

lamp fell full upon the picture and the fragrant blossoms before it. Thomas Leonard started as if he had seen a ghost. The divine face and figure rudely outlined, but yet full of meaning and majesty, strangely awed him.

"What's that?" he said, shortly, jerking his thumb in the direction of the Sacred Image.

"A picture of the Sacred Heart, father."

"Who put it there?"

"I did."

"Humph."

No more was said. Mary was rejoiced that her father had not ordered the picture to be taken down. So hard and absorbed in material things had he become, that beauty, sweetness, spirituality, paused without the stone porch. Work and economy were all the duties that Thomas Leonard imposed upon his daughter. If she wanted to say her prayers—short ones—well and good. If a priest came, she might go to mass, but there must be no humbug. At first when a priest came at Easter, Thomas Leonard was careful to receive the Sacraments. Of late, he had contrived to be out of the way at that particular time, and his faith was apparently dead.

The picture had been in its place a week or more, when Mary surprised her father, one evening, standing, with a light in his hand, attentively examining it. She stole away, unheeded, and again she caught him painfully spelling out "the Promises," which had been left upon the shelf.

Once a grandchild came from a still more remote country place, on a visit. His mother was a Protestant. The child had been taught nothing of its father's religion. One day Mary overheard a conversation between her father and the little lad.

"Grandpapa, who is that in the picture?"

"Its our Saviour, I suppose," said the man, shamefacedly, the name was so unfamiliar on his lips.