

good resolutions, and flew away, and spent the day in very bad company indeed.

That night it was in a most pitiable state and came back discouraged, frightfully dirty, almost featherless, sorely wounded. It did not dare knock, on the window-pane, but went into a nearby tree. Mary saw it and filled with compassion beckoned it to come home. Whether through false shame or perverseness it heeded not. Jesus then tried, but with no better success. As a last resort St. Joseph scattered seed on the windowsill, still it would not return.

And behold a big redish raven, flew from the temple of Horus, and hovered about the tree. Slowly, it circled round and round, insensibly drawing its coils closer and closer about the now thoroughly scared dove. Trembling in every limb, unable to move, or even turn its gaze away from the ugly monster, it waited in an agony of fear, for what, it instinctively felt was coming.

Cruelly swooping down the wicked raven clutched the poor littedove in its sharp beak, and bore it away to its ayry to devour it.

The home-dove witnessed this sad scene from its resting place on Mary's shoulder, and showed by its mournful cooing how deeply it grieved over its sister's fate.

Tenderly caressing it, Jesus said, birdling mine, never forget what you have just seen, nor the lesson it teaches regarding human life. The raven typifies the devil; the dove, the soul. Every soul that shall love my Mother like thee and abide under her protection shall have nothing to fear from the devil or his satellites. On the contrary, every soul that like your unfortunate sister despises My Mother, the devil shall swoop down upon and bear away to his ayry to be devoured by everlasting flames.

The faithful dove understood and in consequence nested more confidently and lovingly in Mary's lap.

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#### OUR BELOVED DECEASED.

Rev. M. Chevrier.—Mr Alexandre Rivard.—Mrs B Harwood.  
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