

rise very, very early and do it when no one is stirring." I shall come some fine morning and witness that sight, I thought, but it was not easy to rise as early as the Sisters do.

We come down the stairs again, leaving the cloister after the second flight to pass into the rooms reserved for transient boarders and retreatants. They are often taken by pious people who wish to enjoy to the full the privilege of frequent visits to the chapel on Exposition Days (first Sunday of the month), or the Forty Hours Adoration, which occurs three times a year. They can be secured for a day, ten days or longer according to the disposition of the applicant. Such pleasant rooms as they are, so conveniently fitted up and commanding such a pretty view. They are entered from a spacious hall, in the large sunny window of which I noticed many cages with beautiful singing canaries. "Whose are all these?" "Those are looked after by Sister Jane. She is very successful in raising birds and has them for sale." Sister Jane, I think, is better known to outsiders than any other member of the community. For very many years she was the only *touriere*, and even before she entered as a novice was the first to offer the over-taxed Nuns the much-needed assistance of willing hands and feet. It was no light task to even answer the door in those early days when troops of visitors—the curious, along with those whose devotion and charity led them—called on the nuns in their bleak, draughty house. I have heard Sister Jane say how many, many times she has gone to the market unable to buy more than a single pound of coarse meat for the Nuns, and no skilled French chef could have done more with that one pound than did excellent Sister Jane, for it was stewed and fried and hashed and just made go round. There was much stern privation in those days and more fasts than were obligatory. Sister Jane tells how the Superior, being very ill, she was asked by a Sister could she make some little biscuits with which the appetite might be tempted. "Why, certainly; will you give me a little butter?" "There is none." "Well, lard?" "No, we have none." "Milk or eggs, then?" "Another negative. "A little sugar, perhaps?" "No, I can give you nothing." I'm afraid Sister Jane's biscuits under the circumstances did not prove tempting to the invalid. But Sister Jane's reminiscences deserve a chapter, and another time justice can be done them. Meanwhile, my young friends, if you are on the lookout for a pet patronize Sister's little household, and perhaps you will learn something more than just how to take care of your pets.

At the east end of the corridor are Miss Hoskin's rooms. She is inseparably connected by all Catholics with the foundation of the Precious Blood community in Toronto. It is through her indefatigable efforts, her unflinching energy and courage that the Nuns have prospered in Toronto and been justified in putting up the fine monas-

tery they now occupy. Her life is devoted to the service of the Precious Blood Nuns.

A private staircase leads down to the chapel. Another staircase leads to the parlors in the basement.

The grates in the Monastery are of wood in the prevailing light creamy tint; the floors are painted.

We go on to the exterior chapel. Here I noticed, in addition to the sanctuary lamp, seven others hanging before the altar, some lighted. These are votive lamps which the piously disposed may burn before the Blessed Sacrament—the cost being a dollar a month. The number of the lamps represents the Seven Sheddings of the Precious Blood. For a long time the Sanctuary lamp has burned at the expense of a friend of the Institute—an enviable reward for the devotion that prompted so sweet a charity. There are also votive lamps before the statues of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the Sacred Heart. The candelabras, of which there are two, for votive candles are the only ones I have seen that are in keeping with their surroundings and worthy of the service they render. They were specially designed by a friend of the institution for the purpose, and one's æsthetic ideas are satisfied as well as one's devotion when slipping in the unobtrusive little box the five cents that entitles one to burn a candle on the candelabra.

As I mentioned before, the altar faces the interior chapel, which is separated from the sanctuary by the grate. A small square in it is swung open to administer Holy Communion. There is a door also in the grate. I was present in July, 1894, at a reception and profession when the idea of the cloister was materialized by the click of the spring lock as the newly-professed, having expressed their desire to model their lives on the rule of the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood and Daughters of Mary Immaculate, pronounced in the Sanctuary before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar the vows of Chastity, Poverty and Obedience, and passed through into the cloister.

I found the solemn ceremony intensely interesting, the forms observed instructive. Two *touriere* Sisters were professed—their vows are renewed from year to year, they are not cloistered, being the Sisters' means of communication with the world. Their habit is of black serge—a black cape taking the place of the white guimpe; a cap with fluted frill fits closely the face, and is covered all but the frill with a black veil; the other parts are the same as the cloistered nuns.

The postulants were presented by Assistant-Sister St. Stanislaus and the Mistress of the Novices, Sister M. Teresa to the officiating priest, Very Rev. Father Marijon. Kneeling in the sanctuary they petitioned him for the habit. He questioned them regarding their determination to adopt the life—blessed the habit,