

EDITED

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The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
ABROAD.

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THE LITTLE GLEANER.

BY BERTHA A. ZEDI WINKLER, IN ZION'S HERALD.

IT was a warm, sultry midsummer day in Germany. A little girl had just thrown down a bundle of fagots and was wiping the big drops of perspiration from her sunburnt face, when an old, cross-looking woman hobbled to the door of the hut with a bag in her hand.

"There, Wanda, don't dally around so much; hurry off now to the wheat fields! The summer is nearly over, and you have not gleaned half what I expected," croaked the old woman peevishly.

"But, Tante, you always expect more than I can get. I gleaned a whole bushel more this season than last, and I have gone over all the fields; it is useless to look again," remonstrated the little girl reproachfully.

The woman made an ugly grimace, flourished her big stick threateningly, and threw the sack at the child's feet, exclaiming in a shrill voice, "Don't dare to come home until this is full! Do you think I can keep you for nothing?"

Wanda was an orphan, and Tante Miller, whom the authorities appointed as guardian with only a small remuneration for that office, missed no opportunity to let the child feel the bitterness of her dependence.

No one had ever tried by kindness to win Wanda's heart; so, unloved and unloving, the forsaken, neglected little orphan grew up with an habitual frown on her childish face and a look of sullen, suppressed wrath in her dark eyes, until the villagers, indifferent to her welfare from the first, regarded her as a wild, unruly oddity.

Wanda picked up the bag sullenly and turned away toward the fields. But once out of sight from the hut, she turned and shook her little brown fist defiantly.

"You can just look for me now, Tante Miller, for I'll never, never come back!" she exclaimed in tearful wrath, and loud enough to startle the birds in the underbrush, and cause a young lady to turn her head towards her in surprise.

"O, Wanda, what was that?"

With a guilty start Wanda turned to the speaker. It was Olga, the pastor's daughter, and the only person who had ever spoken kindly to her.

"I—I—mean to run away. Tante Miller can get her own fagots and take care of her own geese after this," sobbed Wanda, fairly breaking down beneath the sympathy and tender caresses of the young lady.

"Hush, Wanda; don't talk that way! Remember the

old lady is afflicted with rheumatism, and it makes her cross. Promise that you will come next Sunday to the pear-tree in the orchard. I will be there to read you those beautiful stories from the Bible. Will you?"

"I'll try, if Tante Miller is not too rheumatic to keep me in again."



A STORM WAS BREWING IN THE HAZY AIR.

Wanda's eyes sparkled as they seldom did; and with the memory of Olga's kiss upon her brow, she started for the fields fully resolved to try and fill her bag with gleanings to soften Tante Miller's aches and possibly her heart.

But when she arrived on the stubble fields and searched in vain for some stray ears of wheat, her heart

began to fail her again. The greater part of the wheat was already garnered, and the fields which the owners had not gleaned themselves Wanda had gone over before.

Still she persevered, stooping for every straw which had the slightest show of an ear.

The hot rays of the noon-day sun streamed down on poor Wanda's back. Hunger and thirst began to make their presence felt, but Wanda still persevered in her tedious task.

"If I'm not to come home until this is full, I may as well stay out here till next summer," she said to herself, shaking the handful of ears in her bag.

Her eyes swept over the broad expanse of stubble fields, in only one of which the sheaves stood piled together. Thither she directed her steps, only to be disappointed as she drew near and remembered that she had been gleaned there a week ago.

To add to her discouragement, thick black clouds came rolling up from the distant horizon; a storm was brewing in the hazy air, and soon all chance of filling the bag would be lost.

She walked round and round the piles of sheaves. Faint with hunger, parched with thirst, and the ugly vision of Tante Miller's big stick before her eyes, a wicked idea suggested itself to Wanda.

"Only a handful from each sheaf, and the bag would be filled," she argued, as she looked at the tempting ears swaying in the rising gale.

Wanda stood trembling and irresolute, casting furtive glances around her. "Only a few handfuls; the rich man would never miss them."

She reached out her trembling hands and touched the wheat. "Tante Miller would then surely let me go next Sunday to see Olga!"

She stopped her own thoughts. "What would she say to this?" Olga's own words of a week ago, "Flee temptation," were ringing in her ears.

Her hands dropped to her side. A deep blush of shame mantled her cheeks as she suddenly turned and ran as fast as her little feet could carry her, through the field and down the hill, never once looking back until she reached a small stream.

After quenching her thirst and bathing her burning temples, a great weight rolled from Wanda's heart. A smile of triumph lit up the young, and now almost angelic face as she looked back in the direction of the wheat fields. Brave little Wanda had conquered; she could well afford to look back now.

"I guess I had better pray for Tante's rheumatism right now, for she'll have it worse than ever if I don't bring any gleanings," Wanda said to herself gravely as she knelt down to pray:

"Dear Olga's Father—she says you are my father and everybody's father, but I guess she is wrong, for other people are so bad, and I don't belong to anybody but Tante Miller—I pray you send an angel to stop Tante Miller's awful aches so that she will let me go next Sunday to hear Olga read your beautiful book. Amen."

The distant rumbling of thunder and the black clouds overhead caused her to rise hurriedly, intending to start for home. But suddenly remembering that she had left the bag in her fright beside the tempting sheaves, she quickly retraced her steps.

When she arrived on the spot a new fear seized upon her. Neither sack nor sheaves could be found, though the damp spot plainly indicated where the piles had been.

"No gleanings and no bag! Tante Miller will surely kill me now," sobbed Wanda in despair, as the big tears rolled down her brown cheeks.

Sharp flashes of lightning, followed by heavy peals of

thunder, now filled the air. Wanda, blinded with tears and trembling with terror, started in a wild run she knew and cared not whither—anywhere except to Tante Miller.

Unknowing, she reached the highway. A rough voice from a canvas-covered wagon drawn by a team of oxen, hailed her.

Wanda at once recognized the owner of the wheat-fields she had just left, and a fresh hope animated her as she eagerly inquired after the lost sack.

"Yes, your bag is here. Jump in, little girl, I want to talk with you presently."

Wanda, too much absorbed in the recovered articles, which she clasped tight in her hands, did not notice the strange, harsh voice of the peasant.

But when they arrived at the barn in a torrent of rain, and Wanda opened her lips to thank him for his kindness, his grasp tightened unpleasantly on her arm.

"Now, just hold on, little one," exclaimed the peasant gruffly; "how came this bag so near to my sheaves of wheat?"

"I wanted to glean there," was Wanda's trembling explanation.

"No, you didn't!" thundered the peasant, now fairly enraged at what he thought a deliberate falsehood. "I allowed you to glean in my field last week, and gave you a big handful besides. You wanted to steal, you ungrateful little thief!"

"Yes, I did want to steal," confessed Wanda, watching the effect of her words with the coolness and indifference of despair.

"And why didn't you?" asked the peasant, seeing that the bag was still empty.

"I ran away."

"H'm! my coming frightened you, eh?"

"No, my conscience did. It cried awful loud."

"Your conscience! Well, Tante Miller deserves credit, then, for her good training of you."

"No, she don't," interrupted Wanda sharply, fearing lest the credit should be misplaced. "It's Olga who told me about my conscience."

"What, the pastor's daughter?"

"Yes," replied Wanda, proudly; "she reads to me every Sunday under the pear-tree out of her God's book; and she lets me pray to Him, and told me he was my God too; but then, I think she only says that because I haven't anybody."

The peasant looked at the little waif with moist eyes. At length he asked,

"If you come home with your empty bag, what will Tante Miller say?"

"Nothing. If the angels didn't hide her big stick, I'll get that across my back; and if they didn't stop her rheumatism, she won't let me see Olga next Sunday, and that is the worst."

The peasant deliberately filled Wanda's sack with wheat and handed it to her. "Now take it home, and tell Tante Miller that Hans Yakob said if she will let you go every Sunday to see Olga, he will give her another bushel at threshing-time."

The sky was clearing rapidly as Wanda hurried home with her precious load and her message from the richest peasant in the village.

The following Sunday Tante Miller's own hands helped to dress Wanda for her visit to the pastor's daughter.

But this was not all. Later in the season, when threshing-time was over, Wanda attended the merry harvest festival no longer as the poor neglected orphan, running errands for the people, but in Olga's company, as the adopted daughter of rich Hans Yakob.

"LETTER FOR ME, SIR?"

MEN, women, children, rich and poor, black and white, are hurrying into the post-office, and pressing close up to the delivery window. Some are expecting letters from distant friends.

That old man you see standing nearest the window, has been coming for a long time. He gets nothing, yet keeps coming.

He had a son once, whom he brought up very tenderly. He was an only child and was dearly loved. But the boy had a bad companion who led him astray. Once he enticed him into a saloon and to drink. He was carried back to his father drunk.

Do you wonder the poor father was heart-broken, and that he spoke severe words.

But the boy instead of being ashamed and begging his father's forgiveness, became very angry, and after a little, gathered all he had into a bundle, and without a word of farewell slipped away one dark night, where, no one could tell.

When the father awoke the next morning and learned that his boy had gone, his grief knew no bounds. He wrote letters in all directions and put notices in a great many newspapers about his lost son. And he travelled many hundred miles in search of him. But all to no purpose.

He thinks he is somewhere in Mexico. Poor old man! in the last few months he has grown gray very fast. I don't think he will come here many more mornings asking for news from his lost Henry. Death will come and take him to the arms of Jesus, I trust, and maybe then he will get some good word about his wandering boy.

How are you treating your parents and your Heavenly Father?

Standing next to this old man is a boy nine years old. His mother has sent him to see if a letter has come yet from his father. Not long ago this father joined the army and went a thousand miles away to the West to fight the wild Indians.

But not a word has come from him. Many battles have been fought with the savages, and the papers say that some of the soldiers have been shot down.

Sometimes the soldiers wander away from the camp and while every thing seems so safe around them, suddenly the crack of a rifle is heard, and a bullet from an Indian gun speeds through the soldier's heart.

Or maybe he finds his way to a saloon and becomes drunk, and quarrels, and is killed, and his friends far away at the East, expecting some day to welcome back a brave soldier, hear no more from him. I suppose whisky kills a great many more than war.

I am so glad this dear child does not know what dreadful thing has happened to his father, or his face would not be so sunny.

Next to this child is a lady. She is richly dressed and seems very cheerful. She is laughing and talking with the gentleman near her. She tells him she expects good news from her husband who is in Europe. But, see! there comes a letter for her, and there's a black border about it. She turns pale and trembles, and can hardly command herself enough to break it open. I wonder what it says; she has hurried away weeping and groaning.

And now the crowd presses on. The clerk says to this one and that, "Nothing for you!" "Nothing for you!" "Pass along there!" "Don't block up the way!" But there comes a rough-looking man. Wonder if he really expects any one will write him a letter.

Yet the clerk hands him out one, large and handsomely addressed. How astonished the man is. He blushes and shuffles away to a corner by himself, and

after trying a long time he brings forth a great fine parchment. But, poor man! he can't read. He looks around the room for help. His eye rests upon me. "Sir, will you be so kind as to give me the meaning of this paper? I'm a poor man without education, sir."

I take the large letter. It is from Europe, written by a lawyer, and it says that one of this man's relatives has died and left him five hundred pounds.

A QUEER KIND OF SALT.

BY PARANETE (aged 9).

THEY had been gathered around uncle Dick, who had just come back from the Old World.

The children all thought this a very queer name, all except Mary, the eldest, who thought she knew a little *bit* more than anybody else; she told her mother in triumph, that she "got ahead of Lucy Jones the other day, in geography, on the question: "What is the Old World?" And little five-year-old Rose said that she "Fought it was queer it s'ould be older'n any ovver one; s'e dessed zis world was mos' sixty years old!"

But to go back to my story. Mamma came in and said:

"Children, you must go to bed now. I declare, if Rose isn't asleep already over the statue of Milton!"

So with their thoughts full of Milton, they reluctantly went to bed, and I am led to suppose that they dreamed of Milton that night. The next day at dinner they had corn-beef.

"Oh, dear!" said mamma, "this meat has too much saltpetre in it. I declare, I will never buy of that meat-man again!"

After dinner the children gathered around uncle Dick.

"Uncle," said Willie, getting up on uncle's knee, "what was that mamma said the meat had too much of in? Salt—"

"Why, Willie Lathrop!" exclaimed Mary; "it is saltpetre. You ignorant boy; I'm ashamed of you!" Mary was very much ashamed of Willie sometimes, and *sometimes* he had reason to be ashamed of her.

"What is saltpetre, then, Mary?" said uncle Dick.

"Why, wh-y, wh-y—it's saltpetre. That's all I know."

"Then you see that after all you don't know so much," said he.

Perhaps this was unkind, but he did not mean it to be so.

"Do tell us about it," said the children, all except Mary, she had gone over in the corner of the sofa.

"Well," continued uncle Dick, "when I was in India, it lay all over the ground like the snow here in winter, (only not so thick) in some parts of the country—kind of salt. When tasted it has a cooling, but bitter taste. About an inch of the earth is taken up and put in large tanks something like that you saw at Long Branch last summer (only not near so large) full of water, and soaked there. The water is then taken out, and the saltpetre is found in the bottom of the tanks. The most that we use comes from the East Indies. It is sometimes called nitre. In a great many places it is also found in caves."

"Well, now," said mamma, who had come in during the conversation, "that's something I never knew before."

"Nor I either," said Mary.

"But you know a little more about it than you did awhile ago, don't you?"

This from uncle Dick.

"How queer!" said Freddie and Willie.

JOSEPH AND RICHARD.

TWO boys about whom I think you will like to hear. Great friends they were, and schoolmates. If you had lived a few years earlier, and had been sent to London to school, you might have attended the school known as the "Charterhouse," and sat beside Joseph and Richard. I wonder if you would have liked them?



RICHARD STEELE.

They were very unlike each other. Joseph was a quiet, handsome, well-behaved boy, who always had his lessons, always did very nearly what was right, and always took a prize, sometimes two or three of them. But poor Richard was forever getting into trouble. A good-natured, merry boy who did what he happened to think of first, "just for fun," and sometimes spent hours in bitter repentings afterwards.

Yet in spite of their being so different, as I told you, the two boys were great friends, and in vacations, Joseph used to take wild Richard home with him to the minister's house; for his father was a clergyman.

Well, the years passed on, and the two boys became young men and went to college together. Perhaps you think you will hear now that the fun-loving boy became a great scholar, and the sober Joseph grew tired of study! Not a bit of it; they kept just about as far apart as when they were children. Joseph was a scholar and a poet; Richard slipped along somehow, contriving to study very little.

Why am I telling you about them? Why, because I know you like to get acquainted with people, and these are not boys put into a story — they actually lived, and were just such persons as I have been describing. It is time you heard their full names: Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. Stop just here and look carefully at their pictures. Yes, they lived a good while ago, their style of dress would tell you so much.

It is a little more than two hundred years since they were born. If you want to be very particular about it,

I might tell you that Richard was born in 1671 and Joseph in 1672.

When they were quite through with school life, among other things that they did, they published together a paper called *The Tatler*. I suppose you never saw a paper quite like it. "Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff" was the imaginary name of a person, who, according to this paper, went everywhere and saw every thing and told his story in *The Tatler* to amuse and instruct other people. After two years the two friends changed the name and style of their paper. They called it *The Spectator*, and in it a delightful man was made to visit all the interesting places in and about London, and elsewhere, and tell the most interesting things that took place.

I suppose there never was a newspaper so eagerly watched for as the *Daily Spectator*. You must remember that daily newspapers at that time were very new and strange things. And indeed this was more like a story book than a newspaper, only *The Spectator* went among real people, and told just what they said and did.

Joseph Addison wrote a great deal for this paper, and by this time the scholarly boy had become a great man; his writings were very much admired. Indeed, to this day scholars love to read Addison. When I was a little girl I remember seeing a copy of *The Spectator*, which my father had among his treasures, and he used occasionally to take it out, and read bits of it to me, explaining why certain things in it were so witty, or so sharp, and I remember thinking that "Sir Roger" (one of the people whom *The Spectator* went often to see) was the nicest man who ever lived. I did not understand at the time that he was an imaginary man that Addison and Steele had created.

There is ever so much I would like to tell you about these two men. How, after a couple of years, they changed their paper again, calling it *The Guardian*; how, as the two men grew older, the difference between them kept growing. Joseph Addison being the scholarly gentleman, and Richard Steele being the gay, good-humored, thoughtless, selfish man, always getting into debt, and looking to Addison or some one else to help him out. But I have only time to introduce them to you. When you begin to study English literature you will find a good deal in it about these two friends and the great difference there was between them.

Sometimes I wonder whether anybody would have remembered Richard Steele at all, if he had not been a friend of Joseph Addison. Yet there was a good deal in him to like, and he *might* have made a splendid man, I suppose. "Poor Dick!" his friends used to say of him, but they always spoke of Addison with respect.

It is easy to get the name of being a very wild boy in school, always doing mischief; but it is not so easy to be the first scholar, and by and by one of the finest writers of the day.



JOSEPH ADDISON.