

decay, and rescued it from corruption. 'Light of the world,' they entered into the tents of the barbarians and led them from the bondage and darkness of paganism into the bright light of Christian civilisation. It was the schools of the bishops which, reposing under the inviolable shelter of the consecrated temple, imparted to the ingenious youth of the middle ages, with enthusiasm of faith and nobility of sentiment, a love of letters and a fine spirit of exalted freedom. When, for example, the hearts of the barons quailed at Rummymede, was it not the bishops who, led by Cardinal Laughton, urged them on to win from a despotic sovereign the charter of their liberties? When in France and Spain the courage of the bravest grew faint did not the bishops on many an occasion even exchange the mitre and pastoral staff for the helmet and sword, and lead their discouraged people to final victory over Saracen and Moor? Never perhaps did the Germanic Confederation enjoy so much of glory abroad or freedom and happiness at home as during those long centuries when her prince-bishops wielded the double sceptre of temporal and spiritual sway, created the municipal institutions of the free cities, and exercised a controlling influence on the destinies of the empire. Ireland during generations of untold sufferings never allowed the iron of slavery to enter into her soul. If amid persecutions that had never been equalled she always preserved a love of learning, unblemished morals, and an innate spirit of freedom that had never been surpassed, was it not because in great measure

#### She had Bishops Who were Patriots

as well as prelates, who loved country and liberty none the less because they loved religion more, because, in a word, the succession of her Pontiffs was never interrupted, but was bound in one unbroken chain through Patrick, Malachy, and Lawrence, and Oliver Plunkett to the 'Rock of Ages'? Times had altered. The old order had changed, giving place to the new. The Catholic bishop might no longer be called upon, like Ximenes and Richelieu, to take upon his shoulders the destinies of a great nation. Stripped of earthly splendor, set free from the odium which fell upon him from too close an alliance with the State, standing on no other ground than that of Apostolic authority, the bishop of the twentieth century was all the stronger for the change. Like St. Augustine, Bossuet, Wiseman, he could illustrate and adorn eternal truth by triumphs of eloquence, or enrich the domain of both secular and divine science by the labors of his mind. With Cardinal Lavigerie, he could bring the glad tidings of freedom, of enlightenment, of Christian grace and truth to the enslaved races of the Dark Continent, and restore the land of Cyprian and Augustine, rescued from Moslem bondage, to the Empire of Jesus Christ. Taking Cardinal Manning for his model, he could with noble courage, even if not crowned with immediate success, defend the cause of oppressed labor—of toiling, suffering, sad humanity, and the submerged twelfth—at one of the great commercial centres of the world. Or, like Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, in America, he could strive to fashion the highest civilisation that the earth had ever seen on the lines of the ancient faith, and inform the brute mass of its material progress with the soul—the vivifying principles of religion. But if this were true of almost every nation on the earth, nowhere did it apply with so much force as in this fair southern world—this land so well worth fighting for—their own beloved Australia. Never was there

#### An Ampler or Nobler Field

for the activity and enlightened zeal of a true bishop than was presented in the Commonwealth of Australia. How youthful were the States, and yet how great. Their origin was but of yesterday, yet how rich in glorious promise? Now was the time and here was the place for the Catholic bishop. Deputy of Him to Whom all power was given in heaven and upon earth, he alone, like the palms of Palmyra among the ruins of the desert, stood erect amidst the debris of political, of intellectual, of social, and even of religious systems that were passing away. Let their new Bishop take courage. Let him lift up his heart, trusting not in his own worth, or learning or ability, but in the power of Him Who had sent him. He had been ordered to a post of labor, and cheerfully he had taken up the burden. In these new States, where to be a successful bishop one must be a many-sided man, fruitful in resources, endowed with exhaustless latent energy; where he had so much to create, to organise, to develop, so many conflicting elements to harmonise; where it was expected of him that he should be the best theologian, the most reliable financier, the safest counsellor in things spiritual and temporal, and at the same time the most strenuous worker in the whole diocese. Concluding, his Lordship said that he who desired the office of a Bishop under circumstances such as these desired a work that was exceeding good. Courage, then, he said to the new Bishop, and with diffidence in self but high and holy trust in God, let him enter upon the duties of his sacred office. Let him take heed to himself and to the whole flock over which the Holy Ghost had placed him a Bishop to rule the Church of God, which He had purchased with His own blood.

Mr. Charles Cuming, agricultural editor of the *New Zealand Times*, has been appointed editor of Government publications in succession to the late Mr. George Bisset.

## TREATMENT OF THE INSANE

### THE GHEEL COLONY IN BELGIUM

In the February issue of the *Month* there is an interesting and instructive article on the treatment of the insane at Gheel, Belgium. The writer (Alice Vowe Johnson) says:—

It was a hot summer's day when I took the train from Antwerp to Gheel, and we crawled the twenty-five miles with a deliberation which suited the weather. I was met at the station by the medical superintendent, M. le Docteur Meens, and his secretary, M. Laurysens.

After the usual polite salutations, I was handed over to the secretary for the morning to be shown round the village, and after luncheon I was to see the infirmary under the auspices of one of the doctors. M. le Secrétaire was, like all the other officials I met there, a delightful man, simple and good, with his whole heart in the work of the colony, of which he was very proud, thinking nothing too much a trouble in connection with his work.

He spoke English admirably, although he had never been out of Belgium, and had acquired it entirely from books. And he was greatly exercised at what he called my 'American accent,' and it took me some time to convince him that it was English English, not American.

Gheel was *en fête* that day; flags were flying everywhere, and all the villagers were dressed in their Sunday-best. There was to be a distribution of prizes at the boys' school, and at this function, as at all other festivities, the lunatics take part. They go with the *Nourrices* (as their foster-parents are called) and the rest of the family, sharing with them their joys and honors.

#### The Village of Gheel.

The village consists of a long road running from the station to the infirmary, and on each side are shops, inns, and small detached villagers' houses. There is scarcely one without its boarders. A *Nourricier* is allowed not more than two boarders, and they must be of the same sex.

Opening out from the main street is a village green, with a church and one or two cross-roads. The village has a population of 16,000, 1800 of which are the boarded-out patients. It consists of 24,000 acres, the centre being given over to the houses, shops, and one or two manufactories, and the outlying districts to farms and fields.

There is a Central Infirmary of fifty beds, where new patients are placed on arrival so as to be under observation for at least fifteen days; the period may be extended to three months if considered necessary. At the end of that time if they are neither homicidal, suicidal, incendiaries, nor runaways, they are boarded out with a villager. But if they are found to be dangerous to themselves or others they are sent away to an enclosed asylum. Great care is exercised in the choice of the *Nourriciers*, and one that most suits their former circumstances both with regard to occupation and pocket is chosen. Thus a man who has been working at tailoring is boarded with a tailor, and a man who has been working at a felt-hat manufactory goes to a hatter; a farm-hand is sent to a farmer and a seamstress to a dressmaker, and they become in reality one of the family. They take a full share in the domestic life—love and take care of the children, join them at table, go to church and entertainments with them, taking part in the singing and acting—and it is a point of honor that they should never be allowed to feel in the way.

Seventy per cent of the patients are capable of work; of the whole colony five per cent. have epileptic fits. All patients are encouraged by the *Nourriciers* to work, and if the work is well done, on Saturdays the head of the family gives them pocket-money, but not too much, as the authorities are afraid that they should spend it in the many public-houses that exist in Gheel. But public opinion is so healthy that the drunkenness of a patient is of very rare occurrence.

Each patient has a fair-sized bedroom of his own with plenty of light and air; his clothing, bedding, and furniture are provided by the authorities. There are stringent rules which are enforced as to the time of going to bed, getting up, the amount and kind of work, meals, and clothing; otherwise there are very few regulations.

The patients go out alone into the streets, shops, churches, and fields of the colony, wherever and whenever they wish, and in every direction you find them wandering alone at their own sweet will with no one taking any notice of them or their moods. Never are they teased by the Gheelse children, who accept them as a matter of course.

You will ask, 'Does not the presence of the insane in village life have a bad effect on the sane population?' No, it certainly has not; the Gheelse are a good set of people, hard-working, kind, sober, and healthy, physically and mentally, and not at all nervous or wanting in self-control. This is doubtless the result of education, as they have nursed the insane since the seventh century, and it would seem that the spirit of St. Dymphna is still an active force amongst them, which may account for their goodness and simplicity.

#### The Founding of the Colony.

At the beginning of the seventh century there was a pagan king living in Ireland with his wife and baby daughter. The queen, being converted to Christianity,