

The appeal lasted several days and became more insistent at the hour he used to go to Communion . . . I finished by giving in.

For the future I will go every day; the poor laborer of the eleventh hour will now do his utmost to fill his little sons place at the Holy Table.

This resolution gave me great peace. My only ambition is to follow in his footsteps and slowly ascend this hill of sanctity, this royal way of sacrifice and of self-surrender that he mastered so quickly, be the pupil of him whose master I should have been.

Walking in the garden this morning, I stopped before a tall graceful lily whose snow-white corolla had opened during the night and noticed at its base a frail blossom of rare beauty. It seemed like a little of the whiteness fallen from the lily that had meekly matured.... in its shadow.

I would be like this poor seedling . . . and for the future live thus protected by him, close to him . . . as it were in his shadow.

Please pray for me.

Yours with respect and gratitude.

D'AIRELLE.

VII

Little Peter has gone to sleep.

Little Peter lies on the high cliff overlooking the blue waters he loved so well.

Little Peter sleeps in the big noiseless open-air dormitory where angels keep watch.

Above his tomb rises a cross of granite into whose outstretched arms climbing rosebuds creep and nestle.