
REV. MOTHER TERESA DEASE

knelt to receive for the last time the blessing of his beloved spiritual Father and Bishop. Little did either then dream that it was their final parting on earth. The poor Priest, as he left for Niagara, whither the Bishop had sent him to recruit after the fever, was far from imagining that the Prelate, then full of life and prospects, would, ere many days had elapsed, fall a victim to the very disease from which he himself had so lately narrowly escaped. During the dinner after the Priest's departure, the Bishop seemed far from cheerful. His kind heart was evidently oppressed by the scenes of sorrow he had witnessed in the early morning, during his visits to the hospital, where the emigrant fever was raging. The thought of so much suffering weighed heavily on him, he could not eat, and his flushed cheek and restless eyes betokened the anxiety and even alarm that agitated his mind. He did not wish to be reminded of what he could not forget even for a moment, so that when anyone inquired how the patients in the hospital were, he would say, "Do not speak of them. I heard the confessions of many to-day and anointed them." The presence of the Nuns at such a critical period was evidently an additional cause of uneasiness to the poor Bishop, for he feared lest they too should become a prey to the fell disease which had penetrated even into his home. He was most particular about the food that was served them, especially the fruit, lest there should be any taint that would imperil their lives. But the Nuns were spared for other and still greater sufferings, for the Father who had invited them and prayed for their coming was soon called to his reward. One