

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

VOL. I.

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No. 7.



ZULE, THE LITTLE STREET-SINGER.

BY SARA E. PAYSON.

IN a beautiful sea-island, where it is perpetual summer, where birds of gay plumage sing in the orange-groves, and the air is laden with the odor of flowers and spices, lived a little girl whose name was Zule.

Zule was not quite ten years old when her father left their island home and embarked with her in a great ship, which, he said, was going to America.

It grieved Zule to leave the pretty vine-clad cottage which had always been her home, and

to console her, her father gave her permission to take her pet parrot, Tekle.

When they had been some days at sea, they were overtaken by a great storm, that beat the ship hither and thither, as if it were a toy. The noise of the wind and waves terrified Zule very much at first, but her father told her that no real harm but sin could come to any one. "If the vessel should be wrecked, my child," he said, "and our bodies are drowned, our spirits will soon waken in a world where there are no storms. You remember, do you not, what I told you of the angels that watch over us and who are ever ready to come if we need them?"

Zule felt no more fear, and when at last the ship went down, and all on board were swept beneath the billows, Zule, clinging to her father's neck, still trusted the angels.

As her father had said, they came, a great number, to bear their loved one's home, but Zule was not taken by them, because, as day broke, a huge wave bore her to a vessel that was passing, not far off, and the captain, seeing her, ordered a boat to be put out for her rescue. Thus Zule was separated from her father, who ascended with the angels.

At first she could not be comforted that they had not taken her also—it was so dreary to be left alone in the wide world.

As Zule sat weeping, suddenly Tekle perched himself on her shoulder. She could not believe

that her eyes saw truly, until Tekle put his bill to her lips to be fed.

"Poor birdie! you are wet and hungry. I will ask one of the kind sailors to give you some bread. How did you know where to find me after the storm? If my father had not let me bring you, I should be all alone now. I have nobody to love me but you, dear Tekle. You will never leave me, will you?"

Tekle tried to assure his little mistress, that he would be faithful to her through every fortune.

Zule learned that the vessel, which had rescued her, was bound for the same country as that in which her father had taken passage.

There were many emigrants on board, and Zule's loneliness excited their pity.

When the ship arrived in New York, an old man who was among them, a harpist, said to Zule: "I have heard you singing some pretty songs in your language. You have a sweet voice, and it will earn bread for you. Will you go with me?"

Zule did not understand what he said to her, but he had a kind voice and smile. So Zule put her hand in his, and went into the great city—not all alone. She held Tekle close to her heart, and kept as near the harpist as she could for the crowd.

Her secluded island life had made her very timid, and when the street children gathered round to hear her sing, it would have been hard to tell which heart beat the fastest, hers or Tekle's.

When night fell, the old man took Zule to a place of shelter—a wretched place enough—but where other wanderers, like themselves, were glad to rest their weary bodies. These persons were, most of them, ignorant and vicious, and their quarrels terrified Zule so much, she cried until she fell asleep. But in her dreams her wanderings were all forgotten. Again she was in her beautiful island-home, playing beneath the orange trees. Tekle flew from branch to branch among the bright tropical birds, looking down at her with his soft eyes, trustful that his mistress would not let any bird of gay-plumage take his place in her heart; and more than once the presence of the innocent child, smiling in her sleep, checked a rising oath.

When the sun was up, Zule went out again with the old harpist, and Tekle hidden under one arm, for fear of the street children, whose

curiosity about him might cause him to fly away.

But, as Zule was looking in a toy-window, where everything was new and wonderful to her, a boy came behind, and, catching at Tekle's tail, tried to steal him. In his fright poor Tekle flew to the top of the highest roof. In vain Zule called and beckoned to him. He was so busy smoothing his ruffled feathers that he did not see her, and the harpist having finished his tune, Zule was forced to follow him, or be lost.

Who can imagine the grief of Zule at being parted from Tekle, the only thing left on earth that she loved! Hersobs afflicted the kind old harpist so much, that he bought her a doll with the little money he had collected during the morning. But what was the lifeless image compared with Tekle's warm breast? When she sang, her voice was full of tears, and made her auditors weep.

"Poor dear!" said a motherly woman, "who knows but the old man is cruel to her! and she slipped an orange into Zule's hand. The odor of the fruit but the more vividly made her realize the loss of her bird.

"Ah! Tekle and I," she cried, "will neither of us see our beautiful island again!"

Zule was a good, sensible little girl. When she remembered how much the old harpist had done to make her happy, and saw how her grief troubled him, she resolved to make the best of Tekle's flight. "Something much worse might have happened," she said to herself. "I had rather have him safe on the roofs than carried off by the wicked boy. Perhaps he will find some other birds, and they will be sure to love him, for nobody can help loving Tekle."

Zule always spoke of birds as if they were persons, because they had been her companions.

"Now I will help the old man as much as I can. Papa used to tell me if I did what was right I was certain to be happy, whatever happened."

Then Zule tried to smile, and the old man looked much pleased.

As the weather grew colder, the harpist bought Zule a little red blanket and gay-colored hood. Then he called her his red bird, and looked very proud.

"He does everything for me, and I can do nothing for him but sing," thought Zule.

"How the cold makes him shiver, and how stiff his fingers get when he plays!"

One morning when Zule awoke and went to where the old harpist lay, he was unable to speak to her, and he looked so white, that she roused all the sleepers near with her cries for help.

"He'll never need a bed here again," they said, as they signified to Zule that the old man was dead.

At first Zule wept bitterly at the loss of her friend and protector, but her cheerful, brave spirit tried to look on the bright side.

"He was so old, and it's so cold here, he must be glad to be where it is warm and beautiful, like my home. I'll try and be glad, too."

Zule never thought of the land of spirits without remembrance of her island home, for that was the most beautiful place her mind could conceive.

An organ-grinder, who had seen Zule with the harpist, met her wandering alone, and asked her if she would go with him if he would teach her to play a tamborine, but Zule shook her head, and ran away from him as fast as she could. A while after, an Italian boy, who played the guitar, and who had but one leg, accosted her, and inquired if she were not the little girl he had seen with the old harpist, and if she would join company with him?

Zule felt very sorry for him because he was a cripple. His gentle voice also won her, and she readily assented. But when it grew dark, the little boy, having no place to take her, bought her a loaf of bread, and saying regretfully, "We may not meet again," bade her good-bye.

Zule looked after him as his figure retreated in the darkness. It grew dark and desolate in her heart, too, for why was it that as soon as it began to throb with love for any object, the object was taken from her? As she leaned wearily against an iron railing inclosing a church, the warden unlocked the gate, and entering, left it without turning the key. Without thinking what she wished or intended, Zule followed, and sat down within the porch. Before he returned sleep overcame her, and it was so dark he passed without noticing that a little girl lay sleeping, with only a stone step for a pillow.

The sun was shining brightly when Zule awoke, and she crept out of her nook to warm

herself in its rays; for she was quite benumbed with the cold.

The gate was fast locked, the railing too high to climb, and Zule found she had made herself a prisoner. She was wishing the warden would come and set her free, when a bird lighted on her shoulder.

"Tekle! Tekle! my precious, beautiful bird, where did you come from? and how did you know that I was imprisoned? You know everything, Tekle! There never was such another bird in the world!"

Zule put a piece of bread between her lips, holding Tekle on the back of her hand, just as he had been accustomed to take his food from her. This attracted so many persons, particularly children, who were passing, that soon Zule had a row of spectators around the railing. The children offered fruits and nuts to see if the bird would eat them, and thus supplied Zule with food enough for the day.

"Am I not glad now to be locked in where nobody can get at Tekle?—and it's only a little while since I was wishing to get out!"

Towards night the warden came again. The mystery was as great to him as to any one else how the strange little girl and her bird came to be locked inside the gate. In vain he asked an explanation of Zule. Her few broken words of English only perplexed him the more, and the sight of the bird on her shoulder excited fears in his superstitious mind that it was a forewarning of something which was to happen to him. So he crossed himself as he led her out of the gate, and closing it carefully, crossed himself again, asking the Virgin to protect him!

"What's the matter?" inquired a policeman, whose beat led him that way.

"It's a child, with a bird, that's threatening me, or the holy Church. May the blessed mother defend us!"

Zule looked up very pitifully for sympathy, sheltering Tekle meanwhile under her blanket.

"You look like a good child," said the policeman, "but you'll have to go to the lock-up to-night. It's too late to do anything else with you."

Zule did not understand what he was talking about, and still looked, with her confiding eyes into his face.

"She isn't a day older than my little Janie was when she died. I wish she wouldn't look

at me so ; it seems as if she was Janie herself, and I was carrying her off to the station. But to-morrow, maybe, I'll be able to do better by her."

He bade Zule a kindly good-night as he left her in the care of the turnkey, and from the grated window she watched him disappear in the darkness, as she had watched the lame boy the evening before.

"No real harm can come to anybody," she repeated "but sin, and, then, I've got Tekle. How grateful I ought to be for that! Last night I hadn't anybody in the world, I thought." Still great tears, one by one, flowed down her cheeks, as she looked through the grated window.

"It's good they didn't put me in here for stealing' and it is better to stay here than in the street, for it's so cold to-night, I might be frozen to death before morning."

Thus in every way she could, the philosophical little Zule tried to reconcile herself to her situation.

She divided what remained of the bread with Tekle, and her heavy eyelids were beginning to close upon the darkness without and within, when the policeman appeared again; and taking her up in his arms, carried her away. For some reason she did not feel in the least alarmed. Hundreds of lights flashed from happy homes as they passed along, and Zule's heart was filled with hope. In a little while they stopped before a humble dwelling, the door of which was opened by a smiling woman.

"What's that you've got, John?"

"It's a child from the station, wife. I tried to leave her there, but something that sounded just like our Janie's voice kept saying: 'She'll be cold there, dear pa. There's no fire there to warm her body, or love to warm her heart.' I heard it over and over again, till I had to fetch her."

"Where do you think, John, she found this bird, that knows her so well? She must have a home somewhere."

The good man said they had better keep her until some one came to claim her, and they fed and washed her, and then put her in their little Janie's bed.

The next day, and the next, and for many days, the policeman and his wife expected some one would come to claim the little raven-haired

child; but no one came, and every night she slept in Janie's bed.

One night the good man heard something which sounded like Janie's voice, and it said:

"Dear pa, can't she sleep in my bed always! and can't you and ma give her a home in your hearts?"

After that they did not want any one to claim their child. They gave her Janie's little bed, and told her that she should be to them as precious, as their own angel child had been.

A lady, who loved Zule's sweet songs, gave her a fine white dog, whose name was Carlo. Another lady purchased a cage for Tekle.

With these two friends, Carlo and Tekle, little Zule was very happy. "I have such dear friends, and such a nice home," Zule would often say; "I must try and be very good, and kind to every body."

ORIGIN OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.

Homer was the son of a small farmer.

Demosthenes was the son of a cutler.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer.

Franklin was a journeyman printer, and son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler.

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper.

Whitfield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.

Sir Cloudsly Schovel, Rear Admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterward a cabin boy.

Bishop Pridaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.

Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a poor butcher.

Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer.

Virgil was the son of a porter.

Horace was the son of a shopkeeper.

Shakspeare was the son of a wool-stapler.

Milton was the son of a money scrivener.

Robert Burns was ploughman in Ayrshire.

Mohamet Ali was a barber

Madam Bernadotte was a washerwomen of Paris.

Napoleon, a descendant of an obscure family of Corsica, was Major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobaccoist creole of Martinique.

Bolivar was a druggist.

John Jacob Astor once sold apples on the streets of New York.

Catherine, Empress of Russia, was a camp grissette.

Cincinnatus was ploughing his vineyard when the Dictatorship of Rome was offered to him.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY CARRIE HILLA BARNET.

Near the Angel-guarded portal,
In the land they call Immortal,
Stood a weary, aged pilgrim,
On the golden strand,
Waiting for his angel-maiden
In the beauteous land of Aiden;
She had steered his life-boat onward
To that love-united land.

There will now be happy meetings,
Sweet rejoicings, happy greetings,
On the sun-lit strands of Eden,
Where we meet to part no more.
Sorrow's seeds are not there scattered;
Pain—life's rack—is nearly shattered,
And the dreaded stigh of suffering
Only comes with thoughts of yore.

There no night-bird can divide us;
There no anguish can betide us;
Only thoughts of joy and gladness
Greet my memories of yore.

For our hearts are linked together
As the wind is to the weather,
As the tinkling, dripping waters,
As the sea-tide to the oar.

Oh, ye anxious, loving mothers!
Oh, ye mortal friends and brothers!
Dwell not on your earthly sorrows;
Let your aspirations soar.

If a loved one goes to heaven,
Ere you're ready for that Eden,
Bear it cheerful, bear it better,
Than did I for Leonore.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

CHARLES DICKENS.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

YOU have all heard of Charles Dickens, the wonderful writer of fiction, the most popular living author in the world, whose words have been enrolled wherever our language is spoken, and whose name has been made famous as one of the most gifted sons of genius ever born among men. His varied talents, his genial nature, his sympathy for human wrong and suffering, his pictures of life among the weak, the poor, and the downtrodden of earth's children, have endeared his name to millions of hearts, and awakened a boundless love for the man who has so freely exposed the crimes and wrongs perpetrated by the rich and the great on the children of poverty and woe. Who does not remember Oliver Twist, the poor foundling of the English Workhouse, who, with features attenuated by want and form reduced to a skeleton by starvation, after one bowl of their simple gruel, dared to ask for more? The surprise, the wonder of the other poor creatures who exclaimed that "Oliver

Twist has asked for more!" was unbounded. More than one bowl of gruel in this great house of English charity was not allowed; and the hardihood of the starving boy, who asked for more, was a most serious offence.

The picture of little Nell in the Old Curiosity Shop, exhibits his peculiar comprehension of the sorrows and sufferings of childhood. The tenacious affection of this little motherless girl, following, and holding on to her poor, old grandtather, guiding, guarding, and caring for him, when both were houseless and homeless, brings the tear of pity and sympathy from every human heart.

And so, too, the beaten and wretched Smike in Nicholas Nickleby. This poor, starved, ill-treated boy, was the victim of a Yorkshire schoolmaster, who abused and beat him until his memory was obliterated and his reason nearly gone.

Dickens always inculcates the virtues of charity and benevolence. Who does not know the history of those splendid old fellows, the Cheeryble brothers, whose hearts and purses were always open for the relief of poverty, distress, and want? They were twins, and looked and acted so much alike that no one could ever tell Mr. Charles from Brother Ned. Whenever Mr. Charles' purse was opened, Brother Ned must open his too; and so they lived. The poor widow, the little orphan, never left the office of Cheeryble Brothers empty handed. They were grand old fellows, and dispensed their bounty on every hand.

But I cannot tell you a tithe of the beautiful things to be found in the writings of this child of genius, you must read of Sam Weller, Kate Nickleby, Little Nell, Paul Dombey, Captain Cuttle, Mr. Micawber, and the thousand other characters so faithfully delineated on paper in his books.

Mr. Dickens is now on his way from his home in England to visit our country, where he will lecture, or rather give readings from his writings. He is entitled to, and ought to have, such a welcome to our shores as will cheer his heart and encourage him in his labors of love and kindness. My little readers, try and remember Charles Dickens; and should it be your good fortune to see him, give him a good hearty shake of the hand and a look of affection and sympathy, for he is the friend of man and your elder Brother.

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GOOD WORDS.

Mr. G. A. Bacon in a private note writes:

"I wish to enclose a year's subscription, for you to bestow upon some deserving and appreciative child."

The paper is on its way to a little boy who never saw a Lyceum. He will bless the generous donor.

A gentleman, whose name we are not permitted to give, has subscribed for ten copies of the LYCEUM BANNER. He writes: "Our Lyceum has not raised the money to send for your paper, so I wish to subscribe for the ten members of my group.

"THE LYCEUM BANNER."—This is a new publication, devoted to the culture and amusement of the young; published twice a month by Mrs. L. H. Kimball, and edited by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. We have received the first number, and it makes a handsome appearance. It is neatly printed, and its stories, pictures, and music will be interesting to the children. The able editress has for some years been engaged on works of this kind, and being well qualified for her work, she deserves to be successful. We hope that she and her worthy associate will receive fully as much patronage as they need or desire.—*Boston Investigator*.

The LYCEUM BANNER is doing a good work, and we hope it will not lack for ample support. The worthy women engaged in this work are a guaranty of its moral status, hence parents need have no fear of presenting it to their children. By giving the proprietor your aid at this time, you may be the means of placing her in a condition to enlarge and beautify the children's semi-monthly.—*Banner of Light*.

Thomas Cook, editor of the *Optimist*, has said many good words of our work. The following are his last:

It is embellished with fine electrotype illustrations, is ably edited and is unquestionably a very beautiful, useful, and attractive paper for children. It says: "We teach no human creeds; Nature is our law-giver; to deal justly our religion." It is surely more especially the province of women to teach children, and therefore we

rejoice the more that this little messenger of love and wisdom is conducted solely by women; we say God speed them in their undertaking.

SARA E. PAYSON.

The reader will find in this number, a story by Sara Payson, and maybe will ask; "Who is Sara Payson? Where does she live? will she write another story?"

Sara was as bright a spirit as ever wore mortal robes. She once lived in New York city and worked in the Progressive Lyceum. I think that she and Mrs. Mary Davis made the first banners and badges for the Lyceum children.

But I will not tell you much about this dear girl, for one who loves her and went with her to the grave, has sent a sketch of her earth life for the LYCEUM BANNER.

"WE HELP MOTHER."

The other day I saw two fine-looking boys, one ten and the other twelve years old, washing and wiping the dishes.

"Do you like to wash dishes?" I asked. "We help mother, and we like to help her, too," one of the boys replied. The other said: "It seems so hard to see mother doing so much work. I can wash the dishes—that helps her a little."

Brave, beautiful boys! They both deserve to have their names written among Malcolm Duncan's Sketches of Brave Lives.

THINGS TO COME.

Christmas is coming. Santa Claus—bless his brave soul—has promised our readers a little song, a sermon for children, and a good story. Our Lyceum children are hoping to give a splendid party; and we old people are looking out for an invitation. Wonder if we will look in vain.

THANKS.

Editor and Publisher give thanks for fruit and flowers; thanks for words of cheer, and for the substantial testimony that the good words come straight from the heart.

WANTED—Will the officers of lyceums send us the number of members they have, on the first of January? We want to know the strength of the progressive army.

The proceedings of the Lyceum Convention, held at Worcester, Mass., will appear in our next number.

Read Carrie Barney's poem. She is but twelve years old.



THE OLD STONE MEETING HOUSE.

What do you say?—tear down this old stone church and build in its place one of modern architecture? What if it is built of stone rough-hewn, and brown: and if the crossbeams seem a little quaint, and the square, high-backed pews are of the long-ago style? What if the wood within is without paint or varnish, and moss covers all the stones without? and what if the swallows have colonized in the roof building here and there tiny clay nests, shall we tear this sanctuary away for all that? No, no, let the old meeting house stand. It links us with the past. It links us with those who worshiped here; with those who have gone on to the Greenwood of soul.

The hewer of this wood, the stone-mason and the master-builder, were honest, sound-headed, holy-hearted men. While their works remain, their vigor, their life-power remains.

Yonder architrave contains sounder sermons than I may ever preach. Do you not hear in

it the voice of good John Dix? No matter if the mortal is resting in yonder green grave, the *man* is not dead. When you look at that beam, you hear as of old his voice in the choir. His was not the sweetest voice, I know, but is there a child in all the town that did not love that rough-looking, good-hearted wood-hewer? He used to go about with his pockets filled with apples or chesnuts, and his great heart brimfull of good words for the children. I have seen the little folks cross the street to avoid me and then rush pell-mell into the open arms of honest John.

The poor widow remembers him too—remembers his charity, and his counsels; and the evil-doer will hear, while that old beam keeps its place, the gentle warnings, the loving rebukes that fell from holy lips.

Let the old meeting-house stand. True, the altar is time worn, and the pulpit cushions are faded, and the carpet moth-eaten; but pleasant memories are with them linked. The old minister who, with the house grew old and rusty, has often from this box-like pulpit pointed the way to the haven of rest. He has brought to this very altar, stray lambs, not for the sacrifice, but for salvation. Little children, too, have come here for a blessing. Some of them have gone on to manhood, the bearers of the old minister's benediction; others fainted by the way, and now sleep in the shadow of the old church. The young bride, in the grace and glory of maidenhood, came to this altar to register her love-vows; she left it with the minister's holy words written in her heart. She is here to-day with her children's children, and again repeats the words "love and cherish in poverty, in sickness." The altar calls them up. Then let it remain to warn, advise, encourage—to call back sweet hopes. Let the church stand. The place is sacred, the ground holy.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. S. E. Warner is speaking to good audiences in Chicago. We are all glad that she is here.

N. Frank White is lecturing in New York. It is well for those who listen, that he is there.

THE children want the LYCEUM BANNER, and we want agents and subscribers for it. Who will lend the helping hands?

On Sunday evening, Dec. 1, the Lyceum will give their 8th Monthly Concert at Crosby's Music Hall. Admittance, 25 cents.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY MARIA HARROLD.

All alone, old man,
In a place so wild?
Cold winds your face do fan,
Where sun-beams once have smiled.

Why are you here, old man,
When this is not your home?
Go labor while you can,
Not in these mountains roam.

You toil, you say, old man,
Hoarding all your gold;
But know the south winds fan
A brow that will soon be cold.

Be not so weak, old man,
Nor dream this life away;
Go labor while you can—
Perhaps a single day.

Then you'll be blessed, old man—
You will be doubly blessed;
And heaven's winds will fan
Your weary soul to rest.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

DEAR LYCEUM BANNER: You want to hear the news of all good things. The New England Lyceum Convention closed its sessions yesterday, and has inaugurated a glorious work, as you will see by the full reports to be sent you for publication. Both days were stormy outside—pelting, cold storms, and the streets were full of mud; but hearts in the Convention were serene and full of Love's sunbeams. In consequence of the inclement weather, the congregation was small as to numbers, but vast as to spirituality. The great absorbing theme was: "What shall be done for the children?" Practical measures of action were thoroughly discussed and prospected. Everybody's soul was aglow with pure love for the children; everybody felt a heavenly inspiration; everybody was lifted up to loftier purpose. Never can any of us forget the beautiful, holy meeting with the children, angels. Let everybody recall with care the resolutions we passed, and work accordingly.

At the evening meeting of the first day, despite the dark storms, a goodly number of the Worcester Lyceum assembled and engaged in their usual exercises in a manner that commanded universal applause. The next evening several of the friends who remained had a truly Spiritual conference, when we all felt that the heavens opened upon us in Pentecostal tongues.

"To touch the heart, and make its pulses thrill,
To raise and purify the grovelling soul,
To warm with generous heat the selfish will,
To conquer passion with a mild control.
And the whole man with nobler thoughts to fill.
These are thine aims, O pure unearthly power!"

The influence of the Convention will be felt.
Worcester, Mass. Nov. 1.

B. A. R.

Bro. Hull doubtless told you all about our little Lyceum, how we are struggling against the united efforts of all the "churches," and the "world" beside, but that the "rainbow of promise" is disclosed in all its beauty for the future, as we see the sure and healthy development of minds which will take high work in social, political and religious society.

Our cherished little ones have many trials to undergo, in consequence of their connection with the "dreadful Sunday school." I hear almost every day of some indignity—childish although it may be—brought to bear against them for their being members of the Lyceum; and right proud it made me to hear the manliness and independence with which they defend themselves.

One little incident in relation to my own seven year old Charley. His school teacher was depicting in a graphic manner the "fire and brimstone" hell, and how bad boys and girls suffered when they go there to live forever. Charley looked with a frank and earnest, but determined expression at her, and replied; "Miss P., that is not a true story; everybody goes to heaven, but wicked people are not so happy as good ones." Who will say that such a truthful foundation for the infant mind to start from will not aid in moving on the great work of progress in the future? I hope to see your little BANNER prosper, and I feel sure that it will.

Yours in the work, B. A. RICHARDS.
Springfield, Ill.

On Sunday the 20th of October the Spiritualists of New Boston, Ill., organized a Progressive Lyceum. About twenty five children, and as many grown people joining the school.

Money was wanted to obtain an organ, equipments, books, &c. One gentleman, Mr. W. Drury, subscribed \$50, his wife \$50 more. The conclusion is, there will be no lack of funds to commerce with.

Sunday, the 27th, the following officers were elected; C. H. Cramer, Conductor; Mrs. L. B. Myers, Guardian; M. W. Myers, musical director. The prospect is good for a flourishing Lyceum. We want a library. Donations of books and papers would be very acceptable. L. B.

LYCEUM ENTERTAINMENT.

On Saturday evening, the 19th of October, the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Richmond, Ind., gave an entertainment at Phillips' Hall in that city that was a remarkable success. The exercises of the evening consisted of songs, marches, declamations, tableaux and gymnastics. The entertainment was witnessed by several hundred people, many of whom were persons from a distance attending the yearly meeting of "The Friends of Progress." All who were present pronounced it the best children's entertainment ever given in the city. The children themselves, who took a part in the exercises, were delighted with their success. It is quite sure that another one will be given before many months. The receipts of the evening were quite a nice little sum.

The songs and choruses were charming, and the Grand Banner March, by the whole Lyceum was enchanting. The declamations were creditably spoken, and the entertainment good. The groupe in gymnastics were well trained and went through their manual of exercise without a single mistake. The first tableau, at the close of the first part, was "Practical and Theoretical Benevolence," as given in the manual. The second, at the close, was "the Lyceum Pyramid"—a pyramid formed of the whole Lyceum, dressed in white, decked with flags.

Having seen the success of this entertainment we can recommend other Lyceums to make the same trial. E. F. B.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

ON THE WING.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Come with me, and let us take a ride behind the "iron horse," across prairie, over marsh and river, through valleys and deep cuts in the hills; let us dash along for a while, stopping now and then for rest, or a pleasant chat with friends, as occasion invites or the wish prompts.

We have no time to tarry discussing the prospects of a pleasant or an unpleasant trip, or which way we will go, for the summons is an unexpected one, and the shortest, quickest route is the one we must take. So we start at once for the east, via the Michigan Central; and here we are in one of Pullman's palace coaches booming along in splendid style, now stretched at full length upon a lounge, enjoying the gen-

tle, rocking motion of the car, or, perhaps catching an occasional glimpse of some beautiful scenery from the window.

Rut we started so late in the afternoon, that evening soon overtook us and darkness shuts out the view from the window, and the inviting appearance of our berth, decides us to try the virtues of "nature's sweet restorer—sleep."

We breakfasted next morning at London, in the dominion of Canada, having traveled entirely across the state of Michigan during the night, and crossed the St. Clair river at Detroit, on a huge boat large enough to carry a train of cars, not one car behind another as they run on a track, but two or three abreast, run upon rails laid in the deck of the boat.

There is but little to interest one passing through Canada by railroad, but we soon come to one of the great wonders of the age—the great suspension bridge at Niagara. It is about two miles below the "falls," but we get a good view of them as we cross the bridge. The river has worn a deep channel here, and the banks are almost as straight as the side of a house, and very much higher than any house you ever saw. The bridge is suspended over this fearful chasm by wires twisted together and fastened to the bank on each side. It fairly makes my flesh creep to cross this bridge in a train of cars, and I am always glad when the train is quite over, and safe on solid ground again.

Once more under way, we glide along through a beautiful country, justly called the garden of the Empire state.

Well-tilled farms, neat farm houses, large orchards, and thriving nurseries, where so many choice fruit trees are raised to be sent all over the country. See! there is an orchard with barrels lying scattered around under the trees. Those barrels are filled with the apples gathered from the trees, and are awaiting transportation to market. No better fruit is to be found anywhere than is raised in this "western New York."

But here we are at Rochester, and as we have a few hours to spare, we will spend them with some good friends at 52 North St. Paul street. We always have a good time when we call there. Large, warm hearts, earnest faithful souls! If you don't hear the blessed words: "Well done, good and faithful servants," nobody will. How they love the Progressive Ly

ceum and everything that is good! Yes indeed they do. And they will send on very soon, for some of these little papers for the Lyceum children. If there is such a thing as having the right man and woman in the right place, we are sure it is thus, with father and mother Burtis. May the good Father above, spare them both to us many years longer.

We leave Rochester in the evening, and when again

"The sun's gay beams on the hilltop gleams,"

we find ourselves wending our way along the busy, bustling streets of Troy. We shall miss the opportunity of visiting the Children's Lyceum here, which is said to be one of the best in the country; but we will go over upon that island in the Hudson river, which is connected with the shores on each side of the river by a bridge, used both for teams of all kinds, and the railroads.

On this island we find a large foundry and machine shop, which, with the dwellings occupied by the workmen, comprise all that is on the part of the island below the bridge.

The Messrs. Starbuck Brothers are proprietors here, and we find in the senior member, Benjamin Starbuck, a man well worthy the high place he occupies in the business community, and just the kind of man we need to carry on successfully the Children's Lyceum. We enjoy the half hour spent with him, very much and on parting, congratulate ourselves on having made the acquaintance of another genial, sunny soul, and faithful colaborer in the cause of truth.

We must now hasten on, and up, and among the hills and quarries of old Vermont, for here our journey for the present terminates.

But oh! how the blood bounds through our veins, as we come in sight of the old Vermont hills! What memories come rushing back upon us, of boyhood, long slumbering and nearly forgotten! It is hard to tell, whether the occasion gives us more of joy or sadness

But we will talk about that and some other things which may interest you; about what is to be seen and learned of the Vermont marble and slate quarries, when we have more time to do justice to the subject.

So the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER may rest assured that though he is away up among the hills of Vermont, they shall not be forgotten by

UNCLE WILLMER.

A HUMAN TIME-PIECE.

A wonderful story is told of a man named J. D. Chevally, a native of Switzerland, who had in 1845, at the age of sixty-six, arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. He was in fact, a human time-piece, or living clock. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and the vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of counting a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibration of the sound produced. Being on board a steamboat on Lake Geneva, in July 14, 1832, he engaged to indicate to the crowd around, the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any choose to name, and this during a most diversified conversation with those standing by; and further, to indicate by his voice the moment when the hand passed over the quarter, minute, or any other subdivision previously stipulated during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hands at the conclusion of the fixed time. His own account of his gift was as follows: "I have acquired by imitation, labor, and patience, a movement which neither thought nor labor, nor anything can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which at each movement of going and returning gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute, and these I add to others continually."

An Irishman having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window was making the best of his way to get out of sight as well as mind; but unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed: "You broke my window, fellow, did you not?" "To be sure I did," said Pat, "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"

— The Italian army is to be provided with needle guns.

— Paris has entertained 600,000 strangers this year.

— Two lines of telegraph connect Jerusalem with Europe.

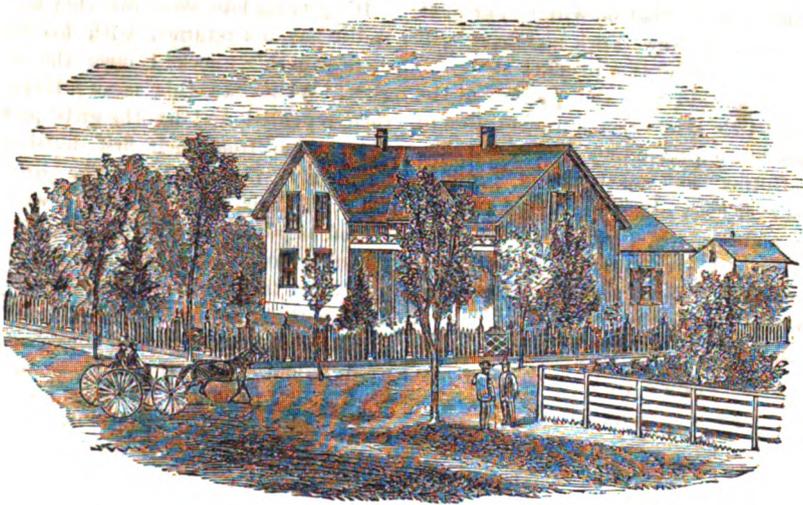
— The Marquis of Westminster has an income of \$100,000 a day.

— M. Cochut estimates the value of Paris manufactures at 2,200,000,000 francs.

— Of the 21,000,000 of people of Italy, 17,000,000 can neither read nor write.

— Prussia has fifteen times as much territory and more than one hundred times as much population as two centuries ago.

— That is often lost in an hour which cost a lifetime.



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

SKETCHES OF BRAVE LIVES,—NO. 5.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

A GOOD BOY BECOMES A GREAT MAN.

ABOUT thirty years ago a sprightly lad lived with his widowed mother at the little village of New Carlisle, St. Joseph county, Indiana. Poverty was a familiar guest in that little household, and the mother could give her son little else than good advice and the rudiments of an English education. The boy was very delicate, yet very industrious. He labored cheerfully to promote the comfort and assist in the support of his dear parent, and in return was greatly beloved—almost idolized by her. He was obedient, kind and attentive. He learned no bad habits, and no naughty nor profane words ever passed his lips. Whatever books he had, he read and studied until he could almost recite the whole of them. His diligence became known not only in his own village, but many miles away. A gentleman at the county seat, having a good library, offered to lend him such books as he needed. Being too poor to buy them himself, he thankfully accepted the offer; and every two weeks, for many a month, regardless of heat, or cold, or storm, the delicate boy wended his way for many a weary mile, to return books and get others in their place. On one of those occasions, he took dinner at a hotel in South Bend. Several gentlemen from the great city of New York were present at the table, and entered into conversation with the boy. So intelligent were

his replies to various questions, and so modest and genial was his behavior, that one of the strangers, a rich merchant declared it to be his belief that the boy would some day go to congress and perhaps would be the President of the United States.

A few years later, now grown to be a young man, our hero became a clerk in the county auditor's office, and soon after was appointed deputy auditor. His habits of industry, study, and economy did not forsake him. He was pointed at as a model after whom other boys and young men might well copy. He was never seen in bad company; yet he was a good companion, and everybody liked his society.

In 1845 his small savings and good credit enabled him to purchase a newspaper, and he became an editor. Everybody said he would succeed and he did; not, however, because everybody predicted success, but because of his industry, good habits, and cultivated ability. His paper soon had a large circulation, brought him in a good deal of money, and gave the editor great influence in the community.

In 1854, our successful editor was elected to Congress, and the first prediction of the New York merchant was verified. Since entering Congress his course has been onward and upward. Three times he has been chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, which position he now occupies. By this time my young readers have doubtless guessed correctly that Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX is the subject of this brief Sketch. Mr. COLFAX has many admirers, and

it is thought by some that he will be our next President: if so, the New York merchant will prove to have been doubly a prophet

I have only to add that the picture at the head of this article is an exact representation of the pleasant but unpretending residence of Hon. Schuyler Colfax at South Bend, Indiana. Should you ever meet him, you will see a genial gentleman and one whose whole life has been illustrated by noble deeds and earnest effort. So is it not plain that he was a great man because he was a good boy?

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

"OUR CLUB."

BY MAY TURNER.

BE on hand to-night, for you're elected President of our Club." "What!" said I, laying aside my work in amazement, and looking up at the speaker for an explanation. "Oh, we boys are going to see if we can't be as smart as our older sisters, and Charlie Stacy, Fred Gilmore, Edgar Armstrong and I are going to have a Reading Club, going to meet here to-night, and have done you the honor to elect you President for the evening."

Before going farther, let me tell you who this "Young America" is, that is to be the hero of my little sketch. Willie (that is his name) is twelve years old, and he is now exulting because he is *almost* in his teens. He is a strong, healthy, red-cheeked, go-a-head sort of a boy; takes great delight in tormenting his sisters, which he did to perfection upon this night that I speak of. "Papa, give me ten cents; I'm going down town to get *Oliver Optic's Boys and Girls*. The train was in long ago, and if I don't hurry they will all be sold." So saying, Willie takes his money, and starts off at a break-neck pace for the book store. Seven o'clock having arrived, I think it about time to be looking for some of the club; so I change my dress, take my tating and sit down in the parlor (Will insisted upon having the best room) to await their coming, thinking to make a virtue of necessity, and do the best I can. There's a rap! The first distinguished arrival! It's only Charlie, come to say that he had been invited to a party to-night; he is very sorry to disappoint Willie, but thinks he *rather* go where there are *girls*. He has brought over some copies of *Our Young Folks*, however, to partly pay for his absence. Disappointment No. 1.

It's getting late, *where* can they all be? And Willie has not returned with his books. But there's another knock! I open the door—three girls! What can this mean? Have the boys then, repented and let the girls' pretty faces draw them from their first decision to have boys only? We will see! The girls come in, take off their wrappings, sit down as unconcerned as possible. "Well, girls, I'm real glad you came over; no doubt the boys have told you about their club"? But to my surprise they knew nothing of it. Oh, boys, you're fooled! Another rap interrupts our conversation. It's Fred Gilmore, who comes in, wonders where Will is. He is bound to wait for him, if all night. Eight o'clock—almost time to go home! But here is "mine host." We hear the hall door open and shut, and all look up to see him enter; but we hear instead, sobs in the dining room. We all rushed out to see whence they came, and there, seated flat upon the floor, is poor Will, crying as if his heart would break. The train has come, but brought no *Oliver Optic's Magazine*. Disappointment No. 2. We prevail upon him to dry his eyes, and all go back to the parlor, determined to have a pleasant evening any way—I being too proud of my Presidency to give it up so easily. I then take the chair, call the meeting to order, and proceed to business. Here is the result:

Fred, President; Willie, Secretary and Treasurer; Kittie, Select Reader; Addie, First Reader, (Oliver Optic); Viola, Vocal Music.

I got the girls in office, and the boys were obliged to submit. The meeting then adjourned to meet at the same place next Wednesday evening. We hope to have better luck in procuring literature. Before going home, I whispered something in each girl's ear; if you had been listening I think you would have heard me tell them to bring all their girl friends next time. So that we may overpower the enemy, and come out victorious. But the boys didn't hear me! They will have disappointment No. 3, but we girls will enjoy their chagrin, won't we? I will tell you the proceedings of the next meeting, and perhaps send the Secretary's report.

A traveler, relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant made fifty wild Arabs run; which, startling them, he observed there was no great merit in it; "for we ran, and they ran after us."

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 6, 16, 9, 3, 1 is a vast peninsula.

My 1, 21, 19, 20, 18, 1, 12, 9, 1 is the largest island in the world.

My 11, 9, 12, 9, 13, 1, 14, 4, 10, 1, 18, 15 is a mountain.

My 1, 13, 1, 26, 15, 14 is a large river.

My 5, 20, 14, 1 is a volcano in Sicily.

My 6, 1, 12, 13, 19 of 14, 9, 1, 7, 1, 18, 1 is a cataract.

My 19, 21, 16, 5, 18, 9, 15, 18 is a lake in America.

My 3, 8, 9, 3, 1, 7, 15 is a city in Illinois.

My 23, 5, 18, 4, 5 is a cape west of Africa.

My 15, 24, 6, 15, 18, 4 is a county in Maine.

My 14, 5, 23, 25, 15, 18, 11 is a state.

My 1, 12, 16, 8, 1, 2, 5, 20 is a key to the answer.

My whole is essential to education. M. J. GALE.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 13, 7, 8, 9 is part of a house.

My 6, 21, 22, 23 is something very useful.

My 1, 2, 3, 19, 5 is a boy's name.

My 17, 16, 9, 14, 15, 18 is a city officer.

My 12, 13, 14, 8, 14 the name of a country in South America.

My 10, 11, 2, 20 is part of a house.

My 16, 10, 4 is a gulf in Asia.

My whole is the name and residence of a good man who is laboring for the good of humanity. LUX MADDEN.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 9, 21, 13, 17 is something little girls love.

My 4, 8, 24, 13 is something heathens worship.

My 22, 7, 11, 20 is a part of the body.

My 2, 10, 13, 17 is the name of a brave man.

My 15, 23, 19, 16 bears fruit.

My 12, 18, 11, 7, 9, 18 is the name of a British province.

My 6, 5 is a personal pronoun.

My 1, 14, 17 is a genus of creeping fish.

My whole is the name and residence of the writer.

PUZZLE.

The 6yc267 B18899 sh456d bz s5pp49t2d by 2v29y sp898t-5163et.

The above is a secret way of corresponding. Please give the rule. M. J. G.

ANSWERS.

Puzzle, by K.—"A bad promise is better broken than kept." Answered by Myron A. Myers.

Enigma, by S. W. S.—Anthony Trollope. Answered by Myron A. Myers and Phoebe Dinsmore.

GEOGRAPHICAL PLAY.

"Let each person of a party write on a piece of paper the name of some town, country, or province; shuffle these tickets together in a little basket, and whoever draws out one is obliged to give an account of some production, either natural or manufactured, for which that place is remarkable. This game brings out a number of curious bits of information, which the party may have gleaned in reading or travelling, and which they might never have mentioned to each other, but from some such motive.

Let us suppose there to be drawn Nuremberg, Turkey, and Iceland, of which the drawers narrate thus:—Nuremberg has given

to the world many useful inventions. Here were first made the pocket-watch, the air gun, gunlock and various mathematical and musical instruments; and at present half the children of Europe are indebted to Nuremberg for toys; and the industry of the people is extended to teaching birds to pipe.

Turkey is celebrated for its costly carpets, which all the efforts of European art and capital have failed in closely imitating; yet these carpets are woven by the women among the wandering tribes of Asiatic Turkey. The "Turkey bird" is, however, very absurdly named, since it conveys the false idea that the turkey originated in Asia, whereas it is a native of America. Neither is "Turkey coffee" grown in Turkey, but is so named from the great consumption of coffee in that country.

Iceland produces in abundance a certain lichen called Iceland moss, which is brought to America as a medicine; but is, in its native country, used in immense quantities as an article of common food. When the bitter quality has been extracted by steeping in water, the moss is dried and reduced to powder and then made into a cake with meal, or boiled and eaten with milk.

This pleasing game should be played by father, mother, and all the grown up children of the household.

ORIGIN OF WORDS.

"Nine tailors make a man."—A poor boy went into a shop in London where nine tailors were at work; each one gave him a shilling with which he made his fortune.

He had this motto on the pannel of his carriage door: Nine tailors made me a man.

"Hurrah!"—It originated among the eastern nations from the belief that every one who died in battle for his country went to Heaven. It is derived from the Slavonic word Hurrang which means to paradise. CARRIE E. LUKENS.

E. V. Wilson said at the National Convention:

"I have always had the greatest love for children. When we treat them kindly they always return our love; men and women make a mistake when they undertake to make children come up to their standard. You must go down to the child and bring it up step by step. The children love the Lyceum; they love it for its display, for its groups, for its equipments, for the rights and privileges which it gives to all of them; they love it because it permits them to come upon its platforms, and make their little speeches. And so long as we can make the children love these, we need have no fear of success.

I have often watched the children in these Lyceums, and sometimes I have lain down and cried because I could not do more for them.

CHANT THE CHORUS.

Words from the "Manual."

Solo, or Semi-Chorus and Chorus.

Music by **UNCLE WILLMER.**

Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

1. Come, my friends, and join with me, In a so - cial song;
 2. Come, dear child - ren, come with me, Joy - ful - ly a - long;
 3. Not of Zi - on's gems and gold, Prom - ised to the Jew;

We will sing tri - umph - ant - ly, As we march a - long.
 Join us in our Ju - bi - lee, Man - y thou - sand strong.
 Nor the Chris - tian's nar - row fold, For the faith - ful few.

Chorus.

Fath - ers, moth - ers, sis - ters, broth - ers, Chant the cho - rus grand;

Let us sing with hearts and voi - ces, Of the Sum - mer - Land.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by Mrs. Leo H. Kimball, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.