

EDITED
BY
MRS. G. R. ALDEN.

The Pansy.

STORIES
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME 9.

PUBLISHED BY D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

NUMBER 8.

Saturday, March 4, 1882.

Monthly, 15 cents.

Copyright, 1882, by D. LOTHROP & Co.

Semi-monthly, 25 cents.

Weekly, 50 cents a year.

THE THREE LITTLE M'S.—PART III.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

THE two little girls stumbled along over the rough ground, crying so that they could scarcely see. Mr. Poser stalked on with never a word to say. Of course that left Mrs. Smith to do all the talking, which she did with a right good will. At last Martha broke out:

"I know bears have eaten Mary all up, or else snakes, or else wild-cats, or —"

"Or she's peeked into a cave, an' the doors rolled to, an' she can't get out," suggested Matilda.

At these horrible pictures, they wailed afresh.

"Mr. Poser, I can't go another step," cried Mrs. Smith. "I'm all beat out. These young ones have made me so nervous, seems ef I sh'd scream myself." With that, she came to a dead stop.

"Set down there," said Mr. Poser, who began to feel as if the rank and file of the procession was going to be of very little help to him after all.

Mrs. Smith looked around for a convenient resting place. The little girls wailed on.

"There's the 'Dungeon,'" she said, pointing to the old gloomy house. "They do say folks have moved in there, but it don't look as if a livin' soul had ever been

sure, and seeing nobody they deposited themselves on a worm-eaten bench that ran around two sides of the corn-house. If they had only known what was on the other side of that wall!

A boy came slowly over the rough ground where a



"I'M NEVER GOING TO BE NAUGHTY AGAIN."



"ANY OF YOU BEEN IN OUR BARN?"

nigh it. I remember there's a bench round the corn-house. There, I shall rest my bones."

So they all trailed dismally into the overgrown encl-

long time ago there had been a path. He was looking closely at something in his hand, turning it over and over in great curiosity. He stopped short in front of the bench and its occupants.

"Any of you been in our barn?" he asked abruptly.

"No," said Mr. Poser, "we hain't been in any one's barn."

"Oh well, then, you haven't lost —"

"Lost?" cried Mrs. Smith jumping up in great excitement to seize his arm. "Oh yes, we have too, every single one of us has lost. That's what we've come for."

At that, all four of them gathered around the boy, but he began again before they could any of them speak.

"Was the head all punched in?" he demanded, eying them sharply. "And were the figures all shaved off?"

"Head all punched in? and figures all shaved off? Oh! my senses," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, going back to sit down on her bench again.

"'Cos then tain't yours!" said the boy triumphantly, beginning to move off. "An' you don't git this quarter of a dollar away from me *that way*."

"Boy!" commanded old Mr. Poser. His little eyes flashed their sternest, as he raised his stick. "Hand that quarter of a dollar to me!"

The boy took one look at the stick and silently put the silver bit into the old man's hand.

"I sent that quarter of a dollar five hours ago to you, Mrs. Smith," said Mr. Poser solemnly. "I could swear to it. You see the head o' the Goddess of Liberty is punched in, and the figures are shaved off. *Now, where is my Mary?*"

It was now the boy's turn to be questioned, as the old man turned around on him sternly.

"I haven't seen any Mary," he said, backing off, and wishing he hadn't locked the dog in the house.

"Where did you find that quarter?" asked Mr. Poser.

"In the barn," said the boy shortly. "I'd give ten cents to get hold of Bose," he muttered under his breath.

"Then we go to the barn," said the old man. "Where that quarter was, Mary has been. Lead on!"

The procession was now increased to five, the boy having the honor to be captain. The barn was searched in every nook and cranny, but no little girl in a red cloak and blue hood rejoiced their anxious, weary eyes.

"We will go all over this place," said Mr. Poser with a very white face. "Begin and take us straight through!"

"There ain't any other part of the place been open," said the boy doggedly. "Father's away, an' the rest of the folks, an' I've been round all day, so I know — 'cept about quarter of an hour," he added honestly, "when I run home with Jim Saunders after he'd been here shellin' corn with me. But the corn-house is locked. I locked it myself; so she *couldn't* be in there."

"Unlock that corn-house," said Mr. Poser briefly; and before any one could think twice, the procession stood in front of the old door.

The boy grunted something as he rattled the key in the rusty lock; the door flew open, to disclose little Mary, huddled up in fright on a big bag of potatoes.

"I'm never going to be naughty again." How often she has said that since. And then she looks and sighs at the dim, old silver quarter that hangs by a ribbon from her neck. It has never been off since that night when her father made a hole through it and put it in its place. "It's to make you think," he said.

For thoughts: — May none of those who join hands and hearts in the Pansy Society for brave battling against their faults, ever look on their lovely badges with the sadness with which little Mary sees her old silver quarter of a dollar!

PANSIES FOR THOUGHT

NOW, all you dear people who "belong," listen to me. I've something to tell you about a book: *Five Little Peppers and How They Grew*. Ever hear of them? Don't go to imagining they were little round black things growing in a pod (by the way, I've something funny to tell you about that very thing, some day). Never were any nicer and neater and better-behaved Peppers, so far as they knew how, than lived in that little old kitchen. Five little treasures of a dear mother. Pollie, and Ben, and Davie, and Joel, and Phronsie. Really, it is hard to decide which of the dear, bright, unselfish Peppers I like the best. A big book that tells about them all. A book with four hundred and ten pages, and a beautiful cover, and ever so many pictures. A book that you older brothers and sisters will enjoy, with bits all through it that you will delight to read to the little ones. A book that costs a good deal of money, of course, for how could people get up a good and handsome book full of pictures, unless they spent a good deal of money on it?

Besides, it is written by a lady whose writings have

to be paid for, because she knows how to write, and the publishers know it, and are glad to get her to write them a book. Her name, or at least the name which she puts on paper, is Margaret Sidney. I'm sure you are acquainted with her, for isn't she giving us the account of that ridiculous little Mary Posey?

Ah, now for a secret! Bend your heads! The publishers told me to tell you that every boy and girl whose name is on our P. S. roll could have a copy of that book for seventy-five cents. Just half what other people have to pay.

Now I do hope you'll all get it, and write and tell me what you think of Polly's cake, and Phronsie's gingerbread man, and ever so many other queer and quaint and sweet things in the story. Another thing: Tell me what it was in that family that made such a happy home. Yours lovingly,

PANSY.

WHO DID IT.

PART THIRD.

IN great haste she flew about for a comb to smooth her disordered hair; it would never do to go down to Mrs. Denton with hair all in a touse. She wished that the bright tin basin which hung over the sink, was there, with water in it, for she knew her eyes must be very red. Suddenly she stood still in the middle of her little room, her hand partly raised to her head, holding the comb. Did somebody speak? Whose voice repeated those words which she had learned only the Sabbath before: "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." What had that to do with her, anyway? Why should it come to her just now, and make her feel as though somebody was whispering the words in her ear?

No wonder she stood still to think. What a great fierce storm this was to beat about poor Hester! The waves were very high and her poor little boat had almost struck on the shoals of falsehood. Would it sink? Was the Master in the boat with her?

A minute more, then down went the comb, and down went Hester on her knees, and was sobbing out her cry before the same Master who calmed the storm on Galilee.

"Oh, dear Jesus," she said, "don't let me do it! don't let me say I inked the dress when I didn't, I *didn't*, and I don't know anything about it! Satan wants me to tell them that I did it, so I can go to the party. Oh! *don't* let me do it; and make me willing to stay at home from that dear party, and don't let the girls believe it, nor Mrs. Neilson, when they hear the wicked, *wicked* story; I don't see how they can help believing it, but please don't let them, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Meantime, down in the parlor the young ladies were entertaining New Year's callers, and, between times, talking about Hester and her naughtiness.

"I didn't think the child was untruthful," said Cora; "I always knew she was a spunky little piece, but I must say I am surprised at her telling so many falsehoods, and insisting on them in the way she has."

"So am I," said Mrs. Denton. "If there were any other possible way of accounting for it, I should think the child really didn't know how it happened; she is so persistent in her words." Then all three ladies agreed that of course she must have done it; there was simply no other way of accounting for it.

"There is that game, Cora," said Miss Emeline, in one of the pauses, "spread over the table yet, just as you had it last night."

"I know it," said Miss Cora. "I hadn't energy enough to put it away; stupid thing! I never did get

so weary of anything as I was of that last night; I believe I will hide those cards. I think Author's Game is very dull anyway," and she sauntered toward the little table where the cards were strewn in confusion, and taking a seat began slowly to gather them up, reading lines from one and another, and talking about them with her sister. When she arose, there were plainly to be seen on her handsome new suit of bottle-green, large bright drops of the same ink that had ruined her blue silk. Just imagine the exclamations, and the dismay, and the rushing for water and sponge to try to repair the mischief, and the sudden jerking open of the drawer of that little card-table, which act brought to view a small phial of ink lying on its side; from the puddle in the drawer, drops were slowly oozing, dropping now on the carpet.

"Whew!" This was the exclamation of Mrs. Denton's son Willis, who had just banged the hall door, and rushed into the parlor, stopping in astonishment over the sight before him.

"That's me, to a dot," he said frankly, as he took in the picture. "Mother, if you are looking about for the fellow to punish, here he is. I was teasing that dumpling of a Hester, last night, and I ran away with the ink she was using, and set it in this drawer. As to who turned it upside down, I don't know. I'm sure I set it in all right. Is the dress spoiled, Cora? I'm awful sorry."

"I think you will almost forgive Cora for her tears and sharp words of the night before, when I tell you that the first words she said, were: 'That poor child up-stairs! Mamma, is it too late for her to go?' Considering the fact that this was the second pretty dress spoiled by the ink, I think Cora did very well."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Denton, looking at the little clock on the mantel, and laying down the sponge.

"Who would have imagined that the dress could have been inked in any other way!"

"What's all that?" Willis asked, but his mother had gone up-stairs.

Poor little Hester! She was on her knees again; this time her prayer could be plainly heard through the thin partition.

"Oh, dear Jesus, if you only would make a way for them to find out it wasn't me, and let me go to the party! I don't see how you can do it, but the verse said: 'Be not afraid, only believe;' and I know you can do anything, and if you only would please to; I can't think of a way for them to find out, but I know you could make a way."

Just at that moment Mrs. Denton pushed open the door.

"We have found out, Hester," she said, trying to speak in her natural tone. "You had nothing to do with inking the dress; we are very sorry that you have had such an unhappy time, and glad to find that you told the truth; now, if you hurry as fast as you can, I think there will be time for you to get to the party."

"Mamma," sounded Cora's voice as she came up the stairs, "Mrs. Neilson has sent her carriage; the driver said it was such a long walk from here, she told him to call on his way back, and he will wait for Hester; let me help her."

How fast the nimble fingers flew over Hester's hair, tying it with some bright ribbons of Miss Cora's own! The dress and shoes were buttoned, and coat and hood hurried on almost as fast as I can tell the story, and still in such bewilderment that she hardly understood who she was, Hester flew down-stairs and was seated in Mrs. Neilson's elegant carriage, tucked in like a lady among gay robes.

"And how did they find out their mistake, dear?"

Mrs. Neilson asked the question very gently as she

stooped and kissed Hester's cheek. She was very fond of Hester, and her eyes had been full of tears while the sad little story of trouble and temptation and victory had been told her by Hester's own lips, for the child decided that she would like to have Mrs. Neilson know what made her so very late. So she had lingered to talk, while the others played.

"I don't know, ma'am," said Hester, after a minute's



WILLIS STOPPED IN ASTONISHMENT.

thought, during which time she remembered that no one had explained that to her. "I don't know, ma'am, unless God told them. I don't see how anybody else could."

SIDE BY SIDE

HE MAKETH THE STORM A CALM, SO THAT THE WAVES THEREOF ARE STILL.

FOR THIS PURPOSE THE SON OF GOD WAS MANIFESTED, THAT HE MIGHT DESTROY THE WORKS OF THE DEVIL.

BE NOT AFRAID, ONLY BELIEVE.

HE HATH SENT ME TO BIND UP THE BROKEN-HEARTED, TO PROCLAIM LIBERTY TO THE CAPTIVES.

SHE doesn't know what she is saying," said Mrs. Harrison, and she turned away with a sigh that came from her very heart. On the bed lay Ethel, all her beautiful curls cut off, her face purple with fever, and her eyes unnaturally bright.

"Yes, I do know, mamma, and I want her very much; she is in our class in Sunday-school, and I want to ask something. Send for her, mamma, right away."

"But my darling child, the doctor said you must be kept very still, and see no one, and try to sleep."

"I have tried, mamma, with all my might; it seems to me as though I had tried for a hundred years, and

every minute I am wider awake. I want to see Sarah—Sarah Lambert."

You have discovered before this that Ethol was sick; so sick that Doctor Everett, with a very grave face, had told her father and mother only that morning, that he feared she could not get well.

"You see," he said, "it would really be better if she were quite out of her head. As it is, she is just delirious enough to have vague ideas of what is going on, and to be troubled, and she gets no rest day nor night. But we will do all we can. Don't let her be worried about anything, and don't let any one see her; and try all you can to get her to sleep."

And here she was, an hour afterwards, insisting on having Sarah Lambert sent for! Her mother did not know what to do. She only knew Sarah as a little girl who wore the same ugly calico to school day after day, and very ragged shoes, and lived over Mr. Dunlap's stable. So much she had heard from Ethol. The very



"HE MAKETH THE STORM A CALM."

fact that Ethol wanted to see her, showed that she did not know what she was about. Now, what was the mother to do? Here were the doctor's orders: "Don't let her see anybody," and "Don't let her be worried about anything." One of them must be disobeyed; they ran across each other. It ended in a message being sent to school building No. 34 for Sarah Lambert to call at Mr. Harrison's at once. Then Ethol frightened her mother still more by urging that she be left quite alone with Sarah. She was so eager, and her fever rose so much higher while she urged, that Mrs. Harrison gave frightened consent, and then went out and cried, to think of what she had done.

"Little girl," she said to Sarah, "do you know she is very, very sick, and there is great danger that you will make her worse? You must come away just as soon as she will let you, and don't talk to her any more than you can help, and don't for anything in the world, let her know how sick she is."

Then Sarah went into the pretty room, and the first words that Ethol said to her were:

"Do they think I am going to die?"

Now the truth was that Sarah Lambert had learned to do one thing well, and that was, to speak the truth: she always gave strictly honest answers in school; some of the girls laughed at her, but everybody believed her. A memory of this may have been running through Ethol's sick little brain, when she insisted on having her sent for.

"I guess they think so," said Sarah, gravely, "but I don't."

There was something so quietly earnest in this answer, that Ethol could not help thinking about the last instead of the first.

"Why don't you?" she asked.

"Because I've been telling Him all about you; he can cure you so easy—just like he did the little girl. She was twelve years old. They laughed at him because he said she was only asleep; she was dead, you know, but he waked her up. He can cure people after they are dead, and of course he can before; and I told him about you, just as her father did about her, and asked him to come and lay his hand on you, and he said to me 'Be not afraid, only believe.' So now I do believe."

"I don't understand you," said Ethol, her eyes seeming to grow larger; "you are talking about Jesus, I know, but how *could* he say that to you?"

"Whispered it; just like his ear was close down to mine. I heard him; I often hear him; he's chosen me, you know. Don't you remember that time I asked you if you was chosen?"

"Yes," said Ethol, gravely, "I remember. But I'm not a chosen one."

"I guess you are. I've asked him about you lots of times. He wants you to belong, and he's going to make you well, so you can. You must 'Be not afraid, only believe.'"

"Believe what?" said Ethol.

"Everything he says. I learn new things all the time. I didn't know much of anything about him when I went to the Sunday-school; you got me to go, you know. I told him that, too. There! I forgot I wasn't to talk to you; you are to go to sleep."

"I can't go to sleep," said Ethol; "I've tried for days and days, and I know mamma thinks I am going to die; and oh, Sarah, I'm afraid to die!"

"You must 'Be not afraid, only believe,'" said Sarah again. "That is what he said to his disciples when he was on his way to cure the sick girl; that is what he said to me. He is on his way to cure you now, and I guess he wants you to go to sleep so he can. Look here, shut your eyes, and I'll tell you the words on my card, over and over, and when I have said them ten times you must be asleep."

What strange power had the grave little voice over Ethol's throbbing veins? She began in a low, steady tone:

"'He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.' 'For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.' 'Be not afraid, only believe.' 'He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive.'" Then, without the slightest pause, the low steady voice began again: "'He maketh the storm a calm—'"

Mrs. Harrison had promised her little daughter that she should not be interrupted while talking with Sarah Lambert, but at last the poor mother grew so frightened over the stillness, that she opened the door.

But Sarah shook her head, and put her finger on her lip, and went on in the same low tone:

"'He maketh the storm a calm—'"

And Ethol was asleep.