

Dear Father,

August.

We are enjoying our vacations in a lovely country place on the lake shore. Yesterday I caught 300 shrimps and John caught 400. Kathleen cooked them and we had a fine meal. Afterwards we caught a fat white clam and a big red crab and set them to fight, the crab came out best, perhaps, because the clam left him master of the field.

On my way home, I met a poor little rag picker not much taller than Papa's riding boots, he was dragging a big bag that was heavier than he was. Though it was raining and chilly he was barefooted and went from house to house looking for papers in the garbage boxes. Three big rowdies spied him and tried to fight him and make him give up his bag. The poor little fellow ran away frightened to death crying bitterly, the bad boys followed him throwing stones. Then I interferred grabbed the biggest and practised all my boxing lessons on him... When he had enough he decamped followed by his chums... Then I asked the boy... What is your name? James—Where do you live? Near the wharf. Where are your boots? I haven't any. Come Mama will give you a pair. I have no Mama. I mean my Māma will give you a pair. I brought him home with me and Māma gave him a pair of my boots and some nice fresh cookies. I helped him put on the boots and asked: Have you any marbles? No. Well, I'll give you some of mine. I filled his two pockets and he went away laughing and eating his cookies as if he found them to his liking.

I was delighted. You told us what we did for the poor, it was for the child Jesus we did it. I danced round saying to Māma: I've given my shoes, and half of my marbles to Little Jesus. Now He'll surely convert Papa.

Your little Peter