



For the Souls in Purgatory.

Ye souls of the faithful! who sleep in the Lord,
But as yet are shut out from your final reward,
Oh! would I could lend you assistance to fly
From your prison below to your palace on high!

O Father of Mercies! Thine anger withhold,
These works of Thy hand in Thy mercy behold,
Too oft from Thy path they have wandered aside,
But Thee their Creator they never denied.

O tender Redeemer! their misery see,
Deliver the souls that were ransom'd by Thee;
Behold how they love Thee, despite of their pain;
Restore them, restore them to favor again.

O Spirit of Grace! O consoler divine!
See how for Thy presence they longingly pine;
Ah! then to enliven their sadness descend,
And fill them with peace and with joy in the end.

O Mother of Mercy! dear mother in grief!
Send them to their torments a balmy relief;
Oh! temper the rigor of justice severe,
And soften their flames with a pitying tear.

Ye Patrons! who watched o'er their safety below,
Oh think how they need your fidelity now;
And stir all the Angels and Saints in the sky
To plead for the souls that upon you rely.

Ye friends! who, sharing once their pleasure and
pain,
Now hap'ly already in Paradise reign,
Oh! comfort their hearts with a whisper of love,
And call them to share in your pleasures above.

O Fountain of Goodness! accept of our sighs;
Let Thy mercy bestow what Thy justice denies!
So may Thy poor captives, released from their woes,
Thy praises proclaim while eternity flows.

All ye who would honor the Saints and their head,
Remember, remember to pray for the dead—
And they, in return, from their misery freed
To you will be friends in the hour of need.

A CHILD OF MARY.

THE ROSARY.

For the Carmelite Review.



THE Rosary in particular, as devotion to our Blessed Lady in general, is the mark both of a genuine Catholic spirit and of predestination. The infidel, the ignorant or bigoted protestant hates and despises it; the liberal, conceited Catholic is ashamed of it, and the careless, worldly Catholic ever forgets and tires of it. But the true and genuine Catholic—be it a Prince Eugene on the field of battle, or a Goerres, the foremost leader of Catholic thought and learning; be it an ignorant, illiterate woman in a thatched hut, or the triple-crowned Leo in the grandeur of the Vatican—they all love and say the Rosary, and their souls fill and swell with the grace, love and peace of God; they bless God for giving them our Lady, and our Lady for giving us the Rosary.

That the soundness and depth of Catholic spirit may be gauged by the use or disuse of the Rosary, we give but one historical illustration: Catholic Westphalia, now one of the staunch Catholic provinces of Germany, had (from the year 1820 to 1830, under the blighting influence of Febronianism, when bishops priests and people feared God, but still far more kings and rulers) become so "enlightened" and "highly cultured" that not only the educated upper classes, but even the common people were ashamed of the Rosary, and only the rapidly disappearing, utterly illiterate class were supposed to use the beads, simply because