

this life, from its phantoms of glory, from its fleeting pleasures and would aspire to the riches of eternity !

They would realize that it is folly to seek so ardently for what will assuredly escape from us *some hour* and to neglect what will last *for ever*.

Oh! mortal beings of a day, why value so lightly the rich treasure called *time* ? You have in reality no other wealth and it belongs to all : to the poor as to rich, to the little as to the great, to the ignorant as to the learned. Contrary to what is the case for all earthly treasures, *there is no difference here* ; the share of one does not injure the share of another. But it is also the only one whereof an account will be rigorously exacted. You will not be asked on your last day what was the extent of your domain, the height of your house, the amount of your business ; but how you have employed the days, the hours, the minutes that the clock, the fore-runner of death, has marked off to your name. Harken therefore, ye who are wise, to the melancholy sound of the bell ; follow with your eyes that intrepid traveller, the hand, ever advancing, never receding, and say to yourselves : Let us not lose one of those hours, for all have an *echo* in the other world and an eternal *reverberation* while the last hour is unknown to us : *Ultima latet*.

Soon the clock in *your* room will mark and strike the last hour of the last year of the century about to end, pending the moment when it will mark and strike the *last hour* of the *last year* that God, the master of time and of all ages, is resolved to grant you ! . . . Think of this.



CURE OF SORE EYES.

RVD-Father, my sister and myself were among the privileged number permitted to make the novena before the feast this year. We were among the afflicted who sought relief at the