

EDITED
BY
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The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
ABROAD.

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SIGHTSEEING.

DO you know, if I were in Paris one of the sights I should want to see would be the great telescope in the Observatory. Did you ever look through a great large one?

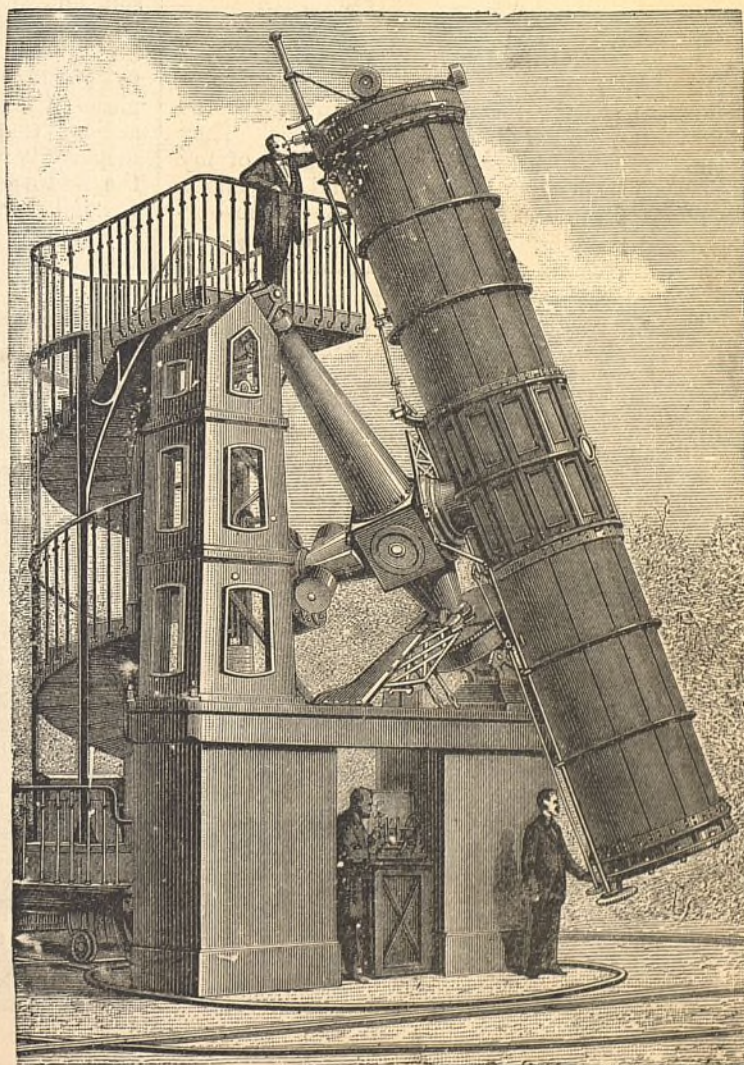
"How did we come to have telescopes, auntie?" I heard a little boy ask the other day as he passed the large one in the Park. The auntie had not studied very carefully, for she said she supposed somebody found out how to make them; but she didn't know who he was, nor where he lived, nor when, nor how he happened to think of it. All these questions the boy asked, and had no answers save that tiresome one, "I don't know."

Perhaps some of the PANSY boys are asking and getting no good answers. Let us see if we cannot find a little bit to tell them. In the first place, I think a man named Galileo had perhaps the most to do with inventing telescopes. Other people were studying into the matter, and trying to invent a machine that would be useful, but he is the first one who accomplished much.

He was born in Pisa, a little more than three hundred and fifty years ago. A smart boy was Galileo. He intended to be a doctor, and studied medicine when very young; but you never heard of such queer ideas as the doctors had in those days, and the more Galileo studied, the surer he felt that a great many of their teachings were nonsense. One evening when he was about eighteen years old, he stood in the great cathedral at Pisa and watched a hanging lamp that something had set in motion, and discovered that it swung back and forth with regular beats, very much as the little machine inside of him whose beats he could feel when he put his fingers on his wrist. "Why!" said he to himself, "there seems to be some law regulating that motion; it keeps time with my pulse! Why couldn't there be a machine made that would beat so regularly it would measure time for us?" And that is the beginning of the story of all our clocks and watches.

It was the beginning too, of Galileo's study about the moon and the stars, and planning ways for finding out more about them. There is a long, long story about that which you will find it very interesting to read. I could not begin to tell you of the many difficulties in the way, nor what long hard work it took to learn to make a telescope like this one in the Observatory at Paris, for instance. A great many scholars helped to study it out. One man would find out one thing, and perhaps all the others would be sure it wasn't true. Then they would argue and experiment, and quarrel a little, and call one another hard names, and perhaps dis-

cover years afterwards that they were all mistaken. So the years went by, until now we have at great expense very wonderful telescopes indeed. But oh, how carefully they have to be made! There is hardly any other instrument which requires such careful handling as these. Why, the metal of which some of the parts are made has to be ground away so that at the edges it shall not be more than one hundredth part as thick



LOOKING THROUGH THE GREAT TELESCOPE.

as the paper on which our PANSIES are printed.

Just think what great pains people take, and how much money they spend to find out something about those worlds which twinkle all about us at night. The first chance you have to look through a good telescope, be sure to do it, then write and tell the Pansies what you saw. Do you know I never look through one and

see the wonders flashed before me, but I am reminded of the eye of God. How many things he sees that we cannot see at all. Things going on all about us, of which we know nothing. Think of a telescope that would show other people the thoughts of our hearts. Would you like to have such an instrument pointed at you, and people looking in to see what you thought about them? Yet the wonderful God can look all the time right into your heart and mine, and see every thought.

"Thou God seest me." Remember that.

Ah, but it is a blessed thing to remember. What if he could not see the dangers all about us that we know nothing of, and so could not take care of us, and keep our feet from falling?

What if He could not see our hearts, and so did not know whether we were really sorry for sin, and really meant to serve him?

Oh, I am glad that there is a telescope so powerful that it can see me in the darkness as well as in the light.

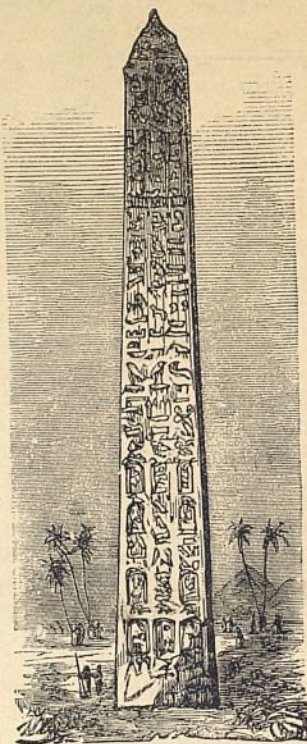
OBELISKS.

THOSE boys are the torment of my life about the time of the arrival of the morning paper. They clamber up and seat themselves on the arms of my chair, or crowd themselves into my lap and insist upon knowing if the paper 'tells any thing about the obelisk.'

This was the remark which the grandfather of two

to Paris by the French king. The difficulty of removing these immense masses of stone was very great, and attended with great expense. The obelisks are very old, and the original use is not very clearly understood. They were placed at the entrance of temples, and were covered with inscriptions in hieroglyphics.

It would appear that one use was to record the exploits and triumphs of monarchs. They were also used at the entrance of ancient tombs. Many of them have been removed from their native soil, and placed in public gardens, parks and squares. So that you will not need to go abroad to see a piece of Egypt and of the ancient times. But you may study up the obelisk the first time you go to Central Park. Meantime, if you want information on the subject, either of the two boys I have mentioned ought to be able to give it.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AT HOME.



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

boys with whom I am somewhat acquainted, was wont to make about two years ago. These boys were watching with eager interest the accounts of the removal of Cleopatra's Needle from its home on Egyptian soil to its present position in Central Park. If you go to Central Park you will see the obelisk near the museum, standing alone on a little knoll raised on its pedestal, standing in simple and solitary grandeur. If you go to Paris you will find in the square known as Place de la Concorde, the obelisk which many years ago was brought

SLINGS AND STONES.

BY C. M. L.

THIRTY hundred years ago — isn't that a l-o-n-g time? — two great armies stood up to fight each other. And they had a good many battles. And one day a g-r-e-a-t big man came from one of the armies and stood on the hillside. He was larger than the largest man you ever saw.

"As big as my father?"

"Twice as big as your father."

"My father is five feet eight, he says."

"And this big man was eleven feet four. Your father's head would have just about reached to his pockets."

"Did he have big pockets?"

"A-w-f-u-l big."

"What did he have in them?"

"Nobody could tell, as he wore a brass coat, and he was brass all over him, from his head to his toes."

"Whew!"

"Yes, cap and coat and pants all shining with bright bits of brass, and these bits of brass were all lapped together like the scales of a fish."

"W-h-e-w! And what was that for?"

"So nothing could hit him and hurt him."

"Wouldn't a bullet hurt him?"

"They didn't have pistols in those days."

"Nor cannon balls?"

"Nor cannon balls."

"What, then?"

"Swords and spears."

"His must have been dreadful big."

"I guess so; as big as—as—as—"

"As big as a railroad rail?"

"Shouldn't wonder. But we'll say half, or a quarter."

"He would have been splendid to build bridges and ships."

"He chose rather to cut off good people's heads. That was about all he cared to do. That's what he wanted to do when he stood there on the hillside and for forty days kept calling for some one on the other side to come over and fight with him. He knew he was so strong and had such a strong dress on—made of brass, as I said—that he could easily cut off any one's head that dared come out against him. For there was no such giant anywhere."

"Did he just step over and cut off all the heads of the other army?"

"I'll tell you how it was, if you'll listen and not ask too many questions."

"I'll be very still."

"The other army were all afraid of this awful man, and many of them hid away behind the rocks and in the holes of the earth, and their general—"

"General Grant?"

"No, no, child; it was thirty hundred years ago."

"Oh!"

"—Their general became pale with fear."

"Did he cut off the general's head?"

"I'll tell you in a minute. Be patient, and you'll know all about it."

"O yes! but do hurry; whose head?"

"One day there came a beautiful youth to the army to see his brothers and bring them something nice."

"Did he cut off his head?"

"Wait, now."

"I will."

"And he—"

"Which 'he'?"

"This youth. He offered to go and fight the giant and—"

"How big was he? and was he covered all over with those brass pieces lapped tight like the fish scales?"

"They wanted him to wear a good many things to cover his head and arms and breast and legs, so the giant couldn't hit him and draw blood, and so he put them on; but they were so large and heavy he could hardly walk or lift his hands to his head—"

"To keep the giant from cutting it off?"

"Yes. He could not do any thing with his head off."

"Only just hop about, I s'pose, like a hen."

"So he took them all off and started—"

"His coat and jacket and cap?"

"No, no; only the things—the other things—and started to meet the giant."

"Alone?"

"All alone. And the big army and the general stood back looking and trembling and expecting the giant would cut him all to pieces with his awful sword."

"Did he?"

"You'll see."

"Didn't he have anything in his hand, a club, or a hammer, or a long sharp iron? I would have taken our big watch dog Prince. Tell you, you ought t' 'ave seen him shake a tramp one day."

"But your Prince couldn't have hurt this giant, because of his brass dress."

"He could have barked. Did you ever hear our Prince bark and growl?"

"But this youth didn't have your Prince to go with him, and so he had to take what he could and go out to meet the giant."

"I guess he didn't go very fast. I'd a jest crept slyly along on my hands and knees, still as a mouse, and when I got close up behind him I'd a-jest sprung upon him like a cat, right into his hair and face, and pulled his eyes and hair all out before he could a-said 'Jack Robinson.'"

"But there was a man with the giant watching; and how could you jump eleven feet and tear his eyes and hair out, when he was covered all over with brass!"

"Oh!"

"But this youth was not afraid of the giant. He had killed two big giants before this."

"Tell me their names."

"Well, one was a Mr. Bear and the other was a Mr. Lion. But I can't stop to tell you about them now. So he was not afraid. He trusted in God and no one, not everybody altogether, is as great and strong as God. He was good at slinging stones. He could hit a mark almost every time. So he pulled his sling out of his pocket and picked up a few stones and put one in and ran right toward the old giant, and as he ran he swung the sling round and round as fast as he could, and the Lord helped him, and he aimed right at the giant's head."

"Did he hit him?"

"Hit him right in the forehead."

"Good! GOOD! GOOD!"

"And the stone sank deep into his head—"

"How the bits of brass must a-flew, though."

"No, the great big fool had uncovered his face and eyes so he could see his little foe better, maybe, and the good Lord helped the youth to sling the stone right there."

"Wasn't that splendid?"

"And down he went flat on the ground with his great sword and spear and his shiny brass hat and dress, and the man that was with him, he was so scared, he screamed at the top of his voice and ran back as fast as his feet could carry him, and all the giant's big army ran, and the other general—"

"General Sherman?"

"No, NO, child; it was years and years ago."

"Oh!"

"They all ran after the giant's army, and—"

"What did the youth and the giant do?"

"He cut off his head."

"Which 'he'?"

"You see the giant was flat on the ground, and Da—I mean the youth, ran upon him as he lay there and cut his big head clear off, and that was the end of him."

"He didn't do it with that sling, did he?"

"He picked up the giant's own sword and cut it off with that."

"He must have been very strong, and took both hands, or he couldn't a-lifted that sword most as big as a railroad rail. Did you say his name was Da——?"

"David."

"'David'?"

"Yes."

"What was the giant's name?"

"Goliath."

"'Goliath'?"

"Yes. David and Goliath. I guess you have heard about them before."

"It's a B-i-b-l-e story, I do declare. Tell another."

"Will you promise to keep very still and not interrupt me so?"

"If I can."

"Well, there was once a little boy about your size, hair and eyes and skin very much like yours."

"What was his name?"

"You promised to keep still."

"Well, I'll try."

"One day there came a big, dreadful giant after him."

"To cut off his head?"

"Not quite that, but —"

"I'm so glad"

"— But to take him home with him and adopt him."

"What's that?"

"To make him his child."

"Ugh!"

"— And stay with him always and do just what he told him."

"Cut off heads? And what else does he have 'em do?"

"Every thing bad — lie, and steal, and drink, and gamble, chew tobacco and do ever so many wicked things."

"What did the boy do? Did he have any sling and stones? And was the giant covered all over with bits of brass, all lapped together like fish-scales?"

"Yes, he was pretty well covered up; but there was one bare spot as big as a dollar —"

"A gold dollar?"

"About. But the boy had a good sling which his good mother gave him one Fourth of July day instead of fire crackers."

"Can't I have some crackers?"

"Never mind now. His mother showed him how to use it, too."

"Ha! ha! ha! just to think of my mother a-slingin'! Ha! ha!"

"— And his Sunday-school teacher, she also knew well how to use this sling. She had been practising with one just like it for a whole year. She told him ever so much how to put the stones in and just what kind of a stone to use every time."

"Were there different stones?"

"Oh, my, yes! Ever so many; a hundred or thousand. I don't know how many."

"How can you tell 'em apart?"

"They are all marked."

"Who marked them all?"

"God. He takes a great deal of trouble for everybody, but always for children. When Jesus was on the earth he took little ones in his arms and blessed them, and said 'suffer them to come unto me.'"

"He is very wonderful. How did he mark the stones?"

"He put plain words upon them. Upon some the little word no; upon others yes, or faith, or prayer, or hope, or Bible, or love, or peace, or heaven, or forgive, or Jesus, and a great many more names that I can't think of now."

"Which stone did he take of 'em all? or maybe he put in two or three, so if one wouldn't hit the other would, just as uncle Jason does when he loads the gun for squirrels."

"He didn't need but one stone, and it so happened he knew which it was, for his mother had told him before about this old giant and what stone to sling into his wicked face. So he reached his hand into the bag where they are kept, and felt about till he got one with the little word no on it, and this he soon clapped into his sling, and with a sharp twirl or two about his head he let fly, and away went the giant howling and running at hot speed."

"Has he never come back?"

"Oh, yes! every little while he turns up, but almost always in a different dress, so no one will think him the same wicked old creature that he is. But it is easy to know him every time, whatever clothes he has on, for he always wants one to do some mischief."

"And must you always sling the same stone at him?"

"Always the same; never the one marked yes, but the one marked no."

"Are there a good many such? I should think they would soon be used up, if the giant comes back very often."

"That's one of the strangest things about these stones, the more you sling the more you have to sling. I guess God is so pleased when one of his children throws one at this wicked giant, he puts two more in its place."

"What are the other stones for?"

"They are for all the other giants."

"Other giants! Are there more?"

"Ever so many; ever so many."

"Oh, dear! it's just too bad. I wish they were all dead. Did that boy kill them all that he slung at?"

"No, no; they keep coming at him every day. There were two about him to-day."

"Two? ugh! Who were they?"

"Well, old giant Hate. He's a horrid creature. He goes about trying to set people against each other. He is so delighted if he can get a brother and sister out with each other that he laughs all night long."

"Did he get very near the boy?"

"Well, he did; but just as he was going to lay his big ugly hands upon him, he thought of his stone and in a moment he had his hand in the bag and out came a stone that is marked love; and when the giant saw it, he fled with all his might and main. But he'd scarcely gone when in came another. His name is giant Satan. He is a very mighty giant, the prince of them all, and he carries hundreds and hundreds of darts, and they are all different, and some are very sharp; some burn like fire when they strike; some fly swifter than lightning."

"Oh, don't! It's awful! What did he do when giant Satan came with all those fiery darts? ugh!"

"He just flung stone after stone till he had to gather up all his darts and hurry off into darkness somewhere. He's as 'fraid as death of some stones. He'll dodge a thousand ways rather than be hit with one of them."

"What are they? I want to know; he may come at me?"

"Here they are, my dear child. You'll need them every moment of your life just as much as this boy I've been telling you about, who has learned how to use so many of them."

"Oh! May I have them all?"

"Just as many as you will sling; and I want you to promise me that you will *never, NEVER, NEVER* hang up your sling or throw it away, but just keep it busy all the days of your life, driving away the giants that come at you and that come at others."

"I will. How beautiful these stones are. But see! this is the most beautiful of all."

"And what is the name of it?"

"J-e-s-u-s, Jesus."

"Yes, you need not fear a thousand giants all at once, so long as you have that stone to sling. That is the living stone. It will grind them to powder."