

man, a physician and a man of unblemished honor and probity ; and we have his word for it that he did not give the line of admission, until assured that the protestant physician would take all the responsibility of the case and assume full charge of the patient.

How did he fulfil this agreement ? By driving to the *Hotel-Dieu*, reaching his line of admission to a sleepy attendant who calmly admitted the doctor and his dangerous charge, whom he quickly delivered over to the care of the first comer without one word of caution or advice.

Was it not the duty of this protestant doctor, to go in himself first, asking to see the Superior, or most responsible person and duly warning her as to the dread disease that he was bringing into her now healthful home of healing ? Was it not his duty to see that desinfectants were scattered on the way, and that every one was warned to hold aloof while this poor man with the verulent disease now fully developed, passed along to the shelter of some isolated room ? Did he do this ? Did he even insist that the man should be placed in an isolated room ? No, he was evidently too glad to get rid of him, too careless to care how many of these good samaritans who had relieved him of his dreadful responsibility might suffer for their christian charity towards an outcast protestant, whom a protestant institution would have to die in the streets.

Who would believe that this doctor relieved from such terrible responsibility, and this man saved from probable death through exposure, would turn and revile their benefactors ? Yet so it has been ; both doctor and patient have thrown aside all gratitude and honor and striven to lay the blame for all the misery which they themselves brought, upon the good samaritans who opened their doors when all others were closed.

Then as to the opposition of lower-class French Canadians to vaccination, everyone who has read the history of other plague-stricken cities must know that the lower class of every country and creed always oppose vaccination, isolation, and every compulsory sanitary measure.

The Rev. Mr. Norton assured us that during the small-pox epidemic in his own parish in Durham, England, quite as resolute opposition was shown to vaccination and isolation, while the inhumanity shown to patients was quite as great as that which was made to reflect on the poor persecuted nuns of Saint Roch. It was so easy to set at home in peace and comfort and pour forth our shocked sensibilities over the accounts of the rough treatment of the living and the disrespect shown to the dead by the men hired to perform these most revolting duties. Unfortunately the good nuns could not hire refined gentlemen and ladies, who would doubtless have tenderly nursed the poor creatures covered with their loathsome disease and handled gently their poor disfigured bodies.

Ah ! my protestant brothers and sisters " let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone. " It is so easy to talk and to write ; so easy to blame and criticize, but how difficult to sacrifice ourselves and *act the good samaritan*, how difficult to unselfishly perform revolting duties for the sake of humanity and the love of God. The poor nuns of St.

Roch did not even attempt to justify themselves when so cruelly attacked. They left their justification in the hands of God, to Whom we now appeal, that He may open the eyes of every protestant in this great city so that he may see to pull the beam out of his own eye before he tries to remove the mote from his Catholic brother's.

Ah, my protestant friends let us think dispassionately which is most to be honored in the eyes of Heaven ? we who sat daintily at home reviling the nuns of St-Roch, or they, who from earliest morn till tired nature demanded repose worked with zeal and skill to alleviate the sufferings of those, who had not the slightest claim upon them any more than upon us.

For months no door but that of St-Roch in this great city would open to the plague stricken stranger, or the afflicted, who could not be nursed in their own houses, no hand was stretched out to succor, but that of the good nuns. They were obliged to have hirelings for work, which they could not perform, and if they could not procure tender-hearted ladies and gentlemen for the revolting work they must take such as could be had. Were they to blame ?

Thank God the plague is past. Health, peace and prosperity once more brood over our beautiful city. In gratitude to Him who is the Giver of all good gifts let us, Protestants, prove our repentance of every hard thought and bitter word by giving generously towards the completion of this magnificent Cathedral : so that it may forever be enshrined within our hearts as a monument of peace and good will between the Catholics and Protestants of Montreal.

As Christians we unite in our faith in " One God, one Saviour and One Sanctifying Spirit. " In the words of St-Peter : "*Peace be unto all you that are in Christ.*"

LE TEMPS

C'est lorsque les hommes se taisent, lorsque le démon du bruit est muet au milieu de son temple, au milieu d'une ville endormie, c'est alors que le temps élève sa voix et se fait entendre à mon âme. Le silence et l'obscurité deviennent ses interprètes et me dévoilent sa marche mystérieuse ; ce n'est plus un être de raison que ne peut saisir ma pensée, mes sens eux-mêmes l'aperçoivent. Je le vois dans le ciel qui chasse devant lui les étoiles vers l'occident. Le voilà qui pousse les fleuves à la mer et qui roule avec les brouillards le long de la colline..... j'écoute : les vents gémissent sous l'effort de ses ailes rapides et la cloche lointaine frémit à son terrible passage.—*Xavier de Maistre, (voyage autour de ma chambre.*

Quelque découverte que l'on ait faite dans le pays de l'amour propre, il y reste encore bien des terres inconnues.
—*Larochefoucault.*

Malheur à celui qui ne peut être seul un jour dans sa vie sans éprouver le tourment de l'ennui, et qui préfère, s'il le faut, converser avec des sots plutôt qu'avec lui-même.

—*Xavier de Maistre, voyage autour de ma chambre.*

A little clear thinking would make many of the evils which afflict modern society impossible.—*Christian Reid.*