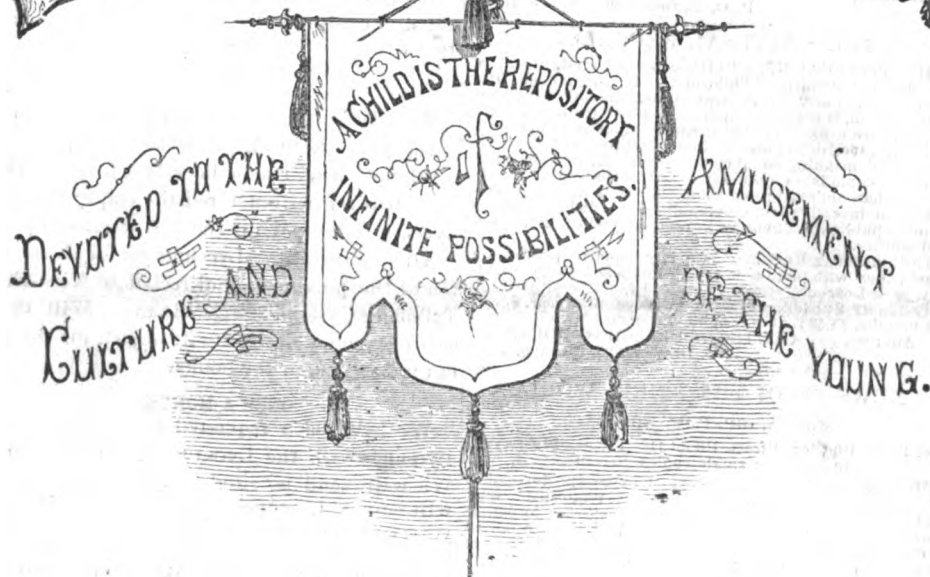


THE LYCEUM BANNER,



EDITED
BY

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

CHICAGO, ILL.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1867.

NEW PAPER.

The Lyceum Banner.

PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH BY MRS. L. H. KIMBALL.
EDITED BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

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LYCEUM FUND.

Miss E. B. Tallmadge, daughter of the late Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, has proposed a new missionary enterprise. The following note explains her plan:

There should be a Lyceum fund. Those having means should contribute liberally towards it, that all Lyceums may be provided with suitable books, and the **LYCEUM BANNER**.

To commence the fund, I propose to subscribe for seventy copies of the **LYCEUM BANNER**, to be given to Lyceums sending in subscriptions before the 1st of October, as follows: Twenty copies to the first Lyceum that will send you twenty-five dollars. Fifteen copies to the first Lyceum that will send twenty dollars; ten copies to the first that will send fifteen dollars; and five copies to five Lyceums each sending from five to ten dollars.

Yours, for the Children,

EMILY B. TALLMADGE.

Miss Tallmadge is Secretary and Treasurer of the Lyceum fund. It is to be hoped that her donation will soon be called for, and that the Treasury will not remain empty. What Lyceum will send for the first twenty copies?

All donations for Lyceums or for the children of the poor, may be directed to Miss E. B. Tallmadge, Box 2222, Chicago. Will those sending money designate its object, for the **LYCEUM BANNER**, or for books?

ONCE A MONTH.

We have been requested to furnish several Lyceums with the **LYCEUM BANNER** monthly. We will send no single papers monthly, but will supply Lyceums as requested, at 50 cts. a year, or \$45.00 per hundred copies. We have no continued stories. We hope to make arrangements with Miss E. B. Tallmadge to furnish us monthly with a Lyceum song and music. The songs will appear on the first of the month. Those, then, who wish the paper monthly will let us know as early as possible that we may order the required quantity of paper.

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We will sell single numbers of the **LYCEUM BANNER** for five cents each; but where they are sent by mail, a two cent stamp should be enclosed to pre-pay postage.

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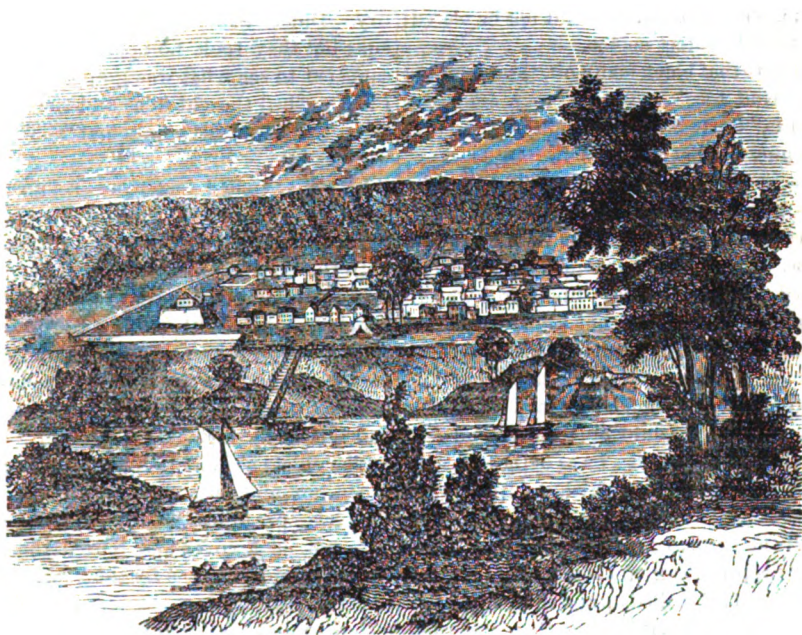
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THE LYCEUM BANNER.

VOL. I

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1867.

No. 1.



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

WHEN I was a little bit of a girl I lived with my mother in Maplegrove, a little New England hamlet that took its name from the large maple trees that grew in and about the town.

We had a garden, kept a cow, a pig, and a cat, and raised ducks and chickens. The first name that I remember being called by was Little Mischief. I supposed that it was my baptismal name, and at first rather liked it. But one day a small man, whose hair and eyes were as black as the coat he wore, called to see my mother. While he was waiting for her to come in, he said to me, "How old are you, little girl?" "My name

is not little girl," I said; "it is Little Mischief."

"Little Mischief!" he exclaimed, taking me by the hand and holding me firmly, "You must be a very wayward child to have such a name." I did not know what *wayward* meant, but, thinking it was something good, said, "Yes, sir, I guess." "Do you know," he asked, "that God does not love you, and that he burns wicked children?" *Burn* was not a word of pleasant sound for I was suffering from a burn on my foot caused by the upsetting of Mrs. McCarthy's kettle of soap. Just then mother came in, and I ran away to get out of sight of that little man in black. I saw my brother Carl in the garden; he was always my refuge in time of trouble; I rushed toward him as fast as my burned feet could carry me. "Carl! Carl!" I screamed, at the top of my voice, "do you

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know that God dont love me a bit and that he will burn me up, worse than Mrs. McCarthy burned my feet, because my name is Little Mischief? "Who said that?" Carl asked. I told him a man with a big stick in his hand said so.

"Oh! that man is our new minister, and that stick is his walking cane; but he better not be threatening here."

"What does threatening mean, Carl?" I asked.

"Why, I dont just know," replied Carl, "but it means about the same as trying to scare somebody. But he cannot scare me; I am too old to be scared; I am ten years old!" I began to take courage; Carl was so old he could not be scared; then he would protect me too.

"Idont love that black man a bit," I said, "and I dont love God too." "Then you are no better than God is," Carl said. "You must try and love your enemies — that is what the Bible says." Carl was so *old*, and knew so much, I let him have his way in that matter.

When the minister was gone I went back to the house. My mother explained to me why I was called Little Mischief. She said I was always in mischief. I did not know what that meant, but took it for granted that something was wrong with me. Mother said that idle hands often did mischief, and that I must have some work to do. I could pull weeds and feed them to the pig, she said. I was delighted with my work and set about it with a will. When I was working with all my strength and as happy as the birds, I heard a real harsh voice calling, "Stop pulling up those tomato plants, Little Mischief!" I looked up and there stood Patrick McCarthy, the man that made our garden.

"Not a single tomato left in all this garden!" said Patrick. I stopped pulling up the plants, but I was not happy again for some days, and I never liked Patrick after that.

Mother was sorry about the tomatos, but she did say a single unkind word, "Let the weeds go, and said, "and take care of the fowls." I was installed mistress of the poultry-yard. No queen ever loved her subjects more than I loved my fowls. I gave names to my hens and ducks, put new hay in their nests, and fed and watered the cooped hens. I rather think the love was mutual, for the chickens fed from my hands and followed me about the yard.

But the sun does not always shine, at least not in my sky. When my reputation was nearly established, a terrible thing befel me.

My Dolly Duck took her little ones every morning to a stream near the house, for a bath. The hen, with her brood, never went near the water. If the ducks had need of a bath so did the chickens. In the kindness of my heart I gathered the whole brood of chickens into a chip-basket, and took them to the water and turned them in, expecting to see the dear little things sailing rejoicingly about; but, dear me; they struggled a moment and then their heads and wings drooped. I waded in the water and put them back into the basket and took them back to the hen-yard and spread them out to dry. Biddie made a great ado over her chickens; but they took no notice of her. Mother came out to see what was going on. I told her I had washed the chickens and they all went to sleep. "Oh, you little mischief!" were her first words.

By this time I began to comprehend the meaning of mischief. I felt badly when I found what I had done and was afraid the little man with the long stick would tell God to burn me up. Carl, my good angel, saw that I was deeply afflicted, and, notwithstanding the dead chickens were his own personal property, he comforted me by saying, "Do not cry, sis, but now remember that ducks and boys can swim, but chickens and girls will sink.

The chickens must be buried. Carl got an old raisin box, and put a white paper in the bottom; then we spread our nine dead chickens in the box, put on a cover and buried them under a bunch of alders down by the brook. I wept to see the little things buried out of my sight. "Never mind, sis," said Carl; "when you are as old as I am you will know more than you do now." "Were you ever as small as I am, Carl?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; but then, I always knew more than you know." I supposed, then, that boys had a right to know more than girls could know, but I had now learned that chickens would not swim.

After this sad event I was sent to a small private school kept by Mrs. Blackburn, the wife of the man I so dreaded. Mrs. Blackburn was a nice, little woman and I could have loved her but for two reasons. Her name—Blackburn—was to me in some way connected with the black minister and the fright he gave me about being burned; and then again, she let the little man come in the school, just as if he

belonged there, and he would tell visitors that I was too young to go to school, but Mrs. Blackburn took me out of pity to my poor mother, to keep me out of mischief, and more than once I was compelled to listen to his version of the story of the dead chickens. I wondered then, and I still wonder, how Mrs. Blackburn could permit a man to talk aloud in school, especially about the misdoings of a pupil. In a rebellious fit, one day, I decided to leave school. I took Carl into my confidence, told him I rather run away than go to Mrs. Blackburn's school. He told our mother the whole story of my objection to the minister.

"Well," my mother said "the child is right. It is wrong to teach the child that God does not love her."

"Does God love me, mamma?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "God is the Father of us all and loves us better than I can love you."

"Then we'll love him too, won't we, Carl?" I said. Carl assented, and there was no more disliking God in our hearts.

I did not go to Mrs. Blackburn's school again. Mother taught Carl and me at home. Things went on quite smoothly with me for a year or two. True, I was reminded, now and then, of my old name.

When I was about nine years old, I went with my mother down to a sea-port town to visit Aunt Grace. Everything to me was new and wonderful. I had never before seen a ship or a steam engine. Cousin Jim took me about the town showing me all the strange sights. "We haven't been down to the beach," he said one day. "Let us go," so down we went.

The tide was coming in. We took off our boots and waded in the water, and picked up shells, and had such a good time.

"Isn't this splendid?" asked Jim.

"Yes," I said; "but wouldn't it be splendor if we could unhitch that little row-boat and ride about as Carl and I do on Alderbrook?"

"Aren't you afraid?" said Jim.

"Not a bit," I replied.

So in the boat we got. Jim cut the fastenings with his jack-knife. The first wave took us out to sea. Jim picked up the oars, but they were of no use, so down he threw them and began to scream. The people on shore gathered about and such screaming I never heard before. I did not at first comprehend our danger, but when the waves bore us farther from shore and

the spray beat in upon us, drenching us to the skin, I understood that something must be done. Night was coming on, and we were drifting out of sight and sound of shore. Poor Jim was terribly frightened. He clung close to me and said over and over, "I know we shall be drowned, Fannie, then what shall we do?"

My only reply was "oh! oh! oh! oh!"

The sun went down in the sea in the West and the moon rose out of the sea in the East, and still we drifted on. The night was chilly, and we were as cold and wet as the waves that bore us away from home. Jim grew tired and sleepy. "Let us say our prayers and go to sleep," he said.

"Well, Jim, you pray; I have forgot what to say," I said.

Just as Jim was saying, between his sobs, "Now I lay me down to sleep," two fishing boats came close up to us. We were so very glad to see them that we quite forgot our prayers.

"Here we are!" shouted Jim.

"Here *we* are!" answered a score of sailors.

The men in one of the boats lowered a small boat, and came close to us. A rough-looking man took me in his arms, another took Jim, and we were handed up to other men in the ship. We were rolled up in blankets and taken back to the place we had so hastily left, for a little row-boat ride. We found all the town out waiting our coming. Bells were rung and shouts of joy filled the air when we were held up in sight of the crowd. Our mothers and Jim's father were there to receive us. We did not understand that all this ado was about us. The first question Jim asked was if the president had come.

The last time I saw Cousin Jim he said that he had made several sea voyages since the one we took together, but had never since been welcomed home as we then were; as for me, I do not look for another bell-ringing on my account.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And, with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellow-men.

— "What are you looking for, doctor?" said a sick man to his physician.

"For my fee, sir; not finding it in my hand, I suspect I must have dropped it."

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]
ALONE ON THE SHORE I WAIT.

BY MARIA HARROLD.

As sinks the sun in the western sky,
 Lonely and sadly I dream
 Of white winged ships, that long since passed by,
 Shadows on ocean's broad stream.

Alone and sad, where the great sea shells
 Sleep quietly side by side,
 I hear the sound of the funeral bells
 Of years that drift out with the tide.

Alone, alone, by the sighing wave,
 Longing and weary I wait
 For those who turned from the silent grave,
 And opened the pearly gate.

Ever alone, I watch on the shore,
 For the boat that will come for me,
 I long to welcome the dip of the oar,
 And I weep, while the waves dance in glee.

Rest, rest, oh, waves; roll solemnly, slow,
 Sigh for the one broken hearted;
 Wake not the dead who are sleeping below,
 Who from sorrow to joy have departed.

Weep, weep, as I linger, mourning alone,
 And bless the last smile of the day,
 For think of the loved who have long since gone,
 To the Summer Isles far away.

Alone, alone, on the pebbly shore,
 Still, still, must I watch and await,
 The day when for me the friends of yore,
 Shall open the pearly gate.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]
TALKING FACE TO FACE WITH A SPIRIT.

THE earlier incidents in the following truthful narration occurred nearly a half century ago. I had them direct from Mrs. B——, whose character for veracity, as well as that of her husband, was unquestionable, they having been residents of our town for years.

I had often observed with truly pleasurable emotion, their kind, unwearied attention to grandfather B—. I may be wrong in rejecting the doctrine of natural depravity, but am, nevertheless, fully convinced that all pleasurable emotions result from influences congenial to our better natures; and that all painful and impure emotions—however much we are treated to influences that produce them—are uncongenial to our higher sense of good—hence, detrimental to the soul's moral progress. To such pernicious influences, I attribute all our moral evils, both hereditary and acquired. As parents and teachers become convinced of this truth, they will be as careful in selecting food for the mind as they now are for the body.

It is quite as useless to attempt to restore moral health, while administering moral remedies with one hand and moral poisons with the other, as it is to attempt the cure of physical disease by alternate doses of poisons and their antidotes. Since it is equally true that whatever addresses itself to the mind, awakens corresponding thoughts which crop out in corresponding acts whenever and wherever the moral condition of the individual affords suitable soil as that like produces its like in physical life, we cannot be too careful in the selection of subjects as well as objects to be presented to the youthful mind.

Away, then, with all fault-finding, all tales of wrong-doing, and all reports of crime and its punishment. If we would mould our dear little ones after our higher ideals, we must present to their minds likenesses of the qualities we wish to see developed in them, but never, by word-pictures or otherwise portray models to be shunned, because all mental images are both productive and modifying.

The latter practice is like growing weeds with flowers to show by contrast the beauty of the latter. True to her generative laws, nature never fails to reproduce conditions by producing a modified crop of each.

In answer to my remarks regarding grandfather B——'s prominent position in their affections, Mrs. B—— surprised me by saying he was in no way related to their family, that her husband was but a step-son of the old gentleman's elder son, then deceased. As is often the case, on his mother's marriage—he being her only child, and but an infant—Esq. B—— (little Willie) was called by his mother's new name, claiming ever after the same relationship in his step-father's family as if he had been an own son.

Willie was still but a youth when his step-father died. Having no child of his own, his death dissolved all connection between the two families.

The old gentleman had but one other son, who, being unmarried, lived on the "ocean wave," a true sailor life, leaving his widowed father—already aged and infirm—with Willie and his mother, until he should be able to provide him a home.

One evening, just as twilight was setting in, Willie was accosted by an apparent stranger in

the street near their house. After a slight hesitation, he asked to be directed to a certain locality, some little distance from the main traveled road.

To make sure of his taking the right path, Willie walked on a short distance with him to the turn near a small brook, the stranger, meanwhile talking of, and making inquiries about the old gentleman.

"Be good and kind to your poor, old grandfather and take care of him as long as he lives, and heaven will reward you for it," were his closing remarks as he stepped across the brook. Willie, surprised by the deep interest he had manifested in their family, looked up at him more particularly, and there, instead of a stranger, standing in his proper person before him, was his uncle, William B——, who was at the time, as he well knew, thousands of miles away. The next instant he had disappeared.

Palsied with fright, Willie made his way back to the house as best he could, falling in a swoon as he reached the door.

As a matter of course, there was great excitement, and any amount of speculation growing out of the affair, which for a long time was a leading topic in conversation among all classes. Two months after, a letter was received from the captain of the vessel on which William B—— sailed, informing his friends of his death by drowning a few days before his appearance to Willie.

"Though often urged to do so," Mrs. B—— continued, "I have never heard Mr. B—— relate the incident but twice, and each time he came near swooning as he recalled the image of his uncle as he then stood before him, with his dark, melancholy eyes bent upon him so beseechingly and intently, as though he were reading a reply to his appeal from the depths of his soul, while the words "Heaven will bless you for it," were still trembling on his lips as he vanished from sight. "Whether he be rewarded or not," she added with great emotion, "it has affected his whole life, and most faithfully has he obeyed the injunction to the very letter; for to him, let others think as they may, it was a voice from the world beyond, a message from a devoted son whose filial love had drawn him back to earth to plead for his lone, friendless parent."

And most faithfully did Esq. B—— continue

to obey the injunction until the poor old man was called to join his own dear ones in the home of the invisibles. What a happy era! God speed its coming, when life and death shall, by common consent, be defined to mean, the one a primary school for the development of our faculties preparatory to a proper enjoyment of a higher life, and the other our entrance into that life. Then our dear friends from the other shore with their messages of love, will no longer be driven away by our antagonistic fears, and be denounced as messengers of evil.

Unlike Willie B——, many of our dear little ones—themselves likenesses of the kingdom above—are already being taught that our dear departed parents, who so long and so lovingly cared for us, and our kind, loving brothers and sisters who have passed from our sight, are still living and watching over us, waiting until we, too, shall lay aside our bodies, the soul's earthly clothing, and soar away with them to their beautiful home in the spirit world.

Let us, then, like Willie B——, though without his fears, follow the holy injunction to do good and be good that *heaven on earth* may be our reward.

JANE FROHOCK.

—CORRESPONDENTS will bear in mind that we have changed P. O. Drawer and printing office, and the LYCEUM BANNER is printed by Tallmadge & Co., No. 167, South Clark street. P. O. Drawer is 5956.

TRUE.—M. B. Dyott, of Philadelphia, in writing of the National Convention, says: "There will be no business presented before that Convention half as important as the Lyceum movement and that which legitimately grows out of it, and no subject that will command greater attention or respect."

—The Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., are soon to organize a Children's Progressive Lyceum. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis are to assist in so doing. The condition of the Society is very encouraging.

AN ARDUOUS TASK.—A young preacher who just started on his travels as an itinerant, was one evening holding forth on the deluge, and, after describing the manner in which Noah built the ark, and filled it with animals of every kind, by pairs, closed in a solemn tone, thus: "You must know, my dear hearers, that it was an arduous task for Noah and his sons to get a pair of whales into the ark!"

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Money can be sent by Post Office Orders; but where Drafts on New York or Boston can be procured, we prefer to have them.

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

 Specimen Copies, Five Cents;

All communications should be addressed to

Mrs. LOU H. KIMBALL.

P. O. Drawer 5966, Chicago, Ill.

A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER.

DEAR READERS: I have undertaken a needed work. To me the task seems pleasant; it is a work in which I have long wished to engage. I look for your approval and hope to merit it. Your words of encouragement will be welcome; any assistance that you may render in extending the circulation of the paper, will be appreciated. If THE LYCEUM BANNER meet at once your demands it is well, I shall be glad; but if it should not, wait in patience, for Time and Experience may be our helpers. Fail is not now written up on our Banner; but if necessity write it there I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that my hands and heart were pledged in faith and hope, to a work that should be done.

LOU H. KIMBALL.

"WHAT GASHMU SAID."

We picked up a Chicago daily the other morning, and, among the religious notices read: "The Rev. Robert Collyer will preach this evening in Library Hall; Subject, 'What Gashmu said and what came of it.'"

That Gashmu was a Bible name there was no doubt; but who he was, when and where he lived, and what he said not a soul in our office knew. We all set to reading the Bible, but found no Gashmu therein. We turned to Webster's Dictionary and found Gashmu among the Scripture proper names. So much we learned, that was all.

At the appointed hour our office occupants took seats in Library Hall to hear "What Gashmu said."

Gashmu, Mr. Collyer said, was a servant of the king, an iniquitous and ubiquitous sort of a person, who loved mischief and was ever and everywhere ready to barb an arrow to deal a blow-in-the-dark, to hint, surmise, misjudge. Gashmu loved darkness. He was, perhaps, a sort of semi-human owl, keeping quiet by day

and venturing out in the darkness to seek his prey and to hoot at those he had not the courage to meet in open day. He has, too, the sagacity and secrecy of the owl. You seldom see the rents he is making in one's reputation, seldom hear him say, out and out, "I am your enemy and seek to slay you." * Gashmu is, no doubt, a respectable rascal. His oily tongue, his pleasing address and his tailor's clothes make us forget that his is the serpent's charm. And then it is not so much *what* he says as the way he has of saying things. He would not, for the world, do you harm. Oh, no! of course not; but then he heard your lecture and he discovered therein the taint of heresy, so he pointed out the evil way just as you would show a friend the pitfalls in his path. No one else discovered your departure from Orthodox lines, but then Gashmu said you did, and we are quite ready to sit as jurors and render the verdict, "Depart ye from among us."

Gashmu is not confined to the churches. We find him in sewing societies, in sociables, in Lyceums, and in little private gatherings. Miss Jane Jackson wore two gold rings; where did she get them? She is a sewing-girl; her father is a common laborer; something is wrong somewhere; so Gashmu said, and the young Gashmus repeat the story, with all the needed embellishments. Mrs. John Smith has gone into retirement. She has left the hall, left the Lyceum; she is seldom seen in the street. What is the matter with Mrs. Smith? Why, Dr. Dick's horse was hitched too long, too late, and too early at her gate; so Gashmu said. The hard words fell like hail upon the poor woman's head and heart, and obliged her to take shelter in her own home. There she remains, wondering how long people will listen to Gashmu. True, Mr. Smith was sick, but Gashmu did not know it, nor care to know it.

Let us close our doors against the Gashmus till they cease to speak evil words; let us see that we are not ourselves Gashmus, and be sure that we never repeat "what Gashmu said."

THANKS.—The kindly notices of our new enterprise, given by the editors of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC and the BANNER OF LIGHT, have brought us scores of encouraging letters. Blessings for blessings.

— Kindness will disarm any foe.

TO THE READER.

Those who know the history of newspapers, especially of reform papers, know that it is not a money-making business. We have commenced the LYCEUM BANNER because there was a demand for it; because no one else seemed disposed to undertake it, and because we love the work and want to do it. But we want the strength that union brings. We want the blessing of earnest souls; their best thoughts; their helping hands. We want bits of *green* paper and *yellow* ore. Nothing will move the hands and hearts of printers, pressmen, bakers, and landlords, as do these little things. Will lecturers, lyceum leaders—will *all* who accept our work—all who love children—gather up these needed dimes and dollars, and forward them to the LYCEUM BANNER, and accept the "well done" of angels as the reward?

CHANGES.

A dear, old lady looked into our new office one day, and, looking about, she exclaimed, "Ah me! you change like the sparks that fly upward." We do not change exactly like the sparks, but, within ten days, we have changed our *Bouquet* for a BANNER; changed printers press-men, offices; but we have not changed readers nor changed old friends for new. The changes have been from necessity, not from broken links in friendship's silver chain.

While we hope to retain old friends, we trust new ones will be added to our list, and that we shall go on rejoicing to the end.

TO THE BOUQUET SUBSCRIBERS.

What is your due we pay in LYCEUM BANNERS. Those who owe the *Bouquet* will pay Mrs. Kimball. Quite a number of old subscribers are owing for a few numbers of the *Bouquet*. We will send them the first number of the new paper, hoping they will send in their dues and subscribe for the LYCEUM BANNER.

LYCEUM CONCERT.

The second regular Monthly Concert, at Crosby's Music Hall, Sunday evening the 11th ult., was creditable, not only to the officers of the Lyceum, but to the young musicians as well.

The opening song, "The Spirits' Greeting," put the whole audience upon the best of terms with the little folks. The speakers, all children, did far better than some of us older ones have done. The wing movements and the Banner

March were admirably performed. We want to call some names; but it may seem like saying some others failed, which is not true. All, old and young, performed his and her part admirably, and deserve, for their patience and energy the highest commendation.

PERSONAL.

MRS. CARRIE H. SPEAR has opened a school at Blue Anchor, N. J., which looks towards the Industrial College proposed at that place.

MISS L. T. WHITTIER is still doing the work she loves so well—organizing Lyceums.

HARRY CLISBY, M. D., is still at Peterboro, N. H. She is ready to accept calls to lecture and to organize Lyceums. Do not allow the good woman to remain idle.

MR. and MRS. A. J. DAVIS are now at their beautiful home in Orange, N. J., but they expect soon to resume their missionary labors.

BROTHER J. O. BARRETT will devote the fall and winter months to lecturing and establishing Progressive Lyceums. His address is Sycamore, Ill.

MRS. NELLIE SMITH, of Sturgis, Mich., will continue to lecture and organize Lyceums. Her heart is in the work that she has undertaken.

ITEMS.

SONGS.—The Lyceums are calling for new songs and new music. J. O. Barrett and J. M. Peebles are preparing a book of hymns, chants, etc.; but we want something *now*—simple heart-songs. Will writers send us words for music? Please bear in mind that, to be set to music, the measure must be perfect.

CROWDED OUT.—Many good and acceptable articles wait the next number.

POEMS.—Read the poems by Frank Marsh and Maria Harrold. Both are in their teens, both will yet charm the world by their sweet songs.

The Banner song and music were written expressly for our paper.

— Our title page is the design of Mr. W. B. Billings, ("Uncle Willmer.") It was engraved by Mr. Baker, of this city. A. J. Davis is the author of the motto on the banner.

— We wish to revise the Lyceum Register. Will Conductors send us the needed information?

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

SUNSHINE.

BY FRANK A. MARSH.

How brightly on the emerald trees
 The golden rays of light
 Are playing 'neath the bending skies,
 Like meteors of the night.
 O'er placid depths, that gently lie,
 Beneath the forest bough,
 Glad sunshine lingers, painting there
 Its fairy pictures now.

The rose, that kissed the morning dew,
 Uplifts its beauteous head,
 And greets with joy the precious balm
 From out the heavens shed.
 A charm of peace, divine and pure,
 Upon the lily's bloom
 Is resting, like the holy hush
 On summer's flow'ry noon.

The breezes of the early morn
 Are whispering on the hills;
 The sunlight dallies with the shade,
 And smiles in all the rills;
 The chestnuts hang their white bequests,
 The wanderer's steps to hail,
 And thrilling strains of music float
 Throughout the forest vale.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

The readers of the *Little Bouquet* have reason to rejoice that their paper is now changed to this neat, handsome, readable LYCEUM BANNER; and, that their dear friends, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Kimball, have charge of it. Nothing could be more opportune and welcome than this change in the name and form of the periodical that so many have learned to look for with longing and to receive with joy. And if the paper was a welcome guest to the household before, much more will it now be precious to the hearts of its readers. We hope that each little boy and girl will try to get others to take the beautiful BANNER, for surely it would be a great loss to any child to be without it. And all Lyceums should forthwith provide themselves abundantly with this blessed little Advocate of their truest interests. This is the time for Spiritualists to aid with voice, pen, and means in giving the worthy, efficient, and devoted Editress and Publisher that support which will enable them to supply our children with the first class Magazine which they propose to issue. Then the utterance of many a little heart will be "Their BANNER over me is love."

MARY F. DAVIS.

Orange, N. J.

FROM J. O. BARRETT.

DEAR LYCEUM BANNER: Beautiful, clear, intelligent, spiritual, so you are to all the children of the country. The mountain spring cannot be more joyous and promising. What a suggestive name you bear! May you ever be the Lyceum Banner, unfurled to the laughing, singing winds of Heaven, all sprinkled over with the glittering stars of truth, and flashing with many-colored loves for the holy, wise and good. Ten thousand thousand hands will stay you up. The commingling prayers of Earth's humanity and Heaven's angels will ascend to the All-Father for his benediction. Blessed, faithful Banner! our hearts beat through and through the very fibres of your thought. Shall we not baptize you, dear child of our love, with sunbeams in the name of Love, Wisdom and Power?

Let me tell you welcome news. When we of Sycamore first thought of organizing a Lyceum we quailed, saying, "it was utterly impossible to do it against so great opposition." But the idea haunted us; we dreamed about it; we had visions about it; the spirits said, "It will succeed." Hebe, Seraphs and Cherubs appeared and were so happy in song and speech and laugh and dance.

One Sabbath morning we called into the Universalist church twenty-three boys and girls and told them about the Lyceum system. Their eyes sparkled! Was not that the smile of God? By and by we sent for Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor of the Chicago Lyceum, and on that occasion we saw in our hired hall sixty three Scholars. Was not that a good beginning for the 21st of July? Everybody was pleased, and you may well believe we were grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Avery for their efficient and kind efforts. Have you ever heard of Harvy A. Jones? He lives here. One day he came running down to my house full of enthusiasm, saying "I have a musical instrument in my pocket!" "What! a cabinet organ or piano in your pocket?" "Exactly so," he answered and out he hauled a half sheet of legal cap—for he is a lawyer—covered all over with phonographic hieroglyphics. It was a subscription paper for a piano!

What next? Why, we have a valuable piano—beautiful flags and targets, an excellent hall, and a host of friends. Soon we shall have the badges and a large library, and how many scholars? Why we are now approximating a hundred members counting all.

Adieu, beautiful Banner, for a little while! but forget not to come and see us all, just twice a month.

Faithfully, J. O. BARRETT.

For the Lyceum Banner.

WORDS FROM A. J. DAVIS.

In the "Monthly Record" for August, I find the following paragraph:

"The St. Louis Lyceum presents to the public in this sheet, a report of its present strength and condition, and recommends that every Lyceum in the country send a similar report to Andrew Jackson Davis, with a request that he compile the same and issue it in the form of a pamphlet, each Lyceum subscribing for as many copies as possible. Each Lyceum could probably take from 100 to 300 copies for circulation. Mr. Davis would, of course, edit this report, and thus a compact statement of the Lyceum movement in this country, its present strength, ends and aims, could be circulated extensively. We feel sure, every progressive mind in the land wishes the Lyceum good speed, and would assist in circulating a report of this kind throughout the entire country. We hope Lyceums every where will respond at once."

The recommendation of the St. Louis Society and Lyceum is important, and should not be allowed to pass by unheeded. But instead of sending the report to me, as suggested by the kind heart of the St. Louis Lyceum, I hope that every Lyceum in the United States will report to the able editress of the "LYCEUM BANNER;" and still more do I hope that every Lyceum will freely distribute this little progressive advocate among the Groups, and by all reasonable efforts introduce this thrice-welcome BANNER to every Lyceum and neighborhood in the land.

A. J. DAVIS.

ORANGE, N. J., 12th Aug., 1867.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

LYCEUM PICNIC.

The Progressive Lyceum in Richmond, Ind., has been holding a series of grand picnics.

Of one of them the Richmond *Telegram* has the following:

"The picnic given by the children and friends of the Progressive Lyceum, at Reeves' Grove just east of the city, last Saturday, was the greatest success of anything of the kind we ever attended. As the long procession moved out of the city, carrying their hundred and fifty flags, led by the Richmond Cornet Band, and all looking so bright and joyous, it was a handsome sight. The waving of handkerchiefs from the houses and the smiles of the crowds on the pavements

showed that most of our citizens approved of the starry colors, and wished the merry children a happy day. At the Grove the national flag was hoisted, and soon the laughter, ringing through the woods, and the glee of happy, bright-eyed children, rolling in the cool shade and playing along the winding paths, the friendly hum of the old folks' voices, as they gathered around the great old trees; all these sounds, mingling with the sweet strains from the silver band, made the grove an unrivaled scene of freedom and happiness.

"After a magnificent dinner, that could scarcely be equaled for variety and richness, short and appropriate addresses were delivered by John T. Bliss and James Smelser. The speaking was followed by some of the exercises of the Lyceum, after which a nice, smooth spot in the grove was cleared away, and all who wished were allowed to "trip the light fantastic toe" in harmony with the sweetest music. The whole day passed off in the most pleasant manner, with nothing whatever to mar the enjoyment. The children all say they had the best kind of a time, and the older folks and strangers that witnessed it say they never saw a more social picnic."

ECHOES.

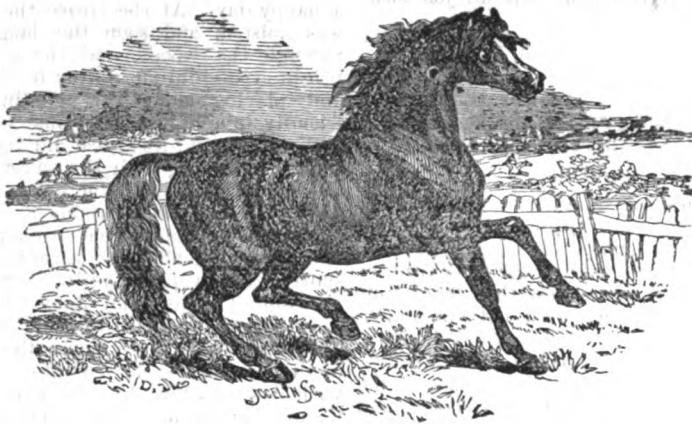
For the Lyceum Banner.

WHEN I was a child, I had a little friend who lived across the fields from me, and we were never happier than when in each other's society.

We fancied, as children sometimes will, that our happiness depended on visiting each other every day. But our mothers thought differently, and limited our play-days together to two days in each week. So on the days we were separated, to beguile the lonely hours, I would go out in the range of an old barn and call to her. The barn gave back the echo, and I, fertile in imagination, called it my young friend, hid away to talk to me.

In this manner I would converse for hours with my invisible playmate, sometimes speaking gently, and then, at some fancied wrong, harshly and loudly. Invariably the barn caught up the tone, and echoed back my own moods and fancies. I then learned a lesson I have never forgotten, and I wish every boy and girl would remember it, and practice it better than I have done. It is this: the world is full of echoes; every word we utter is caught up and echoed back to our own hearts in the same tone it is given. Loving words find loving echoes, and come back to us laden with happiness tingeing all objects around us with a hue of beauty. Unkind tones return with their mission of bitterness, and dim the joys of childhood with a lasting sorrow.

F. M. K.



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]
SOMETHING ABOUT HORSES.
 BY UNCLE WILMER.

IF all the animals, given to us by the great and good Father, we esteem the horse the most valuable. I wonder if any of my dear young readers ever think how much use this animal is to us;—how much he does towards supplying our many wants. Some of you have a much better opportunity of knowing what this noble creature is doing day by day for the comfort and happiness of man, than others who, perhaps, see but little of the vast and various kinds of labor he is constantly doing for us.

There is no animal that possesses so many noble traits as the horse. His deeds of valor have been sung by the poets of every age and clime, and I presume there is scarcely to be found a boy or girl, who has lived where horses are raised, but can tell of some freak of fun, or mischief, performed by them. I well remember, among the many horses we raised, when I lived at home on the farm, one we called Dolly. O she was so full of mischief—opening doors and gates—"letting down the bars"—getting into all sorts of places where she ought not to, and then when we would sometimes scold her, she would look at us so wise, and innocent, we had no heart to punish her. One day, my brother went to catch Dolly, in a field where she had been feeding. There was a brook running through the field, and Dolly was standing near it. As he came up to put the bridle on, she turned and looked at him with eyes full of mischief, and if she

could have talked, she would have said something like this: "Now, my young chap, you think you are to have a ride on my back, do you? we will see about that, I will give you a ride another way." Well, when my brother came close to her, Dolly just caught him, by the collar of his jacket, in her teeth, and then walked deliberately down to the brook, and laid him in the water, without hurting him in the least; then she trotted off a little distance, and turned about to enjoy the fun of the thing.

But sometimes horses are very vicious, very destructive, and it is impossible to do anything with them. I remember reading a case of this kind, where a horse was so savage and ferocious that more than one man had been killed by him, and finally it was decided to have the horse killed by a lion. The horse was driven into an amphitheater, and a lion, made unusually savage by hunger, was loosed from his cage, and at once began to advance towards the horse, crouching to spring upon, and seize him by the throat. But the horse seemed to fully realize his danger, and seeking the most favorable spot in one corner of the amphitheater, watched eagerly his approaching foe. As the lion drew near, striving to get at the *side* of his victim, the eager eye of the horse, carefully observing every move, would not allow the lion to approach except directly towards his hind feet. At last the lion, finding he could not have his own way exactly, determined to make short work of it, and prepared for the final spring. As the huge body of the lion arose from the ground, and

started towards his prey, the horse let fly one of his hind feet with such fearful force, and such unerring aim, as to strike the lion directly in the face, and fracture his jaw. The horse escaped with a few scratches, while the lion, howling with pain slunk a way to his cage without being able to satisfy his hunger, and thus once, at least, the "king of beasts" was *vanquished by a horse*.

The Arabian horse is noted for its exceeding beauty, docility, and strong attachment to its Arab master. Of the many instances of this, that I have read, I remember one, which is so full of interest that I will relate it to my young readers, as probably many of them have never read, or heard of it.

The Arabs, you know, are a wandering, warlike race, nearly always at war, either among themselves, or with some neighboring people. In one of their conflicts, they had been defeated, and several of their number captured. Among the captured was one of their chiefs and his horse, the latter famous for great intelligence and attachment to his master. The Arab chief was securely bound hand and foot, his arms being laced to his body with strong cords. Thus he lay helpless as an infant; all was still, for deep slumber had fallen upon both vanquished and vanquisher. While the Arab was thinking of his sad fate, and the dear ones in his tented home, far away, he heard footsteps approaching, and soon saw the dim outlines of a horse in the darkness. It was his own faithful steed seeking the helpless chief. The horse made several efforts to unloose the cords which bound his master, but the work was too securely done, and there was no hope but in instant flight. But how could this be done when the Arab chief could not move hand or foot? The faithful horse was equal to the emergency. Taking a firm hold with his teeth, of the cords that bound his helpless master, he cautiously bore him out of the hostile camp, and then darted off across the desert plain for his own home, still bearing the form of the helpless Arab chief. On and still on the horse sped away, nor slackened his pace till many a weary mile had separated them from the hostile camp. They reached the home of the Arab chief, in safety; but this faithful servant paid the forfeit of his own life in thus rescuing and saving his master.

On reaching their home he deposited his precious burden with the family, and then the

noble creature fell dead at the door of the tent. I think it will be difficult to find a more touching instance of devoted heroism and self sacrifice than is found in this simple story of the Arab chief and his faithful horse.

I am glad to know that the nature of the horse is better understood, and his noble traits better appreciated than formerly. Mr. Rarey, the famous "horse tamer," has done a good work in teaching us how much more can be done with the horse by kindness and gentle treatment, than by force and violence. I know some boys, who have been very successful in the breaking of colts. One I know, who broke three to saddle and harness when he was only twelve years old. This proves to me, better than any argument can, that mildness with the horse is better than force. But it is not every little boy who can safely manage a colt. It requires a peculiar gift which all do not possess. But all little boys and girls can be kind and gentle to the horse, and I hope they will always treat them kindly.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

SKETCHES OF BRAVE LIVES.—No. 1.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

GRACE DARLING.

THERE is a cluster of rocky islands near the northern coast of England. They are called the Fern Islands, or by some people the *farne* or *fuarne*. They are composed of rough cliffs and projecting crags, and many a staunch vessel, and many a brave crew have been wrecked upon these perilous rocks. The largest and outermost of the Fern group is Longstone Island. Here was erected a light-house where lived Grace Darling and her father. Brave Grace Darling! with strong hands, impelled by her fearless heart, performed a deed that has made her name immortal! Grace was accustomed, from earliest childhood, to a life of danger. Her father taught her the science of the sea, and constant practice had made her nearly accomplished in the management of a boat. Oars and rudder were as easily managed by her as our guitar strings and croquet mallets by the young ladies of our day. She grew up a true pattern of a blooming English maiden, none the less lovely because the winds and waves had been her constant companions. When she was about twenty three years old the incident that I am about to relate took place. One September morning, in the year 1838, Grace was awakened long before sunrise by hearing cries of distress. Her practised ear

assured her that some vessel was in danger. She knew it would be madness to venture to the relief of the sufferers before light dawned and so at the first approach of day she took a glass and looked to ascertain, if possible, the direction whence the sounds proceeded. On a neighboring island, a large steam-ship had been dashed to pieces. Of the forty light-hearted persons; who had gone on board of her at Hull but nine remained alive. They were despairingly clinging to the remnants of the vessel and to the sides of the rugged rocks. At first Grace could distinguish no living thing upon the wrecked steamer, and she was almost persuaded by her anxious father, to relinquish the hope of saving any human lives; but, raising her glass for a final look, she was sure she saw moving objects about the wreck. The rising tide would soon sweep away the vessel, people, all. No time was to be lost. Unheeding the warnings and entreaties of her father, she prepared to go to the relief of the survivors. Grace was very dear to the old man. He resolved to go with her, to die with her, if she should perish in her heroic attempt. Together they started out in a small boat. The waves were rolling high! A fierce storm was raging, but these brave souls were not daunted. Through incredible danger they reached the island. Grace remained in the boat and with great skill steered it so as to avoid the dangerous breakers.

Her father carefully climbed upon the sides of the rocks. After many efforts the surviving passengers and crew were placed one by one in the little boat.

Grace and her father rowed them safely to Longstone light-house. Here for several days she nursed the sufferers, some of whom were badly wounded. At last the storm ceased and they were able to get to the mainland.

The bravery of this noble girl was soon known throughout England; and indeed the whole world. Elegant presents were showered upon her, and seven hundred pounds raised for her by public subscription. She well deserved a long and happy life, but I say with regret that she died after a lingering illness, while yet in the bloom of youth.

WHEN a child can be brought to tears, not from fear of punishment, but from repentance for his offence, he needs no chastisement. When the tears begin to flow from grief at one's own conduct, be sure there is an angel in the bosom.

For the Lyceum Banner.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

THE SKIN—PERSPIRATION.

One of the earliest experimenters on this subject was Sanctorius. For nearly thirty years he weighed himself daily, and also all the solid and liquid food which he took into his system, and then made careful calculations as to the quantity of fluid which passed off by the lungs and skin, he concluded that five eighths or more than one half passed off by perspiration.

The amount varies very much in different seasons and climates and the changes in the temperature produces an effect upon our feelings.

We are all aware of a dull, languid feeling in the spring of the year, known familiarly as spring fever, this is doubtless caused by the change of temperature.

Some parts of the body perspire more freely than others. The composition of this fluid evidently differs; in some persons it has quite a strong and unpleasant odor.

It has been supposed that there were peculiarities in the odor of each of the different races of men.

The unpleasant scent which this fluid gives to some persons may be prevented to some extent, by ablutions and cleanliness. It has been thought that it was by means of this peculiar odor that the dog is enabled to trace his master through a crowd and follow the exact course which he has taken.

That the perspiration plays an important part in the functions of the human body cannot be doubted for many elements are thus removed from the system which would be injurious to it and those very common affections, known as colds, influenza, etc., are caused more or less by suppressed perspiration.

We are well aware that a suppression of this secretion is followed by disease, and the arrest of it on one part of the body by exposure to a draft, is often followed by more or less suffering. Hence we have in almost every language proverbs cautioning us to avoid exposure to currents of air.

[To be continued.]

— What is a Shoemaker? Answer—A man who enlightens his own understanding by covering that of others.

— Like flowers, that fade to bloom again,
Is life and death to earth-born men.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMA.

FROM BANGOR LYCEUM, STAR GROUP.

I am composed of eleven letters.

My 1, 4, 6, 7, 11 is a boy's name.

My 1, 10, 8, 9, 7, 4 is a girl's name.

My 5, 4 is a personal pronoun.

My 8, 2, 3, 4 is a word of affection.

My whole is a name the children love.

TRANSPPOSITION.

BY MARY L. WILLIS.

Aym ogd yb hwmō sī nees dan deah,

Pedtargīn nem dan nawredgīn rdīb,

Nī remyc karm su fro ahl nōw;

Dan iduge su ot hte ulod nunwonk.

ENIGMA.

BY METTIE POSTER.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 20, 13 eats my 24, 14, 2, 7, 13.

My 6, 12, 11, 17, 18 is not right.

My 10, 7, 8, 9, 24, 23, 4, 13, 14 is the surname of one of our best public speakers.

My 19, 22, 5 is a very troublesome insect.

My 6, 16, 11, 15 is manufactured into cloth.

My 21, 23, 16 is a game at cards.

My whole is an American Poet.

WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in caption, but not in book;

My second is in faction, but not in cook;

My third is in measure, but not in power;

My fourth is in leisure, but not in hour.

My whole is always passing.

OHARADE.

At the approach of my *first*, weary travelers stop at my *second*. My *third* is air in rapid motion, and my whole is a sweet singer.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

Set eighteen trees in nine rows, and have five trees in each row.

JOHN ASHLEY.

Arrange four 9's sq they will make 100 and no more.

JOSEPHINE.

What king had an iron bedstead, and what were its dimensions?

EMMA COOPER.

— What is a Jury? Answer—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one at a bar.

— What is a Policeman? Answer—A man employed by a corporation to sleep in the open air.

— What is Water? Answer—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.

— Different sounds travel with different degrees of velocity. A call to dinner will run over a ten-acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

— A chaplain was once preaching to a class of collegians about the formation of habits. "Gentlemen," said he "close your ears against

bad discourses." The students immediately clapped their hands to their ears.

— A printer meddling with a verdict of a coroner's jury, struck a comma out after the word "apoplexy," making it read thus:

"Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

— "I have seen a good workman who would get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings," said a jeweller.

"O, that is nothing," said his friend; "I have boys who would get up the inside of a chimney for a sixpence."

A PLEASANT THOUGHT.—Dr. Holland has the following reflections on seeing a little lame boy, who was singing a cheerful song: "It is pleasant to say to him, and all the brotherhood and sisterhood of ugliness and lameness, there is every reason to believe that there is no such thing in heaven as a one-legged or club-footed soul—no such thing as an ugly or misshapen soul—no such thing as a soul with tainted blood in the veins; and that out of these imperfect bodies will spring spirits of consummate perfection and angelic beauty—a beauty chastened and enriched by the humiliations that were visited upon their earthly habitations."

A TRUE LADY.—I was once walking behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to get into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy and would swing back before he could get through. "Wait," said the young girl springing lightly forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he had passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."—*Selected*

A veritable story is told of a bright little girl who, attending Sunday-school for the first time was asked, "Who went into the lion's den?" The little one appeared puzzled, and, not answering, the teacher commenced spelling to awaken the child's recollection—"D-a-n." "I can tell now," exclaimed the little three-year-old, all smiles, "it was Dan Rice!"

Written and composed for *The Lyceum Banner*.

THE BANNER SONG.

Words by MRS. MARY A. WHITAKER.

Music by MISS EMILY B. TALLMADGE.

1. Up-lift our bright banner, on high let it wave, A sure to-ken of peace and good will;
2. Then welcome, O welcome each message of love, That is traced here in beauty and light;

3. They see our free banner, and hail it with joy. For they know that our cause is di-vine,
4. A-way to the home-roof, heart greet-ings to give To the dear ones a-wait-ing us there;
5. O'er them let our banner wave lov-ing-ly now, While our songs of re-joic-ing as-cend;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Banner Song'. It consists of a vocal melody in G major, 6/8 time, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in five numbered lines, with the first two lines corresponding to the first two staves of the vocal melody.

A hope to the pure, and the true, and the brave, Every heart with sweet blessings to fill.
The angels of childhood are hovering above, And they smile as they pause in their flight.

That falsehood and error we seek to de-stroy, But the good we will nev-er re-sign.

A-way to the homeless, who des-o-late live, So that they too, our gladness may share.
May all a true spirit of brotherhood show, And give us the hand-clasp of a friend.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are arranged in four numbered lines, with the first two lines corresponding to the first two staves of the vocal melody.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.