

The Family

WAITING.

While we wait for our ships to come from sea, Let our trees and flowers be growing; In our dreams of life that is to be, Let no present joys be going.

It is foolish to dream o'er the "might have been," Or to think what the years are bringing; When the sweet flowers bloom, and the trees are green, And the cheerful birds are singing.

Your thoughts may flee to the far away— To your castles in the distance, But to your neglect of the grand to-day The heart should make resistance.

You may gaze afar on a shining star, And forget some fair sweet blossom; But it is nearer your heart than those things afar, And is longing to rest in your bosom.

The clouds that hover near the earth In the sunset are full of beauty, And over the clouds of this lower birth Shines the Evening Star of duty.

As the light of heaven and earth are twined In the rainbow's shining pinion, So the mingled light of soul and mind Make for God a fit dominion.

It is only a few short rolling years, That these faint lights will deceive us; Then let us banish all night and tears, And the shattered hopes that grieve us.

And while we are waiting for fulfilled dreams— For the goal for which we're longing, Let us not forget the bright sunbeams, And the blossoms round us thronging.

Let us gather up in our quiet path Each beautiful bud and blossom, And a peace which no selfish spirit hath Shall come to each weary bosom.

For I know there shall come a day of rest When the soul will cease its yearning— When the human heart shall at last be blest, And the hale-fires cease their burning.

And so long as we dwell where all is change— Where Death holds daily revel, Let us as we go for a lofter range— Let us tread, content, our level.

And, after awhile, when our change shall come, We will think of the clouds now flying As fog on the path that lead us home, And that true life came—in dying!

Ladies' Repository

THE SISTERS.

"Mother, isn't Lotty to come to school this morning?" At this question, Mrs. Brandram turned half round from the great wooden trough, full of dough she was kneading into loaves, and looked doubtfully at a little girl sitting on the step, her head leaning against the doorway, and a book in her lap.

"She, too, turned round a little at the question, and glanced up at her mother wistfully. The girl who had spoken, was pretty, rosy, and well grown; the child, two or three years younger, sitting on the step, was small, pale, and thin, with a heavy, languid look in her dark eyes when she raised them, that made the mother, not after an instant—

"No, say this morning, I think Cary; the day is going to be a very warm one, and it is a long walk to school." The child settled herself back into her old position with a little sigh of relief, while her sister frowned out of the room, without speaking into the cupboard in the passage where school hats and cloaks were kept, pulled her eyes down from her special peg with a jerk, and on her head with the same superabundant energy, caught up her book-bag, and marched on of the house up the street.

It was a lovely, still morning in early summer. By and by, when the light morning clouds had drifted away, and the sun was higher, it would be, as Mrs. Brandram said, "very hot, but now the dew still sparkled on the shady sides of the hedge-rows; all the gems of Aladdin's garden gleamed out from them at Cary as he passed along; the scent of hay came up from the meadows, and the leaves rustled gently round her; all the sweet sights, and scents, and sounds of a summer morning stole softly about the footsteps of the angry girl, as if they would win her to gentle thoughts, only Cary resolutely shut eyes, and ears, to all such gentle teaching.

"I declare it's a shame," she said to herself, "the way mother pats and pampers Lotty, and encourages her to sham ill to get school and doing errands, and doing any thing but mope about with a book, and amuse herself. She says to do this, and that, and the other, because she looks pale. As if it wasn't some folks' nature to look pale, and others' to have red faces. I declare it makes me sick, the way mother lets her go on."

The pace at which she walked under the influence of these thoughts, her carelessness as to whether she kept the sunny or the shady side of the way, was enough to make her sick also; but in the influence of her angry jealousy, she forgot all bodily discomforts.

Yet Cary Brandram was not naturally a cruel or unkind sister; once or twice in her short life-time Lotty had passed out of her natural state of general delicacy and fragility into one of severe illness and danger. At these times, Cary was the kindest, the most devoted of nurses; there was nothing she would not do, nothing she would not give up for Lotty, as long as the fear of losing her remained; but as soon as she was well, she would be as good as dead.

Ab, let no one think they may cherish thoughts of bitterness, envy, uncharitableness, and yet stop short of deeds; sooner or later the envious and jealous thoughts, the bitter, unloving one will bear fruit, will pass into deeds never to be undone in this world, though every tear we have was shed to wipe them out.

Through all the morning's work at school Cary nursed her jealous anger and sense of injury till it flamed higher than ever. More than once she received a rebuke for carelessness and inattention, which was no wonder; in the angry preoccupation of her thoughts, she scarcely heard the voice of her classmates, or the lesson they were repeating. So the morning wore on slowly to an end. The day chanced to be a half-holiday, so that when school broke up at noon the children dispersed at once to their homes.

—and an eager and happy little face—"one when by and by"—"round her by"—"bright-ool"

ored prints, which she was fashioning into patch-work with the best ability of her small fingers. "Look, Cary, at what mother has given me—all these, and these. There are enough for you, too, if you will have some."

"Keep them yourself," answered Cary, sullenly, and passed on with hardly a glance at what the child offered her. To the flame of such wrath as she was nursing, her heart hardly ever waiting; even this little incident added bitterness to hers.

"When I asked mother one day for some bits for patchwork, she said she had none," she thought. "She could find them for Lotty, it seems."

Mrs. Brandram's family was large, her life a very busy one—too busy for her to be able to give that to her children's various moods which a careful mother knows is necessary. She had five or six sons, but no daughter older than Cary, so that she had but little assistance in her many household labors except what the latter could give her, out of school hours.

On this afternoon she suddenly called to her eldest daughter as she was sullenly poring over a book on her knees—"Cary, I want you to go with this basket to the Acres Farm. I promised to send up this butter as soon as it was made."

"Is the basket heavy?" asked Cary, getting up slowly. "Can't Lotty take it?" My head aches from the sun this morning."

"I don't think it's too fat for Lotty," said Mrs. Brandram, hesitating. "It's not a mile, and she's not been to school, so she can't be tired, and the sun isn't hot to hurt her now," Cary went on, as her mother looked undecided.

"Well—well, tell her to take the basket, and go at once, then." And Mrs. Brandram hurried away again, too busy to give the matter much consideration after all.

With spiteful pleasure which she would justly have detested herself for at another time, Cary hastened to take Lotty from her picture-books and her patchwork, and send her forth on her mother's errand.

"Am I to go by myself?" the child inquired rather dolefully as she announced it. "Of course you are, and to carry the basket into the bargain. I have to do such things often enough, and now it's your turn, mother says."

"Did mother say so?" inquired Lotty, getting up slowly. "Of course she did," answered Cary, bounding away after this pervasion of the truth. "And you've to be quick, mind, and not sit down every half-dozen yards to rest, as you always want to be doing."

Lotty took up the basket, and went away without saying any more. But for many a yard of the pretty meadow-path every thing looked dim and misty through the tears that gathered in her dark eyes and rolled one by one down her pale little face. She had the sensitive temperament that often accompanies a feeble frame, and shrank under, without resenting, Cary's hard unkindness.

As he went, he pitiful, he kind, if not for others' sake, then at least for our own, lest to us there come a day such as came to Cary Brandram, when every angry thought, every cold and cruel word, came back to write the bitterest tears that are shed in this sorrowful world—the tears of anguished remorse, of unavailing regret.

Meanwhile little Lotty was trudging patiently onward with her basket. The load was not a heavy one, except for such slender little arms as hers. Very often the basket was shifted from one hand to the other, and more than once, in spite of what Cary had said about sitting down, the child was laid for a few minutes at a time. She was a timid little thing, and easily frightened; the very fact of being alone, and several long fields' distance from her home, made her heart beat quickly, and her dark eyes glanced around her with quick anxious looks. Once, when she was sitting on a low bank beneath a hedge for a few minutes, a sudden rustling sound, and a rust of hot breath close past her cheek from behind, made her spring wildly up from her seat and look fearfully back, to see the mid face of a friendly cow looking at her over the low hedge. Another time a huge, shaggy dog ran barking from the doorway of a shed as she passed, but stopped short when he saw how very small and weak the toe was, and gave her a kind look instead. These were little dangers, but they seemed great to the timid child; and coming presently where a pretty little brown streamlet wandered away across the meadows, between rows of pollard willows, she sat down on the little bridge that crossed it, to get over the quick beating of her heart, caused by the on-coming of the dog.

It was pleasant sitting here, she thought, with her feet hanging down over the little stream that was venturing so softly on its path over the colored stones and brown sand; pleasant to watch the shimmer and sparkle of the water in the sunshine, and how it stole into the cool shadows of the trees, and left its brightness behind by leaving a few minutes, only to take it up farther on again. She was sitting musing all this, when a voice close behind her made her start and look up, to see Cary's wrathful face close beside her. Poor little Lotty dashed up, and rose to her feet, taking up her basket at the same time.

"Go! there! I have no patience with you, lazy little thing! Give me the basket, and go home, do!" "I can take it, Cary. I was only resting a minute because a dog in this frightened me," faltered Lotty, shrinking under her sister's angry eyes, and clinging to her basket.

"Go home, I tell you! mother says you are to go!" answered Cary, stamping her foot. "Give me the basket, I say!" She snatched it from the frightened child, pushed her roughly out of her path, and hurried across the bridge without ever looking back. In her passion, she had never noticed how near the child stood to the unprotected edge of the little bridge, nor cared what force was in the push she gave her. Lotty staggered under it, and fell backward into the water.

To her dying day Cary will remember that moment when she turned and saw the bridge vacant. She could not see the water, for it ran far down between the banks in summer; but she knew where Lotty was. For one horrible minute her feet seemed rooted to the ground. She tried to run back, but could not move; tried to scream for help, and her voice was only a hoarse whisper.

After this she could never recall distinctly what happened. She knew that help came, but not by her—O! no, not through her—that she saw the small figure with wet garments clinging pitifully about the slender limbs, and dripping hair, falling wildly away from the pale face, lifted in a man's strong, tender arms, borne away to a neighboring cottage, so out of her sight.

She crept after them then, and, with frightened, tearful eyes, hung about the door of the room into which the child had been taken. There she waited, and was let in to see Lotty, but dared not; so she waited about trying

to learn something from the faces of the women who came and went from the room. At last it came. The little one was not dead—was sensible—able to speak—had asked for her mother. When Cary heard this, the tears that hitherto seemed to have been frozen up at their source rained down at last in torrents. She dashed away from the kind, detaching hand of the woman who had told her, and went out to see the face of the kind neighbor who had spoken to her before.

"My dear, your sister is asking for you," she said, quietly; but there were traces of tears on her face, and her voice was grave and low. "O, Mrs. Weston! I hardly deserve to see Lotty!" burst from Cary; "do you know that I pushed her into the water? Yes, I didn't mean to do it; but I was angry. If she had not been saved! if she had been drowned! if I had lost her!"

"Hush, my dear; now, come and see your sister."

"Is mother here? Is Lotty going home?" asked Cary as she followed her. "Going home?" repeated Mrs. Weston; "yes, Cary, your sister is going home."

Something in her voice and manner sent a thrill through the girl; she said no more, but followed her, trembling, and the scarce knew why. Little Lotty lay raised high among pillows, her dark eyes opened and wistful.

They turned on Cary as she entered, and something like a smile came to the parted lips. One of her hands was folded in her mother's breast, who knelt with bowed face beside her. She lifted the other as Cary came near, and feebly drew her sister's face down beside her.

There was a hush in the room; no one moved, no one spoke. Presently the little hand round Cary's neck slipped from its resting-place, and those who looked on, knew that Lotty had gone home.

Children who read this story, children who are what Cary Brandram was—envious, jealous, passionate—be warned by Cary's punishment. None of us can venture to linger on the coast of a word spoken—a deed done in anger; none of us can cherish bitter thoughts, and say they shall never bear fruit in deeds.

As for Cary, humbled, broken-hearted, sorrowful Cary, she must be laid beside Lotty in the quiet church-yard, before she will forget that day when her sin overtook her.

Many days—months—had to pass before she could be suddenly reminded of her lost sister, without passionate bursts of grief. Long on every stool by the hearth, the vacant place on the chimney, or sister's tears. For long she would rise up wildly from her bed at night, and creeping to the little cot where Lotty had lain, sink sobbing on her knees beside it, and sometimes worn out, fall asleep so with her head on the pillow where her sister's used to lie.

This time passed, for such grief is not for ever; but not the repentance that alone is worth anything in the sight of heaven—the repentance that bears fruit in our daily life.—Children's Repository.

Wesleyan Almanac.

SEPTEMBER, 1870. First Quarter, 2nd day, 9h. 45m. morning. Full Moon, 9th day, 9h. 57m. afternoon. Last Quarter, 17th day, 9h. 57m. morning. New Moon, 25th day, 9h. 57m. morning.

Table with columns: Day, SUN, MOON, H. Tide at High, H. Tide at Low. Rows for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's South gives the time of the setting of the Moon at Parsonville, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, North and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hours and 30 minutes after the tide at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N. B., and Portland Maine, 3 hours and 44 minutes later, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 1 hour earlier, than at Halifax.

For the LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising next morning.

For the LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 24 hours, and the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

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