

comprehended the word of the Master: "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world if he suffer the loss of his own soul?" In truth, the human soul created for heaven is of more value than all the gold, all the goods of the world. Immortal, it is of greater worth than all that passes away, than all that perishes. Redeemed at the price of the Blood of a God, its value is inestimable.

Pardon me, O Jesus, for having so badly understood the value of my soul! Pardon for not having feared more than all the misfortunes of the world the loss of it by the commission of sin! Pardon, O Jesus, for all Christians who live as if there were neither God, nor heaven, nor hell, nor grace, nor sacraments—as if they had no soul!—Pardon for all Christians who, their whole life long, are occupied in feeding, flattering, adorning the body, in giving it whatever satisfaction it demands, without finding time to care for or to save their soul! I myself—am I not much more affected by the ills of the body than by those of the soul?

How many Christians, from not having comprehended the value of their soul during life, have refused it to Thee at the last instant of their existence—thinking that they had nothing else to do than to give over their body as food for worms! What a frightful misfortune! "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a living God!" says St. Paul.

How many, lending themselves as the instruments of Satan, hide from dying relatives and friends the solemn moment of approaching death! How many of these traitors to true friendship, by false compassion or want of courage, neglect to apprise the sick person of the gravity of his state, of the necessity of fulfilling his sacred duties as a Christian! How many Christian souls, on account of such cowardice, have neglected to make their supreme