

joyously quenching their thirst in my limpid waters. That would be charming, indeed !

Yes — In spring time, in the beautiful summer season, in the golden autumn days, but in winter, what a sad change ! No flowers, no birds, no lovely meadows. — No, decidedly, I do not want to be a little rivulet.

My imagination roamed from supposition to supposition, investigating each and though at first they all seemed delightful, yet in every one finally appeared the shadow on the sunshine, the flaw in the diamond. While I dreamt my companions were making their meditation and our dear Lord was patiently waiting until I too should speak to Him. My good angel, who, doubtless, had taken my place and prayed for me, suddenly aroused me and filled with remorse I came back from my far-away haunts.

Lifting contrite eyes to the altar, I saw the brilliant ostensorium, enclosing the pure white Host. While I poured out my sorrow to our dear Lord, my eyes fell upon the little golden lamp swaying gently before the altar. Instantly, I cried out from the bottom of my heart, "I know now, dear Jesus, what I should like to be : that little lamp always burning there and thinking of nothing but to consume itself for Thee." Nevertheless, I continued, "Thou hast given me a soul ; that flickering lamp has none. I can glorify Thee better than it. So, dear Jesus, to repair my negligence, we will make a little compact : by each of its oscillations, I ask the little lamp to tell Thee that I love Thee. While I work or play and this night even during my sleep, it will speak to Thee for me, from time to time I will come here in spirit to show Thee my little sacrifices, or to ask pardon for my faults : Thus Thou wilt not be completely alone to-day, my Jesus."

I finished this prayer just as the signal was given to leave the chapel. I had made my meditation badly that morning but thanks to my good angel all was repaired — I followed my companions joyously, thinking that all day I would faithfully keep our dear Lord company.

Since then, I never see the sanctuary lamp without thinking of my ten minutes dreaming on what I should like to be, or without remembering my little compact with our dear Lord.