

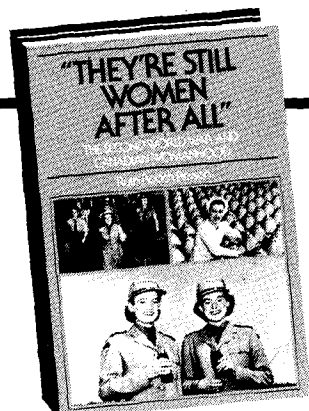
Tbid., pp. 411 et 414.

*Nous avons ici réuni trois congrégations religieuses canoniquement distinctes soit les Soeurs de la Charité de Montréal, les Soeurs de la Charité de Québec et les Soeurs de la Charité de St-Hyacinthe (aussi appelées Soeurs Grises).

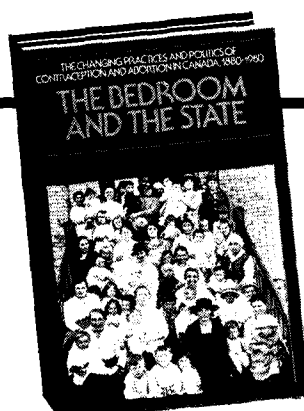
Native de Acton Vale au Québec, Sylvie Côté habite à Sherbrooke depuis 1969. Elle a complété son baccalauréat en histoire à l'Université de Sherbrooke en 1985 et elle poursuit actuellement des études de maîtrise sous la direction de Micheline Dumont. Elle oriente ses recherches sur l'enfance abandonnée dans le Québec contemporain, plus particulière-

ment sur l'Hospice du Sacré-Coeur de Sherbrooke, une institution de bienfaisance qui a recueilli plus de 6000 orphelins de 1878 à 1952. De plus, Sylvie Côté a participé à l'élaboration d'un manuel scolaire de sciences humaines destiné à des enfants de 6e année.

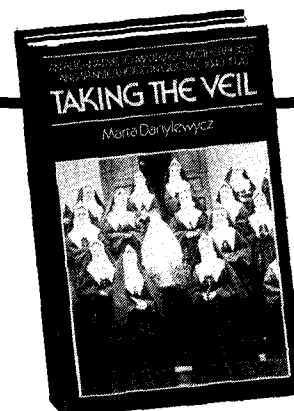
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POEMS

Speech breaks from a winter-muted country
while spring woods stretch, streams roll over and
over glimmering out from under the jingling
ice blankets, twigs redden, last year's leaves
form footpath edges, grass blades rustle and
clash in ivory whispers, sun warms gray stone.
Birds sudden and brown enscribe swift
purposes across these pale uncertain skies,
ravens rattle darkly, while the song
of the whitethroat rises clean.

Frances Davis
Montreal, Quebec

After long silence now these poems
clutch
at my hands, my hem, my knees
like famished and half-trustful deer
their eyes opaque, enormous, heads
butting
hooves sharp as knives ready to cut
connections: a summer's bolt into rich
forests, though winter's hunger brought
them here.