



The little ones have asked for Bread

— I —

→ Little Peter ←

Little Peter is not a myth.

Last spring he was a very lively as well as a very charming and loveable reality.

Perhaps, without knowing it you may even have met him on your way between St. Paul and St. Malo, when the apple-trees were laden with blossoms, and the wild roses and golden bloom ran riot scattering fragrance and beauty with royal munificence...

Towards the end of June the little blue butterflies, and the big dragon fly with purple wings, fluttered in abundance around the sparkling rivulets that flowed so noiselessly among the rocks in sparse herbage...

Little Peter was chasing butterflies and dragon flies.

Little Peter was gathering trophies.

Under the large leaves of the cork-tree, after long hours of eager chase, when his little white gaiters had become yellow with the pollen of shrub and plant, where the limpid water had enticed and ensnared the unsuspecting insects...

Little Peter, with great care, pierced his victims.

Little Peter was collecting....

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