

# The Lyceum Banner.

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Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## CONQUERED BY KINDNESS.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

**I** WISH we were poor, mother!" said Alice Stone, rushing in from school, and throwing her hat and sachel of books on a chair. "Don't you wish we were real poor, as we used to be, mother?"

"No, Alice," Mrs. Stone replied; "I am glad we have this good house, and some money to support us. Why do you wish to be poor?"

"Cause I do! Lizzie Jackson hates me, and

makes faces, and says, 'Oh, smell the oil!' and Walter Ladd said his mother said that the ruffles on my new dress were made out of oil. What makes the children call me Miss Shoddy, and cry out, 'Smell the oil?' Can you tell, mother?"

"Yes, my child, I can tell," Mrs. Stone said, laying aside the morning *Tribune*. "Come to the fire and dry your feet while I am telling you."

Alice drew her chair up to the stove, and listened quietly, while her mother told her the following story:

"We were very poor a few years ago. I took in sewing, and your father worked in Pennsylvania for an oil company. We lived in the small house where old Mrs. Clark now lives. We needed money, but were happy even in our poverty. Your father took a few shares in an oil well that he was boring. They found a good flowing well. By that means we became wealthy. Some of our old neighbors think that money has changed us—that we are not so good as when we were poor. This is why they call you shoddy and oily, and why they call me Lady Petroleum."

"Is that so, mother?" Alice said. Then I will make faces at Lizzie Jackson, and say how leather smells! and I will call her "little Miss Brogan."

"What will you do that for, Alice?"

"Because Mr. Jackson buys leather and makes brogans."

"Will it make you happy to return evil for evil?" Mrs. Stone asked.

"I don't care if I am not so happy. It will do me lots of good to let her know that she is no better than I am."

"But," Mrs. Stone said, "Lizzie may have some good reason for disliking you; are you always kind to her?"

"Yes, *most* always; but she got vexed with me to-day for saying that I would not be seen with that old gray muff; then she said that if I did have a handsome fur cape, it came out of an oil well."

"The children have treated you just as well as you have treated them, my child; if you expect kind words you must be kind yourself."

"But let them be good to me *first*, then I will be good too," said Alice, a little angry.

"You did the first wrong," Mrs Stone said; "now you do the first good deed, and see if you are not happier."

The next day as Alice was going to Sunday-school, she saw Lizzie before her, going to the same place. She was thinking what her mother said about doing the first good deed, and she wondered what she would do to make Lizzie love and forgive her for speaking about the worn-out muff. As she went along behind Lizzie she saw a handkerchief fall from her muff; she picked it up and said, "Lizzie! Lizzie! look here!" Lizzie turned scornfully about, and looked at Alice, but did not speak a word.

"See here, Lizzie!" Alice said, smiling, "I have found your nice, new handkerchief."

Lizzie quite forgot her anger, and said, "Have you, Alice? I am so glad, for it was a Christmas present from Aunt Sarah."

The little girls walked on toward the church together. Neither knew just what to say, for Alice had on her new fur cape that was so oily, and Lizzie had the old muff, the cause of their troubles.

At last Alice said, "I don't think your muff looks so bad after all. I wish I had not said anything about it, Lizzie. Do you care?"

"Not now," Lizzie replied; "but I did feel real angry yesterday."

"You'll forgive me, wont you, Lizzie?" Alice said, while the tears gathered in her blue eyes.

"Yes," Lizzie said, "if you will pardon me for what I said about you; I am sorry now."

"Yes, we'll both forgive, and not make faces or call names again," Alice replied.

The little girls went home from meeting very happy.

"It is real good to do good, isn't it mother?" Alice said that Sunday evening.

"Yes, child; but why do you ask?"

"I was wishing I could give Lizzie Jackson a fur cape like mine and a pair of Balmoral boots; she was to Sunday-school to-day, and wore shoes and a little cotton shawl."

"There is your money-box," Mrs. Stone said;

"you can do with the money as you like."

"May I truly, mother? Then I'll go to-morrow morning over to Mr. Simon's store, and get that other cape just like mine, and give it to Lizzie, and take her to get measured for a pair of high boots."

Alice was up bright and early Monday morning, and as happy as a lark.

She gave Lizzie the cape and the boots. The two girls are now the best of friends. And all the school children love Alice now. She says she has conquered them by kindness. A very good way.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## STORY OF THE EVENING STAR.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

**W**HEN we were children—while we clung to our mother's knee—she told us many an interesting tale, which we still remember, and shall until we go through the grave to the Spirit-Land. How sweet her voice sounds across the dim years since our childhood, and how saintly she appears through the long vista of events!

One evening we sat by the door; the Western sky glowed in mellow gold through the forest branches, and slowly faded into ashen blue; a pale star glimmered out, and brightened, and our mother said it was Venus, the Evening Star. How beautiful it appeared just above the tops of the tall oaks of the primeval forest! The shores of the lake were then a wilderness; the red Indian had just left his ancient domain far "beyond the Mississippi;" a deer or wolf still lingered, last to yield to the remorseless hand of the white man. Over this forest glimmered the star, so calm, so beautiful and intelligent, that little Jessie, clapping her hands, cried out in extacy, "Mamma, oh mamma, are the stars folks, and do they know what we think?"

Our mother smiled, a sweet, sad smile, and caressing the ringlets on Jessie's sunburned forehead, answered: "I do not suppose they can, but they awaken very sweet thoughts in our souls; the stars are believed to be spirits by some people, and their calm gaze and splendor almost tempt us to regard them as such. I know a sad story about the Evening Star."

"A story about the star? Oh, tell it, mamma!" we all exclaimed.

"I'd rather not have the *sad* in," said Jessie, "for I feel sad already, it is so still in these great woods, and so dark; please leave out the sad!"

"If I relate the story I cannot comply with

your request; but we can draw from the saddest story, as from the saddest experience of life, something pleasing and useful.

"When I was a little girl I had two playmates, nearly my own age. They were cousins, and cousins of mine. We used to play just as you do, and have as many cares and troubles. The name of one was Mettie, and of the other Orland. The latter was the self-constituted protector of us all. We roamed the woodland after flowers, constantly wondering at their succession. We were the first to find the clatonias, first to cull the pale forget-me-not from the moss; we gathered nuts in autumn; and made fantastic bouquets of leaves, painted by the frosts. Happy our three lives, running on for years together; but as we grew older, I began to feel that Mettie and Orland were united by other ties than those which bound me to them. Somehow I came to think that they were destined for each other, and this truth slowly dawned on them. I cannot tell you if they ever spoke of it to each other, for third persons are not admitted when such things are spoken, but they loved each other well and truly, and we all loved with purest affection.

"We were eighteen summers when the blast came over us. A fever withered the heart of Mettie. The blood which once painted her cheek with the flush of a sea-shell, burned through her veins, and blistered her brain. Day after day she lay bereft of reason, her naturally strong physical powers battling with her terrible disease. She grew weaker, and the fever having done its work, having sapped the foundations of her young life, subsided, and in the sultry afternoon she seemed to slumber; it was a dull, dead sleep, which we felt presaged the close of life. We sat by her bedside, and fanned her brow, or bathed her parched lips. The sun, like a great globe of fire, settled down slowly, folding the fringed clouds as a monarch folds his robe about him, and with dignity lies down to repose. Then the darkness came on, and the cool evening breeze came in at the window, fanning the brow of the sick girl, bearing on its wings the breath of the roses blooming beneath. Then she moved, and opened wide her eyes, and smiled on us in her old, sweet, incomparable way. She grasped the hand of Orland with her right, mine with her left, and half rising she gazed out into the growing twilight. Her eyes rested on the evening star, 'The breath of the roses is sweet,' said she, 'but sweeter the vision of yonder star. I have had a terrible dream. It is so pleasant to be awake again. I thought I was dead! I am awake now, and a beautiful angel is

with me. I am going away, Orland—away—away! You must not be sad. I am going to visit that star. The angel will bear me. When you die you will join me. It will not be long—not long—I am going—not—long—' and she sank back, and we stood tearless, knowing that the spirit had escaped through its mortal bars.

"We buried her in the old church-yard, where three generations of our ancestors repose;—far away, Jessie, in the old Bay State,—and transplanted the rose from the window to her head, and some of her favorite flowers to the mound.

"Orland shed no tears. If he did they were not visible; they must have fell on his heart, and withered it. He became a wanderer, smitten with a mania for the evening star. He would sit for hours watching it as it sank down the Western sky, and when it disappeared he would strike his forehead with his hand, and mutter inaudibly, 'Oh, that I were there.' It grew on him, and he traveled Westward, buried himself for years in the interminable forests between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, became as one of the red men, and with them he hunted buffalo on the vast plains which skirt the Rocky Mountains, then never trodden by the foot of white man. Out of the forest he came to seek rest on the restless ocean. He visited the paradise of the Pacific world, where the sky of azure rests over a tranquil ocean, and the palm throws its feathered leaves to the zephyr, loaded with the meat and wine of life, and orange and spice await the plucking hand.

"He tarried not long even in the most enchanting spot. Eden would have soon palled his insatiable thirst. Thousands of miles he tossed on the heaving billows, joyous when the tempest raved wildest, and the elements were resistless in their power. Then we lost trace of him altogether; we gave him up for lost, as either cast away on some sunken coral reef, or overwhelmed by some tornado in the Indian seas.

"Twenty years went by, and one morning the sexton, entering the graveyard, saw a person lying on one of the graves. He found, on examination, that he was dead. He, of course, related the fact, and soon half the village were gathered around. The dead was clad in a sailor's suit. His complexion was very dark from exposure to the weather, his hair was grey, and his countenance had a foreign appearance. None recognized him. His mother did not; nor should I, but I saw that he lay on the grave of Mettie. It was Orland—worn, using the last remaining portion of his life's strength to reach her grave, as a goal, and there die!

"We buried his body reverently by her side, and the same rosebush now sheds its perfume over both. We buried his body, but his spirit we knew had joined hers, if not in the evening star, in an equally beautiful place."

Our mother paused. We saw by the dim light a tear trembling in her eyes, and she bent down and kissed us all, for we were all very, very sad.

Walnut Grove Farm.

## HOW EMILY BOUGHT OYSTERS.

BY NETTIE CARLISLE.

DOES your tooth ache very bad, mamma?" said little Emily, in a pitying tone, and she tenderly stroked her mother's cheek with her soft little hand. "Isn't there just nothing at all I can do for you?"

"Nothing, I am afraid," said her mother, smiling in spite of herself. A moment after she added, "I wish I had some oysters for dinner; I am afraid I cannot eat anything else."

"Oysters, mamma?" said Emily, eagerly. "Oh, let me go buy some. I know just where the man is, up at the corner, where the wagon stands with a stove-pipe sticking out of it. Mayn't I go?"

"I'm afraid you're almost too little, pet," answered her mother.

"Oh no, I aint. Put my coat on, Annie. I must go right away to buy oysters for mamma's dinner."

"Let her go," said sister Annie, "she'll do well enough." So in a few moments more the little monkey set out.

The stray curls had been carefully tucked away under a warm zephyr hood; one tiny hand, encased in a red mitten, held a little tin kettle, while the other was snugly stowed away in her coat pocket.

She marched up to the oysterman, standing on his windy corner, and presenting her kettle said, "I want twenty-five oysters for my mother's dinner."

"You do, eh? little woman," he answered, surveying his tiny customer much as a good-natured elephant might regard a musquito; "ain't you afraid of blowing away this windy day? I guess I'd better put you in the wagon while I open the oysters."

So saying, he lifted the little girl from the ground, and setting her down inside, bade her go and warm herself.

The wagon was quite a new world to Emily, a small one, to be sure, but a world, nevertheless. Carefully picking her way, with a look of great

disdain, past a large pile of oysters in their shells, she approached the stove in the farthest corner. Two little boys, sitting on baskets filled with hay, were warming their hands at the blaze. They made room for the little girl, and invited her to sit down beside them.

"No, thank you, I am not tired, she answered with dignity.

They both laughed, but after a little while repeated their invitation, and as the man outside was somewhat long in opening the oysters, Emily at last, with a little sigh, took the offered seat.

Meanwhile sister Annie began to grow somewhat uneasy at the little one's prolonged stay. At length she put on her shawl and hood, and started up the street. She reached the wagon, but Emily was nowhere visible. What can have become of her? she thought in great alarm.

"Did you see a little girl with a tin kettle in her hand?" she asked of the man.

"Oh, yes!" he answered, laughing, "she's here all safe. I put her in the wagon to keep warm while I opened the oysters."

"Here, sis, they're all ready," he called, and Emily emerged from her retreat, with the remark, "You kept me waiting awful long."

"Don't you carry them home, Annie, she added anxiously, noticing her sister, "I want to give them to mamma myself."

"Did you have a nice ride, Emily?" asked Annie.

"No," was the innocent reply, "the carriage stood still all the time."

"Well, trot along now, mamma's waiting."

Small need to tell Miss Emily that. No sooner had her little feet touched the ground, than she set off as fast as she could run, and in due time reached home safely.

Mother enjoyed her dinner very much, and Emily to this day tells proudly of the time when she went "all by herself" to buy oysters.—*Little Pilgrim*.

## Thoughts Suggested by the Question, What is Time?

Time is a ladder whose steps are events.

Time is a mirror upon whose transparent surface our thoughts, our actions and ourselves are faithfully reflected.

Time is the recording angel who inscribes upon the imperishable scroll of eternity the history of our earth-lives.

Time is a bridge upon which we cross from the eternity of the past to the eternity of the future.

E. S. L.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## ASPIRATIONS.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

O, human life, which knows so much  
Of joying and of grieving!  
We dance to stars at which we clutch,  
And cry for not receiving.  
But God can never hand them down  
From their accustomed places,  
More than He can an angel's crown,  
To shine o'er mortal faces.

We hear a singer strike his harp,  
And dulcet notes come thronging;  
But discontent with twangings sharp  
Soon sets our souls to longing.  
We long to wake such melting strains  
As charm in tone and measure,  
But ah! Ambition sits in chains  
And flits with mournful pleasure.

A glorious picture meets our gaze,  
Charming in all its tintings;  
How low we bow to utter praise  
And woo the sun's bright glintings.  
How much we long to catch the fire  
Which lit with inspiration  
The artist's soul—alas, we tire  
Nor win the elevation.

Some sweet perfection cased in flesh  
Commands our commendation;  
And lo, we sit in beauty's mesh  
Lavish with admiration.  
An angel face, a perfect soul,  
Our aspirations reach them,  
But ah, they are too dear a dole  
To come when we beseech them.

I wish our hearts need never cry,  
For things beyond their gaining;  
But let their faded roses lie  
Without so much complaining.  
And while our beings leap with joy  
To all man's grand endeavor,  
Feel never that cares can annoy,  
Or woe toll chain a lever.

## THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM.

The July number of this sterling magazine is before us. Contents: Discussion between Moses Hull and Rev. George Clendenan; The Summer Land, by Mrs. L. L. Stout; Pen Sketches of Reformers, [J. M. Peebles,] by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown; I Don't Believe It and What's the Difference, by Mrs. F. M. Kimball; Beauty, by J. O. Barrett; Guardian Angels, by John T. Hollister. Editorials—State Spiritual Organizations; A Strange Epitaph; Spiritualism in McHenry. Two dollars could not be better invested than by subscribing for the *Rostrum*. Address Hull & Jamieson, publishers, drawer 5,966, Chicago.

## FRIENDLY VOICES.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

FOND DU LAC, WIS., June 15, 1868.

DEAR CHICAGOANS:—Please accept the pity of one who has escaped from the mud, din and dirt that must, I think, sour and perplex your souls. Why do you not pick up and pack, wives, children and husbands—all, and flee from Chicago, as good, sensible Mr. Lot fled from a better place? Leave the odor of the river for the fragrant forest; the tumble-up-and-down sidewalks for woodland paths; the churches for the cathedral of St. Nature. I never see a city church spire, blazing in the summer sun, but that it says to me, "Away to the woods, away."

By-the-way, I am not now exactly in the forest, but am in a quiet nook, where I hear the cooling winds "turning the leaves of hymns." To one weary and worn with the upper rooms of a crowded street, this place seems much like Paradise regained.

I came here for two good reasons. I wanted the blessing of the green earth, and wanted to attend the Wisconsin Spiritualist State Convention.

Miss Elvira Wheelock and I took peaceable possession of Mrs. Jennie Hilderbrand's best room, and accepted willingly the hospitality of her whole house. So here we are, coming and going, as we will. Our days are divided between the meetings and the out-of-doors; our nights given to sleeping and talking. I like the meeting vastly. Not that I care so much for the long speeches that are made in a sort of general way to everybody, but these can be borne with grace knowing that when they are ended we may have a feast of short soul-speeches; may listen to low, loving voices, that make us good and glad. Long and good speeches have, however, been made here in the past three days—speeches that scattered the clouds of skepticism, and let in the light from the upper land.

Several children have added to the interest of the Convention by recitations. Mrs. Martin, one of the Leaders in the Fond du Lac Lyceum, was at the Convention to-day, with her two little girls. The children spoke well. Bertie Sherman, of the Milwaukee Lyceum, recited several pieces. No one interested the audience more than did this child of twelve years. Mrs. Sherman and Mrs. Martin are the teachers of their children. Pity it is that more mothers do not go with their little ones to the Lyceums, and interest themselves in all that pertains to the weal of their children. The bell rings and I must away. Adieu. H. F. M. B.

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### "DO FOR THE CHILDREN."

A bundle of soiled communications has come to our office. The writer says: "These articles were hastily written, full of faults; but they may *do for the children*." Others have sent articles which the writers evidently think would be rejected by grown readers, but will do for children.

No, no, friends; this will not do for children. We don't ask children to eat from unclean dishes; we never send them out of sight and sound of company—never bid them listen, but not speak—never threaten them with blows—never give them books or papers that should have been consigned to the waste-basket. It is important that children have healthy mental food. We want, for children, pleasant stories, sweet songs, sensible sayings, the record of good deeds and of brave lives. If they must see life's *shady side*—the ills and evils that mar and deform, let them wait till they are strong and poised in principles; then the storm may beat against them without harm.

### RED CROSS.

With this number the time of many of our subscribers expires. We cannot afford to lose a single subscriber, and we mistake if the young folks can afford to spare a paper devoted to their interest and instruction. The *red cross* will say, "Please send your dollar, and, if possible, another subscriber, to Mrs. L. H. Kimball. By so doing, you will enable her to send you the best paper in the country."

—There will be a report of the Lyceum Convention in our next number.

—Mrs. S. E. Warner has been very ill. We hope her earth-life work is not finished. We have great need of her labors of love.

—Read Mr. Dyott's advertisement on another page. The "emblems" are expressive and beautiful. We hope to see them worn by all the members of Lyceums.

—Will any one give us the Post Office address of Byron S. Cowen?

## FASHIONABLE BOOTS.

### A Word to Girls.

Girls, don't wear them. They retard the circulation, and induce cold feet, consumption and death. They *deform* the feet. By throwing all the weight upon the toes, corns and large joints are produced that can never be cured. They give an unnatural support to the ankle, thereby giving one an awkward appearance in walking. They are dangerous, too, as any misstep may cause a fall and sprain.

It is well that most ridiculous fashions are short-lived, for if the present style of boots continues long, all our girls will be on crutches. When you buy a pair of boots, ask the shoe dealer to take off one-half the heel. It will take him just three minutes, and it may save a pair of handsome feet.

—*"Come here, mamma. Come and see what a sweet little flower God has made,"* Lillie Carter said while looking at a little pansy that was creeping out of the fresh mold and opening its leaves to the light. "I wish," Lillie said, "that God had made Jimmie as pretty and beautiful as he did this flower; then he wouldn't be so naughty; would he mamma?"

### The Present Age.

The above is the title of a downright good-looking paper that comes to us from Lyons, Mich., devoted to the elucidation of progressive ideas. One of the editors says, in speaking of Spiritualism: "Over thirty thousand firm believers in these beautiful teachings are to be found in Michigan." If they are true believers, let them show their faith by sustaining *The Present Age*. The editors are Lyman B. Brown, Dorus M. Fox; Charles Betts, Editor Agricultural Department, and Stillman F. Breed, Corresponding Editor. Address D. M. Fox, Lyons, Mich.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

CHARLEY.—You want a question for the Lyceum. How many bones are there in the human body?

SUSIE D. asks: How can we raise money in our Lyceum to get *THE LYCEUM BANNER*? Have a concert or festival.

JAMES L.—Esop was the famous fable writer. He lived 606 before Jesus lived. He was at one time a slave in Athens.

—When did Abraham sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his fore-fathers.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## A DAY'S ADVENTURES.

**W**HEN but a lad, Johnny Hardy was permitted by his parents to go alone, a four days' journey, to visit some relatives. The route, was through thick forests and, most of the way, over well-known Indian trails. On the morning of the fourth day, his pony had become too lame to travel further, and he started early from a hunter's camp, on foot, with pack in hands. The woods were full of animals, amongst them bears and panthers, and what were far more dangerous to footmen, savage wild boars and threatening wild cattle. But familiarity had somewhat lessened his fear of these, and he would have had but few misgivings, but that he had to pass, by mid-day, a road where prowled a formidable robber, for whose apprehension the Governor offered a large reward.

Johnny boldly advanced, however, against the warnings of all the few persons he met on the lonely way, trusting to his youth and to "his love for all, both great and small," to ward off that danger.

It was a hot day in summer, and wearied and footsore, about noon, he rested on the trunk of a

fallen tree, when, casting his eyes amongst its limbs, he perceived a large panther lying between them, whilst, not far off, began to bellow two enraged wild bulls, who were fast approaching, ready to attack him, or to do battle with each other. And, as if these were not enough to unnerve a mere lad, the deep-voiced thunder and the terrible mutterings of an approaching storm, were heard in the distance. Relief was only to be found in haste, and he advanced cautiously to avoid all the threatened dangers. Just as he began to feel some assurance of safety, he perceived not far ahead three men standing in the road, and heard behind them the voices of others and the fierce yelping of many dogs. But a moment of suspense, and the whole pack were, in full chorus, advancing upon him. There was but one place of safety, and that was upon the limb of a small tree, near at hand, into which he speedily climbed. The party soon came up, when he learned they were in search of the daring robber, of whom he had heard so much, and with whom, at the distance, they supposed he might be associated. He was

directed on his way, and late that evening arrived at the house of an old hunter-preacher of the woods. The old man's wife had lately died, leaving a boy and girl, the last of ten summers, *Mary*, his little house-keeper. Johnny went into the field to find the old man. Very soon the boy came running, with alarm and indignation, reporting there was a strange, fierce man at the house, who had spoken harshly to sister *Mary*, and ordered her to prepare his supper. They at once supposed it must be the robber, as only such would be harsh to her, and determining upon his capture, advanced cautiously toward the dwelling, where *Mary* had wisely seated him, with his back to the door, after having, by a few kind and gentle words, soothed and made him more patient. The old preacher drew quietly behind, anxious to arrest him without injury, threw a strong rope, with noose, over his head, fastening his arms tightly to his side, and after a brief struggle they had him securely tied, without any damage to either of them.

It was soon evident that, dangerous as he was, he was more to be pitied than blamed, for he was, if a robber, a perfectly insane one—a *real madman*. All proper steps were taken for his welfare and safe-keeping by the Governor, who arranged that the reward should be used for the education of

little Mary, who fast grew to be a wise, as well as a gentle and loving maiden, and not many years afterwards became the wife of Johnny Hardy, whom she had never once forgotten, thus proving, as Gertie Grant says, that little girls *do* often love other objects than their dolls and playthings. M.

New Orleans.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY GEORGE A. SHUFELDT, JR.

**I**N the parlor wall hangs a picture—a fine steel engraving—of a woman, with a book in her hand, sitting out in the grand old porch of an English homestead. Many of our readers have seen this picture; all of them, perhaps, have heard of one of the loveliest women of the day, Florence Nightingale, the celebrated philanthropist of Derbyshire, in England. Miss Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, in 1823. She is the younger daughter of William Edward Shore, an English gentleman, who, in 1815, assumed the name and inherited the estates of his grand uncle, Mr. Peter Nightingale. Florence is indebted for her pleasing name to the fact of her birth in the beautiful city of Italy, where her parents happened to be at the time of her birth. It is an agreeable coincidence that this gifted woman was born beneath the sunny Italian skies.

Florence Nightingale received all the benefits of a complete education. Under the guidance of her father she attained proficiency in the classics and mathematics and a good general acquaintance with the sciences and works of art. She also understands music, and is familiar with many modern languages—a branch of study which was much improved by visits with her parents to many parts of Continental Europe. Possessing a mind naturally sensitive to sorrow and suffering, the care of the sick became, in her early childhood, a favorite occupation. She spent much time in the study of those books which treated of hospitals and other institutions for the helpless, infirm and diseased. In her girlhood she often visited the schools and hospitals in the neighborhood of her home in England, and subsequently the hospitals of London and other large cities. In 1849, for the purpose of further qualifying herself for the work of ministering to the sick, to which she now felt that her future life was to be devoted, she went to a school organized at Kaiserwerth, on the Rhine, for the special object of training nurses. Here she spent six months as a voluntary nurse, and then she returned to England with impaired health. In 1851

she took charge of a charitable hospital in London and managed it with much efficiency and success.

In 1854 the need of good nurses and proper hospital service in the Crimea was painfully felt. Miss Nightingale consented to go out as the Superintendent of a staff of forty-two nurses; fifty-nine more shortly followed. They arrived safely in Constantinople, and took up their quarters in the hospital of Scutari. Two days later, 600 wounded soldiers were sent to them from the battle of Inkerman, and by the 30th of November there were 3,000 sick and wounded in the hospital; in a few weeks this number was increased to 10,000. Confusion and disorder reigned supreme; but under the admirable management and rare executive ability of this remarkable woman, the hospital were in a short time made models of perfection and thoroughness. All this involved an immensity of labor on her part; often she stood for twenty hours in succession, giving orders and directions, but with temper unruffled and mind serene, she remained at her post. A pleasant smile and a kindly word were always the greetings of the sick and wounded. It was not long ere Florence Nightingale became the idol of the British army. Nearly two years she remained in the East, suffering herself one severe attack of hospital fever, but returning to her work as soon as she was able to sit up. In September, 1856, she returned to England; since then she has been much of the time an invalid. Her services have secured the sincerest gratitude of the English people, and a name which has already become famous and world-wide.

### THE LION AT NIGHT.

In the dark there is no animal so invisible as the lion. Almost every hunter has told a similar story—of the lion's approach at night, of the terror displayed by dogs and cattle as he drew near, and of the utter inability to see him, though he was so close that they could hear his breathing. Sometimes when he has crept near an encampment, or close to a cattle inclosure, he does not venture any further, lest he should venture within the radius illumined by the rays of the fire. So he crouches closely to the ground, and, in the semi-darkness looks so like a large stone, or little hillock, that any one might pass close to it without perceiving its real nature. This gives the opportunity for which the lion has been watching, and in a moment he strikes down the careless straggler, and carries it off to his den. Sometimes, when very much excited, he accompanies the charge with a roar, but, as a general fact, he secures his prey in silence.—*Our Fireside.*

## BE PATIENT, O, MY SOUL!

BY MRS. EMMA SEARR LEDSHAM.

Be patient, patient, O, my soul,  
 Beat not so wildly 'gainst the bars;  
 Thy prison gates will open ere long,  
 And thou shalt, on the wings of song,  
 Triumphant join the radiant stars.

The radiant stars that lovingly  
 Do all they can to give thee light,  
 When they from calm, exalted spheres,  
 Behold the doubts, the prayers, the tears  
 Thou scatter'st to the winds of night.

Look round on Nature, everywhere,  
 May'st thou the law of progress trace;  
 The young oak struggling through the sod  
 Will sometime spread its branches broad,  
 A thing of beauty, strength and grace.

The tiny seed, so small that eye  
 Can scarce discern it, will expand  
 Ere long, and shed upon the air  
 Such fragrance as the angels bear  
 To loved ones in the summer land.

The little birdling in the nest,  
 Whose unfledged wings so useless seem,  
 Will, aided by the eternal law,  
 Soar upward till it feels the glow  
 That warms the minstrel's tuneful theme.

Then be thou patient, O, my soul,  
 No outcast from the law is driven;  
 Hold fast by Faith's uplifted arm,  
 And she will all thy doubts disarm,  
 And guide thee on the path to Heaven.

PAINESVILLE, Ohio.

For the Lyceum Banner.

## THE WARRIOR BLUE-BIRD AND A BATTLE.

**U**H, he is a savage little fellow, I assure you—really *carnivorous*, by which I mean that he is not satisfied with fruits, berries or mere worms and insects, but, when hungry, will wantonly prey upon their weaker associates of the woods and forests.

But you should see him in all his pride of feather, with his plump, compact body and his round, full, Napoleonic head and body, balanced like a rope-walker upon some swinging limb, ready for encounter with any other bird whatever. Many of you may not know that size is not always the measure of strength; not the race *always* to the swift, nor the battle *ever* to the strong; and that these little birds are in no fear of the large hawk, the buzzard-vultures nor even the eagle, because more swift or alert of wing, they can not only generally evade them and slip through their talons if caught, but even give them annoyance about their heads and eyes, and sometimes perch

upon and pick their beaks when taken in mid-air; and this is especially true of the bee-martin or French martin, the blue-bird's most formidable rival and antagonist, particularly in southern latitudes. This last-named, trim-built, angular, little fellow, who derives his French appellation from his resemblance in angularity and expertness of motion to those masters of the *ballot* in the dance, is fully a match for the combative, self-poised *blue-coat*, and, at the same time, if he kills in combat, never devours, his bird-kind, be he ever so hungry.

I would like to say more of this fierce but brave and honest bee-martin, but it must now suffice that I tell you that, one day, I saw a hungry blue-bird watching the nest and for the absence of the parent *blue-jays*, to seize upon and rifle it of its young to satisfy its epicurean palate. But He who watches over blue-jays as well as sparrows seemed to have sent a brave bee-martin to the rescue, and no sooner had the blue-bird approached the seemingly-doomed birdlings than he was confronted by that sharp little fellow, ever ready for the "battle of the birds." For a moment *bluey* seemed to hesitate, but it was only for a moment, when he pounced upon the nest. "No sooner said than done;" Frenchy, with the impetuosity of his namesakes, was upon the *true-blue*, and such another fierce combat on earth, or in air, I have very seldom witnessed, though present in many a late, sad encounter of our brave countrymen. Be it so or not that "*ever* the right comes uppermost, in *this instance* it certainly did, and Frenchy was the victor—the noble little fellow—in the cause of *bird charity*; and so evident was it that the sole object of the battle was to save these young birds that he even remained near to protect them, until their parents returned to thank him, with their intelligent, joyful chirrupings, for the brave work he had done in their young ones' behalf. Bless the brave birds!

CHOCTAS.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

## Questions and Answers from Painesville, Ohio, Lyceum.

"What is right?"

That course of action which our conscience approves, and does not conflict with the natural right of any other person.

MENZO BURNHAM.

It is right for each one to do justice to himself, then he will do no injustice to any one else.

MEMBER OF LIBERTY GROUP.

— What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### A SONG OF SPRING.

BY MRS. MARY A. WHITAKER.

Welcome, lovely Spring time—  
Gladness on thy wing;  
Birds, and flowers, and sunshine  
Into being spring.  
Fairy hues adorning  
Forest, field and grove;  
'Tis the year's new morning  
Bright with joy and love.

Welcome, sunny Spring time—  
Festal notes resound;  
Sweet the tuneful music—  
Happy footsteps bound.  
Joyous be the measure,  
Every heart-beat free;  
Bright and pleasant Spring time,  
Hope is born of thee.

Welcome, beauteous Spring time,  
On thy balmy air  
Angel thoughts are wafted,  
Filled with grateful prayer.  
Pure and holy teachings,  
Noble deeds and kind,  
Blessed, blessed Spring time,  
Thou dost call to mind.

### Questions and Answers from Chicago Lyceum.

"What influence has music on the soul?"

It depends on the quality of the music and the kind of soul.

ABRAHAM DINSMORE.

Music is an element of the soul that ever meets with a response in accordance with the key-note sounded. Let that note be a wail of anguish, and it is answered with sighs and tears. Let it breathe of peace and love, and the soul is lulled to repose and every passion hushed by its gentle harmony. If it peal out the glad tones of victory, every voice bursts forth responsive to the glad jubilee. If it swell out into some grand old anthem, the soul is lifted and borne along with its harmonious strains to the very gates of heaven.

CHAS. B. EATON.

The influence of music on different persons depends upon circumstances, which may be classified as susceptibility, cultivation and association. There must be, in the first place, a susceptibility to its influence, and this condition is almost universal; there are isolated cases where the faculty is wanting, and we sometimes find people who "are not moved by concord of sweet sounds," and the rest of the above quotation is generally true of such, that they "are fit for treason, stratagem and spoils." Persons who are simply susceptible to the influence of music, without cultivation, are charmed by the

simplest melodies, and delighted with the plainest harmony; but educate the ear, cultivate and refine the taste, and almost imperceptibly they find themselves progressing to a condition where the higher class of music takes a deeper hold on the emotions, and what they would have listened to before with indifference now stirs their natures to their very depths. The associations, too, that cluster around some simple melodies exert a powerful influence over us. Who does not recall, with deep emotion, the melodies that were familiar to our ears in childhood, the songs our mothers used to sing, the simple melodies we learned at school, the songs we sang at the social gatherings, or the favorite melody of some brother or sister or some dear friend, who has long since gone before us, to sing songs in that beautiful summer land? And when we listen to those strains again, how vividly the scenes of our childhood come back to us.

"When through life unblest we rove,  
Losing all that made life dear,  
Should some notes we used to love  
In days of childhood meet our ear,  
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,  
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,  
Kindling former smiles again,  
In faded eyes that long have slept."

Music ennobles the nature, cultivates the tastes, refines the sensibilities, and eventually molds our whole being into harmonious relations with the outer world; and if we constantly strive to live out our noblest aspirations, our lives may become bright and beautiful as an angel's song.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

**HUMAN NATURE.** A monthly journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence, embodying Physiology, Phrenology, Psychology, Spiritualism, Philosophy, the Laws of Health and Sociology. London: James Burns, Progressive Library, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell street.

**UNCLE TIMOTHY.** By Mrs. C. F. Corbin, author of "Woman's Secret." Clark & Company publishers, Chicago. Price, \$1.25.

**OCEAN'S WAVE.** A practical survey of life's uses and abuses. By Wm. Bush.

A more extended notice of these books will appear in our next number.

— Why do birds in their little nests agree?  
Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

— Why was Eve created? For Adam's Express Company.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## WHAT TO BE PROUD OF.

BY LUE LITTLEBRAIN.

**P**RIDE is particularly disagreeable when it is discernable that its possessor has nothing to be proud of; but people always have made, and I suppose always will make, mistakes. You know the story of the goose who believed herself the most beautiful singer in the world and thought if she could only go to the storied Rhineland—get away from *home*—the whole world would praise her voice. And you have heard, too, of the fond mother-crow who said her brood were the whitest birds in all the woods!

Vain people are often so deceived, and make themselves equally ridiculous in the eyes of observers. Some are proud of their money, when it is only a servant to display their ignorance and barbarous taste, and write "snob" all over their persons. I shall not blame the person who says the brains of such people could be stored in an acorn shell, and that jewels and fine clothes might as well be put on a Chimpanzee.

The great object of life is to educate the mind. If you fail in this, you fail in all, and have nothing of which to be proud. As a means to accomplish education of mind and intellectual elevation, money is very desirable, but you should be ashamed to possess money without knowledge. Money without wisdom is a disgrace, but money and wisdom together render their possessor a worthy member of society. "Better live in a hut with Wisdom than sit on a throne with Ignorance."

**QUOTING SCRIPTURE.**—A sailor, exhorting at a prayer-meeting in a London chapel, said that on dark and stormy nights, while on the sea, he had often been comforted by that beautiful passage of Scripture—"A faint heart never won fair lady."

—The young Japanese Prince, brother of the lately deposed Tycoon, and who is now in England, is clad in fine silk of the most staring colors. His complexion is of chalky whiteness.

## Breast Pins and Charms

for the Spiritualists, Progressive Minds, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

## THIS EMBLEM

was adopted by the Fourth National Convention, as significant of the Progressive Ideas of those who wear it.

M. B. DYOTT.

114 South Second St., Phila.



For descriptive Circulars or the Emblems apply to the manufacturer,

## SCENES AT A CHILDREN'S BALL.

A writer in *All the Year Round*, with a heart for Children and an eye for beauty, thus describes a grand children's ball in London:

"It was a wet night, and when I arrived I found two stalwart policemen engaged in carrying fairy-like little girls up the wet steps of the grand portico. It was a strange sight. I had often seen policemen dragging away ragged little children to the workhouse or the station; but here they were, those rough men, in their rough blue suits, carrying in their arms the curled little darlings of the aristocracy, assisting them up stairs, that they might not soil their dainty shoes. It was such a grotesque idea as might have entered the mind of a pantomime writer—a scene where the evil genii (though they were good genii, these men in blue,) came in the shape of policemen and carried away the good fairies. Ah, what a sight was presented in that saloon when all the two hundred children were on the floor together, dancing a quadrille! There were a great many little girls with flaxen hair, combed out into feathery fleeces of gold. Dressed in white, with pink and blue sashes, they looked like animated chimney-ornaments. It was a hard matter to refrain from taking them up in one's arms and kissing them; they were so sweetly and innocently pretty. The innocence of one young lady of seven years will scarcely be credited by those worldlings who affect to see corruption in the very cradle. Her papa, pointing to a boy in a Knickerbocker suit of black velvet, said: 'That young gentleman is a marquis, my dear.' The little innocent looked up wonderingly in his face, and said: 'What is a marquis, papa?' And when her father explained that a marquis was a lord, the son of a duke, and asked if she would like to dance with the young marquis, she said, 'No; she was engaged for the next three dances to her cousin Tommy.' Now, Tommy's father was a plain mister, with no handle to his name but Q. C. That young lady will know what a marquis is by and by, I suppose, and will like to dance with him—if she ever has the chance again—better than with the son of a Q. C. But is she in the full sweetness of her beauty now, when she does not know what a marquis is? I noticed many little couples making love; and the younger they were, the more they seemed to be absorbed by the tender feeling. The big boys were slightly supercilious to the little girls. In the ball-room I saw them lifting their eyes to the young women; in the refreshment-room they turned with contempt from the weak negus and cakes, and I heard one of them ask a footman for a glass of sherry. I dare say that youth had begun to smoke and to despise the companionship of his mother and sisters. He will come back to their loving bosoms again, when he has realized his dream of manhood and found it a vain thing."

—Youatt, the well-known veterinary surgeon, who has been bitten eight or ten times by rabid animals, says that crystal of the nitrate of silver, rubbed into the wound, will positively prevent hydrophobia in the bitten person or animal.

—What can you not name without breaking it? Silence.

Reported for the Lyceum Banner.

**Questions and Answers from Milan, O., Lyceum.**

**Q**UESTION: Which has been of the most benefit to mankind, Faith, Hope or Charity?

Faith, Hope and Charity seem to me like angel sisters visiting earth's habitations on missions of good, in time of want and distress, and equally beneficial to those who exercise and those who receive. Does not the benefit conferred by the physician arise from faith more than from medicine? What would man be without hope? Who does not cherish and venerate its name? It is a living comforter to all, and without it life would be a dismal, cheerless dream. Charity feeds the hungry, clothes the destitute, and enlarges and warms the heart towards our fellow man, thereby making us God-like.

MRS. M. H. DARROW, Ass't Guardian.

**STREAM GROUP.****"FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY"—**

Sweet sisterhood of Graces,  
With forms all symmetry,  
And pure, angelic faces,  
With lofty brow and gentle mien  
Faith ministers with joy serene  
To man's diviner nature.  
Her eyes can pierce the darkest gloom,  
Can see the life beyond the tomb,  
Can rend the veil which hides the light,  
Reveal our loved ones to our sight,  
And feel the joys of Heaven.

Hope is a merry, winsome sprite,  
A joyous, happy child,  
With azure eyes and golden hair,  
And accents sweet and mild.  
With bounding step and gleesome air  
She strews the way with joy-blooms fair  
And prophesies the dawning  
Of brighter days, and skies more fair,  
Of kinder fate, and balmy air;  
She gilds the gloom of sorrow's night,  
Lines every cloud with rosy light,  
And beautifies e'en blessings.

But words are weak and cold to me,  
When I would speak of Charity.  
Her beauteous form, her robes of white,  
Her angel face, her locks of light,  
Her matchless grace, her priceless worth,  
Or sing the anthem of her birth.  
As warm as fire, as pure as snow  
Her radiant eyes with love-light glow;  
She soothes each phase of human woe,  
And makes a Heaven here below.

AUGUSTA CRAWFORD.

**TEMPLE GROUP.**—The Apostle Paul has an absurd definition of faith. He calls it the "substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen."

It is impossible that faith should be the "substance of things hoped for." If so, there would be no cause for its exercise. The object of an action cannot be the action itself. It is equally absurd to say that it is the "evidence of things unseen," for our reason must first be convinced before we exercise faith at all. It cannot therefore be both cause and effect at the same time. Again, it is said to be "Like an anchor to the soul." This, in a religious sense, is very true, and forms the main objection to its exercise. Better drift before the winds of doubt and unbelief than anchor the soul on the sea of progression; far better be called an infidel than palsy the soul's growth by a blind faith. The bad effects of faith so far outweigh its possible good as a mere consolation, that I am compelled to eliminate it from this tincture of so-called virtues.

Of hope I can speak more favorably. When dark clouds arise and cast their shadows over our pathway of life, hope bids us look beyond, where, written in letters of living light, are the words, "There is a brighter day coming." Charity embraces, in its broadest sense, toleration for all acts and all opinions. So broad is the field of its usefulness, and so noble and grand are its results, that I must give to it the palm of victory.

STARBIRD.

**LYCEUM TEACHING.**

The St. Louis Lyceum publishes a paper, the *Convention-Day Journal*. One of the editors has a sensible article upon the "Teaching of the Lyceum." She writes:

"One of the most marked features to be observed in the Lyceum is the superior perception displayed by the girls over that of the boys in mental development, intellectual exercises.

"What does it mean? We are claiming to be philosophers. Let us stop a moment and reason on this fact. There has never been so good an opportunity as is afforded by the Lyceum to test this matter. The unrestrained liberty granted to the young of both sexes to do their best, the expectation that each will receive the reward of merit due to individual exertion, without regard to the restraining influence of sex, has here full expression. Now let us see the result. With few exceptions, the answer of a girl and boy of the same age will discover the keener sagacity and higher intuition of the girl. Now why should the boy surpass the girl in a few years more? Is it a law of nature? We totally deny it. The customs of society close every avenue to the continued unfoldment of the powers of the woman. We claim that the system of Lyceum teaching will give its pupils such light, such a start in the world, they will never submit to be bound by laws which will crush one sex to the earth."

## RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

## ENIGMAS.

I consist of 29 letters.

My 3, 6, 12, 11, 23, 20, 17, 18, 21, 1, 29, 15, 26 is a large body of water.

My 8, 10, 23, 28, 13, 19, and my 2, 9, 16, 13, 8, 28, 25 are divisions of Europe.

My 5, 23, 25, 17, 23, 26, 9, 16, 8 is a town in Illinois.

My 14, 15, 7, 8, 13, 27, 22, 29, 24 is the name of a noted ship.

My 4, 15, 18, 5, 26, 29 is a town in Wisconsin.

My 1, 11, 13, 17, 8, 27, 4, 28, 17, 8 is one of the United States.

My 22, 11, 24, 4, 29, 26 is a county in Ohio.

My 9, 2, 17, 21 is a river in Ohio.

My whole is a good motto for old and young.

G. H.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 21, 22, 5, 7, is a town in Ohio.

My 6, 25, 26 is a beverage.

My 16, 13, 30, 19, 24 is a very useful household utensil.

My 10, 8, 8, 9 are used in clothing.

My 2, 12, 13 is an animal.

My 11, 8, 23, 15 is an esculent weed.

My 13, 14, 15 is found in the earth.

My 19, 7, 17, 16, 15, 14 is seen on the water.

My whole is where I love to go.

FRANK WADSWORTH.

FAIRBURN, Ohio.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 9, 1, 5, 4 is an ornament.

My 2, 9, 10, 8 is to advance.

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

My 5, 8, 7 is sorrowful.

My whole is a distinguished speaker.

WALDO F. BATES.

## WORD PUZZLES.

My First is in garden, but not in field.

My Second is in earth, but not in sky.

My Third is in organ, but not in church.

My Fourth is in road, but not in way.

My Fifth is in give, but not in take.

My Sixth is in evil, but not in good.

My Seventh is in tame, but not in wild.

My Eighth is in oak, but not in tree.

My Ninth is in wake, but not in sleep.

My Tenth is in wine, but not in grape.

My whole is a city in the United States.

ADA M. PALMER.

## ANSWERS IN NO. 19.

Enigma No. 1.—The house that Jack built.

Enigma No. 2.—Gertie Grant.

Enigma No. 3.—The Impeachment.

Word Puzzle by Frank Organ—Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Word Puzzle by Llewellyn W. Arnold—Baltimore.

Answered by Eliza Niles, Minnie M. Samson, Llewellyn W. Arnold and Waldo F. Bates.

## "WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR?"



HIS is a question susceptible of many and varied answers. To go fully into a research of all its bearings would involve a philosophy deeper than any of us would be able to fathom. It would go back into the causes that created worlds, whether that was a necessity of the outworkings of the Divine mind, or was the origin of or coeval with the Divine mind itself? These questions we cannot determine; but we can comprehend the idea that the human race everywhere live for progression; live to become wiser and better as they increase in years and experience. Sometimes we *seem* to live for useless purposes, to fritter away life without accomplishing any good for ourselves, or others, possibly bringing unhappiness instead of blessings. The children trained in the Lyceums of the present day have opportunities for becoming wiser, much in advance of any preceding generation, and if they heed well their lessons and opportunities, *they* will live to bring great good to themselves and the world.

L. B. M.

WELL DONE, PENNSYLVANIA.—Pennsylvania is the only State, thus far, which has actually assumed the care of the children of her dead soldiers, and two thousand of them are now in schools in that State. The cost per pupil is about a hundred and fifty dollars per annum, exclusive of clothing.

—“*The Revolution*” declares that, devoted to the reformation and moral improvement of mankind, it will never insert scandals nor quack advertisements. This same *Revolution* asks for 100,000 subscribers. Let the names pour in shortly, proving that one true *Christian* journal may be supported in this anti-Christian country.

—Little Alice found out an ingenious way of getting into bed in a hurry. The crib in which she slept was so low that, by placing one foot on the inside, and taking hold of the post, she could easily spring in. “Mamma,” she said to her mother, “do you know how I get into bed quick?” “No,” was the reply. “Well,” said she, in great glee, “I step one foot over the crib, then I say rats, and scare myself right in.”

—He that refuses to forgive an injury, breaks the bridge that he will want one day to cross himself. He who has not forgiven an enemy, has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.

—When you see a small waist, remember the great waste of health it costs.

*For the Lyceum Banner.*

## "SPRING HAS COME"

Words by MRS. J. A. FIELD.

Music by E. T. BLACKMER.

1. What means this concert of the birds, These gushes of sweet song? From shady woodland,  
2. And see! the tender buds have burst, To bright and fragrant flow'rs, On hillsides their sweet  
3. A-tween the fence of stone and rail, A squir - rel sly - ly peeps, He chatters gai - ly,  
4. Through open win-dows, o - pen doors, The frolic zephyrs rush, Their pinions with sweet

sun - ny lea, Their notes are borne along; They swing up-on the oak-tree boughs, Perch  
eyes they ope! When cease the April show'rs; The wild rose whis-pers to the vine, That's  
cracks his nuts, Then runs, with sudden leaps He springs up - on a wood - y knoll, He  
odors fraught, Lip, cheek, and forehead blush, Dull care and wea - rin-ess have fled, And

on the ma-ple crest, Among the hemlocks in and out, They flutter with unrest, Ah!  
brave-ly climbing up, The li - ly, in her robe of white, Fills high her incense cup, Ah!  
threads his ma-zy turns, And winks to Rab-bit, safely hid Among the shelt'ring ferns, Ah!  
laughing joy up-springs, Our very hearts seem flutt'ring now, On rainbow tinted wings. Ah!

### CHORUS.

*Allegretto*

Ha! ha! ha! I have it now, The merry spring has come, With dewy lip, and sunny eye, To cheer the birdlings home -  
Ra! ha! ha! I have it now, The merry spring has come, With dewy lip, and sunny eye, To cheer the birdlings home.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1885, by LOW H. KIMBALL, in the Clerk's Office of the Dis't Court for the Northern Dis't of Ill.