

Serial.

How Mary Brown was Saved.

Some years ago I was in a shop in the Sixth Avenue purchasing lace and ribbon. There was a very pretty young girl, who served me. I noticed her more than usually attractive face and manner. She had such a sweet way of speaking, that it almost drew the money out of your purse, and made you decide upon buying, whether or no. I could not help thinking to myself how sad it was to see such a girl there, so young, so pretty, so unprotected! I wanted to get some duchesse lace, like a collar I had brought with me. The girl had difficulty in matching it; instead of giving me illy-assorted patterns, she seemed to perceive at a glance, what was fitted to try with it. Her quick intelligence was a relief after the general bungling of clerks.

She cut off the yard and a half of lace I had chosen with such grace that it was pleasant to watch her. Indeed, I began to feel an uncommon interest in this pretty girl, and I persuaded myself that this interest was not owing exclusively to her exceeding beauty. She had handed me my change, and the parcel containing some muslin and my bit of lace. It was almost with a sensation of regret that I moved away. I went to another portion of the shop to get some ribbon, and having found what I wanted, the parcel being returned from the desk, I bethought me to wrap that and the lace together, so that I should not have so many small parcels to carry. Undoing my parcel, what was my surprise to find the muslin, but no lace with it. I unfolded the bundle, shook it out, looked over my dress, on the floor, under the counter, but it was nowhere to be seen. I went hastily to my pretty girl, and told her that the lace was not in the paper she had given me. She knew nothing of it, save that she had handed it to me. Soon the shop-walker was attracted to ask what was the matter. Then came the owner of the store. He listened to my tale with a hard expression, and then turning to the girl, said sternly:

"Come with me, Miss Brown."

The poor girl's face was scarlet to her temples. Then he said very politely to me:

"Wait here, madam, a moment, if you please."

It was but a few minutes when he came back and asked me to go upstairs. With a beating heart I followed him to a little off-room. There stood the girl, with her face between her hands, sobbing convulsively—the piece of lace lay upon the table.

Mr. — went out, called away by some one who wanted to speak with him. I cannot express the pain I felt. I could not, at first, speak. The girl threw herself at my feet, clasping her hand.

"Forgive me," she cried.

"I forgive you," I cried; "but why, my poor girl, did you take it?"

"It looked so pretty, and I could hide it away so easily, I yielded to the temptation."

She leaned against me as if she clung to me for protection, as if she needed love and kind words.

"Where does your mother live?" I asked.

"My mother is dead. Oh, she begged me so to be honest when she died!" and the girl looked up at me with streaming eyes. "Believe me, madam, it is the first time I ever took anything."

"And your father?"

"Oh, ma'am, he comes home drunk every night, so I ran away, and I came here to ask for a place, and they took me in, for I had been to school, and I knew how to keep accounts, and then the girls were good to me, and helped me, so I soon learned."

Just then the forbidding-looking shop-keeper came back. He beckoned me to come out.

"It's a bad case," he said; "it's partly my own fault. I ought not to have been taken in, but I was misled by her remarkably pleasant ways, and by her pretty, innocent-looking face."

"But it is the first time," I pleaded.

"There must always be a first

time," he replied; "but these first times ruin the reputation of my store."

"But if I promise you never to speak of it to any one?"

"The whole store has already got wind of it; I must make an example of her, or else they'll all begin, and my whole stock will disappear before my eyes. You'll have to bear witness against her, madam."

"That I will never do," I said; "let her come home with me now; I will keep her."

"The girl is 'prenticed to me for the next six months, and she's my property until her term is expired."

The man's hardness was so repulsive to me that I was glad to hurry off. I determined to call the next day, when, perhaps, I might again speak to the girl alone. I went home sorrowful enough. I was engaged out in the evening, but I could not wear my lace. Its recollection was too sad.

The following morning I called early at the shop. I made a pretext first of buying something, but my eyes searched eagerly for the girl; she was not there. With reluctance I went up to the desk, and inquired for Mr. —. He was out. Then I bethought me of Mary's name, and I asked for Miss Brown.

The man was apparently deep in accounts; he did not raise his head to look at me, but answered carelessly: "She's at Randall's Island by this time."

At Randall's Island! my heart leapt into my throat; how fearful—at the House of Refuge. Oh, my poor girl! In a moment I had determined to follow her, and see what I could do for her. I ran out of the shop and sprang into the first car that was going up-town. There was no air road then. I was obliged to change cars and walk far across to Avenue A and One Hundred and Nineteenth street, but there, to my relief, lay the little boat, and I was soon off and landed in front of the great House of Refuge. I had not provided myself with a pass, but I spoke so imploringly that they allowed me to enter. I was shown over the establishment as a visitor; I looked eagerly for Mary Brown, and yet I dreaded seeing her. At length I mentioned her name. Yes, they knew her; her pretty face and sweet ways had marked her here, too. They showed me the narrow cell where she was locked in at night; then I followed on upstairs to the work-room—whizz, whirr, went the machinery, and every one of those industrious girls and women who guided it had committed some fault that barred them away from free intercourse with their fellow-beings. I shuddered, and felt that perhaps the only difference between us was that I had been guarded from the sorrow of temptation and sin.

Soon I saw Mary. It was not difficult to pick her out. She was diligently sewing on her machine, so absorbed that she did not see me. I approached her, she looked up, her face was died crimson, her hands trembled.

"Mary," I said, "I came to see after you."

"How kind," she said, in a flattering voice.

"Would you like to come with me, Mary?" I spoke in a low voice.

"Oh, ma'am," she answered, "I can't; I've got to work my time out!"

"How long, Mary?"

"Six months, ma'am. If I work well and do my duty, I'll be free then."

"And you will do your duty, Mary?"

"Oh yes, ma'am! It was well that I was found out so soon," she said, bursting into tears. "It will be a lesson I shall never forget."

"God help you, my child! In six months from the day you entered I shall be here for you; do not forget that—you may depend upon me."

The poor girl could not speak her gratitude. I left and returned to my happy home, more grateful than I had ever been for its blessings.

Six months passed, as they pass for us all, whether in pain or pleasure, in a prison or a palace.

I was again at Randall's Island. I

found Mary awaiting me with eager, anxious face. I brought her home—to my country home. No one knew of her story—not even my husband. I wished her to start on the fair ground of self-respect. Mary was to be my maid, to sew for me, to wait on me; but soon she became maid-of-all-work. She showed herself most willing kindly, and skillful in everything she undertook. We had a great deal of company that summer, and I became so dependent upon Mary that, little by little, I let many of my duties slide into her hands. At first, I would give her the keys of my store-room, which she was to return to me, until gradually I left the keys entirely with her; and she was entrusted with the cares of house-keeper, as well as those of maid.

I found her perfectly reliable. We returned to town. Winter had flown by, and it was already bright spring again. Mary had now been with me one year. I had grown to be fond of her, as well as of her sweet ways, and she was entirely devoted to me.

One day my husband came to me with a very troubled face. He missed his portemonnaie. It had had one hundred dollars in it and some large checks. He was sure he did not take it down-town with him. Now, all our servants, except Mary, had been with us ever since we were married—ten years ago. My husband said not a word to me of any suspicions, but he spoke as if he were even more worried than the loss of his money could make him; and he was confident he had left the portemonnaie in his drawer. I was terrified. I could not sleep at night with the anxiety on my heart. I asked Mary to search well in my husband's dressing-room and all over. She could not find it. She did not say anything, but I surprised her at night, her eyes red with weeping. A week passed—a week of pain such as I hope never to feel again. When, one afternoon, my husband, returning home earlier than usual, called me from the foot of the stairs. I ran to the hall:

"It is found, dear!" he said.

I rushed down-stairs. I fell into his arms; I cried like a child. I have often wondered since then what he could have thought of me that day.

He had not left the pocket-book at home. Fortunately he had dropped it at a friend's office under a desk. That room was not often used, so it had not been swept out during all these days, but an honest boy found it; my husband's card was in it, so it was traced and returned to him.

He and I were both of us happy that evening. Mary waited upon me as usual when I retired for the night. Her face was radiant. I kissed her good-night; I could not help it; the tears stood in her eyes and mine.

Three years passed—years in which my respect and affections for Mary always increased. One day, a farmer—a well-to-do farmer from the far West—came to the North, and, fortunately for her, unfortunately for me, he met my faithful girl. He paid her his court, and then came to ask her hand of me. When I told Mary his wish, she confessed her affection for him; but, with much emotion, she told me she would never marry him, until he first knew of her fault. I reasoned with her that it might not be wise—that she had long redeemed her life. Her only reply was that he must know it, and choose for himself. So I told him as much of Mary's life as I knew, but he only loved her better for her loyalty. Mary left us, and went with her husband far West. When she was leaving me, she said, choked with tears, "You saved me! Some day you must write my story. It may be a help to keep some girl from crime."

I have written my Mary's story, only I have changed her name and my own.—*Methodist.*

DISAPPOINTED.

Cole, in his great painting of the "Voyage of Life," puts the glow of hope and confidence into the eyes of a youth beginning the voyage. The oar is grasped with eagerness, and every movement indicates assurance of success. In the closing picture of

the series, an old man sits in the bottom of the boat, forlorn and despairing. The oars are broken, the boat is leaking and drifting towards a cataract, and all hope of reaching the goal is abandoned. But when self-reliance is gone, and pride has given place to humility and a longing for help, an angel appears and guides the boat to the glorious palace for which it started.

The painting illustrates the experience of life, the failures of men to find satisfaction in their ambitious aims. Even when the objects of desire are attained, they do not bring the joy expected. Nothing is more common in the biographies of eminent men than the confession of failure to find happiness.

Rothschild, the English banker, who accumulated fabulous wealth, said confidentially to a friend that his riches had yielded him little joy, but had brought instead constant anxiety and care.

The late Caleb Cushing, a man of vast learning, who had filled with honor many positions of trust, said in his closing years, "Life is all a mistake. The game is not worth the candle." And a greater than Cushing, the famous Talleyrand, said in the same spirit, "Eighty-three years gone! what care! what agitation! what ill-will inspired! what vexatious complications. And without any other result than great moral and physical fatigue, and a profound sense of despair for the future, and of disgust for the past."

But there need be no failure or disappointment. Life ought to yield constant joy, and the exercise of mind and heart in great duties ought to bring contentment. Augustine, one of the Christian Fathers who had led a weary life of struggle till he found peace in religious trust, solves the mystery.

He says, "Thou hast made us, O God, for thyself, and we can never be at rest till we find rest in thee." Nothing in life can fill the soul, if religious principle be left out. One can be happy in any station, and with any duties, if he have an approving conscience.

Bismark, the greatest of living statesmen, seems to have learned this secret. He says, in a letter to his wife, "I do not understand how a man who knows and wishes to know nothing about God, can support his existence out of every weariness of disgust. If I were now to live without God, I know not in very truth why I should not put away my life like a soiled rag. It would not be worth the coming in or going out, if that were all."—*Youth's Companion* Boston.

Smiles.

MR. EDITOR. It is amusing to read some of the curious epitaphs on ancient tomb stones, here is one I learnt when a wee boy in the woods, (when the mind was not holy absorbed about the almighty dollar in the "Bank of Emergency") and as it is "Multum in parvo" a synopsis of real history, it will amuse and instruct any one that has an "ear to hear" or an eye to see.

TO THE MEMORY OF "MARGERY SCOT," DUNK LAND, SCOTLAND.

Five times five years I liv'd a virgin life,
Five times five years I was a virtuous wife,
Ten times five years a widow grave and chaste,

Tired of the elements, I am now at rest,
Betwix my cradle and my grave were seen,
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland and a Queen,
Three common wealths successively, I saw

Ten times the subject rise against the law,
And what is worse than any civil war,
A King arraigned before his subject bar,
Swarm of sectarians hot with hellish rage
Cut off his royal head on open stage,
I saw the Stuart race thrust out, nay more

I saw our country sold for English ore,
Our numerous nobler who had famous been
Sunk to the lowly number of sixteen,
Such desolations in my days have been,
I have an end of all perfection seen.

J. P. WELLS.

St. John, June 20th, 1881.

After a christening at a church in London, while the minister was making out the certificate, he happened to say—"Let me see, this is the thirtieth!" "Thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "indeed it is only the eleventh!" The minister was alluding to the day of the month. An Englishman was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum which was owned by Cicero. That ain't nothin'!" retorted

the Yankee; "in the museum in Boston they've got the lead-pencil that Noah used to check off the animals with that went into the ark."

A Scotch boy had delivered a message to a lady, but did not seem in a hurry to go. Being asked if there was anything else that his mother bade him say, Jack whimpered out, "She said I wasn't to seek anything for comin', but, if ye gie'd me, I was to tak' it." He got something!

Wife of Episcopalian clergyman to her washerwoman—"Well, Bridget, how did you like the sermon, Sunday?" Bridget—"It was beautiful I like to go to that church. It's nice to see your husband curtsying around in his shroud."

Visitor Pastimes.

Contributions are solicited for this Department. Persons sending the best six contributions during the second quarter of the year will be entitled to a prize volume, and the person who sends the most correct answers to puzzles during the same time will also be entitled to a prize volume.

Address: "VISITOR Pastimes," St. John, N.B.

ENIGMA NO. 10.

I am composed of 6 letters.
My 6, 5, 4, is decay.
My 6, 3, 2, 1, is a style of locomotion.
My 4, 3, 2, 1, belongs to the sea.
My whole is a much abused and over-worked man.

ENIGMA NO. 11.

I am composed of 6 letters.
My 1, 3, 6, 5, is a part of a cable.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, is a ceremony.
My 4, 3, 2, 5, is a part of a wheel.
My whole is help and hinderance, pleasure and torment, to the much abused and over-worked man in the last Enigma.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES

in VISITOR of July 20th.

Enigma No. 4: "Baltimore."
Answered by B. D. Woodworth, Maria S. Coy.

Letter changes No. 5:

Down-Row
Cow-Tow
Bow-Low
Vow-Sow
Now-How

Answered by B. D. Woodworth, Maria S. Coy.

Word-square No. 6:

HarP
AreA
ReAR
ParT

Answered by B. D. Woodworth, Maria S. Coy.

Extracts from a Letter from C. H. S. Cronkite, Esq.

CANTERBURY STATION, YORK CO., N. B., October 10th, 1876.

MR. J. H. ROBINSON:
Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of enquiry, I would say that your Phosphoric Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime is the best preparation of the kind I have ever seen or taken.

I was ordered by my physician to take it, and commenced about the last of August, and since that time I have felt a different man. I was unable, in the summer, to walk any distance without much fatigue. I can now take my gun and travel all day, and feel as fresh at night, and eat as much as any hunter. Have not shed any since I took your preparation, and can now inflate my lungs without feeling any soreness, and I think I can inflate them up to full measurement same as before I was sick; have also gained in flesh, my weight in the summer was 125 lbs., and now it is nearly 150 lbs., which is pretty well up to my former weight.

The foregoing is a correct statement which I am prepared to swear to, and I hereby authorize you to give it publicity in my name.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

C. H. S. CRONKITE.

(Signed) ALEXANDER BENNETT, J.P.

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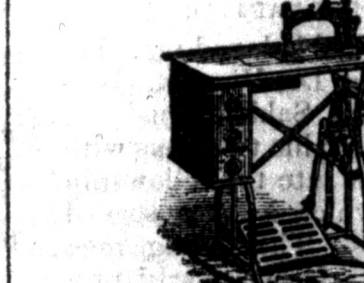
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