

Committed to his Charge

women to each, and already the holes in the stove-top meant for the lifter were half full of pointless needles. Through the open window came the hum of bees in the lilacs, a butterfly flew across the opening ; the sound of falling water joined the busy throb of a mill, and up the slope came a boy's cheery holloa as he pushed his boat into the pond, the water a shimmer of dancing points as the little craft made its way behind the Rectory trees opposite.

"Everything is full of life ; it seems hard——" said Mrs. Lyte. And everyone knew.

"She Sarah, Sarah!"

Mrs. Lindsay enunciated her soft Italian syllables like to the Kismet of a stoic. Abraham's wife was popular in Slowford, and three of the Guild answered to the name of Sarah.

"Eh?" said one, a distant relative, who might have been familiarly addressed by Mrs. Lindsay.

"Oh, it's nothing," answered Mrs. Forby. "Is there a draught? Were you," turning to her friend, "were you sneezing?" Then she did as she invariably did, when Mrs. Lindsay was guilty of "talking fine"; she created a diversion by sharp contrast.

"Look at my hands," she said, holding them