

Committed to his Charge

Such upheavals could not but influence the Chapter Room. One bright day in June the members are in full conclave assembled, the roll little changed from when we first met them save for the absence of Dulcie; the conversation wags as usual, although this time Tom Huntley's curate and not Tom Huntley comes in for the stabs. Outside the Chapter-room door, where once a struggle for life was kept up by the weeds in the unraked gravel, a screen of waving green, lilac, syringa and honeysuckle, gives forth in due season colour and scent. The walls of the schoolhouse, fashioned by an architect whose one idea had been adapted from a sugar refinery, are clothed in vines, Virginia creeper and Boston ivy, fluttering terraces that ripple in every vagrant breeze. The screen had been Helen's work, the ivy planted by her husband.

"It certainly is a great improvement," remarked Mrs. Lindsay, looking up from her work into the glory of sunshine framed by the shadow of the doorway. "We can see the passers-by, and they can't see us; and as for those flying butteries, it was a mercy to cover them up."

The quilting frames were out and filled, two