes it serves. If it happens sometimes that patriotism does get possession of the masses, it is only because the masses have been subjected to vigorous hypnotic influence by the government and the ruling classes, and it lives only as long as that influence lasts.

Thus, for instance, in Russia, where patriotism in the shape of love for and loyalty to the Church, the Tzar and the mother country is excited in the Russian people by all available means, through the medium of the churches, schools, the press, and the most varied kinds of ceremonies,—notwithstanding all this, I say, the Russian laboring man, who constitutes one hundred millions of the Russian people, despite his undeserved reputation of being especially loyal to his faith, his Tzar, and his mother country, is a race of men the most free imaginable from the illusions of patriotism and of loyalty to his creed, his Tzar, and his country.

As to his faith, that orthodox, governmental faith, he hardly knows what it is, and no sooner does he know it than he abandons it and becomes a rationalist; in other words, he embraces a faith which can neither be attacked nor defended. As to his Tzar, notwithstanding the continual and forceful admonitions he receives on this head, he treats him as he does all despotic authorities, if not condemning him outright, yet regarding him with absolute indifference. And as to his mother country, if we do not understand by that his village or township, he is either absolutely ignorant of what it is, or else he makes no distinction between it and the surrounding States. Formerly the Russian emigrants used to go to Austria and to Turkey; and in the same manner now they settle indifferently within the Russian domain or outside it, in China or elsewhere.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STRENGTH OF BEAUTY.

BY PROF. WOODS HUTCHINSON.

II.

So far we have been for the most part combating popular impressions, but we now come to a sense in which beauty is even proverbially strong, and that is

in its influence. It has been a most potent influence in our development and is yet in our daily life even in these Philistine days.

In all ages its power for good and for evil has formed one of the principal themes of song and story.

It was no mere accidental coincidence that made the "fatal beauty" of Helen the mainspring of the movement of the grandest epic poem of the ages; nor simply a figure of speech which described the beauty of Paris as causing discord upon Olympus itself.

From Venus and Here to Madame de Pompadour and Ninon de l'Enclos, from Cleopatra to Mary Queen of Scots the power of beauty has swayed not only minds of men, but the destinies of nations.

The sweet face of the Madonna has been one of the most potent and purest influences in the sway of Christianity, and the saintly features of Beatrice inspired the majestic vision of Dante.

And strange as it may seem in anything so fleeting, so proverbially evanescent, there is a genuine physical basis for all this metaphor and poetry, and the sway of beauty is most powerful not in camp and court, but in the field, in the cottage, in the home. From the lowest to the highest forms of animal life, nay, through the larger part of the plant-world as well, we find it exercising its sway.

Naturalists had long been puzzled to account for the wonderful beauty and wealth of color and elaborateness of markings displayed by all sorts of living forms from the pansy to the peacock.

It was popularly assumed with a self-conceit that was amusing in its proportions and *naïveté* that they were placed there for our especial benefit and sole enjoyment, and their presence was actually made one of the principal props of the old "argument from design."

Even the Master in his earlier investigations was at a loss to account for their presence, but later, their true meaning dawned upon him, and he declared them instead of merely provisions for our own selfish enjoyment, to be means of progress second only in power to natural selection. Without them, nearly one-half of the vantage gained by vigor, agility, or intelligence would be lost, and in many cases the organism would soon become extinct. In plants, for instance, the vivid tints and gorgeous markings of their petals are signals to attract the insects whose visit is absolutely necessary to their fertilisation. The silvery scales, the ruby fins, and the superb lustres in all colors of the rainbow in fishes are for the purpose of charming and attracting the opposite sex.

The velvety plumage, the wonderful shadings and markings and the matchless song of birds, alike the wonder, the joy, and the despair of the artist, the poet, the musician are simply aids to courtship as is

proved by their presence for the most part only in the mating-season, and exercise a profound influence upon the development of the species.

The royal coat of the leopard, the majestic antlers of the monarch of the glen, the splendid stripes of the zebra, the tossing mane of the war-horse that "clothes his neck with thunder," not merely delight the eye, but form a prominent part of that wonderful engine of progress, sexual selection.

In our own species nature's masterpiece in colors, in outlines, and expression—the human face divine, owes its very existence to the power of this instinct in us for beauty. Her next most wonderful feat—the ivory whiteness and satin-like suppleness of the human skin can be traced solely to this same cause, as can also the rippling splendor of that "glory of woman,"—her hair. No possible explanation can be given for these on grounds of utility, they are a pure outgrowth of our love of the beautiful.

"Beauty only skin-deep" indeed! it has entered into the very blood, bone, and marrow of the race for countless generations. With its advent hand-in-hand with love, the stern law of the "survival of the fittest" loses half its terrors, for a new element is introduced into the problem of "fitness," a new world is opened up for selection. It has swayed and softened not only the hearts of men, but the great elemental forces and relentless laws of nature herself. And has it lost any of its primeval power to day? Not a whit. It sweeps everything before it as almost no other influence can. Even in this mercenary age the value of beauty as a dower is second to none. That a lovely woman should have the talent and wealth of half a province at her feet is as natural and excites no more surprise than that the discovery of gold should be followed by a wild rush of eager-eyed prospectors. It is exchangeable for a large equivalent in cash in any mart, and that is apotheosis in the nineteenth century, the sincerest tribute it can pay it. To its possession the renowned and omnipresent "woman in the case" owes all her power. It still gives to-day to the individual possessing it, as it has always done in past ages and species, a greater (power of) control over his or her influence upon the generation to follow, than any other single attribute with which they could be endowed.

As to the value and safety of beauty as a guide and incentive, there will be found wide difference of opinion. The Puritan, and his name is legion, when this question is under discussion, denounces it as absolutely untrustworthy and misleading, one of the cunning snares of the Evil One; the philosopher and the man of the world alike, while admitting its desirability, regard it as too feeble and evanescent a thing to be permitted to seriously influence conduct. And upon

this point all would agree that any desire or effort to attain personal beauty would not only be unprofitable but positively unbecoming. And yet it is just as legitimate and far more wholesome to desire to be beautiful as it is to desire to be rich, or intellectual, or famous. Indeed, we have no hesitation in declaring that whatever may be the "chief duty of man," the "chief duty of woman" is to be beautiful. Not only in mind and character, but also in face and form, in voice and in dress. And I am glad to say woman has always proved faithful to her mission.

By her unswerving devotion to her God-given instinct, in the face of indifference, nay, of ridicule and denunciation, she has builded better than she knew, and I am convinced that not a little of the superior purity of woman's moral nature is due to her devotion to beauty. Woman's love of beauty has done well-nigh as much for the world as man's love of liberty. Both have led to excesses, but these have been mainly due to false ideas of their true nature, and in the overwhelming mass of their influence they take rank among the purest and most ennobling impulses that stir the human bosom. To be beautiful is just as legitimate and elevating an ambition as to be brave, to be strong, to be pure, and its attainment will usually include all four.

The good, the true, the beautiful are not synonymous terms, but a sincere and intelligent pursuit of either will almost invariably be found to include both the others in its scope. The love of beauty is as holy as any other religious impulse. Contrast it for a moment with the love of riches, which, legitimate enough in moderation, is so easily changed into that ruthless greed of gain, that selfish disregard for the rights of others, and that degrading tendency to measure all human hope by their net pecuniary results and achievement, which is the curse of the present century. Compare it for a moment with those other qualities which are usually rated so far above it in proverbial philosophy: with prudence, with economy, with thrift, and that whole brood of so-called small virtues which so easily hatch into vices and make the niggard, the coward, the miser. Nay, even place it by the side of that overwhelming ambition for culture, which is now sweeping like a prairie fire through the feminine mind, (and like a prairie-fire feeding chiefly upon straw,) darkening the heavens with its smoke clouds, deafening the ear with its roar, and threatening the male of the species with ignominious destruction, or a mere toleration of his existence, leaving behind it—ashes, in the form of a thin layer of dislocated and undigested information and a pungent blue vapor of polite omniscience and irritating cleverness.

Beauty is not only far better and safer as a goal

than any of these but it belongs in an entirely different class. Our instinct for it is no mere selfish personal greed, but one of the great trinity of religious aspirations. Although ranking lower in importance than the instinct for the Good and the instinct for the True, it is nevertheless equally holy and equally essential to the perfect development of character. Even alone it will lead to some wonderfully perfect results.

The master impulse in the Greek nature was the worship of the beautiful. Beauty, and physical beauty at that, was the *summum bonum* of the entire race, and yet in its pursuit they developed not only a sculpture and an architecture which has been the despair of the world ever since, but a physique which for vigor and athleticism has scarcely yet been equalled, a philosophy marvellous both in its depth and its brilliancy, a literature which will live as long as the world endures, and a system of political thought which is still the model of our highest institutions.

As an incentive this third grace has one decided advantage over the other two, which is that it is instantly recognised and appreciated by all. The good may often appear hard and stern, the true is to many cold and even cruel, but upon the face of beauty rests ever, as it were, the smile of divine approval which kindles an instant response in every heart. Show man beauty as a part of the goal of his upward struggle and you arouse his enthusiasm at once. No need to urge him to love beauty, he couldn't help it if he tried.

Beauty is no mere accident of nature, no mere surface-play of the elements, it is a part of the very constitution of the universe. If anything be immanent, be divine, it is. Wherever we turn its smiling face welcomes us. Whether it be in the rosy mist that ushers in the pearly dawn, the golden cataract of the noon-day sunshine, or the flaming hosts of sunset in their crimson and purple and velvet. In the soft and rippling tide of green which floods the landscape every spring, the luxuriant shade and dancing, waving abundance of meadow and corn-field in the golden glow of summer or the crimson and purple flames of the autumn woodlands and vineyards, filling the air with the haze of their soft, blue smoke. It smiles at us from the rosy tints, the sparkling eyes and the dimpled curves of infancy, it glows in the eye, it mantles in the cheek, it is revealed in the splendid bearing of that crown and glory of the universe, woman, it glistens in the silvery locks of the delicate grace and gentle dignity of ripe, old age.

We can but echo the words of the bard :

"Oh world, as God has made it,
All is beauty!
And knowing this is love,
And love is duty."

LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

MR. LECKY, in his new work, *Democracy and Liberty*, has a passage on Literature in America which is all the more important because in the same book he has strained every point, and even the facts, to place our country politically in the most favorable light. He admits, with friendly reluctance, that in the nineteenth century America has not, in Literature, produced "anything comparable to what might have been expected from a rich, highly educated, and pacific nation, which now numbers more than sixty million souls, and is placed, in some respects, in more favorable circumstances than any other nation in the world." He quotes Sir Henry Maine as saying, in his work on *Popular Government*, that the want of International Copyright has crushed authorship in the American home market by the competition of the unpaid and appropriated works of British authors, and "condemned the whole American community to a literary servitude unparalleled in the history of thought." Mr. Lecky says there is much truth in this, but adds that "Democracy is not favorable to the higher forms of intellectual life." He rightly ignores our so-called International Copyright Act of 1891, being too polite to pronounce it the sham it is.

It is very easy to answer these criticisms with the triumphant retort of the Hon. Elijah Pogram, the original jingo portrayed by Dickens, "My bright home is in the settin' sun." But no patriotic outburst can give us a fair literary record for the century nearing its close. It cannot be said that England has neglected American authors. Irving, Longfellow, Bancroft, Emerson, Bryant, Motley, Holmes, Hawthorne, Lowell, Thoreau, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Henry James, Bret Harte, Howells, to name authors that occur to me, have received full recognition and substantial royalties in England. I do not underrate our list of nineteenth century American authors; in some of them are signs of an original genius rarely visible in Europe; but gather up all their productions, and how small is the harvest compared with those of England, France, and Germany! Why is this? Is it due to "Democracy" that many of them were for years parted from the undowered hand of Literature and driven to seek livelihood in Custom Houses, clerkships, professorships, consulates, legations? Is it because their country cares nothing for literature that our great authors in the past have so few successors?

At the close of the American Revolution, Thomas Paine wrote: "The state of literature in America must one day become a subject of legislative consideration. Hitherto it has been a disinterested volunteer in the service of the revolution, and no man thought of profits; but when peace shall give time and oppor-

tunity for study, the country will deprive itself of the honour and service of letters, and an improvement of science, unless sufficient laws are made to prevent depredations on literary property." A hundred and fourteen years have passed since Paine so wrote, and the sufficient laws have not yet been enacted.

In the earlier part of the present century there was perhaps more excuse for this national neglect, yet we cannot fail to feel some scandal at seeing early Americans of genius coming over to England for professional education, for culture, and recognition. Darwin was not four years old when a South Carolinian made the discovery of Natural Selection, which he announced in the Royal Society in London. "In this paper," says Darwin, "he (Dr. W. C. Wells) distinctly recognises the principle of natural selection, and this is the first recognition which has been indicated." After being knocked about in America—now running a theatre, now a newspaper—Wells came in advanced life to find honor and resources in England. That was a long time ago, but how much better is it now, when the nation is wealthy, and can astonish the world with its exhibition of unparalleled prosperity and material progress?

There is as much culture and genius in America as in any other country. No one can mingle with the youth and the teachers in American colleges without knowing that there is many a Wells who, had he any fair opportunity for the play of his powers, might achieve as much as any foreign author,—probably more. It is a scandal that while writers like Lecky, Morley, Bryce, Balfour, and others are summoned with enthusiasm to help direct the government of England, the American nation should find no use for a literary man except occasionally to send him out of the country to some foreign court or consulate; but it is not only a scandal, it is an outrage, that in pretending to make a law for the protection of literary property owned by foreign authors it should really enact one legalising the piracy of sixty per cent. of the books annually issued in Europe. For at least sixty per cent. of European authors are unable to fulfil the monstrous conditions imposed by the Act of 1891 on copyright, and their works are made lawful prey.

These are the first productions of new authors whose names are not marketable until the first work has reached success. Could the young English author offer his first book to an American publisher along with press reviews of it, and proofs of its success in his own country, he could command a fair price; but the American publishers have provided against that fairness by a Bill making it necessary to publish his book simultaneously with its publication in Europe. The negotiation must precede any possibility of a suc-

cess that might determine the real value. And this fraud the typographers and publishers together made absolute by the provision that such simultaneous publication should involve the complete manufacture of the book in America. So the young author must either pay for manufacturing his book in America, or take any pittance a publisher may offer, or forfeit all copyright in America. He may make something by his second work, but his first one is at the mercy of the American publisher.

But, as Montesquieu said, man never puts a chain around his brother's neck without the other end coiling around his own. The wrong done by the Act of 1891 to the foreign author weighs equally, or even more, on the American author; for, as I have said, only forty per cent., at most, of European authors can afford to fulfil the pecuniary conditions of copyright in America, and our American writers have to compete with the remaining mass, whose appropriation can no longer be even branded as "piracy," since it is now legalised. And although I have ascribed this fraudulent measure to certain trade interests, it could not have been enacted but by the fault of eminent American authors who allowed their names and influence to be used for the Act without examining it. Mr. Lowell was president of the Copyright League, and sounded the honorable watchword, "There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is an honest book;" but unfortunately he did say to his League, "There is one thing better than a Copyright Law, and that is an honest law." It was largely his influence that drew authors into a blind alliance with keen-eyed trade unions in passing a law which authorises the "dishonest" books deplored by Lowell. His voice was assumed to be that of English authors also; and his noble label is now covering an adulterated mixture for the foreign author, and a poison for American literature. It is probable that Congress passed it and President Harrison signed it in ignorance of its real character. The President offered its "advantages" to England on condition that she would "reciprocate," in evident ignorance that English copyright had long been as open to foreign as to British authors.

If England had really "reciprocated," and passed a law requiring every book published in London to be manufactured there, and forbidding importations of sheets or plates, Americans might have been brought to their senses or to their integrity. An American may print his book at home, send a dozen copies to England, and his work is safe from all encroachment until he chooses to send over more copies. The book's success in America becomes his marketable property in England and in every European nation. This is civilisation. The American Act is uncivilised. The just principles of literary property are perfectly set-

tled: since the Berne Congress they have become the common law of Europe. In America these laws of literary property are acknowledged in principle by every man of common sense. The Act of 1891 has never been defended in America, except by the disgraceful plea that certain selfish trades had to be compromised with,—that half a loaf is better than no bread,—and so forth. This is mere surrender to a tyranny admittedly without principle. The United States has lately menaced three monarchies in three months, and it is to be hoped that after the presidential election is over (of course!) our American government's attention may be directed to the manufacturing monarchy in our own borders, which has placed our country outside the honorable Republic of Letters. But this oppression will not end until American authors inaugurate their revolution, form their Congress, pass their Declaration of Independence, and frame their Constitution on the principles of equity acknowledged by all honest and intelligent people and adopted by all civilised nations except our own,—which above all other nations requires their adoption, any adequate development of literature in America being impossible under the present conditions.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

THE universal interest which is felt in the World's Parliament of Religions gives importance to all the material facts connected with it. Among other questions which have been asked is one which comes to us from over the sea, and to which we have thought it proper that an answer should be given. The question is:

“Who was the veritable author of the World's Parliament of Religions, held at Chicago in 1893?”

This question has been sufficiently answered by Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, the historian of the Parliament, to whose writings we will briefly refer. In an article in *The Forum*, for September, 1894, Dr. Barrows says: “Charles C. Bonney, a broad-minded lawyer of Chicago, is entitled to the great and lasting honor of having originated and carried to success, in spite of numerous obstacles, the entire scheme of the World's Congresses of 1893. The Parliament of Religions was one of more than two hundred of these conventions; and was, according to Mr. Bonney, ‘the splendid crown’ of the series.”

In his *History of the Parliament*, Dr. Barrows gives in full the official addresses of President Bonney at the Opening and Closing Sessions. In this opening address, President Bonney, in welcoming that imposing assembly, more widely representative than any ever convened by king or emperor, by patriarch or pope, in referring to the origin of the Parliament said:

“When it pleased God to give me the idea of the

World's Congresses of 1893, there came with that idea a profound conviction that their crowning glory should be a fraternal conference of the World's Religions. Accordingly the original announcement of the World's Congress scheme, which was sent by the Government of the United States to all other nations contains, among other great themes to be considered, ‘The Grounds for Fraternal Union in the Religions of Different Peoples.’ At first the proposal of a World's Congress of Religions seemed to many wholly impracticable. It was said that the religions had never met, but in conflict, and that a different result could not be expected now. A Committee of Organisation was nevertheless appointed to make the necessary arrangements. This committee was composed of representatives of sixteen different religious bodies. Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows was made Chairman. With what marvellous ability and fidelity he has performed the great work committed to his hands, this Congress is a sufficient witness.”

At the Closing Session of that world-embracing convocation, President Bonney, expressing his joy and gratitude over the great event, said:

“The wonderful success of this first actual congress of the religions of the world is the realisation of a conviction that has held my heart for many years. I became acquainted with the religious systems of the world in my youth, and have enjoyed an intimate association with leaders of many churches during my maturer years. I was thus led to believe that if the great religious faiths could be brought into relations of friendly intercourse, many points of sympathy and union would be found, and the coming unity of mankind in the love of God and the service of man be greatly facilitated and advanced. Hence, when the occasion arose, it was gladly welcomed, and the effort more than willingly made. What many deemed impossible, God has finally wrought.”

Rev. L. P. Mercer's Review of the World's Religious Congresses of 1893, contains a statement in reference to this subject. Mr. Mercer says that “in the whole series of Congresses the Parliament of Religions took pre-eminence, and justly so, not only because of the importance and the universal interest of the subject, but because it was central in the original conception, and its success the constant care of the President of the Auxiliary. In conversations with him, in the spiritual intimacy of years, he often dwelt upon the desirability and feasibility of such a universal conference.”

In an account of “The Genesis of the World's Religious Congresses of 1893,” printed in *The New Church Review* for January 1894, Mr. Bonney traces back to his youth his preparation for that great work, and shows that in his early years he became deeply

interested in what is now known as the science of comparative religions, and read extensively on that subject. In this article he describes the origin and the evolution of the idea of a comprehensive and well-organised intellectual and moral exposition of the progress of mankind, and the organisation of the Parliament of Religions as a part of that exposition.

That "the World's Congresses of 1893, crowned by the Parliament of Religions," were essentially a new thing in the world is clearly shown by Prof. Max Müller in *The Arena* for December, 1894, where he tells us that neither the Religious Council of the Buddhist King Asoka at Pataliputra, B. C. 242; nor the Council of Nicaea, A. D. 325; nor the convocation of the Emperor Akbar, at Delhi, in the sixteenth century, can justly be regarded as detracting from the originality of the World's Religious Parliament at Chicago.

An author is defined to be "one who begins, forms, or originates, a prime mover." In this sense, it seems clear that President Charles Carroll Bonney was the author and general director of the World's Parliament of Religions, and that Chairman John Henry Barrows was the organiser and conductor of the Parliament. Mr. Bonney originated and outlined the plan, and Dr. Barrows completed it and carried it into effect.

Mr. Bonney is a man of deep religious convictions. He is a Christian who believes that the revelation of God is continuous and ever present, not only in the cosmos at large but also and mainly in the religious aspirations of the human heart. He therefore believes it to be man's duty to do his best in making God's kingdom come. Being a man of stern impartiality, he was specially fitted to act as the President and leader of a convention where men of most heterogeneous convictions met in friendly intercourse. Dr. Barrows at the same time distinguished himself by firmness and tact, both rare qualities which are indispensable for leaders of men and especially for the chairman of a Religious Parliament. The combination of these two characters at the right time and at the right place was one of the main reasons which lead to the success of the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago. P. C.

BOOK NOTICES.

The favorable impression which the *Popular Scientific Lectures* of Professor Mach created in English, in which language they were first published in collected form, gave rise to a widespread demand for them in German, in compliance wherewith the firm of Johann Ambrosius Barth of Leipsic has just issued a handy and attractive German edition of the same, much resembling their English counterpart. Our readers will be pleased to learn that The Open Court Publishing Co. have decided to incorporate, in the early fall, these valuable lectures of Professor

Mach in their Religion of Science Library, where a still greater reduction in their cheapness will bring them within easy reach of every student.

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