

During the day, the saintly priest paid a visit to Madame L. She invited him to dinner on the next day, and gave him her purse begging him to distribute its contents to his parishoners.

“ You know better than I do,” said she, “ their different wants.”

When little Martha kissed her mother before getting into bed, she said entreatingly : “Mamma, you would be very good if you would let me.....”

“ Let you what, my child ? ”

“ Let me buy our old Priest’s snuff box, you know Papa gave me five pieces on New Year’s day.”

“ Wiht all my heart, my darling Martha, I am delighted we should both have the same charitable idea. I have resolved to get back at any price, the beautiful ivory crucifix, on which his eyes have been accustomed to rest, when he hopened th m every morning. We will go into the town early to-morrow, do not sleep too late so that we may be back for dinner.”

A useless precaution, for the hope of proeuring such a pleasure to her dear instructor, and the fear of arriving too late to get the snuff box, had awakened the child before dayligh.

Madame L. easily discovered the jeweller to whom all the valuables had been sold. Only the snuff box and crucifix remained in his possession, and as this last was a veritable work of art he was very loth to part with it.

On their return, the old priest who was always very punctual, received them at the door of their own house. A sign agreed upon beforehand with Bertha told her they had succeeded in obtaining the crucifix, and according to agreement she went off to the presbytery to hang it in its usual place.

They sat down to dinner, and the good priest told