

I'll be a captain like Papa... Kathleen the story she generally tells her dollie, John a riddle; at each letter traced on the sand, the ants swarmed out in droves. Kathleen ran away screaming, but John or I were not a bit scared we caught about 200 of them.

Now I am going to tell you a secret.

About a month ago after Communion I thought of your sermon on sin and the child martyr of Tonkin who choose death rather than commit a mortal sin... Then I asked the Little Jesus to make me die sooner than let me commit a mortal sin. It seemed to me the child Jesus was pleased and now every night, after the beads for Papa I repeat the same prayer: My Jesus, I ask you to make me die sooner than let me commit a mortal sin. Do I do right?

*October.*

Dear Father,

Here we are back at school again. I am trying hard to be a good boy, to study well, to be obedient and respectful to my teachers, gentle and kind to all my companions especially those I like least—and all this to please Little Jesus.

Now for my secrets: I love to go to Church when no one is there, because then I'm alone with Jesus and I speak to Him. Sometimes He answers, sometimes He does not, still, just the same, I'm always delighted to be with Him.

I tell Him again and again, in fact I'm always telling Him He should convert Papa.

When I have to go away, I say: «Little Jesus, I would like to stay longer but I have to go and attend to my lessons. I will not forget You, I'll work for You, Father told us we pray in working, when we work for You.» In college at recreation I always take the side that faces the chapel so as to be as near Our Lord as possible.