

EDITED
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The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
ABROAD.

VOLUME 9.

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MADE OF STRAW.

NOT the people, but their cloaks, or mantles, or whatever it is proper in Japan to call them. Just little wisps of straw woven together in a most ingenious way. I should not be surprised if the young ladies learned to do it, instead of making tidies as many of our ladies do, and found it quite as useful work.

Really, I think they might be quite pretty; at any rate, they are said to serve as a fine protection from the rain. Look at our picture of a man in what is called his "rain-coat;" made of straw, you see. Yesterday I passed a little old cottage in the country, with a thatched roof. It reminded me of these straw goods so common in Japan. You notice that our man needs no rubbers, for the reason that he walks on footstools. He has very coarse blue stockings on, and then these little stools bound to his feet. I read of a boy who thought it a very nice fashion, for when the man was tired with walking he could take the footstools off and sit down on them. I want you also to notice his hat. In fact, it is the hats of these people in which I am most interested. They are made of bamboo, and serve as sunshade and umbrella.

What the Japanese would do without the bamboo-tree, I hardly know. It is really one of the most useful trees they have, as well as one of the prettiest. How would you like to have a tree started in your dooryard which would grow two feet and a half in a single day? Yet some of the bamboos do just that. They have to hurry, you see; for they get their entire growth in a very few months, and some of them are as high as eighty feet. Then they have lovely feathery leaves, and the stems or branches on which they grow shine as if they had been varnished.

Now for some of the uses of this good tree.

Do you like asparagus? I suppose if you were in Japan and were to have a dish of the soft, juicy stems of the young bamboo-tree served up to you, you would think it the nicest asparagus you ever ate. Besides, these same stems salted and eaten with rice, or preserved in sugar and eaten for sauce, or cooked in vine-

gar and served as pickles, are very nice indeed. After the shoots are too old and tough for these purposes, they fill with a juice that the Japanese think highly of as medicine. By and by the stems grow strong enough to serve as bottles and water-buckets. In some places they are even used as cooking-dishes. You will under-



STRAW GOODS SO COMMON IN JAPAN.

stand from this that the stems are quite hollow. The old trees are used for building houses, for masts of vessels, for all kinds of tools, for arrow shafts, for umbrella handles, for walking-sticks, for furniture of all sorts, and for almost any thing that you can think of. It seems to me sometimes, the most wonderful tree that God has made.

Don't you like to think of him as having planted it in that far-away country, and let it grow in its great height and wonderful beauty to teach the natives a silent lesson of his power and love and care? Isn't it a sad thing that they actually use some of this beautiful wood in making little hideous-looking creatures which they call "house-gods," and which they set on the shelves of their living-room and offer rice to? Shouldn't you think that the great waving leaves of their own bamboo-tree would tell them a different story from this? A little girl once looked steadily at an idol that a missionary had brought home to show her, then turning from it to the great glowing moon which was then flooding the earth with light, she said, "I should think they would know that it took a better God than that to make the moon!" So I wonder that they do not see in their beautiful



A RAIN-COAT.

bamboo-trees a hint of God. Do let us hurry with the story before many of them grow too old to learn it.

WHERE I WENT, AND WHAT I SAW.

I WENT down to the shore of the Atlantic Ocean. Among other pictures that I saw, was this one which I show you. Two pretty girls, in fresh summer dresses, seated on the sand, having first spread an afghan over it, a large Chinese umbrella doing duty to protect them from the sun, the morning paper in hand. At a little distance Nannie, working on a sand fort, on the centre of which she is planting the Stars and Stripes.

Carl has spread himself full length on the sand, letting his shovel and pail tumble around by themselves,

while his sister Millie undertakes to cover him with the clean, sparkling sand.

Are these all the people I saw at the shore? Oh dear,



PEOPLE I SAW AT THE SHORE.

no! there were hundreds and thousands of them! walking the piazza, sitting in the pavilions, bathing in the surf, playing in the sand—talking, all of them.

While I stand watching, there pass before me two little girls, neatly dressed in sailor suits; they have no shovels and pails, no books to read, no bathing-suits under their arms, no sketch-books in hand.

They stop directly in front of Nannie—not to talk, but to hand her something. "Will you have one?" the taller of the two says pleasantly, and she leaves in Nannie's outstretched hand a card.

"What is it?" ask Carl and Millie in a breath; and Carl discovers that he is not buried in sand at all, but rises on his elbow. Nannie reads the card:

"You are invited to the Children's Meeting, held in the Second Avenue Church every morning this week at nine o'clock. We have pleasant times. Will you come?"

"Isn't that queer?" says Nannie. "I don't want to go to meeting, do you? I came down here to play."

"But then a fellow doesn't want to play *all* the time," says Carl. "Maybe they have real nice meetings; let's go see." A little more talk, and they all three decide to go to-morrow and see about it.

There comes a young man with his hands full of circulars. He halts before the young ladies, drops one of them, and is gone. It reads:

"Young People's Meeting at the Temple in the Grove, this evening at sunset. We shall be glad to see you."

A new kind of circular this. These young ladies have had circulars inviting them to concerts, to lectures, to operas, to theatres, to almost every thing you can think of in the way of entertainment; but they neither of them remember a printed invitation to a young people's meeting in the temple before.

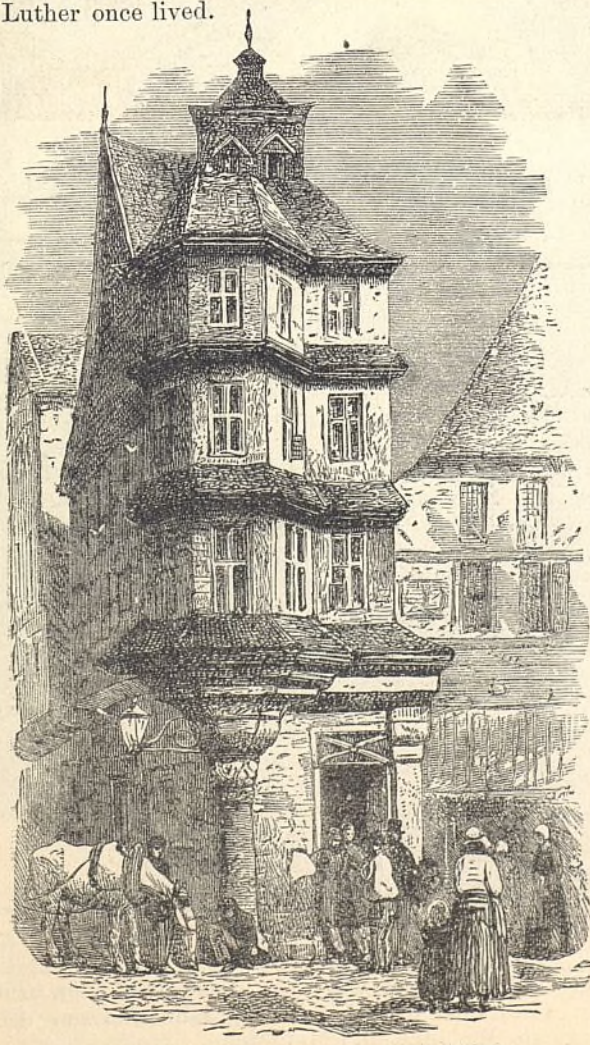
"Let's go!" they say in a breath.

I suppose they went. I know the children went to their meeting the next morning, and had a good time. In fact, I think one of them decided, that morning, a question which will be sure to give her a good time always, no matter where she lives, or what happens to her. I don't suppose the two little girls who invited her know that she went. I don't suppose the young man knows that his invitation did any good.

But you and I remember *One* who knows all about it.

YEARS AGO.

QUEER-LOOKING house, isn't it? Ah! but if you were travelling in Germany, and should go to Frankfort, you would see many queer houses and strange sights. There is one thing, however, which makes all thoughtful people, boys and girls as well as men and women, take a second look at this picture. It shows us the house where the man named Martin Luther once lived.



THE HOUSE WHERE MARTIN LUTHER LIVED.



MARTIN LUTHER CARRYING HIS THESES.

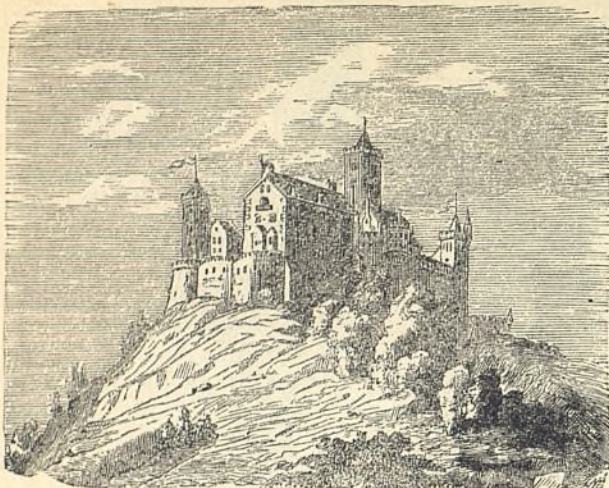
Are you acquainted with him? No, but you want to be; of course the Pansies want to know all that is to be known about everybody. Therefore, let us talk about him for a few minutes, just to get ourselves started. In the first place, it is a long while since he lived; almost four hundred years since he was born! You may know he was a man worth remembering, else why should people be talking about him to-day, and be so well acquainted with him as most all persons are?

"I suppose he was the son of a great king," said a little fellow with whom I was talking the other day. Not a bit of it! His father, Hans Luther, worked in the mines; an honest, industrious man, but not a great one. His son Martin was a good scholar when a boy, and as he grew to be a man, gave up the idea of studying law, and decided to become a priest in the Roman Catholic Church. I suppose he was twenty-two or three when he entered a convent and became what is known as a monk. I have not time to tell you about that; you must study it up. If he had been content to stay a monk all his life, believing just as the others did, I don't suppose you and I would ever have heard of him. But the truth is, Martin Luther loved to study the Bible. He was not contented with merely reading it, but wanted very much to understand it. He tried hard to be satisfied with the religion that he had, but it seemed to him that it was full of mistakes and sins. He went as a pilgrim to Rome, and crawled up the long staircase at St. Peter's Church on his hands and knees, which the Romish Church taught him was a good thing to do, and would atone for a great many sins; but all the time he kept repeating a verse he had learned from the Bible: "The just shall live by faith." And he could not understand what good it could do him, or how he showed any faith by crawling up these stairs.

I should have told you that before this journey to Rome was taken, he had become a professor in the University at Wittenberg.

There came a day when Martin Luther made up his mind that something which his Church had done was very wrong, and that he must tell people that he thought so. This something was nothing more nor less than the priests selling the right to do sinful things! Did you

ever hear of such a strange idea? As if you should go to your pastor and say: "Dear pastor, I want to tell a lie; will you sell me the right to do so?" And he should



CASTLE AT WARTBURG.

say: "Oh, yes, my dear child! Pay me a dollar, and I will give you the right to tell one lie, for which you will never be punished." This is very like what the Church to which Martin Luther belonged did. They called it "selling indulgences." No wonder that Luther thought it was wrong, since he had been reading the Bible so much!

Here is a picture of him as he went one day at noon to nail on the door of the church ninety-five reasons why selling a right to commit sin was wrong, promising to prove to people who would come to hear him, that he was right. These ninety-five reasons were called "Theses." Now, when you hear any person talking about Luther's theses, be sure you do not think as I did when I was a little girl, that the man meant to tell us something about Mr. Luther's cheeses, and lisped so that he could not speak the word! For the reason why they are called theses, suppose you ask mamma; I haven't time to tell you. Oh, what trouble they made for poor Martin Luther! All through Germany the people heard about them, and began to think, and study, and talk; the Pope at Rome turned against him, and ordered him to be turned out of the Church. But first he was sent for to go to the city of Worms, and meet the great men there, and be examined as to what he believed, and be given the chance to say that he was sorry, and that the Church was right and he was wrong. But this the grand man would not say; not even to save his life, which was in great danger. "My conscience is held captive by the word of God." This was part of his answer.

Now he began to have a great many enemies, and it was not safe for him to travel anywhere, because the Church would not own him as belonging to her, and would not punish any person who chose to kill him. His friends were sadly afraid that he would not get back safely from Worms. In fact, they had reason to think that at one place along the road he would be arrested, and perhaps killed. So they sent a party of his friends disguised as enemies, who took him by force to the Castle at Wartburg. Here is a picture of it, on the mountain.

Here, in the tower, a prisoner among his friends, he had a

quiet time translating the New Testament into German. What do you think his enemies said when they waited and watched for him, and found that he had suddenly disappeared, where they could not find him? They said that Satan had met him on his way home, and carried him off out of the world, so he could do no more harm! Think what a foolish thing that was to say! for, if the Roman Catholic Church was right, and he was doing a wicked thing in trying to injure it, should not you think that would be exactly the work that Satan would have liked him to do?

Here is a picture of the grand old man, sitting in the castle tower among his books. I am glad to think that he had a quiet, pleasant time there.

He wrote many books, about four hundred in all. After a while he gave up trying to be a Roman Catholic entirely, and married, which you know the Roman Catholics think is wrong for ministers to do. His wife's name was Catherine; she, too, had been in a convent, and escaped from there in a barrel! They had six children, and there are many beautiful stories told about the whole family.

He translated the entire Bible into the German language, and this is called the most wonderful work of his life. When he was about sixty-three years old, he died.

I have now introduced you to this good man, who has been in heaven more than three hundred years; I think you will like to read and hear about him after this, as you have opportunity.

Perhaps some of you will write and tell me some



LUTHER AT WARTBURG.

interesting facts that you have found about him, or his wife Catherine, or his children, John, Martin, Paul, Elizabeth, Madeline, and Margaret.