

*The Soul.*

Would that my heart were ever burning with the love of God, that it might share thy mission!

*The Lamp.*

This happiness that you envy, do you forget then, that you may share it with me? I watch, not only to symbolize Jesus, the Light of the World, but to point out to souls the presence of the Divine Master. In ancient days there stood at the Gate of Paradise an Angel, armed with a flaming sword to prevent men from entering. But now, more merciful than the Angel, I invite them all, with ardent desire, to come and visit Jesus in His Tabernacle, to seat themselves at the Holy Table, the true terrestrial paradise of souls. I am not like to the Angel, but rather to the miraculous star that guided the Magi to the cradle of the Saviour. And my office is still more blest, for I call not a few chosen souls, but all mankind, to Jesus. And, mark it well, I call them not to the tiny, suffering, mortal Babe of the Crib, but to the impassible, immortal and glorious God of the Resurrection.

*The Soul.*

But at least thine is the incomparable privilege of being consumed before Him.

*The Lamp.*

True, dear friend of the Lord. And by consuming myself and watching I may honor Jesus and instruct souls. How few among those who approach the annihilated God of the Eucharist know how to die to themselves in order to live to Him. As for me, I live but to die. To live therefore to grace, they should die to sin and to their evil inclinations. How much I might say on such a subject. For you, dear Adorer of our Lord, if you would live you must know how to die.

*The Soul.*

Thanks for these beautiful lessons. Would that they might be deeply imprinted in my heart and that of many others. Would that my life, like thine, might be spent wholly in the service of God. Would that my example, my every word, my very presence might speak to all whom I meet of the Presence of the Master. I will, at least, learn how to dwell, myself, ever before Him, wherever I may be, and I leave my heart beside thee, little lamp, to burn before Him until I come again.

*The Lamp.*

Farewell, dear soul. May God's blessing attend thy steps. May Jesus live in thee always, here below, by His grace, and in Heaven by His glory.