

The death of Bishop MacIntyre came so suddenly that much doubt prevailed with regard to the place wherein he would wish to be buried. When the end came there was barely time to administer the last rites of the Church, but no opportunity of learning what might be his preference in this matter. Doctor Conroy of Charlottetown, who probably knew his mind better than any one else, said that it was his intention to be buried at St. Peter's, and that he had more than once made known this fact to his physician, and no doubt he would have given directions to this effect at the end had time been given him. Accordingly it was decided that the funeral should be held at St. Peter's and the remains brought thither by special train leaving Charlottetown at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The news of this decision did not reach St. Peter's till late Saturday evening, and created no small stir in that place, because the amount of work to be done at the Church before the burial could take place, or rather before the midnight hour should usher in the Sunday rest was simply enormous. The basement of the church had never been used, nor had it been intended for use except as a place for the installation of the heating apparatus. On this account it had never been put in order and contained hundreds of tons of broken brick, stone, mortar, clay, sand, portions of staging, pieces of lumber, chips, shavings and a thousand odds and ends not easily classified, and this had to be cleared away before midnight. But the young men of St. Peter's were equal to the occasion. Guided by their pastor, they went to work at nightfall. Some with picks, hoes and crowbars loosened up the well-trodden heaps of debris, others with shovels transferred the same to barrels, which were speedily taken by brawny arms and conveyed through a small hatchway and carried to a suitable distance from the church where the contents were deposited in an out-of-the-way place. At the same time a band