

# In the Garden of Charity

## I

It had been an August storm, windy and warm. The fishermen were in the habit of expecting it about the middle of the month; and when it had come and gone they said that "the back of the summer was broken." The fishermen's wives felt some of their anxiety lightened if the weeks that followed brought no bad news from "the Banks." To-day the sun was out again; and though the Atlantic was still heaving with a long, sullen swell, there were no white-caps on its bosom nor breakers on the shore. Wind and sea were going down. The last of the clouds that had brought the tempest were dragging themselves off to the northeast, towards Cape Breton and Newfoundland. The women coming out of their cottages to see what harm had been done by the gale, and the lads going down to the "skids" to bale out the half-filled boats, were conscious of an exhilaration in the air, as though they had struggled with a foe and conquered it.