

* * *

With a sigh the Pastor knocks at the door of the last house. He knows by experience how very different it is from the one he has just left.

After constrained greetings he summons up courage to face the painful duty prescribed by his ministry and says :

“How is it Mr. R... that I never see you or any



member of your family at Mass on Sunday?" "After working like a slave all week" doggedly replies Mr. R. "I need rest and use Sunday for that purpose."

"You complain of being tired and needing rest" gently retorted his interrogator, "but, you forget, no doubt, that Our Lord, Jesus Christ, did not complain when He suffered for us — and still suffers — when we ungrateful children that we are begrudge Him half an hour on Sunday to assist at Mass and gather the merits of the Holy Sacrifice."