

LINES ON ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

I love this sacred spot, where pious pilgrims kneel
Before the holy shrine, in fervent prayer,
O great St. Anne ; thy tender heart doth feel
For all with true maternal love and care.
As they appeal to thee in pain or grief,
Thou dost obtain for them a sweet relief.

The waters of the grand Saint Lawrence glide
In calm, majestic motion, on their way
Past *Bonne Sainte Anne*, as if the gentle tide,
Its silent humble homage thus would pay.
Before the ancient shrine, as on its breast
It bears the pilgrims to this place of rest.

What joy to hear, at evening's solemn hour,
The music of thy sweet-toned bell resound
O'er land and water, from thy lofty tower,
Inviting all to prayer. Its heav'nly sound
Is like an angel's warning from above
Reminding us of God's eternal love.