

EDITED
BY
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The Pansy.

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FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

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TWO OF THEM.

"THEY are always together," the mother said, and she looked after them lovingly. Her little twin daughters, Lila and Lola, even their *names* were twins, you see. On a certain summer afternoon, years ago, they were coming through the dining-room with their arms around each other; they had just come in from Sunday-school and now were on their way to mamma's room.

"Oh, look!" said Lila, "the sideboard door is open; let's shut it." So they went with their arms around each other to do it. "Oh, look!" said Lila, again, "There is that big orange that was on the table; nobody took it, after all. Let's take it upstairs and eat it."

"Oh, we can't, you know, without going to mamma, first; she wouldn't like it; and besides, we each had one for dinner just a little bit of a while ago."

"What if we did? I don't believe mamma will care; oranges are healthy. She never told us not to eat but one."

Slowly and gravely Lola drew her arm away from around Lila's waist; slowly and gravely she spoke;

"Lila Grahame if you *steal* an orange I can't stay here and see you do it."

I don't care whether you do or not," declared Lila, flaming into a passion at once. "You are a naughty, bad girl to call me names. Just as if I was *stealing*, because I take my own father's oranges. I shall tell mamma of you."

"It *is* stealing," said Lola, still with the same grave, sad voice; "papa didn't say you could have it;" and she turned away and went slowly up the wide, winding stairs, looking back over her shoulder to see if Lila hadn't repented; but no, Lila was bending down before the side board, handling a great many different things, and reaching in with one hand for the big orange. Lola went on, to her mother's room.

"Why, where is your shadow, my dear?" mamma asked, looking up surprised at seeing Lola alone; but the little girl only said, "she is down stairs, and waited at her mother's side, hoping for Lila to come."

Do you think she came? Not she. She went directly to her own pretty room, where she was so unaccustomed to being without her sister that she hardly knew herself; but she sat down and ate

every bit of that orange, even to a piece of the peel, before she got over her anger enough to feel sorry.

It was such a little thing with which to shadow that bright Sunday afternoon. It did shadow it, though; all the pleasure was gone out of Lila's heart. She couldn't understand why she did it. It couldn't have been because she wanted an orange so much, since less than two hours before she had eaten a nice one. She went to mother's room after a while, but she sat in the big chair in the corner instead of going and sitting beside Lola on the couch. They went down to tea, after awhile, but Lila walked on ahead, alone; and all the evening she kept away from her sister.

"Something has come between them," thought the mother, anxiously; and she thought so still, when they went upstairs to bed, though they walked side by side. It was more than an hour after that, and everybody supposed that the twins were asleep, when mamma heard a wailing voice from their room.

"Mamma," it said, "Oh, mamma, come quick. I feel away off; seems to me there is a great big hill between Lola and me!"

Then the whole sad story came out, with tears and sobs. After it had been all talked over, and forgiven, Lila, with her hand in her mother's, said, "What made Lola seem away off, mamma, when she was right beside me?"

"You had built up a wall between you, dear, and the name of it was 'Conscience.' You knew you had done wrong, and you knew little sister thought so, and it made you feel afraid of her, and far away. It reminds me of the way in which people treat the Saviour; they put a guilty conscience between his love and their hearts, and then he seems far away and they are afraid of him.

Lola and Lila are young ladies now; I saw them the other day, and we were talking about the big orange. "I'm Lola's shadow, still," Lila had said, smiling. "I'm always doing wrong, and it takes all Lola's sunshine to keep me right; but I do try not to let a guilty conscience get between me and Jesus."

SOWING TARES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

THE boys of class No. 4 were gathered close around their teacher, listening eagerly to her explanations of the lesson. She told that among the people who sat listening to Jesus when he spoke about the wheat and the tares, might very likely have been some in whose field the enemies had done the same thing themselves to others.

"I shouldn't think anybody would be ugly enough to do such a mean trick," said Will, scornfully.

"Nobody in this country would, I know," said Chester. "Those Jews must have been a pretty hard set."

"I suppose," said their teacher, "that people are pretty much the same all over the world. We are all a 'hard set' until the grace of God softens us."

"I never knew anybody that would do such a thing as to spoil another person's work when it was not going to do him any good," said Will, confidently.

"But this was the devil," suggested Sam.

"Maybe you're not acquainted with him."

The boys laughed, but Miss Lawrence said very gravely,—

"I am sorry to say I am acquainted with him, and what is much worse, I find he has a very large company of servants who are doing his work, and help him sow tares among the wheat."

"Now, Miss Lawrence," said Sam, with his roguish smile, "don't say you mean Will or me."

"You shall say for yourself, when I tell you a little about this sowing of evil seeds. I have seen a boy who had a quick, fiery temper, which he was trying to control, thrown into a perfect rage by the teasing tricks of a companion, who was simply amusing himself by tormenting his friend, and who excused himself by saying it was 'such fun to see him blaze up so.'"

Miss Lawrence did not look at any one of the boys, but down in almost every heart was a voice that said, "I have done that myself."

"And sometimes in Sunday-school, or in church, when the pastor or superintendent was trying to put into the hearts of those before him some good seed, I have seen a boy reach the whole length of a seat to slyly pinch a companion who seemed to be listening earnestly, or take out a knife or toy and attract the attention of those around him. That was keeping the good seed from taking root, and sowing tares in the shape of wandering thoughts."

"That hits Will," said Sam, solemnly; "he is distracting my attention."

"And I have known a boy," said Miss Lawrence, with her eyes on Sam, "who was always ready with a joke, or a laugh or a funny remark, to scatter any good impression that might be made on himself or his friends. I suppose the devil does not care how pleasantly the work is done, if only the evil seed can be slipped in with the good."

Sam turned very red, and was silent.

"We are all sowing something, either wheat or tares, in our own hearts and in the hearts of others. What if we should ask ourselves every night whether we have planted any seed which we should like to have grow?"

Chester was sitting with his chin on his hand,

looking steadily at Miss Lawrence. "I was thinking of what mother said this morning about Bert and Elsie. She said I could do more for them by example than anybody could by preaching,—that they would copy what they saw me do; and so I s'pose if I get mad at things, and talk cross, and don't mind mother, it's scattering bad seed to grow up in their hearts. It's awful hard on a fellow, though, to have all his bad things growing upon in people's gardens."

"The only way, my dear boy, is to keep the bad things out of our own gardens, and then they will not scatter into our neighbor's field."

"Can't do it," said Will, shaking his head; "the seeds must be in the ground, I guess, and grow without planting."

"That is very true, Will; Satan put the bad seed in the ground a great while ago, but there is one way to keep it from growing, and that is to keep the field full of good seed. A field that is not planted with wheat will be full of weeds, and unless God's Word takes root and grows in our hearts evil things will certainly fill them."

"I have noticed that in our garden," said Fred, "the weeds always grow in the corners where we don't plant anything."

"I suppose," said Chester, "the men that keep saloons must be sowing bad seed."

"Yes, but the seed has already grown up in the hearts of the drunkards, and every one can see what bad fruit it bears. But when Satan or one of his servants persuades a boy to drink what he calls a harmless glass of beer or cider, he has slipped in a little seed, and hidden it so cunningly that no one will suspect it until by and by it begins to bear its evil fruit. It is just the same with Sabbath-breaking, and swearing, and falsehood. First, Satan puts in a very little seed among so much good, that nobody notices it until it grows up."

Will and Chester walked home from Sunday-school together, as they always did. At a muddy crossing a man ran carelessly against them and crowded Will into a puddle.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, impatiently, "why can't folks use their eyes?"

"See here, Will!" said Chester, "wouldn't Miss Lawrence say somebody had slipped a seed of something into your field?"

"Well, I suppose so," said Will; "but I've got such a habit of saying that, it slips out before I think."

"Seed is growing, you see."

"Maybe, but don't you preach, old fellow; I could find plenty of weeds in your field."

"Pull 'em up, then," said Chester, "and I'll lend a hand at yours."

"And not get mad?"

"Well, I can't promise; very likely I may, because getting mad is one of my tares."

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"I'll tell you what; let's have a secret society in our class, and get all the boys to join. We can just have a sign that we shall all understand."

"Like this," said Chester, making a motion, with his hand, of scattering seed.

"Yes, that would be good, and whenever we see one of the boys going wrong, we'll make the motion, just to remind him to watch out."

"All right," said Chester, "we'll settle it at school to-morrow."

"And call it the Wheat and Tares Society."

"Call it the Protective Union," suggested Chester, and that was its name.

THE WOODVILLE MOTTOES

"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."
 "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee."
 "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death."
 "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."
 "So, then, every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

"Keep still, can't you?" and Philip Hughes gave his next neighbor a nudge, and spoke in a loud whisper. "This wouldn't be such great fun if we were found out!" They were, every one of them, in the cellar! It was midnight, and they were supposed to be in bed; yet not one of the reckless twelve but had joined in this midnight performance of robbing the tin cake-box that stood in the north-west corner of the cellar.

Hungry? Dear me; no! If you had seen them eat maple syrup and biscuit for supper, you would not have thought so. This was by no means a school where the boys suffered from starvation; not a boy of them but would declare, in his sober moments, that the board was "first-rate;" and yet, here they were in the cellar stealing fruit-cake! They didn't call it *stealing*; they were gentlemen's sons, and hated the sound of that ugly word: the worst name they gave it was "hooking;" but, of course, you and I know that *that* means nothing in the world but stealing. Well, they got back to bed safely, each with a huge piece of cake; each lay still in his bed and munched it, and giggled over the "fun." The next morning Norah discovered traces of the thieves, and a great outcry she made! The big, black fruit-cake that was to last for company, during the quarter, was nearly all gone!

I can't begin to tell you how Prof. Woodville felt when he was told. Fruit-cake wasn't of much consequence, but the thought that among his twelve boys was a thief, was dreadful.

The next thing was to discover which boy it was. This he found to be no easy matter. He waited until evening; then called them all to his private room, and questioned and cross-questioned; but they proved to be so skilful in their answers, that, without telling what they *called* falsehoods, they wriggled out of the truth.

For instance, when he asked each boy, separately, if he had *seen* any of that fruit-cake, each boy held up his head and innocently answered "No, sir," and made his conscience believe that it was not a lie, because the cellar and their own rooms had been so inky dark that they could not see their hands before them.

"If he had only said 'smelt it,'" giggled Ben Clark, "it would have been all up with us."

At last Prof. Woodville drew a heavy sigh. "Well, boys," he said, "of course I know that some of you know all about this matter, but I see you are resolved not to tell me. There is no resource for me but to punish you all, letting the innocent suffer with the guilty, as so often happens in this wicked world. To-morrow evening I will see you *all*, in my room; meantime, I command each scholar to go by himself to the school-room and read the last verse of the new mottoes which you will find hung there; then go to his room, close his door, and follow the direction of that

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motto. This is to be done before retiring to-night. You will understand, boys, that it is a *command*." Then the boys understood that it must be obeyed. Imagine them stealing, one by one—each watching his opportunity so that the other would not see him—to the school-room, and standing there alone, reading that solemn verse: "Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."

Imagine each boy, alone in his room, in the darkness, on his knees, trying to tell the great God about the stolen fruit-cake! Each one called it *stealing* when he got on his knees; he could not say "hooking" when he talked with God.

"I say, boys, I've something to tell you," said Eben Porter the next evening, just before the hour for them to report in the Professor's room. "I've been to see Professor Woodville, and told him all about my part in the *stealing* the other night; I didn't say a word about any of you, but I didn't mean to carry the mean trick around on my conscience any longer." Then the boys looked at each other. "All right," said Philip Hughes, at last; "so have I been, boys, and I did just as Eben says." Then Avery Clark begun to whistle; "I can sing that tune, too," he said at last; "I did that very thing." "So did I," declared Joseph Burns. At this point Philip Hughes mounted a chair and said: "All the fellows who have been to the Professor to-day and owned up to a mean trick that they were ashamed of, without telling him about anybody else, raise his hand;" and every hand among the twelve went up. "All right," said Philip, springing down from his chair. "Then we are ready to report for punishment: come on," and they filed into the Professor's private room.

CHURCH OF THE LITTLE PILGRIMS

BY REV. G. R. ALDEN, PASTOR.

Luke 15: 10.—"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

I suppose the angels have a great deal to make them happy. (I refer to the holy angels, of course.) They have no sin to hinder them. A perfectly holy being—one that had never sinned—could not be unhappy. It is sin and its consequences that cause all the unhappiness in this world, or in the world to come. Just think of that! Not only ugly dispositions, and naughty words, and evil acts, are the results of sin in the soul, as well as sin itself, but sickness and suffering, and death, all come by sin.

Well, as the angels, of whom we are speaking, never sinned, they have nothing to hinder their enjoying, to the fullest extent, any good news that comes to them, or any pleasure that is afforded them; so, when they hear that a sinner has repented, the news sends a thrill of joy throughout the heavenly throng. But why is this to them good news? Why do they thus rejoice? Because of their interest in the plan of salvation.

A great many people, for whom this plan was made; think very little of it; but the angels, who might be expected to have less interest, never tire of talking about it. Peter tells us that the angels desire to look into this gospel; and yet it is not to save them. But still you would ask, "Why are they enough interested to care to look into the way of salvation, and to know when one accepts Christ?" Their interest in this plan came

(1) From their experience in heaven. Did you know that once there was a rebellion in heaven? There was. Many of the angels sinned; they set up their wills against the will of God. They were ambitious to have their own way; and so, right there in heaven, started a war against our great king Jesus. Then these wicked angels had to be driven out of heaven—banished from that holy and beautiful place—never to return. Neither an angel nor a man can remain in heaven to *sin*.

Well, the angels knew all about that trouble, and they knew that for *their* salvation no Saviour had ever been offered. So, when it was noised abroad in heaven that man too had rebelled, the angels

knew what that meant; and when the news came that the Great King had made a plan by which man might be saved and God be just, no wonder that all the hosts of heaven were interested to know what kind of a plan it could be; they wanted to know how God *could* be just, and justify a sinner.

That was one reason: and when they heard that the Father so loved the world that he was going to give his only begotten son to die, of course they were interested to have us accept the salvation that cost so much, and that would do so much for us.

(2.) The angels knew what evil sin had brought into this world; they knew how wretched it had made people; they had seen the poverty, sickness, drunkenness; they had heard the wicked words and seen the terrible sights that sin had brought. How could they know all this and not be interested in our condition? They knew that it was possible for man *now* to be saved—to be washed from his sins—to come to that beautiful world in which they lived, where he would be unhappy no more, and where Satan could never tempt again; and they longed to welcome us there.

(3.) From the part they have had in this salvation. If you read the Bible carefully, you will find that the angels have had a great deal to do with the history of this world and with man. Sometimes they have had to punish the wicked; sometimes been sent to answer prayers. We read that "the angel of the Lord encamped round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." And the Apostle asks, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Just notice how they have been employed. We will refer only to a few things said about them in the New Testament. First, we read that they were sent to tell that Jesus was to be born. Then they were sent to tell that he *was* born, and to celebrate the event in a wonderful Christmas song—the first ever sung! Then they ministered to Jesus when he was here, telling Joseph and Mary where to take him, so that he should not be killed, when a babe. Then, after he had risen from the dead, they told his sorrowing disciples the good news; and when he went up to heaven, and the disciples were left sorrowing, they came to tell them that he would come back again to earth as they had seen him go up from the earth. Afterwards, they liberated the Apostles from prison. You see how much they have been employed in helping us; so they *must* be interested.

But they are to have more to do with us after death. You know Jesus says that they carried poor Lazarus to heaven; and it may be their pleasure to carry all the redeemed home when they die. If you will read what it says of them in the parable of the sower, you will see what they will have to do at the last great day.

For all these reasons—and there may be many more—the angels rejoice when they see a sinner's name written in the Lamb's Book of Life!

Have you ever given them this joy? If not, will you make them rejoice to-day? May God help you to repent *now*.

HYMN FOR THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

BY THE PASTOR.

O, help me to try
To repent while I may
Of the sins that my spirit doth grieve;
And no more, Lord, I pray,
From Thy paths may I stray,
But serve Thee as long as I live.

May the angels above,
Who serve Thee in love,
Rejoice with my heart in this hour;
While gladly they sing,
Making heaven's arches ring
To the praise of His grace and His power.

O, sing, angels, sing—
Make your golden harps ring,—
For my heart to the Saviour I yield;
I surrender to-day—
I will no more delay.—
With His love now my bosom is filled.

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