

La Chapelle des Miracles is in honour of La Bonne Ste-Anne de Beaupré. The universe of art is called upon to beautify this shrine of insistent faith and hopeful piety ; though not, be it well understood, at the expense of

Ces tristes *ex-voto* sans nombre
Qui chargent la muraille sombre.

But *Le Viatique* is a much greater poem. It tells a simple, poignant tale of that borderland of life and death where God and Man and Nature meet so often, yet always under circumstances which transcend our human commonplaces by the whole vastness of infinity. Admirers of the Greek Anthology will remember how the glory of the stars made Ptolemy forget that he was earth on Earth and raised his spirit to the banquet-hall of Zeus. *Le Viatique* shows how the *habitant* soars to still greater heights with what the eye of faith reveals to him in common daylight and on the common road between his native fields.

La cloche, lente, à voix éteinte,
Tinte au clocher paroissial,
Et l'écho tremblant de sa plainte
Tinte et meurt dans l'air glacial.

L'airain sonne en branle. On écoute.
Pour qui le glas a-t-il tinté !
Et le son grave, avec le doute,
Tombe sur le cœur attristé.

Aux premiers branles de la cloche
Les humbles seuils se sont ouverts.
Un bruit de pas drus, qui s'approche,
Frappe l'air lourd des champs déserts.