

The Lyceum Banner.

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Written for the Lyceum Banner.

EARLY MEMORIES.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

NO. II.

The Step Child.

WHEN I first knew Dora Watson we were children. I was older than she by two years. I remember her now as a queer-looking little girl. Her face was thin and pale; her eyes deep blue; her hair—a rich golden brown—would have been quite ornamental had some gentle hand put it into shape.

Dora had such odd ways, and said such strange things, that one hardly knew whether she was foolish, crazy, or a dreamer. One day a lady called and asked if her mother was at home.

"No," said Dora; "I am only ma-Watson's step-child."

"But she is your mother," said the lady.

"But she isn't," Dora replied. "The children at school say that I am only a step-child. I suppose that means that I am nobody's child, and I am sure I don't care to be ma-Watson's child she scolds me so much, and then I only love her just a little."

"What makes your mother scold?" the lady asked.

"Don't know, only that I am a step-child, won't work, and don't love my teacher, so I run off in the woods when I go to school."

Mr. Watson was a cold, stern man, and Mrs. Watson was always working, and finding fault with those about her. They had three boys, but no girl. Mrs. Watson said a girl would be handy in the house. So, when Sarah Heath died, leaving a little girl, Mr. Watson said, "Now is your time, wife. There is a child that nobody wants; its mother had no friends; the child will have none. Better adopt it. She may never know that she is not our child. She will be good help—soon save a hired girl's wages." Saving a girl's wages was just what Mrs. Watson wanted. It would cost but little to board and clothe her a few years, then she would do the house-work. So little Dora was wrapped in her poor mother's old faded shawl and taken over to the Watson farm. She was now called Dora Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson did not love the child; they never took her in their arms and called her pet names and talked lovingly to her as children like to be talked to.

Dora knew that she was not loved as the boys were; she knew that Edward, Peter and Will were allowed to call her bad names, while she must always be very kind to them.

Dora grew sensitive and sullen. When her new mother found fault, and her brothers called her ugly names, she seemed not to hear, but would go out into the garden, and climb into a rustic seat, (just as you see her in the picture,) and tell the birds, the flowers, or the trees, all her troubles. One day Mrs. Watson became very angry at Dora and told her that she was a fool and not her child, and that she was going to send her to the poor-house. Dora did not answer Mrs. Watson, but, picking up her little doll—all the things she could call hers—she went to her old seat in the garden and said, "Well, Dolly, dear, we are going over to the poor-farm to live. I wish I wasn't born, but am real glad Pete is not my brother, and ma-Watson is not my real mamma. Guess if I can find my own mamma she will love me, and maybe kiss me. Wouldn't that be real good, Dolly?"

Mr. Dutton, who was at Mr. Watson's when Mrs. Watson proposed sending Dora to the poor-farm, said, "Mrs. Watson, I think Dora is not so bad or foolish as you think. You don't love her, how then can you expect love and respect from the child? If I want my plants to grow and blossom I give them the sun, the dew, the showers and fresh air; if you want this little human bud to grow in grace and goodness, let the love-light shine into her heart; let her feel the warmth of affection, the blessing of gentleness. I treat my children as I wish them to treat me. I never say do this or do that. The result is I am treated well by my children."

"I would just like to have you take Dora home and keep her a week," Mrs. Watson said. "You would then see what a child she is. I treat her just as I do my boys, and I am proud of them; but this child I took out of pity, and called her Watson so as to make her seem respectable; she is saucy and sullen, and I know is foolish, for she is going on seven, and Mr. Watson and I have both tried to teach her the Lord's Prayer, but she cannot learn even that."

"I will take Dora home," Mr. Dutton replied, "and if she likes us we may keep her."

Mrs. Watson had been wanting to get Dora off her hands without sending her to the poor-farm. "Now is my time," she thought, and going to the west door she called, "Dora, Mr. Dutton wants to see you—come in quick."

Dora made no answer, but came slowly toward the house. Mr. Dutton went to the door, and said, "Dora, your mother says you may go home with

me, and see my little Bessie. Would you like to go?"

"Did Ma-Watson say so truly?"

"Yes, child, she did."

"Well, then, I shall be ever so glad to go."

Dora's eyes brightened, and her little feet caught the glad words, and made haste to the house.

"I am going home with this nice looking man, Ma-Watson; so you go up stairs and get my hat and sack—be quick, Ma-Watson."

"There, Mr. Dutton," Mrs. Watson said, "did I not tell you that the child was saucy?" "Yes," Mr. Dutton replied, "I see that she spoke to you in a commanding way—just as you speak to her. As you give so shall you receive, madam."

Mrs. Watson was displeased by Mr. Dutton's plain, blunt words; but she managed to conceal her anger, for Mr. Dutton was a very good and popular man.

Dora went home with Mr. Dutton. Mrs. Dutton and little Bessie were very glad to see the little girl. Bessie brought out all her playthings, and divided them with Dora.

Dora was so delighted in her new home that she asked if she could not live there always. "Stay as long as you like us," Mrs. Dutton said.

"I shall like you always, and I will be ever so good," Dora replied.

So it was settled that Dora was not to be sent to the poor-farm, but was to be adopted as one of the Dutton family.

They all loved Dora, and she loved them, and she did all she could do to make herself useful and happy. No one called her spoiled, nor lazy; she could hear people when they spoke to her, and could learn as well as any child, because love made all things easy and pleasant.

Dora grew to be a good and beautiful lady. Every one loved her for her gentleness, beauty, and goodness.

One day when Mr. Dutton met Mrs. Watson, he said to her, "Our Dora is going to be married to the young minister."

"Well, that beats all," Mrs. Watson replied. "What has changed that dull, willful child into such a fine woman?"

"Affection, Tenderness, and Love." Mr. Dutton said these are the guardian angels of my house. When Dora was about twenty years old, she came over to my mother's, to visit us a day or two.

She asked mother one day if she remembered her when the children called her step-child. "Yes," my mother said, "and I knew you before your own mother died."

"You have no idea how I used to feel when I would hear Mrs. Watson tell people that I was only

a poor, stupid child that she took out of pity. Now I am so happy with my good parents I quite forget that I am not their own child."

"And my brother," Walter said. "I rather think, Dora, that you are very happy in thinking that you are going to be Mrs. Frederic Williams." "Yes," Dora said, "I am glad that we are to be married, and glad, too, that you are going to be my brother—I will not say *step*-brother, for the *step* has an unpleasant sound."

When we went to our room that night, Dora put her arm about my waist, and said, "Gertie, dear, do you feel badly about my marrying Fred?" "Badly, Dora; why, no," I said. "I am almost as glad as if I were to be Fred's wife; and then we will be *almost* sisters,—if Walt marries our Bess."

In a few weeks after this visit, Dora and Mr. Williams were married. They at first lived in a small white cottage in our village. Mr. Williams was for some years our minister; but Dora was the ministering spirit—the guardian angel of the parish. If any one was old, sick, or needed help in any way, Dora was always put on the Committee of Ways and Means. We used to see her out on pleasant mornings with her carriage, giving the poor invalids a ride.

She was a sort of god-mother to all the children in town. She used to say, "We will have no orphan children in our parish; if there are any poor, any unfortunate, we will take them in and care for them."

Mr. and Mrs. Watson tried hard to be very friendly with Mrs. Williams, and she tried to forget their ill-treatment of her. Mrs. Watson often says, "We gave Mrs. Williams her first start in the world, and her mother was a miserable girl. When she died, we took her child home, and kept her till Mr. Dutton wanted her for company for his Bessie. I always knew she would make a fine lady, and I am glad for all we did for her."

I have not seen Dora for a year; but often hear from her. In her last letter to me, she said, "What do you think, Gertie? Fred and I are turning our Sunday-school into a Progressive Lyceum. We have adopted the Davis plan of teaching, and of preaching. We have discontinued the *Sunday-School Visitor* and have subscribed for the LYCEUM BANNER. The world, Gertie, especially the children, like Old John Brown, are marching on."

Dora has invited me to visit her this spring. Of course I shall go so soon as Walter and Bess can take time to go with me. Then the preachers of the LYCEUM BANNER shall hear just what my friends are doing, and how well or ill they are doing their work among the children in their parish.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

PHONOGRAPHY.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I PRESUME you have heard, children, of that wonderful manner of writing by which one is enabled to write as fast as the most rapid speaker can speak. It is called phonography, and has been brought to astonishing perfection by A. J. Graham, who has devoted the energies of his life to the art. There is nothing surprising in the statement that the hand can move as fast in recording as the tongue in speaking words; but in the ordinary way of writing it is compelled to make a great many more motions. Thus, to write *though*, I am obliged to make at least twenty-two distinct motions of my hand, while to speak it the tongue makes but two. To write phonographically, I should make but two, so I should be even with the tongue. It is so with all words, and hence the expert phonographer can write from 175 to 200 words in a minute with ease.

To be able to *report* is a fine accomplishment, and reporting pays the largest of salaries, but this is not all. How often we desire to write out extracts from books we read, but have not time to do so by the old, tedious *long-hand*. If we understand phonography we can write as fast as we can read, and thus gather a great storehouse of gems, culled from the literature of the world.

The study is one of the most enticing, and from its scientific accuracy, its beauty and brevity cultivates the faculties of observation and the love of the beautiful.

It is easy to learn, and when learned of more real value to the student than all the Greek and Latin in the world. We said that Mr. Graham had devoted his life to the perfection of this art. Before him it has been without order or science. Different authors made so many changes, that so far as corresponding was concerned it was valueless. He has reduced this confusion to order, and founded a system on the science of language, making it permanent and *standard*. His works, on which he has spared neither time nor expense, are beautiful specimens of typography and engraving. They are all any one requires to learn the whole art.

THE LYCEUM BANNER reaches many youths in the country, who have many leisure hours. To such we say, procure these works, and learn this art, which you can readily do, and you will find it a constant source of pleasure and profit during

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

RELEASE.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

Cast the rose-scented letter aside, Lady Laura,
And crush back that quick cry of pain,
And muffle your heart in your bride, Lady Laura,
It has served you again and again.

There are faces as fair as your own, Lady Laura,
In spite of your beauty and youth,
There are voices as tender in tone, Lady Laura,
There are voices that speak but the truth.

There are curls just as bright as your gold, Lady Laura,
There are teeth quite as white as your pearls,
Lips as red as your rubies untold, Lady Laura,
Though you call yourself "fairest of girls."

There is one man who quite scorns a lie, Lady Laura,
And he knows that your heart in its pride
Is as false as a clear April sky, Lady Laura;
Far too false to belong to *his* bride.

So he sends you this note of release, Lady Laura,
Which has caused you such anguish and tears;
But his kindness will not bring you peace, Lady Laura,
In the darkness of forthcoming years.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SLATE PENCILS AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

BY UNCLE WILLMER.

I HAVE not forgotten my promise to tell the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER something about the marble and slate quarries of Vermont. And although the promise was made full three months ago, I hope it is not too late for me to make it good.

I could not say what I wished to say to you till now, for I have been as busy as ever you saw a robin in a tree loaded with ripe cherries, though I don't think I have been quite as happy all the time as a robin would be sure to be in a ripe cherry tree. But I have had all I deserve I presume, and perhaps more too; for I find the longer I live, and the more I learn about life and its duties, the more willing I become to accept as just about right whatever the good Father lays out before me.

Well, dear children, what have you all been about the past three months? Old "Santa-Claus," I suppose, has paid all of you a visit, in one way or another, and some of you, I see in the LYCEUM BANNER, have been enjoying yourselves, and making others happy with your Lyceum Exhibitions. Blessings on the "Children's Lyceum," with its noble army of workers in God's true vineyard! In the meantime, no doubt, some of the readers of this little paper have crossed the river, and joined the LYCEUM on the other side, in the Summer Land. But we joy to know that if this

be so, they can and do still meet with the little group as they were wont to do when in the form, and though unseen by us, they are as really with us as when we could clasp their little hands, and greet them with a kiss.

In talking with my young friends about the marble and slate quarries of Vermont, I shall aim to combine utility with instruction, so that you will find something worth remembering in each article.

The subject will cover a variety of articles in very common use, about which, if you were asked where they come from, or how made, you might find it difficult to give an intelligent answer.

Probably but very few, not in some way connected with some branch of the business, have any thing like a correct idea of the vast extent of the stone business in its various branches, carried on in Rutland county, Vermont.

In another article, at some future time, I will tell you about the various marble and stone quarries, and how the stone are worked, how they are handled, and what is done with them.

But in this paper I propose to tell you something about the manufacture of *Slate Pencils*—a very small affair, I suppose you think, but we will see about that.

Slate Pencils have been manufactured in this county for many years, but it is only within a year, or little over, that the business has been conducted on a large scale. The quarry and mill are owned by Messrs. Adams, Brown & Co., and located in the town of Castleton, some three miles from the village.

The quarry has been worked for many years, as you would surely think were you to look into it. Here you can see a big hole dug straight down into the earth, leaving room enough to take in a large church, steeple and all. The stone are loosened from their bed by powder and wedges, and then lifted out upon the bank by a derrick, and before taking them to the mill, (which is near the quarry) are split into pieces about three inches thick, and six to twelve inches square. This quarry yields what is called "soap stone," and is very rare, and considered valuable. There is a great quantity of "refuse stone," which comes out with the stone, suitable to work into pencils, which is cast aside. Now let us go to the mill.

This is a building three stories high, and about 60 feet long, with a wing for an engine room, in which we find a splendid 80 horse power engine, working like a clock, and about as still.

On the ground floor the stone are carried, and first sawed into pieces to make the pencils the length required, then handed to the "splitter," who very rapidly slices them into pieces about

one-fourth of an inch thick. The "splitter" must exercise great care in his work, for on him devolves the labor of discarding the flinty pieces and all not suitable to work into pencils. So the next time you find a "hard spot" in your soapstone slate pencil, you can charge it to the "splitter."

These slices of stone are next passed through a machine which planes them smooth on both sides, and then they go to the cutting machine, where they are first run through under a cutter, which cuts deep grooves a little more than half way through the smooth, thin piece of soapstone, leaving little ridges *between* each of the grooves, half as large as the pencil is to be when finished. Now the stone goes to another machine and is passed under a cutter which cuts the same number of grooves on the *other* smooth side of the stone, and deep enough to meet the grooves first made. So the little piece of stone, in going through the second cutter, comes out, cut into smooth, round pencils; and it is all done in a much shorter time than it takes me to write it.

The pencils are now taken to the next story above, where we will follow them. This third story is divided into three apartments; one for making the pasteboard boxes, another where the pencils are assorted, each length by itself, counted and put into the pasteboard boxes, and another small room where the pencils are trimmed at the ends by a circular saw, and stored, when first brought from the room below.

Nearly all the work in this "Slate Pencil Manufactory," except the quarrying of the stone, and the sawing and splitting, is done by women, girls and boys. I was very glad to see this, and also to find that the bookkeeper and accountant of the firm is a woman.

The boys are employed in the second story to run the planing and cutting machines; making the boxes, assorting and counting the pencils, employ the women and girls. The woman who does the counting, usually puts up seventy thousand every day, and I was told by the gentleman in charge, she had gone as high as one hundred thousand in one day. It was really amusing to see how skillfully and rapidly she would pass the pencils from the pile before her into the boxes—one hundred in each box.

I noticed the floor in the assorting room was covered with bits of broken pencils, and I said "Why, what a shame to waste so many pencils after taking so much pains with them." But the man said, "Oh no, they are not wasted. We save all these pencil pieces and bits of stone and take them to the lower story to be ground into a fine powder, which we sell at \$20 per ton to the paper

makers to color their wall paper." So I believe it may be always, if we only knew how to make the best use of everything we have to do with—nothing need be lost.

I enjoyed my visit to the "Soap Stone Pencil Mill" very much, and I hope I have succeeded in making it interesting to my young readers.

HYDEVILLE, VT.

[Selected.]

JAPANESE LITTLE FOLKS.

THE HON. FRANK HALL, who was in Japan a few years ago, speaks thus favorably of the Nipponese children. The Japanese, it will be remembered, are "heathen;" but what Christian country, with all its ministers, churches, sermons, &c., can show such good children? Mr. Hall says:

"During more than a half year's residence in Japan, I have never seen a quarrel among young or old. I have never seen a blow struck, scarcely an angry face. I have seen the children at their sports, their kites upon the hill, and any amount of intertangled strings or kites lodged in the trees, but no angry words or impatience. I have seen them intent upon their games of jack stones, or marbles, under shaded gateways of the temples, but have never seen an approach to quarrel among them. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents, but I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence to the aged is universal. A crying child is a rarity seldom seen. We have nothing to teach them in this respect out of our abundant civilization. I speak what I know of the little folks of Japan, for more than any other foreigner have I been among them. Of all that Japan holds there is nothing I like half so well as the happy children. I shall always remember their sloe black eyes and ruddy brown faces with pleasure. I have played battledore with the little maidens in the streets, and flown kites in the fields with as happy set of boys as one could wish to see. They have been my guides in my rambles, shown me where all the streams and ponds were, where all the flowers lay hid in the thicket, where the berries were ripening on the hills; they have brought me shells from the ocean, and blossoms from the field, presenting them with all the modesty and a less bashful grace than a young American boy would do. We have hunted the fox holes together, and looked for the green and golden ducks among the hedges. They have laughed at my broken Japanese, and taught me better, and for a happy, good natured set of children, I will turn out my Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Nippon."

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ANGELS.

When our beloved mother, our dear little brother or sister die, they do not go into the grave, they are not buried under the cold damp ground; but they merely change the forms of life, go into another world, which we call the spirit world, and become angels. She is our mother still, and the little ones are just as much our brother and our sister as they ever were before they died; they love us, they care for us, and they are often with us. We cannot see them, but that is only because with our physical eyes we have not the power to discern spirits. The spirit world, the Heaven, is not so far off as we are sometimes told it is, nor are angels shadowy beings, with feathered wings. Heaven is near, around, and within us. We make it as we go along in life, by doing right and loving those about us. Angels are simply our brothers and our sisters, who have gone before us to the beautiful land, "where the flowers ever blossom, where the beams ever shine," and where we are sure to go some day and join our hearts with those who loved us here and who will love us there.

WHAT OF GOD.

We visited a school the other day. The teacher advocated self-thinking. He has taught his pupils to answer questions as they feel is right—to think and to speak for themselves.

He was asking a little girl about her lesson in reading. "Are people who are true and noble good and God-like?" he asked. "I think they must be good," the child said; "but I do not know as they are God like, for I have not seen God." We said to the little girl, "What do you think God is?" "Do not think," she replied, for I never saw Him, and do not know any one who has." Turning to an older sister we said, "What do you think of God, Jennie?" "I think," she replied, "He must be a very good and loving Father—that is all I know." Sensible children.

"HOW SHALL I WRITE?"

JAMES W. writes that he wants to write a story for the LYCEUM BANNER, and asks, "How shall I write?" You want to tell a story. Is it a good story? Will it make our readers glad? Will they be happier and better for reading your story? The papers are crowded with stories; but many of them are foolish things—not worth reading. If you have a story that is real good, write it out in a few words—just as you would tell it to your sister Grace. Do not, like some older people, pick up high-sounding words, that no one can understand.

After your story is written lay it by; let it get cold. Then read it carefully to see how it sounds. If you find too many adjectives cross them out. See if the words are rightly spelled. I have a letter before me from a gentleman. He says, "Ef yew fale to print my komposition I shant tak yewer paper no longer." The "komposition" will not get printed as it is written, but if the man had given a little attention to writing he would have the satisfaction of seeing his story in the paper.

Then see if your punctuation is correct. When your corrections are all made, copy your story. Write on but one side of the paper. Write proper names plainly. When finished, send it to the LYCEUM BANNER.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

CHARLIE.—You want a question for your "Debating Club." Well, have you had the following questions:

How can we boys become useful and honored members of society?

What rights have we that do not belong to our sisters?

How do trees grow?

What makes one flower red, another white, another blue?

Which is best for us, a good constitution or a mint of gold?

Send the LYCEUM BANNER the answer to these questions.

SUSAN.—Zenobia was Queen of Palmyra. She lived in the third century. Julius Cæsar was Emperor of Rome one hundred years before Christ.

"UNCLE WILLMER."

OUR readers will no doubt be glad to welcome Uncle Willmer once more, and read his pleasant stories in our little paper. He has promised for our next number a hunting story, which will give some thrilling incidents in the life among the early settlers in the Green Mountain State.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE MINOT LEDGE LIGHT-HOUSE.

LIGHT-HOUSES are built upon dangerous ledges of rocks, sunken reefs, or sand-bars, to warn the mariner of the dangers of navigation, and to direct him into safe channels and secure harbors. Many of the perils of navigation,—shipwrecks and marine disasters,—are caused by these hidden rocks and reefs. Thousands of lives have been lost, and millions of money sunk to the bottom of the sea by the absence of some sign to warn the weather-beaten sailor of the dangers of the great deep.

Three hundred years before the Christian Era, the greatest Light-house ever known in the world was built at Alexandria, in Egypt. It was constructed of white stone, was 550 feet in height—higher than the Great Pyramids, or the dome of St. Peter's Church in Rome. Its light was visible for more than forty miles,—and for sixteen hundred years it remained one of the wonders of the world, and was finally destroyed by an earthquake.

The Eddystone Light-house in the British Channel is the most remarkable structure of the kind in modern times. It is built entirely of stone and hydraulic cement, is in the form of the trunk of a tree, very strong and substantial, as is proved by

the fact that for one hundred and ten years it has withstood the most terrible storms and tempests of the sea.

The first house built upon the Eddystone Rocks was a super-structure of wood on a stone base; this was finished in 1699. This building remained for three years—until 1702—when, in the midst of a terrific storm, it was destroyed, together with its builder and all of its occupants. In 1709 it was replaced by a building composed of a very strong and ingenious construction of wood and iron. This also remained for three years, when it was destroyed by fire.

Our picture represents the destruction of the Minot Ledge Light-house, which occurred in the month of April, 1857, during one of the most terrific storms ever known on the Atlantic coast.

Minot's Ledge is on the coast of Massachusetts, near the entrance to Boston Harbor, and is a most dangerous reef of sunken rocks, seldom visible, even at low tide, for more than a few minutes at one time.

This structure was built of iron piles, ten inches in diameter, inserted five feet in the solid rock; these were firmly braced and tied together with wrought iron braces; 55 feet above the rock the heads of the piles were firmly secured to a heavy casting; above this casting the floor of the dwelling was placed; in this dwelling lived the keeper, and above him was the light. The building was finished in 1849, and stood until its destruction in April, 1857. A heavy rope hawser was carried from the top, and anchored in the sea, which was supposed to add to the security of the building, but this hawser was the cause of its destruction. In the great storm, the waves beat upon it with such tremendous power, every time the water struck the rope, the great iron piles would writhe and twist, until they finally gave way, and the whole structure toppled into the ocean. The keeper and his family perished with the building. S.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE "RAVEN," BY POE,
READ.

Oh, sing it no more, that same old song,
The "Raven" has flown away;
It came with the night and fled with the light,
With the opening rose of day.

Like a shadow of evil, it passed my hearth,
And into my heart it came;
But God, with his care, and the angels fair,
Have driven it out again.

Then sing it no more—oh, sing it no more,
The sad, old, dismal strain;
It rustles the dying leaves of the past,
And stirs up the serpent,—Pain.

No more it stands above the door
With those flashing eyes of fire;
He has flown from this shore, and never more,
Will he come with his heart of ire.

The Raven of evil is ever nigh,
In that world, as well as here,
And there's many a night, mild the silvery light
Of crushed hopes on the morning bler.

Fare-well, fare-well, but never sing
That song of pain and woe;
It paints of time, in this land sublime,
Of the days of long ago.

CARRIE ELLA BARNEY.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

The Bones of the Arm.

THE superior extremity has been divided into the shoulder, the arm, the fore-arm and the hand, and there is no more interesting structure to be found anywhere in nature than this. It has claimed the attention of the ablest minds. Sir Charles Bell was selected to write one of the Bridgewater Treatise "on the human hand."

The shoulder consists of the collar bone and the shoulder blade. These are so arranged in the human body as to form a deep socket or round cavity for the reception of the head of the arm bone. The first of these is peculiar to man and the quadrupeds, or four handed animals. It may be seen and felt, extending from the breast bone in the centre across the top of the chest in front to the shoulder. Its object is to throw out the joint for the arm so as to place it upon the sides of the body, and renders the arm very different from the fore-limbs of quadrupeds, which are placed in front, or under the body. The shoulder-blade is a large

flat bone, attached to the upper and back part of the chest by muscles and ligaments.

The arm is composed of one bone called the humerus, or arm bone, this extends from the shoulder to the elbow, at the upper end there is a ball nicely adapted to the socket of which we have spoken. This joint has the most free and perfect motion of any joint in the body, a very essential point in the adaptation of the arm and hand for the various uses for which it is so beautifully designed. Uses more extended and wonderful than are to be found in any mechanical construction which has ever been made by man.

From the elbow to the wrist we have two bones called the fore-arm or radius and ulna, which are so arranged as to form a hinge-joint at the elbow and to rotate upon each other with considerable freedom, at the same time they are very strong.

The wrist or carpus is composed of eight bones, each of which has a long latin name. They are arranged side by side in two rows and are so adjusted as to form a strong and pliable joint, giving great freedom of motion to the hand.

The body or palm of the hand is composed of four meta-carpal bones arranged side by side so as to form a flat surface, quite strong and yet having great freedom of motion.

The four fingers and the thumb have each three bones called phalanges that are united by hinge joints that may be moved out to a straight line or closed against the palm of the hand. One of the most interesting features of the hand is the thumb which is so constructed as to act as an opponent to the fingers, and thus enable us to grasp objects. The first joint of the thumb is so free as to be almost rotary and by this means it may be brought readily in front of the fingers. We shall speak of the motions the hands when we treat of the muscles. The bones which we have described may all be felt in the living body, and as you read about them you will get a better idea of them by placing your hands upon them.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PAT'S PUZZLER.

In a jovial company, each one asked a question. If it was answered, he paid a forfeit; or, if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. An Irishman's question was "How does the little ground-squirrel dig his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?"

When they all gave it up Pat said: "Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole."

"But how does he get there?"

"Ah," said Pat, "that's your question—can you answer it yourself?"

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

STORIES OF THE STARS.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

NO. VI.

Jupiter.

JUPITER is the largest of all the planets belonging to the Solar System. It may readily be distinguished from the fixed stars by its peculiar splendor and magnitude, appearing to the naked eye almost as resplendent as Venus, although it is more than seven times her distance from the Sun.

During the past year Jupiter—when Venus was invisible—has been the brightest and most beautiful star in the heavens; at present it sets just after the Sun goes down, and rises a little while after the Sun, so that for the next six or seven months there will be no opportunity to see him. In the fall he will come again with the evening time and shine with his usual magnificence.

Jupiter is the next planet in the system, above the Asteroids, and performs his annual revolution around the Sun in 12 of our years at the mean distance of 495,000,000 of miles; moving in his orbit at the rate of 30,000 miles an hour. He revolves on his axis in 9 hours, 55 minutes and 50 seconds, so that his year contains 10,471 days and nights, each about 5 days long.

By this rapid whirl on its axis his inhabitants are carried around at the rate of 26,500 miles an hour, which is 1,600 miles farther than the inhabitants of the Earth are carried by its diurnal motion in 24 hours.

The diameter of Jupiter is 86,255 miles—eleven times greater than that of the Earth. His volume is, therefore, about 1,300 times larger than that of our own planet.

Jupiter is attended by four satellites, or moons. They are easily seen with a common spy-glass, or opera-glass, and can even be seen by holding up a piece of common looking-glass, so that the planet is reflected in it. This fact I mentioned to you before, in another number. Sometimes all of these moons can be seen—at others only three and two, the others being behind the planet.

They are about the size of our moon, and the nearest one about the same distance from the planet that our moon is from the Earth.

Jupiter is an object of great beauty when viewed through the telescope, and has been made the subject of thousands of observations by astronomers.

The largest room in the world—the room for improvement.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

WHO IS THE TRUE HERO?

WE have at the present time many heroes, who gained their honors upon many a hard fought field, who carry the scars of many battles upon their person, yet, in these days of war and bloodshed, consternation and strife, it may be asked, "Who is the hero?"

As I view it, there are two classes of heroes: the physical hero, or he who fights with the deadly weapons of war; the other is the moral hero, or he who only uses those powers within himself to assail injustice or wrongs of any kind. The first calls into action the lower faculties of the mind; the last brings the higher or moral sentiments to bear upon the enemy, and thereby making himself the true hero.

I know that many persons think differently, and would hold up their hands in horror to hear me say this.

I know that the cry would be that the hero of the battle-field accomplished more than the moral hero.

But does he accomplish more?

I will acknowledge that he destroys more lives, and, as is often the case, does not gain much good; but displays only the power existing in the butcher—the sword.

The man who will go forth manfully and stand up for principles which he knows to be true, daring the prejudice and bigotry of the masses, not heeding the cries that come from the rabble of "Put him down!" but going straight forward, accomplishes much more than the other.

Do not think that I would discard the soldier; far from it; he is needed—almost absolutely necessary in the present condition of the world. So long as men will not listen to the teachings of truth, so long as they will be guided by brute force, just so long will you require the soldier or the hero of the army.

We have many true heroes, and many who had fallen ere the battle was won. We wish more; they should be augmented until all would say with one voice, "We are true heroes—all engaged in the glorious cause of Truth." To be a true hero one should proclaim true principles from house to house, and from land to land.

MAGGIE E. HOLLAND.

—Love is the soft-winged angel, who gives the choicest blessings alike to friend or foe, who makes the poor man's hut a palace, and the rich man's palace a heaven.

A. H.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MY HAPPY FAMILY.

DEAR CHILDREN, you have all heard of Barnum's happy family, and, perhaps, endowed the great showman with superhuman power in succeeding so admirably in educating cats, rats, hens, racoons, and other animals, to live peaceably in the same cage. But each of you may succeed even better than Barnum in training animals to live together harmoniously without a cage.

To prove this I will give you an account of my own happy family,—and the same experiment, successfully carried out, will prove a source of great happiness to every boy and girl who is willing to take the trouble of watching them a little at first. I had given me a beautiful Mexican squirrel, just from its native country, which had suffered so much from neglect and the sea voyage that it could hardly drag itself across the room. After careful nursing it soon regained its native vivacity and beauty, and during the period of convalescence became perfectly tame.

Skip's beauty was marvellous, its color red and gray, tail long and bushy, eyes bright, and every motion natural grace. He soon became not only the pet of the house, but of the whole neighborhood. I never confined him in a cage, or in the house but a few days, because I think it wrong to deny any harmless creature its liberty,—and especially a squirrel, whose habits are so active. He manifested no disposition to run away, any farther than the garden fence, and when frightened, or molested, always ran to me for protection.

Darling little Skip! I see him now as he used to run at my call, leap upon my shoulder, and poke his pretty nose into my mouth for nuts, which I sometimes concealed there to tease him. He very soon became bold enough to make the acquaintance of the hens and chickens that lived in the yard. Old Biddy showed a great deal of spirit when he first approached her brood of little ones, fearing that an enemy had come among them to do them harm. She ruffled her feathers, and rushed at Skip, Skip to me, and all was quiet again. On further acquaintance they became very good friends, and old Biddy would hardly resent the familiarity when Skip jumped upon her back while she and her family were eating at the dough dish.

Then an interloper came. A black and white kitten was introduced to our group by way of experiment. Kitty was quite disgusted at first at the freedom Skip assumed, and would hide in a corner, her eyes glaring like balls of fire until he turned his attention to another quarter. I did not inter-

ferre, but let them get acquainted in their own way, as they understood their own natures best. In a week, Biddy and family, Skip and Kitty, were all on the best of terms, often eating from the same dish, in as much harmony as a model family take their meals together.

I next introduced a dog,—a little black and tan terrier. I confess I had a little trouble with him at first, and for several days feared I would be obliged to resort to severe measures to make him behave in a proper manner with his associates. Playful and active he never seemed happier than when shaking Skip by the neck, chasing the chickens, or worrying Kitty, who had learned to flee to Mistress Biddy in time of trouble, to be protected under her broad wings.

I conquered at last. Fido found I was mistress, and that his companions' rights were to be respected. So after two or three slight chastisements he learned to behave with propriety, and seemed to enjoy the society of his friends.

Skip proved himself the family harmonizer, always coming in with a playful leap in any unusual disturbance, turning the attention of all to his pranks. They grew to maturity together. Kitty never seemed to know that cats were made to kill squirrels and chickens; and Fido grew so docile that every hair of Kitty and Skip, and every feather of Biddy and brood, were sacred to him and his especial care.

Children, when the warm spring days come, collect a few young animals, and try the power of love and education upon them, and you will soon find them living together in harmony, and like yourselves, a happy family. F. M. K.

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity, and gracefulness.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—Beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to wish for—Health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to pray for—Faith, peace and purity of heart.

Three things to like—Cordiality, good humor and mirthfulness.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to contend for—Honor, country and friends.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

BOSTON, MASS.

A Baptist Sunday-school in this city has gone so far in imitation of the Lyceum as to have names for the classes, such as: "Corner Stone," "Busy Bee," &c.; also has its "banners," which are placed at the end of each seat, with the name of the class upon them. The daily papers, in their columns, speak of our Lyceum very respectfully, deigning to notice it often. Our Lyceum has as large an attendance as any other "Sunday-school" in the city. It numbers two hundred members of groups. We have several new banners hung up in the hall, two of which read as follows: "The Fear of God is the beginning of Folly," "The Love of God is the beginning of Wisdom." There is one banner, a figurative representation of old theology, which lies buried in the foreground. Back of it is a church, with a steeple, the latter, being struck by lightning, is falling. A minister in this city, a short time since, made the remark, in his pulpit, "That there were two model Sunday-schools in Boston; one was studying for heaven, and the other for hell." Many persons remarked when we took the hall we now occupy, that it was too large! We never should fill it! Now the questions are: How can we accommodate all? Is there room? There is not room some Sunday forenoons, as many visitors have to stand, and consider themselves lucky even to find standing room. The Lyceum is preparing for the "Great Celebration" of the Twentieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, which is to take place at the Music Hall, the 31st of this month.

THOMAS.

Boston, March, 1868.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Our attendance at the Lyceum, since its reorganization, if we consider the unusually inclement winter, has been good. We now meet at Dasha-way Hall, Post street. To-night being Thomas Paine's birthday, we have a social party for the benefit of the Lyceum. The system of Progressive Lyceums is a noble idea, but is only in its infancy. It will be a different thing after a few years' nursing.

I receive the LYCEUM BANNER, and it pleases me very much, notwithstanding the severe strictures it has received from a correspondent of the *Boston Investigator*. Another correspondent did not expect that *ladies* could conduct a liberal paper. Happily, the LYCEUM BANNER has proved him entirely mistaken, and I hope he has repented his ungallant words.

The LYCEUM BANNER is doing a great work, and if the blessing of an Atheist and Spiritualist be of any benefit, it shall have mine, as well as any material aid I can render it. J. W. M.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

Our Lyceum held its annual meeting for the election of officers for the ensuing year with the following results:

Conductor, Mr. Henry Jones; Guardian, Mrs. A. Wilson; Musical Director, Mr. I. Webster; Organist, Miss J. Wilson; Librarian, Miss Olive Wilson; Guards, Mr. Henry Dart, W. Norris, Mrs. Thompson; Treasurer, Mr. William Norris; Secretary, Mr. Moses Folsom.

We commence this year with eighty-five children and only eleven leaders. The attendance has been good and regular during the winter months, and we are hoping that as the spring advances of increasing our numbers. We welcome your LYCEUM BANNER semi-monthly. May its folds be so enlarged as to encircle all the young people of this vast continent. MOSES FOLSOM, Secretary.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

The Spiritualists of the city of Omaha met Sunday afternoon, and organized a "Children's Progressive Lyceum," electing as their officers Dr. S. C. Chase, Conductor; Mrs. D. R. Fuller, Guardian of the Groups; Dr. D. V. Bowen, Librarian and Secretary; Mr. R. Fuller, Musical Director. A sufficient number present signified their willingness to become Guards and Leaders. We anticipate a complete success.

D. V. BOWEN, Sec.

Questions and Answers from Philadelphia Lyceum.

[Reported for the Lyceum Banner by Mrs. Dyott.]

What is Life?

LIBERTY GROUP, No. 1.—Life is the union of soul and body, spirit, energy, existence. Life belongs to earth; its spiritual to heaven, and the soul, living forever, expands towards God by the affinity of love.

TEMPLE GROUP, No. 1.—Life is a shadow—it lingers one moment, and then it is gone. Life is the meteor's glow—it gleams on the ocean, subsists on the air; now it is beaming, now it is—where? Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life, in general we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire.

Three things to govern—Temper, tongue and conduct.

LITTLE MARY.

NO, DARLING, not to-day; the snow is too deep," said her mother.

"But I want to so badly, mamma, dear!" and the sweet little face, shaded with disappointment, looked up with a pleading expression. "I'm just in my A-b-abs, and I know every bit of my lesson. Oh, I must go to school, mamma! I've got rubber shoes, and I don't care a bit for the snow. Say yes—that's a dear, good mamma."

"Indeed, indeed, my pet, the snow is too heavy for your little feet," answered the mother.

Just then Mary's two ruddy-faced brothers, John and Andrew, came stamping in at the door and shaking the snow from their feet.

"Is Mary 'most ready?" asked John, "It's time we were off to school."

"She's too little to wade through this snow, my son, replied the mother. "I'm sorry, for she wants to go so badly. But she would be tired out, and might get sick."

Mary's eyes were full of tears, and John, who loved her, couldn't bear to see it. The snow was deep, and the distance to school too great for the little feet of pet Mary. John, now that he thought about it, understood this as well as his mother. He stood, looking serious, for a little while. Then, as light flashed over his face, he cried out in a cheery voice,

"Oh, I've got it! Andy and I will ride her to school on our sled. Won't we, Andy?"

"Hurrah!" shouted Andy. "Bring on the sled! Won't it be fun?"

"Oh yes, mamma! Can't I go. They'll ride me all the way;" and a glad light shone through the tears in her eyes.

"It's a long way, and I'm afraid the boys will tire themselves out," answered mamma. But it did not take long to persuade her to let Mary go.

How gayly the children started off! Mary sitting on a box containing all their books, and with their dinner basket on her lap, and John and Andrew galloping away like frisky horses. After a while Andrew, who was just a little lazy, and not half so unselfish as his brother, got tired of pulling and said he would push. But he soon found pushing harder than pulling; so, as the sled was going down a slope, he got on behind without John seeing him, and rode for twenty or thirty yards to the bottom of the slope. If he had jumped off then and commenced pushing again, John wouldn't have known about it; but he kept his place, and John, without looking back, strained and tugged at the sled that was twice as hard to

pull as before. Now this wasn't fair in Andrew. But it's the way with lazy people; they not only neglect to help others, but often meanly exact service from others while they are idle. Not a suspicion of the cause of his heavier work crossed the mind of John until he heard a schoolmate, coming along with his sister, cry out,

"Get off there, you lazy fellow, and help John pull!"

Andrew's knees were off the sled in a moment, and John, who was pulling with all might, almost fell forward in the snow when his weight was removed.

Andrew laughed and said he was only in fun; and good-natured John forgave him and joined in the laugh. But Andrew felt a little mean; he couldn't help it.

Then the three boys took hold of the rope, and to their united strength little Mary seemed as light as a feather. How like gay horses they pranced and tossed their heads, flying along as the wind, and coming up to the school house with merry shouts that were answered by the groups of children before the door.

Mary had her lesson in A-b-abs perfect, and there wasn't a happier child there when her teacher said, "You're a good little darling to come all the way in this snow and say so perfect a lesson.

When school was out two strong boys took hold of the rope with John, and away went the dear little scholar home again, swiftly and safely.

But Andrew never thinks of stealing that ride on Mary's sled without feeling ashamed.—*Liberal Christian.*

Amos Lawrence said, when asked for advice: "Young man, base all your actions upon a principle; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon the cost."

Lamartine has a favorite dog which wears a collar with the following queer inscription: "Lamartine belongs to me."

A mistake of a letter made two thousand car loads of oats, carried over the Western railroads, read as many cats.

In Danbury, Connecticut, a deaf and dumb man has started a shoe shop, and all his workmen are deaf and dumb.

When you are pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself if you have not done the same many times.

To a man of thought an idea is more valuable than a luxurious dinner.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SAYINGS OF SAM SASSAFRAS.

SOME men are worse, and others are worser. This is the experience of a life time. "Do unto others as ye'd have them do unto you," is tip top when other folks practice it on you; but I never heard tell of anybody getting rich at it. When I lived in St. Louis, the water was always riley. When the river was in a peck it was awful. Well, the milk I bought there *would settle* just like the water. You see it was because the cows loved to drink at the river. It's a fact for philosophers well worth knowing, for the milkmen were honest. They alus are. The profession is proverbially so. A fellow said, "He hired a milkman's hoss, and it would stop at the town pump, and wouldn't start till he had made it rattle," but he was a great liar. Missouri water can't be settled by being foddered to a cow!

Money will do anything but make brains. A fool, with fifty thousand dollars, is like a diamond in a gold setting—he shines more conspicuously—a fool.

Men grow old—it's a way they have. I've known women to do likewise, though they generally grow the other way. When I and Polly Ann went to "Parins," she was just sixteen and I was twenty; but when I was a young bachelor of thirty-five she had just reached twenty-two. I don't pretend to say how she did it. She had changed remarkably—from a strait-haired brunette she had become a very fair blonde, with beautiful curls.

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.

NEVER omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that, even in a stage coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think to be ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment.

Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuits. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stonemason, and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every

grain of sand goes to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a larger lump some time.

So in acquiring knowledge; we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

REBUS.



ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 10, 2, 8, people drink.

My 1, 4, 3, 5, 5, you can't do.

My 7, 8, is an animal.

My 10, 2, is a number.

My 5, 4, 6, 8, 7, is sweet.

My 5, 4, 9, we could not live without.

My whole is a noted man.

DANIEL L. SHORT.

WORD PUZZLES.

NO. 1.

My First is in buck, but not in doe.

My Second is in yes, but not in no.

My Third is in new, but not in old.

My Fourth is in hot, but not in cold.

My Fifth is in mouse, but not in rat.

My Sixth is in cap, but not in hat.

My Seventh is in dock, but not in quay.

My Eighth is in fly, but not in bee.

My whole is one of the United States.

NO. 2.

My First is in new, but not in old.

My Second is in watch, but not in clock.

My Third is in cat, but not in dog.

My Fourth is in hat, but not in cap.

My Fifth is in buy, but not in sell.

My Sixth is in stem, but not in vine.

My Seventh is in red, but not in black.

My Eighth is in talk, but not in laugh.

My whole is the name of a mountain in Massachusetts.

W. F. BATES.

ANSWERS IN No. 12.

Enigma, by Herbert N. Lanphear—Harriet Beecher Stowe.
 Enigma, by Nellie M. Lukens—A stitch in time saves nine.
 Word Puzzle, by T. C. Cash—E. V. Wilson.
 Answered by Jennie Klein, Ella McArthur, R. N. Davis, Samuel Emerson, Emma J. Henry, L. J. Stephenson, and Charles Peck.

"OH THE MERRY GREEN WOODS FOR ME."

Words by MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

Music by E. T. BLACKMER.

ALLEGRO.

8. Through oaken boughs and pi-ney groves, The south winds soft-ly blow, And sum-mer sun - shine

1. A - way a - way from Fash-ion's halls, Bid proud-er scenes a - dieu, And build a home a - -

2. For once leave all your cares be-hind, And join our mer-ry throng; Give up the hour to

gen - tly falls, Where mod - est vio - lets grow; And in - sect voic - ea, tuned to joy, The

mong the woods Be - nouth a sky of blue; Sit down among the leaves and flowers, And

mirth - ful - ness, To laugh - ter, jest, and song; And while through all the woodland shade Your

drea-my si - lence break; While far a - way the rip-pling waves, Their gladsome music make;

give one hear - ty cheer; And quaff with us the sparkling cup, Which nature of - fers here;

hap - py voic - es ring; Let hearts of war - mest grat-i - tude, In-spire the songs you sing.

CHORUS.

Oh the mer - ry green woods for me, for me, Oh the mer - ry green woods for me;

Let our voic - es ring, as we cheer-i - ly sing, Oh the mer - ry green-wood for me.

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