

Miscellaneous.

ROXY AND THE BLUE VELVET CASE.

BY ARDIE OWEN.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart.—Loud.

"What do you think, Mary Beals? There's a picture gallery started right across from here. Let's go over and see it."

"Oh, my! that's splendid! we can have our pictures taken every day, can't we, Nelly?"—and off the girls ran with arms clasped around each other.

A tall, solemn-looking man was standing in a dark corner, pouring something over a glass, when the sweet faces peeped in at the door.

"Are you the picture-man?" asked Nelly, timidly.

"I suppose so," was the answer, which wasn't so cross, after all.

"Can Mary and I come in and look?" continued the little speaker, half scared at her own boldness.

The tall man scrutinized them for a full minute before answering.

"Are you some of Miss Christen's girls?"

"Yes sir," chimed both in concert.

"Do you mind her, or does she scold you pretty often?"

Nelly Fancher's fingers went up to her mouth as she glanced shyly at Mary.

"She never scolds; she talks to us sometimes, but we've got so many credit marks as the other girls," piped Mary, faintly.

"Well, I'll try you. Put your arms behind you and walk around, but don't touch anything!"—and the happy little maids began their tour of inspection.

Miss Christen kept a select school, attended by some of the merriest and brightest boys in the village, whom she controlled by loving ways and sweet example. She taught lessons not found in the regular text-books, and as carefully instilled the difference between right and wrong, as between latitude and longitude, pointing out mistakes and flaws of character as faithfully as defects in grammar.

All the school children soon had free access to Mr. Arms's little car. Many a pleasant half hour was passed there, and not a few counterparts of the little faces hung in the big show frame on the outside.

But alas! boys and girls too often don't think, and sorrow is wrought.

One morning Mary Beals was early, and as usual had paid the pictures a visit, and stood all impatient at the school-yard gate waiting for Nelly.

It would be hard to find two more loving and lovable little girls than these. They were nearly of the same age, almost twelve; had wise tender parents to guide them at home, and were equally and deservedly esteemed in school. They truly meant to do right.

Mary, at the first sight of Nelly as she turned the corner, bounded down the walk to meet her.

"O, Nelly Fancher! I've got the dreadfulest thing to tell you that ever was, and I want you to promise never to breathe a word of it to anybody as long as you live."

The promise was given, and Mary, putting her head close to Nelly's, began in a half whisper:

"I was in the car a little while ago, and Miss Jameson was there to get a picture she had taken yesterday. She had picked out a case she wanted to put in, and Mr. Arms was looking for it, but couldn't find it. He asked me if I had seen a blue velvet case on the shelf this morning, and I told him No. Miss Jameson says, 'Perhaps some one has taken it; it was here last night when I went away.' No one has been in since to take it; Mr. Arms said, 'Maybe, some of the school children took it,' says Miss Jameson. How angry I was! I haven't taken it, I said. Mr. Arms said he didn't think I had, and that there hadn't been any one else in the car, only Roxy Sheldon was in last night. Ain't that awful! They couldn't find it, and of course, Roxy must have it. Just think of Roxy's being a thief!"—and Mary's face glowed with horror.

"Our mothers won't want us to go with a thief, Nelly, what shall we do?"

"Of course not! How could she do such a thing? I'm so sorry, but of course, we mustn't go with her any more," sighed Nelly.

"There she comes now, let's run!" exclaimed Mary, excitedly.

"Wait, girls, wait! what makes you run?" cried Roxy, trying to join them.

"I wonder why they act so queer?" she thought, tears filling her eyes, unable to overtake them, she went into the school-room panting with exertion.

She was a frail, spiritual little creature, the pet of all who knew her, and the object of her parents' tenderest care, for from her birth she had held life with a tender grasp. Although a little older than most of her mates, this was her first term at school, and she had become the inseparable companion of Mary and Nelly.

Roxy went to her seat to put up her books—the girls were at the back of the school-house.

"Let's tell Nett Bradner, Mary," she ought to know, for she sits with her—"and reaching up to the open window, Nelly called, 'Nett, Nett, come out here, we've got something to tell you.'"

And so before school time most of the boys and girls knew how Roxy Sheldon had stolen a blue velvet case from Mr. Arms's car, and all kept away from her, and would have nothing to say to her. Miss Christen did not come in until time to tap the bell, and call school to order, and in the consequent bustle failed to observe anything amiss.

Poor Roxy! Her sensitive spirit was overwhelmed by the conduct of her mates and their cold, reproachful looks when any were bestowed on her. She turned over in her mind every sin of which she knew herself guilty, and tried to determine what was the cause of this cruel change, her face growing whiter, and her eyes wearing a troubled look as the afternoon crept away.

At eleven o'clock the recess bell rang, and Roxy went out with the others in the sunny yard, but the girls gathered in a group by themselves, and left her alone. No one came near her spoke to her. If she attempted to go to them they would immediately withdraw from her, and she could hear indignant words and catch looks of scorn until she could bear it no longer.

Walking toward them she called out, "Girls! do tell me what I have done, that you treat me so."

"Done enough, I should think! We don't associate with thieves, and Mr. Arms says you've stolen a blue velvet case from his car," exclaimed one.

"Me!—A thief!" and with that cry Roxy settled slowly down until her white face lay against the soft grass which was so compassionate—but she did not know it.

I cannot linger over all that happened then; of the piercing cries which brought Miss Christen, of the long time which passed before the blue eyes opened again; and, saddest of all, of the long, weary days and weeks which passed before recollection of those around her beamed from those eyes again.

After Roxy had been carried home in her father's strong arms, Miss Christen rang the bell for the children, but, instead of calling the class for recitation, sat down in her chair pale and troubled, and her voice trembled with pain when she spoke.

"Girls, what did you say to Roxy? I have heard a part, I wish to know all."

There was no answer at first from the terrified girls, but at length, in response to another and sterner request, one faint voice spoke:

"It was Nett Bradner who said it."

"Said what?"

"Nelly Fancher and Mary Beals told me so. I don't know anything about it only what they said," exclaimed Nett.

"But what? Mary and Nelly, come here and tell me about it," continued their teacher in a gentle tone, as the two girls burst into violent weeping.

They told the whole truth, and Mary, feeling that the first blame rested on her, was torn with fear and sorrow.

"We will find out about this—it cannot be true. There must be some mistake, and you should have come to me Mary, before mentioning it to any one. As it is, I fear the worst consequences, John, please ask Mr. Arms to come over here for a few minutes," said Miss Christen.

"I never intended to intimate such a thing!" exclaimed Mr. Arms, on hearing the sad story. "The thought in my mind was that she could not have taken it, and that led me to say that no one else had been in. I found the case soon after the little girls left and am more sorry than words can express that anything so unfortunate has happened."

"Oh, it's all my fault! I've killed her! And I shall die myself! But I didn't think! I didn't mean to!" cried Mary in an agony of grief.

"Ah, Mary, you have learned by bitter experience, that as much wrong may be done by not thinking as by positive deeds of sin," said Miss Christen, sadly.

One bright afternoon, long weeks after Mary, thin and worn with remorse, and two or three other girls were invited to visit Roxy. All had been forgiven, and now she was a little better, and they could see her!

"Oh, girls, I'm so glad you've come," was the sweet welcome as they entered the room, and kisses of peace were interchanged, and all the sorrow rolled away.

When they were gone, Roxy found a dainty little note on the table signed by all the scholars, and Miss Christen, and Mr. Arms, and Miss Jameson even praying her humbly to forgive their wrong, and promising to remember that

"Evil is wrought, by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

Did Roxy get well? Oh, yes, and is living today; for all this happened a long time ago.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

The following lines, on the sinking of the emigrant ship, *Northfleet*, as she lay at anchor off Dungeness, just ready to sail for Australia, were written by John Peyson a sailor on board of said ship, and who when a boy, resided for some years on the Island of Campbell, and was well known to me. If you can give them a place in your valuable paper you will confer a favor on more than one of your numerous readers, and oblige yours truly.

A. TAYLOR.

LOSS OF THE EMIGRANT SHIP "NORTH FLEET."

Come all who feel for mortal woe;
I pray you lend an ear,
To hear this mournful tale: I know
You can but shed a tear.

A stately ship, well manned and stored
And fit to stem the wave;
Four hundred emigrants on board,
And thirty seamen brave.

Bound for Australia's happy shore,
Each heart was bounding high,
With hopes of brighter days in store,
They bade their friends good bye.

Off Dungeness, a sheltered bay,
With lights all burning bright;
Our ship secure at anchor lay,
And all felt safe that night.

But onward came a monster screw,
Bound on a fatal trip;
To deal out death amongst our crew,
And sink our noble ship.

She struck our vessel fair abeam,
And cut her through and through;
I heard the mother's fearful scream,
But knew not what to do.

Poor women rushing from their sleep,
For help aloud they prayed;
But all have perished in the deep,
With none to give them aid.

I left the pumps to clear the gun,
By order of our mate;
But all was vain, and nothing done,
Until it was too late.

All seemed to me a fearful dream,
I hastened fore and aft;
For well I knew that fatal stream,
Would sink our gullant craft.

Yet I am saved! I know not why,
'Twas mercy, I am sure;
I thought my hour had come to die,
And thought of life no more.

The horrors of that dismal night,
Shall long remembered be;
I cannot paint the dreadful sight,
That panic on the sea.

Our officers, and shipmates too,
All sleep beneath the wave;
But ten are left of that bold crew,
Who found a watery grave.

Then let us all prepare to die,
For death is sure to come;
The moments too are passing by,
And quickly life may run.

IT TAKES THE MAD OUT.

The Religious Herald tells of a little five-year-old girl who knew quite well that her father, who was a member of the church, was at variance with an ungodly neighbor. She had heard the matter often talked of in the home circle and knew that very bitter feelings existed. A series of special meetings were held, and much interest was manifested, and when this neighbor, who would not speak to her father, became a seeker of salvation, the subject of their difficulty was often discussed in her hearing, and she came to the just conclusion that they were mad with each other.

When this little girl, who was a member of an infant class in a Sunday school, saw her father approach that penitent neighbor at the altar of prayer, and saw the once revengeful man leap from his seat, and throw his arms around the neck of her father and rejoice aloud, and when she saw him demonstrate of forgiveness and joy, her little head began to reason, and the conclusion she reached was this: "Mother, religion takes the mad out of people."

KID GLOVES, FOR THE SPRING.—Manchester Robertson & Allison have just received an assorted stock of French Kid Gloves, for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, in various approved makes. All fresh from the makers. (mar 28) 2 Market Street.

TUSA.—As we are introducing a lot of the latest and most fashionable London and Parisian Costume Materials, for Travelling, Street, and Seaside wear, our stock of Materials will be cleared out at a nominal advance.

MACKENZIE BROS.,
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FAMILY AND COMPLEMENTARY MOURNING.—Modistes and Costumiers will find our stock of Black Goods, in all the standard and approved makes, the largest in quantity, the most fully assorted in price, and the choicest in quality.

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CUSTOM SHIRT DEPARTMENT.—We beg to state that, with the view of advancing our facilities for the Prompt Execution of all Orders, we have added largely to our staff of Operatives, and having carefully estimated the probable number of Garments we shall be capable of manufacturing during the season, we beg to state that the efficiency of this Department is now so favorably known, and sold only by ourselves.

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ROAD, RAIL, RIVER.

To Strangers, Tourists, Excursionists, Sportsmen, and all Visitors to the Maritime Provinces. Who are in St. John, visit MACKENZIE BROS., Silk Mercers, Hosiery, Glovers, and General Warehousemen. Outfits suitable for Boating, Fishing, Shooting. Prices at this Establishment reliable.

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S. S. TRINACRIA.—Glasgow, Paisley, Dundee, Inverness, Bannockburn, and Kilmaronock. 7 Cane Sugar; 20 boxes of Raisins; 10 boxes of Apples; 10 boxes of English Goods, representing the Factories of Manchester, Bradford, Huddersfield, Nottingham, and London.

By Mail Line, via Portland, several packages of English and French Materials, now showing, of all of which special attention is solicited.

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BEANS AND BARLEY.—Landing ex schr. E. J. Shanks—20 bbls. Port Barley. For sale by G. BENT.

CORNMEAL.—To arrive—1000 Bbls. Yellow Kid Brand Cornmeal. For sale by G. BENT.

CHOICE LABRADOR HERRING.—Now landing at "South Wharf." The cargo of the ship, "Arcturion." This is the only cargo of the above Herring that has been landed here within the last five years. For sale by G. BENT.

DRIED APPLES.—Now landing ex Schr. Annie W. 40 Bbls. Good DRIED APPLES. For sale by G. BENT.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS.—The attention of Families and Hotels is called to the stock of Bed and Table Napery, Scotch Linen Sheetings and Pillowcases, Crocheted Sheetings and Pillowcases; same containing the latest styles. Dishes, Towels, and Linens, Napkins and D'Oyleys, Bath Towels, Glass Cloths, Russia and Barnsley Crochets. MACKENZIE BROS., Drapers, &c.

NEVEAUTE.—Monday Morning, 10th March, we will show a Sample Case of Kid Gloves, New Styles and Makes in exquisite Shades and Tints, in advance of our Spring Stock, and the attention of the ladies is respectfully solicited, whether purchasing or not.

CORNMEAL AND GRAHAM FLOUR.—Landing ex Schr. "Arcturion." 1000 Bbls. Cornmeal, 1000 Bbls. Graham Flour. For sale by G. BENT.

SUGAR POTS.—A lot of Sugar Pots, new styles, also Carr's Patent Pecky Cane Dogs; Bolt and Nut do. Kings and Plates (for Peckers). Peckers made to order from present stock. Orders for Peckers must be sent immediately to ensure early delivery.

Just received: A small lot of H. Shovels. Cheap! For show shelves. BELTING. BELTING. Wholesale and retail. (mar 25) W. H. THORNE.

SHARP'S BALSA.—Sharp's Genuine Halam of Horehound and Aniseed, for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the ailments of the Throat, is respectfully solicited, whether purchasing or not.

CODLIVER OIL AND LIME.—42 Cases of Wilbur's Cod Liver Oil and Phosphate of Lime. Wholesale and retail by T. B. BARKER & SONS.

COLORED SEED.—Expected per ship, "New Brunswick" via Portland, next trip, 100 bags containing about 10,000 lbs. best quality Red Clover Seed. Wholesale and retail by T. B. BARKER & SONS.

MANTLES AND JACKETS.—Great Reductions made in Water-proof Mantles and Cloth Jackets. The whole stock to be sold out before removing to New Brunswick. MACKENZIE BROS., Robertson & Allison.

FEATHER DISTERS.—Another lot of fine Feather Distiers, just opened and for sale by T. B. BARKER & SONS.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP.—This celebrated Preparation continues selling rapidly, and is undoubtedly the most popular medicine of the age. We offer it for sale in any quantity at the usual prices. Wholesale and retail by HANINGTON BROS., Foster's Corner.

GREAT SALE OF GRENADINE DRESSES, for Evening wear, from one dollar and twenty-five cents the full dress, and upwards.

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FRENCH VERDIGRIS.—300 lbs. Pure French Verdigris ground in oil. For sale by T. B. BARKER & SONS.

MILL SUPPLIES.—In Stock: 80 rolls Rubber Belting (New York); 10 doz. 10 doz. 10 doz. Side Lacing; 250 doz. Kegs Punched Nails; 17 Cols Packing; 7 Cols Rubber Packing; 5 Cases Gang Saws; 1 Case Circulars (inserted tools); 200 Cases Ropes; 100 Cases Cant Dogs; 100 Barrels Oil; Stocks and Dies, Prenches, Hammer. (mar 26) W. H. THORNE.

CLOVER SEED.—50 bags more Red Clover Seed to arrive, via Portland, in a few days, which, with 100 bags received, will not over 25,000 lbs. Wholesale and retail at lowest rates.

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This is the secret of the wonderful success of this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhoea, Boils, Nervous Affections, Chills, and Fevers, Humors, Loss of Constitutional Vigor, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood, or accompanied by debility or a low state of the system. Being free from Alcohol, in any form, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent, infusing strength, vigor, and new life into all parts of the system