

Committed to his Charge

because Slowford, not Paris, had been her destination. With her a pastor-choosing was a serious affair, for on the man, be he bad or good, would she pour out all the treasures of her forgotten heart. Her ear was naturally tuned to ever listen for a husband's footstep. And she had listened so long. At last she went into bed, and rested there with a long sigh of content. The day's doing chased themselves through her mind in that last kaleidoscope of thought, when the impulses of one action and the result of another make the strange mingling which precedes the start and fall into space that in their turn herald sleep. Last faint ejaculations of piety escaped her; over all was a serene sense of well-doing and security in Divine benediction. A children's picnic arranged, a stab at another woman well planted, a neglected baby baptized, a hoarded ten-cent piece bestowed, the train laid to find out something it was never her business to know—was there ever such a jumble of the good and the bad? Something accomplished, something done, had earned a night's repose.