

little portress was ill, so ill that she lay all day in her narrow cell watching the sunbeams make strange patterns on the white wall, and hearing the soft pattering of some other Sister's home-stitched shoes hastening to answer the bell.

It was well that Sister Katharine did not know that it was Mother Anna who undertook the duties of the absent one, and as she struggled with the heavy door murmured pityingly: "To think that Sister Katharine never complained of this strain; it must have overtaxed her strength for many years." And that night, while the little Sister slept, a workman deftly inserted a powerful spring which minimized the labor. No word was said of the improvement, and Sister Katharine, returning to her duties weak and languid, often wondered if some heavenly agent helped her with the ponderous door.

Once there was held a fair in the convent, planned and carried out by the ex-pupils, who still thought lovingly of their Alma Mater, and Mother Anna, calling the Sisterhood together, smilingly gave to each a silver ten-cent piece with permission to spend it as each possessor thought best. Not for thirty years had Sister Katharine held so large a sum of money in her hand, and now she stood quite still to read the inscription and admire the stately figure of Liberty graven there. "It is such a pretty piece of silver," she thought in mild surprise; "quite like a medal but for the design. Alas! it is sadly soiled and tarnished." And down she sat to rub it gently with her handkerchief. Then round and round the rows of tables, laden with beautiful and useless things, went Sister Katharine followed by the laughing pupils, who tried to snare her into purchasing. What could she buy? So few things cost a ten-cent piece, and for these she had no use; and so she hesitated until the ringing of a bell announced that the fair was ended.

Back to Mother Anna, the polished coin still resting on her palm, tripped Sister Katharine.

"Not spent!" was the exclamation.