

EDITED

BY

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The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
ABROAD.

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BIRDIES THREE

BIRDS.

BY INA WOODS.

MARGIE stood at the window a few minutes, watching her cousin Allan leaning out of the chamber window, then she rushed to the door and cried merrily to him:

"Why, Allan Munroe, I thought you knew enough to

come in when it rained! What in the world are you looking at?"

Allan laughed good-naturedly, and rising, shook the drops of the summer rain-storm from his sleeve, as he replied.

"I was watching the birds, in that tree. There has been a fuss; a regular family fuss!

"They have talked it all over, and I have heard every word that they said.

"Look at that cross little piece who has gone out of the nest and seated herself on that limb!

"Did you ever see a sourer face on a bird? She doesn't like the stuff that the nest is built of. She thinks her father and mother had very poor taste to pick out such rough bits of old hay and straw.

"She thinks it is a very dismal sort of a home, at the very best. The trouble with her is, she has heard about silk and velvet. When you and Helen were finishing your pin-cushion out here under the

trees this morning she and she has made up her thing fit to build a nest of is both. But that one perched on the edge of the nest, said that the stuff was well enough, but a meaner tree than that on which it was built she thought it would be hard to find. She would have liked the one on the other side of the house a great deal better. This was the windy side, too, and if there was any rain, they always got it; and for her part, she was sick and tired of such a home, and would like to go South this minute instead of waiting till fall. Now you might suppose that one of them would be kind of polite and good-natured and try to cheer up the others, but it is no such thing. That one all fluffed up in a heap

in the nest is puckering her bill together and shedding tears because she is afraid this rain will drive all the worms under ground and her father and mother will not be able to bring them a bite of fresh meat for their supper, and she is so faint now she doesn't know what to do! Aren't they a lovely family?"

"What a funny boy you are!" was Margie's answer. "What makes you think that all the birds and bugs and flowers are talking together and you can hear what they say?"

"I don't know," answered Allan, following his cousin into the house, as the rain began to fall faster. "It always seems as though they were talking; they look so to me."

"I wonder what you would hear the lyre-bird say if you should see a real live one?"

"The liar-bird! Never heard of him! What is he called that for? Does he tell lies?"

Then Margie shouted with laughter.

"Did you never hear of a word spelled l-y-r-e?" she asked him. "That is the kind of lyre I mean; and the bird is just lovely. Isn't it queer that I was looking at



LYRE BIRDS.

a picture of one when mamma sent me to see where you were?"

"Never heard of him," said Allan. "Tell a fellow about him. Where does he get his name?"

"Why, from his tail; the loveliest thing! Twelve long feathers, looking just like lace-work, or no, like lovely delicate ferns, and then there are two—feathers, kind of—on the outside of these, that curl around at the top, for all the world like that lyre that Mr. Patterson keeps in his music-room. You remember it, don't you?"

"Where do you go to find such a bird?"

"Well, if I really expected to find one, I suppose I should have to go to New South Wales, but I can show you his photograph, and you'll see if his tail doesn't form a perfect lyre."

"Can't say much in favor of his feet," declared Allan, gazing at the picture which Margie spread before him.

"No. Aren't they horrid? Great, spread-out, scratchy things. But oh, that lovely tail! How I

should like to see one! They are very shy, though, and timid. And, Allan, don't you think they can mimic other birds! Whatever they hear sung, they can sing. What do you suppose they say to one another?"

"I don't know. Perhaps they talk about their tails; and dispute, like enough, as to which is the longest, and most like a lyre. Or maybe they can't agree as to which bird they imitate the best. I dare say they have something to argue about. All birds seem to scold a great deal. No, I'll tell you! The old fellow rejoices that he was made so much prettier than his mate. Look at her! she hasn't any tail to speak of."

"I guess," said Margie, "they sometimes wonder together why all their feathers were painted in such delicate colors, and their dresses made of such soft, fine, velvety stuff, when they are only birds, after all. I wonder at it, anyhow. I'll tell you what I think, sometimes, Allan. It seems as though God must have so many beautiful thoughts that he couldn't find places enough to put them all, and so just *had* to dress the birds."

"You're a queer chick!" said Allan.

Then he settled himself to reading a careful description of the lyre-birds.

WHERE I WENT, AND WHAT I SAW.

I WENT to a lovely Christian home. There are so many of them in Brooklyn! But this one gave me special pleasure. The gentleman and his wife have been abroad for a long time, and they brought home many treasures. Some of them were on their dinner-table; lovely foreign-looking dishes, with delicate vines and flowers painted on them. The handle of each coffee-cup was a butterfly. Each of a different species, charmingly painted in red and gold and purple. And, what do you think—there was a fly in the cream-pitcher! I tried to quietly brush it away when the hostess was not looking, but I couldn't. Can you guess the reason why? In every room of that pretty little gem of a house there was something to admire, and something that I am sure you would like to hear about, if I only had time. But of one spot in particular I want to tell you. The "Christ-Room," they call it—a small bright room, with a carpet of just the right pattern and color to harmonize, and yet not take your attention from more important sights. And hanging all about that room are lovely, rare engravings of Christ. There is one called "The Shadow Of The Cross." It pictures Jesus in the carpenter's shop, the old-fashioned tools lying about him, shavings curling in heaps at his feet; a little in the background, in another room, is Mary, kneeling before the chest in which she kept the costly gifts brought by the wise men, and "pondering" over them, as the Bible said she did. What can she think that sad-looking, hard-working man has to do with these beautiful treasures? Why were they brought to him? Jesus is pictured as raising his arms and spreading them out, as if in great weariness and sorrow, and the sunlight falling on him makes an outline of the cross on the wall at his right. There are many other lovely copies of the work of great artists who must have loved to think about the Saviour. Under one of them hangs a picture in colors, that gave me great joy. It was a flower gathered from every Nation—the National emblem, you know, forming a bouquet which the owner said he loved to hang under that picture, as a reminder that all the nations of the earth should yet bow down to King Jesus.

But the most wonderful spot in the room was a shaded corner, where stood, done in marble, a statue of Jesus, brought at great expense from Rome. How wonderful

it was. The dear hands spread out as if in blessing, and the sweet eyes looking tenderly down on the people.

My dear Pansies, I wish you could see that statue; I think it would make you realize better that Jesus is really and truly a man, and that he was once on this earth and will be again.

I find I cannot describe it to you, after all; I thought I could when I began; but it was the wonderful look of love and power and sweetness on the face that made it so beautiful a thing; and how can I describe those? Let me tell you what to do: As you study the Sabbath-school lessons that we are having now, all about the life of Jesus on earth, go into some quiet corner and shut your eyes, and *think* a picture.

Imagine you see Jesus standing in a house, with the crowds of people around him, while they bring to him a blind man, a sick man, a sick child, and with a touch he cures them. Think it all out; learn some of the sweet words he said, and imagine you see his face while he speaks them. It will help you.

Meantime, there was one beautiful picture, a copy of which I can show you. This is taken from one that hangs in a picture gallery in Dresden, and is called "Madonna De San Sisto."

I suppose you know, Pansies, without my telling you, that this is a picture of the child Jesus and Mary his mother. The original painting which hangs in the Dresden gallery was done by the great artist Raphael—possibly you may have seen in some art gallery, works of his, although not familiar at the time with the name of the artist.

Now, I wonder how many of the Pansies know any thing about him!

LAURA'S PLANS.

ALL turned "upside down!" That was the way she expressed it. I don't know that I can tell you how disappointed she was. For half the year she had been planning to go to uncle Harper's for vacation. It was



MADONNA DE SAN SISTO.

only thirty miles away; not much of a journey, to be sure. That is, I suppose it wouldn't be to you; but Laura, you see, had never been thirty miles from home in her life, and to take a trip on the cars of even that length was something to talk and think and dream about. Now, all in a minute it was upset. "My dear, I am sorry for your disappointment," her mother had said. "But you can't go to uncle Harper's this year; it will not be convenient for them to receive you." That

was every bit she knew about it; her mother had not explained at all, and though she said she was sorry for the disappointment, Laura could not help thinking that she did not *look* disappointed at all. "She would have missed me a good deal, I suppose," said poor Laura to



LAURA WAS CONSIDERING:

herself with a sigh. "But oh dear! something always has to happen when I am going anywhere! I don't believe I shall get a ride on the cars until I am an old woman. Why couldn't uncle Harper's folks have *made* it convenient for me! It is too bad." A great many unhappy hours she gave herself brooding over her disappointment. How did it all end?

It was two weeks before Laura found out why it wasn't convenient for her to go to uncle Harper's to spend two weeks. Then she did. And the reason was, uncle Harper and all his family were going to California, and Laura was to go with them! Thirty miles indeed! Think of the miles and miles that she rode in palace cars, day and night! I could write a volume about her delightful experiences, and I am by no means sure that I will not do it, some day, but just now I want to give you an extract from a letter which she wrote to her mother.

"O mamma, mamma! If you could see the wonderful trees under which I have been sitting all the morning! One of them measured eighty feet around, and another was ninety, and some were a hundred. They are all named. Three trees close together are called 'The Three Graces.' When a tree is only six hundred years old, they call it 'young.' Mamma, it doesn't seem even to me, that I can be telling you the truth, but I saw nine people, on horseback, ride into a tree this very morning; only think of it! And we call our elm in the back yard large. People have lived in some of these trees. One of them was named 'The Miner's Cabin.' There was one named 'New York,' and another 'Pennsylvania;' both of these measured one hundred and four feet around. Mamma, you know you can count the rings of the trees, and tell how old they are. Uncle Harper counted on one tree this morning nine hundred and seventy rings, then he lost his place, but he says he

is sure he did not get more than half way up. Each ring stands for a year. Can you imagine a tree that is almost two thousand years old?

"After I came home I read a letter from a woman who had been right here in this place, and she says if anybody wants something to compare the big trees with, if he will take a parsnip seed and go and stand before Trinity Church, he can say to himself, that out of a tiny speck like that seed, grew a tree that shoots up one hundred feet higher than Trinity steeple, and that was five hundred years old when Christ was born in Bethlehem.

"Only think of it! I wish He had been in California and stood under these trees, so I could go and stand in the very spot. On one of the largest trees in the grove where we were this morning, is a marble slab, and on it in gold letters, this verse: 'The glory of God is revealed by his works.' Isn't that a true verse? I couldn't help thinking what a wonderful God to make such giants grow from such little seeds, and keep them living on and on for so many years. Mamma, this morning while I sat looking at the wonderful things all around me, I remembered how I fretted because I could not go to uncle Harper's and spend two weeks, and here I am in California to spend three months. I don't believe I will ever fret over things again."

But I am afraid that Laura will forget all about that resolution the next time she feels like fretting.

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Never a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and James,
Jeemes and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel out in the hall,
"Jim-my! Jim-my!" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she might find him; she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most that he could of "J-a-m-e-s."

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons "Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands run
Much faster than if he had said "My son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,
Call him any thing else but "Jeems";
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse,
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest,
Was the one pet name that he liked the best;
"Darling!" he heard it whate'er he was at,
For none but his mother called him that.

— St. Nicholas.