



“DOMINUS EST !”

❖ [“IT IS THE LORD”] ❖

(A TRUE STORY)

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

THE white-capped nurses of the great hospital in the city's suburbs had assembled in their auditorium for the evening lecture, which was always given by some noted specialist. Among them was a slender girl, who had put on the neat uniform of the probationer that very day. She was tall, with clear, fair complexion, abundant auburn hair, and earnest dark blue eyes. She had moved about all day like one in a dream, silently performed, with all her soul, the various tasks assigned her, and one could see that her heart was in her work.

In the afternoon the good Nun who had charge of the Training School placed some text-books before her, gave her an allotment of study, and asked her how she liked her work. The answer was enthusiastic.

“Why, Madame, I love it !”

“I am very glad,” said the Nun, “but you must not call me ‘Madame,’ you must say, ‘Sister !’”

The girl flushed ; “I beg your pardon,” she said : “I never met religious ladies before, and I did not know how to address them. ‘Sister’ is a beautiful word, if it is not too familiar. ”

“We are sisters to the whole world,” returned the Nun, “and our work in the hospital brings us very