

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY

the heath-covered hills. Into this narrow bay three or four coasting schooners had run for shelter from yesterday's storm; but now that morning had brought smoother seas, and only a pleasantly stiff breeze, all were preparing to sail out again. One was already rounding Needle Point and bearing to the westward.

"That's Jacob Eisenhauer's *Leviathan*," Charity Pennland said to herself as she looked at it through her father's spy-glass. "He've come down Guysborough way, and is making for Shelburne. Well, William can't ha' been aboard, or he'd ha' been here by now."

She remembered afterwards that she had made this observation, and during all the rest of her life she thought it strange.

"He can't ha' come on any of 'em," she continued, as she turned her glass on one after another of the schooners still lying in the harbor. "Well, God knows best. William 'll come in the fulness of time, and by the way appointed to his feet. But he'll come," she added, with conviction. "Nobody needn't tell me any different from that."

She folded her spy-glass and laid it on a bench by the cottage door. Advancing into her garden, she looked about her with some dismay. The hollyhocks were bowed by the violence of last night's wind, and the phlox and verbenas had been beaten by the rain into disordered masses of blossom.