



A NEW YEAR.

SADLY, silently, with an emotion akin to tears ; we listen to the last sigh of the departing year... One more year registered on time's cycle, yet the insatiable dial halts not but relentlessly pursues its onward march, pitilessly carrying in its wake our joys and our sorrows and our days. The past recedes,—that past which can never be grasped nor lived again ; that past with its beautiful, radiant dreams which can never be fully realized until dawns the perfect day wherein time is no more.

Before this impetuous torrent rushing headlong to death and destruction, we may well tremble with fear, shiver with consternation and our soul, like a drowning man, eagerly clutch everything within reach in a strenuous effort to stay the swift current bearing it on. Can it ever succeed in grasping anything stable or tangible? Do not all earthly things,—riches, honors, pleasures, aye, even—the best of them all—friendship and love,—pass away like so many bubbles cast aside by those mighty waves no hand but the Almighty's can stay?

Even so, apart from these fleeting things, there is One who has said : " Behold I am with you always, even unto the end ; " One who declares : " Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall not pass away ; a King whose throne of glory is in heaven, whose abode of love is with us in the Blessed Eucharist.

Time, which weakens affection, has only more clearly shown His goodness ; time, which obliterates fame, has only borne His name and His love and His sacramental presence to all generations ; time, which overthrows principalities and powers, has only strengthened His Eu-