

One lustrum ago and the place above feebly described was unmarked by any such index of general advancement; a little while since and the Brothers of Charity, whose mission is to care for the physically and mentally weak, to raise fallen humanity, to encourage and guide wavering nature, going forth in search of pastures new, where their ministering care might be required, were led by Providence to this beautiful, romantic and picturesque spot; and there they laid the foundation of that, grand and massive structure that rises, in elegant proportions, from yonder slope and whose turrets are crowned with the emblem of all Love, Truth, Charity and Salvation. The long windows of the elegant chapel tell the stranger that Religion has found an abode within those walls and that Faith abides in its sanctuary. While the tinkle of its bell calls the dark-cloaked religious to devotion beneath the frescoed dome of that little temple, we might steal in for a few moments and ramble through the lengthy corridors. It will not be an intrusion!

How white and clean everything seems: the high, airy rooms, the lengthy well-lighted halls, the scrubbed floors and polished ceilings, the bath-rooms, refectories, billiard-halls and even cellars. Coils of pipes tell that winter's severities are not felt, washing machinery tells that cleanliness is the first rule of the place. There is a member of the community at hand quite prepared to afford us all the information required. Let us ask him what is the object of the establishment.

"Our mission," says the brother, "is to study the infirmities of life and then to utilize our knowledge by applying it to the care of those mentally or physically tottering. You have prisons for the guilty and asylums for the mad, but where else can you find the proper treatment for the mild maniac, the victim of alcohol, the epileptic, the idiotic or homeless? I speak not of the indigent: for them there are refuges enough, but I mean those whom old age or weariness of life's battle renders restless in the world, and who have no means to procure the comforts of a home, free from the dangers that would surround them outside. There are sons of well-to-do families whose parents cannot keep them at home and will

not send them to public asylums; here they have protection and comfort, attendance and care. We have a regular daily visit from an experienced medical man, our brothers are trained to care and cure, if it is possible, the bodily sick or mentally weak."

"But," I would ask, "are sick and well, fools and sane persons, epileptics and, retired business men or students all together?"

"By no means"—he replies: "We have wards in accordance with the number and variety of the patients; while the boarders—that is those who are merely seeking quiet and retirement have their rooms completely to themselves and their public apartments are secured from the intrusion or annoyance of those whose company they do not desire. We welcome Protestants as well as Catholics; but our house is essentially Catholic and the only one of its kind in Canada." Such would be about the sum and substance of the Brother's reply.

While we read so much about those excellent societies and institutions for the protection of animals, of children, of females, of social order, and I know not what else, might we not feel it a duty to write a few words about this society and institution for the special protection of humanity, of the infirm, the aged, the afflicted, the unfortunate? The epileptic is there tenderly cared for and protected against himself; the declining years of the friendless are softened by ease and attention; the dipsomaniac is restrained from those excesses which eventually kill the body and slay the soul—or else he is effectually cured by medical treatment and by moral suasion, until he is enabled to resume his station in life, master of his passions and conqueror of himself.

Glorious, picturesque spot! grand and noble institution that adorns it! The natural beauties of Long Point are worthy of this magnificent country; the natural and super-natural blessings of St. Benoit-Joseph's Retreat are their fit companions. May no desecrating hand ever mar the splendors of the one; may no profane iconoclasm ever frustrate the beneficent design of the latter! Such are the hope, desire and prayer of a true

CANADIAN.