
ARRIVAL IN TORONTO

and the Bishop's Palace an hospital. Naturally the anxious Prelate feared for the Nuns' lives, but their entrance to Heaven was not to be so soon accomplished, "gold and silver are tried in the fire, but acceptable men in the furnace of humiliation." Shown to the rooms appointed for them, they hastened to resume the holy Habit, the sacred livery of their dear Master, which circumstances had compelled them to lay aside for so many weeks. With what satisfaction they must have laid aside the garb of the world and clothed themselves in the garments that betokened the renunciation of its vanities and pleasures. The morning after their arrival they were introduced to the Ven. Archdeacon Hay, the Bishop's Secretary, who seemed already advanced in consumption, for every feature bore witness to the ravages by the disease which was also evidenced by his almost inaudible voice. This holy man afterwards became their Confessor, indeed there was no other Priest in Toronto, except one, on whom the spiritual charge of the whole city devolved, Very Rev. Dean Kirwan, already mentioned, who was just recovering from fever. They also met for the first time Very Rev. Father Carroll of Niagara, a worthy, affable, kind hearted man, gifted with genuine Irish good humour, whose mirthful countenance and conversation contrasted strongly with the gravity and serious mien of the Venerable Archdeacon. Father Kirwan took his leave of the Bishop the morning the Nuns had for the first time the honour of partaking of His Lordship's hospitality. There was something touching in the reverence mingled with love discernible in the look and manner of the Reverend Dean as he