

THE LYCEUM BANNER

DEVOTED TO THE
CULTURE AND
AMUSEMENT
OF THE YOUNG.



EDITED
BY

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

CHICAGO, ILL.

September 1, 1868.

"THE LYCEUM BANNER,"
PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH BY MRS. L. H. KIMBALL.
EDITED BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 2.

Chicago, September 1, 1868.

No. 1.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

GOING FISHING.

—
BY GERTIE GRANT.

♦♦♦ **W**ALT is either a dolt or a know-nothing," our hired man said one evening, as he came in from the barn, bringing a pail

of milk.

"What does a dolt mean?" I asked.

"It means," John replied, "a stupid fellow, one who does not know much."

"That is not the matter with Walt," I said, "for he knows ever so many things that I cannot guess."

"Well," John said, "then I guess he is only a know-nothing, for, when I asked him where to find the rake, shovel, or anything else about the farm, he would say, 'don't know.'"

When mother came out to strain the milk I told her that John called Walt wicked names—dolts, know-nothings, and lots of things.

"Leave lots of things off," John said, "and then you have the truth."

"I think Walter is not feeling well to-day," mother said, "he has seemed a little strange all day."

"Now, you'll *jest spile* him; nothing ails him but a fit of sulks," John replied, a little pettishly. "He wants to go fishing, and, if I may be allowed the expression, the boy hates work."

Mother and I were both silent, but I wanted to pitch John out

of the house for speaking so ill of my brother.

When Walter came in from the barn, mother called him into her room, and, closing the door so that John could not hear, asked him what made him so quiet, if he was sick.

Walter said he was not sick, but he did not much like John's rough way of speaking, and, besides, he wanted to go fishing. All the other boys had been but him. Mother tried to convince him that

he could not be spared till after harvest, but Walt did seem a little sulky, so mother said : " If you think it is right for you to go off fishing, when you are most needed at home, why go ; do what you think is right."

" Paul Jones and Dick Low are both going to-morrow, and I want to go with them."

Mother said again : " Do what you think is right."

Next morning Walt was up early, and as happy as a lark. He got his own breakfast, gave Hero a bone and some milk for his breakfast, put a lunch in his fishing basket for himself and Hero, and went off whistling Yankee Doodle. The good house dog was at his side, aware that his young master was out for a gala day.

Paul and Dick did not go—they could not be spared, so on went Walter alone. I don't know what kind of a time he had, but I rather think he was not quite sure that he did right in going, for he came home long before night, without a single fish.

Mother did not say a word to him, but she knew he did wrong in going off when he was needed at home.

But when I asked him about the fish, he said : " Oh ! catching fish is not good sport, the little things seemed so happy in the water I could not bear to coax them out and see them die. And then you would not eat them, would you, Gertie ? yet dead fish ! "

" Why, no, indeed ! " I said.

" But you would not eat them alive, Gertie, so I think the fish had better stay in the water, and we eat what grows on the farm, don't you ? "

" Yes," I said.

Walter crept away to his bed that night. Next morning he went to work with a will. He knew where to find the tools, and just how to use them. John began to think that Walter was not so much of a dolt after all.

Walter did not mention his fishing party to mother till he grew to be almost a man. He said one day, years after, " Do you remember, mother, how Hero and I went off fishing one day in harvest ? "

" I remember it," I said, " for John Wick called you a dolt, and I thought dolt meant some disease like the measles, and I remember how angry I was when I found out that he thought you foolish."

Mother, who was knitting, picked up a stitch, and said, " I do remember something about the fishing party."

" Well," Walter said, " I think I never was more miserable in my life than I was that day. I knew

I did wrong in going, and then I had not the courage to say so, but I shall never do the like again."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.
LIBBIE CHARLESWORTH.

Remarks in the Lyceum at Omro, Wisconsin.

BY THE CONDUCTOR, MR. JOHN WILLCOX.

A member of our Lyceum has passed to spirit life. Libbie Charlesworth, so endeared to us all, has entered the Lyceum above. That frail form, that seemed too perfect, too loving, too good to withstand the realities of earth life, was torn from its moorings by the hand of Destiny, while loving friends, with aching hearts, watched anxiously the decision of the stern decree. Death's messenger came, and the human bud was transplanted to the elysian fields of the better land. And, my dear, young friends, if the shadowy veil that now obscures our vision was removed, we would behold that bud unfolding its divine being in the genial atmosphere of the Summer land ; we would see her growing more and more radiant with beauty, and loveliness under the fostering care of angels.

Now, I ask you, what application are we to make of this solemn lesson ? What object have we in coming together here from Sabbath to Sabbath ? Is it for the purpose of making a display of tape and tinsel ? Is it for the purpose of going through marches and counter-marches ? I answer, no, no ! This is but a secondary object, intended to secure concert of action, while we put into execution the great primary design of life, which is to sympathize with the sorrowing, to extend to all equal justice, to bear in mind that we cannot be truly happy ourselves while we are cognizant of the fact that our fellow beings around us are suffering, and we do not extend to them all the comfort and assistance that lie in our power. If we fail in these simple duties, we will not be happy. If we commence life with the belief that its object is the accumulation of wealth at the expense of down-trodden and suffering fellow-beings ; if we think that all of life consists in making a vain show, and in ministering to the wants of morbid appetites and sensual passions, we will close our earthly career disappointed, unhappy and wretched.

On the other hand, let me beg you to live always up to your highest conceptions of right. Be jealous of your own rights, and be equally mindful of the rights of others. And when life's changing scenes are ended here, you will go forth, like a barque launched on the calm, azure sea of heaven, to meet the angels, who will conduct you onward to that position in spirit life assigned to you by the inevitable decree of your own life record.

Written For the Lyceum Banner.

TRUE COURAGE.

EVA GRIFFITH and Edward Bruce were children of two families, between whom existed close intimacy and warm friendship. Edward was a modest, but brave and impulsive youth, and his mother, with her sweet nature, had always taught him to repress all combative impulses, and be courageous only to do good ; that

" He prayeth well who loveth well,
Man, bird and beast ; "

that nothing should provoke him to revenge himself upon any of the great Father's children ; that he should regard all wrong-doers, to some extent, as he would the insane, as objects of pity, to be dealt gently with as should be those unfortunate

Eva, mild and passive as she seemed, good and beautiful as she was, was none the less an admirer of courage, and very tenacious of her idea of what was consistent with it ; and when an idle tale-bearer came and reported to her that her lover, Edward, had, "like a craven, submitted to opprobrious language, and even a blow, from Jim White, the tailor's son, and without returning either !" her gentle soul was torn with anguish, and her mild, maiden nature wrought up to phrenzy.

" What !" she exclaimed, " Edward to take such from so low a person, and bear the disgrace quietly !" It was too much, even for a saint, and she would never speak to him again.

Eva well knew that Edward was too consistent and just to wrong Jim White, enough to justify a blow, and the more she was convinced of that, the more she was disposed to attribute Edward's non-resistance to downright cowardice ; and now that she came to think of it, she did not remember of his ever having had even one fight, like most other boys at some time of their youth, and he must be a poltroon, and what virtue could atone for poltroonery !

The result was that when he next called to her, as she was passing, she turned a deaf ear, and with averted face passed on. All he could do, with proper self-respect, failed to elicit an explanation of her coldness ; and it was only when he heard of what Jim had publicly boasted that his eyes were opened to the cause, and that he turned with sickening sensation at his heart to his dear mother for advice and consolation.

Mrs. Bruce well knew there was no way of meeting the difficulty in Eva's mind, and mother and son were convinced that it were folly then to

attempt to convict her of error while he rested under the odium of cowardice ; that it were vain to try to show her then that he was only observing the precepts of Christ in " overcoming evil with good." To endure contumely and scorn was Edward's lot, and with a brave heart he went on his lonely way, encouraged daily by his noble mother and the consciousness of rectitude and true heroism.

Many months passed in coolness between the two families ; for even Deacon Griffith and his wife had gone so far as to doubt the propriety of Edward's course, and to say that Christians, as they were, they doubted if the sermon on the Mount, that taught submission to injuries, was adapted to these times ; and Aunt Polly, who mostly leads in prayer, said if folks allow their own people to bear down on them, who won't do t next ?

Many months had passed, and as if to carry out the cruel promptings of such revengeful teachings, Eva, doing violence to her own heart, was freely accepting the special attentions of Dick Hill, son of Parson Hill, both of whom had sneered at " the lamb-like nature of Edward," the parson even fearing he would make a poor soldier in the next war.

When the people had quieted down in their wonderment at Edward's course, and it seemed to be forgotten by all but the two estranged families, as some children were playing along the shore one evening, they espied the coming evening packet, and as she approached discovered her to be on fire ; they immediately gave an alarm that gathered not only members of both these families, but the whole vicinity, including the parson, his son, and even Aunt Polly, to the water's brink.

All eyes were anxiously turned to the burning boat ; and as the flames increased, her life-boats were all lowered, and every soul to be seen was safely got in them before they shoved off. When at some distance from the burning wreck a cry for help was heard from it, and all eyes turned toward where was seen a person running to and fro ; as the flames enlarged, all wondered that he did not at once spring into the water, as it was well known that a large quantity of gunpowder was aboard, and liable to explode at any moment. But that was explained when it was remembered that Jim White was aboard, had been seen asleep just before the fire, was not in either of the life-boats, and could not swim at all. What was to be done ? To return to his rescue and risk being blown to pieces, was opposed by all in the life-boats, except Eva Griffith, who was along, returning home. Whilst

nothing but destruction seemed to await the poor fellow, and all on the beach, including Jim's frenzied mother, were horror-struck and paralyzed by the sight, a youth, with muffled form, passed quickly through the throng, and before he was observed had pushed out in a small boat, towards the burning vessel, and horror of horrors! was fast approaching the fearful magazine!

"What folly, what madness," exclaimed Deacon Griffith.

"What tempting of Providence," cried Parson Hill.

"Why, I'd not risk my life near such a powder-trap for a dozen Jim Whites," exclaimed several others.

The little boat was soon seen to run into the very face of the flames, and its rower observed to rise and spring upon the wreck. For a moment he disappeared, soon to be seen again, dragging after him into the boat the fear-benumbed, but unharmed form of Jim White, when, rowing swiftly away and barely reaching a safe distance, there was heard a most awful explosion, shattering the burning vessel into a million of atoms, and sounding like the very crack of doom itself.

The muffled hero safely landed with his craven charge, sprang to the land, and essayed to depart as unknown as he came and went; but it was not permitted, the crowd pursued and overtook him, amongst them Jim's grateful mother and the tender-hearted Eva Griffith, who, as she helped with gentle hand to tear the disguise from the unwilling hero, disclosed to the wonder and admiration of all the calm, modest face of Edward Bruce!

CHOCTOS.

New Orleans.

BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION. — Some of the ancients, in their soft interpretation of death, conceived that Aurora so loved the young that she often called them to her embrace. Hence it was a beautiful custom with them to bury the remains of the early dead at the hour of morning twilight.

— *Electro-Mag. Journal.*

— A little four-year-old child in Portland told his father he was a fool. On being reprimanded by his mother and required to say he was sorry, he toddled up to the insulted parent and exclaimed, "Papa, Ise sorry you's a fool!"

— At a collection lately made at a charity fair, a young lady offered the plate to a rich man who was noted for stinginess. "I have nothing," was his curt answer. "Then take something, sir," she replied; "you know I am begging for the poor."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

A LETTER FROM THE OLD MAN IN THE MOON.

To "Malcolm Duncan."

[The mail route is very uncertain between Chicago and the Moon; this letter was miscarried — hence its late appearance.—EMMA TUTTLE.]

Sweet pleader, thy voice from the radiant earth
Came up to this temple of mine,
And never, my love, since the day of my birth,
Were questions more welcome than thine.
My eyes searched about in the ocean of space,
To see who the pleader might be,
When lo! on the earth was an earnest young face
Playfully talking to me,
The dusky old man in the moon.

You say you have searched, but in vain, the world through,
For blessings you long to possess,
But I have seen honey-dews dropping on you,
Which you have forgotten, I guess.
Love, yes it was he, with his quiver and bow,
Dropped something divine on your lips,
And startled your heart, for it made your face glow,
Like the wild-flower the honey-bee sips,
O beautiful pleader of earth.

Alas, if those blossoms are laid in the dust!
Alas, that a grief should be thine.
What think you of glitter which never will rust?
How like you this palace of mine?
What say you to living away in the moon,
And being my beautiful bride?
You, lady of mine, should be exquisite June,
And I, winter's ghost at your side,—
The shadowy man in the moon.

O, you shall wear laurels of silver and white
The sun's scarlet rays have not kissed,
And, floating far out on the sable of night,
Your robes sweep, a delicate mist,
Your eyes will grow dreary, and liquid, and deep,
Your mouth like the dream of a rose,
Your hair flow about you with easiest sweep,
And your spirit find ceaseless repose
In my palace of silver on high.

A saintly Madonna of bolder climes
To mortals of earth you will seem;
And poets will weave your sweet name into rhymes,
And call you as fair as a dream;
The polish of travel you cannot escape;
Sight-seeing, though fleeting and vain,
No doubt in your head takes a beautiful shape;—
And other inducements remain
For wedding the man in the moon.
Pearl Tower, June 25, 1868.

— "Attention, men!" said a corporal to a division of recruits: "When your names are called, you say here; and he who is not here, say absent."

— The man who sang, "O, breathe no more that simple air," went into a smoking car where the air was more mixed.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

HE microscope is an optical instrument, the important parts of which, called the lenses, are made of glass of a peculiar quality and shape; so constructed that all objects viewed through these lenses are greatly magnified or enlarged. The object and purpose of the instrument is to enable us to see things, small animals and insects for instance, which cannot be seen by the naked eye,—and many, and wonderful are the revelations which the microscope has made to the student of nature. It is seen that there is a world beneath and below us, filled with forms of life and motion, just as certain and well defined as that which we daily see with our natural eyes. Take a little drop of water in which some hay or other vegetable matter has been allowed to stand for some days, place it under the powerful glass of a compound microscope, and, lo! you will see a new world revealed, hundreds and thousands of tiny creatures, of all forms, shapes and sizes, seen in the vast playgrounds of a single drop of water. These insects are wholly invisible to the naked eye, and but for the aid of the microscope, would have remained forever unknown. It is not true that all water contains these little animals, spring and well water are free from this kind of life, and generally it is only in water which has vegetable matter in or near it, in which they are found, so you need not fear that, with every drop of water you drink, you will swallow a million of living creatures; that is a story which nurses sometimes tell to children, but it is not true.

A drop of blood under the microscope assumes a most wonderful and beautiful appearance, if to the eye it is no larger than the head of a pin, under this powerful glass it grows to the size of a circle, two or three inches in diameter, and is composed of minute globules, which, when the blood is freshly drawn from the vein, appears to be in constant motion. A bit of skin cut from the hand or finger, is seen as a most beautiful piece of lace work. The size of a needle appears about large enough for the camel to walk through without difficulty; a common flea is enlarged to the size of a horse, his legs look large enough and strong enough to enable him to jump to the moon; his head is a wonderful structure, and his body is covered with hairs, apparently an inch long. A mosquito's bill becomes a most formidable instrument

of warfare, and we instinctively withdraw from its presence. The sting of a bee looks as large as a darning needle, and a fly's foot as large as the human hand I have, in my possession, a photographed copy of the Creed, the natural size of which is not so great as a pin's head, which, under a tolerably high power of the microscope, is enlarged to a square of six inches, and, not only every letter rendered as legible as large print, but the initial letter I is shown to be illuminated, or an engraved letter, with the figure of a woman, at least an inch long contained within it, and within the border or marginal lines is printed an entire scriptural text, easily read.

I once placed, under the instrument, a speck of a feather from the wing of a humming bird, and, lo! the glass revealed a large object of the most wondrous beauty. The *dust* from a moth's or butterfly's wing is shown to be distinct and separate *feathers*, each about an inch in length. The finest human hairs look like great ropes, an inch or more in diameter, and, if taken out by the roots, the latter will appear like the stumps of a large tree.

These, and many more things of the like nature are shown by this wonderful discovery. Such of our boys and girls who may become interested in this study, can readily commence it by procuring a "Craig microscope," which is a simple, magnifying glass, so arranged as to enable you to examine small objects with some facility. As you get older and better able to understand the subject, a larger and more perfect instrument will become necessary.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

EDITOR LYCEUM BANNER:—The mystical hieroglyph, in red, appearing upon the cover of the last BANNER, forcibly reminded me of the swiftly passing time. Its ancient significance, as used by the Greeks, also came to mind, and I could not for a moment think that I had been as "good a fellow" to your little gem as I might have been, neither could I for any consideration accept the mystical "good bye." So please permit me to renew my subscription, which I do with a great deal of pleasure, and with the hope also that the little pioneer may never want for the support that it so justly merits.

I am very truly yours for truth,
O. H. CONGAR.

"GIVE ME THY HAND, MOTHER."

This beautiful song is now published in sheet form, with chorus, and may be obtained of the publishers, Messrs. Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill.

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Money can be sent by Post Office Orders.
All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

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All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, P. O. Drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill.

RATES OF ADVERTISING PER SINGLE NUMBER.

One Column.....	\$7.00
One-half Column.....	5.00
Smaller advertisements, 15 cents per line.	

A deduction of 25 per cent. for each subsequent insertion.

SPEAKERS' DEPARTMENT.

The members of some of the Lyceums are learning for lessons, Proverbs, or as some call them, Words of Wisdom. All the old wornout saws and sayings have been brought out, to be used or rejected. But the demand is for new and fresh sayings. The old things are good; but shall we never give them rest, never go to the eternal thought fountain ourselves for the simple truth nature teaches?

We will give in each number of our paper a chapter of Wise Words. We shall pick them up wherever they can be found, or manufacture them at home. Like Master Freddy we may catch an idea from reading, and make it into a proverb. Our writers may do the same. In this way the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER may find a Sunday lesson all prepared. We want, too, poems suitable to be spoken at concerts; and Silver Chain recitations. But please bear in mind the articles should not be long.

LYCEUMS.

Mrs. A. C. Spalding, of Beloit, Wis., is prepared to organize Lyceums. She is a true and faithful worker, and should not remain idle. No matter how small or large the town; how few or many children, let there be a coming together, a united voice and action in regard to sending for Mrs. Spalding, and keep her at work.

— Mrs. Ursula Lee, of Chicago, has been teaching music in the Battle Creek (Mich.) Lyceum. She goes from there to Jackson, Mich.

— The Editor has gone to the Convention in Rochester. The readers of the LYCEUM BANNER will hear from her.

INSANE.

The Albany *Argus* speaks of an old man now living near Albany who is thought to be insane. He never attends church, town meetings, or funerals. He avoids ministers and the ballot box. The *Argus* says, "He is a person of good moral character, and practices the golden rule of doing unto others as he would have others do unto him. In his travels, if he finds a farmer's fence down, he stops and puts it up; unless there should be too much of it down, in which event he notifies the owner." No wonder some people think the good man insane.

SECOND VOLUME.

With this number we commence the second volume of the LYCEUM BANNER. We hope for a pleasant journey with old subscribers through the coming year, and that new voices will make haste to welcome our enterprise.

— The Milan Lyceum held its first picnic on the shore of Lake Erie. Over forty carriages conveyed the members and their friends to the grove. A market wagon followed, carrying the provisions in ample store. The Lyceum made such a fine display that the proprietors of the grove refunded the entrance fee, and gave a pass for all future occasions!

— Hudson Tuttle lectured at Chagrin Falls on the 9th, at Milan on the 16th, and is engaged at Richfield, Ohio, for Sunday, Sept. 6th.

— The Ohio State Convention of Spiritualists will be held at Garret's Hall, Cleveland, on the 15th, 16th and 17th of September. The citizens of Cleveland promise the largest hospitality to delegates.

EMMA TUTTLE, Cor. Sec.

THAT TERRIBLE QUESTION; or, a few Thoughts on Love and Marriage: By Moses Hull; is a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, just printed by Hazlett & Reed, 90 Washington street, Chicago. For sale at this office. Price 20 cents.

— Miss Belle Armstrong, of Columbus, Ohio, has made eighty words out of the letters in "oyster," and won five dollars thereby.

MARRIED.

In Janesville, Wis., on the 11th ult., by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Gen. James M. Ruggles to Miss Elvira, eldest daughter of R. N. Whelock, Esq.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

A BRIGHT THOUGHT.

MRS. WINTERS used to tell her little Freddy that he must do three things every day; he must do some kind of useful work; and something that would make him happy and good, and do some kind act that would make others happy. So Freddy made a little garden just back of the green-house. "I will grow some flowers to sell," he said; "that will be needful work; and then I shall be happy in seeing the pretty things growing and putting on such sweet and bright colors."

"But what are you going to do to make others happy?" Mrs. Winters asked.

"Don't know," Freddy said; "may be I can find a bright thought in some of my books that I can make up into a loving act, and give it to somebody."

Freddy did not love to read; but he thought that he must look in books for bright thoughts; so he endured his little stock of books.

One day Freddy read a little story about a sick German child who called for water; but no one understood her, because she did not speak English.

"There, mamma, I have caught a bright thought now. I can hear the chickens calling for something; but they talk German; so I do not understand them; I guess it is water they want; so I must go quick and make up the thought."

Freddy was away pumping water into an old pan for his thirsty chickens.

One day Mrs. Winters left Freddy to get his lesson, and went out to gather some flowers for Mrs. Chapin, an old lady who made her living by selling bouquets to the town people.

Freddy saw them from the window. He loved "Grandma Chapin," and wanted to go out and see her. But what excuse could he make for leaving his books? He searched for a bright thought. He did not find one till Mrs. Chapin got out into the street, with her basket of flowers. She met Mrs. Walters, who detained her a moment. By this time Freddy caught his thought, threw down his books, ran to his garden, picked the only flower in bloom, and hastened down the street. Holding up the little blossom, he said: "See here, Grandma Chapin! this is for you to sell!"

"Bless your precious heart! but what made you think of bringing me this sweet thing?" Mrs. Chapin asked.

"Why," Freddy said, "I was reading, 'He who gives to the poor, lends to the Lord'; and I guess you are the Lord's mother, you are so good; so I'll give the flower to you, and you may lend him the money you get for it. That is the bright thought I got out of my new book. Isn't it a good thought?"

H. F. M. B.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor of course." "But what are you going to send it to the editor for?" "'Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a paper." The mother came pretty near fainting, but retained her consciousness enough to ask: "But, Tommy dear, what do you suppose he wants of a club?" "Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper."

"What do you think I saw in the Lyceum Sunday?" Charley asked his sister Grace. "Don't know; can't guess," was the reply. "Well, I saw you, Martha Tucker and Jane Simonds, all in Mr. Fout's arms. How you looked climbing about his seat and clinging to his neck. I was just as ashamed of you as I could be."

Little Grace was silent. Like one in a brown study she waited for the words to come before she could speak. They came at last, a bright thought lighted her sweet face. She said: "Now, Charley, I know we hung about Mr. Fout's neck; but then how could we help it, when we love him so much? I didn't mean to hug him a bit; but my arms went up, and wound themselves right round his neck."

"A pretty excuse," Charley said; "but if you couldn't help it, why then you couldn't, that's all."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE OLD UMBRELLA.

BY MRS. J. A. FIELD.

Two little girls one rainy day
 Were just from school returning,
 Their minds filled high with fun and play,
 But not one thought of learning.
 Their eyes, gay mischief's merry brood,
 Blue as the Gentianella,
 Peeped out beneath each silken hood,
 Under the old umbrella.

Each tiny foot went pit-a-pat,
 Half walking, and half dancing;
 And silence fled before their chat,
 Their laughter and romancing.
 Gay bursts of music loudly pealed
 From rosy, red-lipped Stella,
 As tricks and secrets were revealed,
 Under the old umbrella.

An arm of each, a snowy arm,
 The other's waist was pressing,
 And pet names, with their loving charm,
 Was used in each addressing.
 One shawl embraced them in its fold,
 The better half for Elia;
 'Twas paid in kisses, wealth untold,
 Under the old umbrella.

Sweet maidens, knowing naught of strife,
 Be truthful and confiding,
 When time down the vale of life
 Your slower steps are guiding.
 Be pure and holy, as of yore
 Was Castile's Isabella;
 Be cheerful, though you walk no more,
 Under the old umbrella.

Ocean Springs, Miss.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

Chap. 8—At the Tea Table.

JIMMY'S father was lost three years ago on the same vessel with yours, when Ida and Nan were infants. He left Mrs. Lane destitute, with two children to support, and Ida, you know, is a cripple. Our great afflictions drew us together, and I had frequent opportunities of studying the character of her future supporter. And I do assure you that Jimmy proved himself a greater hero in my eye than any general who ever led an army. His tenderness to his mother I never saw equalled. Though he loved his father dearly and mourned for him, he tried every means in his power to divert his mother's mind from her great grief. He often suggested her leaving home to

rouse herself from her despondency. 'I'll take good care of Ida, and have a nice supper all ready for you when you get home,' a promise he never broke.

"He often solicited little jobs of work of the neighbors, for which he received a few cents which were carefully laid away for his mother. Mr. Daly took an interest in him, and offered to pay his tuition in school for a year, but the brave little boy only said, 'I thank you very much, but mother and sister can't do without me.' So Mr. Daly sends his daughter Sarah to spend three evenings in each week teaching Jimmy. He is thirteen years old and has never been to school a day, and does not know a great many thing in books that most boys do at his age, but he is a brave, noble lad, and will make his way in the world, while hundreds who have rich fathers will become dissipated and worthless."

Henry looked thoughtful, and with tears in his eyes, said, "Dear me, I wish I had known all that, I wouldn't have called him a dunce for forty dollars; but I told him one day how many seconds old I was—and oh, my! you ought to have seen him stare and wonder how I found it out! So of course I took him to be a real stupid,—how could I help it? Can't Nelly and I go over and teach him, too?"

"I think one teacher will do for the present, but perhaps you can help him in some other way."

"O, Henry! I'll give him my third class reader and Colburn's Arithmetic."

"And I'll give him the pennies I've got saved up in my bank to buy him some shoes, for his are all out at the toes; and I'll give him some paper and pencils, and learn him to draw."

"Teach him, Henry; not learn. And remember this,—there isn't a poor, ragged child in the street but that, with a little help, can be made useful and happy."

Children are apt to think they cannot do much to make those around them happy. But this is a mistake. Aside from the bright sunlight of their presence, they have many other ways of being useful, as our little brother and sister will prove.

The pennies in the two tin banks which had been collected and kept with the same spirit that actuated the miser, now that the better feelings of their natures were aroused, came forth—with the generosity of philanthropists, and amounted to a sum quite sufficient to buy Jimmy Lane a nice pair of gaiters. Several school and story books were collected which were of no further use to the children, and with a blank book and pencils for drawing, and a box of paints, a precious basket full was carried by Henry and Nelly to Jimmy.

Artists have not exhausted all the fine subjects for painting. For who ever saw a handsomer picture than that would be of a little blue-eyed boy, with old coarse clothes, his toes out of his boots, drawing a crippled baby sister in a rough wagon of his own invention, and met by two sweet-looking, cleanly dressed children, with a basket of undreamed of luxuries between them for the little patient worker?

Jimmy was too happy to sleep much that night. And when he did sleep it was to dream of angels, with a basket of books, boots and pencils, coming down from Heaven on a beautiful rainbow. And he wondered why the minister never spoke of their good deeds, and not always of playing on harps of gold.

"If I live to be a rich man," said he to his mother, "the first thing I do will be to buy a nice house, horse and buggy for you and Ida; then I'll buy Nelly Call a diamond necklace, and Henry a beautiful black horse."

But Jimmy was not the only light-hearted one that night. Little Ida was almost as glad as he; and Nelly and Henry were too joyful to think of much else but Jimmy's look of wonder and gladness. "O, won't he be tickled, though?" said Henry, "and didn't the shoes fit good?" The mothers were as happy as the children, the one that her children were so kind-hearted and well-disposed, the other that hers was deserving of such favors.

"I've thought of something else, Henry, better than the books and shoes, and I'll bet ever so much you can't guess what it is;" and Nelly, animated by her brilliant idea, fairly danced for joy.

"I thought of it myself, and mother says I may—now guess."

"Make Ida a dolly. I know, for I saw you picking over the rag-bag. Oh, that's silly,—but then all girls have to have dolls; so I 'spose she must. I'm glad I'm a boy," and Henry drew himself up to his utmost height, in disdain of such girlish proclivities.

"It's no such thing; it isn't a dolly at all; and if it was, I see no harm in a little crippled girl having a dolly to amuse herself with. We are going to pick up all the rags we can find this vacation, cut them and wind them in balls, and mother will get Mrs. Grey to weave them into a carpet for Mrs. Lane. Won't she cry for joy? And won't that big, old room that she spends so much strength in scrubbing shine, though?"

Nelly's eyes shone; so will Mrs. Lane's "best room" by and by.

The two little wise heads ached with planning how the carpet should be striped. Red, yellow

and black at first had the preference; then mixed, red and yellow and black twisted; and they finally concluded their consultations by deciding on all sorts—yellow and black twisted and red.

"If I was a missionary," said Henry, "I'd make rag carpets for the heathen, and I guess it would be easy enough converting them after that. And speaking of heathen makes me think of tea, and tea reminds me that we don't know the first thing yet about coffee! What will mother say; she'll be awfully down on me because I wanted to study Latin, and don't know anything about coffee."

Questions and Answers from Milan (Ohio) Lyceum.

What is true honor?

SHORE GROUP.—It is something we all should possess.

GEO. HARDENBURGH.

It is a very scarce commodity.

CHARLES JAMIESON.

Something that makes us rich in deed and in truth.

BELL CHARVILLE.

It is the crowning virtue.

WM. CHERRY.

Something that a great many lost yesterday.

DORA SHUTLERS.

We believe it to be that firm, unyielding, moral feeling, or that sense of right and goodness that lifts a man above all that is narrow and bad, and enables him to stand forth a bright and shining light to his fellow man. It enables him to show to the world that he is a recipient of that Divine influence that permeates and pervades all of God's great and beautiful handiwork.

O. BASSETT, Leader.

OCEAN GROUP.—Something our forefathers possessed, but did not transmit to their descendants.

BERNARD STARBIRD.

EXCELSIOR GROUP.—It is the Golden Rule of life.

SYLVIA VAN SCOTEN.

True honor consists in living so that the world may be better for our having lived in it.

RHODA PHILLIPS.

It is adopting for practice the highest rule of human conduct: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

EARL MAULE.

It consists in our living according to our highest convictions of right.

M. S. FITCH, Leader.

— A story is told of the late Lord Brougham and his mother. The old lady's servant invariably, when accused of breaking anything, replied: "Sure, ma'am, it was crackit before;" and one day, when little Harry fell down stairs and his mother shouted, "Oh, boy, is your head broke?" "Na, na, mother," said the young genius, "it was crackit before."



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

NAN'S CHICKENS.

SEVEN little chicks of all colors and sizes. Who would mistrust that they belonged to this good old motherly looking Cochin China? Not the hen—she looks as if she suspected Miss Nan had been gathering all the survivors of the yesterday's hail storm, and given them to her to cherish and protect. Mrs. Biddy doesn't remember of sitting on a duck's egg—and here is one live duck; she even scorns to be the mother of that little wee Banty. But hens have no rights that little girls respect. Don't you know, Nan, that the coop is too small? Mrs. Biddy can hardly turn round. Don't you know, too, that she belongs to an aristocratic breed of fowls, and considers herself imposed upon after sitting three weeks on her own eggs to find all the "odds and ends" of the yard seeking shelter beneath her wings? I don't wonder she is cross and pokes these little black and white and yellow intruders away, and pecks at everybody that comes near. Give her a nice large house to live in, and take away her neighbors' chickens and ducks, and she will show her gratitude by being good natured and staying in the nice house you give her.

PEARL HAPGOOD.

— A boy having complained to his father that his brother Bill had thrown the Bible at him, and hurt him on the head, the father replied: "Well, you are the only member of my family on whom the Bible ever made the least impression."

— A little girl, watching a cloud of dust in our streets, driven before the wind, exclaimed to her mother: "See, there is dust enough wasted to make several people."

— A little girl, after noticing for some time the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LETTERS FROM AUNT FONA.

NO. I

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Did you ever hear of a little boy or girl who didn't like to go to school? Such children are generally considered very naughty; but Aunt Fona has no word of scolding for them. For though she has taught school for twenty years she thinks spelling lessons are an utter abomination, and keeping children in a close school-room six hours a day is perfectly barbarous. If grown people would be sensible, and spell words with an alphabet of about forty letters, each letter always standing for one sound, all children would be able to read before they were six years old; there would be no need of getting spelling lessons at all, and two hours' study a day would fit all young people to enter college or a business establishment by the time they were fourteen. You must know, my dear children, that Aunt Fona is a phonetic teacher, and that she is very desirous that all people should be well educated; because it is ignorance that causes all the wickedness and suffering there is in the world.

Now I want to talk to the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER about some teaching that was done down South about a year ago. I suppose most of you have seen colored children. Perhaps, as you pass them on the street, you think—not say—only think, "A nigger—not so good as I." Now, I don't believe children would even think this way, were it not that the actions and conversation of grown people teach it to them. But, my pretty, well-dressed boys and girls, did you ever think that a negro can think and feel, can be happy or miserable, and has necessities and desires just as you have? In short, that colored children are human beings, and can study and improve and become useful men and women, just as you can? This is true whether you know it or not; and so great is their desire to learn, that if some of you are not very diligent, it may be that some black people will become, in time, more wise and good than some white people are.

Six years ago most of the colored people in the United States were slaves. They were not permitted to learn to read or write, or to have any property of their own. To-day there is "no slave beneath the starry flag," and the colored people have liberty to learn to read whenever they can find time and get books and teachers. But these colored people are, most of them, very poor; yet

they are very anxious to learn, especially to learn to read the Bible and Hymn-book; and so, for the past three years, kind people at the North have been sending them teachers and books. Schools have been made up and taught in most of the large Southern cities, and thousands have learned to read a little; and if it was not such a hard task to learn, they and thousands more would have been by this time able to read and write well. But these colored people are so eager to get book-knowledge that they study and spell at the words every minute they are not working, or eating, or sleeping; and they even steal time from these three very necessary employments to "spell a few words more," and they get every one that passes by to help them with "*this hard word*" and "*that long one*," apologizing all the time for their ignorance, as though they could help it. I have seen grandmothers, with great iron spectacles on, and mothers, and children of all ages, in the same school; and sometimes grandmother, mother and half a dozen children come from the same family, all trying which can learn the fastest.

Well, year before last, a phonetic teacher went to Nashville to teach these colored people to read by the new easy way. It was soon found that they could learn to read the Testament in two months. And then other teachers called on this teacher, and learned how to use the phonetic alphabet; and so in a few months there were several phonetic schools in the city. And it was found that the boys and girls taught to read by sound spoke out loudly and clearly, and pronounced all their words correctly.

These colored schools have a great many visitors, chiefly people from the North, who feel an interest in the welfare of the colored race, and want to know what is doing with the large sums of money that have been sent South for their benefit. I assure you it makes these kind visitors very happy, as it would you, to see hundreds of these black and yellow children, with quite a sprinkling of grown ones, all together in chapel, early in the morning, with clean faces, though their clothes are not always as good as they should be, and singing,—not mournful, prolonged chants, such as they used to moan forth in the days of slavery, but songs of rejoicing, with prompt, lively utterance, and keeping wonderfully in time. Their Northern teachers bring with them the hymns and tunes from the best music books, and the happy, song-loving negroes are not long in learning them. When I first heard the pupils of the Fisk school sing, "There'll be something in Heaven for children to do," it was almost more than I could bear,

their tones bore such an exulting "assurance of faith," that it seemed to me my angel boy, who had left me three months before, must be there—

"On an errand of love from the mansions above,
To the dear ones that lingered below."

Then after chapel exercises each school goes to its room, and charts, primers, spelling-books and readers receive their whole attention.

Now, if you would like to hear more of these colored schools I will try and make my next letter more entertaining.

AUNT FONA.

A Word to Lyceums and all Persons Interested in the Education of Children.

EDITOR LYCEUM BANNER:—To the first person or Lyceum sending you fifty dollars, for fifty yearly subscribers, I will give 25 additional copies, making 75 copies.

For forty subscribers, 20 copies.

" thirty 15 "

" twenty 10 "

" ten 5 "

For four yearly subscribers I will send "The Stella Key." All orders sent to Mrs. L. H. Kimball, Drawer 5956, Chicago.

A. JAMES.

Pleasantville, Pa.

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We are now prepared to furnish Lyceums with Equipments at **EASTERN PRICES**, and warrant them to be equal in quality, style and finish, and in many respects superior, to any now in market. Send for Circular. Address W. H. SAXTON & CO., Geneva, Ohio.

GENEVA, Ohio, August 3d, 1868.

MRS. F. BURRITT, M. D.,

(Late of New Orleans.)

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For descriptive Circulars or the Emblems apply to the manufacturer,

M. B. DYOTT

114 South Second St., Phila.

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

[Selected.]

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

We may go through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do.
For people will talk, you know, people will talk,
Oh ! yes, they must talk, you know.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed,
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool ;
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen—
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean ;
If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain ;
But keep straight ahead and don't stop to explain.

If threadbare your coat, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one, of course, will take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way ;
But don't get excited, whatever they say.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape ;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business—there's naught to be made.

They'll talk fine before you, but, then, at your back,
Of venom and slander there's never slack ;
How kind and polite is all that they say,
But bitter as gall when you're out of the way.

The best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease ;
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use.

For people will talk, you know, people will talk,
Oh ! yes, they must talk, you know.

TABLEAUX.

ASTRONOMY.

Dress: Sky blue, flowing, and ornamented with stars; hair Grecian, bound with coronet of stars.

Position: Standing, with telescope in her hands, and gazing upward, as though preparing to use it.

MATHEMATICS.

Dress: Of drab color, plain; hair combed back, plain and severe.

Position: Seated, chin resting in the hollow of the left hand, the elbow supported by the knee; and right hand holding square and dividers. At the feet a chart, with diagrams and algebraic formulae.

We would suggest to beginners that the main figure of a tableau should face the audience as fully as possible, even when the true position is distorted to do so, for it is absolutely necessary that the face be seen in full that its expression may be observed.

THE THREE RULES.

Silver Chain Recitation, as recited by the Milan Lyceum.—HUDSON TUTTLE, Con.

What is the lowest rule of human conduct ?
The Iron Rule.

What is the next higher Rule ?
The Silver Rule.

What is the highest rule of human conduct ?
The Golden Rule.

What is the Iron Rule ?
Evil for evil.

What is the Golden Rule
Good for evil.

Why do you consider the Iron Rule the lowest ?
Because it is the expression of the animal faculties of our mind, and the law of brutes and savages.

Why is the Silver Rule better ?
Because it is the Golden Rule but half expressed.

Why is the Golden Rule the highest and the best ;
Because it is the essence of our spiritual perception of right ; and flowing from the highest faculties of our nature, must be the best light in the conduct of life.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The Progressive Lyceum is Heaven's nursery.

Deal gently with the children ; they are the world's future rulers.

Children are angels in the germ.

Make your works praise you.

The greatest hero is he who conquers himself.

The world wants men, not cowards

The world wants women who are true and noble ; not weak, foolish things, who are too proud to work.

The world wants children that are strong, healthy, happy ; children that will make good men and beautiful women.

"Fear not those who kill the body ; but fear those who poison the soul with mortal hate."

True Christianity enfolds all God's children in one universal brotherhood.

The truly noble are those who "wear their stars in their breasts, not on them."—*Present Age*.

Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Chalmers*

Virtue and industry in any path that opens, is not only sufficient to ennoble, but will lead to success.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 17, 18, 20, 4, 10, 20, 7, 7, 11, is a city in Tennessee.
My 4, 8, 1, 8, 35, 5, 21, is a famous river in the Eastern States.
My 26, 19, 6, 12, 28, is a river in France.
My 16, 19, 25, 1, is an island south of India.
My 8, 2, 18, 29, is a wonderful sea in Syria.

My 3, 21, 28, 19, is a range of mountains in the south of Africa.

My 22, 9, 28, 12, 27, 31, is an island east of Africa, and belongs to Great Britain.

My 14, 35, 17, 28, 5, 21, is a great city in China.

My 7, 32, 17, 18, is a gulf north of Siberia.

My 1, 24, 20, 15, 31, are renowned mountains in New Hampshire.

My 8, 14, 4, 5, 28, 29, 30, 14, is a lake in Maine.

My 14, 29, 8, is a cape east of Massachusetts.

My 4, 25, 17, 18, 10, 2, 12, is one of the German States.

My 5, 21, 20, 18, is one of the United States.

CARRIE E. ELLIOTT.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 7, 8, 1, 14, 5, 8, is a kind of fish.

My 2, 4, 8, is a farming utensil.

My 17, 18, 9, 12, 3, is a useful animal.

My 19, 10, 8, printers do not like.

My 11, 18, 5, 7, 5, 18, 14, 2, is used to cover floors.

My 15, 8, 16, expresses affirmation.

My whole is a famous novel.

M. D.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 10, 6, 8, 15, is a visitor.

My 5, 4, 7, 15, 12, is used in winter.

My 18, 2, 14, 5, 2, is a book of accounts.

My 11, 18, 10, 4, is a number.

My whole is a contributor to the LYCEUM BANNER.

JENNIE RAY.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Two capes on the Atlantic Coast invited a sound of South Carolina and a harbor of Gulf of Mexico to take supper of a bay of Florida; and being near the prairie took a walk out to a lake, that all boys love to partake of, and they called to a neighbor lake to fetch his neighbor of delicious fruit that all might enjoy it.

LONE STEPHENSON.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. 23.

Bird Puzzle by Pearl Hapgood—Swans are said to live a hundred years. Answered by Elsie C. Green.

Enigma by Percy—Mrs. Julia A. Field. Enigma No. 2—E T. Blackmer. Answered by Elsie C. Green, Lizzie Avery, G. L. C., Waldo F. Bates and Jennie Ray.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflection the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and therefore should not be any part of your concern.

BIRD ENIGMA.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 24, 6, 20, 21, 15, 12, 14, is a native of Africa and Arabia. It is a very fast runner; can outstrip a horse, and uses its wings when running. Its plumage is highly valued.

My 7, 22, 4, 12, 24, 23, is quite large. It has a short, hooked beak and long wings. The female is much more courageous than her mate. It lives in the cold, dreary regions of the North, and is very formidable and rapacious.

My 26, 18, 23, 24, 28, is a water fowl. It has long legs, wings and neck, and is a great devourer of fish.

My 10, 2, 19, 25, 30, 28, builds its nest in chimneys and under eaves. They are very numerous in summer.

My 27, 22, 16, 4, 1, is one of the largest of fowls. It has a keen sight, flies rapidly, is very powerful, and lives to a great age. It builds its nest on high rocks or trees, and preys on fish and small animals.

My 12, 22, 28, 2, 19, 9, is the greatest pet of all birds. It is a sweet singer, and could not take care of itself very well.

My 29, 2, 20, has a skin like a mouse. It lives on flies principally, and sometimes enters houses on pleasant evenings.

My 8, 24, 4, 22, 7, 15, 22, 12, 17, is a well-known songster. Has a beautiful plumage, and named on account of the color of its wings.

My 8, 11, 8, 4, is a sea fowl. It is much on the wing, and is very noisy. They are found in large numbers on the shores of the sea and large lakes.

My 12, 28, 2, 29, 45, has a slender body and long legs. It is about four feet high, and lives in marshy regions. Its wings are short.

My 25, 18, 23, 11, 33, 21, is found in all parts of the world, and is a very melodious songster. It has black spots on the sides and breast, and its wings are crossed with two white bars.

My whole is a fact in Natural History.

G. L. C.

A little girl of seven years, who had not been brought up to go to "meeting," and consequently was ignorant of the doctrinal significance of the terms High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Ritualism, etc., etc., had been taken by a friend to the Episcopal Church on a Communion Sunday, and on returning home was asked by her papa how she liked the service. She replied: "I don't like to go to a place where the minister has to change his shirt three times during meeting!"

A little fellow, four or five years old, and who had never seen a negro, was greatly perplexed one day when one came by where he and his father were. The youngster eyed the stranger suspiciously till he had passed, and asked his father:—"Pa, who painted that man all black so?" "God did, my son," replied his father. "Well," said the little one, still looking after the negro, "I shouldn't a thought he'd a held still."

PIANO TUNING.

Mr. E. T. BLACKMER, tuner of Pianos and Parlor Organs, will be pleased to answer any calls for such work with promptness. From his long experience he feels confident of giving satisfaction. Orders addressed to Moore, Kelly & Co., 101 Wabash Ave., DeMotte Bros., 91 Washington street, Chicago, or left at the office of the LYCEUM BANNER No. 187 Madison St. Room 21, will receive immediate attention.

For the Lyceum Banner.

"HAPPY ARE WE."

Words by MRS. EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

Music by E. T. BLACKMER.

1. Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py are we, Fath - ers and Moth - ers and
2. Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py are we, Truth still pur - su - ing, and
3. Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py are we, Free - dom's de - fend - ers, bright
4. Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py are we, Fath - ers and Moth - ers and

Sis - ters and Brothers, O hap - py are we, Hap - py a - gain to meet,
Falsehood es-chew - ing, O hap - py are we, Progress, with ban - ner spread,
An - gels at-tend us, O hap - py are we, Spir - its all pure and bright,
Sis -ters and Brothers, O hap - py are we, Soon in a pur - er clime,

Hap - py our friends to greet, Gladly all tongues re-peat, Hap - py, happy are we.
Walks at our col - umn's head, Oh in her steps to tread, Hap - py, happy are we.
Bathe us in gold - en light, Led by their love a - right, Hap - py, happy are we.
Held by no bonds of time. We'll sing in strains sub-lime, Hap - py, happy are we

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