

tude he remained for a long time, his little head resting against the tabernacle. Once, he was surprised in this position, his hands joined, his eyes fixed on the tabernacle.

"What are you doing there?" they asked him.

"Saying my prayers," was the answer. "Here I am nearer to Jesus, to speak to Him and to listen to Him."

Another day, taking off his shoes with a rope around his neck and a wax candle in his hand, he went to beg pardon of Our Lord.

The demon without doubt, foresaw that this child would snatch many souls from him, and so he tried to strangle him in his cradle. This was told by Ven. Père Eymard himself to his intimate friend, Père Mayet.

"While still quite young," he said, "I felt a heavy hand seize me by the throat and try to strangle me. I cried out for help, and I even caught the hand that was squeezing my throat. My father, hearing my cries, came in all haste, and quieted me. They never put any faith in what I said on this point, but the remembrance is still so deeply impressed on my mind that it seems to me that it happened only a short time ago. I was then only five years old."

We have said that Père Eymard had a sister named Marie Anne, who was like a second mother to the boy, being twelve years his senior. Her example and advice contributed much to developing piety in him, and they loved each other very dearly.

Once when Marie Anne had had a little disagreement with her step-mother, Pierre began to sob and weep, begging his father not to scold her, reminding him of how hard she worked, and how faithfully she gave him all her wages. The child had already remarked this, although he was then only four years old. One year later, he congratulated his sister on her great progress in perfection. "How happy you are," he said to her, "to approach the Holy Table so often! Offer a Communion for me, I beg of you."

"What shall I then ask of the good God for you?" she inquired.