

of the Church that on enquiry he found that the cost to the mother house of each Sister of one of our leading orders in Montreal was \$25 a year, and this included the cost of the habit and clothing. There is the full and eloquent answer to the first question.

How can other and non-Catholic parts of the Dominion follow in the footsteps of Catholic Quebec? I would say, ladies and gentlemen, that it is within the bounds of possibility. Through its religious Sisterhoods the Catholic world has solved one of the painful difficulties of monogamous society. I need not tell you that more women children than men children attain adult life. Living in a Protestant society you know, as I know, each of us more than one case, perhaps many cases, of those who, whether for lack of will or lack of opportunity, have passed the marriageable age. Not a few of these we see active in all good work, the very salt of the earth, but not a few we know lacking initiative, wanting direction, gnawing out their hearts in inactivity, becoming morbidly introspective with the bitter belief that they are failures in life; that their families regard them as such, becoming unduly sensitive, nay often hysterical or confirmed semi-invalids; and if married brothers or sisters ask them to stay with them to help with the family, they imagine either that they are asked out of charity, or that their labours, which may be great, meet with no appreciation; who look upon themselves as family encumbrances, suffered but not welcomed. I can imagine few more bitter lots in life.

Yet this is all unnecessary. Look at our French-Canadian Society. This type of woman is there almost wholly wanting. I know that we Protestants are apt to regard nuns as pusillanimous weaklings who, fearful of facing the world and its duties, have fled to the convent, often before they have known the world and what it has to offer. Ladies and gentlemen, the more I see of the work of the good Sisters, the more I learn from my Catholic friends regarding the inwardness of their lives, the more I find reason to doubt our preconceived verdict regarding them, the more I find to admire in them and their lifework.

There are, of course, Sisterhoods and Sisterhoods, but with rare exceptions I hear from the relatives of the Sisters, that instead of gnawing out their hearts as do so many of their unmarried Protestant cousins in the outer world, their lives are filled with deep peace, and, indeed, their placid faces, when we meet them on the street, give the lie to our Protestant conception of the convent. And we know their good works.

What I would say is, that the time has come for our Protestant