

Sisters did nurse him, and nursed him so faithfully and well that he was soon able to depart to his regiment, strong in body and much-improved in mind. Before he left he called his friend to him and said : « Look here ; I always was an enemy to the Catholic Church. I was led to believe they were all a bad set—nuns, priests and all. But when I get out of this I'll be eternally drot darned if I don't knock the first man head-over heels who dares say a word against the Sisters in my presence. »

A preacher of another denomination was once brought to an unexpected halt while preaching to his congregation. He had perhaps read « Maria Monk » or some such book, and did not like nuns or Sisters. Just as the reverend gentleman's invective was at its height, these strange words were thundered forth by a sturdy member of the congregation : « Sir, that's a damned lie ! » Great consternation seized on all present. The preacher sternly reminded his erring brother that was the house of God. « Well, sir, » said the member, « as it is the house of God I'll take back the damned, but not the lie. It is a lie without the damned. I thought and believed the same as you think and beleive, because I was told so, as you were ; but I have lived to learn the difference, to know that what we were told, Sunday after Sunday, is not true. I was in the prison at McDowell's College ; I was there for six months, and I saw the Sisters of Charity waiting on the prisoners and nursing the sick, unpaid and disinterested. I saw them giving up their whole time to doing good, and doing it without fee or reward. That six months cured me of my folly ; and I'll tell you all who know me to be a man of truth, that the Sisters are