

V.

"Mater Dolorosa's Chapel"
 See! the doors are opening wide
 And the fervent Fathers asking
 Mercy from The Crucified.

VI.

Mercy for the loved departed
 Shall His Blood be shed in vain?
 No! with joyous mien we hasten
 To the sunlight once again.

VII.

I could almost hear the sighing
 Of each dear expectant soul,
 As it hoped on that blest evening
 To attain the longed-for goal.

VIII.

Then we laid our floral tributes
 O'er those silent forms "at rest"
 Wondering—thinking—"do they see us?
 Have they climbed the mountain blest?"

IX.

When the long procession scattered,
 Homeward each with softened heart
 How we thought of that hereafter
 Where the loved will never part.

X

Now good bye, my own dear mother
 (If you only had been there!)
 Do you miss me? But I'm coming
 Very soon—your little

CLARE.

St. Marys, Pa., Eve of All Souls.