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EDITED
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MRS. G. R. ALDEN.

The Pansy.

STORIES
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

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WHAT NICE THINGS THAT WONDERFUL WEDDING FEE BOUGHT!

AN EXCITEMENT AT THE PARSONAGE.—A TRUE STORY.

PART SECOND.

THEY fluttered about him, Lura and Vernie, eager to ask questions, yet waiting for him to get off his rubbers, and his boots, and his rainy coat, and settle into slippers and dressing-gown that were faded and frayed. How they did wish their father would get to the great event of the evening,—the wedding fee! He seemed in no hurry, though. He told how the bride was dressed, remembering very well; he described the handsome groom, he gave into Lura's trembling hands a package of nice cake—five kinds—all of them rich looking and heavily frosted; as to how they tasted, that knowledge must be waited for; the mother would not allow the least little nibble until morning.

At last the father said—and Lura looked in a frightened way over at Vernie, for she discovered that his voice trembled a little: "Now I have a disappointment for my brave little girls; I can't keep my promise about the 'tenths'. The fact is, the fee won't divide." Then he held out a package toward the mother, whose pale cheeks flushed over this; she wanted the fee to divide for her little girls; she almost felt if it were something for her, that she really *could not* divide with them, as though she should hate it, whatever it was.

There was a curious sort of stillness in that room as the mother untied and unwrapped the not large package. Two pairs of neat, warm woollen gloves, one for her, one for the minister; this was the wedding fee! There was a light fire burning on the grate, for the evening was cool and damp, and the generally patient mother, with her cheeks aglow, made a sudden movement as though she meant to put her present on the coals.

The minister put out his hand and drew hers back, laughing a little; he had no fear that she would really burn them; he knew she would get the better of her disappointment. Still, it was best to be merry over it. "No, no!" he said gayly; "I'm sure you need gloves. Weren't you showing me the holes in yours last Sabbath? No matter if they are not in season, they will be all ready for next fall. What, what, my brave little women! Not tears on your cheeks!" for Lura and Vernie, though still, were almost choking in their efforts to keep back the wailing cries that filled their disappointed hearts; and two drops as large as good-sized pearls sparkled on their red cheeks.

"Remember your prayer," the mother said. "Don't you know, darling, you put into it, 'thy will be done?'"

But Lura, sobbing, declared she was sure it was God's will that father should have a nice wedding fee.

Meantime, the father, determined to make them forget their disappointment as soon as possible, said:

"Come! let's try on our gloves; I'm anxious to see how mother's will fit."

The glow had gone out of Mrs. Easton's cheeks, leaving them pale. She was all ready now to help her husband cheer the children. She took up the gloves, saying: "Oh, yes, we must try them on; if they fit nicely we can divide among the girls the money that we should soon have had to spend for new ones, and that will be dividing the fee, after all."

But they did not fit well; great bunches at the end of each finger. "What does all this mean?" the father asked.

"They are cheap gloves, made with great ugly seams," the mother said, and she proceeded to turning the thumb to show him. Behold! out dropped a crumpled-up piece of paper, after which the girls jumped, and with little squeals of astonished delight, spread it out on

their mother's lap. A ten-dollar bill! Oh, what a time they had! What do you think? Every "ugly seam" in both pairs of gloves was made in the same way! Ten, twenty, thirty, forty—two hundred dollars! Long before it was all smoothed out and counted, tears were dropping from the eyes of both father and mother. But when Vernie suddenly exclaimed: "O, father, father! think of our tenths! Why, you will have to give us each ten whole dollars!" then the tears turned to laughter. Think of having ten whole dollars to give to his little girls!

Behold them now in the store room, after a delightful day spent in shopping! A whole barrel of flour, paid for, a sack of meal, even a bag of apples: The Eastons meant to have a grand dinner the very next day, and invite the whole Burney family who had but lately moved out West, and were having a hard time to get along. Do you see that turkey on the upper shelf, and those two elegant-looking cakes? Well, those were not bought with the wedding fee, yet they had attended the wedding. That morning, before breakfast, the hired boy at the large house on the hill, had appeared with a great basket on his arm, and with this message: "Mistress said they had ever so much left from the wedding supper—things that weren't touched at all; and would Mrs. Easton accept this with her compliments?"

Wouldn't she! and send back such hearty thanks as really surprised the giver.

Ah, what nice things that wonderful wedding fee bought! Not a thing that was not greatly needed, but many that the family had made up their minds to do without. Of course you know that a reader and an arithmetic were among the first things that Vernie and Lura bought. And I'll tell you what they enjoyed as much as any thing in it all: The taking of ten cents each to the Mission Band the next Saturday. That was what they did with part of their own tenth, and the having of ninety cents each left to give.

WAS JIM LANGLAND A COWARD?

COWARD! coward! coward!" shouted several voices. "Jim Langland never had any pluck; just a great baby; that's all he is, or he'd a struck back when Art Cole slapped him in the face, after he dared him to knock the chip from his shoulder."

"I'd like to see the boy that'd do that to me! Guess he wouldn't do it more'n once!" quickly added Ben Wood, with a significant jerk of his head and a flourish of his fist.

Jim Langland was spending the afternoon with a number of his neighbors. An hour had passed pleasantly in sport, when Art Cole arrived. He belonged to the quarrelsome kind, to whom there was no fun unless there was a fight, and some one got a black eye and cried for quarter. This fellow soon set himself about his favorite business. But instead of choosing "a foe-man worthy of his steel," some one who was his equal in bodily strength, like most cowards and bragadocios, he began with a boy younger and smaller than himself; teasing him with offensive names, snatching away his hat and throwing it over the fence among the hogs, or tripping him down for the amusement of some, until Jim Langland, feeling that play was one thing, but insult was quite another, though a mere stripling, sprang between the two, and facing the bully, said in a kind, but firm tone:

"Come, Art, why can't we have a good time for once and nothing else? Hal is a peaceable boy. Besides, you surely don't mean to fight such a little fellow?"

"And perhaps you would like to take his part," answered the bully with an ugly look, and squaring himself as if about to strike.

"I do not wish to fight, Art Cole. I wish the boys would begin the play again, and put an end to this."

"Play!" was the contemptuous answer. "Come on, then, if you are not a coward like your friend Hal, and you and I will begin and end the play."

So saying he stooped, and catching up a chip, laid it upon his own shoulder, and dared Jim to knock it off at his peril.

Jim, however, stood still, and looking his antagonist calmly in the face, said:

"I have never fought in my life. Mother says it is a sin against God. I promised her I wouldn't. I shall keep my promise whatever you or all the world may say. I should be ashamed to give or get a black eye this way."

But barely had the words escaped his lips, when Art aimed a heavy blow at his face; then another, and another. Quite as quickly, however, the blows were warded off by the skillful hand of Jim, who, however, did not once attempt to give blow for blow, but simply

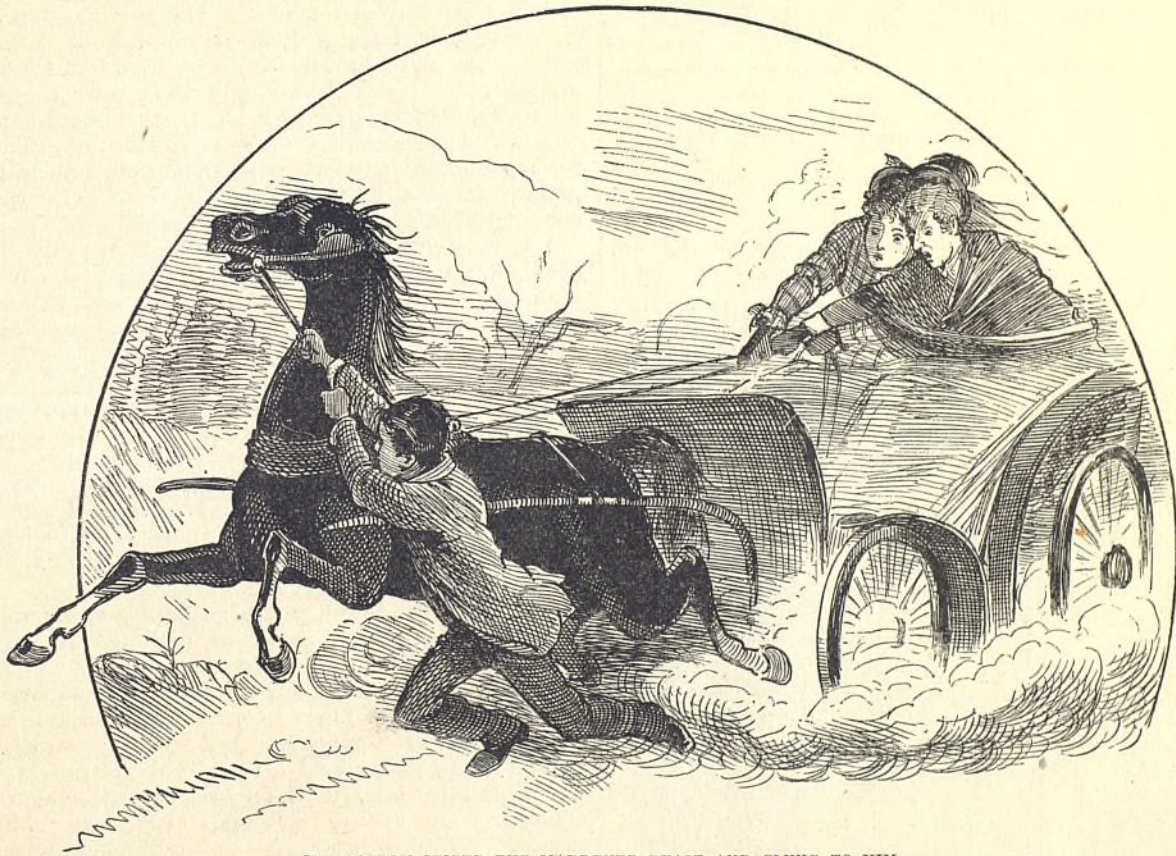
stopped him; but only after being dragged a long distance and dreadfully bruised by the effort. Meanwhile his frightened mates came near, one by one, from the other side of fences and trees, Art Cole among the foremost, and instead of helping Jim up, who lay bruised and bleeding, seized the horse, and was about to beat him for running away, as he said. But before the first blow fell upon the poor brute, Jim was upon his feet, and actually received it himself rather than let the animal suffer.

Was Jim Langland a coward?

LITTLE THIEVES.

BY C. M. L.

THEY say there was once a thief, and he had a wonderful way of getting into houses and stealing all their treasures, in spite of locks and bolts. One night



JIM BOLDLY SEIZED THE MADDENED BEAST AND CLUNG TO HIM.

to let them fall harmlessly against his arm, or upon the air. The bully at length ceased to strike from exhaustion, and sitting among his few admirers, muttered that some day he would make Jim Langland feel the weight of his fists again; whereupon his two or three friends raised the shout against the truly brave and noble Jim, with which our story began.

"Coward! coward! coward!"

Was Jim a coward? Is he a coward who puts his life in peril for another, as Jim did for Hal? Is he a coward who refuses to hurt one hair of his enemy's head? who loves his mother and his God too much to strike back, though provoked and laughed at?

Scarcely had the ridicule that was heaped upon Jim died on the lips of Art's admirers, when down the road came a horse and buggy at a fearful rate. Two ladies were in it, screaming for help. At the sight of the furious animal, the boys scattered. Just one, Jim, boldly seized the maddened beast and clung to him and

the thief came to a house and tried all the doors and windows, but not one could he open. Over a certain door was a very narrow opening through which the fresh outside air came to the sleepers within. They had all gone to bed, after fastening doors and windows and feeling very safe, and were sound asleep, and all was still as a mouse.

So the thief climbed up to the opening and peeked in. Then he tried to squeeze himself through; but after sticking fast several times he had to give it up. But he knew there was money in the house, and he wanted it, and was determined to get it if it could be done; and since he had almost always got what he went for when he was in real earnest, he thought there must be some way to this. So he set himself to thinking. At last he hit upon this way: he would put his little boy through the opening, and he would slip around through the hall and unlock the front door and let him (the father) in. And so it was done.

And that's the way the Evil One often works. He works through some LITTLE EVIL ONE.

I know a young man who is a drunkard of the worst kind, who began by sucking cider through a straw.

There is another who began by eating candy that had just one drop of brandy in it.

A third began by smoking cigarettes.

I wonder what little thing will some day let intoxicating liquor in upon you, to steal from you every good thing.

Look out! "The little foxes destroy the vines."
Some one has said:

"The drunkards all will never be dead,
I'll tell you the reason why:
The young ones, they grow up,
Before the old ones die."

Watch and pray against the little thieves!

SIDE BY SIDE

AND LO, A VOICE FROM HEAVEN, SAYING, THIS IS MY BELOVED SON IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED.

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE TO HIM THAT BELIEVETH.

I DWELL IN THE HIGH AND HOLY PLACE, WITH HIM ALSO THAT IS OF A CONTRITE AND HUMBLE SPIRIT.

A BRUISED REED SHALL HE NOT BREAK, AND THE SMOKING FLAX SHALL HE NOT QUENCH.

"Just to think!" said Ethol Harrison, her cheeks pink and her eyes eager. "She wouldn't come without



A PACKAGE WAS LEFT AT THE DOOR FOR HER.

the apron, and she wouldn't buy the apron on account of her mother!"

She had been telling the P. S. girls all about the "cross" Sarah Lambert had taken up. You remember I told you the story last month. It was the regular

meeting of the P. S., and some of the girls who knew that Sarah had been invited, wondered why she was not there, so the story came out. Every little girl there looked thoughtful over it, and even after the story of *Five Little Peppers* commenced, they continued to think about Sarah Lambert's cross. In fact, as they became better acquainted with the unselfish little Peppers, and their loving efforts to help each other, they continued to think about Sarah Lambert's patched dress.

It did not seem to surprise one of them to have Ethol Harrison, the moment the reading was over, say: "I'll tell you what it is, girls, let's get her a dress, and have it made, and all!"

Then came a chorus of tongues: "Oh, my, we couldn't!" "Oh, yes, we could!" "Well, why not?" "Calico is only eight cents a yard." "And my auntie cuts all my dresses; she would cut one for Sarah, I am sure." "And Sarah is just exactly the size of Laura Beace." "It wouldn't cost more than a dollar, and we could each give ten cents." "Let's do it!"

These are only a few of the things that were said. The talk went on eagerly for a whole hour; went on, indeed, the next day, before school, and after school, and at recess; and so suddenly silent were they when Sarah Lambert appeared in sight, that she, poor girl, who was just beginning to feel a shy sort of friendship for some of them, went home and cried. She did not understand what all the whispers were about: if she had she might have laughed instead of cried.

But the thing did not all end in talk, as so many nice ideas do; the P. S. society actually carried out their plan, and with the help of the auntie, and a grown-up sister or two, bought and made a pretty calico dress, of just the right color to be becoming to Sarah, and trimmed it prettily, and had such joy in it all that on the Sabbath morning thereafter the class appeared in Sabbath-school with their hearts very full of a blue-and-white calico dress, made with ruffles.

Yes, it was there; and inside of it Sarah's astonished body. Nobody ever was so much astonished, surely, as she was on that Saturday afternoon when a package was left at the door for her! When had she ever received a package before!

If I had time to tell you of what she said, and what her mother said, and how she dreamed of the new dress, and got up in the night to feel of it and be sure that it was not a dream, I think you would be interested; but I must hurry over all that, and tell you of one of those sudden, unexpected sentences which were so apt to come from her. It was in the class, and Ethol sitting beside Sarah, with one kid-gloved hand on the blue-and-white ruffles, smoothed them down while she recited: "I dwell in the high and holy place, with Him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."

Miss Mason had been talking of that very verse, making careful explanation, and Sarah had listened with even more than usual eagerness. Suddenly she said, her great earnest eyes fixed on Ethol: "He dwells with you, I guess, then, doesn't he?"

"What!" said Ethol, and her cheeks grew red as she wondered what that queer girl could mean now.

"Why, I guess you are humble; Miss Mason said it was not to be proud and feel better than other folks, you know; and they told me you began it, about the dress, and it shows that you are not proud over me. I think you have got a humble spirit, or you wouldn't have wanted me to have a nice dress; and I guess he dwells with you, don't he?"

"She is so queer!" said Ethol, turning from her, her cheeks redder than before, and speaking to Miss Mason, "I don't know how to answer her."

"I wish, dear," said Miss Mason, "that you could tell her it was true."