

Sinite Parvulos.

(1863)

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Laissez venir à moi tous ces petits enfants :
Le royaume des cieux est pour qui leur ressemble.
A dit le doux Jésus. Les petits tous ensemble
S'avancèrent sans crainte, émus et triomphants.
Et lui, le grand docteur, l'oracle, la sagesse,
Près de lui, tour à tour, souriant les plaça,
S'inclina tendrement et puis les embrassa,
Laissant tous les savants rire de sa faiblesse ;
Car l'homme, c'était tout aux yeux du Pharisien,
La femme, peu de chose... et l'enfant n'était rien.

Laissez venir à moi toutes ces jeunes têtes,
Dit le Seigneur Jésus. Dans ses plus belles fêtes,
Du fond du tabernacle il nous appelle encor :
Il n'attend point que l'âge ait mûri nos pensées,
Il les prend en leur fleur à peine commencées,
Et tous les séraphins avec leur harpe d'or
Font résonner des cieux l'harmonieuse enceinte,
Quand par vous conviés devers la table sainte,
Seigneur, en longue file, émus et triomphants
Pour la première fois s'avancent vos enfants.

Laissez venir à moi ces pauvres jeunes âmes,
Dit-il encore : au ciel assurons leur bonheur,
Avant que du démon les embûches infâmes
Ne troublent leur éclat, ne souillent leur candeur.
Et l'on voit s'envoler mille blanches colombes,
Et les mères, hélas ! sur de nouvelles tombes
Ne cessent de pleurer. Les plaintes de Rachel
Redisent dans Rama leur désespoir cruel ;
Plus d'une ne veut point, dans sa colère folle,
Que la main de Dieu même un instant la console !

Laissez venir à moi tous ces petits enfants,
Dit un jour une femme à nos anciens sauvages ;
Prêtez-moi-les un peu : je vous les rendrai sages
Et meilleures, qui sait ? que les enfants des blancs.
Les blancs, les Iroquois, lui donnèrent leurs filles,
Les plus rebelles comme aussi les plus gentilles.
Son œuvre existe encor ; ses desseins triomphants
Sont inscrits radieux aux pages de l'histoire :
Mais pour mieux assurer leur bonheur et sa gloire,
Ne cessez, Monseigneur, de bénir ses enfants.

P. J. O. CHAUVEAU.

ONE YEAR AGO AND NOW.

(Written for le Bazar By MYSTIC)

One year ago the pestilence that walketh in darkness haunted the streets of our fair city. Strangers fled from our plague-stricken portals ; Citizens shrank within their homes and looked upon each other with suspicions and distrust. Business languished ; poor and rich suffered. But worst of all the seeds of hatred and discord were sown between races and religions that had dwelt together in harmony and peace for many years.

Today, thank God, we rejoice in health, happiness and harmony. Prejudices are dying out, but there still lingers among Protestants a feeling that it was through a Catholic physician, a catholic institution, and the prejudices of part of our Catholic population that this disease was spread abroad, and allowed to devastate our fair city.

But let us review the subject calmly now when the excitement of fear and irritation against opposition have passed.

In the first place it was a protestant or rather two protestants who brought the disease into our midst. One had a name, where he was nursed and where it has repeatedly been stated that not a single case of contagion occurred.

This is a mistake, the man's wife and child, sisters-in-law and mother-in-law having caught the disease from him, and who can tell how many may have taken it from each of these ?

However, it is with the other case that we must now dispassionately deal. People, who were deserving of the highest praise have too long been allowed to suffer undeserved blame.

A protestant man is brought to our city on a bitter cold night suffering from a dreadful and most contagious disease. He is given into the charge of a protestant doctor, and this man, if any, should be held blameworthy for all that afterwards occurred.

What did he do with this dangerous patient ? What precautions did he take ? First he drove him in an ordinary carter's sleigh (how many may have been infected by this sleigh used within the same hour by other citizens ?) to the general hospital. He was taken in there, but the hospital authorities refused to receive him. Again this poor suffering man is brought out into the cold night air and driven to the door of one of our leading physicians.

Here he is left shivering and sickening in dread and anxiety as to where he will be permitted to lay his aching bones and burning head. Poor fellow, how grateful he must have felt when this good Catholic doctor was over persuaded by the protestant doctor and through the promptings of his own humane and christian heart to admit to a catholic institution a poor outcast protestant against whom every protestant door in this great city would be ruthlessly shut.

This catholic doctor is a man, who for over a quarter of a century has held among us the highest rank as a gentle-