



A Picture of the Sacred Heart



ES, I'll manage it. It's quite in my line ; I'll manage it," with a nod of the close-cropped little head.

Father Esdaill looked with some amusement, and no little pity — if she had only known it — at the trim, boyish — looking little Squireess of the country English parish where a " Roman Mission " had just been " set up in opposition to the Establishment."

" Yes, I see, I quite understand ; it's a pity you should wait for on uncertainty. Let me see, three feet by three and a half. Thank you, that's it. I'll manage it ; its quite in my line, you know ! "

But what couldn't and what didn't Miss Harriet Hardness of the Park manage. Yes, there is no doubt about it she construed the verb to manage in every tense and every sense.

She managed to pray well ; to sing very well to talk three or four languages, as few Englishwomen can, and to paint well.

And what was this to be she asked ? as they stood opposite the vacant place that corresponded with our Lady's altar on the other side. " Oh, the Sacred Heart ; and how was it to be decorated ? "

Father Esdaill hoped an artist friend would give them a painting for that.

" Herbert, was it ? " Herbert was a Catholic artist. " No, a Belgian," the Father said, " and," with a smile, " No ? what a pity ! " Then Miss Harry stood back a few steps, examined critically, pondered a moment, then cheerfully volunteered to do the painting herself. " I'll