



MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS.

WE are bidden, in the month of November, to lend ear to a voice from the dead : "*Have pity on me, have pity on me a least you, my friends.*" For most of us it comes in accents not only plaintive but familiar, endeared by ties of kindred and friendship with the holiest and tenderest of earth's memories.

Nature seems to attune itself to the voice, bringing it home in notes distincter still. The black thickening clouds, the moan of the wind, the ceaseless wail of the restless withering leaves, driven about by every gust, tell us of souls in grief, and of the gloomy visitor that will one day call us in our turn from earth's fleeting scenes, stained joys and fading happiness.

What a mercy for man to be thus brought in contact with the other world, his imperishable home, to be drawn to it by the cords of Adam, by the voice and affection as of flesh and blood. "Non omnis moriar." "*I shall not all die,*" he exclaims as he sees the hand pointing upward from the mound of clay, and the cross planted ; and memories rush in the mind, and he joins in converse of heart and feeling with those whom once he loved.