

EDITED
BY
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The Pansy.

LIGHT
IN
MANY LANDS.

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HINDOO MAN.

INDIA.

NICE intelligent faces, don't you think so? If that man were dressed like the gentlemen whom you and I meet on the street, we would call him fine looking. As for the woman, I must say I think her dress is very unbecoming; much more so than the man's; and the more jewelry she winds about her, the worse she makes herself look.

Still they might dress as they would, if that were all the difference between them and us. But I have been reading about their strange ideas this afternoon, until my heart is sad. Do you know what the caste system means, and how much trouble it makes in India? Think of a man throwing away his dinner and going hungry, because the shadow of a person belonging to another caste fell upon him while he ate, and so spoiled the food. Think of having two men at work for your mother cleaning house; a sofa is to be moved, but the two men cannot take hold of it together, for they belong

to different castes, and would be ruined if one touched work that the other was doing. If a mother has two children, she must have an "ayah," or nurse, for each, and if they happen to belong to different castes, if the child of one fell into the water, the other must not pull it out, even to save life, or she would lose her caste, and that they consider the most dreadful thing that can happen to them.

Think of several writhing, twisting serpents; imagine a great company of people who believe that they are sacred creatures, actually gods to be worshipped. Can you imagine the scene at this festival of the serpents? The brilliant torch-lights, the horns blowing, the people



HINDOO WOMAN.

howling out their "charms," and the serpents sissing, and squirming. Can you study dark, fierce faces as the light from the blazing torches seems to fall upon them? Don't they need to be taught about some other life than this.

One picture more. Study this beautiful building: marble, and gold, and elegant carving, and fine statuary, all in honor of some disgusting, cruel god, who orders bloody sacrifices, and calls constantly for human lives to be given in its honor.



A HINDOO TEMPLE IN THE BLACK TOWN, BOMBAY.

Or perhaps we are near the monkey temple, where hundreds of these horrid little creatures are capering about, all sacred; so sacred that should a person dare to touch one of them, or trouble it in any way, he would be killed at once. Beautiful India surely needs the "light of the world" to shine down on it.

Well, good news! The "light" is spreading. Think of boys and girls, yes, and men and women, gathering in India and singing: "There is a happy land," or "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so." The missionaries are at work, telling the story, reading it from the Bible, singing it in their songs, praying it, so that these darkened minds can understand; and hundreds and hundreds of them have learned to pray for themselves. God is going to have India for his own.

And the children are helping to send out the light. My dear Pansies, are you each one doing what you can for India?

LEONORA CLARIBEL.

BY MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

ROSE went to a missionary meeting. She did not often go, because she thought missionary meetings were for grown-up people. In that she was mistaken, as you will see.

She went this time because a lady who had been a missionary a good many years, and was a dear friend of her mother's, was going to speak.

The church was full of ladies and children, the singing was fine, and Rose thought it a pleasant place to be

in even before Miss King began to speak. She told all about her work in that far-away land. Of the little children who have no Sabbath-school and do not know about God.

There is no one to teach them how to forsake sin and love Jesus; their mothers do not even know it.

It made Rose feel sad to hear how some little children are badly treated and have nobody to love them.

Miss King said she wanted to get a great many dolls and playthings to carry back with her. She said that if every little girl who heard her would make a bright bag or pincushion, or dress a cheap doll, and send them, it would be doing something for Jesus.

They wondered how that could be, till she told them that anything bright and pretty attracted not only the children but their mothers.

"I sit in my house," said Miss King, "with the doors and windows open, and I work at some bright worsteds or with some bright bits of silk. I drop a few carelessly about the floor, and the green and blue and scarlet show off gayly on the white matting; then I have near me a basket filled with little dolls, and there is nothing that pleases the children like a doll.

"Pretty soon a dark face peeps in at my door, one at the window, then another, and another. I keep on quietly at my work, without noticing them for a while, and they grow bolder and come a little nearer and a little nearer, till they are quite inside, a good many women and children; the mothers are just as much taken with the bright colors as the little ones.

"Then they ask questions: they ask what I am making, and what it is for, and what kind of stuff my dress is made of, and how much it cost, and what makes my skin white, and what makes my hair shine, and all sorts of other questions that you can possibly think of.

"While I am answering them, I often get in a word about Jesus, and little by little I tell them the 'old, old story,' and they ask questions about that too.

"You know," she said, "when people go fishing they need bait. So these dolls and bits of bright things, are my bait for catching souls; to bring them to Jesus so that they may be saved."

Rose listened hard. She scarcely took her eyes from Miss King, and while she listened, she made up her mind to give Sarah Jane, one of her large family of dolls, to the little heathen girls. This was not by any means the one she thought the most of. Sarah Jane had lost one of her arms, and had a great bruise on her forehead, and she was always dressed in rather poor clothes, in fact she was a sort of servant to the other dolls.

While Rose was busy considering this, she almost lost what was being said for a few minutes, but she was aroused by hearing Miss King say:

"Do not give some poor, mean thing to Jesus, that you do not much care for yourself; give some of the best and most precious. He gave himself for us."

Why, that was just the reason she had picked out Sarah Jane, because she didn't care so very much for her, and could spare her as well as not, and thought she was plenty good enough for a heathen girl. Perhaps she had better give Adelaide Amelia. She used to be real pretty, only her hair was getting thin now, and she had a few scratches on her face; but then, she had one silk dress, and two or three pretty muslins, and a nice hat, and of course she would send all her clothes with her, and make her a new gray travelling-dress besides; for it would be a very long journey, and she had no dress suitable for travelling. She began to feel that she was pretty generous, but just here she was called back again by Miss King's voice saying:

"Yes, let us give up our best and dearest treasures, it is for Jesus' sake, and we shall have the reward even in this life, because it will make us so happy to do it."

The collection was taken up then, and Rose saw a great many ladies put in gold pieces and large bills, and some dropped in rings, and one lady put in a gold watch. As Rose looked on she felt glad she had decided to give Amelia Adelaide instead of Sarah Jane.

Meeting was over and she went home. She went straight up-stairs and took out the doll that she had given to the missionary cause, and looked her over.

Yes, she was plenty good enough. True, the wax was off from her face in spots, but that would make no difference to a little heathen girl who had never seen a wax dollie before.

What should she send one of her best for, when this would do just as well? Miss King didn't mean for them to send *best dollies*, of course not. That part of her talk was for grown-up folks anyway.

Why, what a very foolish thing it would be for her to give Leonora Claribel, for instance. Her very choicest, sweetest, dearest child! She went to the bureau drawer and took her out. "Oh, what a beauty she was!" She was not very large, but all the children said she looked so "rely."

Her eyes were very blue and lifelike, and would open and shut, and her little straight nose and round chin and sweet mouth were very pretty. Then besides she had lovely curls, and could turn her head from side to side, and backwards and forwards, and raise her hand to her face. When she was dressed in a blue silk with a broad-brimmed hat and white feathers, her head bent slightly to one side, and her dainty little kid-gloved hand holding a tiny lace handkerchief to her nose—why, all the girls said she was "too sweet for anything."

No indeed! that doll should never, *never* be given to *anybody*. She put her in the drawer and shut it quickly, as if she thought somebody was even then after her treasure, and went off to her play.

She could not put her mind on her play though. Something seemed to be the matter with Rose to-day, everybody said; she was usually so happy.

Well, this was the matter. The words "for Jesus' sake," kept sounding in her ears, and the thought had come to her, "If a poor little dollie that costs only five or ten cents does so much good, wouldn't a beautiful one like Leonora do more good?"

Oh, how she would love to send such a one if she only had two! How they would stare when they saw the lovely creature; how pleased they would be, and then it would be told all around what a wonderful, beautiful dollie had come to heathen lands, and everybody would crowd to see her, and so they would get into a meeting. Oh, she did want to give her very best for Jesus' sake, but how could she? The idea of her sending Leonora! Why, her mamma wouldn't let her she was sure. Leonora cost a great deal of money, and she had ten dresses, and sacks and shawls and hats without number.

Then this little girl tried to settle the question by using the same argument and the long word that she had heard other people use; she said it would be "p-e-r-fectlv ridiculous" to do such a thing!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A BIT OF LOGIC.

RUFUS lay at full length on the sofa, and puffed a cigar, back parlor though it was; when Mr. Parker reminded him of it, he said there were no ladies present, and puffed away. Between the puffs he talked:

"There is one argument against foreign mission work which is unanswerable; the country cannot afford it. Two millions and a half of money taken out this year, and sent to the cannibals, or somewhere else. No country can stand such a drain as that upon it, with everything else it has to do. Foreign missions are ruinously expensive."

The two young sisters of Rufus, Kate and Nannie, stood on the piazza and laughed.

"O Rufus!" said Kate, "you won't take a prize in college for logic, I'm sure."

"What do you mean, little monkey? And what do *you* know about logic?"

"More than you do I should think. Just imagine the country not being able to afford two millions and a half for missions, when just a few years ago it paid over four millions for Havana cigars. Have you thought of that, Rufus?"

"And I wonder how much champagne is a bottle?" chimed in Nannie. "How much is it, Rufus? You know about ten million bottles are used every year. And oh! why, Rufus, don't you know that we spend about six millions for dogs! Something besides foreign missions might be given up to save money, I should think."

"Where did you two grow so wise? Where did you get all those absurd items?"

"We got them at the Mission Band; Kate is secretary, and I'm treasurer, and these figures were all in the dialogue that Dr. Stephens wrote for us to recite. If you choose to call what he says absurd, I suppose you can; but he is a graduate from a college, and a theological seminary, beside. I mean to tell him that you think two millions and a half for foreign missions, will ruin the country; I want to hear him laugh." And then the two girls laughed merrily.

"You needn't tell him anything about it," said Rufus sharply. After the girls ran away, he added thoughtfully:

"How fast girls grow up! I thought those two were children; and here they are with the Mission Bands, and their large words about 'secretaries and treasurers.'"

"And their embarrassing facts about money," interrupted Mr. Parker. "Those girls had the best of the argument, Rufus;" and then he too laughed.

PONNAN, THE LITTLE HINDOO.

BY MRS. W. E. DE RIEMER.

PONNAN was a little Hindoo boy. He had a chubby brown face, and two black eyes as bright as lizard's eyes. Ponnán did not wear a jacket and pants like an American boy. Oh, no! he wore three yards of white cloth wrapt around his fat body. On his arms and legs were silver bangles. His head was shaven to the crown and nicely oiled. At the back of his head was a cute little cue which flopped when he ran. If Ponnán went to the temple, his mother gave him a red handkerchief to throw over his left shoulder. When it was rainy she hunted up a cap made of pink calico lined with red flannel. On his forehead Ponnán put three long white marks, made by rubbing holy ashes which he carried in a little brass box. There were marks on each arm, and on his breast. Sometimes he took some paste made of powdered sandal wood, and put a round spot in the middle of his forehead, just above his nose.

In the rainy season Ponnán wore wooden sandals on his feet, which were held on by a button that fitted between his toes. His umbrella he could have new every day, for it was a big palmyra leaf with a stalk for a handle. Ponnán went to school every day. He carried an old book, and it grew bigger the longer he went to school, for when the teacher gave him a new lesson, he wrote it on a strip of palmyra palm, and Ponnán punched a hole and strung it on with the other leaves of his book. The boys in Ponnán's school set on the floor. They played with scorpions at recess—tied their heads and made them fight with their tails. They made kites like ships and sent them sailing through the air.

Ponnán could study very loud in school, all the other boys studied out loud, so he tried to make more noise

than all the rest. When Ponnán got hungry he went home and asked his mother for something to eat. Ponnán's mother gave him some rice and curry on a plantain leaf, and a nice yellow mango. Ponnán took his right hand and mixed the curry into the rice, made a little ball and threw it into his mouth. After eating his rice he threw the leaf away. So his mother didn't have to wash the dishes any day after dinner.

Poor Ponnán ate too many mangoes one day and got sick. The old woman came and looked at him and said, "somebody had cast an evil eye upon him." His father brought a devil-doctor and he sat on the ground and beat a drum. Then he shook a maigasa leaf over him seven times and said some strange words. Afterwards he gave him three spoonfuls of goat's milk and told him to turn his face to the east. But Ponnán grew worse, and then his father put him in a cart and took him to a Pulliar temple. How his poor bones did ache. The father and the barber and the washerman did all the ceremonies right, just as the Brahmin priest told them, but Ponnán was so tired he shut his eyes and began to think of Jesus, about whom a white lady had told him at school, and he said out loud, "Oh, Jesus, I'm so sick, let me rest in Heaven where it's cool!" Then he died in the temple, not ten feet from the idol.

Ponnán's body lay on the ground for some time, for the cartman would not take a dead body in his cart for fear of polluting it. So at last his father and some coolies made a bier with a cloth and carried him home. The neighbors all ran into the yard when they heard Ponnán was dead. The old women howled and rolled over and over in the dirt and threw dust in their hair. Next morning the tom-tom beaters came and made a great noise. A procession was formed. Ponnán's body was wrapt in a white cloth and decorated with oleander flowers. Some carried torches and firewood. When the procession reached the burning-ground near the sea-shore, a little altar was built of the wood. Ponnán's body was laid upon it, oil and spices were poured over him, then his father lighted the pile with a torch, and soon nothing was left of poor Ponnán but a little heap of ashes. His father took some of the ashes in a jar and carried them home.

Let us hope Jesus heard Ponnán's prayer in the temple, and he found a rest in Heaven.

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY MISS NASSAU, OF AFRICA,

IN ANSWER TO ONE SENT HER BY A LITTLE GIRL IN
AMERICA.

DARLING LITTLE LUCY: What a sweet picture that is of you writing a letter to Africa! How very far your loving little heart sent its word of cheer! You have no idea how many miles over high waves your letter had to travel, till the great mail-bags were taken ashore from the steamer at Gaboon to the French post-office, where the busy, chattering Frenchmen sorted the letters, and put your letter with others on a "little ship." You know once, when he lived on earth, Jesus "commanded a little ship to wait on him"; so it really seemed that he commanded again, and this obedient "little ship" rolled and tumbled and pitched along from Gaboon a hundred miles northward on the African coast, till it reached Benita River; there it anchored quietly, and your letter was near the end of its long journey. How glad it would have been if it had only known!

Soon a pretty little white boat with four oars and an awning with red and white stripes, came alongside. There were some black boys in the boat who were about as old as your Sam; they said to the captain,

"We have come for Miss Nassau's letters." She was standing in the door of her house when they came back; they said: "Here are the home letters!" Do you not think it was very kind in them to say "home" to her?

My dear little Lucy, I was there and knew all about it, and just how Miss Nassau felt—how she took the large package into her own little room. I think the reason she did that was because many months had passed since she had heard last from the dear friends in America, and it might be that some letter in that package would tell her, just as tenderly as it could be told, of some great sorrow which only Jesus could help her bear; and so it was better for her to be very near and alone with him. But when she was sure, from seeing the familiar handwriting, that there was no sorrow, only ever so much joy and love, then she would come out with her apron full of papers and letters, and she did not look a bit tired then, but as if she had taken some of the best kind of medicine. "Good news from a far country" might be the name of it, don't you think? Do you know she had then a dear father and mother, and eight brothers and sisters, and oh, so many other dear friends in America and other places, writing to her? I know she tried to answer all their letters. When she came to your and your mamma's letter there were bright tears in her eyes; as far as I remember she said: "Dear little girl! her writing that! Now I know why I was helped the day those people spoke hard words to me; the dear ladies were praying for me. I am so glad I know it! I will not be troubled again."

I am afraid Miss Nassau did not answer you very soon, but as I know just how every thing looked, and how things happened at Bolindo Palms (that was the name of her house, and she has some photographs of it) I have determined to write to you, though you were so good as not to ask her to do so. It was lovely in you to do that, for one of the pleasures in writing a letter is the thought of the answer you hope soon to receive.

If it would not make this letter too long—I am afraid of the editors a little—I would tell you some "white ant stories," and some "driver ant stories," because there are plenty of both kinds at Bolindo Palms; and just a while before those letters came, Miss Nassau found some of her school maps that she had kept carefully in a long box so that they would not become dusty, all eaten through. Whenever such a thing happened, she and her schoolboys would follow along the floor-boards to the place where the ants had come up from the sand under the house, and she would put tar under the post. You see these white ants live in the ground. But you must not think that she was ever sad or much troubled by any such thing; she was only more careful never to put a box on the floor again, but high up.

Before I finish this letter I wish to say that your mamma was quite right when she said that "Miss Nassau would keep a bright lookout for Sam." I think it would encourage him to tell him so. Will you do it? And please say that the boys in Miss Nassau's school, who write very good letters in the English language as well as their own, would like to hear from him, and I know they would invite him to their country. He would soon find it is his own country too.

There is just one thing more: This "little ship" I told you of is as "obedient" as she is able to be, but she goes oh, so slowly! and the last time I made a journey in her she leaked badly, and the floor was wet all the time. Do you not think those dear ladies who prayed for Miss Nassau's work would also pray that the Lord will "command" a larger "little ship" or a steamer, to "wait on him" in Africa?

Please write again to the one who knows—Miss Nassau.

—S. S. Visitor.