timents especially during his pastoral visits. Wherever he went he was greeted with filial joy and like the typical Father he was always left blessing, comfort and renewed courage in his wake.

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On this particular day he had been engaged since early morning in making his rounds. Many a family had listened to the fatherly advice, the words of salvation that sweet as honey fell from his lips. And now weary and spent with his long day's work he earnestly desires to return to his presbytery but can not make up his mind to defer until tomorrow the two families that still remain to be visited, the two homes one of which is his joy and consolation, the other his Gethsemane.

So with superhuman courage he continues his way and soon reaches the first. It is an unpretentious looking dwelling, plainly furnished, but scrupulously clean ; the home of an honest christian workingman, a son of toil who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. More than once forcibly struck with the happiness shining on the faces of its inmates the priest had inwardly commented : " How this family remindes me of the holy one of Nazareth ! "

To-day giving expression to his thought he asks the father :

" Are you happy ? "

" Very ! " is the spontaneous answer. " I'm as happy as can be. I have to work very hard during the week, it's true, but forget all about it on Sunday and feel so thankful and glad, as accompanied by my wife and children I assist at Mass where we thank Our dear Lord for His gentle care and tender mercies during the past week and beg His blessing on the opening one. And I must tell you, Father, that since we have the privilege of receiving Holy Communion every week, our home is transformed, filled with God's fragrance. We live more joyously and united ; we are more loving kind, and forbearing to one another. Oh yes ! I'm very happy and so are we all."

The priest often marvelled at finding such beautiful sentiments among his humble parishoners, and thanked