

surprise, he watched his professor, and saw his broad shoulders grow smaller and smaller, his legs shorten, and his whole body contract, until he was no bigger than any other boy in the room.

All at once, by some process Horace could not explain, he found himself sitting at the professor's desk, and the diminished professor had taken his empty seat.

By some peculiar impulse which Horace was unable to resist, he began to teach the class. He first looked around the room, however, to see if the boys had become aware of the exchange.

No one appeared to notice anything unusual. He began to talk, and was surprised at his own fluency, and his wonderful and certainly newly acquired facility of explanation.

Looking in the direction of his own seat he saw the metamorphosed professor. Just as Horace looked up he saw his own substitute deliberately throw a ball of paper at a boy.

The ball was hard and his aim good and the boy who was aimed at unexpectedly received a stinging blow on the ear, and in a way a mean sort of a fellow immediately set up a prodigious howling, out of all proportion to the injury received.

"Who threw that paper?" demanded the new professor. "I did, sir," replied the changed one.

"Then see me after class," said Horace severely, and he was surprised at the magisterial authority. For the next few minutes there was quiet in the class room but the new professor knew, from his own previous personal experience, that this calm preceded a storm, but as Horace was more in a position of responsibility he was proportionately anxious.

In a few minutes he noticed that a note from his substitute had been passed to the boy who was so proficient in howling. When the missive reached its destination the mean boy, while pretending to hide it, awkwardly displayed it while reading it, with the evident purpose of attracting the professor's attention.

"I'd like to kick that fellow," thought Horace Hartley, "but as I am somehow or other the professor instead of myself, I suppose I must take official notice of the affair," and so he said aloud.

"What have you there?" "It's a note, sir, from Horace Hartley."

"From Horace Hartley!" thought Horace, "then the boys don't know of the change of positions between me and the professor, that's certain."

"A note, sir," continued the mean boy, "and Hartley threatened to lick me when class is out for hollerin' when he hit me with the wad."

"Serve you right, too," thought the professor, but he said: "Bring me the note."

The mean boy came shuffling up to the desk and put the note on the professor's table. Looking at the scrawled epistle Horace was horrified to recognize his own handwriting, and he cordially recognized his own boy sentiments in its contents. The note ran as follows:

"Look here, Spindles, I can lick you one hand behind my back after school and I'm going to. You are smart, ain't you, giving me away by your confounded howling which you did so old Cane could catch on? I'm on to you."

"The Honorable Horace Hartley Esq. 'Chuse you backer.' "It seems you want more practice, Hartley, in letter writing," said Horace to the delinquent. "We will arrange this matter after class this evening."

Work continued for a few minutes and then the new professor heard a new, persistent humming noise. From his own experience he knew it was the vibration of a broken pen point under some desk. "Ting, ting, hum-m-m-m. Ting, ting, hum-m-m-m." To the occupant of the professional chair the noise was maddening. As a boy he had often done the same trick, but now in his changed condition he realized for the first time how annoying it was.

"I wish to goodness the professor had not told me to put myself in his place," thought Hartley. "Who's that making that noise?" he said aloud.

ground instead of bringing them into the class room. Then he suddenly felt some one shaking him violently by the arm.

"Wake up! Wake up! Horace. The bell has rung, and all the boys have gone," said Mr. Cane. "You have been sleeping for half an hour."

Rev. J. E. Curtis, S. J.

HOW HEROES DIE. TOUCHING SCENES AT THE DEATH BED OF BISHOP DELANEY.

The Guildon Manchester, N. H. "It was a surprise to many," says "The Guildon," "to learn that for some time previous to his death Bishop Delaney had been far from well. He had suffered, within the year, several attacks of nausea, accompanied by severe pain, but had treated them so lightly that those who knew of them were forced to do the same. As the warm weather approached he had become over-weary, had taken less exercise than formerly and in minor ways had shown a lethargy foreign to his vigorous temperament. But it was not until Friday, June 1, that his condition was such as to give concern.

Against the advice of his physicians, the Bishop celebrated pontifical Mass on June 3, and gave confirmation that day and on June 4. His condition grew worse from day to day until Thursday, when the necessity for an operation was evident. When placed on the operating table in the hospital, while every one else was visibly affected, the Bishop himself, though suffering intensely, was composed. He said to one of the Sisters: "Don't be worried about me. Whatever God wills is right."

"The operation," continues the Guildon, "revealed a virulent case of appendicitis. The appendix was ruptured, and general peritonitis had set in. Dr. Richardson gave little hope. The Bishop was at once removed to a room in a quiet corner of the third floor. . . He had a fairly good night, being, if anything, too alert in mind, for he questioned eagerly about the operation. Upon receiving creative answers, he said: 'You need not be afraid to tell me, Sister. It won't trouble me. Long ago I made up my mind to take things as God sends them.' He pushed his inquiries until he was told it would be a violation of rule to explain to him. Then he desisted.

"That nothing should be left undone for the safety and comfort of the patient, Dr. Garland was recalled from Boston Friday morning and given full charge of the case. All that day the Bishop tossed without ceasing. The night was an anxious one. Two nurses, one a Sister, and two doctors were in constant attendance. That the Bishop realized his danger was clear. Once, when the others were momentarily absent, he said to the Sister, 'What do you think of my chances?' 'You will be better,' the doctor hopes you will be better."

"He tried to read her face. 'I am not so attached to earth that I could not give everything up. I gave those things up long ago. God's will be done?'"

"He got no sleep until between 3 and 4 o'clock, when he dozed for a little while. Though he tried to conceal his sufferings, he once or twice asked for prayers, particularly that he might have patience to endure. His thoughtfulness for others was remarkable. Never once did he fail to say 'Thank you' for the least attention and he spoke repeatedly of the kindness shown him by every one, particularly by the Sisters of Mercy. Saturday morning brought no improvement, but as the forenoon advanced he talked less and slept more. After each nap he seemed stronger, and when Dr. Richardson came in the afternoon he was so bright and cheerful that the most encouraging bulletin of the week was given out. The Bishop was like his old self. He talked with members of his family, and bade his mother go out and enjoy herself, since he was 'almost as good as new.' All were hopeful except the nurses and Sisters, who watched closely for the change that they felt was near.

"If only I can receive my God." "It came that night at 10 o'clock. Suddenly the Bishop's pulse began to quicken and his pain grew almost unbearable. Twice the doctors were obliged to give opiates. Still he did not complain, and whenever the attendants inquired about the pain he invariably answered, 'It is passing.' About 4 o'clock violent vomiting set in, while his heart was so weak that death seemed imminent. Father Brophy, chaplain at the hospital, and Father O'Leary were sent for. The Bishop expressed a wish to receive Holy Communion. He was told that it was not possible then, but might be later. He turned to the Sister, 'Is this a collapse, Sister?'"

"Hardly knowing what she said, the Sister replied, 'Why do you ask, Bishop?'"

"Because I feel worse," he answered. "Now if I am going to die I want to know it. I must be told. I have done all that I could, and if I am to die I want time to be alone with God and to ask forgiveness for my sins. Every moment since this operation has been agony, but I have offered it all to Him and I am not afraid of Him. Tell me the truth."

"They could not tell him, so all withdrew except Father O'Leary, who talked with him a few moments, and then heard his confession. Again the Bishop begged for Holy Communion, but the vomiting was almost incessant. Recalling the fact that washing out of the stomach on the previous day had stopped the nausea, he asked that this be done now. The Sister reminded him of the anguish it had caused him then.

"That does not matter," he replied. "Any agony if only I can receive my God!"

"As he insisted, Dr. Garland complied. The Bishop was so weakened by the operation that it was necessary to inject a strong salt solution. This is among the most painful of treatments, but he made no murmur. After resting a few moments, he was pro-

nounced able to receive Holy Communion. Father Brophy brought the Blessed Sacrament, and in presence of the priests and religious, members of the Bishop's family and a few intimate friends, administered the Viaticum. Immediately the Bishop seemed stronger. His eyes shone with almost unearthly brightness, and his voice was strong and clear as he addressed his priests:

"Be good priests always, good and faithful. Give my love to all the priests and to the people. All have been kind to me. You have been a comfort to me. I want to beg your pardon for any fault, and disedification, any unkindness I have shown you. No, no, as they murmured dissent, I mean it. I might have done better, I am sorry for any fault."

"He blessed the priests individually, and asked them to pray for him. When they gave expression to their grief, he said, 'God needs me more than you do. I am ready to go.' He then blessed each of the Sisters, giving to the heads of the various institutions a special benediction for the souls entrusted to their care. To each friend he said a kind word, giving here a bit of advice, there a remembrance for some absent, but oftenest expressing gratitude for favors. During the afternoon his sufferings increased, yet he insisted on having all who came admitted to his room. The Sisters of Jesus and Mary, the Benedictine Fathers from St. Anselm's College, the Gray Nuns, the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Brothers of different orders, the Sisters of his household, the Superior of the cloistered Order of the Precious Blood—to all he bade an affectionate farewell and bestowed his blessing on their work. His salutations were so characteristic as to be doubly pathetic.

"YOU ARE MY BOY." "Ah, Father William," he said to a young priest from the college, 'you must be good always, for you are my boy. You are the first priest I ordained, are you not?'"

"No, Bishop," replied the young man in a voice broken with sobs; "I was Father Ignatius."

"Finally he said the Bishop, 'Don't cry. You are my boy just the same, and you must be good just the same.' As Mother Gonzaga, at whose fifty-ninth anniversary he had pontificated a month before, approached, bowed with grief, he smiled tenderly and exclaimed, 'Come here, you holy patriarch! May God bless you. When I go to heaven I will pray for you Old Men's Home.'"

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"That is just about where our Lord was pierced." He then questioned about the operation.

"I had appendicitis?" "Yes, Bishop."

"What is this, peritonitis?" "Yes, Bishop."

"No one is to blame. Thank you, doctor, I will have nothing more done."

"O SACRED HEART!" "Toward midnight his mind began to wander. From that moment he failed gradually. More than once he was thought to be dying, but each time his wonderful vitality conquered. Over and over he asked the attendants to say the prayers that he could not; over and over he breathed familiar aspirations, particularly that one on which his motto was based. 'O Sacred Heart! In Thee have I hoped. Let me not be confounded.'"

"Even in his delirium he talked to and of God. Not long before he died he seemed to fancy he was in the confessional. 'When you make your meditation, Sister,' he said, 'make it in the presence of God. Try to bring the Holy Spirit into your heart, child. Beg of Him for His light and His love that you may keep this ever in the presence of God. Beg of Him to fill your heart with His peace, because without God's love and peace we have nothing. Do this always. Amen.'"

"After a little while he began to pray with difficulty and with long pauses between the words and syllables: 'Sweet Jesus, look down upon a poor, frail, suffering being, who has not the strength to do for you all that he would wish, but who, with these inarticulate, inexpressible words gives forth those sentiments from the depths of a loving heart. O Holy Spirit of Truth! Spirit of Life! Spirit of Guidance I direct my footsteps always in Thy paths. O Holy Spirit of Purity! give me the grace to follow Thee.'"

"The last words were hardly audible. His life was all but gone. Weaker and weaker he grew. Finally, with supreme effort, he repeated slowly, but with perfect distinctness: 'O Sacred Heart! In Thee have I hoped. I know I will not be confounded.' And the weary waiting was over at last. The soul of the Bishop had passed to God."

SACK CATHOLICS. MAY BE PERMITTED TO RECEIVE HOLY COMMUNION WITHOUT FASTING.

Very Rev. Louis Estevenson, S. S. S., Superior general of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, who is now in America, visiting the several houses of his order, sailed from New York to return to Rome on Aug. 2.

Father Estevenson is well known in New York, as he was for a time the rector of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste there. He is considered one of the most influential priests in the Eternal City, and has the privilege of visiting the Holy Father any time. It was largely through Father Estevenson's influence at the Vatican that the privilege of daily communion was recently granted to the faithful. Another privilege which it is expected will shortly be granted by the Pope is that for sick persons, convalescents, invalids or others who cannot go to church, to receive Holy Communion without fasting. At present sick persons cannot receive Holy Communion if they have broken their fast from the previous midnight, even though it was but a spoonful of medicine that was swallowed, unless in case of a very dangerous illness. By virtue of the expected privilege a sick person or a convalescent can receive Holy Communion after having taken medicine or nourishment.

LOYALTY OF PROTESTANTS. Lansing says that the Catholics are not loyal to the nation, but that the protestants are, writes Professor Starbuck, the eminent Protestant theologian, in the Sacred Heart Review. What great impudence! Hitherto the controlling religious influence over our government has been Protestant. Almost everything has been done as we wished it. Why, then, should we not be loyal to our own creation? Turn the tables and let Catholicism come to the helm, and for generations (direct) a frowning countenance upon Protestantism, and do everything possible to keep Protestants in the background, and we should be apt to hear a very different story.

Elizabeth hated the Puritans, and persecuted them, but as she persecuted the Catholic still more the Puritans stood by her. James I persecuted the Puritans still more, and they begged to hate him. His son Charles was yet more hostile to them, and at last they rose against him, overturned his throne, cut off his head, broke the constitution of the country to pieces, called a military usurper to the chair, who then turned them out of doors, and only shrank back to the old order when they found themselves on the brink of a hopeless precipice. I like other men, they were very loyal—to their own ends. The great mass of the nation, who were only loyal to the constitution, they called, after the style of your language—"Malignants."

The Hugonots, the French Puritans, showed their loyalty by combining with the disaffected princes, by directing the king with all war, if he did not make war abroad after their orders,

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