
REV. MOTHER TERESA DEASE

suffering intensely from the cold, for which they were totally unprepared so early in the season as the 14th of September. The last portion of the journey was made on the water of Lake Ontario, and the dawn of the 16th of September revealed Toronto the promised land.

Great was the embarrassment of the poor Nuns when, on landing, there was no friendly voice to greet them. They knew not in what direction to turn, but were finally somewhat relieved by the appearance of a coloured cabman, who offered his services to convey them to their destination. Having with some difficulty made him understand where they wished to go, they proceeded on their way, when to their dismay the wheel came from under the carriage—the accident, slight in itself and causing no damage, yet seemed a sad portent of what awaited them at their journey's end. On their arrival at the Palace they were kindly but sadly received by the good Bishop, on whom a heavy gloom had already settled. The place looked bare and oppressively lonely, and there was a sadness in the atmosphere, which even the absence of the sun of prosperity could not make quite intelligible. The father of their adoption, who seemed so willing and well calculated to be an example to them in bearing the crosses of a missionary life, was seemingly disquieted, if not quite alarmed at their coming, which was afterwards explained by the knowledge of the distressing fact that typhus fever was raging in the house, and of his very few Priests, one was lying delirious in his room, another just convalescent—in fact the whole city might be called a vast plague spot,