

handing the different parts to the kneeling postulant, who was assisted in their adjustment by her Superiors. The sweetest English hymns were sung by the Nuns' choir. This I did not expect, but the community here in Toronto, I learn, is composed almost entirely of English Nuns—with English the language of the house.

The rules of the order ask for Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament the first Sunday of every month. For many years the Nuns had to forego this privilege on account of the cost of the candles—it would be in the neighborhood of \$3 for each exposition. A friend of the community mentioned this to other friends, and they immediately volunteered each to bear the cost in turn of the candles. It seems to me there are many who, if they knew how timely and acceptable such offerings are, would be glad to share this privilege, for the Nuns give a special intention to the provider or providers of the candles. The Forty Hours Adoration is another devotion practised three times a year in the Convent, beginning on

the first day of the year—the Circumcision. Here is another opportunity for the busy Martha to leave a cheerful witness of her piety and affection, while also a reminder to the willing Sisters' victims of reparation, of her spiritual needs. All through the night the Nuns adore the Blessed Sacrament—the Forty Hours being consecutive.

Surely 'tis a wonderful chapel where one catches the pervading spirit of devotion; prayer comes without effort, self-sacrifice seems possible.

The Convent chapel is open every day from 5.30 a.m. till dark. Mass is celebrated daily at 6.30 a.m., and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every day during the months of May, July and October, also the Wednesdays and Fridays of Lent and Advent, the Feasts of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and the Apostles, at 5.30 p.m. On Sundays the hour for Benediction is 4.30 p.m.

The Sisters may receive visitors in the morning from 10 to 11.30, and in the afternoon from 2 to 3 and from 4 to 5.30.

NIGHT WATCHES.

TO THE ORDER OF SISTERS ADORERS.

Written for the Catholic Almanac of Ontario.

Throughout the silent hours of the night,
When crime runs deep,
Rise, Sisterhood, and watch with prayerful hearts—
The angels weep.

Like faithful sentinels of virtue join
The spirit band;
Into the brooding shadows upward lift
A pleading hand.

Still from the burdened cross a mystic stream—
The Saviour's blood—
Pours through the rocky, sin obstructed land
Its saving flood.

Work, gentle hands, these rocks of sin to lift,
The stream to free
And set afloat God's pinioned souls to life
And liberty.

JESSIE WILLIS BROADHEAD,
Sunday, June 17th, 1894. Detroit, Mich.,

A BALLAD OF GREEN TREES AND THE MASTER.

Into the woods my Master went,
And He was all forespent;
Into the woods my Master came,
Forespent with love and shame;
But the olives, they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
As into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
And when death and shame would woo Him last,
'Twas from under a tree they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came.

SIDNEY LANIER.