

said Mass, and preached a Gaelic sermon. When Mass was finished, the greater number of the people retired to their homes; but not a few remained to take breakfast at the hospitable home of Mr. MacIsaac. After the morning meal had been despatched, a daughter of the family, who had been serving the guests, sat down to take a hurried breakfast, while the Bishop was standing in the light of a window arranging an *Agnus Dei* for a young woman who had gone to Communion on that morning. They were the only persons in the room at the time. The girl, as she sat at the table, had her back turned towards the Bishop, whilst he, though evidently intent on the *Agnus Dei*, was talking to her in a desultory manner concerning recent political troubles in Spain, a country, by the way, in which he took a lively interest since the time he spent at Valladolid.

The girl suddenly noticed that his speech began to fail. His voice grew hoarse, and his articulation so indistinct as to be almost unintelligible, and she was about to rise from the table, when she heard a dull thud, as the Bishop losing his balance fell helpless to the floor. Terrified at the sight, the girl screamed for help, and the people rushing in raised his prostrate form from the floor and laid him on the bed, from which he had arisen but a few hours before apparently in his usual health. In a little while he partially regained consciousness, but could not speak, and indeed, never spoke distinctly from that time.

Medical aid was not available in Kings' County in those days; so news of his sudden illness was sent with all possible speed to Charlottetown, and late in the evening of the following day, Reverend Bernard D. Macdonald and Doctor Conroy arrived at his bedside.

The Doctor at once pronounced the case hopeless. Indeed, he found his condition so critical that Father Macdonald administered the last sacraments that same night. He rallied somewhat, however, and by signs manifested a desire of being taken home; which desire was reluctantly and sorrowfully granted.

They carried him on his bed to a sleigh, in which he was conveyed down the ice to the mouth of the harbor, and thence by the sea-ice to Canavoy. People on learning of his illness had come from Launching, East Point, St. Andrew's, and from other settlements, many of