

Sacred Host from his sacrilegious hands. But the race was long and her feet seemed leaden-weighted. One wild prayer after another went up from her quickly throbbing heart that she might overtake him before he should pass into any of the wicked haunts toward which the street led. Gradually she gained on him and was beside him.

"You wretched man !" she cried, as catching the quick fall of her feet on the stones, he glanced around.

"What do you mean, my good woman ?" he asked, the evil eyes looking down on her flushed face with a sinister smile.

"I saw you," she cried, between gasps of breath, stealing the Sacred Host !"

"Did you ?" he sneered. "And what are you going to do about it ?"

"You must give it to me !" she wailed. "You must ! You must ! You must !"

A mocking laugh rang out on the soft air as he turned away. Despair crept into her heart, for she knew she was powerless to move him. Again she called to God ; and it was then she thought of her precious hoarded money.

"Wait !" she cried. "Will you give it to me for money ?"

"Not for the little you may have," he sneered, looking at the poorly clad figure.

"I can give more than you think," she wailed.

"How much ?"

She named half the amount in her pocket, but he shook his head and again walked on.

"Wait !" she sobbed. "I have more," and she held out to him the savings of the ten long years. He looked at the pile of yellow gold, then at the white, wrung face of the pleading woman.

"This is all you have ?"

"Yes !"

"You have worked all your life to amass it ?"

"For ten years."

"And yet you offer it to me for this Host ? Why, woman, I can steal another, as many as I want, before the day is over !"