

be on Thursday, as the patient was very weak and all possible effort was to be made to build him up. John was very hopeful, however, and told his mother he wished to make his first communion, and begged her to go to communion the same day. In the meantime all his apathy had vanished. He resumed the study of the catechism and I found him ready and glad to go to confession and quite as well instructed as the circumstances permitted. His poor mother also made her peace with God, and, after twenty-eight years, received our divine Lord the same day her suffering son made his first communion.

The sentiments of poor John were most edifying, and after receiving holy communion he told me he was quite prepared for the operating room; for, said he, "Father, I am going to get well and I will try to thank God by being a good Catholic." To his Protestant relations who visited him before the operation he seemed transformed.

The operation was performed, but it was unsuccessful, the gangrene was too deep. When John recovered from the anesthetic, he said to his non-Catholic brother and brother-in-law, who were in the room:

"I am going to die and I am resigned to God's will," and glancing at the picture he murmured his favorite aspiration. His brothers were deeply moved and could scarcely be prevailed upon to leave him. He lingered for two days in peaceful resignation. Suffering had gone and he lay there tranquilly waiting for the call. He begged constantly for prayers, "more prayers!" and oh! to receive communion once more. I visited him several times a day, and at last brought him holy communion and anointed him. He begged his brothers when I was not there to read the prayers for the dying out of a Catholic prayer book which was on the table. They could not refuse and did as he bade them. At the last I was there, and with his mother, brothers and their wives present, gave him the last absolution, and when death came there was almost a smile on his face. Just before the gray shadow fell he raised his dying eyes to the picture and murmured quite distinctly: