

Harry looked up. "Yes," the priest said, smiling at the questioning eyes "you are quite right, my child, I am not going to let you off ! you will finish this picture for — God."

So Miss Harry went home to work very soberly and diligently at her big canvas.

"I can only try and do my best," she answered quite humbly, when asked how her picture was getting on.

Miss Harry was changed ! but there are other lessons besides the dawns of humility to be learned in the school she had entered as pupil. Humility is a good planting ground for the faith, who will deny it ! And faith leads, straight as it can go, to the foot of the Cross ; and to please God, a deeper and truer humility still, and to the love that the Sacred Heart never fails to kindle in these poor mortal hearts that are His clients.

Miss Harry, working diligently at her picture day by day, "pondered all these things in her heart."

Perhaps, never in her life had gentle quiet Mrs. Hardness been so happy as the day Harry, kneeling at her feet, put her arms round her, whispered a confession of all her pride and waywardness and selfishness, and a petition for forgiveness. It was almost like having her a baby again to feel the caressing hands and the soft young cheek against her own. "Please God, Mother, I shall be a better daughter," and then after a little pause she added "Mother, darling, you have guessed ? I must see Fa'her Esdaill. And Mrs. Hardness with her little sigh said," yes darling "she never would interfere with her child's conscience. Catholics who hear Miss Hardness's name sometimes ask : "Is that the Miss Hardness who painted that wonderful picture of the Sacred Heart at X — ? For the grain of mustard seed has grown, and the mission is a well-known one nowadays.

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