

2110 Poésies Canadiennes no 3

TO

Madam the Superioress

— OF THE —

CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME,

Who so faithfully walks in the footsteps of her
distinguished Foundress,

MARGARET BOURGEOIS,

These lines are most respectfully offered:

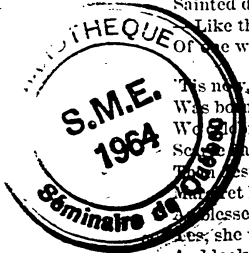
— BY —

MISS SHINE,

Enfant de Marie de la Congregation de Notre Dame

Why meet we here to-day? Why gather thus,
The old and young—the parent and the child?
Is it a festal day? Has some bright beam
Of Heaven's glory fallen on our land—
That midst the boding cry of warlike men,
Our hearts are glad-some, and our souls at peace?
— Go—ask the countless Hurons, who have slept
Their last sleep 'neath the banner of the cross,
Ask of the wild Iroquois—ask too,
Sainted dead, "What means this festive scene?
Like the soft breath of summer breeze,
Of love we love, an answer floats around

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'Tis now, more than a hundred years ago,
Was born in sunshine, the one whose light
We celebrate to-day. Thrice favored child!
So, and the saving waters bathed thy brow.
Thou, Jesus claimed thy pure young infant heart.
Margaret Bourgeois! See from earth we hail thee,
Blessed thrice—in childhood, youth and age,
Yes, she was blest. Her infancy but passed,
And look, how cluster round her,—youthful crowds,
Their prattling tongues, speak sweetly of the Babe,
Who came on earth, a little child for them.
And at His name, each baby head bows low.