

you ? You must be an angel, » cried the relieved and grateful sufferer. The hair was gently separated from the wounded part, and the patient turned and gazed at the « angel. » But hardly had he fixed his eyes on the strange garb and novel head dress of the Sister than he shrieked with terror and once more buried his face in the pillow. « Do not fear me, » said the Sister, « I am only anxious to relieve your sufferings. »

The boy's heart was touched by the sympathetic words of the strange being, and as the work proceeded he at length murmured. « Well, no matter what you may be, you are an angel anyhow. »

One day in this very city of Boston, a Sister was passing through the streets with downcast eyes and reverend manner, proceeding to the house of a poor family in sickness and want. A well-dressed, but swaggering ruffian accosted her in language that sent a deep flush over the pale cheek of the Sister. She uttered no word, though feeling the outrage deeply, but fixed on the man her calm, steady gaze, full of that rebuke which virtue alone can inflict on vice. He slunk away, and she went on her errand of mercy. Time passed on, and the war came, and these two met again.

This time it was in a ward of a military hospital in the distant State of Missouri. He was cruelly wounded, and the Sister, whom he knew not, nursed him and assuaged his agony with a mother's tenderness. Observing his low state, she ask him if he belonged to any church. « No, I do not, » was the answer : « At any rate, » said the Sister, « You should ask pardon of God for your sins, and be sorry for whatever evil you may have done in your life. » The soldier said : « I have committed many sins in my life, Sister, and I am sorry for them,