

EDITED
BY
MRS. G. R. ALDEN.

The Pansy.

LIGHT
IN
MANY LANDS.

VOLUME 9.

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

NUMBER 17.

Saturday, April 29, 1882.

Monthly, 15 cents.

Copyright, 1882, by D. LOTHROP & Co.

Semi-monthly, 25 cents.

Weekly, 50 cents a year.



THE LOVELY LIBRARY.

"COMPANY TRY."

THERE was a great deal of dodging about at Mrs. Harmon's, getting ready for the party. Not only were the parlors to be used, but the library and the large dining-room. It wasn't exactly a party. "Company Try" was to meet there that afternoon, stay to tea, and have a good time generally. "Company Try" was really a mission band, made up of a party of boys and girls who had declared that they really *could not* belong to a missionary society because they had no money of their own, and didn't know how to earn any. Then Carrie Harmon took the matter in hand. Nobody knows how many notes she wrote, or how many boys and girls rang at Mr. Harmon's door and asked for Carrie, and were shown into the lovely library and had a private interview with her.

Carrie was only sixteen, was full of energy and of plans, and liked nothing better than to manage the boys and girls. After many notes and many calls "Company Try" was organized, and had worked with a will.

This day was their Anniversary. A great many fathers and mothers had been invited to the party, and the plan

was that all the soldiers of the company should bring with them the thing or things with which they had earned their money. Now you can understand, perhaps, why there was so much scurrying about, and a good deal of laughing, as the "things" began to gather.

Marion Ellis came dragging her sled up the hill; on it was fastened "Mrs. Tourtelet," her one white hen. For Mrs. Tourtelet had laid eggs with daily care and industry, and all the winter, so far, the neat little sled "Reindeer" had carried one, fresh each morning, for Mrs. Dr. Prescott's breakfast; and, fresh eggs being scarce, Mrs. Prescott had paid each morning three pennies for hers. Why should not Mrs. Tourtelet and Reindeer come to the "Company Try" party?

Pretty little Flossy Burton brought her pet dolly, "Lucy Frances Adelia," and her dog "Bose." You think they couldn't possibly have any thing to do with earning missionary money? You don't know any thing about it. Let me tell you. There was a lovely strawberry bed at Flossy Burton's home, and there were many robins. Now, for every hour that Flossy would sit, of a summer day, when the strawberries were ripening, watching the bed, and sending Bose to frighten away the rob-

ins, her father would give her three bright pennies. How many of these do you think she gave to missions? Every one! "One for Bose, and one for Lucy Frances

a saw hanging on it." Horace Burton brought this. He earned every cent of his money sawing wood for their next neighbor. Of course the saw and the buck had to



THE TRIO — MEMBERS OF "COMPANY TRY."

Adelia, and one for me." This was the way she told it. You see she knew that to stay there all alone, would have been dreadful! But to have Lucy Frances Adelia in her arms, and Bose at her side, was a different thing. She knew that they helped earn the money, and she counted them in. While the party was getting itself ready, Flossy, who had come early, curled herself into a corner of the sofa and went to sleep, and Bose mounted guard, as though he feared the robins would mistake her for a sweet strawberry and eat her.

Among the funny things to be seen in the dining-room when all was ready, were the two babies from Mrs. Horton's with bowls of milk, with bread crumbed in.

Yes, they earned their pennies with bread and milk. You see, the Hortons had a bad habit of eating all sorts of things at supper-time that they didn't want the babies to eat, and of course the babies wanted them, and once in a while they wailed a little to have some cake or some meat or some sauce. The papa and mamma heard with delight of "Company Try," and advised the babies to join, promising them each a penny every time the bowls of bread and milk were emptied sweetly and quietly at night, with no call for cake and no tears thrown in. You will be glad to hear that many bright pennies fell into the mission box because of this. When all the party arranged as a tableau for the fathers and mothers to admire, everybody agreed that the Horton babies, looking already to take a spoonful from their little bowls, were just the cunningest things that ever were.

But if I should try to show you pictures of half the people who came to the party, this story would make a book. There were such funny things brought! In a corner of the large dining-room stood a saw-buck, with

come to the party. Artie Jones brought his pony. He went on the pony's back to the post-office every morning before seven o'clock, to get the early mail for uncle Arthur, thereby earning twelve cents a week. The pony had to be tied outside with his nose thrust in at the window, to take part in the tableau. Then there were scroll-saws and pinking-irons, and paper-markers and colored inks and a printing-press and an egg-beater and an apple-parer and a work-box, and I really cannot remember what else; a great army of things! In the tableau which was arranged about four o'clock in the great dining-room, each boy and girl held in their arms, or, if that were impossible, stood beside, that which had helped them to earn their money. The name of the tableau was *How to earn Money*.

While it was being shown, Trudie Phelps played and sang softly and sweetly:

"If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere."



FLOSSY RESTING BEFORE THE PARTY.

Trudie Phelps was the one selected to play and sing, because she earned her missionary money by going

every Saturday afternoon to the Industrial School and playing for the scholars to march.

Besides all the rest, there was a missionary lady there. She was made of wax, and her blue eyes opened and shut by machinery. A missionary *doll*! Yes, and she was going to India. Laura Adams dressed her in a rich suit of dark-blue silk, taking every neat stitch in her wardrobe herself. Of what use to send a *doll* to India? Oh, she was going to the Mission Nursery there,



THE HORTON BABIES.

to help teach the little bits of native girlies to *mother* the babies tenderly and sing soft, sweet lullabys to them. When a little girlie in the Mission had been very, very good all day, she would be allowed to hold this lovely doll from across the ocean, and be taught to sing while she snuggled it, *Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.*

Ah, I tell you, Miss Araminta Adelaide Antoinette Adams will make a grand missionary! I'll show you a picture of her, and of the little lady who put so many neat stitches on her clothes.

A STRANGE MISSIONARY.

I KNOW nothing about that solemn-faced ape, but the crocodile on whose back he is riding, reminds me of a true story. A few years ago, a fisherman was wading through one of the shallow rivers of Siam. Suddenly up pounced a monster crocodile, and seizing his right arm, with one snap of his great jaws bit it off and swam away. Some people on shore saw the poor man and ran to him. The nearest place to which they could take him was the Mission Station. The missionary surgeon came at once, and took him under his care, and nursed him, and to the astonishment of the natives, the man got well.

Really, no one was more astonished than the man himself. He had never known of one injured like himself being cured. He thought that the surgeon must have a very powerful god who had helped him, and he asked many questions. Then the surgeon told him he had a helper; that there was but one true God, who helped everybody about every thing that they had to do, and that he had prayed to his God many times to cure the sick man. The poor heathen listened in great astonishment, and was anxious to hear more.

When he began to understand the wonderful story of the true God and his Son Jesus Christ, he wanted to learn to pray. Very soon he gave his heart to Christ, and when he went home to China, he was a Christian. In the city where he lives, there is now a little church, built by the earnest work of this one man. Perhaps you would like to know the name of the city? It is Bangplaso.

POTATOES.

It wasn't a very large church, and it wasn't nicely furnished. No carpet on the floor, no frescoing on the walls; just a plain, square, bare, frame building, away out in Southern Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sunday of their lives.

On this particular Sunday, they stood together over by the square box-stove, waiting for Sunday-school to commence, and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were used to having collections taken up for them. However, they were coming up in the world, and wanted to begin to give.

Not a cent had the Holt boys to give.

"Pennies are as scarce at our house as hens' teeth," said Stephen, showing a row of white, even teeth as he spoke. James looked doleful. It was hard on them, he thought, to be the only ones in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grimly around on the old church. What should he spy, lying in one corner under a seat, but a potato.

"How in the world did that potato get to church!" he said, nodding his head toward it. "Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought things here for the poor folks. I say, Steenie, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us, as much as to anybody."

Stephen turned and gave a long, thoughtful look at the potato.

"That's an idea!" he said eagerly. "Let's do it!"

James expected to see a roguish look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said: "I'm in earnest!"

"Honor bright?" asked James.

"Yes, honor bright."

"How? Split it in two, and each put half on the plate?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing; "we can't get it ready to give to-day, I guess; but suppose we carry it home and plant it in the nicest spot we can find, and take extra care of it, and give every potato it raises to the missionary cause? There'll be another chance; this isn't the only collection the church will ever take up, and we can sell the potatoes to somebody."

Full of this new plan, they went into the class looking less sober than before; and though their faces were rather red when the box was passed to them and they had to shake their heads, they thought of the potato, and looked at each other and laughed.

Somebody must have whispered to the earth and the dew and the sunshine about that potato. You never saw any thing grow like it! "Beats all," said farmer Holt who was let into the secret. "If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I should make my fortune."

When harvesting came, would you believe that there were forty-one good, sound, splendid potatoes in that hill? Another thing; while the boys were picking them up, they talked over the grand mass meeting for missions that was to be held in the church next Thursday. An all-day meeting. The little church had had a taste of the joy of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully, they wrote out in their best hand this sentence forty-one times: "This is a missionary potato; its price is ten cents; it is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the spring and give every one of its children to missions. Signed, James and Stephen Holt." Each shining potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted to its plump side.

Didn't those potatoes go off, though! By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them.

Just imagine, if you can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I'm sure I can't describe it to you. But I can assure you of one thing: They each have a missionary garden, and it thrives.

THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

I DON'T think this fellow is white, but if he were, and you belonged to the country which answers to the name I have given you at the head of this article, let me tell you what might happen to you. You might be a hunter, and out in one of the jungles you might capture a white elephant. They are not very common, but still it might be your fortune to find one.

Then, suppose you chose to go yourself, and tell the king the great news. You would probably take the flag of your country which would have painted or embroidered on it a large white elephant. As soon as your news became known, all the heathen temples would be opened, and prayers would be said. And the king would put pieces of gold into your ears, into your mouth, even into your nose. This, to show his joy.



IN SIAM THEY WORSHIP WHITE ELEPHANTS.

If, by-and-by, you took the white elephant out to walk, you would be likely to dress him elegantly, trimming his blanket with costly jewels, and splendid carpets would be laid down for him to walk on. But the strangest sight of all would be the people. As you came down the street, and they caught a glimpse of your white elephant, they would fall down on the ground and put their faces in the dust.

Why is all this? Why, because in Siam they worship white elephants. Think of praying to an elephant!

Suppose your little baby sister were taught to pray:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray an elephant my soul to keep!"

Wouldn't that be fearful! Thousands of little children are taught just as senseless prayers as that. How shall we help them?

BUGS.

SUPPOSE you were afraid of them? I'll tell you one place from which you would have to stay away, or else spend your life in squealing. That is Siam. Don't ever go there as a missionary unless you make up your mind to endure bugs.

Of what kind? Well, all kinds; among them ants.

"Oh, ants!" you say. "Who is afraid of those little creatures?"

And yet, I tell you that the missionaries in Siam have a great deal of trouble with them. They are, I suppose, about five times as large as our common ants, and are white. Suppose you set the sugar-bowl down on a table and hurry away to attend to something up-stairs. You are gone two minutes, and when you come back about two hundred white ants have set up housekeeping in that sugar. Where did they come from? Nobody knows. They are everywhere, waiting for chances to take possession. If you lived in Siam you would have to set the legs of every table or stand on which you wanted to put food, into bowls of water. Forget this for five minutes and the ants will come out ahead.

A missionary went with his family to another station for a few weeks; when they came home they found the white ants had eaten their way through the floor and through the bottom of a large trunk, and done what they could towards eating every garment in the trunk. Not one but needed a great deal of mending, on account of those sharp teeth.

Then the lizards, I hope you like them! Beautiful striped ones you would find in Siam, a finger long. As soon as your lamp was lighted, you would see them crawling along the wall, slipping from behind picture-frames and maps, where they had been hiding during the day. A finger long! Dear me! What am I thinking about! One kind that crawls around on the walls is about the size of a small kitten.

Those are some of the "home-comforts" that our missionaries have who are working in that far-away country. How can we help them? What can we think of to do this month that will bring joy to the home of one of them?

DURIUM.

DID you ever hear of a fruit by that name? So far as I know, it grows only in Siam. It must be a very curious fruit. The odor of it is said to be "just dreadful," as the children say. That is, to Americans, when they first smell it. I have been told that missionaries have to put chloride of lime in their rooms when there are any duriums about, to kill the horrid smell. They cannot sleep, nor hardly breathe, if some one brings the fruit into the next room to theirs. That is, before they get well acquainted with it. After awhile they grow used to the smell, and forget to think about it. By and by they discover that it smells good, and as the days go by, they learn that the smell is perfectly delicious. The next thing you hear of those people they are telling somebody what a delicious fruit the durium is.

Dear me! I wonder if that reminds you of any thing!

Did you never have some work to do, a lesson to learn, perhaps, in a book that you hated? and did you never go to work at it earnestly, determined that you would learn it, and find after awhile that you really liked that study just a little bit better than any other? I have wondered if American missionaries, who go to Siam, for instance, determined that they will endure bad smells, and every thing else, are helped in that way, by discovering that some of the things which were once hateful to them end in being really pleasant.