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COLLEGE RE-OPENS September 12, 1918.

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THE OLD CHURCH  
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still sat there, when, near the dinner-hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and, a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly:—

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Haven't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving Ann, coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too; and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner-hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear?" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"Dat's all de col' meat dar was—sorry I didn't have no more," said Thanksgiving Ann, half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast this morning," began Mr. Allyn, wonderingly; "and you have no potatoes, neither—nor vegetables of any kind!"

"Laws, yes! But den a body has to think about it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' just the same with taters; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, and I didn't happen to have much of muffin. 'Clare! I forgot de bread? and trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

"No bread!" murmured Mrs. Allyn. "No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might of made biscuit or muffins, if I had planned for 'em long enough but dat kind o' makes a body feel's if dey had to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all o' my warm feelin's, when de time come."

"When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble," remarked Mr. Allyn, impatiently; but still too bewildered at such an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

"Cur'us how things make a body think o' Bible verses," said Thanksgiving, musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy'; an' 'what shall I render to de Lord for all His benefits to 'ard me.' Dar! I didn't put on dem peaches."

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?" questioned the gentleman, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is a 'method in her madness,'" replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of its morning contents; but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit dish.

"Dat's all! De chilern eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I'se sorry dar aint no more; but I hope y'll 'joy what dar is, an' 'I wishes 'twas five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lip for a moment, and then asked quietly:—

"Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Wall, dar now! s'pose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone; "b'lieve I will next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I'd heard givin' whatever happened to be on hand was so much freer an' lovin'er a way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear's if dey fared slim,

an' I spects I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see, George?" questioned the wife when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object lesson with a vengeance!"

"And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem anything like this?" pursued Mrs. Allyn, with a troubled face.

"She is right, Fanny; it doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is His direct gift; and all our hopes for the world to come are in Him. We profess to be not our own, but His; to be journeying towards His royal city; and that His service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own appareling, entertainment and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of His kingdom, or the forwarding of His work; but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It doesn't seem very like faithful or loving service," Mr. Allyn answered gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally, lately, but have been too indolent, careless or selfish to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this, they found, required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labor, in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters."

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded, laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:—

"Ann, now I suppose you are satisfied?"

"I's 'mazing glad," said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; but satisfied—dat's a long, deep word; an' de Bible says it will be when we 'awake in His likeness."

"Wall, now, I don't perfers none o' these kind o' things," said Silas, standing on one foot, and swinging the other, "but I don't mind telling ye that I think your way's right, an' I don't believe nobody ever lost nuthin' by what they give to God; cause He's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see; but I don't s'pose you'd call that a right good motive; would you?"

"Not de best, Silas; not de best; but it don't make folks love de Lord any de less, 'cause He's a good paymaster, and keeps His word. People dat starts in givin' to de Lord wid dat kind o' motives soon outgrows 'em—it soon gets to be payin' rad'er dan givin'."

"Wa-ll, ye see, folks don't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No, they don't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de millennium. But I's glad de faint streak of dat day dat's come to 'dis house!" And she went in, with her old song upon her lips:—

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody."

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### THE CHURCH IN THE MOTHERLAND.

(Continued from page 505.)

range of alternatives available for the choice of the parish in the mind of the Committee. Two members of the Committee take "no responsibility for any recommendation as to the details of any evening Communion," and another two feel that "the effort to re-introduce what is tantamount to 'High Mass' as the regular Sunday morning service with its non-communicating attendance, and in consequence its one-sided presentation of Truth will, if pressed, bring grave loss to the Church."

"One hour or, at the most, one hour and a quarter is the limit of the power of attention in ordinary congregations." "A service should be held in which the bulk of the time should be given to preaching." "Short prefatory introductions by competent scholars to the Old Testament Lessons are suggested."

Intoning is unnecessary in parish churches in the opinion of the committee as given in the section on Church music. "It is better to speak the Psalms heartily than to sing them badly." "The disuse of women singers in the choirs and the disappearance of local orchestras," are spoken of with regret.

The committee was made up of twenty-two members, under the chairmanship of the Dean of Christ Church. It included all sections of the Church and all colours and shades of opinion.

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