



GONE TO REST.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST PRIEST IN AMERICA.

The venerable Abbe Bayle, of St. Sulpice, Passes Peacefully Away—A Man who Formed Archbishops, Bishops, Priests, Lawyers Doctors and Statesmen.

The entire Catholic population of America will learn with deep regret of the death on Tuesday, July 31st, of the venerable Abbe Joseph Alexandre Bayle, probably one of the oldest priests on this continent.

One of the most affecting sights which can be seen was witnessed two years ago when the former pupils of the Montreal College had their reunion. Among them were old men with gray hair, and notably His Grace Mgr. Williams, Archbishop of Boston, Mgr. Rogers and Mgr. Spaulding and two or three others.

Abbe Bayle has been intimately connected with the Sulpician order for 63 years. He was in his time the stately Notre Dame of today rising from the ground to replace the College of Montreal from its former humble state on College street to the foot of Mount Royal, where it stands to-day, the first institution of the kind in the New World.

The priests of St. Sulpice who were in Montreal when he came here.

LONG SINCE PASSED AWAY, and those who are now charged with the responsibilities of the day he has seen growing up from childhood. He exercised the functions of the ministry uninterruptedly from 1825 until about two weeks ago, when he became so weak that he was compelled to keep to his room, where he was tenderly cared for.

Joseph Alexandre Bayle, or Baile, was born in 1801, in the department of Ardèche, France, where he was educated. At the age of 24 he entered the College of the Sulpician Order and completed his theological studies. In 1825 he came to Canada and was at once made a professor at the Montreal College.

The requiem services will be held on Friday morning, Mgr. Fabre will officiate, and several bishops, hundreds of priests and thousands of faithful are expected to be present.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

EVEN AN ATHEIST ADMIRES THEM. The Paris correspondent of a London paper writes as follows: "France has been distinguished herself creditably during these last few days. A Sister of St. Vincent de Paul, wearing on her grey gown the Cross of the Legion of Honor, stopped on her way home from Tonquin, at the door of St. Etienne to see her nephew, who is soldier in the 19th Dragoons. As Superioress of the Hospital of Hanoi, she was well-known to the troops, and the garrison of La Terrasse warmed out with military honors. The officers gathered around her with marks of affectionate deference. They had many questions to ask, and the Sister of Charity had much to tell them about their compatriots in Tonquin. The officers then insisted upon her breakfasting with them at the mess table, and, by their attention and courtesy, vindicated the chivalrous character of the French soldier as he still is, and of the French gentleman as he was before he turned himself into a Republican." Apropos of the Sisters of Charity, M. Jules Simon made a remarkable speech, which I had not space to mention last week at the meeting of a new "light" refuge and two dispensaries in the Rue Laba. After

a short and generous defence of those much abused functionaries the police, the octogenarian philosopher went on to say: "But I must confess that if I had to choose between them and a Sister of Charity, it is to the Sister of Charity I would give the preference. I speak of a Sister of Charity, because it is the right name, the name represents essentially the nature of the function. You know history; well, cast a glance over the whole of ancient history. You will find nothing that equals the work created by St. Vincent de Paul. I defy you to find in the institutions of Greece or Rome anything comparable to these women that we all see walking about our streets with their white cornettes and their woollen gowns, going from one misery to another, never hesitating, loving all and watching as a mother loves her children, with more austerity and firmness at the bottom because their feeling and their charity comes perhaps from a higher source." This testimony is the more striking as coming from a man who denies all dogmatic religion, and admits only the existence of God, of an overruling Fatherhood that governs and guards His creatures. The *Feminaire Religieuse* of Paris lately though it interesting to make out a list of the women who had received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. They number thirty-two, and out of these twenty-one have been Sisters of one community or another, the majority belonging to St. Vincent de Paul, but all being in the service of the sick."

HOCHELAGA CONVENT.

IMPOSING RELIGIOUS PROFESSION—LIST OF THE LADIES WHO PRONOUNCED THEIR VOWS. Sunday and Monday were grand feast days for the ladies of the Hochelaga Convent, as a number of them pronounced their perpetual vows, while others pronounced their temporary ones. The lady friends of that well known institution were well represented.

At 8 o'clock this morning there was another grand ceremony, at which were present another large number of the many friends of the institution. Mass was said in the chapel of the institute, after Mass dinner was partaken of, after which the newly admitted Sisters were allowed to see their relatives and friends.

At two o'clock this afternoon the Rev. Mr. Erement, chaplain of the convent, officiated at a grand benediction, which brought the ceremonies to a close.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED JESUIT.

The death is announced of the distinguished Jesuit, Father Piccirilli, one of the ablest professors in the famous college of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Woodstock, Md. Father Piccirilli was nearly seventy years of age, and was distinguished for his piety and learning. Many years ago he came from Italy, where he had been advanced to the priesthood, and immediately began to teach. He was a native of Naples. At one time he was the editor of the celebrated magazine entitled *Civiltà Cattolica*, published at Rome, and which made him well known. He was for awhile the confessor to Pope Pius IX., and edited the English edition of the poems written by Pope Leo XIII. He was a close companion to Cardinal Mazzella, who used to be at Woodstock. A professed scholar in natural science, during his time at Woodstock College he collected large quantities of minerals, rocks, birds and fossils. The collection is said to be as fine as any in the country. During the past plenary council he was one of the theologians, and his eloquence in Latin at that time brought him much praise.

A REDEMPTORIST'S DEATH.

REV. FATHER COXE, O.S.B., OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH PASSES AWAY THIS MORNING. The parishioners of St. Ann's church have to mourn the loss of one of the youngest and most promising of those genial priests who have of late years ministered so indefatigably to their spiritual wants. The Rev. Father Ovide Coxe, who passed away so peacefully at 7.30 o'clock this morning, was only in his 29th year, and although he had endeared himself to all those with whom he had come in contact, he pleased the Almighty in His farseeing providence to call him unto Himself and bestow upon him the joys and blessings that are the rewards of a Christian life of abnegation and toil in the vineyard of the Creator of mankind. The deceased, Father Coxe was a French Canadian by birth. Having first seen the light of day at Ile Verre, Tomisconate, on December, 18th, 1859. From his childhood he displayed a pious disposition and during his earlier education was remarkable both for his application to his duties and his love and devotion for everything religious. He made his classical studies at the Quebec seminary, where

he enjoyed the friendship and admiration of both professors and pupils and concluded his philosophical course with great credit to himself by carrying off the principal prizes. It was during the last years of his collegiate course that he took a liking to the Redemptorist order, and in 1881 he was sent to Belgium to make his novitiate and theological studies. On October 15th, 1882, he took his vows and was admitted to the profession, and in 1885 saw the consummation of his wishes, that of being ordained a minister of the gospel. He was lately transferred to St. Ann's parish, Montreal, where he has worked assiduously for the salvation of souls. His parents and relatives, as well as the parishioners of St. Ann's, have the sympathy of all in the loss which they have sustained. The funeral will take place on Wednesday morning next at 8 o'clock from St. Ann's church.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARY NOTES.

The Basuto Missions, South Africa, reports an increase of 203 Catechumens and 150 Baptisms. The Mission near the diamond fields of Kimberly, South Africa, are prospering well. A convent for the Nazarene Sisters is about to be built, also a meeting hall and mission school building. The Mission of Colombo, Ceylon, has just lost a zealous and holy Missionary in the person of Father Synthe, O.M.L., who died on May 4th, aged 42 years. He was the son of an Ulster Presbyterian minister, and becoming converted to the Catholic Faith, entered the Priesthood. The great Catholic Missions in Borneo are under the charge of the Missioners of St. Joseph, supervised by Very Rev. Father Jackson, Prefect Apostolic of the Island. The Missions there were originally established in the sixteenth century. Father Trincal, writing from the Madura Mission, India, to the *Illustrated Catholic Missionary*, says: "From the end of June last year to the end of January this year, I baptized 425 converts and founded four entirely new Christian congregations. I have at present in hand some 500 catechumens to instruct."

The Uganda (Africa) Missions which are directed by Rev. Fathers Loudet, S. J., and Denoit, S. J., are just recovering from the persecutions of Munga, the native King, at whose hands many native converts were martyred last year. At present 260 catechumens are awaiting baptism and many slave children have been redeemed. The district in Alaska where Archbishop Saghers was murdered and where Rev. Fathers Robant and Tosi, S. J., are now laboring, is inhabited by 15,000 Pagans. The village in which they live are closely situated to one another, and the Missionaries design to establish three or four stations so that easy communication may be had with them.

A VENERABLE PRIEST.

REV. JOHN CARROLL, OF CHICAGO, ENTERS ON HIS NINETY-FIRST YEAR. Father Carroll is now the oldest priest in the United States, says the *Chicago Herald*, having been admitted to orders on June 20th, 1820. He was born in Queen's County, Ireland, in 1798, the year of the famous rebellion in that country. He was ordained in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and his field of labor was principally in Canada until 1879, when he was received into the Chicago diocese by the late Bishop Foley, who held Father Carroll in the highest regard. Notwithstanding his advanced age, Father Carroll has been able to execute the duties and functions of his sacred calling up to the present, and still celebrates Mass daily in the chapel of the Mercy Hospital, Twenty-third street and Calumet avenue. For many years he filled the office of Chaplain to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, but of late his home has been the Mercy Hospital. Father Carroll is connected with and descended from the celebrated Carrolls of Carrollton, of patriotic and Revolutionary fame. He possesses and takes pride in showing several relics and tokens once owned by Charles Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of American Independence. Among these is the medal struck in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the declaration by order of the city of New York, bearing the image of Carroll himself and suitably inscribed. He also has Charles Carroll's watch. He takes a keen interest in public affairs, and one of the attendants in the hospital daily reads the newspapers for his benefit. He eagerly watches the progress of the political campaign, and does not hesitate to express his warm admiration for President Cleveland and his statesmanlike policy in the administration of public affairs. He is also an ardent admirer of the veteran statesman Allan G. Thurman. Father Carroll received many congratulatory visits and messages yesterday. His friends in this city and throughout the country will rejoice to learn that he enters upon his ninety-first year in the spirit and in excellent physical and mental vigor. The difficulty of eyesight which for a time threatened to be serious, is in great part removed, as, he cheerfully says, he has "one good eye yet." His long life, devoted to the service of religion, has been fruitful in works of charity and beneficence.

In this connection the following is not inappropriate: In the year 1820, after all save one of the band of patriots whose signatures are borne on the Declaration of Independence had descended to the tomb, and the venerable Carroll alone remained among the living, the government of the City of New York deputed a committee to wait on the illustrious survivor and obtain from him, for deposit in the public hall in that city, a copy of the declaration of 1776, signed and authenticated anew with his sign manual. The aged patriot yielded to the request and affixed, with his own hand, to the copy of that instrument the grateful, solemn and pious supplementary declaration which follows: "Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, He has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself in permitting me, under circumstance of mercy, to live to the age of 89 years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American independence and, accordingly, by my present signature, my approbation of the Declaration of Independence, adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the second day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer, I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the

best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of man. CHARLES CARROLL of Carrollton. August 2, 1826."

THE FLOWERS OF MARY.

Welcome ye dawning flowers, And welcome ye budding leaves, To soften the longer eves, The chill of the winter shadows Is dead; and ye open airy For the joytime of happy children And the beautiful month of Mary.

Love, you are kind and gentle; You follow the spring of time, And play with the glowing brightness Of hopes that you hold sublime. We seek you, but court the flowers That open so gay and airy; For they bloom for the faithful altars Through the heavenly month of Mary.

Welcome, ye dawning flowers; The Queen of our living years Will make ye a constant treasure, And banish your dying fears.

And she is the gem of heaven, Then blown ye free and airy Through the golden hours in her honor. In the glorious month of Mary.

Prayer, thou deathless incense; Forever a band of truth Twink earth and the fields alysian. The pillar of age and youth. Thou art a true mystic flower. And blossomest free and airy For the love of thy Holy Maker. Through the sanctified month of Mary.

MAURICE C. DINNEEN.

DEATH OF GEN. SHERIDAN.

THE HERO OF WINCHESTER PASSES AWAY YESTERDAY EVENING—HIS REKNOWN AS A SOLDIER. NONQUITZ, Mass., Aug. 5.—General Sheridan's long and brave fight against the grim monarch has ended. His heart gave out at 10.15 this evening and he passed peacefully away, surrounded by his family. It had been hoped that his removal to the seaside would have benefited him, and so it did, but it was only temporary, and this afternoon he had a relapse from which he never recovered.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—Owing to the lateness of the hour at which the news of General Sheridan's death was received, it is impossible to get any information from the more important public officials. The illness which has just resulted in General Sheridan's death commenced on the 12th of May last, immediately after his return from a tour of inspection out West. He complained of feeling unwell and worn out, but came down to the office each day for about a week. He was then forced to remain indoors, and on Tuesday, May 22nd, he had a severe attack of heart failure, which greatly alarmed his family and physicians. The General had made his will and all preparations for death, and was ready to face it, though resolutely determined that life should not be given up without a severe struggle on his part. He leaves a wife and four small children—three girls and one boy.

STORY OF HIS LIFE.

General Philip H. Sheridan was born in Ohio on March 6, 1831, and was consequently in his 57th year. Educated at West Point, where he graduated in 1853, the opening of the civil war found him a quartermaster in the regular army. His career in the war commenced when he was appointed colonel of a Michigan cavalry regiment. His fighting qualities soon gave him prominence, and he rode rapidly to the grade of major-general of volunteers. At the battle of Stone River, in December, 1862, commanding a division of the army of the Cumberland, he saved the army from disastrous defeat by his stubborn resistance. In April, 1864, Grant placed him in command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, and a few months later gave him a separate command in the Shenandoah Valley. Here it was that he made his renowned as a soldier. That valley had been the Confederate granary, and an open road to the back door of Washington. He laid it waste, and made it the road to the front door of Richmond. He sent Early and the Confederates fleeing "whirling up the valley" and in the brilliant engagements at Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek disastrously defeated the Confederate General and henceforth freed the valley from his raids. The following spring he again joined the army of the Potomac, and at Five Forks won the great battle which compelled the retreat of Lee from Richmond. Then following the enemy with unrelenting vigor he barred its further retreat southward, and brought it to bay at Appomattox, where Lee laid down his arms. Such in briefest outline is the career of one who stood unequalled among American soldiers. He was the thunderbolt of the Union army. He possessed all the brilliant dash of Murat, combined with the genius and fury of Hannibal. A man of resources, always knowing what to do next. Of impetuous and fiery temper, he was full of purpose and did everything with might and main. In the fury of assault he did not spare himself, and though not bloodthirsty, he had no faint notions about saving life. He sent his men into battle to destroy and kill, and war means nothing else. His temper led him into two great acts of injustice, one when he relieved General Averell after Fisher's Hill, and the other when at Five Forks he brought a sense of overwhelming humiliation to Warren's proud soul, and wronged as gallant a soldier and patriot as himself. A soldier only, and knowing only army life, unlike his compeers, Grant and Sherman, he had no capacity for civil administration. His rule in the South, while in command of the department of the gulf, during reconstruction times, was that of a military dictator, not of an American general, and was not satisfactory to the best Northern sentiment. And later, when he was sent by Grant to New Orleans, his truculent despatches aroused a storm of

indignation at the North that forced his immediate recall. Since the war Gen. Sheridan has commanded the military division of the Southwest, the military division of the Gulf, the department of the Gulf, the department of the Missouri and the military division of the Missouri, assuming the command of the army on its relinquishment by Gen. Sherman in November, 1883, and was created General by a special act of Congress in the early part of this year.

THE WOMEN OF IRELAND.

In No Part of the World are They More Respected.

MRS. ROBT. P. PORTER IN THE NEW YORK "PRESS."

We were in a jaunting car on our way from Killbeggs to Carrick. The road was one of magnificent stretches across purple moors and over the great bare bosomed hills of Donegal. Overhead the clouds hung in masses of gray fleece, now and then shot with a ray of the brilliant sun. Sometimes we drove on for a mile or two without seeing a human being or a ring of smoke from a thatched roof. In no other country is womanhood so universally respected and self-respecting. The Irishwoman of to-day is the worthy daughter of the sweet St. Brigitte (now spelled Bridget) of thirteen centuries ago, and whose story as told at Leinster may not be known to some of you.

Young Brigitte was so strangely beautiful that lovers from all over the country and across the seas came to kneel at her feet. In fact, they were so persistent and ardent that, wearied of them, she prayed for some device to destroy her beauty that she might uninterruptedly devote herself to the service of God. Instantly she was smitten with smallpox, which, however, only disfigured one side of her lovely face, leaving the other quite as perfect as before. Then she took the veil and instituted a religious order, which many young and noble maidens joined. When her followers became numerous she applied to the King of Leinster for a piece of land on which to build a nunnery. Brigitte, the saint, was then subjected to the beautiful side of her country, the monarch, who, it is needless to add, succumbed at once, and granted her request.

Now it happened the Queen was not "in the pantry eating bread and honey," and, being old, rigid and jealous, by a subordinate forced Brigitte to expose the disfigured side of her countenance to the King, who, in true royal fashion, at once took back his promises, and it was only after many prayers and entreaties that he consented to bestow as much land as her shawl would cover.

Now Brigitte became every inch a woman, as the sequel shows. Six months after her petition presented to the king she claimed the promised land in the presence of a grand assemblage and a snow white shawl from her innocent shoulders, woven by her own hands. Four of her maidens seized it by the corners, and ran respectively east, west, north and south. Behold, the shawl was of some silky, web like stuff that stretched, and spread and spread, and stretched until it covered what is now the County of Kildare. The outwitted King, submitted as gracefully as he could. On the green undulating meadows Brigitte's nunnery was built, and the pilgrims and mendicants who gathered there formed the nucleus of the present town of Kildare.

The Irishwoman of to-day has many of the qualities that distinguished St. Brigitte. She is good, generous and without regard. She knows the value of her glancing eye, her perfect skin, the curl and twist of her hair, and the charm of her little foot and hand. When her beauty fails her, ready wit puts every time a man at a disadvantage. As far back as history goes, the Irishwoman has been famous for the beauty of her needlework, and the fine needlework demands patience, industry and taste.

In no other country of the world were the laws so strict and clearly defined for the protection of the skilled embroiderers, who were entitled to more pay than a Queen and held in the greatest esteem. Tradition has it that St. Patrick, for seeing that the day would come when only the little shirring needle would stand between his people and starvation, encouraged the use of it, even to the extent of keeping three embroiderers steadily employed himself. The day did come, and when the horrors of famine and the pall of despair descended upon the land it was the young Irish girl, whose nimble figure and quick eye, whose unglaring industry in the use of the needle, the stitching of the same kept together the bodies and souls of those she loved. It is the same to-day, for, though emigration has brought some relief, the need is hardly less, and in the regions where lace is made and muslin embroidered it is only to the difference between having nothing at all to eat or sit upon and potatoes with tea. Three years ago in Glenore 16,000 people were living on a penny worth of meal a day, but this was not called a famine; on the contrary, the British authorities, making their report, declared "the distress was not exceptional."

white Andalusian wool is the rate at which those girls are paid, and any American woman who does fancy work knows what that means. Afterward I took pains to price the same articles in a London shop, and found that the socks sold from 24 to 36 cents a pair and the vests at 25.

There is something inexpressibly cruel in the fact that this work, the product of such a miserable pittance to its makers, and not only that, but that they should be denied the credit of their handiwork. In London the goods are sold as Scotch, and in America, still greater shame, the exquisite embroidery borders our handkerchiefs and underlinen is known as French. There are thousands of women and brave young girls to-day in Ireland who leave their cabin at the peep of dawn to begin spinning. Spinning is the general and comprehensive term for the fine needlework on muslin which includes "veining," "spoking," "pointing," and "tracing." The square of muslin is fastened on a little frame. Upon it is stamped a pretty pattern of leaves and flowers, with a fancy scallop for the edge. The finest of Sea Island cotton is used, and the dexterity with which the bright needle is wielded is marvellous. Every little bow has its springing agent. He or she gives to the material, and receive and pay for the work, afterwards find their way to one of the great firms in Belfast where it is made ready to put upon the market.

The embroidery done by the Irish girls is as fine and perfect as anything to be found in Paris. The hankierchiefs, for which they are paid from twenty to twenty-five cents each are retailed as French hankierchiefs in the fashionable shops of New York from \$1 to \$5 each. The most expert work cannot finish more than three a week, but you do not know what seventy-five cents a week in Ireland means. Sometimes it is the sole income of the family. If you ever drive through the north of Ireland stop at some cabin in which you see a girl spinning—hats and shoes, by the way, are obsolete luxuries in that part of the country.

Ten to one the girl is tall and straight, with plenty of dark hair, white teeth and a fresh complexion. She will ask you to enter with the unconscious dignity of a young princess, and if there is a seat of any kind it is at your service. The most precious family possession is on the parlour—the iron pot. It is half full of stibarbium. She offers you some with the real hospitality that demands apology, and it is no small matter to have any rate a drink of cold water. The impulse comes to you some appreciation of the kindness you admire the beautiful work and offer to buy it. No, she cannot sell; this belongs to the agent, and no matter if she turned over the money she would never get any more work from him. "Happy thought, you ask her to buy some material, and in answer she says, 'No,'" she says sadly, "the agent is the village shopkeeper, and will not give the girls this opportunity to help themselves."

There is one chance left—to give delicately as possible the coin in your hand. Fatal mistake! You would do the girl a proud and sensitive spirit, willing and glad to work, but intensely averse to anything that savors of charity. To spend her evening upon herself is the last thought of an Irish girl. The same feeling that prompts her here to send home money to buy comforts for the old people or to bring over the younger ones prompts her there to spend her scant earnings for the family good.

The Irishwoman is as honest as she is industrious and unselfish. Through her own industry she never can ever look out her door in a hotel or inn, not even our trunk, and not a single article was missing at the end of the trip. On the contrary, the most amazing difficulty was experienced in getting rid of any cast-off article. On one occasion an old hat followed us through five different towns by Her Majesty's mail.

At the country inns, generally one with the village post-office and shop, the landladies were like motherly old hens. With their own hands they cooked chop or chicken, which served with delicious potatoes and a delicate flavored tea, was a meal to be thankful for after a twenty-mile drive. The bed-room might have no carpet and the wash basin be cracked, but when the landlady came to ask for your boots and skates to see that the damp was properly drawn out, and when a cup of tea was thrust inside your bedroom door in the early morning, such trifles were forgotten.

As to bills they were no modest as to be funny, and on several occasions "Whatever you think fair" was the sum total. The Irishwoman has a heart of gold, and it melts in sympathy and kindness over the wayfarer as a mother does over her children. She loves her country and her people; she works and prays for both.

THE PAPAL RESCRIPT.

A reporter for the *Times*, of Philadelphia, wrote as to what effect the Pope's encyclical will have on the Irish cause, a prominent Catholic, whose clear head on Irish questions is unexcelled, spoke freely on Tuesday and said: "I have no idea that the letter will alienate the followers of the Holy See. These who find any fault had a thorough misunderstanding."