

**MARY HOLMES;
OR, PRIDE AND
REPENTANCE**

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Mary Holmes; Or, Pride and Repentance by Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin

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MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN

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THE MINISTER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT. (Page 76.)

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By MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN.



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CHAPTER I.

MARY HOLMES was considered a very good little girl. In some respects this was true. She was not saucy or disobedient to her parents, nor was she cross to her little sister, Lois. She helped to pick up chips, drove Brindle from the pasture, gathered wild strawberries for the evening meal, and, when her mother was

tired, she often set the table, filled the kettle, and made the tea, afterward washing up the dishes as nicely as need be.

Mary was also a quiet, orderly scholar in the Sunday-school, and invariably had good lessons; but, in connection with her many good qualities, I am sorry to say she had one serious fault. Her love of dress, or pride, threatened to destroy all that was noble or lovable in her nature, just as you have seen a little burdock spring up in the garden and grow till it overshadowed the violets, absorbing the sunlight and dew, while the sweet flower withered and died, and the ugly weed, despised and abhorred, held full possession of the ground.

One Sunday morning farmer Clay came

along, in his big wagon, and took Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and both the little girls to church. Mary felt very proud that morning, for she had a new outfit, a pretty pink muslin dress, a white hat trimmed with a wreath of rosebuds, a tiny parasol, and black lace mits. Lois was also dressed in equally pretty garments, but little Lois never seemed to think about her clothes. Her "primer-book" and "dolly-babies," as she called them, were of much more account than fine clothes, in her estimation.

Mr. Holmes was not a rich man. Indeed, many people will, doubtless, consider him poor, when they know that his possessions consisted of only twenty-five acres of land, a little cottage, a pair of oxen,

and the cow, Brindle. But poverty is not *always* a lack of money. In some things this husband and wife were *rich*—they had health, contentment, and that other and higher riches, faith in God.

But I must tell you how the children came to have such costly garments—costly they certainly were—far above the reach of Mr. Holmes's means.

In the city of Philadelphia dwelt a married sister of Mrs. Holmes, a rich and childless woman, who had often begged the parents to give Mary to her, promising to be a mother to her, and to leave her, by will, a large estate; but the parents were too wise to trust their child's future in the hands of this fashionable, worldly woman, and so, failing to get Mary, the