

raised the refrain. They were advancing. On they came up the long dock, turned to the iron gates, then, four or five abreast, moved toward the church. In advance, the white-haired priest, singing, held the crucifix aloft, while on either side walked a black-robed brother carrying a lantern.

The effect was weird and fantastic with the long shadows undulating as the lantern rose and fell, the volume of voices and the crowd of travel-worn pilgrims carrying their satchels and lunch baskets. Some of them were leaning upon canes or crutches, some upon the arm of younger and stronger companions, others were carrying helpless little ones in their arms. The lanterns light fell upon hundreds of eager, anxious looking faces. At the church entrance the well ordered line of march was broken and the people surged through the doors.

The priest began the devotion: « O Bonne saint Anne ! »

« Priez pour nous ! » responded the people, the response growing louder as they advanced and filled the pews.

« O Bonne saint Anne, » again from the father, and with the next response came from far outside the doors and far down the street the echo of the chorus of pilgrims who were still on their way :

« De vos enfants agréer l'amour ! »

Then followed the remainder of the service, the sermon and, finally, the benediction. Many now came forward to the shrine. Conspicuous among them was one weak, emaciated woman who tremblingly supported herself by a pair of rude crutches. Her eyes were fixed greedily upon the relic, and she waited her turn with feverish anxiety. At last, when an opportunity presented itself, she approached the shrine, dropped her crutches, knelt and kissed the glass over the stone, broke into convulsive sobs, then, arising, covered her face with her hands and walked away. All the next day her crutches lay as she had left them. (1)



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(1) Impressions of a Visitor to the Shrine of Sainte-Anne de Beaupré. *From the Buffalo Express.*