

yawned. "I'm sorry, old man," Master said, "I'm tired too. I've done a bit too much lately, and there is still so much to be done. But I must go to Church, you know."

I didn't take any notice, and his voice was so low and weary that I thought if I kept very still and breathed very hard, as if I were fast asleep, he might rest too. For a minute or two he sat quite still. Then he jumped up and sent me flying, and said, quite sharply for him, "You know I never miss Church on Sunday."