

Mary with his whole heart, and his brethren as Jesus himself loved them? Of these three virtues united together, we will weave a garland to be laid at the feet of our good Mother. She will accept our offering. She will lavish on us her motherly blessings. She will perpetuate the happiness we enjoy during the gay days of Mary's month, those joys which are given us to temper the bitterness of exile, and to make us understand a little what Heaven is.

M. N. D.

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ON THE DEATH OF REV. N. C. A. BOUDREAULT,
P. P. MISCOUCHE, P. E. ISLAND.

—
EVE OF THE EPIPHANY, 1889.
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(With the author's kind permission.)

Feathery snow-flakes softly falling
Flying, fluttering from the East,
Spreading o'er earth's frozen bosom
Spotless shroud for spotless priest.

Earth all white and sky all loaden
Save o'er ocean's breast afar'
Where a beam of pale translucence
Marks the path of Magi's Star.

By that gleaming wondrous pathway
Royal road to Gentiles given,
Passed the soul of Christian pastor
Led by Angels up to heaven.

Toll, ye bells of Belle Alliance,
From your Gallic belfry old,
For your priest whose pain-worn body
Lies before you white and cold.