

## Committed to his Charge

statement about herself on a card, I should like to know where she *would* be if not at home?"

Everyone had something to say, but the majority decided that the man meant well, and that it would never do in these early days to seem resentful.

"It strikes me," said Mrs. Lyte, "that he finds himself in a position entirely new, and doesn't quite know what to do."

"Yes, and bound to do something—he's boiling with energy. Exactly. Never was a Rector before, and thinks we are literally his sheep, to be driven this way and that."

"He's like a dog with two tails and trying to wag 'em both at once," said Mrs. Forby.

Everybody laughed. "A finger in every pie," added Mrs. Lindsay. "Just you watch Carney on Sunday." Mr. Carney was the organist. "Mr. Huntley is bound to do the choosing of the hymns, and he has begun at the tunes and the chants now. When you see Carney come out and hunch his ears up in his coat collar, and sit with his legs stiff and without getting on the bench till the bell's stopped, then you may know there's been battle, murder and sudden death in the vestry. And now he says the organ wants