

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY

From Charity Pennland's garden, at the top of the hill, there was a certain wild splendor in the landscape. East and west the irregular Nova - Scotian coast could be seen for many miles—a long, broken line of headland and bay, headland and bay, following each other in picturesque monotony. A group of jagged rocks rose, sharp and menacing, off Needle Point; while a chain of barren islands, against which the waves threw up big splashes of spray, lay like outworks put forth by the land against the ocean. All along the indented coast the Atlantic marked the limits of its domain in a finely traced edge of curling white.

Inland, nature had been left to herself almost as completely as out upon the deep. She had been so sparing of her gifts that what she had given seemed of no use at all. She had, indeed, clothed the wind-swept hills, but only with her hardy family of heaths—the blueberry, the huckleberry, and whatever else there is in plant-life that can eke out an existence almost without food. Now that their unobtrusive flowers had passed into fruit, and the fruit had been gathered by the children who had scrambled up from Fisher's Grant, these brave little starvelings of nature were doing a further favor to mankind by arraying themselves for the restful time of life in russet, yellow, and crimson, and all the unnamed hues of sunset. Here and there the eye rested with pleasure