

The Lyceum Banner.

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No. 19.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

UNCLE JACOB says that all little folks have loves. Some love one thing, some another. "Boys," he says, "love dogs, horses and other animals; but a little girl's first love is always a China or rubber doll."

Now, does Uncle Jacob think that all the girls in the land tell just who and what they love? or is a bachelor supposed to know, without being told, the loves of all the small and large girls about

him? I remember well my first love; it was not a doll, bird or beast, and, what is more, I never hinted my young love to my good Uncle. I have never told any one of that blessed child-love; but now, while I am reminded of it, will tell it in *confidences* to the readers of THE LYCEUM BANNER.

When I was about eight years old, Mrs. Willis came over from Elmwood to visit my mother. She invited me to go home with her and visit her Lucy. I was glad to go, for I had heard much about Mrs. Willis' fine house and garden. When she left, I went, too. Mother put my night-gown, comb and brushes in a satchel, and told me I could stay till Saturday; then she would send Walter for me, with the horse and buggy. It was then Thursday. I thought two days was

but little time to visit in such a fine place; but I was delighted with permission to stay even so short a time. Lucy was glad to see me. She took me over the garden and through the fields, telling me the names of trees and the story of flowers. She was not yet twelve years old, but I thought she knew everything, and told her so. She seemed pleased with my admiration of her, and said, "Maybe you do not know that I write verses."

"No," I said; "I did not know that any one wrote verses but people who make books and papers."

"Why, I have written ever since I was a little girl no older than you are," she replied.

I had not yet learned to write my name. I was mortified, and wished I was at home. Lucy invited me to her little room, and read me her verses. She gave me one verse that she had written about Charley Lee, a boy who was supposed to be lost on the ocean.

"Isn't that real sweet?" I said. "How I wish I could write verses."

"It is as pretty as it can be," Lucy replied, her blue eyes filling with tears. "I will give it to you to remember me by."

I have it yet. Here it is :

"Charley Lee! my dear Charley Lee!
Will he ever come back to me?
Or is my sweet sailor boy bold
Under the salt sea, dead and cold?"

Mrs. Willis called Lucy and requested her to go over to Mrs. Darwin's with a bottle of cordial for her sick child. I declined going with her, for I began to think Lucy must be tired of having me, a little know-nothing, about. I wondered how in the world she let me visit with her when she could write such sweet verses. She was kind, but I fancied it was all make-believe. Then and there I made up my mind to go straight home and learn to write verses before I visited Lucy again. But how would I go? It was three miles, and I did not know that I could find the way. If I told Lucy I was going, she would ask why; then I should have to tell her that I had not learned to write—the very thing I did not wish her to know. I waited and wondered what I could do to get home that very night. I thought over the way I had gone, and thought that I could go back the same way. When Lucy was out of sight, I gathered up my things, tucked them into my satchel, ran out the side door and up the road toward home, without saying a word to any one. When I had got about half way home, I came to a turn in the road. Which way to go I did not know. I went on a little way, but the trees and fences looked strange; then a piece of woodland was before me, that I did not remember. The sun was going down, and I was lost. I could not even remember my way back to Mr. Willis'. I suddenly remembered the stories I had heard of children lost in the woods, of bears and panthers killing them. Then I thought of mother and Walter who were at home, and wondered what they would do if I were killed, or if I died in the woods, as other children had. I sat down by the roadside to see if I could remember the way home, but I could not. Then my courage gave way, and I wept aloud. By and by I heard some one whistling Yankee Doodle. I turned about and saw a boy coming through the woods. I was real glad to see him, but, what

could I say? he did not know that I was lost. He was going past me without speaking. To attract his attention I said, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" The boy looked around and said, "What is the matter, little miss?" "I am lost," I said, bursting into tears. "Lost! Look, I have found you, so do not be afraid. Who are you?" "I am Gertie Grant," I replied. "Oh, yes," he said, "I know Walter Grant, and I heard him say he had a sister Gertie." "Then who are you?" I asked. "My name is Paul Brown, the miller's son. Let me go with you through the woods, and then you will be in sight of the new church steeple that is near your house, so you will find your way. Won't you, Gertie?" "Yes," I replied, "and I shall be ever so glad." That was all I could say. On we went Paul told me stories of queer folks who came to his father's mill. After a while I told him of my visit, and that Mrs. Willis did not know of my going home.

"Why, Gertie!" he said, I must go back and tell them; Lucy will cry her eyes out thinking you are lost." "I guess folks who write verses do not cry their eyes out for me," I said. By this time the church was in sight. Paul pointed to the spire, and said, "See there, Gertie! now you know the way." In my joy I caught hold of his arm, and said, "Oh, Paul! I am so glad! I shall love you so long as I live!" He seemed a little confused, and proud, too, of having been my guide. He said, "I thank you, Gertie, and if you ever get lost again, let me know, and I will be sure to find you." "Yes," I replied, "I will, so sure as I am born."

I went home as fast as I could go. When I told the story of my sudden departure from Lucy's, mother sent Walter on horseback to tell her of my safe arrival home. She kissed me, and put me in bed. There I was a week sick from the long walk and from fright. I did not care much about being sick, for I was thinking so much about Paul; how he wanted to find me again when lost; how kindly he spoke to me; he did not call me a dunce or gossie, because I got lost and cried about it. Then I thought of his sweet name; I wondered why mother did not name Walter, Paul. I said "Paul! Paul!" aloud, just to hear how the name sounded. Mother said, "Poor child! she is out of her mind." But I thought I was out of my mind when I was lost, but since Paul found me I had got back into it again.

Mrs. Willis and Lucy came to see me while I was sick, and told me how they hunted for me, and how very sorry they were that I got homesick; but I never hinted about the verses that I could not write.

When I got able to ride, mother and Walter took me over to Mr. Brown's. My mother wanted to thank Paul for showing me the way home, and then I wanted to see him. I remained in the carriage while mother went into the house. Paul saw me, and came out to see me. He said, "Well, Gertie, are you lost again?" "Yes," I said, "and mother has fetched me here for you to find me." "I hope you will get lost very often, if I may find you," Paul said, blushing deeply.

Years went by, bringing many changes. Paul has grown to be a fine man. He still comes to see me, and often tells me how proud he felt when I promised to love him always, and he said, "I promised myself then, that I would be good and worthy of your love." He has kept his promise faithfully.

I now look back through the years that I have known and loved Paul Brown, and I do not remember of a single thing of his doing that has made him unworthy the love of any woman. His little wife, Lucy Willis, has nearly forgotten Charlie Lee. She writes cradle songs now, and sings them to my first true love, Paul Brown, but I love him none the less for "a" that."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

STORIES OF THE STARS.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

No. X.

Comets.

THESE singular bodies may be placed among the almost incomprehensible wonders of the Universe in which we live. When with uninstructed gaze we look upward into the spangled dome of night, and behold among the vast multitude of heavenly bodies, one blazing with a splendid train of light, rushing with inconceivable speed toward the center of our system, passing in its fiery course close to the sun, then as rapidly flying off into space, not to return for centuries, we insensibly shrink back, as if in the presence of a fire ball thrown from the hand of the Creator. It is not a matter of wonder that, to the ignorant and superstitious in all ages, these bodies have been considered the forerunners of famine, pestilence and disease. Regarded as harbingers of evil, the advent of a comet spreads fear and terror all over the world; and when we examine the appearance and dimensions of some of these bodies, we cease to wonder that they produced universal alarm. But when viewed with the eye of astronomy; when we learn of their organization and laws of motion, the feeling

of alarm ceases, and is replaced by an impressive sense of the power which governs and controls the universe.

The orbits of the planets approach very nearly to circles, while those of comets are very *elongated ellipses*. I will explain what this means, so that you may all understand it. A wire hoop, for example, will represent the orbit of a planet. If two opposite sides of the same hoop be extended so that it shall be long and narrow, this will form the figure called an ellipse, and will represent the orbit of a comet, or the shape of the path which it takes in moving around the sun. Comets approach very near the sun, then dart off into space, where they disappear, not to return for many years, often many centuries. That part of a comet which is usually brighter or more solid than the other portions is called the *nucleus* or head. This is surrounded by an *envelop*, which has a cloudy or hairy appearance. These two parts constitute the body, and, in many instances, the whole of the comet. Most of them are, however, attended by a long train called the *tail*, and this feature is what usually attracts the attention to those wonderful objects as they pass through the sky. It is true that comets are frequently seen without this tail, and as seen by the naked eye are not easily distinguished from the planets.

In its approach to the sun, the luminous trail of a comet usually follows it, and goes before it when the comet recedes from the sun. Sometimes the same comet has several tails; one which appeared in 1744 had at one time no less than six, which appeared and disappeared in a few days. The comet of 1828 had, for several days, two tails; one extended towards the sun, and the other in the opposite direction. A comet which appeared in 1680 had a tail whose enormous length was more than *ninety-six millions of miles*—a distance greater than that of the earth from the sun.

I well remember the appearance of the great comet of 1843. It was the largest and most magnificent of modern times. Its tail seemed to stretch from the horizon to the zenith, or from sundown to the highest point in the sky. It was like a flaming sword hung up high in the heavens. In the southern hemisphere it was so very brilliant as to throw a very strong light upon the earth. As its distance from the sun varied, its color varied also, from pale orange to rose red, then to white. It passed around the sun on the 27th of February, at which time it almost grazed the surface of that body, approaching nearer to it than any comet hitherto observed.

At the time of the appearance of this comet, the Rev. Mr. Miller and others were warning the

people of the United States that the world was to be burned up on the 23d of April following, and the appearance of the comet was regarded by many as an indication that the end of all things was at hand.

You may ask your parents if they remember the Millerites, who made such careful preparations to be suddenly translated, body and soul, into the heavenly kingdom. They had it all fixed how God was going to burn up the world in the twinkling of an eye, for the purpose of saving the saints and consuming the sinners; but, after all, it didn't happen. The earth rolls on to-day, as it has for millions of years before, safe and secure, under the guidance and direction of the supreme power of the universe. My little readers will not believe these idle tales of the ignorant and superstitious. All things in nature are harmonious; *there are no accidents*. A comet could no more strike the earth than the earth itself could of its own accord fall into the sun; and, besides this, the knowledge we have of the organization and constitution of cometary bodies is such as to enable us to make the assertion that no possible harm would ensue even if a comet should come in contact with the earth; the matter of which they are composed is so light and so vapory as to render a collision with it perfectly harmless. It is said that a comet once came between the earth and the moon, but there was no visible effect from this proximity; and at one time the tail of a comet actually got entangled among the satellites of Jupiter, from which it extricated itself only with great difficulty, and was never afterwards seen or heard of; yet the moons of the planet were not disturbed in the slightest degree. According to the testimony of early writers, a comet which could be seen in daylight with the naked eye made its appearance forty-three years before the birth of Jesus. This date was just after the death of Caesar, and by the Romans the comet was believed to be his transformed soul, armed with fire and vengeance. This comet is again mentioned as appearing in the year 1106, and then resembling the sun in brightness, being of great size and having an immense tail. In the year 1402 a comet was seen so brilliant as to be discerned at noonday.

I find that, this chapter being already long enough for one paper, I shall be compelled to devote another to this most interesting subject, in which I shall tell you more about the comets.

—A merchant knowing little of geography, on hearing that one of his vessels was in jeopardy, exclaimed: "Jeopardy! Jeopardy! Where's that?"

For the Lyceum Banner.

LECTURE BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

SEVERAL months since I had the pleasure of hearing Henry C. Wright deliver a very instructive lecture on "Self Government." As many of my young readers may know, Mr. Wright is an old reformer, having for more than forty years labored earnestly, bravely and constantly for all the great reforms of the age. Of course in a brief letter like this I can only give a few of the thoughts uttered by this noble man.

Mr. Wright commenced his lecture by saying that no one has a right to make himself happy by making others unhappy. If any one attempts to make himself happy at the expense of others, or if he attempts in religion, politics, or business to build himself up by pulling others down, *he has a bad heart*. We have no right to live at the expense of other people. Every one is bound by the law of his being to seek the happiness of every other human being. The religion that teaches happiness at the expense of others is not worth a straw. Nature teaches that you should only do that to others which you would do to yourself. Never give what you are not willing to take.

Man is made a little lower than the angels. He can control all animals, but was not born to rule over another human being. The Infinite Father has never placed any one in dominion over another. Every man has one subject—**HIMSELF!** God never gave him any other subject. Every man is a king over himself; every woman is a queen over herself. If a man attempts to govern any one except himself, he will certainly fail. Never attempt to extend your dominion by controlling others. The only true man on the globe is the self-governed man.

As you feel and act towards your fellow beings so must be your destiny. Your heaven or hell depends on it. Love is heaven; hatred is hell.

I sincerely hope, my young friends, that you will make these golden thoughts a part of your living faith, and practically illustrate them in your daily lives. Thus, as the years roll on, you will grow wiser and better, and become noble and true men and women—earth's true kings and queens.

GEO. WM. WILSON.

Auburn, Ohio, May, 1866.

—A little, three-year-old girl had been telling her cousin "a 'tory about a dear 'tittle dirl woo dot drowned dead, and went to heaven." "And where do naughty little girls go?" asked her cousin. With a demure look on her dimpled face, she pointed to the bedroom door, and whispered, "In there."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

TO-DAY.

A Sigh from the Kitchen Girl.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

To-day! Thou beautiful, wearisome thing!
 Only an hour, and no more of thee!
 Gone like the sweep of a sun-lit wing!
 I am glad, to-day, you are done with me!
 I glanced, may be, at your melting sky;
 I blessed in haste all the low green grass;
 I gazed a breath where the sweet larks fly,
 But out from my labor I could not pass.

My cheeks were heated and, oh, how much
 I thought of the grape and its fragrant shade.
 I longed for its gentle leafy touch,
 And the tangled meshes the sunshine made,
 I thought how sweet for an hour to sit
 Where toil is not, with my hands at rest,—
 But through the parlor our butterflies flit
 With flashing jewels and shining crest.

And I worked on with a crimson face,
 Baking the meats and the pastry fine;
 Setting the relishes all in place,
 Bringing the jellies, cooling the wine:
 And then from my heated, whirling head,
 All sweet fancies, they skipped away;
 I stepped to the rattle of plate instead,
 And grew so weary to-day—to-day!

That is the way that the world moves on;
 Some faint with toil, some rust in rest,
 Some having a gorgeous plumage on,
 Yet pluck the down from a freezing breast.
 Roses of youth, ye were never mine!
 Fruits of age, I shall loose you too!
 My life is robbed of the foaming wine;
 I never knew where the rich grapes grew.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Ever since we launched our little bark upon the great river of progress, in November last, we have been favored with fair winds and favorable tides. Although we have at times been obliged to trim our sails for a passing shower or opposing gale, by keeping the prow straight ahead, and a steady hopeful hand at the helm, we have made good headway, and can pride ourselves that our voyage bids fair to be a successful one, and a blessing to all connected therewith.

We have some time, even with our usual busy lives, to devote to social and intellectual recreation. Our Christmas festival was delightful, although we had been organized but a few weeks. The tree and hall presented a beautiful appearance, and all felt well paid for the labor by the happiness of the children alone, besides we had a rich feast in a

lecture before the Lyceum by Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels during her stay in the city. Indeed I would pity "children of larger growth" who have grown so far from "the kingdom of Heaven" that they could not enter into the spirit of that discourse with the little ones, which was attested by the sparkling eyes and earnest faces that increased instead of diminished till its close. I only regret we cannot give it to every little reader of the LYCEUM BANNER, for I know how rare such lectures are, and how interesting and beneficial it would be.

On the evening of March 31st we celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the rekindling of the fire of inspiration by the first public exhibition of our Lyceum.

From our youth and inexperience as an organization we could not expect to compete with the glorious demonstrations which were such an honor and credit to our cause elsewhere, but taking everything into consideration we think we achieved quite a triumph. Every thing passed off pleasantly, and received the approval of a large attendance. Much is also due to our friends who so generously assisted in the music.

Where all did so well it is impossible to specify. I am sure we have more friends, and every child is proud of the part taken, whether in the recitations, songs, or even the dance, by little Annie Boyle, which had to be repeated.

Our numbers are increasing very fast, for these true principles of education must prevail, and here in our National Capital we hope to see their benign influence extend to all the needy ones, overcoming all evil with good, and reap a glorious harvest of thought, purity and love. Progress is our motto, and the months that are to come, we expect, will find the improvement and usefulness of the Lyceum increased in the same ratio as the past; and we send greeting to all sister organizations for the good of humanity throughout the land.

G. B. D., Conductor.

Washington, D. C.

—A little boy in New Bedford, in giving an account to his brother of the Garden of Eden, said, "The Lord made a gardener, and put him in the garden to take care of it, and to see that nobody hurt anything, *nor pasted bills on the trees.*"

—People are in the habit of speaking ill of lawyers, and a little fellow we know of, on being punished for telling the truth the wrong way up, said, "Well, you may do as you like now, but when I get to be a man I'll be a lawyer, and then you'll see."

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SAVED BY WATER.

Master Lyman Clark went, the other day, to see John Smith baptized. John had been charged with stealing meat from one of the city market stalls.

Lyman went home and told his mother that Mr. Johnson put Mr. Smith under the water and held him down ever so long, then pulled him up, wiped his face, and said "Amen!"

"What was all that for, mamma?" Lyman asked.

"So Mr. Smith may be a better man, and stop stealing," Mrs. Clark replied.

"Will water stop folks from stealing if you pray and wipe their faces with a white handkerchief?" asked Lyman.

"Water will sometimes save people when praying fails," Mrs. Clark said.

The next day Lyman found his cat, Dick, stealing meat out of the pantry. "I'll serve Dick," he said, "as Mr. Johnson did John Smith." So, getting his mother's embroidered handkerchief, he collected the boys in the neighborhood, and went to the river. One of the boys held the cat, while Lyman took off boots, stockings and pants; then, wading into the water, he thrust the poor frightened cat into the stream; holding him down he tried to imitate the minister by saying, "Now, brother Dick, I baptize you, so you will not steal any more meat. Amen!"

Taking the handkerchief from his coat-pocket he wiped the face of his cat, and turned to the shore. Mrs. Clark says Dick has not stolen any more meat, but he left large rents in her best handkerchief, and Lyman took a shocking cold by going into the water.

—The fifth National Convention of Spiritualists will meet in Corinthian Hall, in the city of Rochester, State of New York, on Tuesday, the 25th day of August, 1868, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and to continue in session until Friday, the 28th inst. The Lyceums will, of course, send their delegates.

"FEED MY LAMBS."

A leader in one of the Massachusetts Lyceums writes: "We want THE LYCEUM BANNER, and want books for the poor, but we are out of money. Why do not the rich among us "feed my lambs? Can you tell?" Another asks: "Will you send us twenty copies of THE LYCEUM BANNER free of charge? The poor want the gospel. May it not come as cheap as in the olden time?" These are but two of the many letters we have received asking for books and papers. We know very well that if the world is made glad and good, the stray lambs must be gathered in and fed with the milk of kindness, and we know the need of good books and papers, and deeply regret our inability to meet this demand. We repeat the question: Why do not the rich "feed my lambs?" Of what avail is gold if it cankers while a great army of children are crying for bread? What avails our better faith if it ends in words?

Ho, ye workers! "Feed my lambs."

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

Those of our readers who cannot go to the country to see birds and flowers may find them, both dead and alive, with other curiosities, in the aviary store below us, at 137 Madison street. Amongst those "embodiments of affection" there, may be found alive scores of sweet Canaries, the Australian cockatoo, and king-lory; the Java sparrows, and those intelligent Europeans, the bulfinch, the starling, and the siskin. The last named little fellow sits in the window, within a cage, to which is outwardly attached an inclined plane, and upon it a car filled with his food. When hungry he catches with his bill the string fastened to the car, draws it up, puts it under his foot, again seizes it with his bill and draws it near enough, and holds it there with his foot until his hunger is satisfied.

Dear children may learn from all animated nature beautiful lessons of labor, love and Providence.

THANKS—To Mary A. Richardson for the shadow of her sweet face; to Jane Ferris for a good list of subscribers; to Mrs. A. A. Wheelock for fifty new subscribers, and to Mrs. R. R. Handee for her noble deeds in behalf of THE LYCEUM BANNER. "Well done, good and faithful servants."

—"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partridge. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that a man had six heads in his hat!"

PERSONAL

"UNCLE WILLMER," the children's friend, has been here on a flying visit. Wish "our children" could hear him tell the pleasant stories that they read.

Mrs. "F. M. K.," one of our contributors, has returned to her home in San Francisco. She writes, "We had a long sail and a stormy time, and we saw two children buried in ocean graves."

E. V. Wilson has gone to Kansas to give sixty lectures. From there he expects to make an over-land trip to California.

Miss Elvira Wheelock has gone to her home in Janesville, Wis., to rest and make ready for the work that waits her hands.

Mrs. A. H. COLBY has been speaking to crowded houses in this city. She is a good worker and a worthy woman.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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WHAT I SAW.

Johnnie and Katie were in their back-yard having a nice time in the snow. The yard was not large, but they were both very small, and it seemed a large place to them. Johnnie and his big brother had built a snow-hill in one corner, and it was now so high that they could look over the fence when they stood on it. It seemed as if all the world was visible, and they shouted in great glee. Then Katie got a broom, and tried to sweep off a little place to make a sliding-pond, for there was some ice underneath the snow, but the broom was too large, and though she worked very hard, she didn't accomplish

much. So she said she would rather go to the Central Park, and climbed up with Johnnie to see the world.

In the next door lived two little girls. Lulu and Jessie and their brothers had cleared off all the snow in the middle of the yard, so as to make quite a skating pond. When they saw Katie and Johnnie looking over the fence they put on their things and came over to see them. Lulu got the sleigh and began to drag Jessie about the yard; but the ice was slippery, and if she hadn't had India rubber shoes on she would not have been able to get along. As it was, she troddled about in a very funny way. Then Johnnie, who was a naughty boy sometimes, began to throw pieces of snow at Lulu, though Jessie said he must not do so, "for Lulu would get mad." But still he kept on taking up big lumps with a small shovel he had, until his hand slipped, and the snow went straight up in the air, and came right on Katie's head, giving her quite a hard blow, so that she thought the sky had tumbled down. She felt very much like crying, but Johnnie brushed the snow off, and said he didn't mean to do it, and she went into the house to get warm.

Do you know that when boys do wrong they usually hurt somebody, and often injure most those they love the best. It was only last week that a little boy down on the Island took another boy's sled to coast with, and in trying to avoid discovery he went to a part of the hill which was very rough and steep, and broke his leg at the first ride; and being alone he was nearly frozen before he was found.

But Johnnie was not a very naughty boy, and felt heartily ashamed at his mischief. He tried to climb up the post where the clothes-line is fastened, and thought he could see Niagara Falls, but he didn't; he saw a gentleman in another house looking at him with an opera-glass, and this frightened him so that he ran in the house also, so the yards were left all alone, and the white snow glistened a little while in the bright rays of the setting sun, and then the twilight came and all was dark.

This is what I saw, as I looked from my window, and perhaps it will amuse some of my young readers as much as it amused me.—*Liberal Christian.*

— Some little girls were playing "keep house." One of them said to another, "There, now, Nelly, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her, and then we'll be mad and don't speak to each other, just as our mothers do, you know. O, that'll be such fun."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

PORTLAND, April 23, 1868.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown :

DEAR MADAM—I have had the pleasure of examining one or two copies of your LYCEUM BANNER, and was much pleased with them, and think they should be in every Lyceum in the land; and in order to introduce it in our little band (away down East) I have thought it best to send for a few copies as samples, in order that we may see them, and perhaps it may result in adding our Lyceum to your subscription list for ten or more copies, and thus help the good cause onward.

The following is the list of officers in our Lyceum, viz: William E. Smith, Conductor and Treasurer; Thomas P. Beals, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. H. R. A. Humphrey, Guardian of Groups; Mrs. Bonney, Librarian; Miss Ella Bonney, Musical Conductor; Miss Clara F. Smith, Assistant Guardian of Groups; Mr. Cobb, Miss Teaton, Mr. Chas. Dow, and Master Geo. Reed, Guards.

Although the numbers are few compared with many others, yet we are in good working order, and continually gaining in influence and power, and our people are beginning to see the importance and benefit of this movement.

Yours in the cause of truth,

W. E. SMITH.

Our Lyceum has been organized three years, and for thirty-two months I have been absent but one session. Who has done better than this? My age is nine years.

MARY A. RICHARDSON,
Charlestown Lyceum No. 1.

How natural it is for us all, when standing in the background, and watching the progress of some good work, to feel that we should like to lend a helping hand. It is with such feelings that I have been making a feeble effort to aid in the progress of the LYCEUM BANNER. I have taken it the past year, and greet its coming with hearty welcome. I respond with the universe, "Long may it live!" I regret to say that my efforts have, as yet, been almost in vain. I have one little friend, however, who wishes to have your paper. Please find enclosed one dollar, and send the BANNER to Hale Garner, Vernon, Michigan, care Thomas Garner.

I think you will hear from me soon again. With my best wishes for the truth, I am yours,

L. IDA WHEELOCK.

Corunna, Mich.

I am pleased with the idea that the children can now have a paper adapted to their capacities and needs, and the fact, also, that women are engaged in the work of editing and publishing it, elicits my sympathy, and stimulates me to do what little I can to help sustain it.

Enclosed I send \$9. Please send BANNER to names given, the remainder to me, and oblige,

MRS. R. R. HENDER.

EVANSVILLE, WIS.

Dear Editor :

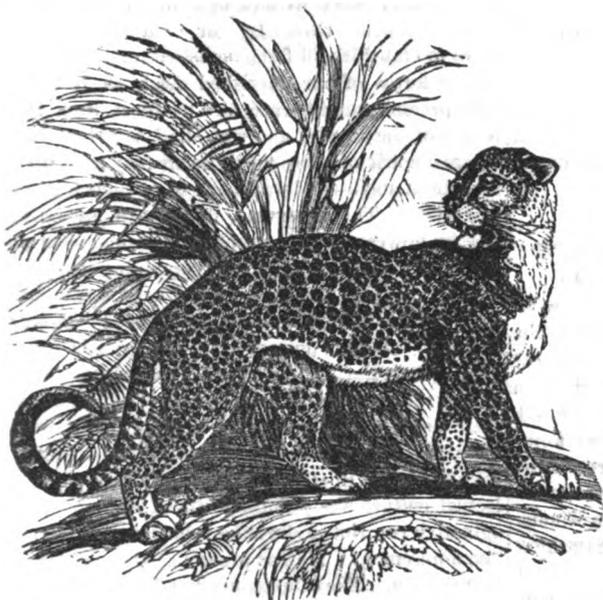
Our Lyceum is progressing finely of late. The attendance has been good during the winter months, and our numbers are *still* increasing. We had a grand sleigh-ride in February, which awoke considerable interest and several *very* flattering remarks were made after our four-horse teams started off with six well-filled sleighs, and flags and banners flying. The merry sound of bells and the happy shouts of laughter from the children, who were so delighted, repaid all trouble, knowing they were benefited thereby. We returned before dark, and partook of refreshments, furnished by leading members, at the hall, where good music made the merry hearts of the children beat fast, and their feet keep time to the sweet sounds. We are having sociables now one evening every week, which all enjoy exceedingly, especially the children, who are loth to stop dancing at nine, yet do so, as their parents dislike to have them up late. They are learning this pleasant and healthful exercise quite fast, and *still* progressing in their Lyceum exercises.

I think Lyceums are doing much good, and in the future still greater benefits may be derived from these organizations. We have not forgotten Miss Whittier, who organized *ours*. I am very thankful that she came among us, and hope she may visit us again. My little girl often speaks of her promise as she accompanied her to the cars on the morning of her departure, and says, now she is married, she *may* forget there is such a girl as Junie Beach; yet it seems she has not forgotten the Evansville school, and wishes to hear from it often. I enjoyed the perusal of her letter in the LYCEUM BANNER so much; may she thus favor us again soon.

L. R. B.

— An excellent old lady, being asked her opinion of the organ in the church, the first time she had ever seen or heard one, replied: "It is a pretty box of whistles, but it's an awful way to spend the Sabbath!"

— When a sportsman fires into a covey of partridges he makes them all quail.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE TIGER AND IDOT.

LET children think gently of, and do kindness to all animals. "Perfect love casteth out all fear."

The writer was raised from early boyhood among the woods and forests of the far south, and literally had wild beasts and Indians for his companions. He would fain disabuse the pure, fresh minds of your little readers of their terror of these true children of nature, and, in doing so, help them to love and desire, instead of hate and fear, their approach, or to wish for their wanton destruction. He asserts, without fear of truthful contradiction, that in no instance do wild animals attack the human unless impelled by hunger, maddened by unusual excitement, or alarmed for the safety of their helpless young. Rather the contrary is the case, and the writer can assert, from personal observation, that it is not only true that "the fear of men shall be upon all the beasts of the field," in their normal condition, but that it is ever so when for the first time his strange, erect image is presented to their wondering sight; and is only overcome when frequency assures them of safety, unless when, as before said, they are impelled by hunger or instincts of danger to their offspring. Of this human superiority, and especially of the power of the magnetic eye or touch, over them, I could tell you many a tale; but

would fain first try to relieve the young mind of the consequences of that reversal of Scriptural teachings, which with the *bugaboo* and *bear stories* of the nursery, put the fear of beast upon our children from earliest childhood.

I well remember me of old scar and seared-faced *Johnny Culvert*, a lineal descendant of Calvert, Lord Baltimore, who colonized Maryland; who was inseparable from, and used to carry and lead about with him, his idiotic boy, and with all the watchfulness and tenderness of the most loving mother. His whole soul was garnered up in the welfare of that son. I will tell you the sad origin of that idiocy. Uncle Johnny was a famous hunter and delighted in telling his wonderful exploits, like most hunters and warriors, heightening the color of

his own valor by exaggerating the dangerous character of his adversaries. His son, of a nervous, rather timid, nature, like his pale flower of a mother, had so often listened to these extravagant stories of his father as to have upon him the dread of all wild animals. His father, going a short day's journey through the forest, and to enjoy his boyish prattle, took him along, provided with a bag containing the noonday's repast, and only armed with the hunter's long sheath knife by his side. Coming, at meridian, to a pure, running spring, they stopped to rest and to lunch. Their food was in Calvert's hands, and the boy had gone with the knife to cut some clean, long leaves of the umbrella tree, not far distant, for a table cloth. Impelled by the cravings of hunger, aroused by the smell of the food, a large tiger, that lay resting in the jungle at his back, sprang forth and seized the food in the old man's clutch, and, had he released it, would soon have disappeared without doing further harm; but the father was "too game" a hunter to be so easily robbed of his dinner, and began to contest the natural right of the wild beast to it. A terrible struggle ensued, the man prostrate, and the animals' claws making furrows adown his face and arms. The son, at a short distance, under the influence of childhood's scare-crow stories, appeared paralyzed by fear and horror, and it was in vain that his father repeatedly called to him for help, or to only bring him his hunting knife. He stood aloof, petrified, and it was only when he was aroused by a stinging blow that he seemed to move at all;

excommunicated him and condemned him to a "punishment as merciful as possible without effusion of blood." What did that mean? In the diabolical language of the Inquisition burning at the stake!

Calmly he received the sentence, and broken as he was by six years of confinement, he haughtily said to his judges: "I suspect you pronounce this sentence with more fear than I receive it."

Then they led him to the stake. The ignorant and bigoted rabble howled and hissed and shouted, while the flames wrapped his noble form. The priests pronounced maledictions on his heretical soul, which they consigned to never ending fire. In an hour the ashes of Bruno and of the fagots blended, and the winds blew them away.

Did he perish? Never! Bigotry made a mistake. It thought it had a truth, which had no business in the world at the stake. It only had Bruno. No; it did not even have Bruno—only had his body. The winds blew the ashes of that body all over Europe. Every grain was impregnated with his spirit. Men everywhere asked: "Why was this man slain?" Because he dared to think! "And is it wrong to think?" No!

Bruno accomplished more by his death than by a thousand lives. His truths found countless tongues. He stands alone as the martyr of science. Religion claims its innumerable martyrs who smiled amid the flames for opinions, true or false, for which they gave their lives in proof because nothing else could be offered, but cool, calm, clear-headed science claims but one.

Children of the Lyceum, to such men you owe the privileges you now enjoy. They have died that you may be free. Had not they suffered, the iron fetters of superstition would this day be fastened on you. As it is, the same spirit of blasting intolerance is all around us. We live in the only country in the world where a Lyceum, such as ours, would be tolerated. Even here it is the broad shield of the law only that protects us. We must live noble lives, to recompense our dead and give joy to their watchful eyes, which look down from the celestial lights of the Spirit-world. We must be banded together as one, and march under the folds of our flags in solid phalanx against the old, pressing ever onward and upward, bearing our targets aloft to catch the missiles of angry creeds and howling dogmas.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.—Mother in the cellar splitting wood; Daughter in the parlor singing to Clarence Fitz Noodle the plaintive air "Who will Care for Mother Now?"

THE BIRD OF THE SILVER WING.

BY MRS. EMMA SEABR LEDGHAM.

O! but it was a beautiful creature. Its feathers were as bright as the stars which you see so often, my dear children—the stars which you watch through the window-glass when the lamps are lit within the house, and busy Mother sits down to her sewing, or knitting, or reading, if she is fortunate enough to find leisure to gratify her taste for books. How much I wish that every poor mother in the land had time and inclination to read a few hours each day. How much pleasure and instruction might they not gain in the course of a year, which they could readily impart to the little ones around them. Ah, but, you ask, what about the beautiful bird? I beg your pardon. I had forgotten it for a moment. Well, its voice was sweeter than the voice of the singing rill, which I may sometime tell you about. The good sages always knew its song among a thousand others. When they heard it in the distance, they would say to one another. "Silver Wing is coming! Silver Wing is coming!" Then a bright band would hasten forth to meet the timid little creature, as it soared trustfully up to their happy abodes. When it reached them it would nestle in their bosoms, and they would kiss it, and smooth its shining feathers, and love it, oh, so much! Then after a while they would shower over it the tenderest blessings, and conduct it back to its own dear home, which was—where do you think, children? In some pretty cage? No. In a mossy, feather-lined nest? No. In a leafy grove? No. I will tell you. Its home was in a little girl's heart. Silver Wing was a prayer which arose morning and evening from the depths of a good child's soul, and the blessings which the holy angels always sent back with it were peace and contentment to her spirit.

PAINEVILLE, Ohio.

PREMIUMS.

To any one who will send us \$12 for THE LYCEUM BANNER we will give "Sexology" or "Dawn."

For \$10, any one of Mr. Davis' or Hudson Tuttle's \$1.50 books, or "Woman's Secret."

For \$8, "Gazelle," "Stellar Key," or "Joan of Arc."

For \$5; "Kiss for a Blow."

For \$3, "Inner Mystery."

—The quickest way to have a thing done is to go and do it.

—A "tight place." A drinking saloon.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

No. 1.

My 13, 11, 15, 16, 31, my 17, 5, 5, 31, 7, my 10, 14, 13, my 15, 5, 14, 9, and my 2, 5, 7, 8, are articles of clothing worn by men.

My 4, 5, 18, 7, 8; my 10, 6, 31, and my 15, 5, 31, are places to live in.

My whole was 17, 6, 19, 20, 9, by my 13, 11, 15, 16.

No. 2.

My 4, 5, 10, is a . . . etal.

My 1, 5, 10, is a liquid.

My 11, 3, 10, is a number.

My 3, 2, 4, is an animal.

My 6, 7, 3 is, an article of food.

My 9, 8, 9, is, a verb.

My whole interests the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER.

No. 3.

My 1, 4, 11, 7, does not stop for 5, 8, 13.

My 6, 3, 8, 9, 2, is put for safe keeping in my 9, 8, 13,

My 9, 8, 14, catches my 11, 4, 9, 13.

My 10, 8, 14, is worn by 5, 13, 18.

My whole is a subject of general conversation.

WORD PUZZLES.

My First is in jack, but not in Jill.

My Second is in shoe, but not in boot.

My Third is in ice, but not in snow.

My Fourth is in love, but not in hate.

My Fifth is in ride, but not in walk.

My Sixth is in water, but not in land.

My Seventh is in sheep, but not in lamb.

My Eighth is in rain, but not in hail.

My Ninth is in ash, but not in oak.

My Tenth is in poor, but not in rich.

My Eleventh is in dry, but not in wet.

My Twelfth is in good, but not in bad.

My Thirteenth is in girl, but not in boy.

My Fourteenth is in beer, but not in ale.

My Fifteenth is in eat, but not in drink.

My Sixteenth is in sweet, but not in bitter.

My Seventeenth is in rest, but not in motion.

My Eighteenth is in sick, but not in well.

My Nineteenth is in village, but not in city.

My Twentieth is in large, but not in small.

My Twenty-first is in life, but not in death.

My Twenty-second is in young, but not in old.

My Twenty-third is in pencil, but not in pen.

My Twenty-fourth is in steel, but not in iron.

My Twenty-fifth is in full, but not in empty.

My Twenty-sixth is in him, but not in her.

My whole is a place where children love to go.

FRANK ORGAN.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My First is in back, but not in front.

My Second is an apple, but not in plum.

My Third is in lock, but not in key.

My Fourth is in act, but not in deed.

My Fifth is in strait, but not in crooked.

My Sixth is in mourn, but not in rejoice.

My Seventh is in old, but not in new.

My Eighth is in heart, but not in soul.

My Ninth is in heat, but not in cold.

My whole is a city in one of the United States.

LLEWELLYN W. ARNOLD.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. 17.

Enigma by Eva W. Frambes: Pretty is that pretty does.

Enigma by Chas. E. Kerr: Gen. U. S. Grant.

Enigma by U. F. Bates: Chattanooga.

Enigma by Jennie R. Kiela: The Springfield Lyceum.

Word Puzzle by Nettie Bushnell: Robert Dale Owen.

Word Puzzle by L. B. M.: Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Chicago.

Puzzle by L. T. W. O.: If you see a sin in another, look at home and see if you have not the same fault.

Answered by Lett and Ione Stephenson, Eliza and Sadie Wiles, Louis R. Schroeder, Emma J. Henry, Emma J. Murphy, Clara and Jessie Wells, and Jenny E. Ray.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

MISTAKE.—"Inner Mystery" is 35 cents, not 25, as stated in our last LYCEUM BANNER.

—A man with music in his sole—a chap with a pair of squeaking boots.

—When is a prison door like an escaped thief? When it's bolted.

—It should be remembered that a bare assertion is not necessarily the naked truth.

—Why is a nabob like a beggar? Because he's an Indy-gent.

QUERY.—In what position was the Lamp that cast the shadow of Poe's Raven on the floor.

—The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.

—A small boy stepped into a bookstore and inquired the price of a spelling book. On being told that they were twelve cents apiece, and being possessed of only nine cents, he was completely nonplussed. At length an idea seemed to have struck him. Says he: "Mister, can't you find one that is torn that you'll let me have for nine cents?" The clerk looked in vain. The boy was despirited. At length another idea seemed to have struck him. "Please, mister, can't you tear one?"

TRUE.—Mrs. Sada S. Palmer says, in writing to a young mother: "Every impression made upon the leaflet of each young heart carries a good or bad influence into its later years, according as the impression is pure, and holy, and good, or the contrary. Every word carelessly spoken before a child leaves some seed in the little mind all eager and searching after light and knowledge in this great, strange world into which it has been launched. Take care, then, that you carefully prepare the soil, that you plant only good seed, and watch and pray lest you find, in a moment of forgetfulness, that an enemy has been planting tares, and that your harvest is spoiled."

SONG OF THE ROSE LEAVES.

Words by **EMMA TUTTLE.**

Music by **E. T. BLACKMER.**

1. Oh! the patter, and the rustle, of the roseleaves on the stem. Oh! the bowing, and the whispers, when there's
 2. When the balmy June is com-ing, with her op-u-lence of bloom, And the ro-ses are un-hood-ed, full of
 3. And when I am gathered mutely to the mother of us all, And my voice comes back like wind-songs thro' the

none to care for them, How I love the fresh, sweet fragrance, and the tender dreams they fling. Of the
 beau-ty, and per-fume. Will the hours be an-y sweeter, or more beau-ti-ful to me, Than these
 par-lor and the hall, I shall slumber, oh how sweet-ly, and now peaceful-ly I ween, If they

Chorus.

sleepy, blue-eyed summer, at the dancing feet of spring. Oh the rose leaves fresh and green,
 days when growing roseleaves rustle, on the thorny tree.
 lay me where the rose leaves are still growing fresh and green.
 Oh! the roseleaves fresh and green, In the
 Oh! the roseleaves fresh and green,

In the tender hands of May.
 tender hands of May, They are prophets of the flowers, growing, growing day by day.
 In the tender hands of May.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1908, by LOU H. KNIGHT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Ill.