

 **A Sister's Love.**  

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

THE sunshine came brightly one morning into a great hospital ward in the city of St. Louis. Weary sufferers raised their heads from their pillows, and eyes dim with pain grew bright as they watched it gild the white beds. It crept over little tables, where here and there a vase of flowers bloomed, and over the pillows, where sufferers, too ill to note it, lay silent with closed eyes.

There were beds, too, with screens around them, which meant the long, last journey was close at hand, but the sunshine gilded them, too, though the occupants noted it not. Nurses in pure white uniforms glided noiselessly here and there, and the doctors went gravely from bed to bed, giving hope and comfort to many hearts. But the sunshine flooded it all and made the scene less sad, less painful.

There were nuns there, too, with chastened faces and tender touch, with gentle voices and kind eyes, and the weary faces smiled when they stood at their bedsides. There was one of them now standing at the pillow of a pale, sweet-faced invalid wiping the sweat of agony from her forehead and holding a little crucifix to her willing lips every now and then.

She was not dying, unless you call such agony for fifteen years a constant death. These were but paroxysms of torture from her crippled spine, which came and went and left her helpless.

"Poor Bessie," said the nun; "it is so hard to see you suffer and not to be able to relieve you unless you want the hyperdermic.

"No, Sister, no! Am I not expiating for poor Charlie? Poor boy! If he only knew," said the invalid, whose face was resuming its normal expression, now that the convulsion was over.