

The Lyceum Banner.

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No. 3.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.
OCTOBER.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

WHEN will October come?" I said to my mother one September day, many years ago.

"In about ten days," she replied.

"Will he come with a big wagon and a span of ponies?"

"No child, October is not a person, but a month?"

"A month!" I exclaimed. "Then why did Walter say when October came he should go to the old Bean woods and gather hazel nuts.

"Because the nuts are ripe in October," mother said.

In a few days I heard Walter say "October will be here to-morrow, and I mean to go for the hazel nuts."

"And I mean to go with you," I said.

"You go! a little bit of a girl climbing hills and fences! You would look well!"

"I am not little," I said. "You look at Aunt Susan's little tinky baby and then say I am not big."

"But," urged Walter, "I don't want the bother of a girl any way."

Mother said to Walter, "You better gather the honey apples to-morrow. Mr. Currier told me this morning that he wanted a bushel of them to bake, and they are now in their prime. Another day will do as well to go nutting."

How few things Gertie knows," said Walter. "She does not even know that October always stays thirty-one days. I guess she better stay at

home and read the Almanac, and let me go alone; I will be home in time to pick the apples."

Walter's words and my tears convinced mother that the first day of October—or a part of it—might as well be spent in the woods; so we thought too. She put a lunch and a drinking cup in our basket. I put on my thick boots, and we were off as glad and free as the birds.

We went over and called for Roxa Brown and Fannie Martin; James Jones and Peter Fox joined us at the old mill, and on to the woods we went. We gathered our bags full of nuts. Then

we picked Autumn leaves; some of them were crimson, others green and gold. Out of them and a few wild flowers, we made wreaths to trim our hats and heads. After eating our lunch and drinking from Colby spring, we turned toward home. We were all delighted with our trip to the woods, and I thought then that that was the most wonderful day this earth had ever seen. I asked Walter if October would ever come again. He seemed a little mortified by my ignorance, and said—when James Jones laughed—“Gertie knows so few things!” “Girls never know half a much as boys any way,” James replied. I took it for granted then that girls were almost fools; and was glad that Roxa and Fannie were dunces too; but I have learned since that October day, that girls know quite as much, and a little more than some boys that I have seen.

When we reached home mother got our dinner, and seemed delighted with my story about the trip to the woods.

After we were well rested mother mentioned to Walter about the honey apples.

“I expect I must gather them,” he said; “but if I shake the tree I know the fall of the apples will jam them awfully. Gertie, you go and hold your apron and let me throw them into it; will you?”

“I am tired,” I said, “and then little girls like me never pick apples.”

“Little! Whew! Were you little this morning?”

I thought again what excuse I could make. I remembered that Walter did not want me to go with him in the morning, when he was going to the woods. “I’m real afraid I’ll bother you, Walter,” I said.

“Now, do you know, Gertie, that mother said you must do something useful every day ‘in the year; if you do not this day will be lost to you.”

“But I have done ever so many things to-day, Walter,” I replied.

“Hold! Come let us count them up Gertie. Begin to count.”

“Wait, let me think,” I replied, “I fed my chickens, went over to Colby spring, and got some water and picked my dish full of hazel nuts.”

“So you did. Fed your *own* fowls, got your *own* drink, picked some nuts for Miss Gertie Grant! You are down-right selfish, Gertie. It is for others we must do something each day; so come let us gather a bushel of apples for Mr. Currier.”

I did not like to be called selfish; so out I went with Walter. He climbed up the ladder and

picked the apples one by one, and threw them into my checked apron. When my apron was full I would put them in the basket.

When Mr. Currier came for them he said, “How soft these large apples are! How did you manage to pick them without jamming?”

“I let them fall into Gertie’s apron,” Walter replied.

“You are a jewel, Gertie,” Mr. Currier said, stooping and kissing me. I knew as little about jewels as I did about October; but I knew it meant something good, and I felt as happy as a Queen. I went to my dreams that October night hoping that I should live to see October again, for I thought no other days could bring to me so many sweet memories.

The Little Drawer.

“Where did you get your orderly habits?” I asked of a lady who never had to waste a moment in hunting for things out of their place.

“When I was four years old,” she answered, “mother gave me a little drawer to put my clothes in. ‘*Make it your business, my dear child,*’ said she, ‘to keep that drawer neat and tidy. Let me never find it in disorder.’”

“Once she sent for me to come home from a party of little girls, in order to put away a pair of stockings carelessly left on the floor; and I used sometimes to think mother was hard on me; but now I see I owe my good habits to the care I was made to take of that little drawer when I was four years old.”

You see how early habits are formed. It is never too soon to begin a good one.

—I saw two little girls the other day trying to crack a nut upon the sidewalk by pressing in turn their tiny shoes upon it. Despairing of success, they said to a gentleman passing, “Man, man, crack this nut for us, will you?” His handsome face was luminous with fun as he pressed his polished boot upon it, to the delight of the youngsters and myself. Now these little girls wouldn’t have thought of asking a lady to do that, or, if they had, do you think she would have stopped to do it?—*Fanny Fern.*

—An old lady, reading an account of a distinguished old lawyer who was said to be the father of the New York bar, exclaimed, “Poor man! he had a dreadful set of children.”

—An early spring—springing out of bed at four o’clock in the morning.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

Chap. 5—Coffee.

HENRY'S eyes danced with intelligent joy, as his mother passed him his cup of coffee at the breakfast table.

"I found out something yesterday up in the attic that I never knew before. There's lots of useful information stowed away in that old chest. I found out that coffee don't grow in pods on bushes, like beans, as I always supposed, but on trees, like cherries, two kernels growing in one plum, like the cherry stone."

"And I learned," said Nelly, "that goats were the first animals to discover the stimulating properties of coffee, and that they were observed to be intoxicated from the effects of eating the berries and leaves. I don't believe that anything that will get a goat drunk is fit for us to drink."

"But it's likely that's only a story, got up by the Mohammedans. The Turks now drink more coffee than any other people, if they did learn the habit from a herd of goats."

"I am very glad, my children, that you have learned so much by studying. Tell me all you learned of coffee," said Mrs. Call.

"It grows wild in Abyssinia and Liberia, and is cultivated in warm, dry countries. The seeds are planted in nurseries, and when a year old are transplanted in rows. They bear in three years from planting, and continue to bear many years. The foliage is evergreen, and nearly always in blossom, and I think it must be very pretty indeed. The fruit resembles the cherry, and is gathered by shaking the trees, or picking the berries by hand. It is dried in the sun, then pressed, and afterwards the pulp is washed from the seeds. It is then winnowed, and made clean for commerce."

"Very good, Henry. Now, Nelly, can you tell me how to make a nice dish of coffee, such as coffee-drinkers love?"

"In the first place, mother, I should buy the Mocha or Java, roast it to a chestnut brown, and grind it myself, for there is "lie coffee," as well as "lie tea." Then I should do as I have seen you do, beat an egg and put into the coffee, pour in the water, and set it where it would steep, without boiling. Because, I suppose, the flavor of the coffee escapes in the steam when it boils."

"When you have coffee of your own to take care of, remember and keep it in a tight box, as it absorbs the taste of other articles with which it

comes in contact. Whole cargoes of coffee have been ruined by shipping with pepper.

"If you look about you, you will find a thousand articles in almost everyday use of which you are as ignorant as you were yesterday of coffee. On this very table is glass, china, silver, linen, pepper, salt, ivory, and the tin of which Nan's plate is made, of which you know but little. If there is so much information in the old chest in the attic, I will give you two hours each day out of your working hours to learn all you can about these things."

The children were happy. Even Nan gave Henry several affectionate pats with her fork, then plunged her chubby fist into the sugar-bowl, transferring a handful of sugar to her mouth in the greatest possible haste.

Days and weeks passed rapidly by. School duties were resumed, but Latin was forgotten. The rag carpet went bravely on. Each evening, from six until half-past eight, was devoted to cutting and sewing rags. The basket of balls loomed up. Red balls, black balls, mixed balls, and yellow balls, until all the old cast-off clothing was worked up, and a fine prospect ahead of a handsome parlor carpet for Mrs. Lane. Sometimes Jimmy came over to tell how nicely he was getting on in his studies, and how much service the books and boots had done him. The secret of the carpet was sacredly kept. Jimmy sometimes wondered if he would ever be rich enough to buy a rag carpet for his mother, and save her the trouble of so much scrubbing.

"But I don't know," said he, dolefully, after a confidential chat with Nelly; "Ida grows thinner and paler every day. If she gets real sick, I'll have to stay right by her, so I can't do chores to earn mother any money. Poor mother! and poor Ida!" almost moaned Jimmy, while his large brown eyes filled with tears.

"Poor Jimmy," said Nelly, sympathetically, "don't cry. I hope Ida will get well again, and maybe some day she'll be able to walk."

"I do not think so," mournfully added the brother. "The doctors do her no good, and even if they did, we have no money to buy medicine. I don't know why it is, but I can't help thinking if Ida should go, it would be better for her. Do you believe much in angels, Nelly?"

"I don't know, Jimmy. I did once, and that they were always with us, but Capt. Johnson says it's all nonsense, and he knows most everything. So I don't know, after all, whether people live after this life or not. Never mind, Jimmy; I am sure when a boy does as well as you do for your

mother and sister, you will be happy sometime, and everybody will love you. I am sure I do, ever so much."

Jimmy's face caught a ray of sunshine. A sweet smile played around his mouth, and a proud, manly look overspread his whole face. "That's worth a good deal, Nelly, and I guess we shall come out all right, only it looks pretty hard for the winter. But I'm most a man, and can do more and more every year. I must run home now, and saw the wood for night early, for Sarah is coming to give me a lesson in writing this evening." And away he ran as light hearted as ever, carrying with him the comforting words of Nelly. What little girl or boy cannot do as much as Nelly did? A few words of sympathy may lighten the heavy load that has nearly crushed some weary child of earth. Kind words cost nothing, and never get worn and rusty by use.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LETTER FROM AUNT FONA.

NO. II.

NEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—Have the children who read my last letter found out what State Nashville is in, and how far it is from where they live? Nashville is called the "Rock City," not because its houses are built of stone, for very few have even stone fronts; but because the site of the city is almost entirely of limestone rock. The only handsome building it contains is the capitol, which is a superb structure, both without and within, and the people of Tennessee are justly proud of it. The body of Stuckland, the architect who designed this magnificent edifice, reposes in a niche in the thick outer wall, which he left for that special purpose while building it.

Well, as I said in my last letter, a phonetic teacher went to Nashville to teach the poor colored people to read in this new and pleasant way. It proved to be a delightful task. The steady improvement of the pupils was pay, cash down at the close of every day. Boys came into the school right from country plantations, ragged and unwashed, knowing nothing apparently but awkwardness.

For a day they were allowed to look on and get acquainted with the habits of the schoolroom. Then before going home the teacher would give a short lecture on the great advantages of cleanliness, and desire them to wash all over in warm soapsuds that night, often supplying a piece of

soap to those who specially needed it. Next day those whose skins were shining through their rags were sent to the "Draw House," as the freedmen call it, a department connected with the school establishment, where they were provided with a clean outfit from the stores of new and half-worn clothing, sent for the purpose by friends at the North and in Europe. If the pupil was at all regular in attendance, steady progress was made from the first. Some learned much faster than others, but all improved rapidly except a few decided imbeciles.

Though from the great number of pupils it was often impossible to hear more than one lesson from each class, besides the general exercises in which all joined, yet in two months these dusky humanities were reading intelligently words of truth and wisdom such as these: "Little children, love one another." "We love Him, because He first loved us." Entering the school at Christmas, in two months they read daily in the phonetic New Testament. When the session closed in June, these pupils had transferred themselves to ordinary print, and were reading in McGuffey's Second and Third Readers, and also writing neatly on their slates, using in writing a phonetic script alphabet, arranged by J. Medill, of Chicago, in which only the ordinary twenty-six letters are employed. Such phonetic writing more closely resembles what is usually called good spelling than three-fourths of the common writing done by pupils who have been several years at school.

At the examination these phonetically taught children could be distinguished from all those from the other schools as soon as they opened their lips. There was a peculiarity about their speaking. Sharp and clear came every sound. Every word could be heard to the farthest part of the building, even when a heavy rain was falling. There was a seeming stiffness of pronunciation, but this slight apparent defect arose partly from the fact that the ears of most people are unaccustomed to clear and distinct utterances, but partly it was owing to the exceeding exactness of pronunciation brought out by the phonetic drill. A perfectly distinct articulation being secured, future practice in reading will soon do away with any stiffness, as the precision of military drill is followed by an ease and grace of carriage not to be attained without the aforesaid drill.

I will finish this letter by telling you of Richard Hunter, a boy eleven years old, who modestly, (for he is naturally very timid,) yet in clear, ringing tones, delivered the following address to the company at the examination of the phonetic school. Richard is nearly black, but with a long

head and regular European features; not quick, but a close observer and thinker. He seldom needed telling a thing twice, and his teacher always felt that she could depend on him. This was his speech:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Our school is primary B of this great Fisk establishment. It is called the phonetic department. We learn to read and write by sound. Most of us came here since Christmas; then we could not read or write, or tell the top of a book from the bottom. Now my class has been through the First Reader and the Second Reader, and read ever so many long chapters in the Testament. Our mothers are very glad when we sit down at night and read what Jesus said, and what he did for us.

"But, friends, we have learned more than this. We can read story books in common print. We can write, too, and sign our names to our exercises. We thank Prof. Ogden very much for giving us a chance to learn to read and write by sound, and we thank Mrs. Burns for teaching us."

Now that the city authorities of Nashville have opened free city schools for the colored children, these missionary schools have become pay schools. They are conducted as high or normal schools, for the development of those colored persons who wish to become teachers among their race, or for the instruction of such as cannot be admitted into the city schools.

AUNT FONA.

—A soldier, being on picket reserve, went to a farm-house, as he said, to borrow a frying-pan, but for what none could imagine, as there was nothing to fry. However, he went to the house, and knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady, who asked what he wished.

"Madam, could you lend me a frying-pan? I belong to the picket down here."

"Yes, sir," and forthwith came the pan. He took it, looked in it, turned it over, and looked at the bottom; and then turned it over again, and looked into it very hard, as if not certain it was clean. "Well, sir," said the lady, "can I do anything more for you?"

"Could—could—could you lend me a piece of meat to fry in it, ma'am?" and he laughed in spite of himself. He got it.

—The man who minds his own business was in the city a few days ago, but left, he felt so lonesome.

This little verse, that looks so solemn,
Was put in here to fill the column.



THE WILLET.

This is one of the most noisy birds that inhabit our marshes in summer. Its common food is *willet*. It arrives from the South on the shores of the Middle States, about the beginning of May; and from that time till the last of July, its loud and shrill cry of *pill-will-willet*, resounds almost incessantly along the marshes, and may be distinctly heard at the distance of more than a mile. Their nests are built on the ground among the grass of the marshes, and are composed of wet rushes and coarse grass.

They have a summer and also a winter dress, in its colors differing so much in these seasons as scarcely to be known as the same species.—*Naturalists' Library*.

—A lady was once conversing with a sailor who had suffered shipwreck; and, as she took great pleasure in the analyzation of feelings and emotions, asked him, compassionately, "How did you feel, my dear man, when the cold waves broke over you?" But the seaman knew nothing of metaphysics, and answered simply, "Wet, ma'am; very wet."

—A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the great sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had heard that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

—What is the difference between a cat and a document? One has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses.

—William Penn's saying should be written upon every church's banner: "No pain, no palm; no thorn, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown."

—A little one, after undergoing the job of vaccination, exclaimed, "Now I won't have to be baptized, will I?"

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LETTERS FROM THE CONVENTION.

NO. II.

We propose to give in these letters only a short sketch of the sayings and doings of the Convention. A full report will be found in other journals. What relates especially to the young folks we may mention. True, but two hours of the four long Convention days have been devoted to the children—to their *Lyceums*—but these were precious hours; the work done in them will tell eternally.

In the first hour there was a discussion as to the better means of education. A call was made for juvenile books—for books as fresh as June roses, and as free from isms as is the dew or the sunlight. This call brought out the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we give for the best twenty stories, \$50; for the second, \$25; for the third, \$10; for the best drama, suited to the Lyceum Exhibitions, \$25.

Resolved, That these articles shall be submitted to R. T. Hallock, M. D.; Mrs. H. F. M. Brown; Mrs. Mary F. Davis; Mrs. Mary J. Dyott, and Col. D. Y. Kilgore.

The idea was to make these stories the property of the Convention; out of them to make books, thereby making a good library at home.

For lack of funds these resolutions were tabled, but not destroyed. The premium money was mostly contributed then and there. The books will be written and the premiums paid. The next thing to be done will be to raise a publishing fund and send to the young world a fine collection of books. In a few days we will give the particulars of this new enterprise.

Hon. Warren Chase introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That we recommend to the Children's Progressive Lyceum to form State associations, and from these a national organization, to hold periodical sessions, and that a Committee of five be appointed to carry out this matter.

The Chair named the following Committee on the foregoing resolution: M. B. Dyott, of Penn-

sylvania; Mrs. Mary F. Davis, of New Jersey; Warren Chase, of New York; A. E. Carpenter, of Massachusetts; and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Illinois.

Col. Damon Y. Kilgore, Chairman of the Committee on the subject of Education, submitted the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That we recommend "The Spiritual Harp" for use in all our Societies.

Resolved, That we recommend the establishment of progressive schools and colleges so soon as the necessary means can be secured; and until that time shall come, that Spiritualists do patronize only the most liberal institutions; and thus, as far as possible, guard their children from the evils of a false education, which, after commencing in the nursery and the family, is continued in the schools by neglecting physical culture; by forcing ideas upon the youthful mind beyond its comprehension; by filling it with false ideas of God and man, derived from mythology, and by so perverting the social, moral and spiritual faculties as to encourage shams and conceal realities; and culminates in a pernicious theology, and enfeebled powers, that unsettles the foundations of moral responsibility and forbids the high destiny of the race to which all Spiritualists aspire and for which they will ever work.

Resolved, That we regard "The Children's Progressive Lyceum," and its excellent organ, THE LYCEUM BANNER, an efficient instrument in the cause of education.

The reporter of the Rochester *Democrat*, a gentleman famous for fair dealing, says: "The session this morning (fourth day) was mainly occupied by discussions of the Constitution framed for the National Convention. The articles, after debate, were recommitted for further amendment, and were finally reported anew and adopted by a unanimous rising vote of all the delegates present. The solemn adoption of the Constitution was a very impressive act, and numbers of delegates were very deeply affected."

The following officers were elected by ballot:

President—D. M. Fox.

Secretary—Henry T. Child, M. D.

Treasurer—M. B. Dyott.

Trustees—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Illinois; R. T. Hallock, M. D., of New York; Warren Chase, of New York; George A. Bacon, of Massachusetts; A. B. French, of Ohio; J. C. Dexter, of Michigan.

In our next letter we will give short sketches of some of the workers in the Convention.

H. F. M. B.

—Will any one send us Mrs. John Ordway's post office address? Her paper is probably sent to the wrong office.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The *Banner of Light* says of Mrs. Greene's books: "A charming little story-book for children, entitled, "The Little Angel," has just been written and published by Mrs. Harriet N. Greene. It contains a good moral, and cannot fail to leave the best impressions upon the mind of the child that gives it a perusal. Both this, and "Little Harry's Wish," another book Mrs. Greene has recently brought out, should be in the libraries of all the young folks; and the Progressive Lyceums throughout the country cannot do better than add a number of these to their collections of books, and especially at the exceeding low rate of fifteen cents per number."

These books are for sale at this office.

THE SPIRITUAL HARP: By J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett. E. H. Bailey, Musical Editor.

At last we have it—the beautiful and sunny "Spiritual Harp," so long promised and anticipated. It is really a *gem*. It is neatly gotten up, vital with the best thought, and full of soul. It certainly supplies the demand, and is truly what all our *Societies* and *Lyceums* need. We are glad to note that very many of its songs are adapted to the grade of children suitable for the Lyceum, and that its department of "Spirit Echoes," so carefully culled and orderly arranged, can be used as "Silver Chain Recitations." Its music is mostly original, and rich with inspirational melodies, variegated as a summer landscape, all redolent with song and praise. Its poetry, too, is choice, largely original, purely eclectic and rhythmic.

Published by Wm. White & Co., Boston, Mass., and sold also at this office. \$2 per copy; 24 cents extra for postage.

—Read Dr. Bryant's card on another page. We always take great pleasure in recommending him to the afflicted. His healing hands have given sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and made strong and glad a host of human hearts.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Will Mr. Allen, who subscribed for the LYCEUM BANNER at the Rochester Convention, send his address to this office?

—Thanks are due Julia Lay, Efa Marriott, Blanche J. Porter, Florence A. Pettigrew and several other little girls for their aid in extending the circulation of the LYCEUM BANNER.

—Love is the soul's sun, it makes light the world's dark places.

TO LYCEUMS.

Those who read our letter from the Convention will see that State Associations are recommended for Lyceums. These gatherings are to be similar to the State and American Association of Spiritualists. Our work should begin with the children. Let every State hold Lyceum Conventions this Fall and the coming Winter, so as to be ready for a grand National Convention the coming year.

The Illinois State Convention of Spiritualists will meet in Springfield, October 23d, 24th and 25th. We hope to see there representatives from all the Lyceums in the State.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

WHY IS IT?

Why is it that so many well-organized Lyceums are dying for want of officers and leaders? Why do so many go down on account of the inharmony of the adult members? Why are so many suspended for slight causes? *Children* everywhere love the Lyceum. They are earnest, energetic little workers. They are asking for fresher thoughts and better books than can be found in orthodox Sunday-schools, but in too many cases their appeals are unanswered. They are refused the teachings their natures demand by those whose duty it is to feed these lambs.

It is wrong to thus disregard the best interests of the young for any little misunderstanding or petty jealousy among older members. I do not believe that persons who have the good of the children at heart will break up a Lyceum for any cause; they may suffer, but endure.

What has become of Rockford Lyceum, the pride of the West? What of Havana, with her 160 children? What of Detroit, which was working so admirably a short time ago? Newark, with its efficient officers and leaders? and Haverhill, which promised to be a power in the land? Answers are fast crowding in upon us. One friend writes, "We have not the capacity to keep a Lyceum alive in this place." Another says, "Our Lyceum has adjourned on account of discord among its leaders." Another writes, "Our Lyceum went down for want of leaders; there were children, as many as the hall could hold." Now is our Lyceum system radically wrong? If so, let us hold conventions every month in the year, and devise some means of improvement. If our Lyceums are a benefit, let us work earnestly, unceasingly and harmoniously, through storm and sunshine, and see what good may be accomplished.

L. H. K.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.
THE STARS.

BY FRANK A MARSH.

How sweetly smile the crystal skies,
 Above the blossomed vales beneath,
 Like some fair soul of sparkling love
 Enrich'd with friendship's glowing wreath.
 The world, enchanted with pleasant songs,
 Breathes gladness from her fragrant vales;
 While soft and warm on golden wings,
 The fleecy, evening zephyr sails.

The stars from out their azure homes,
 Look down like eyes from souls of love,
 That, fain would greet the holy light
 From yon blue skies that bend above.
 The laurels clasp the verdant hills,
 And all the vales lie sweet below,
 Where brightly flows the gentle light
 Among the flowers of purest glow.

O, human souls that calmly tread
 The blossomed ways of bloom and song;
 'Tis thine to shed the starry light,
 And change the paths that lead to wrong;
 For He who rules the skies supreme,
 That hang serenely o'er the rose,
 Will gaze on thee with tender eyes,
 And all his beauteous love disclose.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.
THE TWO WILLIES :

OR
As It Was and As It Is.

BY UNCLE WILLMER.

MORE than thirty years ago I knew a little boy by the name of Willie as we should now say, but then, among his mates, and at home, even, this little boy was called "Bill" or "Will" more frequently than anything else.

Willie's father was a farmer and lived among the green hills of Vermont, working a stony, hilly farm for the support of a large family, all the male members of which left the hard, old farm as soon as they could, to make their own way in the world as best they might.

At the time of which I write there were only three of the boys at home, five having already started on the highway of life on their own account. Willie was next to the youngest, and was now about ten years old, but even at this age there was a very great deal for this little boy to do to help on with the work, either in-doors or about the farm, and the only recreation or holidays were the "June training," when all the militia turned out for a drill, and "Fourth of July" and Thanks-

giving. Very important days they were, too, I assure you, to this little Willie, and many a hard hour's work did he have to do under the stimulus of going to "training" or "Fourth of July."

Willie was very fond of fishing, and, occasionally, he was allowed to go for an hour or two, after working hard enough to gain that much time. But these favors were given with such a grudging spirit, generally, as to really spoil all the pleasure in them. I will describe what occurred in one instance, and you can better understand what I mean.

On condition that certain things were done as directed, permission was granted for Willie to go fishing. The work was done in good time and the little boy started with line and pole in trim condition, as he thought, for a splendid time fishing. But, in going from the house, Willie was obliged to pass along the road where his father was at work, with his team and some men, repairing the road.

The road was hard and stony, and Willie's father was in no very pleasant mood, but quite ready to find fault with everybody and everything, whether there was any reason in it or not.

So, as Willie came trudging along (barefoot as usual) with fish-pole in hand, when near his father, he was greeted with this rebuff: "Your pole is too long; you can't do anything with it." This was said in a loud, sharp, angry voice and manner that frightened the little boy and sent him running back to the house to correct the matter by shortening his pole. But when he came the second time the same fault was found with his line, though nothing was said about the line at first. So back again, more frightened if possible than before, and almost discouraged about trying to get any pleasure from his promised chance to go fishing. But Willie was a courageous little fellow, and, beside, was too much accustomed to this kind of treatment to give up an opportunity which so rarely offered, and therefore once more started down the road.

This time he was more successful, and passed on with only a passing salute from his father, who said, in the same loud, rough manner as before—"Well, go 'long, ye won't catch anything."

Now, dear reader, this little sketch from *real life* gives you some idea of what country life was for some boys in New England, thirty years ago, or more.

This Willie's father was called a *good Christian*—was a deacon in the church, and thought he was doing "God's service" by keeping up a cold, heartless, grim relationship between himself and his

children. Is it strange that the children in such a family should seek for a new home as soon as they could break away from the old one, on a stony farm, with no stronger bonds than such affectional ties to hold them?]

Now I will tell you about the *other* Willie. The time is the present summer. The first Willie has become a man, and has a son also named Willie, who is now a little older than his father was at the time I speak of in the above sketch.

The father of this other Willie is at work handling stone, and doing quite as unpleasant work as *his* father was doing over thirty years ago. This also occurs in Vermont, though not in the same town as in the first instance.

But this other Willie comes running up to his father, and says: "Father, can I go up on the team, and fish awhile in the lake?"

"Yes, my son; but where is your bait, and hook and line?"

Willie says: "I have all but the bait."

So they talk it over, and Willie, much to his surprise, gets some help from his father in digging for his bait, and it is arranged that if he does not get through fishing in time to get home to dinner, some dinner shall be sent him, and, sure enough, it is sent, and the *father* is the one who carries it to his little boy. And it would be difficult to find two with a stronger mutual attachment than exists between this Willie and his father.

No child can be more obedient and respectful than is this Willie to his father, and, of course, to all others who are worthy.

Now, what is the *cause* of this difference between the relationship of these two Willies and their fathers?

I will tell you. One of these fathers lived out the teachings of a grim, hard, repulsive system of theology; the other, the teachings so many of you hear in your Progressive Lyceums.

One believed in a God of terror and vengeance, in harsh words and hard blows to enforce obedience; the other, in the good Father who *loves* always and never gets angry; in reproving words and tender compassion for all errors and misdeeds.

Each will carry the impress of his childhood far into the vast future beyond this world. Who can estimate the consequences and different results that follow the teachings and examples of two such fathers?

How important, then, that each and all of us do our part, earnestly and faithfully, to spread abroad the benign and blessed teachings of the LYCEUM; to sustain and strengthen the hands and cheer the

hearts of those who give their time and talents to this glorious work!

God bless the Lyceum and all its helpers and co-workers.

HYDEVILLE, Vt.

—A car-replacer has been devised by Samuel S. Jameson, Jr., of Salisbury, Pennsylvania. The object is to provide a device which can be conveniently carried at all times on the train, and which will enable the engine or cars to be readily replaced on the track when thrown off. It is so constructed that its several parts can be placed in position for use on either side of the rails, and in whatever direction the train may be moving.

—Little Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes, I know," said the child; "it is a whisper of a laugh."

—Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

—What sea would make a sleeping-room? Adriatic, (a dry attic).

JOHNNY'S LESSON.

[Selected.]

Johnny, come here and look at the cat!
Notice how nicely she washes her face;
Now rubbing this cheek, now rubbing that,
Carefully putting each hair in its place.
Johnny, you dear, little, dirty elf,
Don't you feel a little ashamed of your self?

Her hands she takes next,—now, Johnny, look there!
Carefully—daintily—see her scrub!
Now she arranges her soft, silken hair,
And her tail and her ears have an extra rub,
She owns neither looking-glass, towel, nor comb,
Yet she keeps herself neat, abroad and at home.

Johnny, what do you think of this?
With that smile on your bright, little smutty face;
I declare there is not a spot I can kiss!
And you know that your hair is never in place,
No wonder your hands in your pockets go;
You're ashamed of them, Johnny! you are, you know!

Playing with marbles, down on your knees,
Grubbing for angle-worms under the ground,
Riding the fences and climbing the trees,
You're the dirtiest fellow anywhere round,
You know you are, Johnny; you need not look hurt!
You know you delight to play in the dirt.

O, Johnny! O, Johnny! what shall I do?
Is a question that puzzles me even and morn,
With a dear, loving, little fellow like you,
Who is always dirty, and tumbled, and torn!
Johnny, if you don't do better than that,
I believe I shall send you to school to the cat.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

ZEPHYR AND BRINDLE.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

BOYS, Brindle and Zephyr have strayed away, I guess; may be they are in the marsh, but they may be stolen. That band of Gipsies wasn't prowling around here for nothing this morning. I rather they'd take my best horse than Zephyr—couldn't spare her with such a family of boys; and your mother—what *would* she do without that cow? Which of you three will go and find her? Don't venture too far in the marsh for forty cows, and don't stop to sleep on the road either, for it is getting late. Zephyr is too good a cow to lose after being to the expense of wintering her. Come, hurry up, which of you is going?"

Farmer Allen had said this in such haste to his three boys, Dick, Percival, and William, that they had no time to think or answer; but the pause he made at last brought all three to their senses. The boys hesitated a moment, for neither liked to go alone, and they knew their stern father's ways too well to expect two to go in company. Dick was afraid of the dark; the mention of Gipsies alarmed Percival; while Will, the youngest and bravest, was afraid of neither so much as of being called a coward; so he tried to put on a brave look, and said, "I'll go and be glad to," which meant, if looks mean anything, I rather not go alone.

"Yes, you look as if you craved the job; but you'll find it quite as easy as doing the chores about the barn. Put on your thick boots and o," said Mr. Allen.

Though William knew every inch of his father's farm, he did not like to set out on this search alone. But off he started, whistling as he went, merry as a cricket.

He was not long in giving the pasture a thorough search; but no cows were to be found. The bars were down. "The cows never would have done that; it must be the Gipsies have been here," said Will to himself.

The sun was setting, and dark clouds were gathering overhead. The whip-poor-will in the distance was singing its mournful song, while nearer the night hawk was making repeated dives with a hollow, jarring sound. Will was thinking he would go home and come again in the morning, when he spied the well known tracks of Zephyr. There were other tracks, too, that he was not so sure of—they were not cows tracks, either. Could it be the Gipsies had been there? He was more afraid of the darkness and of the Gipsies than he expected to be, but he did not like to go home and tell that he was afraid of a few tracks in the mud, get laughed at, and, perhaps, scolded by his father. So he trudged along with his eyes on the ground, afraid to look up for fear he should lose sight of Zephyr's footprints.

When it got so dark he could not see the tracks, he ventured to look around to see where the cows had led him. There was a bright light in the distance—it must come from the Gipsy camp. Yes, there were women and children there.

"I don't need to be afraid to go where little children are. It must be better than staying here alone this dark night, and a thunder shower coming too. They wouldn't refuse to let me sleep near their fire till morning, I know," and with these thoughts our little hero approached cautiously, and took a survey of the group before venturing among them. A tall, leather colored woman was cooking something over the fire; filthy looking men were lying about on the ground; little children were huddled together in wagons; a group of women were jabbering together, fortune telling, Willie thought, as that profession was linked in his mind with Gipsy women.

After satisfying himself that there was less to be feared from these rude people than from wandering about alone, he ventured to approach and make known his wants. They kindly welcomed him to the camp; gave him a supper of fried fish, and let him sleep in a wagon with half a dozen favorites of the tribe. At the first peep of day Willie took leave of his Gipsy friends; but no

until they had begged his coat and boots away from him in payment for his night's lodging.

Willie followed down the river a little way, where he found Brindle up eating her breakfast, and Zephyr finishing her morning nap in a cozy nook on the bank. He threw his arms first around the neck of one and then the other, and shouted for joy.

When half way home, he was met by father, mother, Dick, Percival and half the neighborhood, all so out of their wits that they did not know whether they were looking for Will, cows, Gipsies or what. Farmer Allen said he'd rather have lost Zephyr than had such a fright. Mother Allen cried for joy, and the young Allens danced and clapped their hands.

Willie is a man now, but he never tires of telling his son, Richard Percival Allen, of his search for the cows, and his night with the Gipsies.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

Mr. Gustavus Stone, a member of the Beloit (Wisconsin) Lyceum, gave the following answer:

"Charity is one of the heavenly graces. They who cultivate it are dwellers in pleasant places. Earth to them is like heaven—life a blessing. But we are not always faithful to the admonitions of Charity. We often see it the case when persons by hard labor have gained wealth by study, a literary reputation, or by devoting their lives to the good of their country earned political distinction, that evil-minded persons will dispute the pleading of sweet charity, and resort to any means to blast the hopes and despoil the fair name of these children of fortune.

We need not go outside our own circle of acquaintance to find instances of this kind. There are but few among us who are not charged with some vice or crime, even by those who profess to be our friends, when, if an investigation was entered into, perhaps not one case in ten would have a shadow of foundation. Such reports lose nothing by circulation, particularly when our enemies have the pleasure of passing them around. The result is, innocent persons, whose aims and aspirations are high and noble, whose love and affection is unbounded, and whose sympathy embraces the whole human family, are condemned. We may extend charity to these accusers, and say, with the gentle Nazarene, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Yet many are made to weep tears of sorrow and anguish, and their very hearts are rent, and their pathway of life is made dreary, simply for the want of the charity that should crown the lives of all. If we would but control

the tongue, or reflect before we speak, how much happier we should be ourselves, as well as those around us. There are no two things or persons in the whole universe of God that are exactly alike. We are differently organized, therefore cannot see or do alike. Each sees and judges from his own stand-point. What seems right to one may seem wrong to another. We have no moral right to say or do anything that will *injure* another, or pass judgment upon them without knowing the motives and circumstances that impel to action. There is beauty in this diversity, and if we would exercise charity, these differences would seem right and beautiful, and life's stream would glide along much more cheerfully and gracefully.

We shall then have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done what our conscience approves, and that the world has been benefited by us, and after we have passed through all the varied scenes of an earthly existence into that higher and better home we shall find our efforts have not been in vain, that the sanction of the white-robed angels, that meet us as we cross the silvery strand, with their countenances all radiant with joy, and their arms extended to embrace us, will be a rich reward for our labors of love and charity.

READ TO YOUR CHILDREN.

It is frequently remarked that such a book or paper is too old for little children. This objection has been urged—and without reason—against the LYCEUM BANNER, the best juvenile publication in the country. Children six and seven years old should not be expected to read *anything* understandingly. Many of them at that age do not know their letters, while every child of ordinary mind six years old can understand any little story when read and explained, as every story should be. Take your little active girl or boy that cannot read, select some simple story, read it, ask questions, and explain the hard words, and never leave the child the task of reading alone. Do this every day, and there will be no reason to complain of children's books and papers being too old. They are too old only when the children are neglected.

MRS. JANE WELD.

—"Mike, an' is it yourself that will be after tellin' me how they make ice creams?" "In truth I can; don't they bake them in cowld ovens, to be shure!"

—Why was Herod's wife a Fenian? Because she had a head sent her.

—The greatest plague of life is an ill temper.

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

THE BETTER LAND.

I hear thee speak of the Better Land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?
Not there, not there, my child.

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there, not there, my child.

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
Is it there, sweet mother—that Better Land?
Not there, not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy, |
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
'Tis there, 'tis there, my child.

MRS. HEMANS.

WHO ARE SLAVES?

"They are slaves who dare not speak
For the fallen and the weak; |
They are slaves who do not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

"Bold in speech and bold in action,
Be forever!—Time will test,
Of the free-souled and the slavish,
Which fulfils life's mission best:
Be thou like the noble ancient—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
SPEAK! no matter what betide thee,
Let them strike, but make them hear!
Be thou like the great Apostle—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly, speak it all!
Face thine enemies—accusers; |
Scorn the prison, rack or rod!
And, if thou hast TRUTH to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God."

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

[Selected.]

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their own business more, |
And mind their neighbors' less.
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And other's follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mend our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend,
It may be so with others;
It would be strange if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity, |
For every man and woman,
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know to "err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy,
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
"Do good to one another."

CHILDREN.

Don't expect too much of children,
You'll be cheated if you should;
Forty years, and more, it may be,
Have not served to make you good.
Forty years of toil and trial,
Leave you faulty at the best,
Patience, then, with little children,
We are human like the rest.

Sympathize in all our troubles,
Do not ridicule nor blame;
Help us in our childish pleasures,
Don't forget from whence you came.
Let the memories of our childhood
Be as bright as morning sun,
And let love, blest gift from Heaven, |
Still unite us all in one.

D. M.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

There is no greater obstacle to progression than
waiting for something to turn up, instead of going
to work to turn up something.

—A prayer of deeds is oftener answered than a
prayer of words.

Though God extend beyond creation's rim,
Each smallest atom holds the whole of him. |

—He who avoids small sins does not fall into
larger ones.

—Labor overcomes all obstacles.

—Love is the golden chain that connects Hu-
manity with Divinity.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 25 letters.

- My 12, 15, 8, 16, 10, 20, is a short poem.
 My 11, 25, 7, is used in making soap.
 My 12, 23, 10, 24, is used in winter.
 My 14, 18, 19, 8, 2, 18, 12, belongs to a loom.
 My 1, 22, 5, is a shy animal.
 My 23, 4, 6, 10, is used in building.
 My 21, 15, 16, 7, 12, 21, all ought to be.
 My 17, 8, 18, 9, 2, belongs to a knife.

My whole is the name of a great musical composer.

SARAH.

I consist of 28 letters.

- My 5, 7, 4, 12, is a coin.
 My 18, 21, 23, 2, is part of a chest.
 My 8, 3, 20, 18, is a girl's name.
 My 22, 16, 17, 13, we travel in.
 My 15, 19, 12, people live in.
 My 14, 10, 19, 12, grows under ground.
 My 9, 3, 20 is used in cooking.
 My 1, 11, 8, 17, is fed to cows in winter.
 My 6, 13, 17, is a useful fowl.

My whole is the address of a good, little girl.

D. M.

I am composed of 10 letters.

- My 1, 6, 5, is a kind of fodder.
 My 8, 10, 9, belongs in churches.
 My 4, 7, 2, 5, 8, 7, is often heard in churches.

My whole has been published in the Lyceum Banner.

CHARLES MASON.

ANSWERS IN NO. 1.

Enigma by Carrie E. Elliott—not answered.

Enigma by M. D.—The Old Curiosity Shop.

Enigma by Jennie Ray—George A. Shufeldt.

Geographical Puzzle by Ione Stephenson—Cape Charles and Cape Henry invited St. Helen's Sound and Charlotte Harbor to take Oyster Bay for supper, and being near the Big Prairie took a walk out to Kissimee Lake, called to Lake George to fetch Lake Orange, that they might all enjoy it.

Bird Enigma by G. L. C.—Eagles fly much higher than other birds. Answered by Ida E. Perry, Florence Pettigrew and Alfaretta Rathburn.

—What causes the ocean to be so angry? Because it is *crossed* so often.

WANTED.—A pair of boots to fit "the great telegraphic feat."

—Can a man keep his feet dry when he has a *creak* in his boots?"

—What is higher and handsomer when the head is off? A pillow.

—Why are jokes like nuts? Because the drier they are the better they crack.

—"Don't cry, little boy. Did he hit you on purpose?" "No, sir, he hit me on the head!"

Sayings of Children.

—Queer answers are very often received by grown people who talk to children, for the reason that the latter have not yet become accustomed to the subtleness and figurative meanings and round-about ways of words, and, therefore, look at things very practically. "Sam," said a young mother to her darling boy, "do you know what the difference is between the body and the soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body (touching the boy's shoulders and arms), but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh, I know," said he, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that is my flannel shirt." So an indulgent father urged an indolent son to rise. "Remember," said he, "that the early bird catches the worm." "What do I care for worms?" growled the youth, "mother won't let me go fishin'."

—A youth who was being reprimanded for playing marbles on Sunday, was asked, "Do you know where those little boys go who play marbles on Sunday?" He had not been sufficiently taught in regard to a future state, and replied, quite innocently, "Oh, yes. Some on 'em goes to the Common, and some on 'em goes down to the river."

—A lecturer, in Portland, Maine, or somewhere else, was explaining to a little girl how a lobster cast his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tuucks."

—"A passive verb," said a teacher, "is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as, 'Peter is beaten.' Now what did Peter do?" "Well, I don't know," said the scholar, deliberating, "unless he hollered."

—A small child being asked by a Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

TO THE CHILDREN.

—Jona Bowker Jr.—The extra copy of the LYCEUM BANNER that you paid for is sent to a little girl.

—Clara M. Wells.—Your puzzle is accepted. Write another.

—Blanche Porter.—Thanks for the shadow of your sweet face.

For the Lyceum Banner.

WAIT! MY LITTLE ONE, WAIT!

Words from the MANUEL.

Music by E. T. BLACKMER.

1. Wait, my lit-tle one, wait! When you get to the beau-ti-ful land;
 2. Wait, my lit-tle one, wait! When you come to the courts a - bove;
 3. Wait, my lit-tle one, wait! When you reach the ce - les - tial strand;

Tarry a lit-tle, my darl - ing one; Ere you join the heav'n - ly band; Stand
 Look with the light of thy beau-ti-ful eyes, On the friends you used to love;
 Many of us will be toil - ing up, To the highs of the sum - mer land; For the

close by the shin - ing gates of pearl, Look out on the nar - row way; For I
 Whispering dreams in our earth - ly ears; When we lie down to sleep;
 years that still fall like mol - ten lead; On the hearts this side of the sea Will

want the first glance of my heav'n-born sight, On my lit - tle one to stray.
 Painting bright pictures before our eyes, When we a - wake to weep.
 pass like the light of a beau-ti-ful dream, My lit - tle one o'er thee.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1893, by LOU H. KIMBALL, in the Clerk's Office of the Dis't Court for the Northern Dis't of Ill.