

EDITED  
BY  
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# The Pansy.

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FOR  
BOYS AND GIRLS.

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## AN EXCITEMENT AT THE PARSONAGE.—A TRUE STORY.

### PART FIRST.

IT is rather a long story. You see the Eastons lived in a little bit of a Western village where the people were too poor, or thought they were, to pay their minister a good salary; so the two little girls, Laura and Vernie, often had to go without things that they needed very much, and things that their father and mother would have been very glad to get for them.

Being only a little more than ten, and a little less than twelve, I don't suppose the young Eastons had much idea of the number of things that father and mother went without. Yet they were wise little girls in their way, and did what they could to help scrimp. They turned down the lamp just as soon as possible at night, not lingering over their undressing, for oil, though not very costly, was one of the things that helped use up the little money father had.

One evening they sat up late, in oh, such a flutter of excitement, waiting for father! He had gone to the new house on the hill to a wedding. New-comers, the Sandersons were, and they had built the finest house in the village, upon a lovely hill, and they came to church in a carriage, and dressed very nicely; and on the whole, the little girls as they sat with their mother, built great castles out of the wedding-fee that father was to get.

"Shouldn't you truly think he would get as much as ten dollars?" Laura said to her mother, who had been too hoarse to go out, and so the girls had the joy of her company. This was perhaps the sixth time that Laura had asked that question.

"Why, I don't know," would Mrs. Easton say, smiling a little sadly, and hoping that her girls would not be disappointed. "Ten dollars is considered a very nice wedding fee; a great deal more than people are used to giving in this part of the country. We have no reason to think that the Sandersons will do better than others."

"Oh, but, mother, they are rich! I know they are by the way they dress, and I believe he will get ten dollars. Then, Vernie, we will have a whole dollar; fifty cents apiece of our very own! And father will give one-tenth to the Lord, you know, and that will leave eight dollars. Mother, eight dollars will buy a good many things, won't it? What will you buy?"

"Flour, I think," the mother said, smiling still sadly. "We are almost out, you know, and we were wondering yesterday how we should manage. You know that has to be paid for at once, and if we could get a barrel of it, we should save a good deal."

But oh, the girls exclaimed over that! Why, that would take the whole almost, and it would be too dreadful for any thing to spend all the wedding money in flour. Then they set to work again to determine what they would buy with the "tenth" that father had

promised them. They wanted, oh dear, so many things! But after much discussion the poor little girls decided that they certainly did need an arithmetic and a reader of their own even more than they needed shoes and aprons; for it was so disagreeable to have to borrow all the time, and sometimes not be able to do so, and therefore miss their lesson. Yes, they really believed they would buy, one an arithmetic, and the other a reader, and so be prepared for work. The mother listened and sighed, and hoped with all her heart that their promised "tenth" would be enough to buy the precious books; but, dear me! she feared as much as she hoped. She had lived longer than they, and she knew that ten-dollar bills, even at weddings were scarce.

Meantime the talk went on between the sisters, branching off every once in awhile to wonder how the bride would be dressed, and whether father would remember enough about the wedding to describe it to them, and whether they would send them a piece of every kind of cake, coming back, though, constantly, to the two books that their hopes had settled down on, and



"SHOULDN'T YOU THINK HE'D GET TEN DOLLARS?"

deciding whether they should be black, or brown, and which name should be written in which, or whether they would put both names in both, and own them together.

It grew late, and still the father did not come, and at



last, after many yawns, the mother urged that at least they should get ready for bed, because the night was dark and the road up the hill both steep and long, and brides were always behind time. Perhaps father would be quite late. So they read their chapter, and knelt with their mother, and she prayed, and then Lura prayed, not forgetting the newly-made bride, but asking for God's best blessings to rest on her. Then Vernie prayed, and after she, too, had asked that Jesus would take care of the new Mrs. Burton, and bless her, the voice hesitated for a moment, then Vernie touched her mother's arm and whispered: "Mamma, you don't think it would be wrong to ask God to let them give father as much as ten dollars, do you?"

"No, dear," the mother said, "not if you remember to say 'Thy will be done' about that as well as about every thing else;" but she brushed away a tear as she said it.

Just as they rose from their knees they heard a familiar step outside, and both little girls said at once: "There's father! Now we shall know all about it."

harder than ever, for her mother's sake, not her own, if she could have seen how white and frightened that mother looked when she discovered that Carrie was not up-stairs, nor in the library, nor in the parlors, nor down in the kitchen, and nobody knew what had become of her. What if the very thief who stole the food had come across the little girl and carried her off, so she should tell no tales!

Oh me, what a house it was! A messenger boy was called, and the father sent for; and the police was called and the sad story told; and by the time naughty Carrie had cried and screamed herself hoarse, and actually dropped asleep, all the street was alive with excitement, and all the people were out hunting in every possible and impossible place for a lost girl. Meantime, crouched in a little cold heap under the one window, poor Carrie slept, and dreamed that she was lost in the woods, and that a great bear came and ate her up.

It was just as her father came in shivering from the street, saying, "No news yet," and swallowed a cup of coffee to keep up his strength, that Carrie awoke.

Where was she? Why was she so stiff and cold? Where was sister Nell, and what was the matter, anyway?

It was some minutes before the bewildered little girl could remember that she had run away, and was now locked into the attic all alone. When she did remember it, and felt how dark it was, and how still the house was, and realized that it must be the middle of the night, she began to cry and call "Mamma," "Papa," so loud and so wildly it seemed as though they *must* hear her, though they were away down in the basement, papa swallowing hot coffee, and mamma peering

out into the street with such a sick feeling at her heart as had never been there before.

Now it happened that Mary's room was just under the attic, and had she been in it, she would surely have heard the uproar Carrie was making. But, bless her heart, she had an old shawl over her head and was walking up and down the street from the corner to the house, and back again, watching and waiting, and hailing a policeman now and then with the question, "Any news?" her voice trembling almost as bad as the mother's. Carrie was a good deal of a nuisance in the kitchen sometimes, but Mary felt just then as though she would give any thing in the world for a sight of the mischievous little face. She stopped a man hurrying by.

"Dennis, O Dennis! Haven't they got any word of her?"



FLIRT AND THE KITTENS.

## CARRIE'S EXPERIMENT.

### PART II.

IF there was a commotion in the attic, it was nothing compared with the excitement down-stairs. In the first place, a thief had been in the kitchen. Mary knew it. Who should know better than she just how many pies there were, and just how full the cooky crock was? Besides, the hall-door was wide open when she came up from the cellar, and she was sure and certain that she shut it the last thing she did before she went down-stairs.

But the cookies and the pie were soon forgotten; for something of more importance, even Carrie herself, was not to be found. I believe Carrie would have cried



"And is it you, Mary? Niver a sight of her has been seen. Where's Flirt, Mary?"

"He's shut up in my room," said Mary. "He barked and squealed and took on so that he drove the mother most wild, and I just carried him off and shut him up. The cats are up there too."

"Well, now, I'll be thinking the good fellow with the kittens can find her better than any of us," said Dennis earnestly. "Little dogs is most uncommon sharp about such things. Just you go and get him, Mary, and I'll follow him all the rest of the night and see what he does."

Mary turned and sped back to her room, Dennis following, and in a few minutes more the fine dog who loved Carrie, was wagging his tail at being let out of prison. Then Dennis showed him Carrie's school-satchel, and undertook to explain to him what was wanted; and away he went, the two following.

Pretty soon the wise fellow scratched and barked at the stair-door, and Mary, shaking her head, opened it.

"She ain't there, you dunce," she said sadly. "We've been up and looked, and the door is locked."

Nevertheless Flirt would go up, and they followed. Away he flew, like a crazy dog, across the little hall to the locked door, and there he stopped, and scratched, and whined, and barked, and danced.

"Hark!" said Dennis. And as well as Flirt would let them, they listened. Then they heard a weak, frightened little voice: "O Flirt, Flirt, tell mamma to come quick!"

Then you should have seen that door shake. Dennis put all his brawny strength to it, while Mary put her mouth to the key-hole and cried:

"Wait just a minute, poor little darling, and you'll be in Mary's arms."

Then Dennis pushed, and groaned, and pushed again, for he was a great strong fellow, and the lock gave way, and in they stumbled.

What a time they had finding her in the dark, to be sure! I wish I had room to describe it all to you; how Dennis at last lifted the frightened little girl in his strong arms, and went in haste down three flights of stairs, followed by Mary and Flirt, and laid a limp, pale, wild-looking little girl in her mother's arms, and rushed out to find the father.

Of course there was a good deal to explain, but the poor little foolish girl was so frightened and so tired that they could not hear any stories that night, only this:

"Mamma, O mamma! I ran away, and was going to stay always; but I got locked in, and it got awful dark, and — oh dear me!"

Then she began to cry, and was kissed, and soothed, and undressed, and given a warm bath, and put to bed.

There was plenty of time for explanations, for it was weeks and weeks before she got out of that bed again.

"There is one thing I shall never do," she said gravely; "and that is, run away. It is too awful to think of;" and she hid her face in her hands. Pretty soon she looked out again with a question:

"Mamma, what are you going to give Dennis and Mary for a wedding present?"

"Papa is going to give them the little house on Mill street, and you and I will have it nicely furnished for them, with plenty of cookies in the crock," said mamma.

## OUR HAPPY SECRET.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

OH, I couldn't help it!  
It came to me,  
Out of the midst  
Of the old apple-tree.  
Came to me soft,  
With a chirping note —  
Out popped the secret  
From dear little throat:  
*"Just here, just here the nest shall be.  
Nobody knows it! Oh, happy are we!"*

I didn't listen!  
I tell you true;  
They told it — and I  
Say — what could I do?  
They sang it, and sang it,  
Not looking at me,  
Who sat just beneath  
That old apple-tree:  
*"Just here, just here the nest shall be.  
Nobody knows it! Oh, happy are we!"*

Do you think I'd tell,  
Oh dear me, no!  
Just where that wee nest  
Is going to grow?  
You couldn't find  
If a week you tried,  
My apple-tree, where  
That home shall hide.  
*Just where, just where that nest shall be,  
Nobody knows — only we three!*



"I DIDN'T LISTEN  
I TELL YOU TRUE."



## SIDE BY SIDE

THE LORD IS GOOD TO ALL : AND HIS TENDER MERCIES ARE OVER ALL HIS WORKS.

BEWARE YE OF THE LEAVEN OF THE PHARISEES, WHICH IS HYPOCRISY. THOU ART THE CHRIST, THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD.

WHOSOEVER WILL COME AFTER ME, LET HIM DENY HIMSELF, AND TAKE UP HIS CROSS, AND FOLLOW ME.

Now the "P. S.," to which Ethol had "half a mind" to invite Sarah Lambert, of course you know all about, being "Pansies;" but I don't suppose you know how the girls in that town, who were members and friends, managed the matter. They met once in two weeks at each other's homes, and spent two hours together, and brought their work, sewing, sometimes, and sometimes they worked in the garden, and sometimes they went for a walk, in fact, whatever they wanted to do that was nice and pleasant they connected with their P. S. Just now they were reading "Five Little Peppers." No reader could have over half an hour, because they



ONLY SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS!

were so interested in "Polly," and "Phronsie," and all those dear little and big "Peppers," that they would have read all the afternoon, and had no time to discuss if there hadn't been a law about it.

Well, just at this time I am not going to tell you much about their meeting, only that Ethol carried out her good resolve and invited Sarah Lambert to come to the very next meeting at her house on Saturday afternoon. You perhaps can imagine what a flutter this put Sarah Lambert in if I tell you that it was the first invitation she ever had in her life.

The next thing was, what to wear. She washed and mended her calico dress as well as she could, and being a

girl who had to do almost every thing for herself, she had learned to do many things that other girls of her age could not, so it looked very well. She decided that if she had a white apron to wear, it would do "first rate."

Thursday afternoon, on her way home from school, she saw, hanging in one of the store windows, a neat bib apron, ruffled, with a card pinned on it which said: "Only seventy-five cents." Sarah's heart began to beat. She had in her pocket exactly seventy-five cents. For more than a month she had been at work at odd hours for Mrs. Wheeler, the lady with "five children and a baby." She had wheeled the baby-carriage, and watched the children, and gone of errands, and done a hundred things that a useful girl could do after school. On this very afternoon Mrs. Wheeler had paid her seventy-five cents. She hugged the silver quarters and was glad. She knew her mother was depending on whatever Mrs. Wheeler would give her to help pay the rent; but what was rent compared with that lovely ruffled apron which would cover up the patch in the front breadth of her dress!

"I'll go right straight back and buy it," said Sarah; "it's my own money; I earned it, and I've got a right to do what I like with it."

And she dived her hand into her pocket. It came against the Sabbath card with the golden verses on it for the month. Out came the card, and while Sarah stared at it her face grew grave and her eyes sad. She seemed to see only one verse, the last on the card. It had been the one that had puzzled her when she first read the card. She knew who was the one to follow, and she was beginning to have a real earnest desire to follow Him; but she did not know what "taking up the cross" could mean, so she asked the teacher.

Miss Mason paused thoughtfully: how could she make plain to this ignorant girl what taking up a cross for Jesus' sake, meant? She had two narrow, bright strips of paper in her Bible; she took them out.

"Look here, Sarah! you know the shape of a cross? This way," crossing the pieces of paper. Sarah nodded.

"Well, suppose on one of these pieces of paper was printed 'God's way.' Something that he wanted you to do; and on the other, 'Sarah Lambert's way.' Something that you wanted to do very much, but you could see plainly that your way was different from God's—lay right across it, you know. If you, because you wanted to follow Jesus, took your way and laid it beside God's—did just as he said, and not as you said, do you see it would be taking up your cross and following him?"

"I understand," she said, a pleased light in her eyes. Do you wonder that on this Thursday afternoon she saw only the one verse? She was a quick, bright girl; the reason she was so ignorant about many things was because no one had taught her.

"They are right straight across each other," she said, solemnly. "'Help your mother pay the rent;' that's God's way. 'Buy a white apron to cover the patch.' That's Sarah Lambert's way, who was never asked anywhere before, and she can't go with a green patch right in the middle of a brown dress, without a white apron."

"'Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me'—oh, dear!" she said, as if those last words were a part of it.

At recess next day, she went to tell Ethol Harrison.

"I can't come," she began. She always dashed right into the middle of things. "I want to, awful; but I can't. I took up my cross, and that's the end of it."

"Sarah Lambert, what in the world *can* you mean!"

Then the story of the white apron came out.

"Only think, girls," said Ethol as she told the story at the "P. S." the next afternoon. "And there our whisper motto is 'For Jesus' sake!' and I do believe Sarah Lambert, who doesn't 'belong,' is the only one who is practising on it."