

close to the world; that is, the greater part of the world, for there is more suffering in it than pleasure!"

"It was this part of the work that attracted me," said the girl; "I do want to become useful to suffering people, and I mean to leave nothing undone to qualify myself thoroughly for the noble profession of a trained nurse."

"That sounds well," said the Nun, "keep to that ideal, follow instructions, and you will attain your wish,"

"I would like to ask a question," the girl faltered.

"And I will be glad to answer it," said the Nun.

"Well, you know I am not a Roman Catholic; will I be permitted to worship God as I have been taught at home?"

"We never discuss religion in the Training School," said the Nun. "You are here to study medicine,— the human body and its ills. Only, in case of a patient requesting a nurse to bring a minister of religion, she reports to the head of the department, and then leaves the matter in her hands. The head of your department is myself, and I always shall be glad and ready to assist you in any doubtful matter. You are free to practice your own idea of religion without remark or intrusion. And now, Miss Golden, here is the text of tonight's lecture. You will find it well to be prepared for Dr. G—."

Smiling, the Nun pointed out the books, and left the girl to her studies. Stella bent her head over her book, and applied herself assiduously to her task. At the time of the lecture that first evening we find her seated with her class, listening with rapt attention to the learned physician, who was one of the most eminent specialists of the day.

Two busy years passed by. Miss Golden saw many things in that Catholic Hospital which opened new vistas of thought to her mind. Naturally reverent, she looked with admiration on the unselfish work of the Sisters who conducted the vast work of the institution, envied their skill, and modelled herself on their self-

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