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BY

MRS. G. R. ALDEN.

The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
AT HOME.

VOLUME 9.

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STRAWBERRIES IN WINTER.

MONEY was what Sophie Baker wanted. Most people want money, you know, but Sophie Baker thought she wanted some rather more than anybody else could. It was the Church, of course, for which they were working. It was being re-furnished, and Sophie's class wanted to buy the big Bible. Not one of your common ones, but a "perfectly elegant" Bible. They had agreed to earn it, doing each a piece of work that should bring money. What could Sophie Baker do? This was more than she knew.

"I could make lots of pretty little things, if I only knew of anybody who would buy them," she told her mother "but most everybody I know has girls to make their pretty things for them. Only Miss Parsons, she hasn't anybody, and she has lots of money; I wish she would buy some pretty things of me, but she won't. She doesn't want any thing but strawberries; every night when I take up her tea, she draws along sigh and says 'O, Sophie child, I shall be glad when strawberries come!'"

Miss Parsons was the invalid boarder who occupied the cheery front room up-stairs, and the pretty back

room opening from it. Sophie could not indulge in the pretty little fashion of wiping dishes, and



TAKING UP MISS PARSON'S SUPPER.

running of errands for mamma and being paid for it, as some of her friends could; the fact was, Sophie understood very well that she must help her mother just as much as she possibly could, and expect no pennies in return. She did it, too, and did it cheerfully; so that one pet name of hers was 'Mother's Comfort.'

While I have been telling you this, Sophie has been thinking, and now she is all ready to talk to her mother again.

"Mother, I've got the funniest idea! I mean to make Miss Parsons some strawberries for her supper!"

"What do you mean, child?" asked Mrs. Baker.

"Why, mother, don't you know those nice emery strawberries that I learned how to make at aunt Carrie's? I've got a little emery left; wouldn't it be fun to make two large-sized ones and put them in a dish and take them up with Miss Parson's supper! What if she should take a fancy to buy them! May I, mother?"

And the mother who saw in it something that might please the tired invalid for a few moments, gave consent.

All day Saturday, that is, what time she could spare from her regular Saturday work, Sophie was busy, and by night two huge strawberries were placed on the tray, ready to serve with Miss Parsons' tempting supper. Mrs. Baker had tried to make the supper more tempting than usual, so her boarder should not be too much disappointed when she discovered that her berries were made of velvet.

They did look very natural, as you can see for yourself; and I don't wonder that Miss Parsons almost screamed when she saw them. I almost wonder that she was not cross when she discovered that she couldn't bite them. But she wasn't; she laughed, and sat up in her chair and looked bright, and asked all about them, and from them they got—Sophie hardly knew how—to the Bible that they wanted for the Church. Miss Parsons belonged to another congregation, and to tell the sad truth did not care much about any Church; so this was all new to her. Sophie was surprised at her interest.

"And so you could make strawberries if you had any way to dispose of them? I wish you could manage to raise one with juice in it, I would pay you a good price for it. These are wonderfully natural, I must say. Well, you make up a pint of them, and I'll buy them at a good market price. Let me see, seventy-five cents a pint I see they are selling for yet in the city. Abominable! shows it is going to be a bad season for berries; but these are extra large, they should be at least double

price. Very well, I'll take a pint of them at a dollar and a half."

And she did. And that was the way that Sophie Baker earned her share of the Church Bible.

BABY'S RECITATION.

THEY called her the baby, though she was two years old. Of course she was the "cunningest little thing that ever lived." And among her other accomplishments, she could recite little cunning verses in the prettiest manner!

Behold her now, perched on the mantel, her favorite place for practise, rehearsing her new "piece," so as to be ready when papa comes home.

"God bless my two little feet,
May they never go astray,
But swiftly and joyfully tread—"

Now the baby is puzzled. What is the next line? She can't think. She twists and untwists her little clasped hands, and finally puts them behind her, in a way she has when she is troubled. "In the straight and narrow way." Those are the words which have slipped away from her little brain just as her tongue was going to speak them. She thinks and *thinks*, but they will not come. At last, with bright eyes and smiling lips, she lisps out her next line, repeating the preceding one, that mamma may see just how it fits:

"But swiftly and joyfully tread
After Katie, every day!"

Katie is the ten-year old sister, and if there is any thing in the world that baby likes to do, it is to trot after her from morning till night. If the verse really doesn't finish that way—and baby has her doubts about it—she thinks it is a very nice finish indeed.

"Oh, you little rogue!" says mamma, and lifts her down to half smother her with kisses.

"Katie!" said the mamma, that same evening when

the baby was sleeping, "how do you think baby said her new verse this afternoon? She forgot the last line, and this is the way she put it:

"God bless my two little feet,
May they never go astray;
But swiftly and joyfully tread
After Katie every day!"

Do you know I have been praying ever since, that Katie's feet might be kept from going into places that it would not be safe for baby to follow."



NOW THE BABY IS PUZZLED.

What made Katie so quiet for the next half hour? Her lips had been parted, all ready to ask permission to go to Jennie Blake's for the next afternoon, when her mother spoke.

"But," said Katie, "let me see. If baby has really prayed about following me, I must be careful. Jennie Blake is real funny, but she doesn't always tell the truth; and she says hateful things to her little sister Carrie, and Carrie is afraid of her and hides, and makes believe she doesn't hear Jennie sometimes when she calls; and baby might learn to do that; and oh dear! she might learn from Jennie not to speak the truth. I don't believe I ought to go to Jennie Blake's to-morrow."

And Katie worked away on her tidy, and said never a word to her mother about Saturday afternoon and Jennie Blake's home.

AMY ROBB.

BY C. M. L.

CHAPTER II.—JEWELS.

PUSSY PRY was the little miss who kept asking questions in the last chapter. It was her uncle who was telling the story of the thief. His name was Mr. May.

It was almost nine o'clock that night before Miss Pussy got fairly to bed; but it was an hour later before her blue eyes really shut tight. But they didn't shut tight enough to shut out that wonderful thief. She dreamed and dreamed about him and was glad enough when the morning came and her horrid dreams ended. And she hopped out of bed and hurried on her clothes, and waited as patiently as an impatient little girl can, when she gets into the middle of a story, for her good uncle to come up from the office in the evening to tell her all about that thief.

But the long day went along by just like other days, and the supper bell rang dear uncle May to the tea-table. An hour after that saw our Pussy sitting on her uncle's knee looking up into his face and asking him to go on with the story according to the promise.

So they all kept very quiet while he began. Even Kitty, that always cut up her funniest shines after tea with the ball of yarn or the shadows that flitted over the floor, nestled down at mamma's feet, curving her busy little toes in before her as though she too wanted to know with the rest what became of the thief.

So, as they were all ready, uncle May said, "You remember where we left off our story last night when you had to go to bed at nine o'clock?"

"Oh yes!" answered Pussy; "you said the thief carried off five hundred million dollars when you was there."

"I said five thousand. But I guess you are nearer it than I was, for he carried away some of the most costly jewels you ever heard of."

"Handsome than Queen Victoria's?"

"A great deal," said uncle May. "Why, there isn't money enough in all England to buy such jewels."

"Where did Mr. Robb get such beauties? I thought that none but kings and queens and dukes and lords have such diamonds. Where *did* they get them?"

"Oh, they were handed down from father to child, and so on, till they got all the way down to Mr. Robb's family."

"Who was the first father that had them?" earnestly inquired Pussy, stretching herself so high upon her uncle's knee that her nose almost touched his mouth.

"Say, uncle May, who had those diamonds first?"

"A very beautiful gentleman and lady who lived years and years ago, away off somewhere in a beautiful

garden of flowers and birds and every thing sweet and good."

"Was they Mr. and Mrs. Robb's great, great, g-r-e-a-t grandfather and grandmother?"

"Yes."

"My! Where did THEY get the jewels? Did they find them hid away in the garden somewhere?"

"God gave them the jewels right out of heaven. The Bible says that heaven fairly glitters with them. All the angels wear them in their crowns, and every one who goes there has some. I suppose Moses, and Daniel, and Joseph, and Paul—"

"And Mary Magdalene?" asked Pussy.

"Yes, I guess so."

"Guess what?" inquired Pussy.

"That all those very good ones of God just glisten all over with such diamonds."

"How beautiful they must look! Uncle May, do *you* expect such a bright crown?"

"I do, indeed, my dear child. My Redeemer has promised me one. He has pardoned my sins, I trust, my dear Pussy, and put my name in his book, and when he makes up his jewels I expect to be there and get mine too."

"Will there be any left for me, uncle May, after Mr. Moses, and Mr. David, and Mr. Daniel, and Mr. Paul, and you and mamma and papa and all the rest get theirs? Will there, uncle May? Won't you give me some of yours, if they are all gone when I get there?" and big tears ran down Pussy's cheeks as her eyes eagerly searched uncle May's to see what he would say.

"Won't you, uncle May?" she asked again.

"Dear little Pussy, don't you remember He has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven?'"

"Does that mean diamonds, uncle May?"

"Darling, that means the brightest things in heaven."

"Jewels?"

"Jewels, child, handsomer than any eye in this world ever saw."

"For *me*?" said Pussy.

"For you, if you'll take them, my darling."

"You're sure, uncle May?"

"As sure as the sunrise, and more too. The Lord says, 'Come, and I will give.'"

And uncle May went on explaining to his little listener the story of Jesus' dying love. Pussy had heard it many times before, but now she began to see through it. And the thought of what great pains God had taken to redeem her; how he gave his only Son, who suffered such cruel things all for her sake, that filled her with wonder; and when uncle May told her the best thing she could do for Jesus was to give herself to him just as she was, without waiting one moment, she was so filled with the desire to do it then and there, that she forgot all about the thief story uncle May began. But uncle May didn't forget to tell her the rest of it some other evening.

That was one of the dearest nights Pussy could remember in after years when she was sixteen years old and used to sit up with her mother till half-past nine, and they would talk together about her early life and uncle May and the thief, and how she knelt at her bedside one night and gave her heart to Jesus.

BABY'S BIRTHPLACE.

SHUT your eyes and imagine to yourself a home away off in Holland. A minister's house, and a hundred people gathered there to have a last visit together before they started on a long journey. They were not very gay, and perhaps you would not have thought them happy. You see, they were going a long way

from the old home. Holland was not their home; they had come, twelve years before, from England. But it was not to England that they were going now. They had made up their minds to go to a new country.

Old Mr. Robinson, their good minister, made a little speech before the party broke up, and one thing he said to them was this:

"I charge you before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ."

Soon after that the party bade good-by to the friends who were going to stay behind, and went on board the boat and sailed away. A long journey; at least, they thought so, for they were on the water more than five months!

I'm afraid the children thought it was a lifetime. Among them was Lora Standish, a sweet-faced, sober little girl, who sat and worked on her sampler day after day, until, one morning, something happened that gave her something new to think about.

Mary Chilton came out of her corner of the cabin and sat down by the busy little girl, and said to her:

days before Christmas, there was great excitement on board the boat, for the journey's end was near. Mary Chilton especially was in such a flutter that she hardly knew how to keep herself quiet.

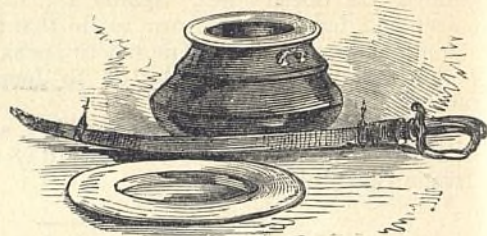
"I'm going to be the very first to step my foot on that rock out there," she told Lora in confidence; and she was!

Oh, what a busy time there was after that! No more chance for samplers, or for talk; there were houses to build out of logs, and for windows they used paper, covered with oil. Remember it was midwinter, and a cold country, and here were one hundred and two people to be sheltered! As soon as they had places ready to live in they set to work and built a church, and instead of a spire, it had, mounted on the top of it, four cannon, to defend them from their enemies. Wouldn't a church spire of that sort look strangely in these days! You will begin to fancy that this was a long time ago, and it was. It is a true story, too, only I don't know just exactly what Mary Chilton and Lora Standish said about the baby, Peregrine White, but I am very certain that they talked together, and if they did not use quite the same words I have told you, they must have been something like them. I know that Lora Standish made a sampler, and that Peregrine White had a cradle, for the truth is,

they are both to be seen this day, in an old town in Massachusetts, named Plymouth. There is a hall called Pilgrim Hall, and when you go to Plymouth, be sure you visit the Hall, and look at Peregrine's cradle, and Lora's sampler, and the great iron dinner pot in which their dinners were cooked, and the spinning-wheels their mothers brought with them, and a great many other curious things. More than two hundred and sixty years since

Peregrine White slept in the queer old cradle on board the *Mayflower*, and here we are talking about it. Why?

Myles Standish



IN PILGRIM HALL.



GOING TO A NEW COUNTRY.

"What do you think! There's great news."

"What?" asked Lora, her eyes very bright. "Are we going to land soon?"

"Oh no! not for a good while, I guess; it is more wonderful than that; there is a little new baby!"

"Where?"

"Right on this boat. Mrs. White has a cunning little bit of a baby, just come from heaven to go to our new home with us. Just think! What a time he will have finding his birthplace when he gets to be a man!"

"It is a little boy, then?"

"Yes, and he has a name; a very long name for such a short baby, but maybe he will grow to it. His mother says he shall be called 'Peregrine.'"

"What a name!" said Lora, and she carefully made another letter in her sampler.

But from that day the journey was less tedious to the little girl. The baby grew and was happy, and Lora held him in her arms sometimes, and it was a sort of comfort even to hear him cry. There was a cradle on board for the new baby to sleep in, and it was great fun to sit by it and watch the waves rock young Peregrine gently back and forth. It was a very queer-looking cradle; not at all like the one in which your little brother sleeps.

At last, one bright day in winter, in fact, only four



BABY'S BIRTHPLACE.