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SPIRITUALISING CLAY.

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M. D.

I stood in front of the studio of Karl Bitter, the Vienno-American Sculptor, in New York, and watched a heavy dray back up to the pavement preparatory to delivering its load of plastic ceramic. The entire bottom of the long cart was littered with misshapen, distorted, lumps of grayish clay, which, to the mind's eye, assumed all sorts of fantastic likenesses; resemblances to low physical types, and to grotesque natural forms.

I passed through the door, up stairs, and back into the great working-room, with upper air spaces open right up to the skylight. In a small wooden frame (2½ x 3½ feet), on the wall, I saw one of the panels for the front gate of Trinity Church, New York, "Casting Down Their Golden Crowns Around the Glassy Sea." It showed a thick veil rent in twain like the paper-covered hoop through which the equestrienne leaps from her running horse in the circus, and torn, and bulging out with the vehemence of the light from the Throne. The ragged rims of vapor had collapsed into heavy, rounded, and yet fleecy stumps of mist. To the right stood the angel whose voice was the trumpet that called. And at her feet crouched the lion with front paws inverted; a picture of utterly subjugated ferocity.

On a small, plain throne, his arms half raised and extended—with no specialisation of features—majesty expressed by the indefinable dignity of the pose alone—the King sat. And around him on the margins of the Sea of Glass the four and twenty elders bowed their Kingly heads, and cast down their heavy golden crowns.

I had seen the leadish, doughy, spiritless earth in the cart, and but a step had carried me where I had found it transformed into the divinest shapes of pictorial art. The mystic change had been wrought by mind moving upon the formlessness of the damp clay. And I cannot tell in which transition stage this crude material bore the largest tribute to the transcendent power of the sculptor; whether in the heavy, shapeless masses in the cart, or in the splendid prostrate circle of adoring Kings.

Nor can I help comparing that cart-load of clayey potentialities, to the feeble-minded children as received by one of the various institutions for their development. The transcendentalist would tell you that he saw many imbecile heads with faces in that motley dray full of clods. The microscopist would imagine a multi-magnified series of brain-cell likenesses.

> "A touch—a word—a tone half caught—
> He softly felt and handled them,
> Flavor of feeling—scent of thought—
> Shimmer of gem."

"Suppose I want to buy a dynamo, as power for an electric light, or for the movement of machinery," said Dr. Walter E. Fernald (I am clothing his idea with my words), the Superintendent of the Massachusetts State Asylum for Feeble Minded Children, at Waverly, Mass., "Here is one which is cheap but limited in its possibilities. It can only feed so many lights, or will only give me so much horse power. Here is one larger, perhaps, but not noticeably so, which is warranted to support ten times the circuit, and to develop ten times the gauge of physical motive energy. I examine them closely and I find the difference of the two to consist in the complexity of their coils of wire. The lesser power-dynamo, with fewer volts, has coarser coils and fewer of them. Whereas the more powerful developer of energy consists of endless and delicate windings and layers of wire."

It is just so with the brain of the feeble-minded child. Dr. A. W. Wilmarth, the former pathologist of the Pennsylvania Institute for Feeble-Minded Children, at Elwyn, Pa., made one hundred autopsies, and in fifty per cent. of them traced the cause of imbecility to prenatal inflammatory disease. But otherwise he found no startling differences or defects in brain-structures—or, to speak more accurately, in cell-structure. As a general rule the brains of idiots are smaller than those of the normal and are misshapen, but this is because they are not used and is not due, in the vast bulk of cases, to any such thing as cranial pressure.

The central nervous system consists practically of ingoing fibres from the various organs of sense, and of nerve-cells for receiving and retaining impressions obtained from these fibres. By some, as yet unexplained power, of co-ordination these cells combine these impressions and evolve new combinations of them, which are manifested to other individuals by impulses sent through a set of out going fibres to the various organs of motion.

It is possibly a prevalent misapprehension that small brains have been caused by small skulls. That the development of the former has been arrested by the premature ossification of the sutures of the latter. But this is not the case. The bony tables of the skull have contracted so as to fit down closely upon a naturally attenuated brain.

Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, who has probably performed more operations upon the skull for epilepsy and kindred affections than any other surgeon in America, does not regard the outcome of operations for the relief of idiocy pure and simple as brilliant. He has performed comparatively few of them, of course, in a general sense, and the results, as above stated, have not made him hopeful. Idiocy is in truth a vice of the whole system. It cannot, therefore, be said that surgical relief for idiocy is either frequently employed, or really promising when it is found necessary.

What Dr. Wilmarth has noted has been a less complex structure in the originating centres in the grey matter, and in the connecting fibres of the brains of idiots. Such children have what is known as imperfect power of co-ordination. They can perform rough labor, such as throwing a ball, or kicking a door, but they cannot thread a needle, or write, or pick pins out of a small box. In other words, they can accomplish one uncomplicated muscular action, but they cannot compass a movement depending upon the subtle by-play of a smaller, or greater number of muscles. This kind of a muscular performance is an education in store for them.

Miss Camilla E. Teisen, who was formerly employed in John Keller's Institute for Feeble-Minded Children, in Copenhagen, Denmark, and who is now settled down as chief instructress in the Pennsylvania Institute at Elwyn, has very kindly answered a number of pertinent questions which I propounded to her.

It should be premised that in most cases of idiocy the moral sense and the physical senses are about equally deficient, and with this is joined a general lack of nervous and muscular co-ordination and tonicity. Many children have shaking, or tremulous, hands and feet. One instance was noted of a baby whose body folded up (at neck and waist) like a triple screen when lifted out of bed. Many such children have their instinctive power over the involuntary muscles more or less absent.

One striking type of such children is the Mongolian (a descriptive epithet), with red eyes set far apart, a snout-like nose, short blunt fingers, a peculiar flatness of the back of the head, very poor teeth, spongy hands and feet, a thick tongue full of deep transverse furrows, and a deep muffled voice. In point of fact, the student of ethnology will find among the pupils of a large institution for the feeble-minded strikingly illustrative types of all the different races of men from lowest savagery to the very grades nearest to racial perfection.

Autopsies of the brains of such children, could they be performed, would show probably no absence of cells or connecting fibres, but more or less simplicity of structure accompanying the more or less pronounced type of idiot, as the case may be. No absence of the media of thought, but simply a lack of development.

Miss Teisen regards the sight and hearing of feeble-minded children as the senses most frequently defective. She thinks sight the most important sense to develop, and that most easily developed. She feels assured of development in other directions as soon as the idea of color dawns upon the child's mind. According to her experience, the development of one sense is accompanied by improvement of the other senses. And yet exceptional cases have presented themselves to her notice where the development of one sense has seemed to leave the others stationary. Miss Teisen has found it impossible to reach the moral sense without a fair development of the physical senses. Improvement of the physical senses has been usually shown to improve the habits and manners. A child that distinguishes sound and appreciates music will not be likely to howl and scream, and a child that feels the influence of color is far less inclined to tear its clothes.

Miss Teisen makes one statement of unusual interest. She says that many of the children of the lowest grade have perfect sight, which their minds cannot use. This very striking announcement opens the way to the question as to whether the structure of the image-field of sight, together with both afferent and efferent nervous fibres (the carriers to and from the brain) may not in many cases be approximately perfect, and the great and perhaps only *desideratum* exist in the original centres of apprehension and action—the grey tissue cells of the brain itself.

As a commentary upon Miss Teisen's views, I may add the very interesting statement of Dr. Fernald, that the reason why sound and color give so much pleasure to the feeble-minded is that the simplicity of their brain and nerve fibre requires a greater blow of sense, so to speak, to affect it pleasurably. The idiotic child has the peculiarity (shared with it by Alexander the Third and the composer Bach) that he is most affected by loud music. In the same way, fulness and force of color give the greatest pleasure to his eyes, such as the gorgeous crimson rose, or the serried stalks of full-petalled sunflowers, or huge beds of brilliant feathery chrysanthemums.

Dr. Fernald cares for the teeth of the Waverly children among his other duties, and tells me that not only do some such children enjoy being pricked with pins, but that after having one tooth extracted, with what would in the normal child be attendant causes of severe and prolonged pain, his mentally undeveloped patient will frequently return and beg him to extract some more teeth as a favor.

It will be seen almost without my referring to it that mind and matter are very intimately related in this territory—this borderland. I have found it hard not to have used the words correlatively. It appears that perfect sensation and subtle thought are found accompanying complexity of brain-cell structure and of nerve-fibre tissue. That deficient sensation and imperfect brain-power are always accompanied by simplicity of nerve-fibre and of brain-structure. Can it not, therefore, be consistently said that absence of mind follows absence of brain-tissue and nerve-fibre, or absence of structure in such fibre or tissue? Or will my friends, the logicians, accuse me of confounding a part with the whole? However that may be, the nearer we get to the roots of the *raison d'être* of imbecility, the more we are confronted with a state of things, which has, to say the least, a strong *soupçon* of the physical basis of mind.

One of the earliest practical experimentalists in this interesting field was Dr. E. Sequin, father of the distinguished New York specialist. Early in this century, under his French masters, Itard and Esquirol, Sequin studied the mental phenomena of a wild boy captured in the woods of Aveyron and watched the dawnings of his imprisoned mind. In 1842 this benefactor of the race became an instructor in the Bicêtre, in Paris, where he labored with superhuman patience to foster and develop the sparks of intellect in hundreds of afflicted pupils. The first State school in America was opened in Massachusetts under the management of Dr. S. G. Howe, and another one at Albany, N. Y., in 1851. In 1856, this same Dr. Sequin, a political refugee, associated himself with James B. Richards in the management of the Pennsylvania School at Germantown.

The first meeting of the movement which resulted in the establishment of the present Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble Minded Children was held in the office of the late James J. Barclay, on February 10, 1853. Among those present were Bishop Alonzo Potter, Dr. Alfred L. Elwyn, Dr. George B. Wood, Judge G. W. Stroud, S. Morris Waln, Dr. Robley Dunglison, and the present secretary, Franklin Taylor. In 1853, the school was located in two rented houses under the management and care of James B. Richards. In 1854, Mr. Richards carried some of the children he had instructed to Harrisburg and secured an appropriation of $10,000. In 1855, a property on Woodbine Avenue, Germantown, was bought for $16,000, and seventeen children moved into their new home. In 1856, Dr. Sequin, as already stated, was associated with Mr. Richards, but the institution fell into financial straits, and Dr. Joseph Parrish was chosen to lead "the forlorn hope."

A second appropriation of $50,000 in 1857, by the Legislature, set the institution again on its feet, and the present site of the Central Department was purchased at Elwyn, into which the pupils were moved in 1859. In 1861, the south wing was completed, and various legacies and donations pouring in during the following years have brought the institution up to its present standing and capacity. Dr. Isaac N. Kerlin, the greatest authority in America on the treatment and care of this afflicted class, was elected superintendent and chief physician in 1863. He died on October 25, 1893. His death was a great shock in philanthropic, educational, and public circles. Since his death the office of superintendent has not existed. The chief physician is Dr. Martin W. Barr, a man of wide experience and peculiar fitness.

The chief instructors of the mentally-deficient abroad at present are John Keller, of Denmark; Lippisted, of Norway; Bourneville, of France; Langton Dun, Shuttleworth, and Beade, of England; and Ireland, of Prestonpans, Scotland. The institutions of the Scandinavian countries are considered among the most thorough in Europe. Much attention is paid to manual work at Thorshaug, Norway, and Mariestad, Sweden. The institutions at Daldorf, Berlin, Alsterdorf, and Hamburg are the most noted German institutions where the education of the feeble-minded is carried on, although there are many small asylums in Germany for the relief of this class of children. In England the asylums at Earlswood and at Darenth and the Royal Albert Asylum at Lancaster are the largest and most noted.

In size, administration, and general care of the feeble-minded the American institutes are in advance of those of the Old World. One distinctive feature of the institutions of this country is that they aim to provide "homes" rather than "asylums" for the defective. There are twenty-five schools for the feeble-minded in a general way, and about 100,000 imbeciles in this country. Only one-sixteenth of these receive education. The Pennsylvania asylum for the mentally defective at Elwyn, near Philadelphia, has the largest number of pupils—943. Its facilities are also fully equal, if not superior, to those of other schools. Next in point of size comes the institution at Columbus, Ohio. California has built a school for an accommodation for 1,000 inmates, but it has not yet gathered them in. The Massachusetts State Asylum at Waverly, under the very enlightened and progressive control of Dr. Fernald, has 440 pupils, eight buildings, and an estate comprising 100 acres.

What I have said about the causes of idiocy and the sensorial and mental conditions which accompany it, have in themselves gone far towards an explanation of the method of education employed for improving the afflicted. Let us suppose the brain of a typical imbecile to be the central office of a great municipal telephone system, an office with the potentiality of doing an enormous and complex amount of business. But the rules governing the service of the various operators are inadequate and badly enforced, and the girls themselves idle and gossipy, and heedless of their duties. Let us also suppose, if such a thing is possible, that the conductivity of all the innumerable little wires leading off and in every whither is defective to the last degree.

What do we find to be the general state of affairs? The subscribers have to call loudly, have to shout to overcome the deficiency of conduction in the wires, and they have to keep on shouting a long time to secure the undivided attention of the operator in the central office, and this operator, at last aroused, has to raise her voice to the utmost limit in answering. And, owing to all the obstacles, the message which she sends out in some other direction is unintelligible and has to be repeated several times.

It is just so with the mind of the imbecile. Its brain, or central office, is poorly equipped to start off with, and the wires (afferent nerves) connecting it with the external world (its subscribers), are of a low power of conductivity, so that the sensation which an external object, a sound or color, makes upon the mind is dim and inadequate, and the voluntary movements which the out-going wires (efferent nerves) excite in the muscles, i. e., which they bid them perform, are slow and faulty.

The education of the imbecile is one requiring, therefore, an infinite number of repetitions of a message, which at the outset must be unusually sharp and clear and unconfusing. If it is the sight and hearing which are to be improved the pupil is placed in a dark room, and into the darkness a single ray of light is admitted. And when this rather startling and antithesal phenomena has caught and riveted the child's attention, by repetition, a slide is passed through the beam of light with sharply defined forms painted or engraved upon it. Simple forms, too, such as the square, or triangle, or star. Then the names of these figures are clearly and distinctly and repeatedly pronounced, the name sounded each time the object is exhibited. This is, of course, an example of the necessities of an extreme case—a very apathetic and unobservant child. Usually it will be sufficient to exhibit objects by lifting them from the table and simultaneously telling their names. This must be done over and over again, until the nerve-fibres and brain cells are stimulated into readier action and developed into fuller and more perfect performance of normal functions.

The imbecile child's brain is improved in just the same way that the biceps muscles of Sandow are more and more enlarged. This is done by the repeated use of small dumb-bells at first and then by the gradual substitution of heavier and heavier weights. Touch is the finest and most indispensable sense, as shown by the investigations of Darwin and other naturalists. So its perfection should be the most impaired of all the senses of an imbecile, and this is doubtless the case. As touch is, however, the sense whose defectiveness would be the most hidden from the knowledge of the observer, little is known of its condition in idiots. They are, however, unquestionably lacking in the fine distinctions of touch in the normal.

THE QUESTION THAT HAS NO ANSWER.

BY W. H. GARDNER.

> " Once we hear the hopeless—He is dead
> So far as flesh hath knowledge, all is said."

If in the quiet grave we rest
  In sleep so dreamless and profound,
  That naught can vex us with a sound:
Then death beyond all things were best.
But who can tell us if the tomb
  Which holds the body's sad remains,
  Binds fast the soul within its chains
Of deep impenetrable gloom?

Can no dear friend whom we loved here,
  And who loved us with perfect love,
  Come from the grave his love to prove
And teach us what to hope or fear?
Can no sweet voice we always miss
  Counselling ever for the right,
  Low whisper in the silent night
The secrets of the drear abyss?

Can no stern warrior, who has gain'd
  A vengeful throne by spilling blood
  And striding upward through the flood,
Show what bourne he has attained?
Or patriots all, since Ilion's pride,
  Obedient to o'erwhelming fate
  Met death before the Scæan gate,
Tell wherefore they lived and died?

Can marble bust or pillared urn
  That give in deathless verse the praise
  Due noble dead of long past days
Say where their heroes now sojourn?
Or lasting records of the past,

Deep graved in adamantine stone,
To mark some chieftain of renown,
Tell where now his lot is cast?

Can the beauteous flowers that thrive
On juices sucked up from the heart,
To any one the tale impart
Whether the soul may still survive?
Or maggots feasting on the brain,
That wriggle through the charnel clay
And come up to the light of day,
The grave's dread secret e'en explain?

Ah no! death's adamantine portal
Holds fast its secrets evermore;
And when we pass through that dread door,
It shuts the light from every mortal.
And though with aching brain we learn,
The mystic lore of every age:
And knowledge taught by seer and sage,
The secret ne'er can we discern.

But why the future try to scan,
When all the present we can know
Is that we suffer—nor can show
From whence we came, nor how began.
We see no cause why we should be
Brought helpless, wailing, and alone
Into a world unasked, unknown,
To sink like rain-drops in the sea.

We toil from birth to death along
The rough and stormy path of life;
And if victorious in the strife
O'er all our compeers in the throng,
What gain we if we persevere
With will and courage undiminished,
If we know the race when finished
Brings us to a common bier?

If life to us then means the same
As to the motes that dance a day
In summer-sun and pass away:
What are worth our dreams of fame?
Life's bitter cup why should we quaff,
And 'luring pleasures all discard,
When our only guerdon or reward
Is at last a dubious epitaph?

DEATH IS SILENT, BUT LIFE SPEAKS.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers Major W. H. Gardner's beautiful poem, "The Question That Has No Answer," which is a thanatopsis worthy of careful reflexion. The question which the poet raises in his lines has been asked again and again by many earnest searchers for the truth, and it will find an echo in the hearts of all those who are anxious about the fate of the soul after death. The proposal of the question as Major Gardner formulates it comes perhaps to every one of us at a certain phase of our development. It is, nevertheless, a wrong formulation of the problem, and if there is no answer to the question it is due to an error hidden in the question itself, and must not be attributed to an insolvable mystery in the nature of things.

The error is natural and therefore quite common; it is as natural as are all the various well-known sense-illusions, so called, in which, by a peculiar complication of circumstances, our judgment is inevitably led astray. The faithful portrayal of this illusion and the attitude of the human heart with its eternal questioning, what becomes of the soul in death, is one of the beauties of the poem.

That which leads our judgment astray is the materialistic tendency of our mind. In all our experiences and observations we are in the habit of regarding matter as the thing itself and all other qualities as the properties of matter.[1] Matter appears to us, and naturally so, as the substance of existence, and matter is said to *possess* extension, form, color, weight, or force. Every quality that is not matter appears to us non-existent and has value only so long as it is thought of as *being possessed* by matter. A closer consideration of the nature of things, however, discloses the truth that matter is as much a quality as form; matter is as much a pure abstract as force or color; it is no thing in itself which is endowed with a higher kind of reality. That feature which we call matter, it is true, endures, when we consider the whole universe, in all changes, but so does energy, so does pure space. Limiting our consideration to an individual living being, we find that matter is neither preserved, nor is it that feature on which the continuity and identity of the organism depend. The conservation of matter only signifies that matter is one of the most general abstractions. But it is actually a fallacy to consider the marble of a bust as more real than its form. A fact is a fact; a thing is or is not; and there is no degree of more or less of existence or of reality. It is quite true that one fact may be more or less valuable, more or less important, of greater or less concern; but then, it will be seen that form always takes the preference: the bust is all, and the marble incidental.

After the fashion of the same logical fallacy that considers matter as the thing in itself and everything else as the properties of matter, man naturally but erroneously regards his body as his self, and his sentiments, thoughts, and plans as affections and passing dispositions of his body—as mere properties of no account. He who cherishes this view will naturally think that after death he himself is buried in the tomb.

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[1] See in the last *Monist* Mr. Lester F. Ward's article "The Natural Storage of Energy" and the editorial, "Mind Not a Storage of Energy."

Socrates considers the recognition of the difference between body and soul as paramount. He argued that "false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil." The body is buried, but "the soul," he said, using the mythological terms of his age, "joins the happy state of the blessed."

The passage reads in Phaedo, according to Jowett's translation (Vol. II, p. 263), as follows:

> "Said Crito: And in what way shall we bury you?"
>
> [Socrates replied:]
>
> "In any way that you like; but you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not run away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile:—I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine, with which I was comforting you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me to him now, as at the trial he was surety to the judges for me; but let the promise be of another sort; for he was surety for me to the judges that I would remain, and you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that whatever is usual, and what you think best."

A solution of the problem of immortality must not be expected from death, but from life. The dead cannot return to reveal the secrets of life, and if they could return they would have nothing to tell.

The first mistake of the conception to which Major Gardner has given so pregnant an expression lies in the first line of the poem where the poet says: "If in the quiet grave *we* rest." The truth is that our soul shall never rest in the grave, and when a man speaks about himself he means his soul, not his body. "The tomb," as the poet says, "holds the body's sad remains," but it does not "bind fast the soul within its chains of deep, impenetrable gloom." What other information could a dead body, when it returns from the grave, give us but of its decay? The lesson which it conveys would be that we must not seek the purport of life in the transient but in the enduring features of our being.

What is the nature of our soul?

Our soul is a peculiar form impressed into the sentiency of our living organisation. The events which are experienced in the contact with the surrounding world are recorded, and every trace that is left abides as a living memory-image, representing the respective facts which their diverse forms portray. The soul, accordingly, is a system of sentient forms, having reference to the various phenomena of the objective world. The elements of the soul are meaning-endowed feelings of various kinds. The variety of kind depends upon the difference of form of the nervous structures and their activities, while the meaning is that which sets them *en rapport* with the realities of the objective world whose impressions they bear.

It is strange that man naturally regards the material in which a form has taken shape as its essential nature. It is true that there are no pure forms, but it is also true that there is no pure matter. A cube is a cube, and a globe is a globe, whether it be made of lead or of iron, or of gold. A statue of Zeus, such as Phidias made it, is a representation of the god whether we cast it in bronze or hew it from marble; if we but reproduce it faithfully in all its smallest details it will be a duplicate of the famous work of Phidias. A seal which is impressed into sealing-wax, presents the form of the seal, and if the wax into which the impression has been made, be broken, the seal can reproduce the impression again and again. Nothing is lost if one impression is destroyed, so long as the seal is preserved from which new copies can be had without difficulty. In the same way the soul-structures of the human mind can be reproduced. The physical organism is renewed by heredity and human ideals are impressed into the growing generations by education. The individual is a copy only of its soul structures. The copy may be destroyed, but all the various soul-structures, the soul itself, the essential character of the man, can be built up again in other bodies. Forms can be duplicated. Says Jesus: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," in saying which he alluded to the temple of his body.

Whether or not and in what way the soul survives the body is a question, the answer to which must be expected from life and not from death. The grave remains deaf to our question, and the dead give no reply. The "bourne" that "the stern warrior" has attained, the place where our heroes "now sojourn" and the cause "wherefore they lived and died" are not unsolvable problems. The victory which a hero won is a victory of life which continues in life; the hero *is* the cause with which he identified himself, and he lives in his cause, even though he may have suffered death in his service to it. His body lies on the bier, not his ideals and aspirations, not his soul, not he himself. Our heroes live, and it is they which constitute the kingdom of heaven upon earth, and if you ask where its place is, we answer with Christ: "It is within us."

The poet gives expression to the sad mood of resignation; he says:

"But why the future try to scan,
When all the present we can know
Is that we suffer."

Is not the future disclosed more and more by our comprehension of the past? Does not our better knowledge give us information concerning the origin of our life from the first appearance of amœboid substance to our present state of being, and do we not make plans and shape ideals to build a better and ever better, a grander and a nobler future? Is the future fate of life really shrouded by a veil that cannot be lifted? Science lifts the veil little by little and we can be fully assured that we can live for a cause which is worth all our sufferings, for we do not "sink like raindrops in the sea." Our souls are treasured up and form the living stones of the temple of the future; our souls continue to exist in the souls of the generations to come; they will be potent and indestructible factors in the evolution of the future. Life leaves us not without an answer, and the language in which life speaks is unmistakable. The poet asks:

"Can the beauteous flowers that thrive
On juices sucked up from the heart,
To any one the tale impart
Whether the soul may still survive?"

Let facts speak. The ultimate *résumé* of science is the truth of evolution, which teaches that life of to-day is but the stored-up life of the past. The souls of our ancestors have not gone to the grave but continue in their posterity. They are preserved in the present generation. The experiences of all preceding lives have been impressed into the race, and, so far as they are fitted to survive, they continue with us as a living part of mankind as it is to-day. We yearn for life, and we are anxious to insure the immortality of our soul. This aspiration of man may be expressed in the words of the poet of the "Song of Songs": "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm"; and every endeavor made for progress or in the interest of discovering truth is a fulfilment of this prayer addressed to the God who lives in evolution; we are set as seals upon the heart and as seals upon the arm of Him to whom we all shall be gathered together with our fathers, and in whom we continue to be after death as living citizens of the Great Spirit Empire, of that spiritual All-being who represents the coming of the kingdom of heaven which is being built up in the hearts of men. P. C.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD'S MESSAGE.

Governor Altgeld's biennial message and also the biennial report of labor statistics have created a great deal of critical and even bitter comments in the daily press. We disagree with the Governor on several points and have the impression that his opinion as to the interference of federal troops and the conduct of federal courts, whatever just complaints it may be based upon, is but one side of the question: nevertheless we respect in him a man who honestly and manfully stands up for his convictions, and is not afraid of becoming thoroughly unpopular through attending to what he understands to be his duty. We must consider that during the late railroad-strike new problems were presented in the political evolution of our nation, which had not been foreseen in the laws of our country. We do not wish to enter here into details, but call attention only to some valuable propositions made in the message. Governor Altgeld has perhaps good reasons to feel offended at the various insults which he has received from the public press during his governorship, but we believe that if he had shown less irritation, his propositions would be more effective. Let us hope that the good seeds which he sows will thrive and that the time will come when both his honesty and ability will find ample recognition.

Concerning the administration of justice, Governor Altgeld says:

"We borrowed our system of jurisprudence from England more than a century ago, when it was loaded down with absurd distinctions and formalities. We have clung tenaciously to its faults, while England long ago brushed them aside. Three-quarters of a century ago that country began to reform its judicial procedure by wiping out all useless distinctions and formalities and making all procedure simple and disposing of each case promptly on its merits, and their appellate courts now revise cases only when it is shown that an actual injustice has been done and not simply because some rule or useless formality has been disregarded. As regards the administration of justice, we are to-day three-quarters of a century behind that country from which we borrowed our system. We may be great in politics, but do not yet lead the way in statesmanship. The whole system should be revised and simplified so that it will give our people more prompt and speedy justice and less fine-spun law."

As to the conditions surrounding the police and justice courts of Chicago, Governor Altgeld says: "They are a disgrace, and we will not rise to the demands of the occasion if we do not devise some remedy for these evils. I call attention to the subject of permitting any officer connected with the administration of justice to keep fees. This is the very foundation upon which the whole structure of fraud, extortions, and oppression rests. No man's bread should depend upon the amount of business he can 'drum up' around a so-called court of justice."

The settlement of the labor troubles has received the Governor's careful attention. He says:

"In recent years we have repeatedly had labor disturbances in the form of strikes and lock-outs that almost paralysed the country. It will no longer do to say that this is the business of employer and employé, for while these are fighting, innocent non-combatants may be ruined. The question of dealing with these conditions is a most difficult one, and no complete remedy has yet been devised. Many advocate compulsory arbitration, but no practical method of enforcing a decree or award in every case of this character has yet been found. There is, however, no difficulty in the way of making a compulsory investigation in every case, and this alone would be a great preventative as well as corrective. This method has been tried elsewhere and has worked well. Promptly ascertaining and making public the actual conditions in each case arouses a moral sentiment that often forces a settlement, and the fear of such an investigation will sometimes do this. I strongly urge legislation on this subject, and I would suggest that the law would provide for a new board in each case, allowing each party to select an arbitrator, and the two thus selected to name the third, or, if they disagree, then let the county judge name the third. If a permanent board was created, the more powerful interests would soon seek to get their friends appointed on it, and no matter what it did it would soon lose the confidence of the workers and of the public, and with this its usefulness would be gone."

We see no reason why Governor Altgeld's proposition should not be acceptable to all concerned.[1]

The Spring Valley enterprise, which receives the Governor's severe criticism for the "wolfish greed" of the Company, should receive a careful and official investigation, the more so as public excitement has subsided, and it would be possible now to make an impartial investigation.

We advise both those who are friends of the Governor and those who are either indifferent or his enemies to read his biennial message. A free copy will be sent to every one who applies for it at the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Springfield, Ill. P. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EVOLUTION AND RELIGION.

To the Editor of The Open Court :

You say, "Mr. Maddock's request [for you to define Christianity] would be in place if I had proclaimed any intention of preaching Christianity." I was led to make the request by the following from your pen in No. 370 of *The Open Court*, page 4238: "There is no sense in attempting to destroy Christianity; our aim must be to develop it and lead it on the path of progress to truth." My request, therefore, was in place, because to develop it, something more must be disclosed—a new departure must be taken. From this standpoint the pertinency of the question, in its relation to the solid place for the feet of the assembly of science can easily be understood. If Christianity is the doctrine to be developed, there must be new definitions of its principles given that will harmonise with those of the cosmos.

You say, also, that "Mr. Maddock's zeal for the name of truth and his hostility toward any other name that might contain either an aspiration after the truth, or a pretence of its possession, implies, in my opinion, a great danger—the danger of narrowness." My zeal for truth is such that, according to cosmic principles and sound logic, I cannot permit a counterfeit note to be called genuine; hence, if the doctrine which Jesus Christ preached has a true definition of its own, the theories of Calvin, Arminius & Co. are counterfeits. Counterfeit notes cannot be endorsed as genuine, because the counterfeiter stamped them "United States note"; they must have all the genuine marks upon them and must be made of the right material. We can "give credit for honest intentions to people who differ from us," but we cannot allow that they are right in calling themselves Christians when we know that they are mistaken by the facts in the case. As the world is flooded with the counterfeit, there must be narrowness at the start of the genuine. The question is not what the assembly of science will permit other people to call themselves, because it will not have any dogmatic jurisdiction over any one outside of its own walls; but within its pale, logic and truth will be dogmatic and these will force all adherents of truth to speak of people just as the facts give authority. The doctrine of the assembly of science will be broad enough, and will do justice, not only to people who have religious aspirations, but to all mankind whether they have religious aspirations or not. It is plain to be seen, Mr. Editor, that no correct definition can be given of Christianity, and that plain statements *can be given* of what Calvinistic and Arminian theologians have taught. How then can any one consistently call himself a follower of that which he knows not? In an assembly where authority stands for truth and tradition for fact there might be a little consistency in a man calling himself a Christian when he is really a Calvinist; but where truth is authority he must bow to it and not be double tongued. In the language of Herder, according to your own quotation, if Christianity is anything definite in itself, it "must become a clear stream." We must get rid of the mud. We will get rid of it by evolution's purifying influences. While "we cannot begin the world over again, but must continue the work of the civilisation at the point on which we stand," we must stand upon something more than that upon which the teachers of the present age do, and we must also cut loose from the counterfeits and superstitions of our ancestry. How else can progress come? While we, who are critically hostile to ecclesiasticism, are in a continuous and natural sense a product of our superstitious ancestry, yet in the sense of evolution we are an offshoot from it of a different type, and therefore must present a different phase of doctrine before those who are about to follow where truth leads. If Goethe's personality consisted of tradition, he was unfit for a leader in the van of evolution. Such a one is not my criterion; the facts of evolution show that the traditions and superstitions of our ancestry are fast becoming obsolete. Our ancestors did not produce us; they were merely vehicles for our evolution. Tradition and superstition are not the parents of light and truth.

It is between two stones we get the grist. Let the grinding, therefore, go on, and let the high grades be separated from the low. JOHN MADDOCK.

NOTES.

We have received from distant friends some very beautiful presents. The Right Rev. Shaku Soyen of Kamâkura sent us a set of pictures, artistically done in Japanese style, representing the deeds of bravery performed by the Japanese in the present war against China, and almost simultaneously we have received from Professor Haeckel two busts made of himself by Gustav Herold, a sculptor of Frankfort-on-the-Main, an enthusiastic believer in monism and an admirer of the eminent scientist. The busts show Professor Haeckel in somewhat different attitudes, and one of them is especially admirable: but they are both full of life and show Haeckel's personality to full advantage. We must confess that Herold's busts compare favorably with the marble bust of the Roman artist, Kopf, a photograph of which has been published in the Haeckel Memorial. The busts arrived in a broken condition, but were restored to their original beauty by the hands of an American artist. The box sent by Professor Haeckel contained, besides the two busts, a very good picture of himself (6x10), which, for the benefit of our readers, we shall reproduce on some future occasion, and also a very good copy of Gabriel Max's picture of the Pithecanthropos Family, dedicated to Professor Haeckel.

THE OPEN COURT.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 390.

SPIRITUALISING CLAY. S. MILLINGTON MILLER..... 4391

POETRY.

The Question That Has No Answer. W. H. GARDNER. 4394

DEATH IS SILENT, BUT LIFE SPEAKS. EDITOR.. 4395

GOVERNOR ALTGELD'S MESSAGE. EDITOR....... 4397

CORRESPONDENCE.

Evolution and Religion. JOHN MADDOCK............. 4398

NOTES.. 4398

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[1] In connexion with Governor Altgeld's idea of settling labor troubles by courts of arbitration, we remind our readers of an article written two and a half years ago in No. 260 of *The Open Court*, by the publisher when discussing the Homestead affair, the main difference being that this proposition is more favorable for the strikers than that of Governor Altgeld.