There is a city where everyone suffers severe pain and distress. The pain is worse than any earthly torment—worse than the rack or rope, or burn or broken bone. And the pain goes on ceaselessly, without let-up night or day.

Some inhabitants of that penal city have been there for years; some, only for a few hours; some, for days or months. But there is neither impatience nor quarreling, neither cursing nor hatred within the walls of that city. Everyone is grateful for the penalty he has received.

Many in that purgatorial city know you well, have talked often with you, have shared earthly pleasures with you. Your own father or mother, or some other close relative or friend, is most likely there.

One day, if you're fortunate, you, too, will be there. And then you will know what it is to depend completely upon the charity of others.

You live on the very outskirts of that suffering city. Into your ears daily come the cries these November days: "Have pity, have pity on me, at least you my friend!"

Suppose in unbearable pain you lay alone at night along a lonely road. A human being happens along. You cry at the top of your voice for help, but the human being moves on ignoring you. Would that negligence be criminal?

What Can You Do?

You are rich in the only "goods" that can shorten and alleviate the pain of the suffering souls.

(1) You can, this minute, make a list of your deceased relatives and friends. That list you can drop into the box provided in your hall. Then your deceased friends and relatives will have a special share in the nine Masses to be offered on the communion altar in Dillon Hall during the novena.

(2) Tomorrow morning you can start making the Novena of Masses and Holy Communions for the poor souls. Nothing else that you can do is comparable to this.

(3) You can pray every day, especially for the poor souls. At five o'clock daily from November 3 to 11 there will be public devotions for them in the main church.

Carelessness and indifference may be quasi-excuses for neglecting other devotions. But woe to you in your day of suffering if you now make those excuses for neglecting the poor souls!

Reflections.

"If you think your venial sins are small when you weigh each one, you should tremble when you number them." In Purgatory the last farthing must be paid. What about those who have committed mortal sins in great numbers? It is impossible to measure the time or duration of suffering in Purgatory, but after death, the days of mercy are gone, and the days of God's Infinite Justice are at hand. Surely in your charity you will help those poor suffering souls who in turn will help you in abundance. Consider the words of St. Paul: "Remember them that are in bonds as if YOU were bound with them!"

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Joseph Canale (Alum.). Ill, brother of Charles Braga, '35; uncle of Joe Canale; Dick Swisher (How.)—doing well, but keep praying!