

there. He said to himself:

"Oh, I suppose it is in my pocket somewhere in the corner, perhaps I did not look very well."

He arrived at the house which was not a half square from the river, heard the sick man's confession and gave him Holy Communion.

As he was going through the hall which led to the street door, he looked for the third time in his pocket, but the cross was gone. Turning to the sick man's wife he said:

"Mrs. O'Neal, I have lost a small crucifix which is valuable, almost priceless, to me. You would do me a great favor to thoroughly search the rooms I have been in, and then let me know whether you have found it or not. I will indeed be under many obligations to you if you do this."

Mrs. O'Neal promised to have the rooms searched as soon as she could. Father Deloreaux burned a box of matches in looking from the house to the bridge for his cross, but to no avail. He went home with a heavy heart, yet he had still two hopes.

The first was, that it might be found at Mrs. O'Neal's. That, however, was not realized, as a few days later a man stated that the rooms and hall in which the priest had been were looked over thoroughly, but the cross could not be found. It was clear that he had dropped it into the river.

The second hope was to ask his congregation to make a novena to St. Anthony that he might find it.

He did ask; and the people made the novena, but four months had passed and still the cross did not appear.

Now, in the village there lived a little girl about twelve years old. She seemed to be waisting away with some disease which could not be cured, at least in her case, for her father could not afford to get a doctor. Oh no, his whiskey was much more necessary for him than a doctor was for Marie, Poor Marie Arnold! She had a hard time.

Poor Marie was a good girl, for her mother, who was dead, had taught her to hate sin and to fear it, and Marie