

The Missionary gave them to me to read... I in turn give them to the vast army of Little Ones...

I'll have to change the spelling now and then.

Dear Father,

S.— April, 1912

It's Peter the smallest of your Leaguers who writes to tell you about himself and to let you know he has not passed a single day since the Mission without thinking of you...

The day after you left, the big folks boasted they had gone with you to the depot.

I would like to have gone too but because I am only seven no one told me about it and Mama makes me go to bed at eight o'clock summer as well as winter.

The holidays finished on Monday. I am back at school again and my teacher says he is well pleased with me. He says that now I work well. I must do my best every day because I receive Communion every day.

Oh! I don't yet succeed in all my problems, and I still make lots of mistakes in spelling, but I want to do better, and to let you see in each of my letters the improvement, and that I am good Leaguer...

Father won't the good God bless me if I love Him much, I love Him with all my heart and tell Him so every day.

Since you left I've only broken my promise about daily Communion once.

You won't scold Father because it was not my fault.

I went to the church in good time but there was no mass. There was to be a funeral and no one paid any attention to a little chap like me...

John my big brother belongs like me to the first degree of the League so receives every day. I told him about it.

And I am so glad because I feel the child Jesus is pleased that so many Little Ones receive Him every day.

At home I scarcely give any more trouble. Still sometimes Papa has to chide me at table because I get up so often without leave, and because I tease Kathleen.

I was threatened with a whipping, but it did not come yet, and I hope it won't,

Your affectionate

Little Peter