

Old Major Hopkins, as his troops generally called him had enlisted very young, grown up in the army, and become so attached to it, that no other life had any attraction for him. Though wounded in more than one campaign nothing could persuade him to abandon his loved profession until the very end, and then instead of doing things like other Majors and retiring on a good pension, he slipped away quietly and remained hidden and unknown until discovered and taken to the hospital by the good sisters.

Though everything that medical skill and human kindness could do, was done for him, yet he suffered so intensely that sometimes he forgot his new surroundings and grieved his gentle nurses by swearing like the proverbial trooper.

Once after a more than usually severe paroxysm the sister in charge spoke to him about the advisability of making his confession.

He hesitated a minute as if weighing the question then blurted out : " Sister do you know what you are talking about ? To you it is an easy matter, but to me, so difficult that the very thought of it makes me tremble."

" Why should it ? You were brought up a Catholic, were you not ? "

" Yes, my mother was a good practical one and loved her religion too, especially St. Joseph. Often when I was a boy she took me to a church dedicated to him, and I remember her clasping a medal of his round my neck. I was only eleven then, but that medal has never left my possession since, and is as dear to me today as it was then."

The sister's face brightened as she said : " That leads to think it was St Joseph who protected you and brought you here. But during all those years between, you did not neglect your prayers completely—did you ? "

" Unfortunately I went to Paris almost as soon as I made my First Communion, and you know what Paris means to an innocent country lad... a lad who has not the courage of his convictions ; nevertheless my prayer to St Joseph, the one my mother had so drilled into me, I never forgot even in the army. Moreover I loved the