

The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 1.

Chicago, February 1, 1868.

No. 11.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LITTLE EDDIE'S FAITH.

BY MRS. J. FROHOCK.

WHAT'S the use of raising fruit to sell, Papa?" Eddie anxiously inquired, his eyes eagerly following the basket of luscious cherries his father was preparing for the market.

He and his sister had watched their growth through weary weeks, and had counted every cluster within their reach many times. Eddie was sure those on his tree were a little nicer, and ripening a little earlier than those on Lottie's tree.

"But you shall have as many of mine as you wish 'till yours are ripe," he would invariably add, with a most patronizing air.

Being full two years older, Lottie was too considerate and too polite to question her brother's opinion. She had learned too well that her claim to *her* tree was merely nominal, and was well aware that the cherries would be sold, as they had been ever since she could remember, as soon as fit for market, with scarce the privilege of tasting them.

Still she could not bear to destroy Eddie's anticipated happiness; so thanked him as heartily as if she were already partaking of his prospective donation. And now his father was taking them away to sell without as much as saying, "By your leave, Master Eddie."

"We must lay up a little money against a time of need," was his father's reply.

"Doesn't God make everything grow that we need?" Eddie asked, still looking sharp at the cherries.

"God doesn't make money grow," the father answered, condescendingly, "we are obliged to *earn* it."

"Do you not want me to lay up money for you so when you get to be a man you will not have to work as hard as I do?"

Eddie looked a little puzzled at first; then remembering his benevolent intentions, and

his oft repeated promises so long, and so scrupulously cherished, he replied. "I had rather have the cherries than money when I can earn it myself. I guess God will make things grow when I'm a man the same as he does now."

Mr. Warner was a model church-goer, never missed hearing a sermon every Sabbath; and had read volumes upon the nature and necessity of faith until he had very nearly lost sight of the substance. Here it was in a nutshell—faith in God. For a moment he stopped to think. What an auspicious moment! the moment devoted to real thought. Many people seem to regard thoughts as only trifling affairs, unsubstantial and unreal, coined at will, and acted upon or driven away as the thinker desires. They fail to perceive that thought is not only the base, but the essence

of all being, action and passion,—that there can be no such thing as accidental thought,—but that each thought is awakened, or quickened into action, by some corresponding influence, is *caused* like everything else.

The next moment Andrew Warner was, in imagination, revelling amid the luxuries of his boyhood home; yet regretting, as usual, the extravagance of his over-indulgent father that, in his opinion, had reduced both father and son to the verge of pauperism before the latter's majority. For the first time in all his struggles with poverty (for which he never ceased to blame his father) he began to perceive—very faintly at first, because thoughts require time to grow into definite shapes before they can become comprehensible, that he was, by his penurious efforts to get rich, guilty of the opposite extreme—avarice, a sin tenfold more detrimental to present enjoyment and spiritual growth than the wildest dissipation.

Again his sainted mother stood before him, smiling as of old, that pure, radiant smile that seemed kindled at Heaven's own altar, which always illuminated her pale face while giving him directions to take some delicacy to the sick, or more substantial food to the needy, working families. He could almost hear her repeat: "Take this basket to Aunty Rea, poor afflicted soul! and her 'God bless you,' will be more to you than silver or gold ever can be."

He could in fancy feel her gentle hand on his brow while her wonted injunctions seemed to be re-uttered as of old: "Learn, Andrew, that in making others happy, you are sowing the seeds of happiness for yourself which will never fail you in the harvest."

Then came again the same thrill of joy as the old time "God bless you and your dear parents," seemed re-spoken from the lips of the long-ago departed.

The foggy atmosphere of avarice about him, began gradually to clear away, giving him a clearer view of his past life than he had ever had before.

Little by little, he could perceive the train of influences, his early associates, some idly living upon the miserly gains of their parents, others by miserly thrift straining every nerve to ape the rich, that had perverted in his mind all the noble qualities of *his* parents until he had come to regard their hospitality as dissipation, their kindness of heart as weakness, and all their alms-giving a want of judgment in providing for the future.

A great many excuses for his subsequent treatment of his poor old father (now in second childhood)—his constant effort to make him feel the effects of what he termed his early follies,—his

extravagant liberality and want of management, were presented as usual; but they availed nothing towards stifling the thoughts awakened by Eddie's childish faith and the memories his appeal had resurrected. He began talking to himself mentally:

"My every wish in childhood was gratified—anticipated, by my dear father. Oh! how I *then* loved the sight of his cheerful, happy face. He dreamed not of poverty. But death entered our loving circle. My mother's income (which should have been continued to me) was fraudulently turned into another channel when the grave closed over her beloved form. Other reverses followed. Desertion by friends in the hour of adversity, completed the wreck, leaving us stranded and alone on the shores of Destitution.

Oh! how I have fought against poverty, starving soul as well as body to obtain wealth. For what? At the expense of present enjoyment, my children scorn it even more than I scorned the dregs of destitution.

"I see it all now—all—all my want of faith in God, my lack of gratitude to my dear father, my lack of indulgence to him, and to all my family. I have, to be sure, always provided them with the necessaries of life—ungrudgingly. But life's luxuries, especially that of contributing to the comfort and happiness of others, have been utterly denied, thereby, not only restricting their appetites, but stinting and dwarfing the best faculties of their being."

There was a long pause, during which he lived months in a moment. All the old love for his father, and the later love of wife and little ones,—overwhelmingly increased, came with impetuous force, crowding into his heart until it seemed bursting with the new tax upon its dwarfed capacities. Surveying the group about him with an intensity of feeling never before awakened, he asked:

"What would you *do* with the cherries, Eddie, if they were *yours*?"

"I thought they *were* mine, and have promised some to Lottie, some to little Charlie, some to baby Etta, and some to Mamma and Grandpapa," he replied, despondingly.

"God forbid, I should cause you to break your word, Eddie. The cherries *are* yours."

After disposing them in pans and plates upon the table, Andrew Warner sat down to see what would come of his first act of parental indulgence. And for the first time in her life, voluntarily took baby Etta on his knee. Eddie first filled her hands, and the tiny lap which she dexterously spread out for the occasion as if it were to be an important reservoir for second hand distribution.

Next, Mamma was called upon to assist in the dealing out. But Mamma was too much gratified by Eddie's happiness in giving, to detract a particle from his well-earned right to all the benefits.

"Help yourself, Charlie," said Eddie, seeing his little brother on tiptoe trying to fill his pockets, "while I fill Grandpa's plate."

"I div papa," said baby Etta, holding out her fist full to Lottie.

"Here, Carlo, is your share," and Eddie spread a portion from his plate on the floor in the most tempting manner directly in front of his dogship's nose, and then fell to eating with the zest of an epicure. But the satisfaction of his appetite was not to be compared with the consciousness of having contributed to the enjoyment of his dearly loved friends.

From that day Ellen Warner had the pleasure, and a pleasure it was, of seeing a liberal portion of their choicest fruit always upon their table.

When the grave had been filled above the earthly remains of Grandpa Warner, and the group of friends had expressed their sympathy, and were about to return to their homes, a white-haired old man tottered up to the chief mourner, amid whose once raven locks the iron gray was predominating, and extended his hand with more than ordinary interest.

"God bless thee, Andrew!" he ejaculated. "The good seed sown long years ago by the hand we have just laid away and that of thy sainted mother whose grave has sunken low by the weight of years upon it, has at last yielded an abundant harvest. Quaker John never found a nobler heart than beat in the breast of thy newly arisen parent.

He was indeed lavish with his wealth; but never a tithe was spent for luxuries compared with what he cast upon the waters in charity.

Many a reckless spendthrift did he save from utter bankruptcy, each passing far to the other side when their benefactor gave up his last coin to cancel his own indebtedness.

But there was one leper as of old whom he saved by his judicious counsel, backed by a hundred pound note to settle a forged check before exposure, that returned after a long time to cancel the favor secretly."

Quaker John received his reward, as he read in the expression of his eye, the deep, heartfelt gratitude of Andrew Warner while repeating the following simple sentence. "I know now from whence the private pension to my dear father that made all our lives easier. It commenced when Quaker John returned rich from the Indies. God bless, equally the doner and the true recipient, the remunerating doner."

As he grasped the old man's hand, the silent Mamma and choked utterances, testified how fully her understood his former mistakes, and the worthiness of such untrumpeted benevolence.

The son has now become the grandfather, and Eddie is now at the head of the household, a strong, bold man, strong for the right, and bold in declaring truth. But amid all his more arduous duties, he never fails to speak softly to his little ones as he points out certain needed acts of kindness, whispering loving words for them to repeat, while ministering to those less favored than themselves.

The following is the substance of a dialogue between him and little Andrew on the latter's ninth birthday :

I've learned to square and cube, papa,
Please hear me work a problem through.

Two twos are four.

Now, one power more,—

Three twos are eight, the cube of two.

All works are squared and cubed, my son,
Each simple power—what e'er you do.

Deeds nobly done,

Are two in one,—

From each a power returns to you.

If acts react one's gained from each.

From one plus one a two you greet,

Whose square is four.

Now, one power more,

(That gained by you) the cube's complete.

BOSTON, MASS.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

A FABLE.

BY ST. IVES.

The Hottentots tell a pretty fable. A man found a snake under a stone unable to extricate herself. He felt very sorry for it, and lifted up the stone and set her free. No sooner did the snake find herself free than she told the man that she must eat him. To this the man objected, and appealed to the hare and hyena. They were afraid of the snake, and at once said that she was right. Just then a jackal came trotting along.

"Hold," said the man, "I have freed this snake, and now she says she must eat me for it. Is it just?"

"I cannot believe," replied the jackal, "that such a thing could have happened unless I saw it with my two eyes. So Mr. Snake please lie down under the stone and let me see the stone removed."

To this request the snake complied, and when the stone was replaced the jackal said :

"Now let it lie there; I don't think she can eat you."

of
safety
1891

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

ETHEL CORA.

For fleeting pleasures,
I, and flitted away;
My time is scattered,
On road high-way;
I miss her at study,
I miss her at play.

Tell her I miss her at bed-time,
When the weeping-widow, Night,
Enters my little chamber,
And hugs my pillow tight,
Then, ah then, I behold her,
And the phantom, Fear, takes flight.

Her chair at the table is empty,
The hall is silent and still;
Only echoing the beating
Of the cow on the brow of the hill;
And the song of a yellow canary,
Who warbles away at his will.

Tell her—oh, tell her, I miss her,
Tell her of all we have said;
Put a soft kiss in your pocket,
Those rough, rugged papers, instead.
Tell her, that when lakes intervene us,
It is much as though she were dead.

Tell her—oh, tell her,—we miss her,
As we miss all things that we love;
Deliver my dozens of kisses,
Be my "Messenger Dove;"
Tell her we pray for her welfare,
To all that is holy above.

CARRIE ELLA BARNEY.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

STORIES OF THE STARS.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

NO. III.

Mercury and Venus.

MERCURY and Venus are called the interior planets, because their orbits are within that of the earth; or, in other words, they move about the Sun, within the circle described by the earth in its revolutions.

Mercury is the nearest planet to the Sun that has yet been discovered; and, with the exception of the asteroids, is the smallest. Its diameter is only 3,140 miles. Its bulk, therefore, is about sixteen times less than that of the earth. It would require more than twenty millions such globes to compose a body equal to the Sun. Mercury revolves on its axis, from West to East, in 24 hours, 5 minutes and 28 seconds, which makes its day about 10 minutes longer than ours. It performs its revolution about the Sun in a few minutes less than 88 days and at a mean distance of nearly thirty-seven million miles. The length of Mercury's year, therefore, is about three of our months.

You will remember, and bear in mind, that the revolution of a planet on its axis constitutes its day; its revolution about the sun constitutes its year.

Owing to the nearness of Mercury to the Sun it is seldom visible to the naked eye, and by reason of its swift motion and dazzling brightness astronomers have been able to make but few observations and have acquired but little knowledge concerning this planet. Mercury moves in its orbit at the rate of 110,000 miles an hour, a fearful speed to be flying through space; but our Earth moves *only* 68,000 miles an hour. We do not keep up with the little planet which makes its year in about three of our months.

VENUS is known by everybody as the brilliant Morning and Evening Star. You can see her early in the morning just before sunrise, or in the evening just after sunset, the brightest and most beautiful star in all the heavens.

At this time she is visible in the West, or rather a little South of West, from dark till about eight o'clock, shining in the fullness of her splendor and beauty. You cannot mistake her appearance, for there is no star in the sky which approaches her in brightness except Jupiter, which is now also visible in the South-west, a few degrees higher up than Venus. If you will look out on any clear night, you will see both of these magnificent planets in all their glory. I will say now, for fear that it may be too late when I come to give a description of Jupiter, that on any clear night, when the Moon is not shining, if one will take a small mirror, or piece of looking-glass, and hold it so that the planet is visible in the glass, *he can then behold the moons of Jupiter*. It is a singular phenomenon, that in a common mirror which has no magnifying power, there can be seen these moons which are not visible to the naked eye. There is another matter to which I wish to call attention, and that is a simple method by which one can always distinguish the fixed stars from the planets. Owing to their great distance, the *stars always twinkle, the planets never do*, the latter shining with a steady, uniform light.

Venus revolves about the Sun from West to East in 224 $\frac{2}{3}$ days at the distance of 68,000,000 miles, moving in her orbit at the rate of 80,000 miles an hour. She turns around on her axis once in 23 hours, 21 minutes and 7 seconds. Thus her day is about 25 minutes shorter than ours, while her year is equal to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ of our months or 32 weeks.

The orbit of Venus being within that of the Earth, she presents the same appearance when seen through the Telescope as that of the Moon, she waxes and wanes; looks like a crescent just as

the New Moon does, and has horns; so that we seldom see the full disc, or the round face of the orb.

Venus is nearly the same size as the Earth, having a diameter of 7,700 miles, and when in the course of her revolution she comes nearest to us she is only 26,000,000 miles distant. When on the opposite side of the Sun she is 164,000,000 miles away. It is generally believed that she has no moon, though some astronomers think otherwise.

When viewed through a good telescope the appearance of this planet is most beautiful, you can see a great variety of dark spots and brilliant shades, hills and valleys, and elevated mountains, but on account of the great density of her atmosphere, these inequalities are perceived with more difficulty than those upon the other planets.

According to M. Schreter, a celebrated German astronomer, who spent more than ten years in observations upon this planet, some of her mountains rise to the enormous height of from ten to twenty-two miles; but Dr. Herschel thinks that they are greatly over-estimated.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SAM SASSAFRAS ON CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are strange creatures. Poets say they stray out of Paradise when the gate gets left open, and wander down here. At least a fellow by the name of Aldrich, living in "Bosting," says so, and if a fellow down there don't know, there's no use talking.

A day old baby is a sweet bud, so all the women say, and they'll run ready to break their necks to see one. But those I've seen, and in my day it's a good many, did not look much like what they afterwards became. They always came into the world leaving a wide margin for development. They early get queer notions into their heads, and are dreadful set.

They always get a pain of a cold night, when you have let the fire go out, and because they've had a run of goodness, left things loose and can't find the matches. The louder they squall, the more you can't find nothing, and the more you can't find the louder they squall. If the thing progresses over a minute, you'll hear a female voice on a higher key. A Mother with one of these stray angels is just like a pianer—only the pianer plays itself if set thoroughly agoing by Papa's not being "handy." I've tried Soothing Syrup, but it's utterly worthless, unless you give enough to produce death outright.

Babies have another crochet, and it is wonderful

how soon they learn it. They like to ride! Mamma puts it afoot, and Papa is too gallant to let her circle round the chamber all night in the cold, so Papa volunteers; but it is cold business in winter! How soon it is discovered that he makes the best "hoss!" Then he has to sing, and he will if there's any sing in him. I've taken a nine-pound baby to carry, and after two hours it weighed twenty-five pounds, and after three hours I'd have sworn on the Bible it weighed fifty. From this I infer that babies weigh nine pounds, and sometimes more.

Another peculiarity is the amount of room they take in a bed—just as much as two grown folks. When baby is fixed, there is just two inches and the bar left.

Babies have dresses just as long as they do when they get to be twenty; but *children* get them cut off a little below their arms. It is extremely hurtful for children to wear sleeves or high-necked clothing. The less they wear the better. They are very tough and not easily killed. The best food that can be given them is candy and jell-cake. Milk should never be allowed on any account.

I like to see babies carried to meeting. They learn manners, and are edified as well as edifying. I feel assured that nobody will sleep through the sermon. Folks think babies can't understand, but they do. When the speaker waxes eloquent, or there is something you want to hear, they always pipe their approbation. When once agoing they can't be stopped. I never saw a Mother take one out. They will resolve themselves into a tossing-machine first, which will run like a perpetual motion. You can't beat a woman in that way—no babe can!

Children are the most active beings on earth. A half-pound of food given to a six-year old child will yield an amount of motion equal to a ton of coal fed to an engine. They will run forty miles a day easily, and then won't go to bed till whipped. They alus hate to go to bed, especially if there's "doings," and when they get there, they will inaugurate a game of tag.

They are always dead-bent to do jobs they can't, but set them at anything easy and they'll do their best to get out of it. There is not a lazy hair in their heads, if there's nothing to do.

They are naturally sassy. They were sassy so far back as Elisha's time. They sst him, and he called out the bears after them. There aren't bears now, and hence they are able to beat those bear children out of sight.

They have excellent government. At six months they have Papa and Mamma under their little, red bud of a thumb, and continue to keep them there right along till twenty.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

IS PUBLISHED AT

167 SOUTH CLARK, ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Subscribers in Canada must pay 20 cents per year, in addition, for pre-payment of American postage.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed must always state the name of the Town, County and State to which it has been sent.

Money can be sent by Post Office Orders; but where Drafts on New York or Boston can be procured, we prefer to have them.

All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Single Copies, Five Cents.

All communications should be addressed to MRS. LOU H. KIMBALL, P. O. Drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The wonderful story of Robinson Crusoe, his shipwreck, his long, lonely, eventful life on an unknown island, was written by Daniel Defoe, an English author of the last century. It is, probably, the most delightful and charming story ever penned in the English language. It has been printed over and over more than a thousand times, and read and re-read by almost every boy in Europe and America. We have seldom heard of a boy who had reached the age of fifteen, who had not read Robinson Crusoe; and we have never seen a boy that has read it, who has not resolved that, if he grew to be a man, to seek and find some far-off and lonely island where he can imitate Robinson Crusoe in his solitary life; collect his sheep and goats; raise his grain; have his wonderful man Friday, and his little castle, fortified with guns and a small cannon for protection against the savages and cannibals; and march all about his island home dressed in goat-skins, and followed by Friday, "the monarch of all he surveyed."

This story is the perfection of a delightful romance. We suppose all boys, and perhaps girls, too, will read Robinson Crusoe as long as the English tongue is anywhere spoken.

PERSONAL.

J. M. Peebles is lecturing in Washington, D. C. The Washington papers speak highly of him as a teacher, orator, and gentleman.

"F. M. K.," our California correspondent, is visiting her sisters in Chicago. Much of her time is given to the work in our office—writing, correcting and mailing papers.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

We have for sale, Lizzie Doten's Poems; "Woman's Secret;" "Playing the Soldier," by Mrs. H. N. Green; all the Works of Hudson and Emma Tuttle, and of A. J. Davis. We sell at Eastern prices. We hope soon to keep an assortment of liberal books.

GOOD DEEDS.

The peaches redden on the wall,
Hiding in hollow cells of green.
Where platted leaves hang thick about,
And scarce permit them to be seen.
And so, in truth, good deeds should be
Concealed in sweet humanity.

A stranger visited the Chicago Lyceum the other Sunday. He watched the children through their physical exercises; heard them speak, sing and answer questions. At the close of the session the gentleman put a fifty-dollar bill into Mrs. Avery's hand, saying, "Use this for the poor children in the Lyceum."

Mrs. Avery asked to whom she should credit the donation? "My name is of no consequence," was the reply. That good deed is recorded in the Book of Life.

A lady in this city has been driven by adverse winds into a small, rough-looking harbor. She supports herself and child by sewing at starvation prices. She was, a few days since, without food, furniture, or fuel. One evening, she was decoyed from her home, and persuaded to leave her doorway with Miss Louie Ney. Three ladies were seen to enter the woman's house. They remained an hour and left by a back door. When the occupants, mother and child, returned, they found a good fire, a carpet on the floor, and bread in the pantry.

Mrs. M. turned to her child, and said, "What does this mean, Nettie?" "Do not know," Nettie replied; "but if we can lock our doors to keep out the robbers, I guess we cannot shut out the angels." Those angels are members of the Chicago Lyceum.

Mr. James H. Smith, one of the teachers in the Oswego, N. Y., Lyceum, subscribed and paid for fifteen copies of the LYCEUM BANNER, to be sent to the members of his Group.

"BRAVE LIVES."

A correspondent writes, "Let no paper go to press that does not contain some sketch of a brave life. If Malcolm Duncan does not write one, write it yourself." Malcolm is taking a rest, but the command must be obeyed; so here is the sketch:

Ogden Whitlock, a printer and editor, is a young man of good health, sound mind and strong nerves. He eats no meat; does not swear; never used tobacco; drinks no tea, coffee, ale or whiskey. The probability is he will never be President of the United States. Will all the men in the nation, of like habits, send us their names?

—Moses Hull is about starting a Magazine in Hobart, Ind. See prospectus on the second page.

LIFE.—The life that now is, shapes the life that is to be.

CONTRIBUTORS.

Will our contributors please remember that our paper is small—that it is the organ of the Progressive Lyceums; that we wish to scatter flowers along the child-path; to let the blessed sunlight into dark places.

Long theological articles are not suited to the paper. If the children *must* know how holy the world regard God and His universe, it will be time enough to know it when they cease to be alarmed at other fables. We wish every item in our paper to be a gem—something that will make the reader wise and good.

We hope that the members of Lyceums will regard *ours* as *their* journal; ask and answer questions, and make suggestions. Let the Lyceums exchange thoughts, counsel, encourage, or rebuke, if need be, through our journal.

We want a chapter of gooddeeds for each number of the LYCEUM BANNER. No matter for the names, give us facts. Let the world know that our religion is in our hands—in good doing.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

“PLAYING THE SOLDIER; or, LITTLE HARRY’S WISH.” By Mrs. H. N. GREENE. Price, 15 cents. Postage, 2 cents.

This is one of a series of stories that Mrs. Greene has written for children. The book is just what every good mother would wish to put into the hands of her children. It teaches “Peace on Earth, and good will among Men.” Buy and read the book.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

While lecturing in Davenport, Iowa, I met a little girl, daughter of Mr. Neeley, one of the working Spiritualists of that city, in whom I am much interested. She is just being developed as a medium, and when under spirit influence composes and sings beautifully. She is ten or eleven years of age, has a sweet face, and a gentle pleasant manner, and everybody loves her, as we always love good children. Indeed she sings with a strength, clearness, and correctness that is truly remarkable. She was the principal singer at my lectures, and her voice filled the hall with its strength and richness. We promise for this gifted child a life of usefulness, but wish very much that she could have the benefit of the Progressive Lyceum. Is it not beautiful, dear children, to be able to make sweet music, and to sing the songs of the angels? Then be good, be loving, obedient and truthful, and angels will bless you, and everybody love you, as this little singing girl is blessed and loved.

ELVIRA WHEELLOCK.

DIED.

In this city, of small-pox, Mrs. LUCY F. BIGELOW, aged forty-four years.

The following resolutions are truthful testimonials of our appreciation of her many virtues:

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCE COMMITTEE FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR.

WHEREAS, Our sister and friend, Mrs. Lucy F. Bigelow, an active and an efficient member of the Chicago Social Science Association, has been removed from our midst by death; therefore,

Resolved, That we deplore the loss of our associate; one so much beloved, so useful, so efficient in deeds of charity and of kindness, and so exemplary in all the relations of life.

Resolved, That we tender our deepest sympathies to her family, hoping that the sad event may be overruled for good to relatives and friends.

WILLIAM THIRDS, Chairman.

Mrs. E. A. SPENCER, Secretary.

Miss E. B. Tallmadge,	Mrs. Olive Avery,
Mrs. H. H. Marsh,	Mrs. S. D. Ostrander,
Mrs. J. G. Arnold,	Mrs. S. J. Fuller,
Mrs. J. L. Denison,	Mrs. H. F. M. Brown,
	Mrs. C. A. Dye,

Committee.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. LUCY F. BIGELOW,

LATE LEADER OF GROTTO GROUP, LYCEUM NO. 2, FROM THE OFFICERS, LEADERS, AND MEMBERS, OF CHICAGO CHILDREN’S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS, NOS. 1 AND 2.

WHEREAS, Mrs. Lucy F. Bigelow, Leader of Grotto Group, Lyceum No. 2, has been called from among us, and from participation in our visible associations, to her home in the Summer Land,—We, Officers, Leaders, and Members of Chicago Children’s Progressive Lyceum, No. 1 and No. 2, do hereby unite in expressing our appreciation of her womanly integrity, her benevolence, charity and sympathy, and withal her earnest endeavor, by all means within her power, to relieve the distressed and make happy those around her.

Resolved, That in this hour of their bereavement, closely allied in our memory of our friend, is the recognition of her companion and children, who are worthily active among us, we hereby tender them our condolence for their inestimable loss, and so far as human sympathy can assuage their sorrow, we bid them be resigned, ever hopeful for the future, which we believe will re-unite them with those they love in bonds more holy, and durable than earth-life can possibly know.

Adopted by Lyceums.

F. L. WADSWORTH,
S. J. AVERY, M. D.,
Miss E. B. TALLMADGE,

Committee.

January 12, 1869.

CARD.—L. H. Bigelow wishes to express his thanks to the members of the Chicago Lyceum and to the Social Science Society for their aid and sympathy in his late bereavement, the loss of his devoted wife.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF THE TROY LYCEUM.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Knowing it will do your hearts good to learn of the beautiful times we had with the dear children at our Christmas festival, I write to give you a short account thereof.

We met in Rand's Hall at 2, P. M.; had banner march, singing, etc., for about half an hour; then gave the children the freedom of the hall to enjoy themselves, with good music and dancing, which they improved until about half-past five o'clock. We then marched them down to the supper-room, and seated and fed about one hundred and forty of the happiest children you ever saw, this side of the Summer Land. After all were satisfied, we again marched back to the hall, and were indulged in more singing and more marching around an ominous pile in the center of the room, when a side door opened, and the jingle of bells announced the arrival of the children's friend, the veritable old Santa Claus, in *propria persona*, who joined our march and shook hands with the children amid the applause of all.

After a short time given to this sport, came the distribution of presents from that pile in the center of the room. We gave them one hundred and forty dollars worth of gifts, and dismissed them as happy as they could well be. I do not think that hall ever before contained so much happiness. The parents and friends of the children were mostly there, and all seemed to enjoy it. To me it was a glorious day. My sorrows were all forgotten, and the sunlight, the heartlight, the holy influences surrounding those dear children, penetrated the depths of my soul, and the effect has not left me yet. The day will be forever one of the marked spots of my life, an oasis to which I will often go back, when heart-sick and weary, and gather of its strength and comfort. For "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and what is there more beautiful than conferring happiness upon so many innocent hearts? At such times I thank our Father and Mother God for life, and for this knowledge of the way to so much happiness.

In the evening we had a Calico Ball, which was better attended and more enjoyable than any entertainment of the kind ever before given in our city. All passed off in harmony; nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment in the least degree. About one hundred and seventy sat down to supper, which had been bountifully supplied, mostly by donations from the Society and the friends of the Lyceum. Thus passed our second Christmas festival, and it was a success in every point of view.

We first made happy the children; secondly, we have established a prestige that will do us good in the future; and lastly, we have increased our finances, probably from seventy-five to one hundred dollars. Angels bless you and keep you.

Your friend, BENJAMIN STARBUCK.

NEW BOSTON.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—We, of the New Boston Lyceum, wish to let you know how we are prospering, as we owe much to your kindness in assisting us in organizing. We have forty children who attend regularly. Liberty Group is always overflowing. The little ones are delighted with the equipments. We had a Christmas party, which consisted of a sleigh-ride, a nice supper, music, marching, declamations and other exercises, which concluded with a fishing party. It differed somewhat from other fishing parties, for every one who fished drew a prize.

The children were all happy, and the grown folks too, because the children were so joyful. It was the pleasantest affair of the holidays.

The members of the Lyceum send thanks to "a friend," and you for the BANNER, which you send free. I trust you will be rewarded for your interest in the children. In love,

LOUISA B. MYERS.

CHARLESTON, MASS.

Our Lyceum now meets at Central Hall, Elm St., instead of City Hall. We number one hundred and forty. We had an exhibition and festival Christmas. Quite a number of our scholars take the dear LYCEUM BANNER, thanks to Bro. Barret for introducing so useful a paper. We look forward to the time when all Lyceums will be blessed by its teachings. We shall always remember its editress as the true friend of the little ones. Angels bless and watch over your work.

A. H. RICHARDSON, *Conductor*.

QUIZ.

Dally, the manager of a theatre in Dublin, wagered that he could make a word of no meaning to be the talk of the whole city. In twenty-four hours the letters Q. U. I. Z. were printed on all the public places with such an effect as to cause him to win the wager.

SUB ROSA.

"Under the Rose." It implies secrecy, and is used as an emblem in Roman Catholic Churches, a rose being hung up at entertainments as a token that nothing there said should be divulged.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

ACROSS THE PLAINS.

Less than twenty years ago the people of New York and the Eastern States were startled by a wonderful report, coming from three thousand miles across the continent, that gold,—shining, glittering gold—could be picked up from the dirt and washed from the sands on the banks of the rivers in a country away off on the Pacific coast, called California. Not much was known of this remote region. Few persons had ever visited it, and the great majority of the people of the United States had but a faint idea of its location and whereabouts. But when gold was found, thousands of persons started from all parts of the Union to seek their fortunes in that land where money could be washed out of the earth with a common tin pan, or shoveled up with a common shovel. Some sailed in ships around Cape Horn, nearly fourteen thousand miles; others crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and sailed along the coast of Mexico, until they came to San Francisco; and others still, packed up their household goods, harnessed their horses or oxen to great covered wagons, took their wives and children, and commenced the long and weary journey across the Plains. They generally traveled in companies of as many families and wagons as could be got together, for the purpose of mutual protection and defence, for the Indians were numerous and hostile, often attacking travelers whom they found

trespassing upon their hunting grounds. In this way long caravans were formed, consisting often of fifty or more wagons, and more than a hundred persons. Over the broad plains which lie to the westward of the Missouri River, the weary gold-seekers wandered in search of the promised land. For a part of the way through Kansas and Nebraska, the route was pleasant enough in the summer time. Thousands of buffaloes, in vast herds, roamed over the plains; elk and deer were also plenty; the water was good, and so they had enough to eat and drink. But after awhile they came in sight of the wonderful Rocky Mountains. For miles upon miles, the peaks, always covered with snow, rose one after another before them, and seemingly opposed an impassable barrier to their further progress, but with great patience and perseverance they struggled through the snow drifts, beat down the snow banks, looked for an opening here and a valley there, until after months of weary labor, they at last stood on the other side of the mountains and looked upon the green, sunny lands which slope away to the grand old Pacific. And here they found their new homes in the land of gold. California has already added to the wealth of the world more than a thousand millions of dollars; the State now contains six hundred thousand people, and San Francisco—destined to be the rival of New York—has a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, all owing to the golden sands of her rivers, and the golden quartz of her mountains, and to the hardy emigrants, who, in search of that gold, worked their way across the Plains.

S.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

GLOSSY-FEATHER.

GNE day I heard a peeping in the lush grass out by the barn. I tied on my hat—it was June—and went out to see about it. I knew a chicken was strayed, or stolen, and I could not bear its cry of helplessness and desolation. I found it under a great curly dock-leaf, standing up very erect, calling at the top of its bent. It was such a tiny chicken, too,—out of the shell a day or so—and had a white cap on its head. I caught it and put it in my apron, and it made such a contented little pee-pee that I felt almost sorry for a moment I was not a black hen so he would not have to awaken to the disappointment of knowing that he was yet alone in the world. But as it was not in my power to make such a wonderful sacrifice to generosity, I only took it into the house and set it down on the bright carpet.

"What have you there?" said my autocrat, looking sharp at me through his gold-bowed "lookers."

"Just the cutest chicken in the world," said I, "see his cap! and see what inordinate self-esteem he has. He will make his mark in the world. I am going to raise him."

"I hope the cats will eat him, or I shall happen to step on him," growled the unappreciative gentleman.

I fed the little fellow some bread, soaked in milk, and made him a nice place to sleep on in the corner of the study. In a short time he learned to go to it and get in. I used to tuck him up snugly; and he slept just as well as any chicken on the farm.

But my chicken had a misfortune which came near ending his life. He was omnipresent almost, and of course when the door was swung open one day he was behind it, and nearly lost his life, but got off with a broken leg. He bore it bravely—the little crushed leg, which would not even assist to bear the weight of his tiny body; so he hopped about on one leg and used his wings to keep his balance.

"I will put that chicken out of the way," said my autocrat again, more decidedly than ever.

"Well, wait until after I feed him," I said. "I don't want him to die before dinner."

So I fixed some bread and water in a tablespoon and set it on the floor before my exterminating gentleman, for chickey to eat. I was glad to see my prodigy come bustling up and circle around on one leg in trying to balance before the spoon so he could pick up a crumb. He was so determined to eat, and he did; drank, too, with so much relish and dexterity, that the gentleman, for whose benefit I was exhibiting him, burst into a

spasm of laughing, and I never heard any more about his being killed.

Chick grew finely. He would have grown even faster, I think, only for a habit he got of sitting up late. He could be seen stalking among the twilight shadows, any summer evening, an hour after all the other chickens were roosting. He keeps the habit until this day, although he is now a great, haughty chanticleur, with a tuft of white feathers on his head larger than my fist.

He went through autumn in the best spirits. He luxuriated on grapes every day and knew as well as I where the purple Isabellas hung the lowest.

But when the cold nights began, trouble came to Glossy-feather. He would kick off his covers and so he got his feet frosted. They swelled badly and he walked very awkwardly. I began to get alarmed and put him under treatment. I gave him foot baths, and at last tied his feet and legs up in white cloth, after I had put on an ointment I procured for him expressly. He was opposed to wearing them, and picked them in a naughty humor.

He looked so bad in his white pants, that I tried to keep him out of sight when company was in. One day, it was New Year's day, I had invited a few friends to dinner. I shut my chicken up in the kitchen, and did not expect he would give me any trouble; but it was not long before I saw him circling around the centre of the parlor, and seeing me he flew into my lap with the greatest assurance. My friends laughed at him, and never after failed to enquire about him when I saw them. They hoped he was out of his bandages safely and soundly.

He came out in the spring in fine order. He was independent at last and could lead around a score of biddies in the most gallant manner.

He stays at the barn now, and is the beau of the yard. He is cream-white, and has a great scarlet comb, has no rival, and his supremacy is undisputed, except when a lordly turkey takes a fancy to lead him around by his white-cap, giving him the only lessons in obedience which he ever takes now-a-days.

He never remembers how he cried in his babyhood, all alone in the tall grass, until I took him out from the shadow of desolation, under the dock leaf, and gave him a genteel bringing up.

Long may he live!

EMMA TUTTLE.

—The true way of enriching ourselves is by cutting off our wants.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

QUESTIONS.

Dear Lyceum Banner :—Having been selected as Conductor of a newly organized Children's Progressive Lyceum that did not feel able to hire a teacher, we have encountered some difficulties which we wish those older in the work to assist us out of.

At the commencement we had the "clear and accurate" (?) description of the *Manual* to go by in the "wing movement," and other "light gymnastics." But to make, what we had been told, was "clear and accurate," more clear, I procured the diagrams as published in the *Little Bouquet*, "for the purpose of illustrating the exercises in free gymnastics, as taught and practiced in the Children's Progressive Lyceums."

These diagrams I am well pleased with, and should like to follow, but that they diverge considerably from the *Manual*, so far as we are able to comprehend its "clear and accurate" descriptions. Some of the officers are not willing to practice exercises that seem to deviate from the *Manual*, while the majority wish only to know *which* system is generally practiced, in order that we work in unison when we meet, with other Lyceums.

A fuller description of the following exercises, as given in the *Manual*, is desired: "The Radiating Steps," "The Tripple Charge," "The Kicking Exercise," "The Mowing Movement" and "The Sawing Movement."

Will Mrs. Brown devote a corner in the BANNER to questions and answers as to the best method of conducting the various parts of the Lyceum, descriptions of marches, the different manner in which the plays may be carried, &c., &c.? I think it would greatly assist young Lyceums, and tend to a uniformity in the exercises.

R. S. CRAMER.

New Boston, Ill.

A LITTLE BOY'S LETTER.

Kout's Station, Ind., January 12, 1866.

Dear Editress of the Lyceum Banner:—In looking over the BANNER I find that my term of subscription has nearly expired, and as I cannot think of doing without it, I send you one dollar to secure it for another year.

As I am a little boy, I seldom have money to spend, but this dollar I kept some time to buy something nice for Christmas; but as a dear sister has been kind enough to supply me with a pair of nice gloves (the article I fancied I most needed) I yet have the money.

Some of my little friends who read the LYCEUM

BANNER may wonder who Eva Caswell is, and where he lives. I will tell them.

My name is William Everett, but, being the youngest of the family, am called Eva for a pet name. I am twelve years old.

Kout's Station is situated on the Chicago and Cincinnati Railroad, about sixty-five miles from the former place. It is a very small town, containing about two hundred inhabitants, yet quite a lively little place. We receive mail twice a day, have two stores, one hotel, a school house where we are taught the ordinary branches of education.

This is my first attempt at writing for publication, and should you see fit to give it a place in your columns, I will write again.

EVA CASWELL.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

Yes, little kindnesses, in all, and more especially in children to each other, is above all praise. Fanny Fern gives some good advice under the above head, which we can do no better than to copy, and which will apply equally well to old as to young thinkers, for we think all can profit by the advice:

"Brothers, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon that charmed circle which we call home? We love to receive little favors ourselves, and how pleasant the reception of them makes the circle! To draw up the arm-chair and get the slippers for father; to watch to see if any little service can be rendered to brother; to help brother to assist sister, or sister to help mother—how pleasant and cheerful it makes home! These little acts of kindness cost nothing and their happy effect upon the home circle can hardly be appreciated until after an application."

Then be kind to each other, to your parents, to brothers and sisters and all your associates—at home, at school, and in the Lyceum.

"Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The best recollection—
Of kindness returned!

When day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loves sleeps!
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not,
Against those you love!

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!"

B.

LDBLESS, YET TRIUMPHANT.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

A YOUNG mother lies "faint with pain-bought happiness," stretching out expectant arms to clasp, for the first time, her babe. Why is the imploring action so strangely unheeded? What means the look of dismay on the face of nurse and physician? the irrepressible exclamation of horror which bursts from the lips of the newly-made father? Why do the supplications, the terrified inquiries of the agonized mother call forth no response? She knows that her child lives—she can hear his low wailing. Bring him to her—she will take no denial! Silently and sorrowfully the babe is laid on her breast. Then, indeed, her anguish breaks into loud lamentations, into rebellious cries against the decrees of Heaven. Lovely, in her eyes, is the baby face upon which she looks down; but she holds in her arms the trunk of a male infant curtailed of arms and legs!

The voice of superstition mutters that the father is accursed. He belongs to the proud Mac Murrough Kavanagh clan, rigid Roman Catholics; he wooed a daughter of the Ormonde family, Irish Protestants, and in order to wed her renounced his faith and espoused her. By this act, men said, he had drawn down a curse, which fell upon his son and heir. Little they dreamed how triumphantly that child's life would disprove their complacent interpretation of God's supposed chastisement. Arthur Mac Murrough Kavanagh, whose existence commenced forty years ago, in the midst of such piteous lamentations and hopeless agony, was destined to afford one of the grandest illustrations of the conquering power of mind over matter, of the potency of will to mold and rule untoward circumstances. His wonderful intellectual activity, his indomitable perseverance and moral courage have surmounted nearly all his corporeal imperfections.

Last November he was elected as parliamentary representative of Wexford County, Ireland. It may well be imagined that his first entrance into the House of Commons, and his "swearing in," presented a singularly interesting scene. He approached the table, where he was to take the oath, in a handsome cane arm-chair, with a mechanism let into the arms and communicating with wheels below. His appearance reminded one of a bust or medallion. He has fine, well-cut features, and eyes that beam with intelligence. His bust is of a handsome mold. The stumps of his arms are dwarfed to five inches; he has but six inches of muscular thigh stumps—their terminations give

not the faintest indication of hands or feet. He took the Testament reverently between his two diminutive arms, listened to the oath, kissed the book, received between his stumps a pen from the clerk of the House, placed it in his mouth to steady and square it with the parchment on which he had to write, then taking the pen again in his arms signed without the slightest awkwardness, writing exceedingly well, and evincing perfect coolness and self-possession. Having signed, he wheeled himself toward the Speaker, to whom he bowed—the usual ceremony of shaking hands being necessarily omitted.

When he voted, the Speaker made an exception in his favor, and allowed him to record his vote without passing with the other members through the lobbies.

He is often carried out of the House by his servant, upon whose back he springs with great agility. He takes the deepest interest in the debates, and his countenance usually wears the most enjoying expression. Much is expected of him, and, doubtless, he will not belie the present promise.

Mr. Kavanagh has large estates in Wexford, Kilkenny, and Carlow, Ireland. He is greatly beloved by his numerous and prosperous tenantry. He has a wife remarkable for her beauty and the loveliness of her character, and is blessed with a large family of exceedingly handsome children. His accomplishments are many and varied, and of the precise character which his physical imperfections would seem to render impossible. He is an excellent calligraphist and an artistic draughtsman.

He wrote "The Cruise of the *Eva*," a lively entertaining book, and made the sketches himself during the cruise. He is the most expert of yachters, an accomplished sportsman too, an unerring shot. Still more remarkable, he is a dashing huntsman. When hunting, he sits in a sort of saddle basket, and his reins are managed with marvelous expertness; and still more astonishing, he is noted for the manner in which he drives a "four-in-hand."

He is not only a man of literary tastes, but an able orator, while he brings to the consideration of every public question the resources of a highly cultivated mind. And this is the man whose birth was pronounced a curse upon his parents, whose life seemed as though it must inevitably be an existence of hopeless misery and endless deprivation! but who has given the astonished world a brilliant example of intelligence, courage, hope, perseverance, fertility of resource, invention, triumphant success.—*Phrenological Journal*.

NAST, the artist, has made \$30,000 by his pencil.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

REBUS.



ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 16, 8, 21, 2, 7 is sweet.

My 15, 5, 10, 21, 17 is a distinguished General.

My 14, 11, 23, 31 is a metal.

My 23, 19, 14, 8 is a river.

My 1, 2, 6 is an insect.

My 23, 8, 18, 8, 13 is a useful animal.

My 17, 4, 22 is part of a harness.

My 18, 20, 24 is used as a beverage.

My 27, 23, 14, 26, 9 is a leave taking.

My whole is a good maxim—CLARA ROBERTS.

I am composed of 48 letters.

My 1, 10, 3, 12 is the opposite of 34, 18, 22, 28.

My 17, 6, 30, 7 is the opposite of 27, 18, 7.

My 33, 14, 2, 29 is the opposite of 18, 34, 18, 33.

My 27, 35, 37 is the opposite of 26, 24, 5, 13, 25, 4.

My 34, 15, 37, 14 is the opposite of 40, 8, 23.

My 1, 21, 42, 32 is the opposite of 20, 41, 43.

My 37, 39, 7 is the opposite of 11, 18, 31, 11, 8, 36.

My 16, 6, 19, 32 is the opposite of 9, 39, 31, 12.

My whole is a wise saying.—A. H. F.

CONUNDRUMS.

Where should oil speculators live? In Greece.

Where do people suffer most with cold? In Chill.

Where should good people live? In Archangel.

Where do warlike people reside? In Warsaw.

What is the best place for gymnasts? Somerset.

Where do brewers thrive best? In Malta.

Where should we send cold victims? To Hungary.

Where are people the most solemn? In Wales.

What's the best place for horticulture? Botany Bay.

Where will confectioners prosper? In Candia.

Where are people most inquisitive? Pekin.

Where do the happiest married couples live? In the United Kingdom.

WORD PUZZLE.

My First is in cat, but not in dog.

My Second is in block, but not in log.

My Third is in rat, but not in mouse.

My Fourth is in barn, but not in house.

My Fifth is in head, but not in eye.

My Sixth is in cake, but not in pie.

My Seventh is in make, but not in shape.

My Eighth is in cloak, but not in cape.

My Ninth is in hip, but not in paw.

My Tenth is in nail, but not in claw.

My Eleventh is in clock, but not in time.

My Twelfth is in ours, but not in mine.

My Thirteenth is in sell, but not in buy.

My Fourteenth is in knot, but not in tie.

My whole is a great and good man.—EUGENE WILLSON.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Suppose I have an eight-gallon jar full of cider. How shall I divide it into two equal parts with a three and a five-gallon jar?—S. H. KAUFFMAN.

ANSWERS.

Riddle, by Carrie Ella Barney—Piano.

Enigma, by Thomas C. Cash—To advance the truth.

Enigma, by E. Worsley—Daniel Boone.

Word Puzzle, by Lue Madden—Washington.

Answered by Clara Roberts, Nellie M. Lukens, Ella Pettigrew, J. O. Eaton and Phebe Dinsmore.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

WHAT LITTLE CHILDREN CAN DO.

On Sunday our Lyceum children talked about the "Consequences of Evil Habits." Several expressed themselves freely with regard to the use of tobacco, after which a gentleman, leader of Beacon Group, arose and defended the use of his much loved weed, saying that it did him good; it soothed his nerves, and brightened his intellect. This drew out other remarks. The next Sunday this gentleman informed the school that after hearing those remarks, he became satisfied that the use of tobacco was injurious, as well as a filthy habit, and he had resolved from that day never to use it again, and he would keep his word.

Many little hands spatted their approval. Work with a will, for the truth, and you will conquer.

Mrs. S. D. CORYELL.

Lansing, Mich.

I'LL KNOW ABOUT IT.

"No one will know anything about it," said a boy, trying to tempt another to do something wrong.

"But I would know all about it," answered his companion.

"What if you did?" said the other.

"What if I did? Why, I'd feel so ashamed that I shouldn't want to know myself!" was the reply, made with an honest indignation at the thought of a mean act burning on his cheeks.—*Children's Hour.*

"SOMETHING TO DO."

Words by EMMA TUTTLE.

Music by E. TUCKER.

1. Dear children with faces as bright as the dawn, The great world has labor for you, The
 2. Be brave lit-tle work-ers each day that you live, And car-ry truth's ensign in view, Be

small-est a-mong you need not fold his hands, There's something for each one to do. Your
 read-y to work! there are er-rors to mend, And you'll find there is plen-ty to do. The

hands are as will-ing as lar-ger ones are, Your hearts are all ar-dent and true, And
 child-ren who live in the sweet sum-mer land, Whose souls are as stain-less as dew, Are

surely while there is so much to be done, There's something for children to do.
 happy and glad through the bliss laden years, Be-cause they have something to do.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1896, by Mrs. Lou E. KIRKALL, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.