

## Committed to his Charge

win temporary resting places. Then she dropped anchor, sure of quiet occupancy if not always positive welcome, with a girlhood friend who had married successfully. Here, in a room at the top of the house, with one dormer window whence she could see the darting swallows dip into chimneys several feet below her eyrie, and a second window of the skylight kind that let in a stray branch of the Virginia creeper which covered the house, she lived out the portion of her life not spent in Church or school-house. The successors of the three-legged chair and broken crockery adorned the rag-carpeted floor and sloping walls, and the ashes of Dorothy and Jerusha glowed again in her love for the members of her infant class. She was not beautiful enough for a picture, nor to step within the covers of a book, but she was beautiful enough to love, and to wish—Oh, God! how devoutly—to be loved. This night, when the excitement of a vestry-meeting had culminated in a choice of pastor, Dulcie let down her long and still beautiful hair, and brushed it to a mirror-brightness like unto the glass opposite. Her small, twinkling eyes gazed into the pane which twinkled back at her. Then,