

EDITED

BY

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The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
ABROAD.

VOLUME 9.

PUBLISHED BY D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

NUMBER 28.

Saturday, July 15, 1882.

Monthly, 15 cents.

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Semi-monthly, 25 cents.

Weekly, 50 cents a year.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

NOT a girl, nor yet a boy, but a pigeon.
Now you can't mean that pigeons have to go to school?

Yes, but I do, and what is worse, they have to begin



TAKING A LESSON.

when they are only a few weeks old. Ah, but they don't have to study arithmetic, and grammar, and history, nor even geography, though they are great travellers. Their duty is simply to learn to find their way home again after being carried away from it.

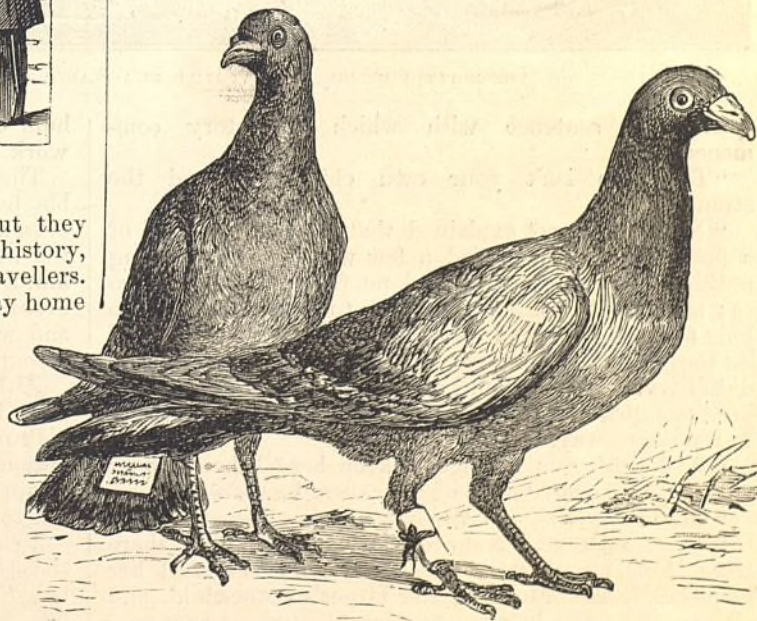
The poor little creatures are put into covered baskets, and taken at first not more than half a mile from home, then let into the air, and away they fly. If they come home again in a short time safely, they are considered bright little birds worth being educated. So the next time they are taken farther, and then still farther, until it is found that they can hurry back home again, even though they have been taken a thousand miles away. Therefore they are very useful, for letters of great importance can be tied to their legs or wings, and they will take them safely across mountains, oceans, and deserts, straight to the old home. In the days when railroads and telegraphs had not been thought of, imagine what a comfort it was to have a little winged telegraph

who could travel thirty miles an hour, and who would be sure to go by the shortest road, and without any loitering by the way. The only thing the sender had to be careful about, was to wet their poor little feet in vinegar, so they would keep cool, and not want to hop into the first water they came to, and so soil the letters they were carrying.

No, I am wrong; there were other things to be careful about; some of them will make you sad. In the first place the very best carrier-pigeons were the mothers of little birdies at home; for of course this made them in a great hurry to get home. Then they had to be shut up in the dark without any food for at least eight hours before they started on their long journeys. Also it was not safe to keep them away from home for more than two weeks, else they might not get back quickly. But when these rules were carefully followed, one could hardly have a surer and safer messenger. Faithful little birds! They neither played by the way, as I have heard of some messengers doing, who were not birds—nor did they read the notes sent by them, and gossip about their contents with other birds whom they met.

It is very plain to me that there are people in this world who might learn a lesson from the carrier-pigeons.

How do they find the way home? A large book on



FAITHFUL LITTLE MESSENGERS.

bird history that I have just been reading, says that nobody knows; but I think that is a mistake; I'm sure I know: it is because God tells them.

HOW THEY MADE OUT.

I DON'T know," said the wife Margaret, "how we shall make out, but we can't let the child starve." She looked with very kind eyes into the blue ones of the little girl who trotted back and forth with her as she made ready the simple supper. Margaret was the house-mother in a German home, where money was scarce, and even plain food to eat was not very plenty.

A stranger had come along the street, stopped at the door, and asked if he might have some supper with the family. Margaret was never good at refusing people, especially if she thought they were tired and hungry; so she asked him in, and thought within herself that she could go without a potato to-night, and let him have her share. He was watching the yellow-haired little girl who followed her around, which made Margaret

had the largest potato, carefully peeled by Margaret, the mother's name-child; and Melchor put a bit of butter on it, though he ate none on his own. The stranger saw all this, and a great deal more, though he seemed to be talking with the father and mother. Soon after supper, he walked away, thanking them before he went for the nice rest and the nice supper he had had with them.

It was only the next day that a soldier in full military dress rode up to the little house, and asked for the house-mother, and gave her a great, solemn-looking letter which made her tremble as she broke the seal. Oh! what do you think that letter said? Why, that the man who had taken supper with them the night before was so pleased with all the ten children, and with Gretchen besides, that he had decided to make them each a little present of one hundred dollars, which present would be paid to them each year while they lived! Eleven hundred dollars a year, because

a strange man who took supper with them was pleased with their kindness to him, and their unselfish care of the orphan Gretchen! That sounds like a "made-up" story, doesn't it? And yet it is true. The letter was signed Joseph, Emperor of Austria. And he was the stranger who had eaten potatoes with them the night before.

His whole life is full of such quaint and pleasant stories as this. He delighted in visiting people in a plain dress such as other common men wore, and then surprising them afterwards by letting them know that he was the Emperor.

I have given you on this page, a picture of him when he astonished a ploughman who knew him, by taking



THE EMPEROR DELIGHTED IN VISITING IN A PLAIN DRESS.

hold of the plough and showing the old man how to work it.

There is also an account of how he went to a miserable hut one day, where was a little baby who that evening was to be baptized. He asked to come and be the little one's godfather. The parents, who thought him a nice-appearing young man, agreed to it; so in the evening he came. But he had put on his royal dress, and was ablaze with jewels; so the astonished people recognized him as their Emperor.

Ah! I wonder if you know what all this makes me think of? Do you remember who laid aside his crown, and his royal dress, and left his throne and came to us, and became not merely a common man, but a weak little baby—not simply to amuse himself and give us pleasure, but to save our souls?

Years and years he stayed away from the palace and the crown. He was scorned, mocked, spit upon, whipped, hated, crucified—all for us. Some day we shall see him in his glory, with the royal dress blazing with jewels, the crown of gold on his head. Will he remember us then as those who received him here? He is watching our actions, whether they are unselfish and loving, or hard and hateful. Is he getting a reward ready for us? The reward is not a hundred dollars a year; it is a home in the palace; a seat on the throne. It is to be introduced to his Father as brothers and sisters; it is to reign with him forever and ever.

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LITTLE LUDWIG.

A QUEER, old-fashioned piano, with straight legs and plain case. No such grand one as there is in your parlor, on which your baby can play. Still little Ludwig in his father's arms, loved to make music on it. I didn't see him, but I've heard about it, how his bits of fingers would rattle over the keys, pounding on this one, and touching that one softly, and really, even when he was a baby, picking out those which chorded well. Still I fancy he grew tired of it sometimes, and snatched at the music, and tore long strips from it, or perhaps pitched the music-book on the floor. That is, if he were not afraid of his cross father.

For cross he was, though very proud of his son Ludwig, who could actually play tunes before he was five years old.

Not a very happy boy was Ludwig, musician though he was. In the first place, his father was very poor. No, I ought to put that in about the fifteenth place; for very poor people are often very happy ones. In the *very* first place, then, his father drank too much liquor.

"How much liquor is too much?" I asked a boy.

"Do you mean liquor that has alcohol in?" he asked me, and when I nodded my head, he tossed back his yellow curls and said, "The leastest bit of a drop is too much."

I agree with him. Well, Ludwig's father drank many drops, and was cross, oh, so cross! People nearly always are cross who drink too much liquor, and was poor, yes, very poor. And that kind of poverty which comes through drinking liquor is hard to bear.

But he was very proud of his boy Ludwig, and, as I said, when the baby was only five years old he could play the piano beautifully. After this he began to take music lessons regularly of very great teachers, the greatest that there were in the world, and studied, oh, how hard! and grew every year more famous until the time came when it was said of this once baby Ludwig: "He is the greatest musician there is in the world." Then something very sad happened to him; he noticed it for a long time before he said a word to anybody, but at last other people began to notice that Ludwig was growing deaf. How can a deaf man write wonderful music, or make musical sounds! This was what Ludwig wondered, but he studied away, and played away, and when he had become so deaf that he

the audience, so he could see them waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and know what a storm of applause they were giving him.

Poor, lonely, sad Ludwig! A hard childhood, with a cross-tempered father, to be shut out at last even from the lovely sounds that he could make as no one else could. Have I told you *where* he lived? It was in the city of Bonn, Germany. Have I told you *when* he lived? It was more than a hundred years ago? In fact it is over fifty years since he died; but then he



did not live to be an old man; he was not yet sixty years old when he went away from this world which was such a silent, sad world to him. He never had any little child of his own; he never had a wife. There was a good deal about his life that makes one sorrowful to think of, yet he was the greatest musician that has ever lived. I wonder, oh, I wonder if he knew Jesus!

What does all his greatness matter now, unless he sings in heaven, and can hear the music there?

Have I told you his last name? Here is a picture of the baby Ludwig after he became a man; above it is his name.

LITTLE ELLIE.

NAUGHTY little Ellie sitting perched on the highest part of the garden fence. She was only four years old, it is true, but she knew how to be good and how to be naughty. This morning she was naughty. Herbert had the care of her, and he was nine. For awhile he was patient; he wanted Ellie to come to the woodhouse and he would swing her; but Ellie wouldn't; she wanted to go down-town and buy a whistle, and that, according to mamma's word, she couldn't do; the consequence was, she didn't want to do *any thing*. Herbert offered to take her over to the bridge to watch the swans; but she said she was tired of the old white swans; she didn't think they were pretty a bit. She was willing to be put on top of the shed, so she could walk up the roof and look down into the chimney, but this Herbert would not allow; so she sat on the fence-post and sulked, and said Herbert "was a cross old thing, and she didn't love him a bit; so there!"

At last Herbert lost all patience, and went over and sat down on the end of a bench with his hands in his pockets, and wished it was time for Ellie to go to sleep. Pretty soon Ellie grew tired of her perch and concluded to get down; she tried several times, and once almost lost her balance. Then she called out: "Come help



could not hear a sound from his own music, one night, after playing one of his pieces at a wonderful concert where were thousands of people, one of the singers took him by the shoulders and turned him around to

me down, right away!" But Herbert sat as still as though he were deaf, and Ellie tried again. "Herbert!" she wailed, "I'm sorry I was naughty; won't you come and help me down?"

But behold Herbert himself was cross! "You called me a cross old thing!" he said in an injured tone, "and now you may get down from the fence the best way you can." And he arose with his hands still in his pockets, and walked away. Then did Ellie cry in good earnest. Hardly time for two tears, however, before the piazza door opened, and mamma came and lifted her from the fence, saying to Herbert as she did so:

"You would never do for a Moses, my son." What *could* she have meant?

AN OLD STORY.

A BLUE-EYED, rosy-cheeked, fair-haired boy. His work lay all day among the hills and valleys where his father's sheep wandered. His business was to watch them; to see that no wolf came and stole away



THE SHEPHERD BOY.

one of the young lambs; to see that none of the flock strayed away; to bring them all safely home at night.

On this day the boy would have liked to have been at home. There was company in his father's house, a white-haired old minister, and David the shepherd-boy would have liked well to have heard him talk. However, he did not expect to have a chance; he was the youngest of the family, and of course it was foolish to expect that the old minister would care to see him, or that his father would allow him to leave the sheep.

Meantime his brothers were very busy, and eager getting ready to see the grand old minister. He had

asked to see every one of them. The truth was, he had come to their father's house on a very important errand. He was to choose from the sons one to fill a high office. I suppose he told father and the brothers were astonished when they heard that they were all called for.

"What do you think he wants of us?" they said to each other, while they made ready. David's oldest brother was a tall, handsome man, and I think it very likely he expected to please the old minister. He cannot help seeing that I am much finer-looking than any of the rest," I suppose he told himself; and then he went to thinking that if there *should* be any vacant office, and the minister had been sent to select one to fill it, he stood a better chance of being chosen than any of the others. To tell you the truth, the old minister thought that very thing, wise as he was, the moment he looked at the tall, handsome man.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "I think this must be the very one."

But he was something better than a wise man, he was truly good; so good that he listened always for the voice of God in his heart, and at that moment God spoke to him:

"No," he said, "look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature, because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

So the tall, finely-formed man passed on, and the next oldest came in and was introduced and stepped back, for the minister, following the voice in his heart, knew that *he* was not the one. In this way the brothers passed, one by one, and at last the minister asked:

"Are here all your children?"

"Why," said the father, "my youngest boy isn't here; he is away on the hillside taking care of the sheep."

"Send for him," said the minister; "we will wait for him."

Then what a hurrying across the fields there was! I don't know which brother went, but perhaps it was Eliab, the tall, handsome one. I think he may have been a little bit vexed with the way things were going. I can fancy he spoke rather crossly:

"David," he may have said. "David, hurry up, father has sent for you; the minister wants to see you; he has all the family there waiting, and will not sit down to eat until you come."

Then I think David was very much astonished, and said:

"Why! what can he want of me, do you suppose?"

Then it may be that Eliab answered sharply:

"How do I know? He *wants* you, and my father said you were to come as soon as possible, and that is enough."

So I fancy I can see them hurrying over the fields, and I think David waited only to wash his rosy cheeks, and brush his yellow hair, then he went in, eager, happy boy that he was, to see the minister whom he had wanted so much to know.

Do you know that the moment the white-haired old minister saw him, the voice of God told him that here was the one chosen for the high office? Do you know that the shepherd boy was actually called from watching the flocks to be king over a great nation?

I think it more than likely that you have heard this story before, and that in fact you know a good deal about David. But I am never tired of thinking over all the wonderful little steps that he took to the throne.