

Yet he would be selfish, indeed, if he merely heard the voice and brooded over the memories, whilst it is a cry of distress that rings in his ears. The very cross over the grave tells us the price that must be paid before rest is attained, the full satisfaction for every offence, the perfect cleansing of every stain. For the dead the day of merit and atonement is gone never to return, "the night is come when no man worketh." Happy they who can turn to some pitying friend for whom the Blood of the Lamb still flows, for whom the treasury of merits is yet open. "Have pity on me, have pity on me at least you who are my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." Thrice happy the souls that cry not in vain, whose ties of affection and friendship, knit on earth, death could not sever!

Shall we not hasten to the rescue? Which of us, if father, mother or dear friend was pinned down in the wreckage of a railway disaster or buried in a smouldering heap of ruins, would not move heaven and earth to bear relief? Yet no earthly pang can be compared to Purgatory. Earthly fires are but pictures beside those cleansing, searching flames. The blows of men are light in comparison with that chastising touch of the Lord. Shall we not hurry to their relief? Shall not masses, communions, indulgences, prayers, alms, acts of self-sacrifice be given to them who, when we die, will receive us in everlasting tabernacles prepared by their prayers?