

The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 1.

Chicago, May 15, 1868.

No. 18.



From the Children's Friend.

CHILDHOOD.

M. J. P. T.

I have been away, to childhood's land,
With its skies so blue, and its air so bland.

I've dreamed awhile in its fairy bowers,
I've tasted its fruits, and plucked its flowers.

I've played 'neath the blooming orchard trees,
And lulled me to sleep with the hum of the bees.

Away in the wilds where the wood-birds rang—
Where the notes of the oriole joyously rang.

Where the wild woodbine, and the dog-wood tree,
Filled my childish heart with joyous glee.

I've been bathing my feet in the rippling stream,
Have seen its sweet waters dance and gleam.

I've sat in the sun with my face all aglow,
And my bare little head like a small bunch of tow.

Just as happy and busy in making mud pies,
As the proud ones of earth who are ever so wise.

I've chased the wild butterflies all through the clover,
And slept on the green grass a thoughtless young rover.

I knew where the strawberries nestled and hid
And prized them far more than my dinner, instead.

The great tree of walnuts that hung o'er the lane,
And made my small fingers all black with their stain,

Which together with sunburn all over my face,
Made me look near akin to the Ethiope race.

I've crept with the baby to teach him to creep—
Tucked him close in the cradle and sung him to sleep;

Have joyed at his first lisping effort to talk,
And clapped my hands gladly at seeing him walk.

Now a thousand sweet memories steal o'er my brain,
As I turn from the dreamland of childhood again,

To the present, the real of sorrow and care,
With the snow-flakes of age resting white on my hair.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

The above question was asked in the Chicago Lyceum. A little boy whose name is Winnie Jenkins gave the following answer :

Is it to go to church to-day,
To look devout and seem to pray,
And 'ere to-morrow's sun goes down,
Be dealing slander through the town?
Does every sanctimonious face
Denote a certain reign of grace?
Does not the PHIS that scowls at sin
Oft veil hypocrisy within?
Religion shows no ill report,
And scorns with other's woes to sport.
Religion never speaks of ill,—
It speaks of good, or else keeps still.

[From the Mother's Journal.]

TEACHING MORALS.

IT doesn't seem of much use to lecture children on their behavior," said a young teacher to her friend Mrs. Parker. "They care very little for what one says, when out of sight, I fear." "You have forgotten for the moment, perhaps, my dear, that familiar old truth that there is much seed sown which does not germinate at once," was the reply.

"Yes, but I can not think they are much benefited by what does not interest them, and they certainly will not listen with interest to a lecture on their own behavior. They merely endure till one stops talking, and then bound off to seek new mischief."

"But you must make it interesting, and make them *want* to hear, my dear, if you ever mean to be a successful teacher," said Mrs. Parker. "Bring in anecdote and illustration, anything you can get hold of to enlist their sympathies. Once get these on your side and your point is gained."

"Well, what would you do, for instance, if you found your children torturing a kitten or a toad, or hooting after an old shabby looking man, after you had talked to them again and again about the cruelty of such conduct, and had even administered punishment for similar offences?"

"Let me tell you of an instance which once occurred in my school, in other days, and of which your remark reminds me," said Mrs. Parker. "It had been a very rare thing for an instance of cruelty to either animals or human beings to occur among my pupils, so far as I knew, but it providentially came to my knowledge that a group of ill-bred boys, among whom there happened to be two or three of my scholars, who should have been in better company, had been torturing a small turtle. Freddie Hall, a bright little rogue, had ended the matter by crushing its shell with a stone, and finally killing it.

"It did not occur at a time or place where I had any rightful control over the children, yet I could not let such an incident pass unnoticed.

"It was no unusual occurrence for me to speak to them about the habits of animals, or the curiosities of nature, so they were not surprised when I called the school to order one day and said:

"Children I want to talk to you about animals again, you know I told you not long since how the Lord had made them all fit for the climate they live in; and how he has fitted the feet of the chamois to the rocks, and the camel to the desert. Now I want to talk about their various means of defence, you know almost all creatures have some

enemies. The snake has his forked tongue and his poison for defence, the elephant his powerful trunk, the tiger and lion their strong claws, and the cuttle fish his bottle of ink, but to-day I want to ask about some of our most common creatures.

"What will the cow do if abused, or the ox, if worried by a dog?"

"They will hook," said the children.

"And the horse?"

"He will kick—he will run away," said the children.

"And the cat?"

"She will scratch," answered many voices, out of the convictions of their own experience.

"And the birds?"

"They won't hurt yer," said a little fellow, "but they'll fly away."

"Their wings are their defence, are they not? Can you think of any creatures that have hardly any means of defence?"

Some mentioned toads and frogs, some flies and worms, some lambs, and one, turtles.

"Well," said I, "now did you ever notice that the creatures that cannot defend themselves never hurt any body? They never do anything to provoke any one to hurt them, yet, lest a stone should hurt a sheep or lamb, the Lord has given it a soft fleece of wool, and the frog has long legs to make a great leap into the water with; but a turtle has not even these. I suppose that the Creator knew that not many would hurt such a harmless little creature on purpose, but lest a careless foot should tread on it, he made it a beautiful little house to live in and to carry about with it; you have seen a turtle's house?"

"O yes! yes!"

"How did it look?"

"Black, with little yellow spots on it."

"Brown, with figures on it."

"Yes, some of them are very pretty. And there the little brain, and heart, and lungs, and stomach are all safe. What will the turtle do if you take him up?"

"Take his head in," said one. "And his feet too," said another.

"That is so that he may feel all safe, but he can not get out of his house, nor shut his little front door or his windows."

There was a growing redness in some faces before me, and Freddie Hall was crimson and struggling to keep back the tears, but I seemed not to notice it.

"Yes," said I, "he just draws himself all in and waits till you put him gently down again, and then he creeps slowly away to the water. Don't you think it would hurt dreadfully if a stone should

come crushing down on that little house of shell, and break it all in upon its poor little owner?"

"Yes, indeed, said the children; but Freddie was sobbing upon his desk.

I gave them their recess, and they crowded round my table, and voluntarily told the whole story of the tortured turtle.

"But I never should have done it," said Freddie, "if it hadn't been for them big Irish fellows."

I had no fears that even "them big Irish fellows" would ever make him do the like again.

H. W.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

STORIES OF THE STARS.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

No. IX.

Uranus and Neptune.

URANUS is the next planet in order from the sun beyond or above Saturn.

To the naked eye it appears like a star of only the sixth or seventh magnitude, and of a pale, bluish white; but it can seldom be seen, except in a very fine clear night, and in the absence of the moon.

Through a telescope he exhibits a small, round illuminated disc, without rings, belts, or spots.

Uranus was first discovered in the year 1781, by Sir William Herschel. He is eighty-four years and twenty-seven days in making a circuit around the sun, and it was not until 1865 that he appeared at the point in the heavens when Herschel first discovered him eighty-four years before.

The mean distance of Uranus from the sun is 1,828,000,000 of miles, or one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight millions; more than twice the distance of Saturn. He moves in his orbit at the rate of 15,600 miles an hour. His diameter is estimated at 34,000 miles; which would make his volume more than eighty times larger than the earth. To his inhabitants the sun only appears the one-third hundred and sixty-eighth part as large as he does to us, and of course they only receive from him that small proportion of light and heat. It may be shown, however, that this portion of light and heat exceeds the illuminating power of eight hundred full moons.

Uranus is attended by six moons, or satellites, and although so far removed from the sun we may easily imagine that this condition of light and heat may be amply sufficient for all purposes of light.

Neptune.

This is the most remote of the primary planets. It is about 81,000 miles in diameter, and revolves

about the sun at the mean distance of 2,850,000,000, or two thousand eight hundred and fifty millions of miles; the time occupied in this revolution is one hundred and sixty-four of our years. So remote is this planet, that for a body to reach it, moving at railroad speed, or thirty miles an hour, would require more than 20,000 years. It was only discovered in 1846, and by reason of its great distance very little is known by astronomers about it.

I have now given you an outline of the entire planetary system, with the exception of the comets. To these wonderful bodies I shall devote one or two chapters. They are, perhaps, more interesting than the planets themselves. I hope that my little readers have thus far been interested in the stars. My purpose has been to call your attention, by a general account of its character, to the great universe of which we are a part, rather than to give you much particular astronomical knowledge. In after years you will more fully understand the subject, and give it that attention and study which it demands.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

OH FATHER OF MY YOUTH.

Ye told me of my brother fair,
And of my angel sister there,
Dwelling 'neath the angel's cars,
Dear father of my youth.

Ye knew me still, when Time's grim hand
Loosing me, from childhood's band;
Bid me, in girlhood's joy, expand,
Kind father of my youth.

When I but thought of joy and play,
And frolicked with the lambs all day,
Ye smiled and blessed my flowery way,
Dear father of my youth.

Again, ye nursed me as before,
When baby-days were nearly o'er;
Ye read to me from books of love,
Oh father of my youth.

Three years of pain have o'er me fled,
Since I arose from Death's own bed,
With throbbing heart, and aching head,
Loved father of my youth.

Again I'm thoughtful, bright and glad,
The heavy cross is not so sad;
My friendly crutches are not bad,
Oh father of my youth.

And now when you are not so young,
And when those baby songs you sung;
Now miserly time, some years have rung,
From the father of my youth.

I'll guard and tend, as thou hast done,
Always for thy little one;
From early morn, till sinking sun;
Dear father of my youth.

CARRIE ELLA BARNEY.

For the Lyceum Banner.

BOTANY---NO. 1.

CELLS—THEIR STRUCTURE AND GROWTH.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

WHEN you go into the woods, children, and see the tall trees standing so grand and beautiful, do you never ask yourself how they grow? Why an elm became an elm, or an oak an oak? How their stems became so strong, and iron-like? Why their leaves were so green and delicate? Why their bark is so rough, or why they send such strong roots into the soil? These, and a thousand other questions, I presume, you have asked and are still asking. I do not propose to answer all these questions at once. I shall answer one by one, and you must wait patiently. I do not expect to teach you the science of Botany, I only want to excite your curiosity so that you will study the wonderful objects nature throws around you, and when you go flower-gathering, they will have a deeper interest to you.

The first question is, how are plants made,—that is, how are they built up? Out of cells. A house is built by piling brick upon brick; so a plant is built up by piling cell upon cell. But what are these cells? That is important to know, for when I tell you that all plants and animals, from the moss to the oak, from the smallest insect to the man, are all built up of cells so alike that they are at one state of their growth difficult to distinguish, you will understand how important it is to know what a cell is. If you will take a phial, say one-fourth filled with soap-suds, and place a straw in it, and blow until it is filled with the foam, you will get a good idea of cells, and how the structure of organic bodies appears under the microscope. This foam exactly resembles the pith of plants. A cell in this case is a film of soapy water, surrounding a portion of air; in organic bodies, it is a film of solid substance, usually surrounding a fluid, which is, in the main, water. A cell, then, is a little sack; a *very* little sack, for you rarely can see one with the unassisted eye. To see them in all their beauty, you must look through a microscope. Then you would learn that within the great world, was a lesser and more beautiful one. That this lesser world is to the greater, as the wheels of a watch to its case. In the cells, as in the wheels, resides the moving power. They create, organize, and produce all the forms of living beings in the world. Now you ask: How do the

cells grow? They grow by divisions. A cell has a little dent around it, which soon deepens, and at last it cuts it into two, each just like the first. Then the same process takes place with the two, which become four, and then these become eight, and then sixteen, and so on. As the cells multiply the being they compose increases in size.

This process goes on very rapidly. It can best be observed in mushrooms, which are among the simplest form of plants. You have noticed the round white balls which grow in pastures, and becoming dry, are called puff-balls. I can remember very well how, when school-children, we used to smut each others faces with them. These grow in a single night, sometimes to enormous size. The smutty dust is the seed. It can scarcely be seen with the unassisted eye, and the winds and water carry it everywhere. When the night time comes they are ready to spring up, and from a microscopic atom by the simple increase of cells, it grows to several inches in size. Each cell multiplies during that short time more than a million times.

How do the cells get material to carry on this increase? From the food. Animals eat for the purpose of supplying the cells of which they are composed; for no change can take place in the animal body, only through cells. The food is all made into cells before applied to growth of flesh, or nerve, or bone, and by the destruction of cells is the waste carried out of their bodies. Plants get their food out of the soil and air. The rains bring it, and the winds blow it to them.

What I have said of cells applies to what may be called their ideal or simplest form. Of course they take different shapes and sizes as they fulfill different offices. They are round, oblong, drawn out like threads, twisted, etc.; sometimes they are walled with unyielding solids, as in the bones, or the dense tissues of trees, or crowded together until all trace of their structure disappears.

In the next lesson I shall talk about the leaves and roots, and how they are related.

PREMIUMS.

To any one who will send us \$12 for the LYCEUM BANNER, we will give "Sexology," or "Dawn."

For \$10, any one of Mr. Davis' or Hudson Tuttle's \$1.50 books, or "Woman's Secret."

For \$8, "Gazelle," "Stellar Key," or "Joan of Arc."

For \$5, "Kiss for a Blow."

For \$3, "Inner Mystery."

[Selected.]

THE LITTLE STRINGS.

DID you ever see a gutta-percha face? And did you ever amuse yourself with pinching it one way and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on?

Now, your little faces are softer than gutta-percha, and they are full of the little strings called muscles; and the little muscles pull them one way or another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face into a very doleful expression—and we know, by looking at you, how you feel. Sometimes you feel pleased or merry, and the little muscles pull your face into smiles and dimples. But often there are wicked passions at work at the strings. Anger pulls, and oh, what a disgraceful look the face gets on in a minute! Pride pulls the strings, or vanity, or envy, or discontent, or deceit, and each brings its own expression over the face. The worst of it is, that when these passions pull very often, the face does not return to what it was before; but the muscles harden, and retain that ugly expression. A face that was very lovely when it was that of a child, has had the passion of anger pulling at it so often, that it always wears a cross, sullen, dissatisfied look. Or, if a man has learned to lie and steal, he cannot make his face that of a truthful, honest man.

Now, dear children, do you want to have pleasant faces, that every body will love to look at? Then do not let the ugly passions get hold of the strings. Put them into the hands of love, and charity, and good-will, and truth, and honesty, and then you will have beautiful faces.

Questions and Answers from Milwaukee Lyceum.

"Should we follow the dictates of conscience?"

BEACON GROUP.—I think it right to follow the dictates of my conscience, for it is only through that attribute of my nature, and its allies, that I can learn to act justly. **COELLO SEVERANCE.**

OCEAN GROUP.—Conscience is a sentiment within, that demands the best and noblest use of all the faculties of mind and body that we are capable of. **MAGGIE CARLEY.**

I think it right to act conscientiously, and then I do not I feel that I am doing wrong.

LOUISE CARLEY.

"Should we always follow the dictates of our own conscience?"

Yes, certainly, for by no other means can we be really happy, and true to ourselves. If we do

what conscience tells us, we feel at ease, but when we refuse to obey the silent monitor we can be but dissatisfied with-ourselves. We have all, even little children, this something within, (it seems to us) far down inside, out of sight and hearing, too, of all but our own hearts, which makes us glad or sorry, according as we do or not do its bidding. It is dangerous to act in opposition to our quiet friend, and to allow selfishness or weakness to tempt us to depart from its teachings, for we are told that when we turn a deaf ear to conscience it ceases to remind us of our duty, and we then go along, following our own inclinations, without a guide.

The poet tells us :

"In every youthful heart doth dwell,
A little tinkling, jingling bell,
Which rings if we do ill or well,
Then let us strive with main and might
To shun the wrong and do the right,
And the bell's warning song ne'er slight."

LOTTIE FREEMAN.

CONVENTION.

The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold their third Annual Convention at Fond du Lac, Wis., commencing Thursday, the 11th of June, 1868, and will continue in session until Sunday evening, the 18th.

The members of this Association consist of delegates elected by the various local societies—each society being entitled to three delegates for each local organization, and one for every additional ten over the first twenty members.

A general invitation is extended to all who are interested in the subject of Spiritualism.

A. B. SMEDLEY, President.

MISS PAULINE ROBERTS, V. P.

MRS. L. A. HOOKER, Sec'y.

NEW LYCEUM.

In Painesville, Ohio, a new Lyceum was organized March 29, 1868. Meets Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, in Child's Hall. Conductor, A. G. Smith; Guardian, Mrs. Mary E. Dewey. A friend writes that this is one of the most promising Lyceums in Ohio. No wonder, for the officers are faithful workers, and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock has been there.

— Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired; separate the right hand figure and divide by six; the result is the interest at six per cent., thirty days being regarded as one twelfth of a year.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

IS PUBLISHED AT

ROOM 21, POPE BLOCK,

137 Madison St., bet. Clark and LaSalle, Chicago, Ill.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed must always state the name of the Town, County and State to which it has been sent.

Money can be sent by Post Office Orders.

All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Single Copies, Five Cents.

All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Lou H. KIMBALL, P. O. Drawer 5958, Chicago, Ill.

THINGS AND THOUGHTS.

Dear readers: I want to tell you about some of the things I have seen of late—want to express my thoughts in relation to other things. I have been thinking about the Lyceum enterprise; the more I think and the more I know of it the stronger is my conviction that *here* the work of reorganizing should begin. The hope of the world is in the children. The Sunday Schools have usually aimed to teach the child that the fear of God is the all-important means of securing happiness here and hereafter; in the Sunday Lyceums we learn that the harmonious development of muscle and mind will dispel fear, cast out diseases, and save body and soul. I don't see the objection to this theory; but to some the idea of marching to music and of gymnastic exercises on Sunday is shocking. I have just seen how much sham piety exists among the ought-to-be Christians of Milan, Ohio.

Mrs. Emma Tuttle saw plainly that a Lyceum was needed in her vicinity. When *she* decides that a thing is needed, she neither waits for others to do the work, nor for the bigots to approve of her doing it, but sets about the task with a will, worthy, earnest hands, and clear head. And then Mr. Tuttle, like all good husbands, "puts a shoulder to the wheel," and the work is done. "There must be a Children's Lyceum in Milan," Mrs. Tuttle said. The Progressive souls in Milan said "amen!" and joined with her heart and hand. A good hall was obtained, and children, poor and rich, were gathered in, with their friends of a larger growth, to organize the Lyceum. Equipments, books and music were provided. The poor children were clothed by the loving hand of charity. Mr. Tuttle gives a short lecture each Sunday, often explaining some points on the black-board. With the lecture, singing, music, speaking, and gymnastic exercises, old and young are instructed and delighted. But the proprietor of the hall became alarmed; the children were marching on Sunday! So, in his spasm of ignorance, he turned Emma, with her large family, out

into the cold. There were no good Samaritans to open the church doors to those who fell among them; no other hall could be obtained. What was to be done? The way opened. A "Levite" passed that way. He listened to the story and said "Christ's little ones must be sheltered." He purchased a brick block; knocked out the partitions in the second story; put in some rough benches, and said, "go in; worship in your way; cast out devils, even if you follow not with us." I have been the past two Sundays with this independent band of Progressive workers. Braver, better, truer hearts, one will not meet in a long day's journey. The hall seems a little uncomfortable with its rough seats; but no one complains. Mr. Roberts, the proprietor, has commenced repairing it; in a few weeks it will be plastered, painted papered and seated. A grand dedication day is in prospect. A good time is expected. I have just visited Hudson and Emma Tuttle at their own house on Walnut Farm. Our readers know them by the songs and books they write; but to know them *well* one needs to see them in their home; to know them in the by-ways of life, as well as in the Thought Kingdom, where they mostly live. They have two children—Rosa Bonheur and Carl. These two little folks are just such children as we expect to find where parents are not breakers of Nature's commandments. They are healthy, and happy as birds.

Mrs. Tuttle takes charge of her family, teaches her children, devotes some time to the Milan Lyceum, and writes more than many editors write. "Blossoms of Our Spring," and "Gazelle," were written when most of us would be sleeping, or idling the hours away.

Hudson, too, is a worker. To him all days are holy, and he holds that work is worship. If this be true, no one will doubt his being a genuine religionist. In one week, in April, he put out, with his own hands, one thousand fruit trees, and devoted one of the days to the Lyceum. Some may wonder if he finds time to read and write. Those who know him best say that from four to six hours out of the twenty-four are devoted to books and writing. The children of the future will bless these whole-hearted workers—Hudson and Emma Tuttle.

❧ "W." who promised us "Stories of Birds," has been too ill to fulfill his promise, but "Chactus" has kindly aided us in giving the promised stories. His "Widower Bird" is a capital story. "A Blue Bird" is waiting a place in the LYCEUM BANNER.

LYCEUM CONVENTION.

We have heard from several Lyceums in regard to the proposed Convention. The proposition is, to hold a three days' meeting in the West. Chicago seems most central. June the time. We expect that all the States west of New York will be largely represented. Let us hear from the Lyceums in regard to this grand gathering.

MRS. DAVIS' PRIZES.

Mrs. Mary Martin has received "After Life."
Miss Eva Spencer, "Arabula," "Stellar Key," and "After Life."
Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, "After Life," "Arabula," and "Stellar Key."
P. Stone, "Arabula," and "Stellar Key."
Charles Morgan, "After Life."

GOOD DEED.

"Mother," said Annie P., "you are going to make me a birth-day present?"

"Yes," Mrs. P. replied; "what do you most want?"

"I want, mother, the money that you intend buying my present with; I know a family that want help; it will make me real happy to give them the money that my present would cost."

Mrs. P. gave Carrie five dollars, which was expended in clothing for a poor widow's children.

BRAVE BOYS.

There was a stormy Sunday in April. Some of the city folks could not go to church for fear of the rain. That same day two boys, one ten and the other eleven years old, walked five miles to attend the Lyceum in Milan, Ohio. They seemed as happy as larks, and expected to walk home in the evening. Boys like these will make their way in the world.

A WORD TO LYCEUMS.

The page devoted to the Lyceum Register is full, and quite a number are waiting a place in the LYCEUM BANNER. To keep a full list we must enlarge our paper, which will add to our expenses. The paper has not as yet paid its own expenses. It would be but a trifle for each Lyceum to pay us one dollar per year for a standing notice. In this way we can enlarge and improve our BANNER. Let us hear from the various Lyceums.

Many thanks are due the friends from Maine and Oregon for their aid in circulating the LYCEUM BANNER. We hope soon to be able to enlarge our paper.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THIS animal, which came originally from the island whence it derives its name, has a remarkably pleasing countenance, is very docile, and of great size and sagacity. In their native country they are made useful in drawing wood; three or four yoked to a sledge will draw three hundred weight several miles, going and coming alone after the wood is put on or off.

The feet of this dog are by breadth and flexibility well adapted to diving and swimming with ease and rapidity. It is almost as fond of water as of its native element, and in warmer climates is frequently made the inseparable companion of children that play upon the margin of deep streams; often saving them from drowning, in which it shows a sagacity almost human.

The writer was one warm summer day seated in the shade of a large live oak tree, on the margin of the Biloxi Bay. In front of him a fisherman drew in a large red fish, and fastened the line to a stake in the sand. A sudden movement of the scaly monster pulled it up, and away went the fish out to sea, the stake floating rapidly after. Lucy and William, with their devoted companion, a large Newfoundland dog, were playing near, and at a word from Lucy, Bernard plunged after the stake, the shallowness of the water at first enabling him to gain upon it with long springs; but as he advanced, the water deepened to a fathom or more, where he could only swim with rapidity in pursuit.

Meantime, Lucy and William had kept pace with Bernard, by running upon the long, narrow wharf that extended far into the Bay, and in the hurry of their movements struck a loose plank, and were both thrown into the deep water. The writer immediately ran for them, and on arriving found William swimming safely to land, but neither poor Lucy nor Bernard were to be seen at all. A

few moments of anxious suffering, and both arose to the surface. Lucy had sunk to the bottom, unseen by her brother, and with drowning instinct had caught at the first object of touch, which was the foundation of the wharf, and where she would have clung till death, had not Bernard dived after her, seized the back of her dress, and brought her with upturned face to the surface! Proud of his exploit, and anxious for her safety, it was only with jealous growl he surrendered her to human help before he had swam with her to the distant shore.

The monks in the Alpine Mountains train and employ the largest and most sagacious of these dogs to traverse every mountain path after deep snows or storms, as night comes on, provided with baskets fastened to their necks, and filled with spiced wine or food, in search of lost or perishing travelers. Often they find and conduct them safely, going in advance; or if they are prostrate, or unable to walk, lick their faces into warmth and sensibility, and swiftly return with intelligent and anxious looks to lead the warm-hearted monks to their rescue.

Noble dog! What brave boy or warm-hearted girl would ever strike such a friend? M.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

FROM SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Your "dainty Ariel" of a paper is a most welcome messenger to all our little ones, and is doing its full work in our Lyceum. With angels to assist you, and such blessings constantly clustering around you, as can only come from innocent little children, surely your work must be a rest, and your heavy labors an unceasing promise of the full harvest gathering for you in the Morning Land of love and beauty!

Our Lyceum gave a beautiful exhibition on the 10th, of which I send a programme. Our officers and leaders are earnest, zealous and true, our children bright and lovely, and rapidly unfolding beneath the angel influences which constantly grow stronger as we march, and sing, and learn, in our beloved Lyceum. Our Conductor, B. A. Richards, is peculiarly fitted for his position—an honest, fearless advocate of truth, and organized so harmoniously as to come at once into sympathy with the hearts of little children. Indeed our Lyceum is a *special spirit manifestation*, the effect of angel influences, with only a few brave and earnest men and women to strive for the right conditions. But the work is done, the Lyceum is a permanent institution, and will go on its way

gloriously and rejoicing, expanding from year to year, and shedding abroad more and more the light of a religion broad enough for all the children of our Father, and enfolding in its white mantle of charity the suffering, the weak, the wayward and the erring.

Faithfully Yours,

E. H. PLAUCK, Guardian of Groups.

LEO MILLER'S LETTER.

Editor of the Lyceum Banner:

Two months ago I organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum at Omro, Wis., and it now numbers over a hundred members, including officers.

They have purchased an entire outfit of equipments, and are in a most prosperous, growing condition. They expect to have, during the summer months, when children can come in from the country, all the groups filled to their maximum number.

Last Tuesday they had a Maple Sugar Festival. A little before sundown the Lyceum children and officers, with flying banners, happy faces, and light hearts, headed by a cornet band, marched through the principal streets of this beautiful inland village, causing general and unexpected surprise to that portion of the community who had been trying to persuade themselves and others that the Lyceum wouldn't amount to much after all.

The evening entertainment consisted of four usual Lyceum exercises, with the addition of tableaux, dialogues, *warm maple sugar*, and the social dance. Nothing seemed lacking to add to the enthusiasm or interest of the occasion; and when years shall have rolled by, ripening these souls for the Summer Land, the memory of this Lyceum Festival will be fresh in the hearts of many as among the most pleasing incidents of early life.

One very gratifying result of the Festival was the receipt of \$115.00 for tickets of admission and for dancing, which goes a good way toward liquidating the debt which the Lyceum had incurred in advancing money for the equipments. Having books and equipments, their next step will be to furnish gratuitously the LYCEUM BANNER to the whole school. So you may look for a large order pretty soon.

I think if our societies generally knew how easily they could pay for the equipments for a Lyceum by getting up two or three Festivals, or other Lyceum entertainments, we should have double the number of schools organized that we now have. Try it, friends, and success will attend you.

LEO MILLER.

Appleton, Wis.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE BIRDS—A WIDOWER.

EVERYBODY was pleased with "W's" sweet story of "The Orphan Birds," in the LYCEUM BANNER, and whilst anxiously waiting for another from him, I presume to send you an account of a *widower bird* that I knew of long years ago when a small boy, rambling over Southern fields, with my little black play-fellow, *Jimbo*, singing merrily, as we went hand-in-hand :

" Says the black-bird to the crow,
Down to cornfields let us go ;
It's been our trade since we were born,
To scratch our way and dig up eorn."

Jimbo, tho' warm-hearted, was impulsive, and, when so, sometimes cruel, especially towards the darling birds that mother had particularly charged us to be merciful to, when out shooting with our Indian-reed blow-guns; and from hearing the black-birds called rogues because they frequently plucked up the newly-planted corn, when scratching for worms, he thought it no harm to shoot at them. One day, seeing a beautiful large male sitting cosily by his little dingy brown rice-bird wife—for the black and rice birds are members of the same family South, and only differ in complexion—he could not resist the destructive impulse, and blowing an arrow at them, pierced entirely through the female's body, and into the wing of her masculine mate. The poor birds, thus pinned together, were easily captured, the little wife turning her glassy, dying eyes upon her dear mate for the last time, soon gently expired; her husband, fluttering and sharply chirping in pain and anguish, was

taken in hand and carried to dear mother for disposal. Mildly chiding poor Jimbo, who reiterated, "Me didn't go to 'spec' to hit 'em," carefully binding up its broken wing, and soothing its terror-stricken spirit by gentle passes from her soft, mesmerizing hand, she placed the surviving bird in the cage of a much-loved, dead and gone canary, and bid us wait for time and good nursing to heal its fractured bones. Jimbo only wanted his warm sympathies properly directed to become the most attentive nurse of the *widower*, for such, by common consent, we all called the bird. Within a short month the wing was healed, and over the wound grew the most delicate *white* feathers, so that when he was released to "the God-like freedom of the balmy air," we had no difficulty in recognizing

him by their bright and crescent-shaped reflection, from the hundreds of others that frequented daily the barn-yard and orchards. Thus made conspicuous, it was our pleasure to notice and see what would be his future as to "the married relation." Jimbo was full of *wonderment* to learn "Ef dat are widge-a-ware is gwine to take an udder wife, and make him nes' for her, and raise him little nigger birdgea."

The building of birds' nests came with the spring, and none were busier in the tops of the beautiful China and Magnolia trees than the widower, *but not for himself*, he was working for others, and especially was that assistance rendered to the younger and less experienced couples that were making their first cradles upon—

" The rough swinging limbs of the tall tree top,
Where, when the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

The work being finished, he made frequent visits to all the nests he had helped build, bestowing friendly chirps upon their owners, and, as incubation progressed, was frequently seen with worm in beak for their hungry occupants. No father ever crowed more over his first-born than did the *lone one* at the advent of the little fledglings of these nests; and, for many weeks, he was industriously employed in carrying them food from the ample supplies furnished by Jimbo, who was daily seen "gubbing up worms for the old widge-a-ware." When the little ones began to fly, you should have seen this bird's extatic joy! Jimbo expressed it in his homely way, by exclaiming: "Dat ole feller seem to tink him white feddere daddy to all dem pickininy birdges."

Autumn came, and we were all on the alert for

the widower; Jimbo most of all, for he had ventured to predict, that "like parsun Jonsun, you bet he marry sum young miss *black-bird* 'fore nudder time." Suspiciously enough, the widower was soon daily seen, "doing the attentive" to a beautiful young, velvety-black, little maiden, with amber-centered bill and piercing bright eyes, far handsomer than the rusty-dressed faithful little brown spouse of his first early love. He was wonderfully alert and spruce, with his glossy-closely-fitting coat and very erect form, frequently flirting out his *white*-crested wing. Not unlike any other half-mourning widower, flourishing his white cambric as a flag-of-truce between the sadness of brief widowerhood and the joys of a new re-married life.

Jimbo was not mistaken, for our spruce bird very soon appeared really wedded, truly proving, as the boy insisted, that "widge-a-ware birds marry young miss birds, jes' as quick as widge-a-ware parsun's duge long most fore de year's out."

CHACTUS.

New Orleans, La.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE SPIRIT OF CHILDHOOD.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

WHAT would life be without children? Shorn of all attraction. They are our teachers, our ministers, our saviors. Fresh as the violets of spring, sweet as their dewy lips in the morning, we feel in their presence to be very near the kingdom of God. They gladden our streets, our firesides, our hearts.

Only the spirit of childhood will soften the asperity of our philosophy, and transform our cold intellectualism into heart-beats, and our flashy sensationalism into pure, constant sympathy. Only this will awaken a high sense of moral obligation to rejuvenate our world. Only this will lead us to the soul of things, and show us every where is a garden of Divine intelligence in which we are walking. Only this will tell us understandingly of uses of life vaster than the accumulation of perishing goods. Only this will invite us to the delectable mountains of truth, to the springs of love, to the rainbows of hope, to the beatitudes of rest, safe from the perils of this changing world.

Does the rose reach down through its roots to sip the milk of nourishment from the bosom of mother earth, for the mixing of its colors, and thence up among the sunbeams to get beauties and fragrances we have no language for? What a

sweet soul God has given it! Like the rose, the spirit of childhood transforms all materials into beauty and love. Angel inspirations, angel benedictions, descend here to qualify the artist for the transfiguring of all things. Rocks bloom into vines, swamps burst into lilies, deserts change into roses, wintry fields into floral halls. Never growing old, rising fresher yet above all dissolutions, it is the ministry of God in humanity.

Yes, yes; that is what we need—the spirit of childhood in our hearts—the millennium of childhood! in all the markets, in all industries, in the music and the dance, in the worship of the people, in the home and in the Summer Land, free as the birds in groves and the bees among the flowers, singing us all into order, sunning us all into a sunny philosophy.

EXTRACTS FROM CHILDREN'S LETTERS.

I LIKE the LYCEUM BANNER ever so much; so does my father. He says he thanks you for the "Stories of the Stars;" so do I. Mr. Shufeldt must be a great man to know so much. I wish I could go to Chicago and see you and Emma Tuttle and Gertie Grant. But then I guess they do not care much about me. Mother says I am a country girl, and would seem very awkward in a city full of folks. May be that is so. Good by.

LUCY S.

I see that my time has expired, so I hasten to renew my subscription, for though I am not living where I can attend a Lyceum, yet I cannot do without the LYCEUM BANNER, for both that and the *Banner of Light* are welcome guests at our house. I send you the dollar for my little LYCEUM BANNER another year. I have tried very hard to get some subscribers for it; have lent my papers to all the little boys and girls around here, and some of them wished to take it, but their parents will not consent, because they are nearly all Methodist people, and wish their children to take religious papers, (as they call them,) but I shall still lend them mine, for the children like to read them so much. I must tell you about my little sister Leona, who went home with the angels a few years ago. Well, she went last Christmas to Mr. J. B. Fayette, of Oswego, New York, and sat for her picture to be taken, and we have it looking just like her. She has golden curls, and blue eyes; wears a white dress, with blue ribbons at the shoulders. She had it taken for a Christmas present for us. Don't you think it a nice one? I do.

Very truly, your little friend,

MARY L. WOODARD.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE RABBITS.

BY MRS. J. A. FIELD.

I call them mine, but they are free
As summer's gentle breeze,
Or forest birds that sweetly sing
Amid the leafy trees.
I found them when I hither came,
A shy and quiet pair;
Burrowed beneath the cottage floor,
Content to tarry there.

"To mind one's business," seemed to them
A maxim just and true,
And acting on this golden rule,
But seldom came in view.
While I, Eve-like, too often watched,
Yet often watched in vain,
To see my tenants timidly
Pass out and in again.

And now they have a family,
All playful, bright and good,
That light my face with many a smile,
In spite of sullen mood.
And though I clap my hands with joy,
And laugh with all my might,
The happy creatures do not seem
To think of taking flight.

Beneath my window oft they sit,
Looking demurely grave,
As if mamma in lecture taught
How they were to behave.
Their eyes so full-orbed, and so bright,
Their upright ears so long,
Remind that "youth may see and hear,
While talking is a warfare."

They nibble with a graceful air,
The tender blades of grass;
And pick their tit-bits daintily,
From weeds in tangled mass.
Then cunningly their paws are passed,
A down each slender cheek,
To cleanse from dust their silky fur,
And make it soft and sleek.

Ah! there goes one with springing leap—
Then crouching to the ground,
Peeps just above the herbage rank,
To see if foes are round.
The coast is clear—a garden near—
What can the tempted do?
There's cabbage stalks, and turnip tops,
And lettuce,—parsley too.

Oh, bless me! back again he comes,
And like the wind he flies;
With head erect, and ears thrown back,
And wide—distended eyes.
Poor trembling one! you're safe once more
Within your simple home,
Where cruel boy with deadly gun,
Nor dog can ever come.

And did you in your lonely path,
A giant monster meet?
Why, Pussy! 'twas a scare-crow, made
Of straw and tattered sheet.
And thus does superstition rear
Huge bug-bears for the mind,
And dress them in the filmy robes
Of error, old and blind.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE FUNERAL.

SOME of the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER may think that I am going to write about the funeral of some little boy or girl who belonged to the Lyceum. But no. I am going to tell you of a bird's burial—a funeral that I witnessed this morning, when I was going to the Lyceum in this city.

I saw a little girl digging a grave by the side of the street with a carpenter's hatchet. In the little grave she buried a dead robin, then turned away, wiping her eyes with an old apron.

She was a poor little girl, and lived in a wretched shanty, scarcely worthy of the name of a house. This act of hers shows us that love and kindness dwell in the hearts of the poor as well as the rich, and suggests the lines which you may have read, that:

"We may be poor in purse,
Yet rich in spirit."

We wondered, as some of our readers may, whether it was a pet bird, and whether some naughty boy had not thrown a stone at it and killed it.

We think it wrong to kill the sweet singing birds. We love singing so much that we never think of killing the birds that regale us morning and evening with their sweet and joyous songs. But some people do not seem to hear the singing birds. You who love and admire the feathered songsters so much, may chance to be with such persons in the forest some day, and while you are delighted with the gay and happy songs of birds, your companions will be thinking of, or observing something else, and not hear the music of the birds at all. We should not blame such persons, for it is their nature, and they cannot help it. We do not think that this little girl is deaf to the music of the birds. Do you know, children, that if every body would be kind and good to the birds that they would become very tame, and come near you—even to eat out of your hands? But most boys throw stones at all the birds that come near them. This, perhaps, was the cause of the funeral to which I have called your attention.

C—.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHICAGOAN. A Weekly Journal of Literature, Science, Art, the Drama, Music and Society. Mail Subscribers, per year, \$3.00; City Subscribers, (by Carrier,) \$3.50. Address all letters, communications, etc., to Taylor & Co., 84 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Chicago is a great city, famous for granaries, for railroads, and for religious institutions; but some people, on the East of us, have thought us deficient in literary talent. They will think so no longer. Boston and New York have sent us some very readable papers, but none superior to the *Chicagoan*.

THE NURSERY. A Monthly Magazine. Published by John L. Shorey, 13 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Fanny P. Seaverns, Editor.

The little ones will find the *Nursery* the most charming book in the country.

CHILDREN'S FRIEND. \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. E. K. Smedley, Editor, West Chester, Pa.

This Magazine is among our best exchanges. The oldest of our household read it with profit and pleasure.

MANOMIN. A Rhythical Romance of Minnesota, the Great Rebellion, and the Minnesota Massacres. By Myron Coloney. Price, \$1.25; Postage, 16 cents. For sale by the author, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Coloney has told us in this very interesting story that he does not expect his book to find favor with the cultivated minds of the East. He under-rates the East. There are not a few cultivated persons in the New England cities who have read his book with deep interest.

Much of the story is sad, but it is well told. Buy the book and read it through.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

"Memoranda." Price, \$1.50; postage, 20 cents

"Dawn." Price, \$2.00.

"The Inner Mystery." An Inspirational Poem, by Miss Lizzie Doten. This poem was delivered in Boston Music Hall at the festival commemorative of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, March 31st, 1868. Elegantly printed, and bound in flexible cloth covers. Price, 25 cents; mailed, post-paid.

THE RELIGION OF CHILDHOOD. By O. B. Frothingham. Price, \$1.25. Postage, 20c.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS. By S. B. Brittan, M. D. Price, \$3.50. Postage, 40c.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM. A Manual, with directions for the organization and management of Spiritual Sunday Schools, Plain cloth, 80 cents. Extra gilt and leather. \$1.00. Postage, 9 cents.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM MANUEL; Abridged edition, 45 cents. Postage, 6 cents.

APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT. Price, \$1.25. Postage, 16 cents.

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CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE. By A. B. Child, M. D. Price, \$1.25. Postage, 18 cents

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD. By R. D. Owen. Price, \$1.75. Postage, 25 cents.

OPTIMISM THE LESSON OF AGES. By B. Blood. Price, 75 cents; postage, 16 cents.

SEXOLOGY AS THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE; Implying Social Organization and Government. By Mrs. Elizabeth Osgood Goodrich Willard. 1 vol. large 12mo. Nearly 500 pages, bound in cloth. Price, \$2.00; postage, 25 cents.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

BELOIT, WIS.

The Lyceum at this place was organized August 11th, with twenty members. We now have fifty members. We have just procured \$60 with which to purchase a library of literary books. Mr. U. S. Hamilton is Conductor, and Mrs. S. Dresser is Guardian.

I think great good can be done to the children by the Lyceum. Its teachings expand the mind and teach us how to live.

The Baptist minister of this place has baptized a number of little girls and boys. I think they would have been happier to have joined the Lyceum.

A great many people are afraid that it is not popular to belong to the Spiritualist's Church.

I like the Lyceum, but it is hard to have the finger of scorn pointed at you by your school mates, because you are a Spiritualist. Will it always be so? I hope not.

Your friend,

KATE THOMAS.

— BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at this office.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 34 letters.

- My 25, 24, 9, 11, is one of the States.
- My 20, 21, 31, 10, 14, 2, is one of the East India Islands.
- My 33, 13, 13, 9, 7, 15, 33, 4, is one of the States.
- My 22, 27, 23, 14, 26, 9, 11, 31, is a lake in the United States.

- My 1, 24, 9, 13, 33, is a country of South America.
- My 5, 9, 8, 33, 16, 1, 32, is a lake of South America.
- My 29, 19, 33, 23, 34, 6, 16, is a city of Eastern Asia.
- My 17, 26, 33, 12, 11, 13, 9, is a city of Africa.
- My 13, 25, 31, 3, is a city of South America.
- My 32, 27, 23, 30, 9, 3, is a city of Eastern Asia.
- My whole is a city of Europe, and its situation.

DELL DORRANCE.

I am composed of 16 letters.

- My 13, 4, 6, 2, 12, is a color.
- My 16, 11, 12, 8, is a girl's name.
- My 7, 8, 14, 6, 4, is what we could not live without.
- My 8, 3, 3, is a paddle.
- My 5, 15, 9, 10, 6, 16, is a boy's name.
- My 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, is a part of a door.
- My whole was a great and good man.

IDA E. HART.

I am a word of 4 syllables and 11 letters.

- My first syllable is a place of entertainment much abused.
- My second an article of dress by gentlemen used.
- My third is a pronoun you will see.
- My fourth in gardens should handsome be.
- My 1, 2, 3, 7, 6, 4, is what all Lyceum scholars ought to give to their companions.
- My 5, 6, 9, 3, is a large animal.
- My 10, 7, 2, is a metal.
- My 11, 9, 10, we all do.
- My 8, 2, 9, 6, is an insect.
- My 9, 2, 10, an industrious insect.
- My 2, 4, 5, 6, is a house made without hands.
- My whole is what every one ought to do.

E. WORSLEY.

I am composed of 10 letters.

- My 4, 2, 3, is a term used in playing cards.
- My 6, 7, 4, 2, 3, is a lady's name.
- My 1, 5, 8, is a number.
- My 2, 4, 10, is an article used by old ladies and boys.
- My 6, 9, 5, was much used during the war.
- My 2, 7, 4, 10, 3, is used at funerals.
- My 10, 3, 1, 7, is not wealthy.
- My whole is where you will find the little girl who sends this.

ESTELLE B. DUBOCE.

WORD PUZZLES.

- My First is in joy, but not in grief.
- My Second is in soft, but not in hard.
- My Third is in low, but not in high.
- My Fourth is in down, but not in up.
- My Fifth is in vine, but not in tree.
- My Sixth is in rose, but not in bud.
- My Seventh is in light, but not in heavy.
- My Eighth is in apple, but not in fruit.
- My Ninth is in pink, but not in red.
- My Tenth is in dark, but not in bright.
- My whole is a prominent speaker.

IDA M. SMITH.

- My First is in look, but not in see.
- My Second is in thy, but not in thee.
- My Third is in lock, but not in key.
- My Fourth is in bee, but not in bat.
- My Fifth is in rug, but not in mat.
- My Sixth is in mouse, but not in rat.
- My Seventh is in small, but not in great.
- My Eighth is in friend, but not in mate.
- My Ninth is in love, but not in hate.
- My Tenth is in run, but not in go.
- My Eleventh is in scythe, but not in mow.
- My Twelfth is in high, but not in low.
- My Thirteenth is in nest, but not in lair.
- My Fourteenth is in sky, but not in air.
- My Fifteenth is in do, but not in dare.
- My Sixteenth is in fun, but not in play.
- My Seventeenth is in due, but not in pay.
- My Eighteenth is in grass, but not in hay.
- My whole is very pleasant and profitable to children.

EUGENE WILLSON.

ANSWERS IN No. 16.

- Enigma by Jennie Brown—Sir Isaac Newton.
- Enigma by Charles Peck—Sunshine and Shadow.
- Enigma by Elsie Green—Circumstances alter cases.
- Word Puzzle by Annie Holland—Rock Island.
- Answered by Ella Pettigrew, Charles A. Orr, Clinton H. Orr, Chas. Wm. Hunt and Lizzie Avery.

AN APOLOGY.

[Percival Jenkins, a little five year old boy, who attends the Chicago Lyceum, went up one Sunday to speak a little poem; when about half through he came to a dead halt, and left the stand greatly mortified. The next Sunday he came with the following apology.—EDITOR.]

Last Sunday I did make a balk,
 And folks began to laugh and talk,
 And thought me quite a little *Dunce*,
 Because I chanced to fall for once;
 My mother, too, was much ashamed,
 And by my father I was blamed,
 For I had learned my part so well
 That why I failed, they could not tell.
 But now, to tell the honest truth,
 The fault was partly in my youth,
 And if you will excuse the past,
 I hope that it will be the last;
 And that when I shall older grow,
 I'll speak as bold as *Cicero*.

A correspondent writes: "The Lyceum in — has been broken up by the inharmony of the leaders and officers." Is it not a shame that "birds in their little nest agree," and full-grown children "fall out and chide," and break up Lyceums?

— Why is a thief your only true philosopher? Because he regards everything from an abstract point of view, is opposed to all notions of protection, and is open to conviction.

LYCEUM MARCHING SONG.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

Words by SARAH D. P. JONES.

Music by L. DOWE.

Dedicated to DR. S. J. AVERY.

1. The Ly-ce-um army from East and from West, Is model'd from 'groups' on the shores of the blest;
 2. From the 'Fountain' we follow the tide waves of truth Down the 'Stream' and the 'River' and clear 'Lake' of youth.
 3. With our 'Beacon', with bands of immortals to guide, Our 'Banner' we'll bear on our fast gathering tide;
 4. From our crusade for right we re-turn not a - gain, 'Till error's strong citadels shout our refrain;
 5. While earth life be-fore us has crowns we may wear, The crown of all joy the next will prepare;

And un-der the light from the bea-con of Truth, Are ex-panding in joy the pe-tals of youth.
 To the 'Sea' and the 'Ocean,' gleaming treasures of lore, With pearls of improvement cull'd from their bright 'Shore.
 Truth our 'Star,' and 'Excelsior' our Soul's earnest song, While 'Liberty' crowns us a vic-torious throng.
 And our hosts from their ranks have grown mighty and strong, And join in our Anthems and are marching along.
 For we know when we join the an-gel-ic throng, In the path of Progression we'll be marching along.

March-ing a-long, March-ing a-long, Sing-ing glad anthems our gath-er-ing throng, Re
 March-ing a-long, March-ing a-long, Sing-ing glad anthems our gath-er-ing throng, Re

peating in ech-o th' in-spir-ing song, We join in the anthems and are marching a-long.
 peating in ech-o th' in-spir-ing song, We join in the anthems and are marching a-long.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1868, by LOU H. KIMBALL, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Ill.