



VOICES FROM PURGATORY.

"Misericordias mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei."

For the Carmelite Review.



LIST to the mournful pleading,
 Like tear-drops of summer rain,
 It falls from the clouded spirits
 In the far off land of pain.
 They have passed the "shady valley,"
 The footsteps of Jesus trod;
 They have heard the last sweet sentence,
 And are safe in the hands of God.
 But they pine, alas! in darkness,
 For earth-stains have dimmed their
 sight,
 And they cannot gaze on the brightness
 Of heaven's unclouded light.
 So they watch, impatient, longing,
 For the dawn of its golden day;
 They pray not, "Oh! let this chalice
 Pass soon from my lips away."
 But they sigh in plaintive cadence,
 "Have pity, O friends, on me!
 You are sleeping, perchance, in sorrow,
 And heed not our misery."
 Oh! list to that tender pleading,
 And like to the Angel calm,
 Who strengthened the heart of Jesus,
 Let us bring to these souls our balm.
 Praying that light eternal
 May shine o'er that land of shade,
 And the peace of God supernal,
 Be theirs in the home He made.

ECHO.

List to the mournful pleading,
 Like tear-drops of summer rain,
 It falls from the clouded spirits
 In the far off land of pain.

"Misericordias mei, saltem vos amici mei."

R. I. P.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

DUBLIN, Ireland.