

EDITED
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The Pansy.

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THE OLD-TIME WIDE AWAKE "SIETY."

THE WIDE AWAKE "SIETY."

WILLIE WAKEMAN always went to church with his mother. But sometimes, when they came home, he saw his mother looking sad, and he asked her if she was sick, and she said she was very, very sick. And he wanted to run for the doctor; but when she told him the doctor had no medicine for her trouble, he began to cry as though his heart would break, and between his sobs he would say:

"Oh, what shall I do? my mother is going to die. What shall I do? What *shall* I do?"

But when his mother said that perhaps *he* could do for her what the doctor could not, he pulled out his pocket handkerchief and wiped off the tears in a moment and, his face all lit up with sunshine, he asked:

"And what can I do?"

"You can help our minister."

"I?"

"Yes, you, my dear boy. Our minister has so much trouble. Didn't you see how sorrowful his face looked to-day when he was preaching?"

"I was fast asleep. I didn't see any thing."

"Poor child! you were up so late Saturday night you couldn't keep awake in church. Your mother was to blame for it."

"But what troubles Mr. Earnest so? Haven't they any thing to eat over at his house?"

"Well, I guess they haven't any too much, for the church doesn't pay him as they should. But he doesn't mind that so much as some other things."

"What other things?" quickly inquired Willie.

"What *can* be worse than nothing to eat?"

"He is troubled because the people don't seem to care. And that troubles me, too. It makes my heart sick."

"Don't care for what? That he hasn't nice things to eat?"

"No, not that; but because, when he gets a nice breakfast all ready for them and calls them, they come, but care so little for it that they go to sleep right in sight of it."

And Willie looked into his mother's face with a wondering look. Then he looked this way and that and back again, still wondering what his mother could mean. At last it all came to him. The breakfast was the sermon, and many of the people slept in church rather than listen to it.

Then he thought and thought till his face got red, and his eyelids began to droop, and the sweet lips quiver. Then came the big tears, and his head was soon buried in his mother's neck.

But Willie soon gathered himself up and said: "I'll never go to sleep again in church, if I can help it. My name is not Willie Sleepy Head, but Willie Wakeman." Again came the tears as he asked: "Do you think Mr. Earnest saw me asleep, mother?"

But Mrs. Wakeman comforted Willie by assuring him that ministers do not expect children to keep awake through the sermon, as they used to in old times, but the grown-up people. They used to have men called tithing-men to keep people awake and see that they behaved properly.

But this did not pacify him.

"I know I can keep awake," he said, "if I try real hard, and he will use simple little words that I know the meaning of. May I ask him to? And maybe he'll tell me what he's going to preach about, and I'll think of it, too, and when Sunday comes I'll see if he preaches it as I would." And Willie's face shone again. "And then I'll pray to be wide awake, and I'll look right straight into Mr. Earnest's eyes when he looks over to our seat, and he shall know that two care

for his breakfast — you and me, mother. Will that comfort him?"

"Very much, my darling; but I'm afraid you think you can do too much."

"I'll do a great deal more. I'll tell Mr. Earnest when he comes in Monday, where his text was, and something about it, and I'll sometime ask him to preach about my text."

"Your text?"

"About the children in the temple, all wide awake, singing and praising Jesus. I guess he had preached them a sermon they understood. And they liked it, and then sang all of them as loud as they could. And I'll have a Siety. We'll be the Church Wide Awakes, I guess."

And Willie laughed as loudly now as he had cried before.

He is the President of that "Siety." It is growing. Do you care to join?

SPRING FASHIONS.

I THINK," said Mother Nature, "it's time to look about

And find some pretty fashions for the children out.

I'll pay in golden sunshine the very highest price,

But let me tell you plainly, I want my children nice."

"For Pansies, purple velvet in which the lustre glows,
And softest, smoothest satin to suit my dainty Rose;
A dress of yellow pongee for little Buttercup,
And fluted frills for Clover, all freshly ruffled up.

"A mother has her hands full with such a troop as mine,

But then my little people are very gay and fine.

They've slept so nicely under the coverlet of snow,

That now I must expect them to take a start and grow."

— *Christian Intelligencer.*

CARRIE'S EXPERIMENT.

PART I.

IF she had not been angry I suppose it would never have happened. You see she wanted to go down town with her mother and auntie. "You promised," she wailed out a dozen times that afternoon.

There was just a shade of truth in the sentence, and the rest was falsehood. The truth was, mamma had promised with several "ifs" behind it. "If it is pleasant," and, "If you are well enough."

But Carrie paid no attention to the "ifs."

The facts were, that in the afternoon it rained, and Carrie was hoarse. So mamma, whose business could not wait, and auntie who did not want to wait, went off leaving Carrie in a perfect passion of tears. I hope you never heard any one go on in as silly a way as she did. She declared that she was not sick at all; hadn't a bit of cold, and it didn't rain hard enough to hurt a sugar kitten; and it was just because mamma and auntie didn't want her along that they had made her stay at home; and she thought it was just as mean as could be.

She cried so much, and was so cross and disagreeable that her sixteen-year-old sister finally went down-stairs and left her to herself. Then a wicked plan came into Carrie's mind. She would run away. Not out in the street, but up in the unfinished dark attic where nobody ever went; she would take some things to eat, and

something to wrap around her at night, and maybe she would stay there for weeks and weeks, and then see how bad mamma would feel! She guessed she would be sorry for going off down street and leaving her poor Carrie at home. No sooner did the naughty girl get this naughty plan all thought out, than she set to work to carry it out. Slipping down to the pantry, she succeeded in seizing a loaf of bread and a large pie, and putting them in the market-basket that stood waiting for Mary. Then there was the cooky crock. It took but a few minutes to fill every corner of the basket with cookies, and Carrie had always believed that if she could only have as many of these as she wanted, she

will never think of looking here for me, but if they should, they can't get in, not until I choose to let them. Of course I'll let them in sometime, when I get tired of staying here, and when I know they'll be awful glad to see me; but I'll wait a good while," and she turned the rusty key in the lock. Hark! what was that? It was only a mouse scudding across the beams in a hurry to get home and tell about this new tenant who was moving in with a great big basket that smelled of good things. But Carrie did not like mice, besides, who knew but it might be an Indian or something hiding in her father's attic.

She turned suddenly, giving her hand a quick jerk from the lock, and the key came out and fell to the floor.

Carrie listened, a somewhat frightened look on her face; but the mouse had reached home, and all was still.

"Pooh!" she said; "it was only some loose stones or something rattling down the chimney."

Then she began to look about her. If this was to be her home for any length of time, she must get it in order. There was not much in the attic beside cobwebs and gloom. A few old packing-boxes, an unused spinning-wheel that had been Carrie's great-grandmother's, and over which she stumbled the first thing; a barrel or two of old books, some broken chairs that were in that curious state not worth mending, yet too good to throw away. Nothing of very great interest in the old attic, where a floor was laid only part of the way; but Carrie thought it would be a very nice place in which to live. She settled herself in the lightest corner, where was a little window; but the dark day let very little light in, and over a few feet from her, it might have been midnight. This thought at once reminded her that by and by it would be midnight.

"As sure as the world I ought to have brought a light!" she said in dismay, remembering that there was no gas in the attic. "I'll go this minute and get the lamp that Mary uses when she goes to the cellar;" and the new tenant hopped up.

The short day was already dropping into twilight. Over by the door it was entirely dark; but Carrie groped her way as well as she could, wishing with all her heart that she had that lamp this minute, and that it was lighted, and finally felt the hinges of the heavy old-fashioned door, found the latch, found the lock, but where was the key? Not in the lock where it should be. Then she remembered with a sudden start of dismay, that when that mouse ran across the rafters — if it was a mouse — the key had dropped. And was

the door locked? Yes, the door was locked. She tried it eagerly. There was no mistake; the key had done its duty before it fell.

Then she stooped down and groped in the darkness for the key. It must be right at her feet somewhere. Of course, but where was the somewhere? Carrie felt, and felt, and got down on her knees and crept around the dusty floor, and cried and felt, and felt and cried. It was one thing to be locked in the attic in the dark, with the key in the lock to turn when she pleased, and it was quite another thing to find that the key was gone, and she was a prisoner. Poor Carrie!



YES, THE DOOR WAS LOCKED.

would never care for any thing else in all this world.

Unfortunately, Mary was in the cellar, and neither saw nor heard any thing of the thief. Slipping up-stairs as softly as she had come down, carrying the heavy basket with her, went Carrie.

Away up the crooked, narrow, twisting stairs that led to the attic. The first thing she did when she got inside was to shut the big door quickly. It seemed to her that the sixteen-year-old sister and Mary and all the rest of them were surely following her. Then she listened, but no sound of footsteps came to her.

"I shall lock the door," she said positively. "They

SIDE BY SIDE

HE THAT RECEIVETH YOU RECEIVETH ME; AND HE THAT RECEIVETH ME RECEIVETH HIM THAT SENT ME.

THE WICKED PLOTTETH AGAINST THE JUST, AND GNASHETH UPON HIM WITH HIS TEETH.

I WILL ABUNDANTLY BLESS HER PROVISION. I WILL SATISFY HER POOR WITH BREAD.

WHEN THOU PASSEST THROUGH THE WATERS I WILL BE WITH THEE; AND THROUGH THE RIVERS, THEY SHALL NOT OVERFLOW THEE.

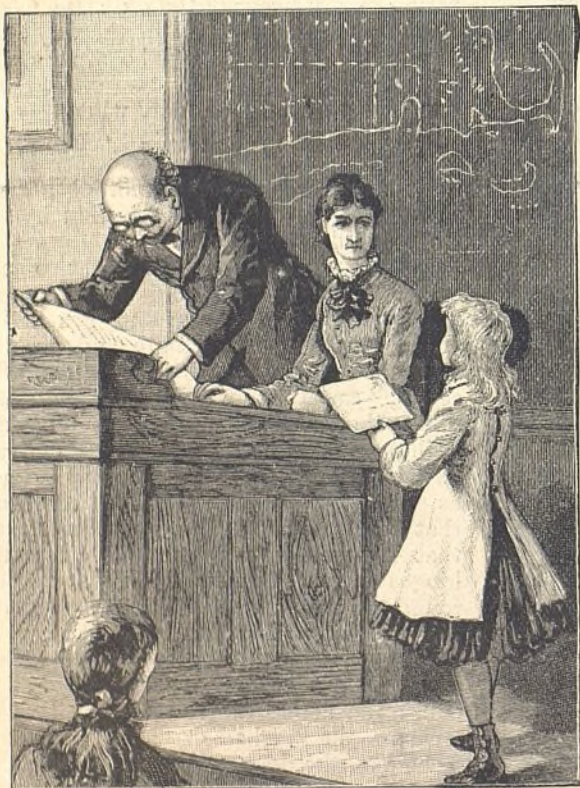
IN VAIN DO THEY WORSHIP ME, TEACHING FOR DOCTRINES THE COMMANDMENTS OF MEN.

"HATEFUL old thing," said Ethol. "Won't she be awful mad, though? I'll just enjoy it; she is just as mean as she can be this term, and it is no more than she deserves."

By which you will see that Ethol was well and in school again. Moreover, it was almost the first of April, and the girls who were all out of sorts with Miss Mason for some bit of justice that had fallen on them, were plotting a bit of April-fool mischief, not to say wickedness, that ought to have made their faces red with shame.

The way of it was this: Johnnie Burns had a dangerous talent: he could draw wonderfully well for a boy. Of course he could make ugly pictures, called "caricatures," much more easily than he could good ones.

He had made a "perfectly horrid" picture of Miss Mason, looking just enough like her for her to suspect that it was intended for her portrait. She had rather a long nose; Johnnie had made it dreadfully long. One



THE IMPORTANT ENVELOPE.

eye was a little smaller than the other; Johnnie had made it just half the size, with a horrible squint in it. Miss Mason was quite tall; Johnnie had made her a giantess. But worse than all this, he had drawn a picture of Professor Heisse, the music teacher, standing beside her. Now the music teacher was not quite so tall as Miss Mason; Johnnie had made a queer little bald-headed dwarf of him, and placed him as close to Miss Mason as his pencil would draw him. The plan was that this hor-

rid picture, with some doggerel rhymes about those two written under it, should be placed in an envelope and handed to Miss Mason while Professor Heisse was standing by her desk waiting for the morning report of music scholars.

The girls had had much giggling over their bold folly, and much trouble in getting any one who was willing to take the envelope to the desk when the mail was handed in. Professor Heisse was always at the desk when the postman called, and one of the girls always answered his knock and took the mail to Miss Mason. Not one of them wanted to do it that morning. And that was the way Sarah Lambert became mixed up in it. She said she would just as soon hand it up as not; she should risk her laughing! and her dark eyes gleamed. Sarah was more angry with Miss Mason than any of the others; she had been the least to blame in the frolic that was spoiled when Miss Mason found out about it, and had suffered the most. So everything was settled for the Friday joke (?).

Don't you think it was Sarah Lambert who unsettled it! The last thing she did before creeping into her rough-looking bed that night, was to read over her "Sunday card" again. Behold, one verse stared at her in a new fashion! She read it the second time: "The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth."

"I declare, if that ain't queer!" she muttered. "That is just what Ethol Harrison did this morning; she gnashed her teeth when she was talking about Miss Mason marking her bad. I s'pose Miss Mason was just, too; we broke the rules, and she made us pay up for it. Then according to that we're wicked! Well, of course we are. That's a mean picture, anyhow."

She went early to school the next morning, and the first thing she said to Ethol Harrison was:

"It tells all about that in the verses for April."

"What!" snapped Ethol. She had been much kinder to Sarah since her sickness, but this morning was cross.

"Why, about the picture, and Miss Mason being just, and all; you did gnash your teeth yesterday, Ethol, I saw you; and I did, too."

What could Sarah Lambert be talking about!

There was not time to explain, but she held up her card, and pointed to the verse, and Ethol's eyes caught it:

"The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth."

A queer look came into her face. It was one thing to play what she called an April fool on Miss Mason, and it was another thing to have the Bible write out the story of it.

The girls had their heads together a good deal that day, and at last Ethol Harrison was excused, to do what she explained was something *very* important.

Well, the postman came, and after all it was one of the younger girls who took up the mail, for Sarah sat still with frowning face, having resolved by this time not to help the wickedness along any more. Professor Heisse was there, bending at that moment over Miss Mason's chair, looking at her roll book with his near-sighted eyes. She seized at once on the large, square envelope and opened it. Sarah, watching her, with red cheeks and angry eyes, was astonished to see her face brighten into smiles, and hear her murmur:

"Oh, how lovely! Look at this, Professor!"

It was a charming Easter card, in which the cross had blossomed out into lilies.

"April fools are real coarse, anyway," said Ethol, as she walked homeward. I'm awful glad we didn't send that ugly picture. Let's burn it."

Then, after a moment: "Say, girls, I guess Sarah Lambert is trying very hard to be a real good girl. What do you say to having her join the Pansy Society?"