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# The Pansy.

EDITED BY MRS. G. R. ALDEN. YOUNG PEOPLE ABROAD.

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## "LUTETIA."

SUCH a flutter as the boys and girls of Mr. Prescott's class were in! They had been given what they called a riddle, and as yet not one of them had guessed it. It was simply a word, about which they were each to write a paper to be read at the Wednesday exercises. The word was "Lutetia." Not one of the thirteen knew what it meant.

"It is a girl's name!" Alice said, tossing back her curls. "I suppose she was some horrid queen, or princess, who wore millions of dollars worth of diamonds, and let her subjects starve."

But the others exclaimed against this. It wasn't spelled right for the name of a woman. Fanny Lewis was sure of this, for her own grandmother's name was "Letitia." Who should know better than she, how to spell it.

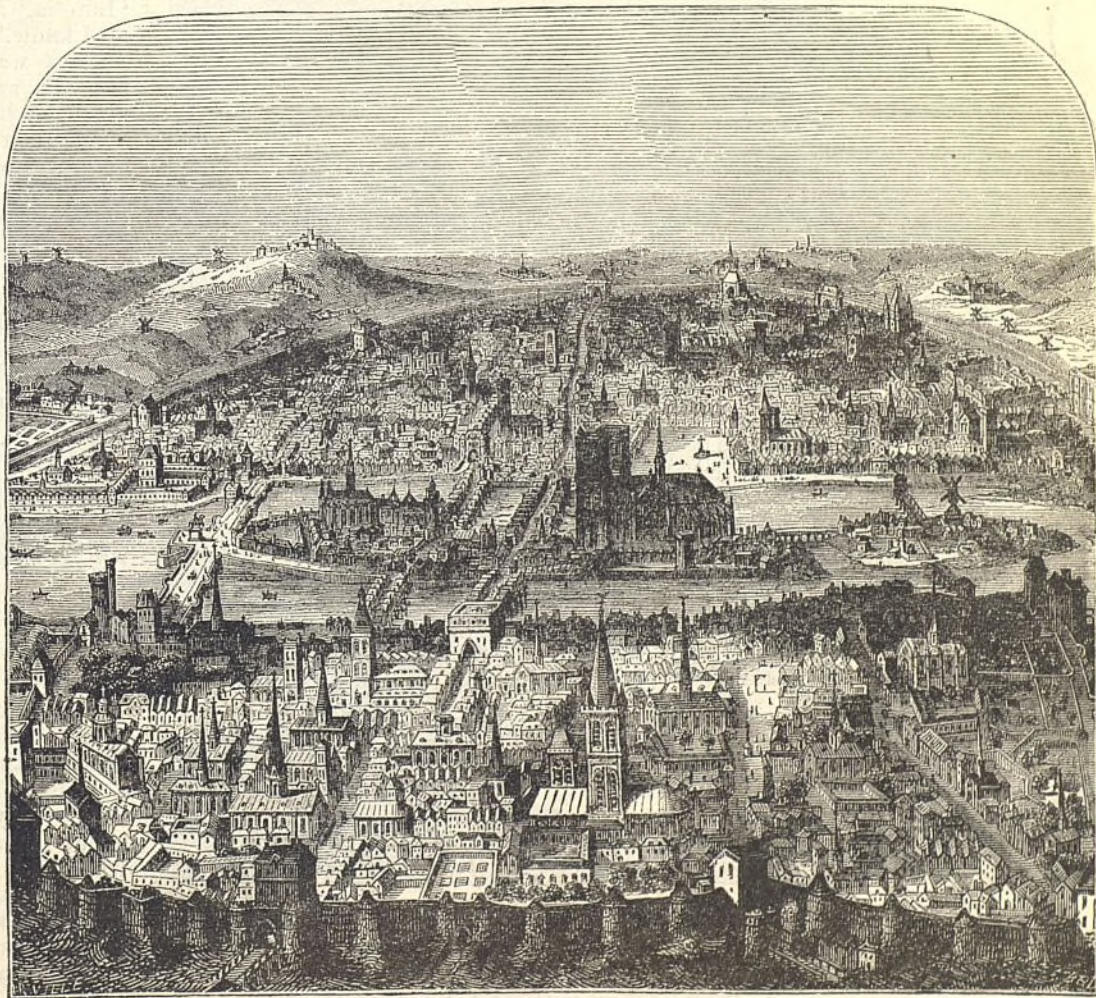
So they wondered and argued, and looked in the dictionary in vain, and groaned over Mr. Prescott's horrid rule that none of them should ask their elders.

"How are we to know things if we can't ask our fathers and mothers, or our big brothers home from college?" Kate Briggs wondered.

"Books are the fellows to ask," said Stevie Brooks. So they asked all the books they could think of, that would be likely to know, and learned nothing. Wednesday morning came, and the class were ready—for fun. Every one of them had made up a story about "Lutetia," and put it on paper, and each of them meant to declare that to the best of their knowledge it was

the original story. One had made her a queen, another a nun, another a wonderful old grandmother, another a gipsy fortune-teller.

Nora Williams, the youngest girl in the class, and, if it must be confessed, the most unpopular (I don't know for what reason, unless because she wore faded, ill-fitting clothes, and thick boots), had been out of school for a week and only appeared again on Wednesday.



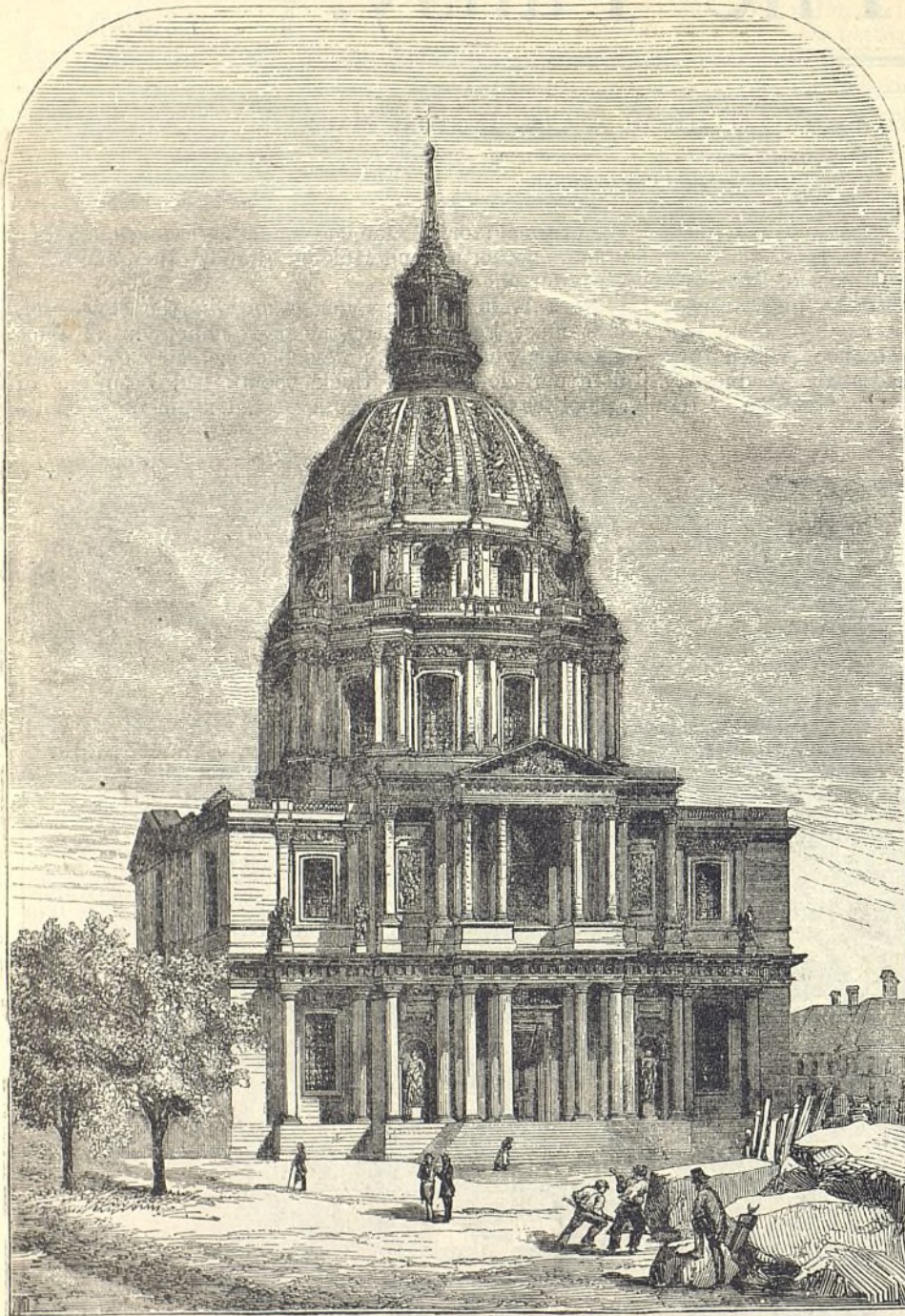
OLD PARIS, FORMERLY CALLED LUTETIA.

Somebody asked her if she had her paper ready for the afternoon.

"Yes," she said. "She met Mr. Prescott on the street and he told her the subject, but she hadn't more than a dozen lines; she hadn't had time to study it out." Nobody was intimate enough with her to ask what she had found to study, so they contented themselves with giggling, and wondering what her dozen lines were about. It so happened that her name was the



last one called, and she sat in wide-eyed wonder, while the rest of her class read their queer, made-up stories, written as though they were true.



"HOTEL DES INVALIDES."

"Mine isn't at all like the others," she said doubtfully to Mr. Prescott as she went to the platform, "it's just the truth.

Then she read: Simply a statement that "Lutetia" was just a huddle of mud huts, and nobody knew it was going to be wonderful. Then she told a little bit about the city after it received its new name, how the river Seine wound around, and made two islands named "La Cite" and St. Louis;" and that it was on the St. Louis side that poor little forgotten Lutetia set up its mud huts.

Then she said just a word or two about the wonderful "Hotel des Invalides" built for poor and wounded

soldiers, and large enough to hold eight thousand of them at a time. Only a very little did Nora know about "Lutetia," it is true, nor about Paris either, for that matter, but the beauty of it was, as Mr. Prescott said:

"That little was the truth, and could be added to, whenever Nora had a chance to learn more."

"How in the world did she find it out?" wondered the rest when they met to talk it over. They decided to ask her.

"Why," she said, "mother sent me on an errand to Dr. Carter's, and I waited in the library while the doctor wrote a note for me to leave at the office, and I saw an Encyclopedia there, and I happened to open it at Paris, and I happened to see the name 'Lutetia,' and there I found all I know."

Nora was still for a few minutes, and then, with her eyes very bright, said:

"I don't know whether I ought to say the rest or not; but I don't know as it is quite right to say it all *happened*. I didn't know what to write, and I had no books to help me, so I prayed about it every night and morning, and I think maybe God let the Encyclopedia open to just that place."

Some of the boys laughed, and one of them whistled, and another said, "You're a queer chick!" But some way, they all liked Nora better, after that.

#### MONEY AT INTEREST.

THERE was once in France a great artist named Ary Scheffer. One day he was painting the portrait of a beggar in great rags, and with every sign of poverty about him. A gentleman who was a friend of the artist sauntered in, to look at his work, and felt so sorry for the miserable beggar, that

he slipped a small piece of money in his hand, which the beggar accepted, with earnest thanks. Ten years afterwards the gentleman received in a letter, a banknote which was worth in our money about a thousand dollars. The letter explained that the writer was the man who had been sitting for his portrait as a beggar. It was a fancy of his to appear in that dress, although he was not a beggar.

The money which had been so kindly given him by a stranger in the belief that he was in need, had been taken care of by him, during the ten years, and had amounted to the sum of one thousand dollars; which he now returned with grateful thanks.



The name signed to this most astonishing letter, was :  
"Baron James de Rothschild."

How many of the PANSY boys and girls are acquainted with that name, and can tell us anything about the one to whom it belongs?

### AN OLD STORY.

ONE day, a long time ago, a little boat started out on a quiet sea to take a party of friends to a spot where no people lived, so they could rest; for they had been hard at work.

Very little rest they got! There was a minister with them that the people were very anxious to hear. What should they do but go hurrying after the boat from all directions; crowds and *crowds* of them—men, women, and children! They were in such a hurry that they forgot to take anything with them to eat! But the minister, who was sorry for them as soon as he saw them, began to talk, and had so many wonderful things to say, that they stayed all day listening. At last it

take seats. It was in the month of April, and in that part of the country April is a month of flowers, and they were growing in wild beauty all around, and the grass was very green and beautiful. The people gathered in groups, a hundred in this one, fifty in that, and when all were seated, how many do you think were there? Why, five thousand men! and, besides them, a great many women and children. Just five little cakes and two fishes for their dinner. Not more than two hungry people could eat.

Then the minister asked a blessing, and began to break the cakes, and give them to his friends to pass to the company.

They passed among the rows and rows of people, each taking a piece of the bread—they called it bread, though it was made in little thin cakes—and when they had passed all they had, they went back to the minister for more, and passed it, and there was bread for all those people! More than that; after supper they began to gather up the bits of bread and fish that were left—yes, there was certainly some left? How much, do you think? Twelve wicker baskets *full*!



THE LAKE BY WHICH THE PEOPLE WERE FED.

began to grow late. The minister's special friends who had come in the boat with him, said:

"Don't you think these people better go home, or go to some of the villages around here, and buy some bread? It is getting towards night, and they haven't brought anything with them to eat."

Said the minister: "You give them something to eat."

But the friends said: "Why, how can we? Shall we go and buy bread for them? It will take as much as thirty dollars worth."

Said he: "Go and see how much bread you have with you."

So they went away; but in a few moments they were back again: "We found a boy," they said, "who has five little barley-cakes with him, and two little fishes; but what good would they do, for this great crowd of people?"

Said the minister: "Invite the people to sit down on the green grass."

So they went around inviting the great company to

Did you ever hear a stranger story than that! Very soon after the supper, the minister advised his friends to go back over the lake, and said he would stay awhile. They wanted to stay with him, but he urged their going. The truth was, he wanted to be alone to pray.

So they left him, and went on the water. It was a beautiful little lake. When it was calm it looked like the picture.

But on this night there came up a terrible wind. The men worked hard with their oars, but the waves dashed around them, and the wind kept blowing their boat in a different direction from where they wanted to go, and they could not get on at all.

This went on for hours, and though they had not more than seven miles to go across the lake, by three o'clock in the morning they had not gone more than half way. Think how tired and frightened they must have been! Then something happened to frighten them still more. In the midst of that stormy water, with the waves tossing up in fury all around them, they saw a man



walking. Then they began to cry out in fright, and one said to another: "It is a ghost." Then the man spoke to them. He said: "Don't be afraid, it is I." They knew his voice; it was the dear minister with whom they had been all day. Then one of the men, whose name was Peter, wanted to see if he could walk on the water. So he asked the minister if he should come, and he said, "Come." And Peter started very bravely; but, oh dear! what a wind there was! and no sooner had he begun to think how nicely he was getting along, doing such a wonderful thing, than he felt himself sinking. Then he cried out: "Save me!" Instantly the minister held out his hand, and caught him, and Peter was safe. After that they went to the boat, and as soon as the minister stepped in, the wind stopped blowing, and it was perfectly easy to row to the land. But the men were so astonished, they did not know what to think. If you had just seen more than five thousand people fed with five little thin loaves of bread, and each had had enough, and twelve baskets full of food had been left, do you believe you would have been astonished at *anything*?

The way that lake looked in a storm was very much



WALKING ON THE WATER.

as shown in the picture. You can see Peter holding out his hand to be saved.

I dare say you know the name of the lake, and the

name of the rest of the people in the boat, and the name of the minister.

OH, dear! I don't know but you are tired of all these wicked people. Here is just one more, a handsomer man than some at whom we have looked, but I am not sure that you will like him any better. His name is Julius Cæsar. If you study history, you will find that he set up a beautiful woman named Cleopatra, as Queen of Egypt.

Do you know how she introduced herself to him? She was determined to see him, and finding that she could get a chance in no other way, she rolled herself inside of a great roll of carpeting that was to be carried to his room, and so got a chance to talk with him. He is the man who sent that famous message to the senate, to announce a victory in battle: "I came, I saw, I conquered." The people were



JULIUS CÆSAR.

very proud of Julius Cæsar for his bravery, and for what they called his "goodness." At one time they planned an image of him to be carried in a procession of their gods. It was he who planned that the years should be three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours long, and he helped to plan the arrangement of the extra day which belongs to "leap year." He seemed to have a high opinion of himself, for he changed the name of one of the months from "Sextile" to "July," because his own name was Julius. At last he was killed by one who had pretended to be his friend. How sad it is to think that over almost none of these graves could have been written: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I wonder if, hundreds of years from now, the lives of any of you will be written, and it will have to be said of you that you lived and died without the Lord Jesus for your friend and pattern?

IN Brazil there was a young missionary named G. W. Chamberlain. He was stationed in the city of San Paulo, and he went one day on a journey a hundred miles or more from San Paulo, telling the people about Jesus; preaching, talking, singing, working as hard as he could in those villages where no missionary was stationed. There he met Henrique Gomes, an old man. He had thirteen children; all of them came out to hear Mr. Chamberlain preach. When the meeting was over, Henrique Gomes turned to the preacher, and fixing his eyes on him, asked in a slow voice: "Young man, where was your father, that my father died without the Bible?"

Isn't that an awful question? Do you think if you should live to be an old man, or woman, and die, leaving children, that one of them will ever be asked: "Where was *your* father, that he let my father die without knowing about the Bible?" Oh, I hope that it may be said of you: "He was spreading the story of the Bible in every place that he could reach."