

"No, Mother," answered the little Sister, honestly; "nothing seemed good enough to buy."

"That is not as I wished, Sister," said the Superior gravely. "I asked you to spend your money at the fair; instead, you treasured it; now you shall carry it in your pocket for six months."

"Thank you, Mother," murmured Sister Katharine, venturing no defence; and every day, and many times a day, she looked at the bit of silver, whispering, "Would that I had not been so avaricious."

But one day, the six months almost passed, an aged woman came to the convent begging for alms, and Sister Katharine hurried away to entreat that she might give her long-treasured dime. A great weight seemed lifted from her heart when the shining mite disappeared in the old crone's hand.

To the pupils Sister Katharine was "an angel," as they often told her, when she smilingly brought news to the class-room that some one waited for them in the parlor, and oftentimes, forgetful of the rule enjoining silence in the dormitories, she would whisper, as she helped them to make a hasty toilet, who the visitor might be. It did not seem to cloud her happiness that no one ever rang the bell for her, but year after year she stood joyous by the open door that led to home or freedom when the school year was ended, or full of gentle sympathy when some lingering, home-sick girl came slowly back. And sometimes she would sit in her low chair, unconsciously in the attitude of the pictured Virgin, and wonder what people did and said on the other side of the door. It was so long since she had passed through the stately gate, and the pupils talked so glibly of new and wonderful things, that she felt the world was not the world she had known; and musing she would think lovingly of her brother who had left her long ago, trusting that he too had been happy. So Sister Katharine's life flowed on, a tranquil stream, sometimes in the shaded sunlight, again in