

THE FEAST OF ST. FRIEND

TEN

ON THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR

THERE are few people who arrive at a true understanding of life, even in the calm and disillusioned hours of reflection that come between the end of one annual period and the beginning of another. Nearly everybody has an idea at the back of his head that if only he could conquer certain difficulties and embarrassments, he might really start to live properly, in the full sense of living. And if he has pluck he says to himself: "I *will* smooth things out, and then I'll really live." In the same way, nearly everybody, regarding the spectacle of the world, sees therein a