

EDITED
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The Pansy.

STORIES
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

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"WHERE'S NELLIE?"

BY MRS. A. W. ALEXANDER.

PERHAPS she's in the cellar,
Perhaps she's on the stairs;
We must be watching Nellie,
With all our other cares;
Oh! it were a busy task,
And we often have to ask:
"Where's Nellie?"

Her busy little fingers,
Perhaps have grasped a broom,
And she's trying to make tidy
Some one's disordered room.
Bless her! how the dust will fly,
While all o'er the house we cry:
"Where's Nellie?"

Perhaps she's trimming bonnets,
 We'd better have a care.
 We think we see, most clearly
 Her gift does not lie *there*;
 Though she's tried, so young to find
 Employment suited to her mind,
 "Where's Nellie?"

The little feet will falter,
 Along life's weary way;
 They must be guided gently,
 Or else they'll go astray;
 God will help us in the task;
 Grace will give us, if we ask,
 "For Nellie."

The restless, roaming fingers,
 Must *work* for good or ill;
 And we must never fail her,
 But aid, and love her, still.
 Help her through each toilsome task,
 Never cease to care, and ask,
 "Where's Nellie?"

But, if the dear Lord spares her,
 She'll all our care repay;
 And Nellie will make blessed,
 Our life's declining day.
 So, with faith and hope, we stand,
 With this treasure in our hand:
 "Dear Nellie!"



THE ARTICULATION CLASS.

WHERE I WENT, AND WHAT I SAW.

I WENT to a very large school; not a kindergarten, nor a college, but a great school, with many beautiful rooms, and many scholars. First, I went through the sleeping rooms, or "dormitories," as they are called. Oh, the rows, and rows, and rows of small white beds, all beautifully neat and clean, and made up so nicely! the room was very clean. The painted floor shone, and there was no dust anywhere; not an article was lying

around. At the end of each bed was a nice little bureau with three drawers, and I suspect every thing belonging to the people who slept in these beds, was carefully laid therein.

Then we went to the schoolrooms. Fifty little girls with bright, eager faces, in one room, fifty little boys in a room opposite, all looking at us with interest, all seeming pleased to see us; all perfectly quiet and well behaved. "My scholars never whisper when I leave them alone together," the teacher said to me. "I have never had to mark one of them for whispering, since they have been in the school!" Isn't that a wonderful thing? I was in this building among these boys and girls for two hours, and I did not hear one of them speak. No, not even though I spoke to them. They looked pleased, and bright, and as though they were very glad to see me, but not a word did they say! Ah, now you begin to guess the secret? Not one of them could speak. No, not one. Three hundred and forty deaf and dumb boys and girls. Does it make you sad to think of it? Yet they were not sad. I have rarely seen brighter faces. And it is wonderful how much they know! Professor Weed, who was showing us through the building, talked with them by signs, and even called on me for a story, which he said he would tell them and then have them write it out for me.

I told them the true story of a dog named "Force," or rather, I told it to Professor Weed, and he repeated it in the sign language, not spelling the words, but by motions which they are wonderfully quick to catch. When he had finished, a bright-faced boy went to the blackboard, and very rapidly, in neat writing, gave us the story almost word for word. Then he copied it on a piece of paper, and gave it to me.

Another boy told us a long and very amusing story in the sign language, and did it so well, that with a very little help from the Professor, we were able to understand it.

From this building we went to another to see what is

called the "class in articulation." Here were children younger than any we had seen before, all deaf and dumb, and learning to talk!

It is very wonderful to see how the teacher manages. She calls to her a little child and says one word to him, perhaps it is "home." He watches the position of her lips, and fixes his own like them; he puts his little hand on her throat and *feels* the motion it makes. In speaking the word, then he puts his hand to his own throat, and tries to make that same motion; again the teacher

speaks the word, and he holds his hand before her mouth, and gets the *shape* of the breath on his hand, as it is made by the word, then he tries to get the same *shape of a breath* on his hand, and after many efforts, he succeeds. I heard a little boy who had lived eight years without ever speaking a word, speak very distinctly this sentence: "I talk to my mother at home; my mother loves to hear me talk; so does my father." Do you doubt it? I could not keep the tears from my eyes at the thought of how sweet those words must sound to the mother from the lips of the little boy whose voice she had never expected to hear in this world.

You will like to know where this school is. It is the Philadelphia Institution for the deaf and dumb, at the head of which is Professor Weed, the kind gentleman who showed us through the rooms, and answered all our questions.

When you go to Philadelphia, be sure you visit the boys and girls who never whisper in school.

DANGER CLIFF.

BY C. M. S.

THERE was once a gentleman, it is said, who was very wealthy. He had a large family of beautiful children; and he loved his wife and sons and daughters very dearly; and daily he would have his coachman take them out to ride.

Away they would go through country and city, and forest and park. But near one of the pleasant rides there was a deep chasm, and its sides were rocky and steep, so that to go too near it would be almost certain death.

But the coachman would often see how very close he could drive to the edge of the abyss without dashing his precious load to destruction. This he continued to do day after day; though he did not mean any harm. He only wanted to show how near he could come to danger and yet escape. But one day he came just a little nearer, when in an instant he became dizzy as he looked down into the dark chasm, and whirled from his high seat and was gone.

But horses, coach and family, all escaped and came safely home.

Then another coachman must be found; and the gentleman sent word all about, and advertised for a good, *safe*, skilful man. And many came and he questioned them, each by himself, in order to get the right one.

"How near can you drive to Danger Cliff,"—so that chasm was called,— "without driving over?" asked the gentleman of the first one who came.

"Ah, your honor, it's not every coachman that can do the likes o' me. Sure, I've driven as near as your finger's breadth minny's the time, an' 'twas as the sim as though 'twas a mile or more. I've niver hurt a hair o' the hid."

"You may pass out," was the answer. "I do not wish your services."

Then came another, and he was asked the same question about driving near the chasm. And he said he could come within six inches, but feared to go nearer.

"I do not wish *you*," was said, and he passed out, wondering how near the gentleman wanted his coachman to drive to this place of danger.

So they came and went, till one answered: "Sir, I think I could drive very near, even to the edge *if nec.*

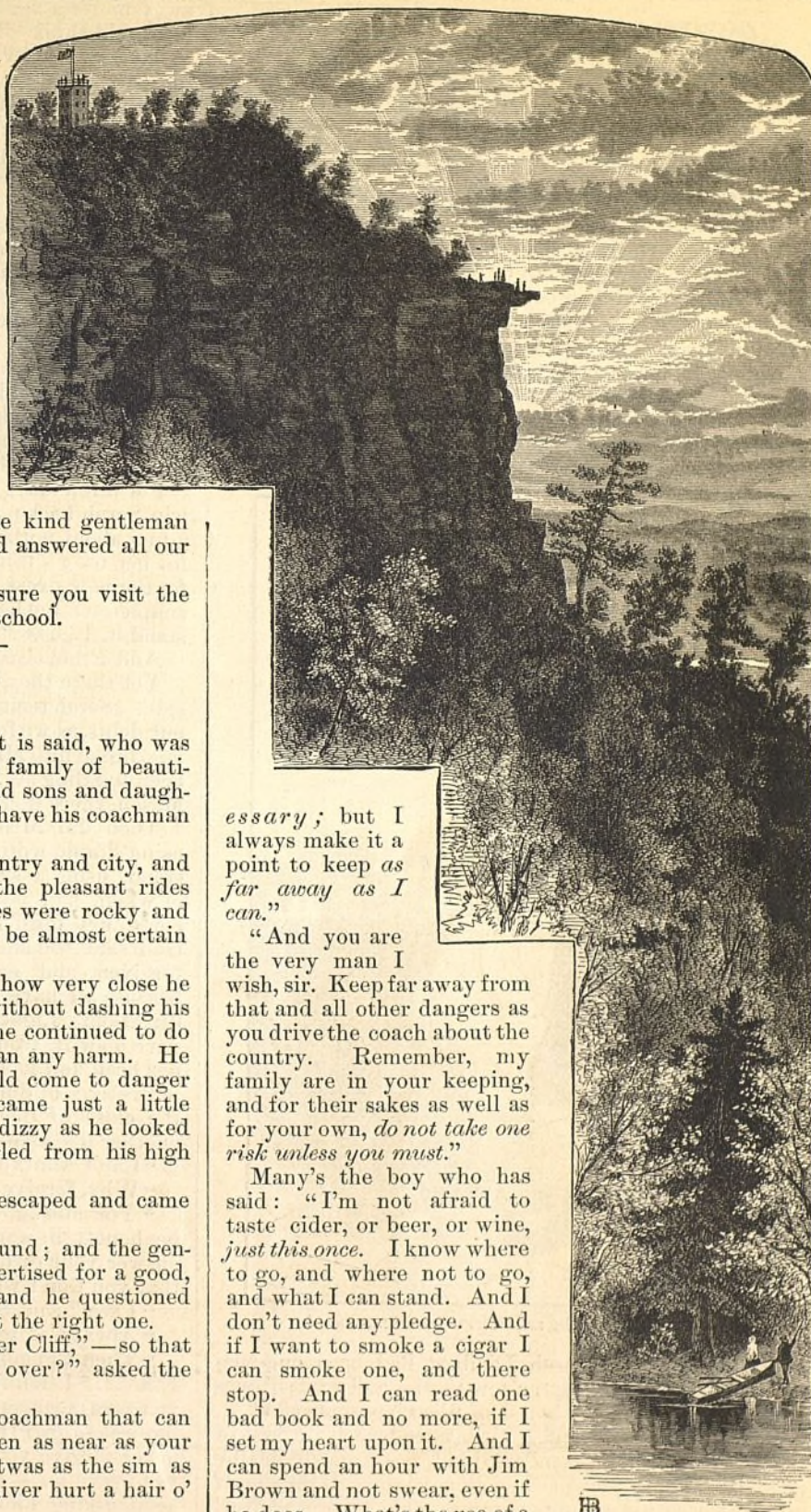
essary; but I always make it a point to keep as far away as I can."

"And you are the very man I wish, sir. Keep far away from that and all other dangers as you drive the coach about the country. Remember, my family are in your keeping, and for their sakes as well as for your own, *do not take one risk unless you must.*"

Many's the boy who has said: "I'm not afraid to taste cider, or beer, or wine, *just this once.* I know where to go, and where not to go, and what I can stand. And I don't need any pledge. And if I want to smoke a cigar I can smoke one, and there stop. And I can read one bad book and no more, if I set my heart upon it. And I can spend an hour with Jim Brown and not swear, even if he does. What's the use of a fellow's going to excess every time? Why can't he have a little of these things even if they are not quite so good, and stop just where one wants to?" Yes, but nine chances to one, the boy will keep coming nearer and nearer to Danger Cliff, and then in an instant his head will whirl, and over he will go and disappear in darkness forever.

Yes, but who ever plunged over Danger Cliff who kept as far away from it as possible?

Keep far away from *every* Danger Cliff.



DANGER CLIFF.

SIDE BY SIDE

HEREIN IS MY FATHER GLORIFIED, THAT YE BEAR MUCH FRUIT.
FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS.
THE STONE WHICH THE BUILDERS REFUSED, IS BECOME THE HEAD-
STONE OF THE CORNER.
GODLINESS IS PROFITABLE UNTO ALL THINGS, HAVING PROMISE OF THE
LIFE THAT NOW IS, AND OF THAT WHICH IS TO COME.

BUT Ethol Harrison did forget, in a very short time. That is, she forgot to be "just as kind as she possibly could, to Sarah Lambert." What Sarah considered a great trouble had come upon her. It was all about a spelling-book. She grew more and more interested in her spelling-lesson. She belonged to a class who were what the girls called "great dunces" about spelling. And as none of them could write very well, Miss Mason had allowed them to spell the words in the old-fashioned way, passing above those who were so unfor-



THERE LAY SARAH LAMBERT'S SPELLING-BOOK!

tunate as to miss. Sarah Lambert had been one who always missed until within a few weeks, and now she was looking forward to the honor of "leaving off head!"

One afternoon she laid aside her reader with a sigh of relief; there was nothing now to hinder her from giving the next half hour to that hard spelling-lesson. If she *should* miss to-day within one of the head, wouldn't it be dreadful!

Where was her spelling-book? She tumbled over the pile of books and papers in her desk in frantic haste; it was not there. Apparently it was nowhere. What should she do? Only half an hour, and then recess, and then the spelling-class. That entire half hour was spent in searching, yet she did not find it. What had become of it? Ethol Harrison could have told. When she passed down the aisle at noon, there lay Sarah Lambert's soiled and torn spelling-book right in her path. It needed but the touch of her mischievous toe to push it

away under a loose arm of the next seat, where no mortal would think of looking for it. So she touched it. What for? Why, just for fun! It would be so funny to see Sarah search for it. So she thought, and laughed over the fancy. After all, she did not see her. Part of the time she was at her French class, and then she forgot all about it until just as recess was over she ran against Sarah, red-eyed and sorrowful, still searching.

"Why, I know where it is!" exclaimed Ethol. "It's under that broken seat next to yours; I pushed it there."

With an exclamation of dismay Sarah darted for it. But it came too late. What wrathful glances her black eyes gave towards Ethol's seat as she kept moving down and down, until she stood once more within one of the foot.

"I'll never forgive her as long as I live." This was what Sarah said in fierce wrath as she went back to her seat from the spelling-class. And for the next week or two she acted as though she meant to keep her word. She was a fierce little thing, and her spelling-lesson had meant more than Ethol Harrison could possibly understand.

For a few days Ethol kept good-natured and tried to win Sarah back; and then she too grew angry. "Such a fuss about nothing!" she said. "After all I have done for her too;" thinking about the ruffles she had hemmed for the new dress. "I didn't think she would be such a simpleton! Let her stay mad forever, if she wants to; I can stand it, I guess."

And Ethol ceased to try to be kind to Sarah.

Yet there they sat in Sabbath-school one day, side by side. Sarah recited the verse on her card: "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." It was Sarah, also, who broke into Miss Mason's talk with questions that had been puzzling her. "I couldn't use that for a prayer, Miss Mason, there don't nobody owe me any debts at all."

Then did Miss Mason explain again, very carefully, using simple words that she felt sure Sarah could understand, using a simple illustration about two boys, one of whom had been unkind to the other, and the other could not forgive him, or thought he could not; but God said we must forgive others if we wished to be forgiven, and even taught us to pray: Forgive us because we have forgiven our enemies, according to thy direction. Light began to dawn on Sarah's mind. She gave a swift, troubled glance toward Ethol, who tossed her head and looked the other way, and then Sarah was perfectly still during the rest of the lesson, until toward the close of the hour she suddenly brought forward another question: "Suppose you can't want to?"

"Can't want to what, Sarah?"

"Why, forgive folks that have been ugly and hateful."

"You must go to God with that feeling, and you must be honest in wanting him to take it away, and try to answer your own prayer by struggling with the feeling that you don't want to forgive."

"I see," said Sarah. "And will He take it away?"

"Always, if we truly wish it, and ask him to do so."

"Then I'm going to ask Him." Sarah turned toward Ethol. "I don't want to forgive you a bit; I think you was mean, meaner than I would be, and I'm nothing but a poor girl that never learned any thing; I said I'd never forgive you and I don't want to, but I want him to forgive *me*—I've got to have him, and I'm going to keep asking him to take the don't-want-to out of my heart, and when he does it I'll forgive you."

"Did you ever in all your life see such a girl?" Ethol asked one of her particular friends on the way home.

"I never felt so queer; I thought I should sink through the floor, and yet I couldn't help laughing. To think that she should feel so awful about an old spelling-book. I suppose I ought to tell her I'm sorry I hid it, and I guess I will. But I'll tell you what I believe, I do truly; she is ignorant, and queer, and all that, but I believe she is a Christian, as sure as the world!"