

explained to them the nature of the work ; she spared no detail ; she lightened no duty. In clear, forcible words she pictured to them the foulness of the disease, the horror of constant contact with the unfortunate victims, the possibility of contagion and the complete isolation from the other Sisters and their friends. « No one can be asked », she said, « to accept such a mission. No one is expected to do it, unless within her heart she feels a special call. To-morrow, I will place in the chapel, upon the altar-steps, a little box, and if there be such a one among you, let her write her name upon a piece of paper and slip it under the cover, but let her do it quietly and unperceived, that her example may not influence others ». The next day it was noticed that there was a great deal of commotion in the Community ; the younger nuns moved around about their duties with unusual buoyancy, and the older ones seemed to be trying to assume the sprightliness of youth. If possible, there was more devotion and tenderness shown to their patients, more thoughtfulness to each other. At last the evening hour came. Once more they were all united in the choir and the last prayers were said. Silently the Reverend Mother arose and held up the little box. Her face was pale and her head slightly trembled as she raised the lid. Did her tear bedimmed eyes deceive her ? It was almost full. She drew a slip of paper — and read. It was her own name ! Then, one by one, she unfolded the tiny scraps each telling its tale of