

PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

Pray for the dead! Their prisoned souls are
yearning

With love unmeasured for that happy day,
When Eden's gates on pearly hinges turning
Shall woo to peace. Then pray, oh pray!

Pray for the dead! On golden hinges turning
The eastern portals open to the day,
While bell on bell peals out on wings of morning,
"Ave Maria!" Pray, oh pray!

Pray for the dead! While noon-tide chimes are
ringing

Once more by angel taught we "Aves" say,
And tender thoughts are surely, gently bringing
The longed for hour. Pray, oh pray!

Pray for the dead! O'er hill and valley stealing
The lengthened shadows tell of fading day,
The last sweet "Aves" softly now are pealing
Thro' sunset splendor. Pray, oh pray!

MARY M. MELINE in *Poor Souls' Advocate*.

**Devotion to the Souls in Purgatory
in the Benedictine Order.**

History abounds with instances showing this devotion traditional among the children of St. Benedict.

We read of St. Gregory the Great, that he had Mass said for thirty days in succession, for a deceased monk, named Justin, who, according to a revelation, was detained in Purgatory for having kept some money without permission. On the last day Justin appeared to his brother, telling him that he now was released from Purgatory, after enduring intense torments.

We read in the Revelations of St. Gertrude: The holy nun asked our Blessed Lord, "How many souls were delivered from Purgatory by her and her sisters' prayers?" "The number," replied our Lord, "is proportioned to the zeal and fervor of those who pray for them." He added: "My love urges Me to release a great number of souls for the prayers of each religious, and at each verse of the psalms which they recite, I release many." (Revel., Chapter XVI.)

The Solemn commemoration of the departed souls on the second of No-

vember, was celebrated first by St. Odilo, Abbot of Cluny, towards the end of the tenth century. He established this practice in all the houses of his Order, which usage was afterwards enjoined upon the whole Christian world, by Pope John XVI.

THE ORPHAN.

The orphan! This means a human being without a family to belong to, a plant without the warming sun. The fire-place is cold, the table offers no food to him. He stretches forth his arms, but these arms no more find the dear hand that, a short time ago, has caressed him. When his sobbing voice cries out: "Where is mother? where is dear mother?" the echo alone answers: "Dear mother." Poor child! he sees his companions call one another; sees them playing under the tender, watchful eyes of their mothers; but no one cares for him, no smile, no caresses, no sweet words for him. Always sad and forsaken, nowhere at home, a stranger wherever he goes.

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Happily we are mistaken. Our holy Religion takes care of him, wipes the tears from his eyes and says to him: "My dear child, God, whose wise and merciful designs are impenetrable, has, indeed, taken away from you your earthly parents, yet He has given you through Me, instead of them, a Father and Mother according to grace, that is to say: the missionary of faith, the Priest; and the missionary of devotion, the Sisters of Charity.

To the first one she says: "Behold your son, *ecce filius tuus!*" "You shall be a father to the orphan, *orphano tu eris adjutor.*" And the Priest has taken you in his arms, wrapt you up in the cloak of his charity and pressed you, with the love of a father, against his heart. You were hungry, and he has given you to eat; you suffered from cold