

"dim religious" interior, while the chanting of the Nuns floating through may arrest for a moment's thought the heedless passer-by.

Again we go up, and I am all interest to see the community room and the novitiate. They are pleasant, airy rooms, the woodwork painted in a light creamy tint used throughout the building in accordance with the directions of the Rule. There is the Crucifix with the Bleeding Saviour prominent in this as in all the rooms, and the first object to meet the eye. There are work tables and chairs, with shelves holding the Sisters' library, whose books I am afraid would not be found of thrilling interest to the modern woman of the world.

Then was forcibly brought home to me the beautiful simplicity of that life which never loses sight of the reason of its creation. Small apertures in the wall looked down into the chapel, and any not able to attend Mass or devotions in the chapel can assist here—the infirmaries being on the same flat. There is also a private parlor adjacent to the Superior's room, where a like provision is made. From here on Holy Thursday the Nuns enjoy their only full view of the Repository, which has always faced the people's chapel. Rev. Mother Catharine especially commended these arrangements for the sick. Near the infirmaries is a carefully stocked pharmacy.

And now, still remaining within the cloister, we go up another flight of steps to the Nuns' cells. Here are wide and long corridors with doors on either side opening into the diminutive rooms termed cells. Many are glanced into; one attracts me very much; it is situate in one of the towers, and so of irregular shape, and perhaps a little larger than the others, high enough up to give the occupant a magnificent view. "What a view! How you must enjoy it!" There is an amused smile on the Sister's face. "You don't mean to say that mortification goes so far with you that you do not let yourself enjoy the world from this vantage point?" "That might be a distraction—we do not look out of the windows, neither would it be prudent in a large city." I silently turn to examine the furnishings of the room, which consist of a small cabinet, a bed—not, O reader, what you and I would call a bed, for chancing to knock against it I satisfied myself as to its construction. Over the plain boards a sheet is spread and a *hard* pillow is at the head. A white counterpane covers this again—all looking so sweet and restful in its spotless white—but that chance examination of the condition of things below quenched all desire to test the hospitality of the austere cell. A prie-dieu before a crucifix completes the room. As everyone knows, the Sisters chant the Divine Office, rising at midnight to sing matins and lauds. "How do you ever get into your elaborate costume in time?" I am rude and curious enough to ask. "That is not difficult—there is nothing elaborate about it. It is easier than your modern dress. See, one string fastens all this—veil and face

linens come right off. Our scapular is buttoned over the shoulder. It is all very simple." Are not your long flowing sleeves very awkward when working? How do you manage when washing, baking, or say blackleading a stove?" "The sleeves are turned back thus and kept in place by a tighter sleeve above; for work requiring further protection we wear over-sleeves. We are not handicapped in any way. I can reach as far and as easily as a Delsarte devotee." So was proved to me the convenience of a costume I till then had thought of only as emblematic and picturesque.

"What if you are sick and not able to attend chapel?" "We turn the card on our door." Then I noticed on the door of each cell a card, all bearing different mottoes, chosen by the occupant of the cell; when ill the reverse is turned, which bears the words: "I sleep, but my heart watcheth." "Do you always assemble in order when you go to the chapel?" "Yes, we take our ranks in the hall outside the chapel door, except—" "Ah, there is one exception!" "We begin the year a little differently. The anniversary of the first shedding of the Precious Blood is a great day with us—a day of special fast and reparation—when the bell rings at midnight all hurry and try each to be first in the chapel to wish Our Lord a Happy New Year, and to resolve to do all in our power by prayer and penance to make some reparation for the neglect, the outrages daily offered that Precious Blood shed so superabundantly for us."

There is yet another flight of stairs that takes us to yet more cells and workrooms partitioned off here by temporary canvas-halls. In one of these latter the industry of what, think you? shoemaking is carried on—and splendid wearing shoes the Sisters make, for I know this same Sister who is my guide capable of wearing out the "store article" in a month, and the Sisters' manufacture lasts her really years. In another workroom the habits are made.

The Sisters make also birettas, soutanes, bourses for the Blessed Sacrament, veils, stoles, vestments, scapulars of all kinds, rosaries and chaplets, and mend them also; paint statues and crucifixes, and make habits for the dead. This last work, I am told, is not as well known among the people as is desirable, or there would probably be more patronage. Of course I was practical enough to ask prices, and learned scapulars could be obtained from 10c. to \$1; rosaries, chaplets from 10c up; habits for the dead from \$4 to \$12.

The Sisters also publish a beautiful prayer book, called the Book of the Elect, price 50c. and higher for better styles of binding.

Yet another room we enter called the paint-room, and here I learn that every particle of painting, graining and varnishing, even the first coat of the new building has been done by the Sisters themselves, and it is done so beautifully—just see it and satisfy yourself. "But who is painting the fence?" I ask. "The Sisters; they