

ing days. The Dr. came, and after he left Mama hugged me long and close and I felt tears on her cheeks.

Then I heard her tell John they would make a novena for my cure.

But I don't want to be cured. I want to die to go and see Little Jesus and to convert Papa. I suffer very much, still, I am glad to suffer, like Jesus, and in union with Jesus, to convert sinners, especially my own dear Papa... When I am dead pray for Papa.

Good-by until we meet in heaven.

Your ever loving,
Little Peter.

April.

Dear Father,

Here I am again. But I can't write any more, John is writing for me.

I am going to see Little Jesus. I will not be here much longer, I feel it. I am so glad. When I'm alone I hum the Mission hymn: In heaven, in heaven, I'll go and see Him some day. Or the other, we used to sing, with our arms in the form of a cross for the conversion of sinners:

Mary, O gentle merciful Mother,
Pray for us poor sinners,
And by your powerful intercession
Convert and purify our sinful hearts.

My chest is very sore, yet, I never felt so happy...

The Pastor came to see me...

He asked me «was it true as had been reported to him that I had gone to Communion every day in a different church. I hung my head and murmured yes... Why did you do that Peter?—To please Jesus and the Pope... and to convert Papa... You are very anxious to convert your Papa?—Oh! yes. It is my greatest wish and the reason