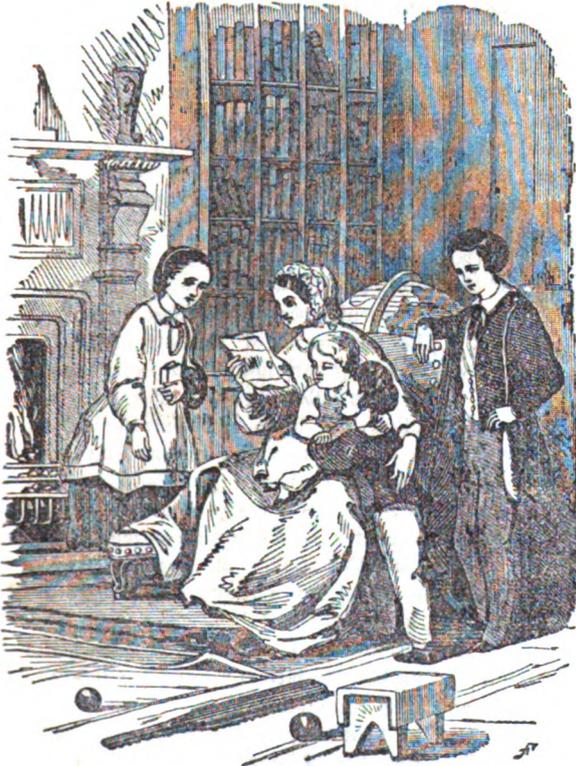


# THE LYCEUM BANNER.

VOL. I.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 1, 1867.

No. 9.



## SANTA CLAUS' STORY.

SENT, through the last LYCEUM BANNER, a few hints about my expected tramp through a Christian country, and suggested that my pack should contain some things for all classes. I do not like to pass straight by poor old houses where I know I am wanted, and then drop, uninvited, down rich men's chimneys.

I was a little curious to see the effect of my letter in the paper, so I slipped quietly about where the LYCEUM BANNER is read, and listened to the remarks that my letter called out. Some few who *ought* to be good, read my letter, and then, as if to make peace with the good angel

Charity, who said, "Inasmuch as ye give to these my children, ye give unto humanity," they began to make excuses. One had given several dollars to the poor since last Christmas; another had given nothing, but would another year, if and if. On I went, and, seeing old Mr. Sol making his pleasant call at Mrs. Goodheart's pleasant cottage, I crept in and took my seat in the chimney corner. Mrs. Goodheart was telling her little Kittie a story about snow-birds when I went in. Presently Robert came in with the morning papers. Among them was the LYCEUM BANNER. Mrs. Goodheart said "Now, chicks, let us see what the little BANNER has to say." She opened the paper, and, so true as my name is Santa Clause, she exclaimed; "Here is a letter from Santa Claus! what can *he* have to say?" My name has a pleasant sound to young ears, so there was a rush for mother's arms. Kittie climbed into her mother's lap and settled down ready to listen; Carl cuddled down close to Kittie's side. Rob stood a little back, and Mollie, who heard the outcry, came in and took a listening position in front, as you will see by the picture I have drawn.

When Mrs. Goodheart had finished reading my letter she said "Now, little ones, what shall we give Santa Claus for his poor friends."

"I dot two tandies," said little baby Kittie, "I'll dive um both to Mr. Santa Kaus' little dirl—won't 'at be dood?" "A gooddeal better than the tract the little girl sent to the heathen;" Rob replied:

"I have two dollars," said Rob that I have been saving to buy Christmas presents. I'll give

one of them to Mrs. Dick for coal; for her Jim told me they hadn't a speck of anything in the world for a fire." "That is good; what will you do Carl?" asked Mrs. Goodheart. Carl had some money; and wanted to keep it; he had some marbles, but they were all very precious in his young eyes. What could Master Carl do for Santa Claus? That was a knotty question. At last he remembered that Rob had outgrown a pair of boots and he knew that he was expected to wear them out; he knew too, that he much preferred a new pair with red tops, so, rising to his full length, he said, "I know what I can give Sammie Parker," Rob you shine up your too little boots and I will give them to him and I guess father will get me some new ones." What generosity, Rob said, "I guess Santa Claus would laugh if he was to hear of your giving away my old boots."

"What are you going to give, Mollie? Rob asked, "you seem to be in a brown study."

"I was thinking," Mollie said, "that I could give Lucy Dustan one of my hoods and some of my clothes. But if mother will let me I will take the LYCEUM BANNER and go out among the rich folks and see what I can get put into Santa Claus' pack. I'll go this very day."

"The wind blows so, I fear you will blow away," said Mrs. Goodheart.

"But if I do I will blow back again," Mollie said.

So out the blessed little missionary went, telling her story and getting promises of wood, coal, food and all sorts of good things. Toward night Mollie blew home with her heart full of joy and sunshine.



Christmas eve I found my pack filled brimfull and the things were not all for the rich either. A pair of turkeys were put into my pack for Mrs. Barnes; a lot of coal for Mrs. Wood; a great arm chair for old Mr. Stockton; a pair of little shoes for a pair of bare feet; and—well I have

not the time now to mention all the things that hold joy, love, sunshine, comforts;—things that make glad the heavy-hearted—things that will be as golden links binding the year together.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]  
THE FABLE OF THE WHEEL.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

SIX travelers were riding in a coach by the side of the Alps. The day was very fine for winter, and the scenery beautiful. The cold mountains stretched above them were covered with snow, and below them were warm and fertile valleys. The horses were in excellent spirits, and champed their bits to be allowed free pace. As they swept up the summit of a lofty swell, and felt the keen but invigorating air, drift down from the cold and glittering summit above them, they heard a strange medley of voices by the side of the carriage. They soon found that the pieces of one of the hind wheels were engaged in a hot dispute as to which served the most important part in the movement of the carriage. The tire was speaking very loud, and every spoke and felloe were following suit. The hub was a sullen fellow, but he said this much: "Can't you all see that I am at the center, and hold you all together; when I go round you all have to move, I consider my central position alone shall confer the distinction on me."

"But," said the spokes all together, "what would the wheel do without us? we are its framework, its vital part."

"How could you get along without the felloes?" "asked the latter;" "do we not hold the tire and keep you all snug?"

"Oh," said the tire, "without me you would not hold together an hour; it is I who support the whole load, stand all the knocking and boltings of the rocks and stones. Because I am iron, and am strong, I am placed around you all."

So hotly had they been talking, no one noticed a little black iron pin, in the center of the hub, called the lynch-pin. It was so small no one thought its opinion worth hearing. This conduct made it angry, and in a piping voice it cried: "You think I am of small account, but to show you that I am of more consequence than you all, I will just drop out and see how you will go on;" and the lynch-pin did as it said, drop out; and the carriage went

on, and for a short time no one missed it and the hub, and spokes, and tire, laughed heartily at the "little audacious rascal."

But as the carriage began to descend the hill the hub found it impossible to keep on the axle. Now that the pin was gone it constantly run off more and more, until away went the wheel. The horses became frightened and unmanageable, tearing down the mountain, overturning the carriage, and rolling themselves into a deep ditch by the side of the road where they lay unable to extricate themselves. Night came on by the time the six passengers, some of whom had jumped out on the start, overtook the ruined carriage. They were just setting out for the nearest village on foot, when a pack of wolves rushed down the forests above them, and ferocious with hunger destroyed them all.

The next day, when the peasants came that way, all that was left was the large bones of the horses, and six smooth white skulls polished by the teeth of the greedy wolves.

Many a moral lesson can be drawn from this story. Despise not small things, for by their neglect the largest plans may be destroyed.

We are all parts of the wheel of society, and the most obscure member cannot be omitted.

All are necessary for the complete soundness and harmony of its fabric.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

#### STORIES OF THE STARS.

BY GEORGE A. SHUFELDT, JR.

##### THE SUN.

It may seem a little singular, perhaps, that I should commence the stories of the stars with an account of the sun; but when I tell you that this great luminary, so large and so bright, to us the largest and the brightest object which is visible in the universe, is but one of the vast myriad of stars which shine like spangles of gold in the midnight sky; and, that it is in reality no larger and no greater than the thousands of tiny points of light which are visible in the heavens, then you will see the reason why I have placed the Sun among the stars in telling these stories to you.

It is only because the Sun is much nearer to us that it appears so much larger; were it as far removed as they, we should see it only as we do any other star—a little, tiny point of light;—but, when compared with the vast distance of the stars, the sun is quite near to us. It is only

ninety-five millions of miles from us, and light which travels through space at the rate of twelve millions of miles in a minute, is eight minutes in reaching the earth. We cannot measure this amazing distance by anything which we understand of distances, nor can it be comprehended in figures; but we can take light, or a cannon ball, or a railway train, and give you some idea of it. A cannon ball going at the rate of sixteen miles a minute, would consume more than eleven years in reaching the Sun; a railway train, going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, would be nearly four hundred years in reaching its destination.

The Sun is 886,000 miles in diameter, or in other words, that would be the length of a straight line drawn through its center. It contains a quantity of matter equal to fourteen hundred thousand globes the size of our earth. If you think that our earth, which seems so large to us, is only eight thousand miles through the centre, you can imagine something of the size of the Sun. But, perhaps I can give you a better idea of this by the following illustration. You can, in your mind, locate the Sun just where the earth is; the moon is 240,000 miles from the earth, revolving around the latter in a circle, the diameter of which is 480,000 miles now, if the Sun were in the place of the earth, his immense body would not only fill the whole of this great circle, taking in the moon, but would extend more than 200,000 miles beyond it on every side. You can easily make a simple diagram which will more fully illustrate this as follows:

First, draw a circle of about three inches in diameter, which will represent the size of the Sun, the diameter of which will be 886,000 miles; then draw a second circle within the other, of two inches in diameter, which will represent the orbit of the moon, distant from the earth 240,000 miles; represent the earth by a dot, or point in the centre of the circle, and the diagram is complete, showing the amazing size of the wondrous orb which is the great central point of our planetary system, which gives light, heat, and life to a hundred different planetary bodies ever revolving about it.

The Sun is the great parent of all animal and vegetable life, giving warmth to the earth, color and beauty to the landscape; the green plants, the beautiful flowers, the giant oak, and the tiny blue bell; the worm that crawls upon the

ground, and the bird that flies in the air, all live and flourish in the genial rays of the Sun. Without the sunshine they would wither and die. And so the rains, the storms, and the seasons are produced by the effect of the Sun's rays. The winds are made to move, and the water of the sea to circulate in vapor through the air, to irrigate the land, and make the springs and the rivers.

The Sun, when seen through the telescope, appears like an enormous globe of fire, frequently in a violent agitation or ebullition, so that it looks like mottled gold; on its surface are frequently seen, though rarely with the naked eye, large black spots of irregular sizes and shapes; I have sometimes seen them having the appearance of a bunch of grapes, at other times they look like great yawning caverns. These spots are often of great size, and are very wonderful in appearance. It is said that one has been seen which was at least 50,000 miles in diameter. Of the nature of these spots astronomers know very little. It is supposed, and with some degree of probability, that the sun is a solid, dark body, surrounded by a light and luminous atmosphere which is visible to us, and that the spots are but the dark body of the sun seen through the openings in the atmosphere. This seems to be a very natural explanation and is probably correct.

In times, long gone by, it was supposed that the earth was the centre of the universe, that the sun rose every morning and went down every night, and that the earth was a great flat plain; but, in modern times great men have spent their lives in the study of Astronomy, and have discovered the laws which govern and control the heavenly bodies; they show that the sun is the centre of our planetary system, and that all the planets revolve about it, producing the days, the nights, and the seasons. Among these were Galileo and Copernicus, Sir William Herschel, Tycho Brahe, Sir John Herschel, and that noble woman, Miss Caroline Herschel.

Sir John Herschel spent more than forty years in observing the heavens. He made a telescope forty feet in length, through which he could see more than one hundred millions of stars. But as my chapter is already long enough I must leave these things for another time. In the next paper I shall tell you of the Earth, Jupiter, Saturn, and the other planets which belong to, and move about the Sun.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

**"GATHER THEM IN."**

BY SADA BAILEY.

When walking out one beautiful Sabbath afternoon, I overheard some very finely dressed and proud little girls saying—"We won't play with those poor, dirty, ragged children, they don't go to our Sunday school." These little girls were on their way to Sabbath school, and the thought came to me, that when their teachers were hearing them repeat chapters in the life of Jesus, they should also teach them to practice his precepts. Jesus would have bid them go to those poor children and "gather them in" to their Sunday school. Then the question arose in my mind, when shall we have a true system of Sabbath schools? Thank heaven! Progressive Lyceums are answering my earnest query. Dear children, if you see poor, or even bad children, do not feel above them because you belong to the Lyceum, but endeavor to get your parents and others to assist you in preparing them to join you.

"Gather them in from street and lane,  
Gather them in both halt and lame,  
Gather the deaf, the poor, the blind,  
Gather them in with a willing mind."

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

**CHILDHOOD.**

Childhood, ever fresh and beautiful, brings light and joy into our homes, and love into our hearts. As the bud gives promise of the rose, so childhood prophesies of manhood. As care, culture and good soil are required to unfold the bud into a perfect blossom; so, too, care, culture and education are necessary to develop the child into a healthy and harmonious man.

Then let us bring blessings to the children, as Nature brings dew and sunlight into bursting buds, and these human souls will beautifully blossom, when earth will smile on an Eden of harmony and love.

ELVIRA WHEELOCK.

SOME people treat children as if they had no character or individuality of their own. This is a sad mistake. If parents and teachers would recognize this fact, instead of treating them as raw material, out of which are to be manufactured men and women as we make wagons and drays out of wood and iron, there would not be so many lost lives and useless men and women in the community.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

**MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.**

BY DELORA B. PILLSBURY.

Mem'ry's dear are clustering round me,  
Mem'ry's charms have strongly bound me,  
Mem'ry's wavelets swiftly bear me  
Backward to my childhood's home.

It was a spot so fair and lovely,  
Seeming like that home above me,  
And I thought that never, never,  
Could I find a place more dear.

Sheltered in a beauteous valley,  
And with grape-vines covered nearly,  
Twining with the climbing ivy,  
And the honey-suckle fair.

Was the cot so dearly cherished  
That my love for it had perished  
Never tho' in climes far distant  
I have roamed full many a year.

Giant trees, majestic bending,  
Shelter to the cottage lending,  
Waved their tasselled branches lowly,  
And lovingly before the door.

And the sweetest, loveliest flowers  
I had found within the bowers—  
In the dear, old, shady bowers—  
Bloomed in wondrous beauty there.

And there were violets, meek and lowly,  
With their blue eyes beaming holy,  
And the lily of the valley,  
Breathing perfumes on the air.

At a little distance blending,  
With the heavens o'er us bending,  
Rose a chain of lofty mountains,  
Blue as were the skies above.

Vap'rous clouds were scattered round them,  
Spotless snows forever crowned them,  
Mighty rivers rising from them  
Flowed adown their rocky sides.

Such the home of my sweet childhood ;  
Such the haunts amid the wildwood ;  
Such the grand enchanting prospects  
I so fondly, dearly loved.

Many years have fled forever ;  
Brightest dreams and hopes have severed  
Since I left that charming cottage,  
Since I left those fairy scenes.

Yet I oft, how oft behold them,  
As bright fancy's power unfolds them,  
Clear before my longing vision,  
Clear as I beheld them last.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

**LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE READERS.**

I am fifty years old, and have seen many places and faces, as well as things. I have traveled a good deal, and been over the territories of twenty states or more, and have, in my time met many funny little people, and have heard them say and have seen them do some very queer things.

And now, dear little friends, if I write out some of these sayings and doings, will you

read them? And if they please you and meet with the LYCEUM BANNER'S approval, I may write some queer things that older folks have said and done.

No. 1.—In the spring of 1860, I was returning from a western tour by way of the Southern Michigan and Lake Shore Railroad, to my New England home, when the following incident took place: In the seat next to me sat a lady and her little girl, a bright-eyed, four-year-old, full of fun and frolic. She was easily tempted into my seat by the means of a bright, red apple, some candy and a piece of cake. On taking a seat with me, and while eating the apple, she told me her name was Fannie, and that she was from Missouri, going to Massachusetts, and many other things that little people are apt to tell when in a merry mood. Finally Fannie said, "I guess I will stay with you if you have any more apples, and help you eat them." Mother interposed, when the following conversation took place:

Mother—"Fannie, don't you take your coat off."

Fannie—"Yes I shall, mamma."

M.—"No; you *must* not, Fannie."

F.—"Yes; I *must*, mamma."

M.—"No; you won't."

F.—"Yes; I will!"

M.—"Fannie! don't you talk so to me."

F.—"Yes; I *will*! mamma."

M.—"Fannie!"

F.—"Mamma!"

M.—"I will take you into the saloon, and whip you."

F.—"No you won't, you can't do it."

M.—"Why, Fannie?"

F.—"Because, mamma," answered the knowing little one, "you havn't your shingle with you."

Query: Who ruled this child, the mother or the shingle? And there is a moral in this little story. It is this: My dear mothers, if you do not wish to be made laughing stocks in public parlors and railway cars, by your children, leave your minds (?) at home when you go East, and take your shingles.

Thine for the truth; E.V. WILSON.

CROWDED OUT.—Book notices and letters, containing donations for "Santa Claus' pack." They will have place in our next number.

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### JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Jesus was the son of Joseph, a carpenter of Bethlehem, and Mary, a beautiful young girl, the only child of Joachim and Anna. Some say that he was born in Bethlehem, others in Nazareth; the probability is, his birthplace was Bethlehem.

Jesus was a rarely gifted child. When very young, he began to question the religious opinions held by the popular men of his time. When he was but a lad his father died, leaving the family in poverty. Mary took her children and went back to Cans, the little hamlet where she passed her girlhood. Here Jesus worked at his father's trade—house-building—helping his mother in the maintenance of his younger brothers. When he was quite a child he manifested wonderful powers as a healer, seer, and prophet. He healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, and did many seemingly strange things.

The fame of the prophet, healer, seer, called together vast multitudes. The rich fetched him costly gifts, the common people spread their garments in his path, and followed him with hosannas. But his kingdom was not of this world. He had no respect for authority, none for the laws, where they conflicted with the laws of nature. He denounced hypocrisy in high places, and drove the thieves out of the temples. These sins against public opinion were not among those to be forgiven. The crew that found their craft in danger, set about devising means of destroying him. The tide began to set against him; with it turned some, who in prosperous days, vowed eternal fellowship with the founder of the New Church, Judas seemed devoted to the young master, and looked into the future, hoping to have place and power in the new kingdom; but when he learned that he was not in the popular current,

he, like modern Iscariots, betrayed his dearest friend. Peter, too, was a little cowardly; he stood by at the betrayal, denying the very name of the condemned. Pilate, not unlike some later-time judges, found in Jesus no cause for death, so he sent him over to Herod. Herod did not like to stain his hands with innocent blood, so he referred the matter again to Pilate. These two men had been enemies, but the Jews called for the crucifixion of Jesus, so they met, shook hands, condemned the hero-hearted Jesus, and gave him into the hands of the populace to be put to death.

When Jesus was led out to be crucified, he was followed by wicked men, who rejoiced in his suffering. One or two of his disciples were at the cross with his mother, Mary Magdalene and several other faithful, loving women.

Looking about and seeing so few of his friends and so many of his foes, it is said that the strong heart fainted and in agony of spirit he cried out "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Then the heavens seemed to brighten and the great soul grew strong and hopeful. He saw, it may be, into the far future, saw that by his honest, faithful life, the world would be benefited. The gifted Jesus, serene and sublime in agony and disgrace, with a blessing for his mother and a prayer for his persecutors, passed on to the Morning Land.

The enemies of Jesus turned in silence from the death scene. To Judas, life was no longer of worth; Herod and Pilate vainly tried to find excuse for the blood upon their guilty hands. The friends of Jesus turned from Calvary, tearful and heavy-hearted. They repeated again and again the story of the blameless life of the martyr; the betrayal, the denial, the mock trial, the jeers and insults that darkened his last hours; his agonizing prayer; the calm confidence, the unflinching faith, that characterized his last moments; his forgiving spirit, and his commending his gentle, weeping mother to the care and protection of beloved John.

More than eighteen centuries have passed, yet the brave and blessed words of Jesus live. The cross has been glorified, the thorn-crown sanctified by a holy life and triumphant death.

The 25th of December will be a memorable—a sacred day, so long as the life teachings and martyrdom of Jesus are holy heart-memoria.

**HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

These three words have a pleasant sound. They call up sweet memories; exhume buried hopes; they bid the fainting heart be strong, for love rules to-day. They set us to humming fragments of baby songs, and the melody of dear voices seems to float about us now. Eyes that are closed; hands that are folded; feet that the white-robed angel turned toward the Morning Land;—dear ones, whose lives to ours are closely linked, seem here to-day in their mortal robes.

"How those precious hands remind us,  
As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
For our reaping by-and-by!"

To our loved ones, who have turned to a better life; to whose memories we tenderly, lovingly cling, let us wish a happy New Year. Those whose lives, love, fears, hopes, joys and sorrows, are linked with ours—those near and those afar—will accept our heart hopes: a happy New Year!

To our contributors, whose words, like winged messengers, have gone forth bearing blessings to thousands, we wish a **HAPPY NEW YEAR**. May the life-bread, that they have so generously cast upon the waters, return to them.

There are others who will be happy without wish of ours—if the consciousness of good-doing makes the heart happy. We refer to those who, by words and deeds, have made our hands strong, our hearts hopeful; who have said to us and to our little **BANNER** "*ye shall live.*"

To our patrons a happy New Year. To the dear little children, who have welcomed the **LYCEUM BANNER**—who love us for its sake—we extend loving hands, and hope that together we may go on to another and another happy new year. To *all* we wish a happy New Year.

**HOUSE RAISING.**

The Philadelphia Lyceum has undertaken the building of a hall.

Every man in the vicinity used to turn out at a house-raising; why may not we all, men, children, women, turn out a few dollars or dimes towards the new house in Philadelphia? When that house is done we will want a "raising," and want Philadelphia to come over and help us. On this principle, if no other, let us work.

If the Lyceum members would give ten

cents each towards the "Philadelphia Building Fund," it would add one thousand dollars thereto, if the estimate as to members has been made correctly.

We suggest that each member of the various Lyceums send Mrs. Dyott ten cents, with his or her name. It will be a good investment. Try it.

**PASSED AWAY.**

Miss L. T. Whittier has been one of the faithful workers in inaugurating Progressive Lyceums. Of late her whereabouts has been unknown. Several persons have written us in relation to her services in Lyceums. One writes: "Where is Miss Whittier? Has she passed away?" We replied, "If she has passed away, her return is certain, for she knows our need of her love-laborers."

Well, she did pass away, and has returned. She has passed to the rose-tinted land of matrimony; and has returned Mrs. Congar. But she has not gone to a state of idleness. Her heart and hands have been strengthened by this late union.

Wherever she is, her work will be among the children. We expect that Mrs. Congar will receive the "well done" of those who found Miss Whittier worthy to wear a crown of amaranth.

—Poems from the Inner Life, by Lizzie Doten, for sale at this office. Price \$1.25—postage 18 cents.

Any one sending us \$10 for the **LYCEUM BANNER**, shall be entitled to a copy of **ARABULA**. A **WOMAN'S SECRET**, or Lizzie Doten's poems. We allow no commission where we give premiums.

**DONATION.**

Little Molly and Charley Shufeldt heard their father read Santa Claus' letter in the **LYCEUM BANNER**. They brought out their money boxes and counted out \$1.50 in five cent pieces and sent it to our office to be given to good Mr. Santa Kaus." A little girl, who attends our Lyceum, thought she could sing a real sweet song on Christmas eve if she only had a new dress. The little singer has a new dress, for which she thanks Master Charley and Miss Molly Shufeldt.

There are said to be 600,000 Universalists in the United States.



### THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping fields and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every vine, and fir, and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was fringed inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara,  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff ralls were softened to swan's down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,  
Where a little head-stone stood,  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father who makes it snow?"  
And I told her of the good All-father  
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow  
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
That fell from the cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the Merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That my kiss was given to her sister  
Folded close under deepening snow.

### FRIENDLY VOICES.

L. C. H.

I love the cause in which you are engaged. I love the dear children who are to bless the future with their wise words and good deeds, which are the sure fruit of the Lyceum movement, and the certain echo of the LYCEUM BANNER. Bright intellects are choice products of nature; but goodness is more to be coveted and cultivated than brilliancy; but the two may beautifully unite in one soul, and then—and then only—is genuine greatness achieved. The aspiring spirit of the LYCEUM BANNER, reflects the simplicity and natural freedom of childhood and youth, and the genius of the age holds its promise in the development of progressive liberty. But many mistake the import of freedom. The highest possible liberty consists in the most perfect obedience to all the requisitions of nature, by which we may grow better and happier every day. Every restraint which nature imposes is needed for our growth and happiness. Every human restraint which opposes nature is slavery. But the wise parental government, which interprets and applies nature, is a help to the young in attaining their native rights, and this is the guardian of their liberties. Impulsive children do not always see the design of nature, or the wisdom of parental counsel and restraint. But when they are made to know and feel that kindness prompts every restriction in nature and wise government, the key of life is touched, and obedience and gratitude grow out of the heart as naturally as love looketh heavenward. May the dear children who read the LYCEUM BANNER feel its wealth and treasure it. And may each child seek to share the blessing with other children by inducing them or their parents to subscribe for it and thus bless themselves and others. A thousand snares appear in the specious guise of liberty appealing to the high sovereignty of the soul to follow base allurements, which have the false promise of enjoyment only to be broken in bitterness and re-

morse. Against these the LYCEUM BANNER aims its criticisms, assured that knowledge with freedom will light unsteady feet in the way of safety.

May the Banner of youth wave its soft folds of light o'er  
the twilight shade of our years  
Till the star of its fate, like the sky-buds of night, blooms  
over the midnight of tears.

Thine progressively with love for the young,  
LYMAN C. HOWE.

L. M.

The appeal of "Santa Claus" for the aiding of the poor, as seen in the LYCEUM BANNER, has touched my heart, I therefore enclose one dollar with a heart felt God-speed it, and may it make some poor heart glad on Christmas morn.

MRS. LIZZIE MOORE.

Rochelle, Ill.

### NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

#### SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A friend asked me some time since to write for the LYCEUM BANNER. To do so would have been a pleasant task, but for one thing: our Lyceum had been adjourned, with scarcely a prospect of its being called together again. I did not like to say to the children who read the BANNER, that the children of San Francisco Lyceum had been deprived of the benefits of a Lyceum. I was ashamed to confess that the Metropolis of the Pacific slope was so spiritually poor that they could not maintain a Lyceum. Now this difficulty is removed. We opened the Lyceum again yesterday, with a fair attendance, and more friends ready to act as officers than was necessary; but there will always be work for extra hands and hearts.

We met in the Temperance Legion Hall; the janitor of the hall is a spiritualist, and we are under obligation to him for aid and ready assistance. Several of the leaders are Good Templars, which is an earnest of their being devoted workers. One of the editors of the *Banner of Progress*, is conductor, and Mrs. Whitehead, an efficient and earnest worker, is Guardian of Groups. This will be good news to Mrs. F. M. K., as she was and is very much interested in the San Francisco Lyceum, and for this interest, all the children, as well as officers, loved her, as they are sure to do any one who loves them, for children are very quick in discerning who are their friends. We used to have a paper to which the children contributed, called the "Children's Voice," Mrs. K. was editor. The reading of the paper will long

be fresh in our memories and we would all like to hear it again, therefor I hope that she will send something—a word of encouragement—to be read to the Lyceum members; every one will be glad to hear from their friend.

I will endeavor to send a monthly report of our proceedings, and when they are interesting enough, perhaps you will give them a place in your columns. I hope, too, that some kind friend or friends will so open their hearts and purses that each member of the Lyceum will have a copy of the LYCEUM BANNER to read.

Yours in the Lyceum cause,  
J. W. MACKIE.

#### HINGHAM, MASS.

In justice to your kindness, and good feeling towards our Lyceum, manifested by your gift of five copies of "The LYCEUM BANNER" it becomes my duty as the Conductor to acknowledge the favor in their behalf. Please accept our grateful acknowledgements and sincere thanks for this unexpected favor, coming as it does from a stranger to us by sight, and whose home is in the far west.

Long may your BANNER wave! Long may its usefulness last! May it cheer the hearts of thousands of children, and may tens of thousands of sweet voices unite in singing the glad songs printed in your LYCEUM BANNER. May the music, and lessons of good morals truthful, honest, just lives, exert such a heartfelt influence on their young minds and hearts, that they may grow up into a more harmonious condition, and live better lives, be better men, and better women.

Let me hope, in the Lyceum's behalf, that some time we may be able to return your kind favor, that the East may return to the West its borrowed light. EDWIN WILDER, *Conductor*,

#### CHELSEA, MASS.

Our Lyceum in Chelsea is progressing finely, and, though we lack for the large numbers that we would be pleased to have join us in our beautiful exercises, yet there is no lack of interest on the part of those who do attend. Many that were with us when we first started, nearly two years since, are with us now. When we look upon their smiling faces and realize that their young minds are (to say the least,) saved from being loaded with the theological dogmas, we feel that we are indeed over-paid for the work performed. With the assistance of those that have passed on before, and are still hovering near us, shedding their radiant light of love upon us, we hope yet to see far more glorious results.

LEANDER DUSTIN.

SARA E. PAYSON.

BY HARRY CLISBY, M. D.

In the great rush of life, in the whirlpool of necessity, mid a babel of tongues, and confuson of sounds the soul has its rare times of consciousness.

It is brought to a resting point, as, filled with a sense of wonderment, it stands aloof, on the mountain of its momentary uplifting, contemplating the tangled skein of being beneath. An instant before and it was a *part* of that skein now so no longer! What power has worked the transformation? By what law of magic can so subtle a process be arranged? To these glories of the soul; to these baptisms of the spirit; to these celestial transfigurations, life owes all that is most precious, beautiful and ennobling. From these moments the rapture of our whole being dates.

We know not *how* they come; we but know that they *do* come and *rest* in the satisfaction of the knowledge. Perhaps there is no *known* power that brings us so near this condition as the meeting of a divine person: one who is endeared to the common heart of all humanity; to whom, our own hearts open of their own accord to receive them. The sun never shone more luminously than when their golden flight stayed itself for a rainbow season on our plodding paths. The hues of earth, sky, and air never wore such transcendant radiance. Nature never had so fair an interpretation, nor became so sweetly representative of the divine being as in these manifestations of the Infinite. In them we behold a something of that illimitable love the sense of which, hidden in our own interior hearts, has been our day-star from on high guiding us on and on over hights that otherwise seemed impassable, and without which we must have utterly failed. Our faith is realized before us that which was *in*, at length is revealed. It stands *out* beautiful to behold, glorious as the sky, fragrant as the earth beneath. Their very garments are laden with the odors of the flowers of heaven.

They come with the seal of the Secret One stamped on their brow, and a name written on their hearts, which no one knoweth but they that receive it permeated with all manner of sweetnesses.

They are known by no especial names on the earth, they are spread all over it, and yet here and there through the ages some have more or less left their names and writings as legacies to

remind and brace and stimulate to renewed effort and dauntless energy. With no rituals or modes of worship, yet possessing *all* worship, they address the heart *from* the heart, from the *actual* experience and realization of the profoundest depths of their own natures, and this with so perpetual a freshness and adaptedness of purpose, that every soul that meets them obtains a clearer glance into the bosom of that eternal spirit, whose presence is so nigh even in the very heart, the life of holiness and love. The Divine seems to have sent them forth. In their homes they are the centers of attraction, and a dwelling with one of them is life—like, a dream—a day as the summers—so beautiful, that one would fain hold it forever. Patience, hope, trust, mercy, have their abiding place in their God's spirit breathes throughout them, the tenderness, the love the wisdom and charity overflowing large, wide, illemitable. These are the circles of their existence. The beautiful Father is *no far off existence*, but an ever-present abiding reality, in whom they move, live, and have their being. They need no creeds, schemes of doctrine or traditional faiths to bring them up to the pure streams of thought. *Already there*, they wander over the winding and beautiful montains of their heaven-lit region, down through the mystic shadows of human existence; bearing with them angelic comfort and strength, pure waters of healing and saving.

Such an one was Sara Elizabeth Payson the subject of the present sketch. The mountains of New Hampshire first welcomed her into being dating from Peterboro, June 1st., 1826. Descended from a family of considerable talent, virtue, and refinement, it was no wonder that she became touched with the wisdom of their thought: She grew up joyous and happy with brothers and sisters around her, all affectional, studious and helpful. Sara being the youngest of the family, had all the privileges attending the position, love, care, devotion. Her own habits were not especially studious in the early part of her life. She lived more in the realm of observation and meditation. Nature was to her a perpetual feast, the montains the valleys, the streams, and the forest, with the beautiful earth and its carpeted face of mosses, flowers and ferns, *these* were her study and delight. She loved this beautiful world with all the rapture of an idealist. It never failed her. The first great sorrow of her life came when she was eighteen years

of age when father and mother were both taken, the one a few days before the other. Another may never know the thoughts, the prayers and the aspirations of the soul in its first great grief; of its first realization of the consciousness of life in its reality; its immutability; its sternness. Suffice it, that the knowledge made Sara Payson a woman; not that she was any less a child, but from this moment a *something* was added to her life, the sensitive, and delicate nature the reason and the feelings, the cheerfulness and the grave, the piety and the reverence, all blent, mingling together, formed themselves into that singularly controlled and balanced nature which exhibited itself in so marked a degree, through the later years of her exquisite being. It is ever so:

"That, as the soul ascending, leaves the view,  
We longing look, and wish to follow too."

This thought which is the crisis of so many lives, the turning point of their whole destiny was the grandly pivotal idea which influenced and moulded Sara Payson's character. The sweet and loving mother could never be forgotten. In the calm twilight hour; in the sainted chamber, she felt that her presence of love still brooded over her, that her mother never left her; that she was her constant guide and attendant. The impenetrable darkness and gloom of the grave was for ever swept away in the more consoling, beautiful and ever loving faith of communion with spirit. From this mother, in the heavenly spheres, she learned that which made her happy, hoping, aspiring heart bound with delight, and sent forth her footsteps with an elasticity and buoyancy never before experienced because never before known.

As the great truths of life flashed more and more upon her, the result was a full and entire consecration of her whole powers to that revered law which she lovingly adored. Her whole life became devoted to others. No one called to her in vain. She tried to make the world as pleasant, and as much a benediction to all as it was to her. For every one she had a gracious word, and a loving smile. A charm hovered around her wherever she moved. Who can ever forget her that once saw her, with her childlike form, her graceful bearing, her free, elastic step everything about her so kindly and cheering? so full of generous impulses, candor and good will, so *alive* with truth, never did she seem so touched with the radiance of the Eternal as when ministering to others, forgetful of self—

utterly lost in the work before her. Humanity, with all its claims, its sorrows, its wrongs and its trials was ever uppermost in her thought. It stirred her deepest nature, and the fountains of her being welled forth, in streams of prose and verse, the song of her richly laden heart.

Comprehending at a glance, the faults and follies of society, she saw that the only way to reach its heart, was to commence at the germinal period of its growth; to influence the child, thus make the future men and women; thence, the great interest and love she ever manifested to children whom she regarded as angels in embryo.

Besides possessing literary ability Sara Payson showed a decided mechanical genius, inventing and patenting in the city of New York, an ingenious hand vapor bath; mechanically, she could turn her hand to almost anything, often surprising her most intimate friends by her dexterity and knowledge in those matters. But to writing was she more especially wedded. Three years before her precious and lovely life came to an end, she had turned her attention towards the study of medicine, and for this purpose entered the Woman's Medical College of New York. She saw that this branch of knowledge was indispensable to her work as a reformer. Here she gained the love of all her classmates who speak of her with the highest veneration and admiration. She loved her studies, laboring and trying as they were to her physical system, which weak and fragile as it was almost gave way beneath its burden. So slight and fairy-like a creature seemed unformed for the rough and arduous callings of life, and yet never was she known to shrink from the rudest task, or to miss her individual claim or call.

With spirit strong—untrammelled—free—her will rose above every difficulty; overcame seeming obstacles; and was complete evidence of the established fact of the triumph of mental power over crude force, of spirit over matter, of what one *can* do by means of human faculties—human powers; by means of human destinies, shaped by a divinely human law. In the midst of her work;—just when everything seemed most fair—when the fields of the future were opening wider and wider and hope stood beckoning on, a fell disease rapidly developed itself in her system the forty-first year of her life. Then it was the angel faces drew nigher and nigher, and

claimed her as their own, and with the heaven of love in her heart she left to *go up higher* to the Father and Mother's home that was awaiting her. Her spirit winged its flight from the home of her brother, Mr. Alfred Payson of Milton, Mass.

Here, she had come from her home of the mountains but a few weeks since, thinking the medical skill of Boston might possibly reach her case. But science and art availed not, love could not keep the beloved one, and when at last amid much suffering, the deep slumbers fell upon her, it was felt rather as a friendly veil, than as a thing of anguish to be lamented over.

It was her wish that her body might repose on the grounds of her brother, and there the beloved form rests—a beautiful spot beneath the branches;—a grove shaded in by willows with the murmur of an ever running brook whose faintest trickling over the stones of its course adds the sweetest lullaby to the song of the angels.

Peterboro, N. H.

#### LETTER FROM MRS. F. M. KIMBALL.

DEAR READER—I have not forgotten you ; but have given you an opportunity to forget me, which I hope you have not improved. For two months past my mind has been so much engrossed with other matters that my pen has been idle. Not so myself. On the 18th day of September, I bade a temporary adieu to our beloved and beautiful California, for a visit to "the States," as we call all the states on this side the continent. After a voyage of twenty-one days, with extreme heat, and for variety, a severe storm that lasted forty-eight hours, we landed safely and thankfully in New York. A sea voyage is life in miniature. Calms and storms; looking forward to the happy future; looking back to the loved ones; forming new acquaintances; all remind one of the journey of life. Then we form ourselves into groups, according to the laws of affinity. These little families represent a village. Some are busy with their neighbors affairs, gossiping and guessing; others attending to their own affairs in a most commendable manner.

You will learn many things when you go to sea; see many strange sights; hear different languages; and, though you have read works of celebrated travelers, you will exclaim, like the little mouse who had been confined in a chest all his life, when let out into a bed-room; he cried "Oh, I did not know the world was so large!"

The distance from New York to San Francisco, by way of Panama, is between five and six thousand miles. To give you all the incidents of so long a voyage would weary you, and you would not want me to write again. So let me tell you a little about the children on the Isthmus. Scattered along the railroad route, a distance of forty-eight miles, are huts of the natives made of sticks and covered with leaves of trees, for the huts are very small, and the leaves very large. It is always warmer here than are our New England summers. The children frolic around the huts entirely naked, their bright mahogany-colored skins shine in the sun like newly varnished furniture. Sometimes you will see a flock of them, like so many ducks, in the rivers diving and jabbering like parrots.

I do not think they have any schools, for I saw nothing that looked more like a school house than a hut of sticks with a donkey inside.

The children shout and laugh at the approach of the cars; the men and women sit or stand around on the ground; they look so indolent that you would wonder at the activity of the little ones. There is not much need of working, for nature has placed within their reach fruits that grow summer and winter, which supply them with food. Oranges, lemons, bananas, pineapples, cocoanuts, and the milk of their cows and goats furnish them with food, while so little clothing is needed that there is little necessity for labor. In the two cities at each end of the Isthmus, Aspinwall and Panama, the children make themselves useful by selling fruit, shells, coral, flowers and baskets. They are sharp for a bargain. They have sweet voices and pick up English enough to carry on a pretty good business. Probably there is no spot on earth with more thrifty vegetation and more beautiful foliage than through Central, and this portion of South America, and no place where people are more lazy and ignorant. What a contrast is before me! New Hampshire bleak and barren, is the birth place of Webster, Cass, Greeley, Pierce, Rogers, the sainted Sara Payson, and other intellectual giants, some good and others not so good.

New Hampshire's soil produces better brains than grain. Souls here are richer in virtues than in gold and silver.

Six years have come between me and the home of my childhood. Change and Death have been busy among my loved ones. But hearts have not grown old or disloyal. Those to whom Death has opened the life-gate wait to welcome me in heaven. Adieu. F. M. K.  
Concord, N. H.

## RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

## ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 2, 15 is a girl's name.

My 12, 13, 1, 14 is a part of the body.

My 11, 9, 8, 15, 20 is sweet.

My 5, 3, 7 is a metal.

My 17, 18, 19, 16 is a pronoun.

My 4, 6, 20 is a title of honor.

My 10, 7 is a preposition.

My whole is a distinguished author.

NELLIE M. LUKENS.

## WORD PUZZLE.

By M. E. L.

My 1 is in anger, but not in hate.

My 2 is in man, but not in boy;

My 3 is in Jennie, but not in Kate,

My 4 is in laugh, but not in joy.

My 5 is in hall, but not in room.

My 6 is in warm, but not in cold;

My 7 is in mop, also in broom,

My 8 is in bring, but not in hold.

My 9 is in plane, but not in saw,

My 10 is in bright, but not in dull;

My 11 is in foot, but not in claw,

My 12 is in hand, but not in skull.

My whole is the name of an American authoress much admired by both young and old.

## ANSWERS.

Enigma No. 1, by Picket—Recreation Department.

No. 2, by Picket—When the cat is away the mice will play.

Enigma, by L. B. Myers—The Lyceum Banner.

Question by S. W. S.—Three Ducks. Answered by Phoebe Dinsmore, F. W. Wilson and Charles E. Kerr.

## QUESTION.

I have a 5 quart and a 3 quart measure; how can I get exactly 4 quarts of water in the 5 quart measure? C. P. D.

## "TRUE BLUE."

The distinguishing color, or badge of Charles the First of England, was scarlet; in opposition to this, the Covenanters, or Puritans chose blue, which has ever since been worn by the commonwealth, which was established upon the death of the king, and the restoration of the monarchy in the person of Charles the Second. The Puritans were looked upon with great disfavor, and whatever was peculiar to them became a subject of reproach and ridicule. Hence blue, as a color, fell into disgrace, and the word was used as a derisive epithet to characterize whatever in their customs, manners, or institutions, was thought to be gloomy, austere, or unduly strict. The phrase "true blue" is, however, sometimes used in an honorable sense, to designate one as being faithful to his party, cause, or principles.

CARRIE E. LUKENS.

## ANSWER TO PUZZLE.

EDITOR LYCEUM BANNER: The answer to the puzzle in number six, is: "Mother, I am not going to school, to-day, so now," said little Katie Bell, throwing herself into a chair, and rocking violently back and forth. "Why

not, my dear?" said her mother. "Because all the girls but me have new hats, and I am not going there looking like a perfect dowdy to be laughed at." "Do you recite your lessons as well as the other girls?" asked Mrs. Bell; "Yes," answered Katie, hesitatingly. "Are you kind to your teacher and playmates?" "Yes, mamma." "Does your teacher love you?" "She always seems very glad to see me." "Do the other little girls, whose hats are new, recite better, behave better, or are they more generally loved than is my little Katie, with her old fashioned hat? If not you need not be ashamed to go to school." Katie's face lighted up with a smile, as she said, "I said I would not go to school, but I think I had better break my bad promise, than keep it. Katie went to school.

Moral: A bad promise is better broken than kept. Yours truly, SARAH NEWKIRK.

## SENSIBLE.

Little Nellie is six years old. On being asked where she thought bad children went to when they died, she answered: "Some folks think they go to a place where they're all burnt up; and some think they go where it's all dark; but I don't believe either way. I believe they go where they'll learn to be good."

## HUMBUG.

Some time ago the adulteration of articles was carried on to such an extent in Hamburg that when anything was found to be inferior to what it was represented, it passed into a saying, "that's from Hamburg," which was contracted into that's a humbug. C. E. L.

A pawnbroker is like an inebriate; he takes the pledge but cannot keep it.

MISTAKE.—To suppose that a clock strikes with its hands.

DEAR GOOD FATHER SANTA CLAUS—Will you please send me a pair of nice, flat-bottomed skates, (not gutters) 9 inches long, steel, not iron runners, with screw heels; please send me a book, "A kiss for a blow" I hope all little children will have as good presents as I have. I hope we shall have a good time Christmas eve. Good by EDDIE DYE.

ARCHIMEDES, said he could raise the world if he could find a place to rest his fulcrum. Those who train children have this advantage, and can raise it to yet unknown heights of advancement and knowledge.

# THE OLD HOUSE FAR AWAY.

Music by MISS EMILY B. TALLMADGE.

1. The wild birds warble, the silvery rills Sing cheer - ly round the spot,      And the peaceful shade of the  
 2. The time-piece ticks on the parlor wall, Re - cording the passing hours;      And the sweet house plants grow  
 3. Dear mother! how plainly I see her now, Re - cline in that old arm-chair,      With the sun-set resting up -  
 4. Not all the treasures the world affords, The riches of land and sea,      Nor all the wealth of

pur - ple bills Falls dim on my moth - er's cot;      Its windows are small, and its thatch is low, And its  
 rank and tall. With their brilliant, fragrant flowers;      And the old straw chair so co - zy and low, Where  
 on her brow That was once so smooth and fair;      With her crimped bor - der white as snow, And her  
 earth's proud lords, Can blot from my mem - o - ry,      The roof that sheltered each dear, dear head, And the

an - cient walls are gray;      Oh! I see it! I love it! where'er I go! The old house far a -  
 mother sat knitting all day;      Oh! I see it! I love it! where'er I go! That old house far a -  
 once dark hair now gray,      Oh! I see it! I love it! where'er I go! That old house far a -  
 hum - ble floor of clay,      Where the feet I loved were wont to tread, In the old house far a -

way!      Oh! I see it! I love it! where'er I go! The old house far a - way!  
 way!      Oh! I see it! I love it! where'er I go! That old house far a - way!  
 way!      Oh! I see it! I love it! where'er I go! That old house far a - way!  
 way!      Oh! I see it! I love it! where'er I go! In the old house far a - way!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Mrs. Lou. H. Kimball, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.