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FAR-FAMED ALPINE HOSPICE. The Monks of St. Bernard and Their Celebrated Dogs. Many Travellers' Lives Are Saved By Them Annually.

In a few weeks from now, and before the snows of early winter have blocked the roads for ordinary traffic the statue of St. Bernard, which is at present lying at Martigny, will be transported to the head of the famous pass, where—in full view of the hospice which bears his name—it is to stand as a memorial of his work. The visitors who spend a night at the Hospice during their stay in Switzerland will perhaps think that no memorial was wanted beyond the hospitality which, after the lapse of nine centuries, is still freely extended to all and any who make the passage of the Alps by this route. On the night of Sunday, 14th of August, of this year, no less than 900 guests were accommodated, and as no charge is ever made by the monks for the entertainment, the only stipulation being that not more than one night can be spent at the Hospice. The rescue work for which this brotherhood has been so famous has been considerably simplified by the advances of modern civilization, but its value is still real enough to those for whose benefit mainly the Hospice is maintained. Doubtless a large number of those who traversed the path in the tenth century were pilgrims en route for Rome, and it is possible that St. Bernard had these mainly in view when he made provision for the relief of those in distress. But the twentieth century still sees the stream of poor travellers crossing the mountains, and for this provision is necessary. In the spring there is a regular influx of laborers (road-menders and the like) from Northern Italy into Switzerland and France, and among these there may be a small number of women seeking the simple kinds of employment. In the autumn these people return to their homes beyond the mountains, and as they are too poor to afford the expense of a railway journey they accomplish the distance on foot. Formerly it was the rule at the Hospice to sally forth in search of travellers at least once a day during the bad weather, and occasionally more frequently if the danger was great. Now the matter is simplified by the use of the telephone. At some miles distance from the Hospice, on either side of the pass, is a cantine, or station, from which messages can be despatched. Whenever travellers pass the cantine information is sent to the Hospice, and steps are taken for the relief of the wayfarers in case of difficulty. Naturally the new road which has replaced the old mule track, and which is tunneled for some distance through the rock at the summit to escape the avalanches, assists in simplifying the route, though it is of little avail in the worst weather. At such times the help of the dogs is still invaluable. They not only assist in finding those who are in distress, but, what is equally important, they are able at once to direct those who are with them to the Hospice, the route to which might easily be missed but for their assistance. On the occasion of our visit to the Hospice, in August of the present year, one of the monks described to us how eager the dogs are to be taken, and how they will struggle for the first place when a search party is about to set out. He explained, however, that it was not advisable to take two dogs together, as they were inclined to play. The Hospice is manned at present by about fourteen monks, who are assisted by nine dogs. The names of these noble creatures are evidently handed down from one to the other, and we were informed that the dogs were not able to endure the life for many years. As we sat in the salon in the evening one of the Brothers asked, "Would not the English lady give them some music?" and then they told us, with apparent pleasure, that their piano had been presented to them by the king of England when he was Prince of Wales. The piano was protected by a neat cover, on which was embroidered the motto, "Fideliter, Fortiter, Feliciter." Mrs. Farragut, who was walking along the terrace above the lake in the morning sunshine, and look down the steep road from Aosta, up which the pack mules were toiling with supplies of food or fuel. The terraced garden, where an attempt was made to cultivate the Alpine flora, is neglected now, for the altitude was too great, and the Morgue is completely built up. Beyond the lake, on the "Plan of Jupiter," where the Temple of Jupit-

ter once stood, workmen were busy completing the pedestal for the statue which is shortly to be conveyed from Martigny, though the formal unveiling may not take place till next July. The statue is of bronze, and represents the famous picture of St. Bernard trampling underfoot the dragon, which he has already secured by a chain. In spite of the new roads it still takes over ten hours to drive to the Hospice from Martigny, and along these thirty-two miles of zigzags the greater part of the supplies have had to be taken, though there is a service of mules from Aosta, on the Italian side, and fuel (of which there is, of course, not a vestige on the mountains) is brought from the Val Ferret during the summer months. Perhaps the hardships to which the Brothers are exposed are not quite so great as at the time when (as we were told) there was no means of heating the sleeping rooms of the novices; but the strain is sufficiently great, and, as a result of the exposure to cold and the life in the rarefied atmosphere, these men are obliged at a comparatively early age to seek a refuge in the valley of the Rhone. Such a refuge is provided in the little Monastery of St. Bernard at Martigny, which we visited on our return. Pere Mellard, the senior in the house (now eighty years of age), was able to give us some interesting reminiscences of his experiences at the Hospice. Among other things, he remembered the visit of King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales), at the age of 17, accompanied by General Codrington. Pere Carron, who showed us the building, had had a number of years' work at the Simplon Hospice after retiring from that at St. Bernard. The Simplon, founded originally by Napoleon I., was afterwards taken over by the monks of St. Bernard. From the chapel of the little monastery we passed to the farm buildings, and in the stables we were shown the splendid horses that are constantly employed in carrying supplies to the Hospice, which is 8120 feet above sea level. In one of the outhouses lay the bronze statue still swathed in its packing. Finally, we were taken to the beautiful garden, which is tended by the monks themselves, and as a last token of hospitality the Brother in charge of the fruit was commissioned to supply us with some of the choicest products of his labors.—The Monitor.

VICTORY FOR A PRIEST.

A lone priest sent by Mother Drexel, the millionaire nun of Philadelphia, to reclaim the Winnebago Indians of Nebraska from the degradation and debauchery which have been rapidly increasing among them, has won a complete single handed victory against as thoroughly organized a gang of grafters as ever looked shameless. Father Joseph Schell, of Homer, Neb., who has accomplished this thing, is now in St. Michael's hospital at Sioux City recuperating after his long fight. As a result of his triumph the gang that has been robbing the Winnebagos of from \$200,000 to \$250,000 annually for twenty years has been thoroughly broken up, and thirty of them will be ordered never to show their faces again on the reservation. Every effort has been made by the gang to defeat Father Schell. They have maligning him to Bishop Scannel in an effort to secure his removal. They have tried to bribe him and threatened his life, and they have sought to turn the Indians against him by refusing to give the Indians food. The loyalty of the Indians to Father Schell is attested by the fact that many of them are near starvation rather than be unfaithful to the man whom they regard as their best friend. Now the gang admits defeat, and has lain down completely.

FARRAGUT'S DEATH.

Admiral Farragut's death was due to the selfishness of a woman. The Admiral and his wife were coming from California, when a woman occupying a seat in front of them in the car opened a window. Admiral Farragut was ill, and the strong draft of wind which blew directly upon him chilled him. Mrs. Farragut asked the woman courteously if she would not kindly close the window, as it was annoying to her husband. The woman snapped out: "No I won't close the window. I don't care if it does annoy him. I am not going to smother for him." Admiral Farragut thus caught a severe cold, which resulted in his death. A few days before the end came he said, "If I die, that woman will be held accountable."—Exchange.

NOTES FROM KALAMAZOO.

CORNER STONE BLESSED.

On the feast of the Maternity of our Blessed Lady, Right Rev. Bishop Foley, assisted by Rev. Dr. Morrissey, President of Notre Dame University, and a number of distinguished clergymen, solemnly blessed the corner stone of the large new wing to Nazareth Academy, Nazareth, Kalamazoo Co., Mich.

The new portion of the Academy will have a frontage of nearly three hundred feet. It will be used for the greater part as private rooms for students.

NEW RELIGIOUS.

At the Chapel of the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Nazareth, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., the Right Rev. Bishop officiating, Miss Ida Lochbihler and Miss Gertrude Shanley received the holy habit and will hereafter be known as Sister Immaculate and Sister Stella. Sisters Geraldine and Josephine made their solemn profession.

DEDICATION OF A NEW CHURCH.

On October 9th, Right Rev. Bishop Foley, of Detroit, dedicated the new St. Joseph's Mission Church at Kalamazoo, Michigan. It is a three story brick building 50 x 100 feet, one floor of the building being given to chapel purposes, the other divided into class rooms. The new school will be under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Nazareth Academy. The sermon on the occasion was delivered by Very Rev. President Morrissey, of Notre Dame University.

At St. Joseph's Church at Kalamazoo, Michigan, on the feast of the Maternity of our Blessed Lady, the Right Rev. Bishop of Detroit conferred tonsure on Mr. Wm. F. Murphy, an ecclesiastical student of the diocese, who sailed for Rome on the 15th inst., to complete his theological studies at the American College. Mr. Murphy is a child of St. Augustine's parish, and Vice-President of the Alumni Association of Leveve Institute. The Bishop had just finished the dedication of the new St. Joseph's Church, and the first act in the new church was the dedication of the young man to the services of God and to the church. The impression made by the address of the Bishop as he emphasized this fact will not soon be forgotten by the large number who attended the ceremony.

TWO FATHERS.

How blessed is the son who can speak of his father as Charles Kingsley's eldest son does. "Perfect love casteth out fear, was the motto," he says, "on which my father based his theology of bringing up children. From this and from the interest he took in their pursuits, their pleasures, trials and even the petty details of their everyday life there sprang up a friendship between father and children that increased in intensity and depth with years. To speak for myself, he was the best friend, the only true friend I ever had. At once he was the most fatherly and the most unfatherly of fathers in that he was our intimate friend and our self-constituted adviser; unfatherly in that our feeling for him lacked the fear and restraint that make boys call their father 'the governor'."

"Ours was the only household I ever saw in which there was no favoritism. It seemed as if in each of our different characters he took equal pride, while he fully recognized their different traits of good or evil; for instead of having one code of social, moral and physical laws laid down for one and all of us, each child became a separate study for him; and his little 'diseases au moral' as he called them, were treated differently, according to each different temperament. Perhaps the brightest picture of the past that I look back to now is the drawing room at Eversley in the evening, when we were all at home by ourselves. There he sat, with one hand in mother's, forgetting his own hard work in leading our fun and frolic, with a kindly smile on his lips and a loving light in that bright gray eye that made us feel that in the broadest sense of the word he was our father."

A companion picture of Dr. Arnold as a father has been drawn by Dean Stanley: "It is possible adequately to describe the union of the whole family around him, who was not only the father and guide, but the elder brother and playfellow of his children; the gentleness and tenderness which marked his whole feeling and manner in the privacy of his do-

mestic intercourse. Enough, however, may perhaps be said to recall something at least of its outward aspect. There was a cheerful voice that used to go sounding through the house in the early morning as he went around to call his children; the new spirits which he seemed to gather from the mere glimpse of them in the midst of his occupations—the increased merriment of all in any game in which he joined—the happy walks on which he would take them in the fields and hedges, hunting for flowers, the yearly excursion to look in the neighboring clay pit for the earliest coltsfoot, with the mock siege that followed. Nor again was the sense of his authority as a father ever lost in his playfulness as a companion. His personal superintendence of their ordinary instruction was necessarily limited by his other engagements, but it was never wholly laid aside."—Ex.

Serious Illness of Editor of "Rosary Magazine."

Rev. Father Rheinhardt, O.P., the distinguished editor of 'The Rosary,' has been stricken with paralysis and is in a very serious condition. In commenting on the illness of this beloved priest, Charles J. O'Malley, the scholarly editor of the New World, Chicago, says: "Father Rheinhardt's untimely affliction serves another purpose, moreover. It is not only a warning to toilers who labor too incessantly; it is a revelation to people who take Catholic publications that frequently the editor who remains unnoticed in the background actually is sacrificing his life for the advancement of Catholic letters. Catholic periodicals are too often one-man publications, and that one man is driven into his grave and receives few prayers from his former readers." Work on the Rosary shattered the late Father J. L. O'Neil, and now Father Rheinhardt is paralyzed. Very evidently one man cannot do it all."

Death of a Catholic Journalist

The death of Henry L. Richards, Jr., of Winchester, Mass., removes a Catholic journalist who had labored with brilliancy and usefulness in Boston. Mr. Richards was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1846, being the son of Rev. Henry L. Richards, of that city, who, with his wife and children, became a convert to the faith. He was educated at Seton Hall College, South Orange, N.J., graduated from that institution in 1866, and took the degree of M.A. from his Alma Mater a year later. Soon after leaving college, Mr. Richards began his journalistic career in New York. He came to Boston in 1869, and was for a time associated with his father in the steel business. Later he became city editor of the Boston Sunday Courier, and occupied that position a number of years. In 1892 he joined the staff of the Sacred Heart Review, where he remained till ill-health obliged him to relinquish the position several years ago. Mr. Richards was unmarried. He had lived in Winchester since 1878. Two brothers and two sisters survive him, one of his brothers being the Rev. J. Havens Richards, S.J., formerly president of Georgetown College.

DIDN'T FOLLOW COPY.

A boy in a printing office, says the Southern Churchman, was given a list of scripture questions and answers to set up and print. While at work he asked the foreman if he should follow "the copy;" that is, set up the type just as it was written. "Certainly," said the foreman, "Why not?" The boy replied, "Because this copy is not like the bible." "How do you know that?" "Why I learned some of these verses in Sunday-school, and I know that two of them are not like the bible." "Well, then, do not follow copy, but set them up as they are in the bible." The boy took the bible and made it his copy, guide and pattern. The words of God fell into good ground when he learned those verses in school and did not forget them. You can do the same, and be sure you always "follow copy."

ALONG THE WAY.

My path is lost, is lost to sight. My way is gone; Grant me, O God, strength yet to fight— To struggle on. Although no more I see the light That guided long, For its own sake to do the right— To hate the wrong. —Vivian Mordaunt, in Leslie's Monthly.

A MODEL BABY-FARM.

(By Herbert Vivian, in the Strand.)

The creche is a useful institution, which has probably been adopted in every country. But nowhere is it more useful or more admirably organized than in France. One reason for this may be found in the fact that, in France more than elsewhere, married women of the lower middle class are in the habit of going out to work during the day. French frugality inspires every family to neglect no opportunity of money-making, and the young wife must do her full share of hard labor to increase the family savings.

A visit to a French creche is therefore full of instruction for those who desire to improve such institutions elsewhere, and is not without interest and even amusement for all who delight in small children. It may be as well to begin by explaining that a creche is an institution for taking care of the little ones while their mothers are at work during the day. Instead of paying some careless and ignorant wench to mind the babies, a French mother takes them to a creche on the way to her factory or dressmaking establishment. She is received with smiles by the young matron in charge, and she can pass on to her daily task with every confidence that the little one will receive all, and more than all, the cares of home.

A visit to a creche means getting up early, as one of the most pleasing and characteristic sights is the arrival of the children, and the mothers must be at work betimes. You may see a long string of them in the street outside the establishment, waiting patiently, each with her precious burden. They are admitted two or three at a time into the parlour, and a pleasant conversation takes place between them and the fresh young matron, who has all the appearance of a nurse in a rich family. The parlour, too, though not richly furnished, affords full evidence of prosperity, and, like every other part of the place, is scrupulously clean. You observe in most cases that, while the mothers may look poor and shabby, expense has not been spared in dressing the little ones as smartly as possible. The matron takes as much pride and interest in each of her charges as though it were her own. "How has Julie slept?" "Are Nini's teeth still troublesome?"—there is no end to the affectionate catechism.

The first duty after baby's arrival is to make his toilet, and we pass on to the airy, comfortable bathroom. We are struck at once by the order and method which reign everywhere supreme. Observe all the little numbered cases for holding each small brush and comb. It is not in many public institutions, even of the richer kind, that so much trouble would be taken to separate the possessions of individual infants. Why, even in the best London clubs men do not shrink from using air-brushes that have been in contact with all kinds of unknown heads; and I remember once, in a big Servian hotel, being offered not only a pair of public slippers, but even a public tooth-brush! There is an array of delightful little tubs all round the walls, and a vast hubbub of splashing, crowing, and giggling accosts our ears. A few of the new-comers are inclined to shrink from their ablutions, as children will all the world over; but they are soon reassured by the manifest delight of the older hands, who are revelling in the warm water and the wholesome scent of soap.

A little boy whom I saw in his bath has had a romantic history already. He was found one morning on the doorstep of an apothecary's shop in the Montrouge Quarter, half starved and almost inanimate. The apothecary administered restoratives and was about to take the child to the poor-house, when a friend of his concierge intervened and adopted it, though she had already four children of her own, and that is a large number for France. Hitherto she had not gone out to work, but an extra mouth to feed decided her, and now she makes her way every day to slave at dressmaking in order to enable her to carry through this act of charity. Thus does kindness crop up in unexpected quarters.

Another bather is the son of a well-to-do tradesman, whose wife is so anxious about the success of her shop that she is glad to divest herself of family cares during the day. After the bath the little ones are generally put to bed. Their cradles look like tubs or miniature life-boats and are arranged to swing easily on iron trestles. Behind each is a great poster with elaborate rules for the treatment of the common ailments and various emergencies; there

is also a form to be filled up with all those minute particulars which a bureaucratic people loves. Every symptom, every unimportant incident is chronicled with surprising accuracy. Even the doings of an infant prince could not command more patient attention. Week by week all the facts are carefully entered in big ledgers, affording an ample defence in the case of any possible charges of neglect. Such charges, however, are very rare, for, whatever accidents may happen, no one would dream of accusing such superlatively careful nurses.

One of the most important entries concerns the children's weight, which is watched as diligently as though they were prize oxen, jockeys, or professional pugilists.

After sleep comes play, which for the youngest means little more than lolling about on the floor so securely swaddled that mischief may not be thought of. Such distractions as they may require are afforded by rag dolls, rattles, and other indestructible toys.

All the infants seem to possess a precocious sense of their surroundings. The whole routine of the day has impressed itself so deeply on their minds that they accommodate themselves with unusual facility to everything. Indeed, one of the nurses assured me that a very tiny baby, whose ideas of speech were still quite rudimentary, had started whimpering the other day because she was putting him to bed without weighing him. She did not perceive her omission until he was actually in his cot, when the card that hung above it reminded her. She took him out, still whimpering, but naturally she had no idea of the cause of his trouble. Directly he saw the scales he stretched out his hands towards them and stopped his lamentations; once in the basket he was chuckling with triumphant delight. Of course, this may have been a coincidence, but who shall fathom the secrets of a baby's mind?

Most of the children, she told me, exhibit the utmost pride when they are promoted from rolling on the floor to sitting up in little chairs protected by a wooden bar. This bar has an ingenious saucer in the middle to hold their toys, but when they are new to the arrangement they often drop a woolly lamb or an indiarubber ball among the juniors at their feet.

Naturally, the keenest sense of all is for their feeding time. Many mothers make a point of coming round during luncheon-time to satisfy the appetites of their offspring. These are the most popular parents, and there is never a murmur when the time comes to go away with them in the evening. But in the case of the others we find a very general distaste to exchange the comfort and attentions of the creche for a home that is probably rough and unsavory. Those mothers who do not come are not always to be blamed, however. Some are at work too far away, and others are obliged to husband their strength. For delicate infants a staff of wet-nurses is kept on the premises, but the majority have to content themselves with the bottle.

For the elder children more elaborate arrangements are necessary. They do not need so much sleep, but they are generally packed off to bed for an hour or so after the midday meal. For this purpose there is an airy, lofty room provided with rows of comfortable cots. It is, of course, very sad that poverty or ambition should separate mothers from their children during the greater part of the day; that many children should learn, at the outset of life, to prefer their temporary custodians to their own parents. But, as the separation is unavoidable, at least some mitigation is to be found in the possibility of securing proper care and kindness and good influence at an age when the mind and character are more susceptible than many grown-up persons imagine.

A SONG: IN OCTOBER.

By Maurice Francis Egan, in Donahoe's for October. The acorns fall, and slow decay,— "To send up tender green in spring." The red leaves flutter every way. The meadow larks no longer sing. The shadow of white death is near. The wind bears coldly winter's breath. "Ah, fearful heart, have then no fear, The May must come,—there is no death." Death lurks behind the maple's glow, "Life lives beyond the frost-wing's flight, There is no death.—Christ wills it so!— The darkness leads into the Light!"