vicinity of our hospitals a part of the population. The cheapness of all the elements of living affects also here the scale of salaries. For example: Dr. Peeters, a man known in two continents, receives a salary of $2,000 per. annum. Dr. Cuisenaire, a man of fine culture, large experience and in the prime of life, gets $.800 a year and his house. The sisters at the infirmary receive $80 a year and their board.

THE EDUCATION AND CUSTODY OF THE IMBECILE.

MISS ALICE J. MOTT. FARIBAULT.

And plumb I pitched into the square,
! A. groundling like the rest.
What think you happened there?
Precise the contrary of what one would expect.
For, whereas all the more monstrosities deflect
Prom nature and the type, the more yourself approach
Their precinct; here I found brutality encroach
Less on the human; lie the lightlier, as I looked
The nearer on these faces that seemed but now so crooked
(And clawed away from God's prime purpose. They diverged
A little from the type, but somehow rather urged
To pity than disgust: the prominent before
Now dwindled into mere distinctness: nothing more.

—Robert Browning.

Natural causes, preventives and cures for idiocy were not sought until well on in the present century. It is only latterly that any mental aberration or failure has been considered as a physical fact. Through many centuries idiocy was counted as a peculiar brand of favor or of shame. Even to this day, in India, the simple are regarded as sacred—under the protection of heaven. They have held this position also among the Scotch. In most countries they were classed with the brutes.

The first humane notice received by imbeciles was of a. somewhat peculiar nature; it was the recognition of their shortcomings with amusement

The custom, which originated among the Romans, of harboring the fool in wealthy homes for his mountebank services was not the inhuman practice it has since been represented. It is more humane to laugh at the fool than to ignore him; it is more humane than to maltreat him.

The first intelligent recognition of any imperfection is accompanied by amusement. The first jar upon our sense of fitness is an agreeable titillation. Later this becomes painful and the cause pathetic; then both insufferable. A little variety and divergence from a type are always pleasing. As we grow in refinement a slighter and slighter deflection of the real from the ideal serves for piquancy and a less and less divergence from the type seems a monstrosity. A person with the keenest imaginable sense' of humor would be in utter, constant misery. The present world is no place for him; he must not come for many generations. But, fortunately for us, our senses are blunted and our humor broad. The evils which are utterly beyond our reach are unappreciated and unseen, and as for the evils which we may reach are, our first inkling of their presence is of something odd and laughable. The soul among the herd which first appreciates the humor of a situation is the soul which, with advancing education, shall first appreciate its pitiableness. Amusement is only an antechamber to pity and sacrifice. Of all the friends of the defective, deliver him from the friend who cannot perceive the ludicrous side of his defect.

Dr. Seguin, "The Apostle of the Idiot," opened his first school for the idiots of the Hospice des Incurables in 1837, and this was positively the first scientific attempt made to develop the idiotic mind. Theretofore imbeciles had roamed at large, the prey to destitution, misery and any form of abuse which the unscrupulous and cruel might put upon them; or where the necessity for their protection was recognized they were admitted into institutions for other classes of unfortunates.

The majority of imbeciles for whom any provision was made were housed in almshouses or lunatic asylums. The latter arrangement was recognized by the thoughtful as inhuman and pernicious. Normal idiots (for there is a normal idiocy) have absolutely nothing in common with the insane. The entire absence of illusion from amentia renders it less congenial with dementia than is the ordinary mind, capable of imagination and of fancy. Idiots are universally timid and shrinking. Any show of force overawes them. They yield implicit obedience to the imperative whims of a baby. Their terror in the presence of the maniac's fury is inconceivable even to ordinary repugnance. Many instances were on record of the death, from sheer fright, of weak and harmless imbeciles confined with lunatics. These sufferings were deplored, yet no better provision seemed possible; and, moreover, the idiot life was considered absolutely valueless and hopeless.

The few attempts which had been made to improve their mental conditions had been almost utterly unsuccessful. The pious Span-

ish monks of the seventeenth century, various instructors of the deaf, had given up the task as hopeless. It; was not lack of humanity, but lack of hope, which drove the idiot-. into outer darkness when other defectives were welcomed to the hearth of civilization.

But within a few years after Seguin published the results of his labors, schools were established in America, in England, in Italy, in Germany and in Scandinavia, and, although it is now estimated that less than three per cent of the idiots of Christendom are properly protected, nevertheless this latest charity has already extended far,

England main-tains eight schools and one asylum, Scotland three schools, Ireland one, the Netherlands one, Austria one, Switzerland four, Denmark three and Russia two. These are all private institutions maintained by subscription or tuition or by communal bounty. Canada and New South Wales have state institutions, France one private institution and three state, Germany thirty private institutions, of which three are subsidized by the state. Norway has three state schools. An obligatory law for the education of imbeciles will go into effect in Norway as soon as the quota of six schools can be completed. Sweden has twelve schools supported by the state and confided entirely to the charge of women; also, a few workshops. Finland has a state school organized by the clergy. Belgium alone still houses her idiots in lunatic asylums. The United States of America maintain thirteen public and two large private institutions, besides small private schools.

This sudden growth of asylums for the idiotic—all of which are more or less educational in nature—was due to the propagation of new theories in regard to idiocy.

Before the fifth decade of this century attempts to teach imbeciles had been psychological in nature, but present opinion holds that imbeciles ars incapable of being taught in the ordinary schools

because they are unamenable to education, but; because they are not amenable to ordinary methods of education. The old theory might have been rendered that a. main could not outgrow the shape of his head; Seguin's grand discovery was that, idiocy is a. physical fact rather than a psychological one; that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of one thousand the idiot is not an anomalous but an undeveloped human being; that arrested development, not: incapacity for development, separates him from his kind, and that not the brain substance but the nervous system is defective. He substituted the physiological for the psychological treatment,

adopting Descartes' theory that "if ever this world is to be regenerated it will be by means of medical science."

Lunacy is a brain disease; idiocy no more so than babyhood. The innate tendency of dementia is to grow worse and of idiocy to improve, however slowly; just as it is the natural tendencv of the second childhood to lose and of the first childhood to gain in mental force. Dementia and idiocy may, at certain stages, be mistaken for each other, but are perfectly distinguishable to prolonged attention. They have invariable characteristics with important bearings upon their care and treatment. It is a highly significant fact that lunacy is characterized by gloom and unhappiness and idiocy by happiness and contentment. There is a hopeless and a degenerative idiocy, caused by epilepsy, which, like senile imbecility, or the imbecility incident to brain softening, differs from ordinary imbecility in being a progressive rather than a temperamental disease. Even epilepsy is sometimes, though rarely, cured. Epileptics stand in even more necessity of humane and close custody than other imbeciles, but their needs are entirely different, and special physicians dwell upon the great importance of separating the custodial classes of idiots from educable imbeciles.

Whereas observers before Seguin had assumed that the idiot moves, hears, sees, feels, tastes and smells, imperfectly because he does not know enough to move, hear, see, feel, smell and taste, the physiologist maintains that the mental processes of the idiot are slow, sluggish, undeveloped, because his sense impressions are imperfect. In other words, that idiocy is a nervous disease, and is to be met, prevented, even cured, by treatment of the nervous system. Henceforward education took the form of a nerve-tonic.

It has been asked, Of what avail were extensive appliances and schemes for prolonging the life of the proverbially short-lived imbecile? It seemed then, as it seems to many now, that the kindest charity would provide comfortable quarters and satisfy distinct wants, but that gymnasia, careful diet, daily medical inspection, enforced alternation of work, recreation and repose, constituting regular healthful habits were uncalled for and superfluous. But it is successfully demonstrated that only such attention to bodily health affords the slightest hope of brain development; that the tottering gait, the paralytic limbs, the lethargic functions of the imbecile are not accidents, but significant accompaniments of idiocy. Unprofessional home treatment is not more liable to be efficacious than amateur treatment of smallpox or diphtheria. Hence one of the great advantages of institution training. There are other advantages depending upon the nervous, imitative and timid ten-

dencies of imbecility. It has been found far easier to teach twenty imbeciles together than one alone.

Seguin, whose abounding enthusiasm and personal charms must account for a part of his success, thus sums up the results of forty years' toil:

"Not one idiot in one thousand has been entirely refractory to treatment; not one in one hundred but has been made happy and healthy. More than thirty per cent have been taught to conform to social and moral law, and rendered capable of order and good feeling and of working like two-thirds of a man. Twenty-five per cent come nearer and nearer the standard of manhood till they defy the scrutiny of good judges when compared with ordinary young men and women."

The methods and the aims above set forth are before the eyes of all who undertake the care of the feeble-minded; their education and succor go hand-in-hand.

The details of the physiological method would require volumes for their description and volumes have described them, though the enterprise is still in its infancy.

Briefly, the instructor and attendant have that to do for the imbecile which nature, society and the mother are able to do for the ordinary child. His school education begins where cradle impressions usually begin. Feeding, rubbing, exercise, bathing, dosing, precede any intellectual training. Then the separate senses are taught to accept and convey impressions; and thus the brain to perceive. "The Training of an Idiotic Hand" and the "Training of an Idiotic Eye" show the indefatigability of a human being who has entered upon the entrancing occupation of creating another human being; for, in fact, the instructor of the feeble-minded has merely the raw material of humanity at his hand, waiting to be shaped. For him to shape it—to create sensations, perceptions, apperceptions, conceptions, reflections, wants, emotions, aspirations; at last, a soul—is possible if, as a teacher of imbeciles has stipulated, "he be generous and willing to try a thousand and one times." Without his shaping touch he knows it will be an undeveloped mass forever. Many fastidious, broad-minded, highly educated beings are thus generous, and bend themselves to the task which an outsider finds so repulsive with a fascination beside which the gross intoxication of gambling is monotony.

Sometimes the mass has positively no sense of sight or of hearing, not from organic blindness or deafness, but from a general nervous faccidity, producing "idiotic blindness and deafness" like the blindness and deafness of very young babies.

These senses are to be created, and are known to have been created and made almost normal, by judicious repetition of distinct impressions after perfect rest; as, for example, the child is placed in a totally dark room and vivit flashes of light, introduced at intervals, have finally produced a sensation. Loud sounds after perfect stillness finally result in hearing.

The

with infinite caution. At the triumphal unveiling of his treasure he would exclaim with such tears as might have dimmed the eyes of Michael Angelo: "I raised that!"

A few are sometimes dismissed from the protection of the school so far improved as to be enabled to lead self-supporting lives outside. Many others might be so dismissed if trustworthy and judicious guardians would volunteer to pilot them on their way, but most imbeciles are happy and useful only as lifelong inmates of the institution. Even in the best borne, the means of developing and applying their energies are wanting or obtained at great expense, and nineteen-twentieths of these unfortunate beings never saw a good home. Many are despised and ill-treated in their own family circles; nearly all are neglected and uncared for. The best state institutions adopt from the start the continual care of their charges, to end only with death.

The causes, the preventives and the deliverance from idiocy, if studied with that end in view, would help to solve the problem as to whether it is expedient for the state to educate and foster the imbecile at the public charge, or whether it be advisable for the imbecile to be vicariously cherished at all, and of how much value to all concerned is their protection from suffering, their rescue from destruction and their possible salvation from mental darkness. This course is recommended by those interested in its promotion upon three grounds; first, the welfare of the subject; second, the relief of the afflicted home; and third, the benefits accruing to society. The benefits which accrue to the imbecile (aside from all educational chances) from the safe retreat, the quiet pleasures, the healthful regularity, the light and pleasant occupation and the congenial companionship of institution life, stand without a moment's question. The substitution of this home security for outcast wandering is the motive that appeals most strongly to philanthropy in forwarding such public charities.

There is something very affecting to the benevolent in the eternal childhood of the imbecile, his transparent cunning, his impotent gust of temper, his simple trust which makes him the readiest of dupes, his happy-go-lucky gaiety, his affection, his docility, his solemn sense of responsibility.

But if this appeal is strongest with philanthropists, the argument most likely to impress the legislator and most commonly appealed to, is the relief which such institutions bring to the home.

The presence of an imbecile in the normal home is represented as subversive of all healthful home life, an incubus upon the unhappy mother and a blight upon family affection. It is very true that such a burden is often fearful to endure; that the worthless life many times outlasts the worthier careers which are sacrificed to its nurture. But even here it seems to me that the chief argument lies in the superior efficacy of asylum life and in the prospect that the home shelter can be only temporary and may lie withdrawn when most needed. Every house has its skeleton; every home its shadow; every life its cross. If the parents (often responsible for the misfortune) cannot bear the burdensome presence of the idiot, who can adopt it? If any life must be sacrificed, whose worthier than the mother's?

As it is cheaper, healthier, more civilized and more agreeable to establish sewers, patrols and fire service at the public charge than as private enterprises, so may its unhealthy members be better dealt with upon the co-operative plan.

But the final question is, after all, Does society itself receive any benefit from its generosity to an abnormal, unwholesome and imperfect class? It may bo more blessed to give than to receive, but is it more expedient? and how far should the giving exceed the receiving?

Statistics show an enormous increase of imbecility with increased attention to its needs. Is charity increasing the incubus and is prolongation of idiot contentment a few short years worth the fearful price which is paid therefor?

It seems quite evident to a closer attention that the apparent increase of idiocy arises from quite other sources than the fostering care of institutions. The swelling flood of immigration has brought, to our shores a different population from the sturdy Dutch and English stock which predominated fifty years ago. Our foreign-born inhabitants and those of foreign parentage are thirty-four per cent of the whole population, but. they furnish over fifty per cent of our defectives. Moreover statistics, though still far from perfect, are increasing in accuracy, and finally the definition of the term "imbecile" is widening every day.

Every profession has its hobby, and the unmistakable hobby of the philanthropist, who finds himself engaged in the education of the feeble-minded, is to extend the term of idiot to more and more of his fellowmen. Not alone Edward Bellamy, but all the more advanced friends of the idiot, find the criminal an object rather of pity than of hatred, rather a subject for the hospital than for the dungeon, to be treated rather as an undeveloped child than as a fallen angel. A school for imbeciles, it is averred, is a safer and a more hopeful retreat than the juvenile reformatory, and would include, say these hobby-riders, most of the applicants for the latter.

Dr. Kerlin maintains that the tramps who deform our highways are below the mental stature of manhood. By investigation ninety per cent of the "patients" in the Elmira reformatory are discovered to have malformed heads. "The defect of the imbecile may be only lack of power to form judgments of values, or of social proprieties, or of moral technicalities, or of risks of conduct, or of the wickedness existing outside of asylums." There is a distinct form of idiocy designated as moral idiocy, which may exist in combination with or apart from other phases. The Jukes were imbeciles and should not have been suffered to propagate. This view of the case is, of course, not generally accepted, but it has been accepted far enough to swell the estimated per cent of idiocy to-day as compared to that of yesterday. Other causes yet undiscovered may be at work to extend the diseases upon which idiocy feeds; but the fear that the public care of the imbecile can increase the number of imbeciles is wholly and absurdly unfounded. Not encouragement but prevention is the aim and tendency of such care. "Endemic and accidental" causes of idiocy are insignificant compared with "parental and hereditary" causes. The complete stamping out of hereditary idiocy, which is the not overweening hope of the specialist, would tremendously reduce the list of idiots, and only by a complete system of life custody of all such defectives can this be effected. The close surveillance of immigration, the widening inclusion of the term "imbecile," and paternalism, strict, watchful and entire, of the state over all such as the term includes, warrants the expectation that imbecility will soon be a lessening rather than an increasing burden to society.

The benefits to society of replacing a wholly unproductive by a partially productive class, is certainly something, though probably not to be counted as nearly equal the outlay of replacement. The removal of an irresponsible and a dangerous class from the floating population is still more to be considered as a boon to society. The advantage which must accrue from the close limiting and extensive reduction of this class is greatest of all, and sufficient to warrant far greater expenditure of public funds than has ever been demanded.

An aspect of the subject often referred to yet never seriously discussed may or may not deserve serious discussion; that is, the retroactive value of public benevolence. This result of charitable action has grown somewhat out of favor with moralists, and it is doubtful if any elevating influence ever resulted from a deed which held such elevation for its final cause. Mullock's sentimentalist who stood for "hours upon the Bridge of Sighs, hoping to see some poor unfortunate cast herself into the water," by making benevolent emotions his end had missed them altogether. Yet the economist may legitimately consider motives and factors in public action which could not enter into private consideration, because the public is not a determinate self. Whereas it is subversive of kindly sentiments in the individual to direct one's individual attention to obtaining such emotions, it is perfectly proper for the legislator to direct his attention to the altruistic education of the rising generation.

It is a popular adage that charity never recedes from ground once occupied, and that it is impossible for one generation to undo the good work of the past or to feel a diminished responsibility for needs once pointed out.

This is obviously too optimistic a view. Whole peoples do recede in charitable efforts and do throw off responsibilities once felt as duties; and they may do this from negligence or from motives of expediency.

But the surest warrant for the ultimate perfectibility of the race is the fact that it is easier for races to advance than to go backward. The popular sentiment upon any subject is not likely to be more apathetic, but rather less so, in one age than in the last, though there are, of course, occasional floodtides of feeling which may never be reached again. This being the case, any kindly responsibility assumed by one generation is likely to extend the altruistic feelings of the next; hence, it may not be unimportant to note the particular reflex action of the care of the feeble-minded. I am at a loss to account for the par of character which such care develops in the care-taker; but it is a phase which must be noticed as the almost invariable result of such responsibility. No one at home among educators of the feeble-minded will deny that they include characters most nearly approaching the ideal of human perfection which the nineteenth century can show. The very spirit of divinity seems breathed into these creatures who partake of the labor of creation; and the cases are not of scattered individuals. The peculiar loveliness of a few characters might explain their choice of work rather than to be explained by the work. The ennobling influence seems inseparable from the work and to affect with almost equal force those for whom circumstances rather than deliberation have created the responsibility.

The elevation is, of course, proportional to the natural gifts. In some cases it may degenerate into sentimentality, but it is not sentimentality which endures and works and waits for years with

out personal reward, only in hope of good results—that is heroism, whatever be its object,

Let those of us who think we know what it is to "continue in well-doing" quietly lay down our pretensions in the face of that matchless idyl of "Sylvanus"—no gushing recital, but an every-day noting for the benefit of other workers, of methods which met their ends.

Note,—The imbecile has but few wants. They must he created for him How? By giving him that upon which wants feed. Cine of the most trying cases I ever had I will describe with some detail. Of course, we had others as bad. I will dwell on one. A boy, eight and one-half years old, had never known his mother. She had never seen a smile upon his face. He had no sense of pain nor of touch, no power of locomotion. He could not even roll over. I took him with me to the institution. He was held in arms like a baby, rubbed, fed, bathed and exercised. Day after day for an hour at a time for three mouths, 1 took a book and read to that boy, intelligently, as if he understood every word I said. He finally heard my voice, and one day when I came and sat in the chair and read to myself, the child actually appeared uneasy! I then lay down on the floor beside him as usual, saying: "Oh you want me, Sylvanus? Well, I am here."

He breathed a soft "Ah!" I had implanted the first want in his breast. I read to him three months more. Then I read to myself one day. Slowly he lifted his linger and placed it on my lips. Another want had been implanted. At last he smiled; the first smile of recognition which ever came upon that unfortunate child's features. It repaid me for all I had done. Step by step he went on. He was near me; we were one; he felt it and knew it and was glad of it. One day I found he could move his limbs, and a year and a half after he came to the institution I put him on his hands and knees to teach him to creep. I said:

"Move this hand; that, is right; now the other; that is a good boy. Move this leg; that is right; now the other; that is a good boy."

After several months' daily repetition of this exercise I saw him trying to make the motions by himself, and I saw his lips moving as he did so. He had never talked. I put my ear down close and heard him whispering:

"Move this hand; that is right; now the other; that is a good boy. Move this foot; that is right; now the other; that is a good boy. '

So he wont on, step by step. Every day I carried him down to see the shoemaker make shoes,

"What are these. Sylvanus'.'"
"Shoes."
"Who made them?"
"Shoemaker."
"What is this?"
"Bread."
"Who made it?"
"Betsy."
One day he picked up an apple.
• What is this?"
"Apple."
"Who made it ?"
"Don't know "
"Didn't Betsy?"
"No."
"Didn't the shoe maker?"
"No."

It was time to give him another lesson. I took him upstairs to an east, whitlow to see the sun rise.

"What is that, Sylvanus'.' Say sun. Who made it Sylvanus? Say God."
"Sun. God." he repeated.

1 left him there and went away. When 1 came to the school-room there was Sylvanus. He had crept up to the window and was talking to another boy.

"What is that. Charlie? Say sun. Who made it, Charlie? Say God.'

1 was dumb. I could do nothing. He was the teacher all day long call ing up one child and another and going through his brief lesson He was the best teacher I ever had. Some days after, I took up the apple in < lass: "Who made it?" I asked the children; all were silent except Sylvanus; he looked as if he had a thought. Then he said "Cod." He had made the connection. Remember this was the little boy who at eight, and one-half years old lay on the floor and could not recognize a thing about him. One day Sylvanus saw a mother come in and take up another child and try a jacket on him. Sylvanus looked up in my face and said:

"have I a mother'.'"

He wanted a mother. I told him that he had. He said he wanted to see her. I wrote to her and told her to come and bring Sylvanus a jacket. So she came one day, and when she came into the room she looked all around and said:

"Where is Sylvanus?"

And when he heard his name he answered:

"Here I am. Is that my mother? Oh, mother, I am so glad to see you!'

Joy among the return of one among the angels'. Here was one redeemed.

Sentiments—sentimentality, if you will—of a certain order are almost inseparable from such work as this; that is, quickened feeling, tenderness, patience, self-forgetfuluess—all the feelings which are commonly denominated as "womanish."

These characteristics as they develop appreciably in the individual who devotes himself to the care of the witless—in cultured, talented persons who fiend their highest energies to creating and satisfying human wants—so they must develop, though slowly; perhaps, inappreciably—in the national temper of a state which assumes maternal care of helpless, irresponsible "innocents."

Is this prospect of no moment to the economist'.' Are we ready to add to our sturdy national independence a national delicacy and sensitiveness?

In a recent magazine article the statement was made that "to be great it was not necessary for a nation to be brutal." Are we convinced of that? Are we willing to assume "womanliness" as an American characteristic?

* Blutschli condemns all movements toward female suffrage as tending toward introducing feminine qualities into the state. "The state," he says, "is masculine. To admit the voice of woman is to admit womanly elements which would be utterly subversive of stable politics." Later he states that women have no attention to spare to politics for the "church is feminine and should absorb all feminine energies not demanded at home." He leaves us in the dark as to his authority for this categorical assignment of sex, and he also evidently trusts to the good judgment of his reader to infer without suggestion that men have no place in the management and conduct of the church, since the introduction of manly elements must be utterly subversive of the feminine essence of religious politics.

If we are not willing to become womanly let us beware of the growing tenderness for the imbecile. We must cease systematically and extensively to cultivate the protective instinct for the helpless which is innate in the strong; the brooding impulse toward the helpless which the hen feels for her chickens, which Christ felt for Jerusalem, which every woman feels for every child and to which a few men have fallen victims. It may be caution is even now too late.

Sociologists have avowed that the doctrines of Christ are unfit for human society, and that if they were once thoroughly adopted political institutions must totter to their base.

Have we already gone too far? Have we tampered too long with charity and pure morality? Are we in danger of getting a national religion of benevolence? Are we—dread prospect!—getting Christianized?

In dim far off ages—the age of miracles—God our Father was able to set aside the workings of natural laws to interpose a special providence to save that which was lost, to deliver from pain and sin and judgment.

That privilege has been long since denied the Godhead. A well-bred divinity will not interfere with facts and laws and tendencies. He has discovered that they existed before he did and that there are many things in the universe which he cannot prevent and many more he cannot do. The Deity is docile; he has been placed where he belongs and has assumed the role assigned him by every generation—whether of Apollo, Bacchus, Zeus or Isis, Creator, Mediator or spectator. But this mechanical and unnecessary combination of atoms denominated "Humanity"—what an ungovernable product is this! How undefinable.—how unaccountable are men! ever taking the control of tendencies, fixed law and facts into their own hands! Finding their brothers set in ruts, tied to cruel burdens, crushed by heavy woes, they interfere to deliver, to release, to relieve.

When Fate says, "This soul I created to bleed, to grope, to suffer," they lift up their tiny voices and respond, "He shall not suffer!"

Once in the king's court, when hunting palled and ceremony dragged and the games were dull, the courtiers for their merriment commanded the jester to play the priest and conduct a mimic service. The jester pulled off his jingling cap, knelt down and prayed.

"O Lord, be merciful to me, a fool!"

This simple prayer abashed the grinning courtiers for a space; but its folly has been scientifically demonstrated.

Pity, God may feel; mercy, he may not exercise. As this fool's father, grandfather, remotest ancestor has sowed, so must he, poor varlet, reap. According to fixed unalterable, infringible law, which God himself obeys, must result follow causes.

Where, then, is room for mercy, for watchful long, motherly nurture of the warped and twisted imbecile? How bootless then the broken supplication, "God be merciful to me, a fool!"

And has an uppish and a stiff-necked generation arisen in the face of science, of philosophy and of prudence, with an answer to this prayer:

' "God cannot; but we will?"

THE FUTURE OF THE FEEBLE-MINDED AND EPILEPTIC.

A. C. ROGERS, M. D., STATE SCHOOL FOR FEEBLE-MINDED, FARIBAULT.

Thoughtful people are striving to determine the proper relation of the state to its defective and delinquent classes.

The public desire is (1) to protect itself from immediate personal and property injury, and then (2) to restore or develop, if possible, the individuals of these classes to a condition of harmony with their surroundings. These motives give rise to our charitable and penal institutions. While we meet to discuss the best methods for obtaining these results, we must study especially the ultimate effect of our methods and systems, and be ready to note any addition, subtraction or correction that would enable them to better serve the interests of the public.

Statisticians believe that the number of people requiring state guardianship at the present time is increasing. The question very naturally arises, "If, when more is done to promote the comfort and longevity of these classes, the number constantly increases, is our system in any degree responsible for it?" While all the best