

EDITED
BY
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The Pansy.

STORIES
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

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KATE'S SECOND THOUGHT.

"I'm sure that was my basket," Esther said. "Well, I'm sure it isn't," declared Kate. "I sat mine down right by that big stone; and besides, I know I had more berries than you, for I picked all the time you were chasing that butterfly."

Then there was a good deal of talk about this same thing, which of two baskets, just alike, save that one had more berries in, belonged to Esther. Roger sided with Kate, and Wheeler thought that the fuller basket was probably Esther's; and Kate told him he always took Esther's part, right or wrong; and really they were in danger, all of them, of saying things that would need forgiving, when Esther said suddenly:

"Why, what's that?"

"That," said Wheeler, parting the bushes and looking out into the sky, "was a clap of thunder; unusually loud too. We are going to have a storm."

Sure enough, the big raindrops began to patter around them while he spoke. Not a very hard shower, only the thundersounded unusually loud, and the lightning was very sharp. They stopped picking berries, and waited under shelter of the great trees, peeping out now and then at the prospect.

"Isn't it strange what thunder is?" said Esther.

"Why, no," said Kate; "it isn't strange, I suppose. People who have studied know all about what makes it. I used to think it was God's voice. Mamma says when I was a little bit of a girl, whenever it thundered I would say, Hark! God speaks!"

"Maybe his voice does sound a little like thunder," Roger said thoughtfully; "and maybe the lightning is a little like the way Jesus looked when he was up on the mountain and shone so that the disciples were afraid."

Roger had been studying his Sabbath-school lesson, and talking it over with his mother just before he came out. His mind went back to it now.

"Oh, you don't think God's voice really sounds like thunder, though?" said Wheeler.

"Why, I don't know," Roger said. "Some folks

thought so, you know. When God spoke to Jesus once, and said he had glorified his name, the people standing around thought that it thundered.

"Does it say that in the Bible?"

"Certainly; it's one of the references in our lesson."

"I don't wonder they were afraid," Esther said.

She was the youngest of them, and was always just a little bit afraid of thunder and lightning.

Kate turned and put her arm around the little sister. When the rain was over they went back to their berries.

"Essie, I guess maybe that was your basket. Anyhow, you can have it."



THEY WAITED UNDER SHELTER OF THE GREAT TREES.

"No," said Esther, "I don't feel exactly sure; and I would just as soon you had it."

But Kate kissed her again, and urged that she ought to have it anyhow, because she was the youngest; and they exchanged baskets.

"What made you do that?" Roger asked, as they walked homeward.

"Do what?"

"Give Essie your basket. I am sure it was yours."

"I don't hardly know what made me do it, only I thought perhaps I was mistaken, and it was hers. And then I went to thinking about thunder being like God's voice, and about Jesus up on the mountain with his face shining like the lightning, and I thought if he should come now, and talk with me, he wouldn't like it if I didn't give Essie the basket; and then I remembered that he knew all about it, and I thought I would like to please him."

MARJORY.

MARJORY — that was her name; not "Mar," nor "Margie," nor "Jo," nor "Jory," as some girls nowadays would say.

She was a little Puritan maid who lived long ago, and the fathers and mothers of those times did not approve of nicknames, so the sweet musical name always came out in full.

Marjory's father and mother had, with others, come in the brave ship *Mayflower*, from Old England, and made themselves another home, which they named New England. The little town that began to grow up they



"SHE WAS A LITTLE PURITAN MAID."

called Salem, because Salem means "peace," and here it was that little maid Marjory lived in this pretty, quiet, peaceful place.

One lovely Sabbath morning, Marjory sat in her little chair under the shade of a great elm-tree, not far from the cottage door. It was after breakfast, and she had brought her Testament out with her to learn her verses. It was a pretty spot where she sat; the air was sweet from the white clover blossoms all about her, bees were humming, and birds singing, and a soft rustle went through the tree-tops, and the bright sunshine was everywhere, except in some cool spots under the shade of the big trees.

Marjory leaned her head back and looked up through the green leaves into the blue sky, and thought how pretty every thing was.

"Oh, I wish I could go to church," she said, "it is such a pleasant morning."

She usually did go to church every Sunday with her father and mother, but to-day mother was sick, and father had said:

"I'm sorry little daughter can't go to church to-day. I must stay home with mother, and you know you can't go all alone."

"Oh, let me go alone! I'm big enough," Marjory coaxed, but father said, "No; the walk was long, and she was only a bit of a girl as yet."

While she sat thinking and wishing, she heard a sound that made her want to go to church more than ever; not a sweet-toned bell, for in those days a man went about the streets blowing a horn to call the people together, and now the sound echoed from hill to hill, and Marjory jumped up, and said aloud, "I do wish I could go."

She glanced into the little sitting-room. Mother was lying on the lounge by the window, and father was reading to her. Neither of them was noticing her. A sudden thought came to Marjory.

Why should she not go to church by herself? She tiptoed softly through the kitchen and up the stairs to the little room where she slept. She opened the drawer where her Sunday clothes lay. There was her pretty blue cambric dress, and white pinafore, and new slippers with satin bows, that her grandmother sent her from England. She *must* go to church to wear those slippers, for Lora Standish had no slippers, and what would she say when she saw those beauties?

"Mother won't care if I do," she said to herself, as she slipped off her every-day dress and slipped into the Sunday one. She had hard work to get it buttoned. She never had fastened her clothes all alone before; but, after a great deal of twisting and turning, it was done, and the stockings, and slippers, and pinafore were on, and now the pretty Sunday hat was set on the yellow hair, and Marjory was ready. She was going to church.

Can anybody tell why she went down the stairs as softly as if she had been a mouse, and then taking a peep into the sitting-room to make sure that father and mother did not see her, darted through the kitchen and went like a big butterfly across the fields, never stopping once to pick a daisy or buttercup?

And why did she say over and over to herself, "She won't care, she won't care; it's right for folks to go to church, it is." But she could not quiet the little voice that kept whispering in her ear, "Naughty girl! Naughty girl!"

She was glad when the long, hot walk was over and she saw the church just before her.

It was not like any church that you ever saw; there were no stained-glass windows or carpeted floors, and the oaken seats had such high backs that the people in one seat could only see the tops of the heads of the people who sat before them. They had no choir; when it came time to sing, a man got up and repeated the first line of the hymn and started the tune, and all the people joined in and sang it; then he repeated the next line, and they sang that, and so on to the end.

The men carried their guns to church — it will be too long a story to tell why; then there was a tithing man. He carried a long pole and kept the people in order; if boys and girls laughed or whispered, he gave them a smart rap with the end of his stick. If anybody fell asleep, he reached out his long pole and gave them a poke.

When Marjory arrived at the church door she was almost afraid to go in; the people were all in their places, and the minister was preaching. She peeped in two or three times first, then she stepped softly in, and while she walked up the aisle all the people looked straight at her, and wondered why she was all alone, and what made her come to church when it was half out. She was so tired out and so warm, no sooner had she seated herself in the big pew and leaned her head back

to rest, than the minister's voice began to sound very far off, and Marjory was sound asleep.

She did not sleep long, for something touched her shoulder. She started up and rubbed her eyes, wondering where she was, and there stood that awful tithing man scowling down at her. Poor Marjory! She buried her face in the white pinafore and began to cry. What a dreadful thing had happened to her! She cried and cried, and the more she cried, the harder it was to stop, till finally she sobbed aloud. Then that dreadful man came and took her by the arm and led her out; and then whom did she see coming up the path, but her own dear father. He looked very grave and troubled; but he opened his arms and his little girl ran into them, and put the rest of her tears on his shoulder. On the long walk home she told her father all about it. He did not talk much then, but after dinner when Marjory was rested, he gave her a little verse to learn.

"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice." Then he explained to her how the Heavenly Father was better pleased to have little children obey their parents than even go to church to worsnip him, if they could not do both.

"Maybe," said Marjory, as she put her slippers back into the drawer that night, "maybe I shouldn't 'a gone at all if it hadn't been for these new slippers." Then she put her wise little head on one side and thought a minute, and said to herself, "They shan't go to meeting next Sunday. They shall stay right in that corner to punish them — and me."

They did stay there, and Marjory wore her old boots to church of her own accord; but she never forgot that other Sunday and the tithing man, though she lived to tell the story to her grandchildren.

AMY ROBB.

BY C. M. L.

CHAPTER III. — AMY'S MOTHER'S JEWELS.

PUSSY was now so happy in being a real child of Jesus, and sure of it, that she could think or speak of little else day after day; and as there were meetings in the churches, and many were being converted and beginning a new life, and among them some of the young people whom Pussy knew well, and they would come in to see Pussy and talk and sing with her about the "new way," she had almost lost sight of the story of Anne and Amy and the wonderful thief.

Uncle May was glad to see his little darling niece thinking so much about her Bible and the Redeemer. So he said nothing more. But one evening as he read "Let him that stole steal no more," it all came back to her. She begged her uncle to go on with the story, he began:

"We were talking about the jewels, you know, in the story of Anne Steele and Amy Robb."

"Yes, I remember well, uncle. Please go right on."

"Well," continued Mr. May, "they had —"

"Who had?" interrupted Pussy.

"Mr. and Mrs. Robb, I mean."

"Oh, yes, I know! Go on."

"They had one jewel which they prized very highly. It was so beautiful that they called it Beauty."

"What a nice name! Did Mrs. Robb wear jewels?"

"Oh, to be sure; these jewels were so very costly, and you know they were handed down all the way from that lovely gentleman and lady who lived in that wonderful garden, and they received them right from the hand of God. So it was all right for Mrs. Robb to wear them, if she did it for his sake."

"Did Amy's mother wear that jewel that was called

Beauty? Did she wear it in her ear, or on her finger?"

"Both," said uncle May.

"First one, then the other, eh?" inquired the listener.

"And sometimes — almost always, if I remember — in her eyes and nose and mouth and cheeks and —"

"Why, uncle May!" said the astonished child, "how could she? I never heard such a thing."

"Yes, you have, my poor child; you've *seen* it."

"Uncle!" again exclaimed the now bewildered Pussy.

Mr. May now bent down and whispered something into Pussy's ear, when she broke into a ringing laugh and clapped her hands so fast and loud that kitty, who had been purring quietly in her usual place, now sprang up and ran for the door as if she'd been shot.

"I'll just tell mamma," said Pussy.

"You mustn't; you mustn't, my darling," said her uncle, trying to seize her and hold her fast.

But the nimble girl flew from him to her mother's side, and with one eye on her uncle and her little hand curved like a saucer about her mouth, so her mother only should hear, she poured something into her ear which made her mother's face look more beautiful than it was before. Then she slipped around to her father's side and whispered something into his ear; and soon they were all laughing, though Pussy's mother blushed a great deal more than she laughed, for some cause. And maybe some of you readers can guess what they were all so merry about without being told right out, and why Pussy's mamma did all the blushing.

But let's go on with the story.

Pussy, after a while, straightened her face down, and sitting in her little chair near her uncle, she said:

"And, uncle May, tell about the other jewels that Mrs. Robb wore; there must have been some more."

"Ah, yes," began uncle May. "I remember one I saw her wearing on the day they were married and for some time after when I called on them to spend an evening. That jewel was something like the other, only it was spread-out like all over Mrs. Robb. Sometimes it would seem to leap right out of her mouth and eyes, and from her hands and feet. And what was singular about this jewel, it seemed to sparkle most when Mr. Robb came home with some trouble to tell his wife, or when some of the neighbors would come and want Mrs. Robb to go over and help them in distress. No sooner would those words "trouble" or "distress" be spoken but that jewel would begin and keep on sparkling for hours and hours, just like glow-worms, you know, when it begins to grow dark. The darker the night, the brighter they shine. So with that jewel."

"I should think they would have called it sunshine."

"The very name they gave it, too. Mr. Robb often used to tell me that he prized that jewel more than all his other wealth together. And you'd have been so surprised if you could have seen him coming home, as I've seen him, looking and feeling so sad about his business that he did not care to speak to any one, the very moment he entered the front door, if his wife met him wearing that jewel —"

"Sunshine?"

"Yes. It would so flash all over his face and right through him that all his sadness would run away and hide, and not come back again for a long time."

"And what were the names of the others, uncle May?"

"One was called Hope, another Peace, another Rest; and there were some few more. And though some folks who saw them on Mrs. Robb said they were very small, and they didn't see why she made so much of them, yet they were worth more than all the gold in the world."

"And did that thief get them all away?"

"About all, I believe. But I'll tell you more next time."

SIDE BY SIDE

I WILL WALK WITHIN MY HOUSE WITH A PERFECT HEART.

ONE THING THOU LACKEST.

THE SON OF MAN CAME NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO, BUT TO MINISTER, AND TO GIVE HIS LIFE A RANSOM FOR MANY.

THE EYES OF THE BLIND SHALL BE OPENED.

REJOICE GREATLY, O DAUGHTER OF ZION; SHOUT, O DAUGHTER OF JERUSALEM; BEHOLD! THY KING COMETH UNTO THEE.

THERE was a good deal of excitement in the school-room, although the girls were unusually quiet. If you had been used to them you would have discovered a certain something in the air, which said as plainly as words could have done, that they were very much roused.

The truth is, Ethol Harrison was in trouble; and being something of a favorite in the school, nearly all the girls sympathized with her. Besides, it was so strange for Ethol to have any trouble! She was a good scholar, and though full of many plans that were apt to lead more careless students astray, she rarely got caught herself. This day had been a very hard one for both teachers and scholars. "There is mischief in the air this morning, I fairly smell it," Miss Mason had said to



"SHE SHA'N'T!" SAID ETHOL, BURSTING INTO TEARS.

one of the other teachers at recess; and as the day passed, it had been plain that she was right. "Buzz, buzz, buzz," went the whispers on every side. It was in vain that one and another were marked, and that Annie Stuart was actually called to a platform seat; it did not put down the spirit of riot that fluttered all through that school-room.

I am not sure but Sarah Lambert was the only really good girl in the room that afternoon. There were several reasons for this; Sarah did not belong to any clique who were eager to whisper to her, and plan a dozen delightful things connected with the coming festival. She was

noteven going to the festival. She had an unusually hard spelling lesson to learn, so she bent over her book with earnest eyes, and Miss Mason said to herself: "That girl is real good, if she is dull; and is trying hard, I believe."

Still, things did not grow better, and at last Miss Mason hushed them into astonished silence for a few moments, by saying: "The next person that I see whispering, will report to Professor Haviland, at the close of the school."

Now this made the cheeks of most of the girls glow. Send one of their girls to Professor Haviland! Most of them had never seen the inside of his office. Most of them he did not know by sight, though they knew him well, and were afraid of him. A little later in the day the next excitement had come upon them. It was Ethol Harrison who was caught whispering! She had not meant to do anything very wrong; in truth she had begun to feel ashamed of herself, and had said to Alice Parker: "Pass me my arithmetic; I'm going to work." But how was Miss Mason to know that? Besides, there was her word; so she had said: "Ethol Harrison may report to Professor Haviland as soon as the three o'clock bell strikes."

And there sat Ethol Harrison, with burning cheeks. Such a disgrace! What would mamma and papa say, and what should she say to Professor Haviland? Oh, dear! why would all the scholars look at her? She wished they would all whisper at once; she wished—oh, dreadful things! The room was still, very still. Every girl but Ethol was at work; she could not study. At last, Sarah Lambert spoke out boldly:

"Miss Mason, may I come to you a minute?"

"If it is necessary," said Miss Mason. Sarah went forward at once, and made straight towards her object.

"Miss Mason, couldn't you please let me go to the room and see him, and let her go home. I'll take any punishment he says."

"Of whom are you talking, Sarah?"

"Oh, Ethol Harrison, ma'am; couldn't I please take her place at three o'clock, and let her go home?"

"Why, Sarah! Do you love Ethol so much?"

"It ain't that; I like her first-rate, but I was thinking it was a chance to do like *Him*, and I want to do it."

"Do like whom? I don't understand you."

"Like *Him*, ma'am, that gave his life; don't you know you explained about it last Sunday? 'He gave his life a ransom for many;' that's one of the verses. She is only one, and it ain't no ways likely Professor Haviland will kill me, so it ain't much like *him* after all, but it makes me think of him, and it's doing a little bit like him, ain't it? And I want to do it; couldn't I?"

"Sarah," said Miss Mason, "Professor Haviland will not let you off very easily if you take another's place. He has the name of being very strict."

"Yes'm," said Sarah. "To give his life a ransom for many." That's what *he* did. I want to do it. May I?"

"Ethol Harrison may come to the desk," said Miss Mason. Then she took the two girls into a little recess at the end of the room, and explained to Ethol what Sarah wanted to do for her.

"She sha'n't!" said Ethol, bursting into tears, though she had told herself but a moment before, that she would not cry a tear, not a single tear, no matter what Professor Haviland did. "I'll go myself, and be punished; but I didn't mean to do wrong, Miss Mason; and oh, Sarah Lambert, I'll never forget this of you, never!"

Well, there was a long talk in the recess; and three o'clock came and passed, and still the girls in the school-room wondered what had become of their teacher, and what was going on behind those glass doors. The end of it all was, that nobody went to Professor Haviland, for Miss Mason agreed to forgive Ethol for Sarah's sake, and Ethol on the way home, told every girl in the Pansy Society what a strange thing that Sarah Lambert had wanted to do, and how she would never forget it, never!