
ARRIVAL IN TORONTO

midnight a message reached him that a poor woman lay dying in the immigrant shed, and was asking for a priest to assist her on her last journey. As there was no one else to answer the call, the saintly prelate, bearing the Blessed Sacrament and Holy Oils, went out into the night to fortify this poor soul to meet its Creator. He fulfilled his mission but as the event proved, at the cost of his own life, for as he came out of that pestilential abode he carried within him the seeds of the dread malady. On reaching the free, pure air, it is said he raised his eyes to Heaven, and in a voice, tremulous with deep emotion, uttered the following words, "My God, what crimes England has to answer for." Symptoms of the dire disease manifested themselves the next day. The fever developed into one of a most malignant type, the patient grew rapidly worse day by day till at last on the first of October was heard the melancholy announcement, "The Bishop is dead!" Expressions of the most heartfelt sorrow were heard on every side, and the occasion and manner of the holy man's death called for the praise and admiration of the entire Community. Terrible was the blow to the poor, sorely tried Nuns.