

A brief explanation followed, and Mary mechanically took up an inclosed printed card, "The Promises of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary." Mechanically, too, she began to read. Her thoughts were busy with that madcap, Lucy Nearn, the wildest girl in the class, transformed now into a promoter of the Sacred Heart. One promise particularly appealed to Mary :

"I will bless the houses wherein an Image of my Heart shall be exposed and honored."

Acting on a sudden impulse, Mary went up to her room and took from a drawer a colored print. It was of no particular value. It had been given as a reward of merit in the young girl's convent days. It was an Image of the Sacred Heart. She brought it downstairs, and with some hesitation hung it up in the sitting-room, just above a rude little shelf. She did not know what her father might say, and she stood considerably in awe of him and his opinions.

She passed out into the garden and gathered a handful of early Spring flowers, and put them in a vase upon the shelf. Then, she sat down at the window, and looked out over the fields just turning green and the road stretching away into the distance. At last she could see afar off her father approaching, a bent and toil-worn figure. His clothing was rough, his air and manner, as he entered the house, dejected and even morose.

Thomas Leonard's life had been one of hard and prosaic labor. He had had but little time to attend to his religious duties, and the suburb where he lived gave but narrow scope for anything more than the baldest practice of religion. It was only occasionally visited by a priest, the Catholics in the vicinity being the merest handful.

After supper, Mary Leonard carried the lamp into the sitting-room, where her father usually smoked his pipe. Scarcely had he seated himself, when the light of the