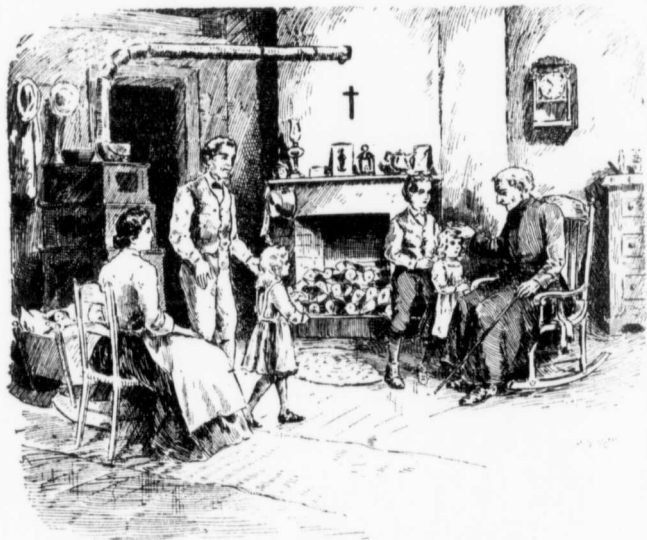


Our Lord, for allowing him this legitimate gratification, for thus strewing flowers among the inevitable sacrifices of his apostleship.

He loved those little children who clung to him so fearlessly and affectionately, like young tendrils round an old oak ; he saw in their clear innocent eyes a transparent heaven, on their pure unruffled brows the dawn of a beautiful day. Only a few months ago the eldest had



made his First Communion. Had received with loving joy into his spotless heart, Jesus, the King of Kings, the Fond Lover of children. And every Sunday since then he had knelt again at the Eucharistic table with a piety and fervor truly remarkable in such a little lad. Nothing, neither teasing, mockery, sarcasm, inclement weather, or even bad example could deter this young hero from his weekly participation in the Bread of the Strong.

Behold a model of the ideal christian home wherein peace and happiness reigns and whose fortunate members are rich with the richness profitable unto eternal life.