

The Lyceum Banner.

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Written for the Lyceum Banner.

WHAT MARY MORGAN DID.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

FARMER MORGAN was troubled. He walked from one room to another for an hour, and then he called his wife.

"Let us sit on the west porch, Jane, till the dew begins to fall. I am fidgety as a woman to-night." So they took some chairs, low rocking chairs, with cushioned seats, and sat outside the door on the beginning of that lovely evening, with their little daughter near them.

"Wife," said Farmer Morgan, "I am beginning to have new ideas about some things. I have been thinking all day that it was hardly right to treat James as I did, and the more I think of it the worse I feel. I know that he did wrong—so wrong that my sorrow and shame would hardly let me live, but I might have changed him had I had more patience; still, I turned him out of doors."

"And you did right," answered firm little Mrs. Morgan, and her blue eyes flashed—for blue eyes *can* flash, poets to the contrary notwithstanding. "He stole your money and your reputation, and would have done worse than that if you had not found him out in time. I am glad you took the course you did, twenty years ago to-night. He looked pitiful enough, though, as he looked back. Still, he was a forger, if he *was* your brother, and I hope we shall never set eyes on him again. He was an old man even then, and ought to have known better.

Farmer Morgan made no reply, but he told little Mary to bring him his spectacles and the big Bible. He would read it out on the portico that evening, it was so light and warm. Then he read to them the sad, sweet story of Jesus, of his pure life and patient death. He finished and the three knelt, as was the custom, for evening prayer. When they arose Mary's voice was heard, clear and ringing as a silver bell.

"Papa, what do you read the Bible for?"

"To make us better, daughter."

"How make us better?"

"By teaching us to be as near like Christ as we can."

"Then, papa, it seems very funny to me that when Jesus could forgive his enemies, you can't even forgive Uncle James for stealing the money. It is a very queer way to be like Jesus, but I sup-

pose I don't know what is right, for I'm only a little girl."

Farmer Morgan did not answer, but he felt the rebuke. The air was a little damp, and the family went into the sitting-room, the father sad, and the mother casting a reproving look at Mary, who knew she had said something wrong, yet hardly knew what.

A rap at the front door. Mary, with her ideas of robbers, hesitated about answering it, so her father took a candle and started. He opened the door, but the night had grown dark, and he could see no one. A voice came from the darkness and it said: "Can an old man get shelter here to-night?" Mr. Morgan now saw that an infirm and ragged person was the speaker.

"Right this way, right this way," he said. "Wife, a stranger, and a stranger is always welcome here."

The light from the cheerful sitting room shone upon the wanderer's face. It gave it a look of youthfulness, and the candle fell from Farmer Morgan's hands, as he exclaimed:

"James! brother James!"

Tears were in the old man's eyes. He turned to go, saying, "I did not know 'twas your house, or, God knows, I would not have come."

Farmer Morgan hesitated. His wife was silent, but little Mary's voice was heard again; her hand was within her father's, and she said, "Papa, forgive him."

That was enough. The brothers were in each other's arms, both freely pardoned. Even Mrs. Morgan relented when the sad years of weary wanderings were related, and, thanks to little Mary, there was sweet peace and happiness in at least one home that night.

—For nearly one hundred and fifty years lead pencils have been manufactured at Sein, near Nuremberg, Bavaria; and for more than a century the Faber family have been the chief manufacturers. Though called *lead* pencils, these pencils are made with graphite, furnished exclusively to the Fabers from a mine in Asiatic Siberia, the only source from which this article can now be obtained.

—The diameter of the earth, multiplied by one hundred and eight, gives the diameter of the sun; the diameter of the sun, multiplied by one hundred and eight, gives the mean distance of the earth from the sun, and the diameter of the moon, multiplied by one hundred and eight, gives the mean distance of the moon from the earth.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

A TRICK, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MRS. JANE FROHOCK.

ARTHUR FIELD was never intentionally bad; yet his love of fun often led him into pranks altogether inexcusable. He seldom, if ever, stopped to think whether he were trespassing on the rights of his playmates, in getting the laugh on them, or not.

Some bore his jokes mildly, even joining in the laugh against themselves; but all were not so good natured. So it turned out that although he had a great many warm friends who admired his companionable qualities, he had also many bitter enemies.

In addition to this, he never tired of getting up fun at his little sisters' expense. Bertha, the elder, had grown to understand his deception, and was highly indignant, having found out that many of his apparent courtesies and acts of kindness, which, in her artless simplicity and unquestioning confidence, she had been delighted with, and for which she had always kissed him thanks on both cheeks, were only so many "April Fool" tricks for his own amusement.

One cold spring morning, little Cora, the family pet, found her dollie lying nearly naked, all the nicely tucked-in quilts thrown off her bed. "Oh, dear! dear me! I do wonder what will happen to my darling next," cried Cora, half distracted. "It was only yesterday I found her on her face almost smothered. Now here she is with a death o' cold. O, mamma! what can I do for her?"

"I'll tell you what to do," cried Arthur. "Sweat her. The naughty thing, to kick off the clothes! Cover her up quick." Saying this, he opened a drawer of Cora's bureau, and pulled out two or three tiny comforts. "Pile 'em on, while I get hot irons from the stove. Here, put this to her feet, and I'll put one to her head."

"No, no," Cora protested, "mamma never puts hot irons to our heads."

"Oh! I understand. It will heat her brain. Now let me magnetize her, as Doctor Flam does his patients to break their fevers." Whereupon, with a great amount of display, he began to make passes down over dollie's face and chest. After going through a variety of manifestations, he pronounced her soothed and sufficiently sweated, and entirely relieved from her "death o' cold."

"You're too bad, Arthur," whispered Bertha, "to tease darling sis. She believes it all real,—the danger too."

"Pooh!" he replied; "she'll take double com-

fort having dollie restored to her from the brink of the grave, besides all the fun in helping to cure her."

By this time Cora was fully relieved from any farther anxiety on dollie's account, declaring her to be sound asleep; and rushing into Arthur's lap, she threw her arms around his neck, repaying his kindness with a perfect shower of kisses.

"You're my own dood brother; and I guesht when you get to be a man, you'll be a big doctor, and keep us all from getting dead."

After a while the little curly head began to nod, then drooped quietly on his shoulder. As the tiny arms relaxed their hold, his closed more firmly around the sleeping innocent. Then kissing her dimpled cheek like the loving brother he was, he laid her gently in her crib beside dollie.

"It's too bad the way you fool Cora," Bertha again whispered, half angrily.

"Why, that's just what makes her like me so well. I amuse her quite as much as I amuse myself."

"Well, I don't believe in acting lies any more than telling lies. The idea of your putting an egg into old Mrs. Carter's hen's nest every morning just to fool her."

"Fool her, indeed!" he ejaculated; "why, it's just as real to her as sunshine. I heard her bragging to mamma the other day that her hen had laid every day for twenty days, and she would like to see the hen that could come up to her. Now what's the difference? Mamma always gives her eggs when her hen doesn't lay. The only difference I can see is, the hen gets the credit instead of mamma; and mamma says it is always best to make people feel as independent as possible."

"But who wants to be fooled to be made happy?" Bertha retorted, in real anger, now that he was endeavoring to make a merit of his deceptions. "You can't fool *me* any more, old fellow."

"Why, wasn't you happy when Mrs. Robin rented the bird's nest you built in the tree over your play-house, and laid four little eggs in it?" he inquired.

"Of course I was; but her never coming when I was round, and never trying to hatch them, more than spoiled all the fun."

At this Arthur roared out laughing. Then throwing himself on the carpet, rolled over and over, clapping his hands in perfect ecstasies of laughter.

"What a fool you are, Arthur. What are you laughing at?" said Bertha. But Arthur only laughed the harder, until the tears ran down his

cheeks. Then clapping his hands again, he cried out, "What fun! what fun! That beats old Mrs. Carter's happiness all hollow, he exclaimed, half choking with still louder peals of laughter. "That's the best yet; ha, ha. You can't be fooled, eh? Miss Bertha. I only wish you could have seen the robin that laid those eggs one by one in your nest. Ha, ha, ha," he roared again louder than ever. "It was a fairy, no doubt," he went on, "that heard you think when you built it, that Mrs. Robin would be very thankful for a ready made nest. The good accommodating fairy, after you had watched and waited days and days in vain, finding that Mrs. Robin had four little, speckled eggs in the tallest cherry tree, took it into her fairyship's head to transport them into your nest. Just for the fun of it, Bertha,—

"Why, Bertha! What's the matter," Arthur exclaimed, running up to where she was sitting, rigid, and almost purple.

"Bertha, Bertha. Mamma, O, mamma," he now screamed, louder than his loudest laugh. In a moment his mother was at hand. But poor Bertha did not move or breathe either, as they could perceive. In a few minutes the most eminent physician in the city, he happening to be at the next house, was at her bedside.

It was a full hour before he could give any encouragement, so completely and so protractedly had circulation been suspended.

"Her pulse is quite regular by spells," he said at last; "but it indicates something like congestion of the brain. It is rather a singular case, appears like the effect of sudden fright, or some other terrible jar upon the nervous system." Then muttering to himself, he went on, "A critical case! If general fever follows, she may escape brain-fever, which she could never survive."

Poor Arthur understood better now what the small, still voice meant when it whispered, "You are wrong." And like the honest, truthful boy he was, he confessed the whole without a single excuse.

Many days, sad, anxious days, went slowly by, during which Arthur and his widowed mother—ever in the darkened room—watched the unconscious sufferer with continually increasing anxiety.

One afternoon the doctor, after examining the case, remained longer than usual.

Arthur was sobbing as if his heart was breaking. The mother's eyes were free from tears, but was doubtless suffering what none but mothers can suffer when death threatens to rob them of an idolized child.

As the doctor took a seat facing them, both

looked into his face as though demanding to know his most secret thoughts.

"Yes, you shall know my thoughts—both of you. It is my duty as a physician, but more so as a man, to speak the truth with regard to Bertha's case. By so doing I shall somewhat relieve Arthur of his self-accusations, and in proportion criminate the mother who, having sinned ignorantly, as ignorantly supposes she has done Bertha no wrong."

Both started in their seats, and stared at him with astonishment.

"I will remain with you two hours. If, during that time, her sleep remains unbroken, and the skin becomes moist, there is hope," he added, laying his finger on her pulse.

"If, in my fifty years of medical practice, I have made even one discovery a knowledge of which will benefit mankind, it is their right to know it, and my duty to reveal it. This, Mrs. Field, is my only excuse for giving my opinion frankly. I give it not to you alone, but to the world as well.

"Two years ago when I attended Bertha through the measles, I warned you not to allow her to study so intently, giving as my reason that it taxed the brain unnaturally, attracting thither an unnatural amount of blood and nervo-vital fluid to keep up this over-exercise, leaving every other organ correspondingly impoverished and weakened.

"But, like a thousand other parents, a foolish ambition has induced you to spur on your naturally brilliant child into the most extravagant excesses—mentally.

"Not content to see her outstrip all those of her own age, or even those several years older, you have continually forced her on like a hot-house plant to greater and more rapid precocity. I again repeated my warnings at the close of the next spring term. There stood Bertha side by side with those twice her size and age, as usual—champion of her class, her vanity—and yours as well—fed by the deference paid her abilities by the teacher in giving her the most difficult problems to solve; problems that would tax the brain of a healthy, full-grown man, and she—only nine

"Though I would by no means approbate Arthur's tricks; yet, save a slight jar upon their self-esteem, they would fall as harmless as cotton arrows upon sound, strong-nerved children. But Bertha's whole nervous system having become unstrung through supplying the wherewith to meet the enormous demands upon the brain, was powerless to bear even the slightest excitement. Arthur's joke was the "last straw" that broke its power,

only because it was already at the point of suspension.

"The blacksmith may over-exercise his arms without fear of congestion, because the external casing being flexible skin, there is provision for over-growth, or swelling in case of inflammation. But the brain is cased in bones that are just roomy enough when it is of natural size, that can expand but slightly. Through over-exercise it becomes overgrown. Then when inflammation, through excitement of fright or fear, supervenes, there is no room for circulation, and congestion is the result.

"Oh! how little are the laws of health regarded. I have seen in some victims the whole body dwarfed, the head alone attaining natural size. In others I have seen sometimes one organ, (the lungs) sometimes another organ, (the liver)—always the weakest, gradually lose its tone, sink below recuperation, then the whole system fall into consumption.

"Oh! the rewards of ignorance." Here the doctor seemed talking to himself, regardless of the fast flowing tears of his listeners. "Oh! the terrible results of this over-taxing—not always of the head; no, no, not always of the head." His fingers were again on Bertha's pulse. A smile of gratification overspread his venerable features. "Bertha's constitution—thank God for its natural vigor, has triumphed."

His emotions were too great to allow him to add more. His tears of sympathy and thankfulness told better what he felt.

Arthur flung himself on his knees at the doctor's feet, sobbing out his thanks more in acts than in speech.

Mrs. Field leaned over his chair, and brushing back the white hairs, pressed her lips on the wrinkled brow. "Next to God, I owe my child's restoration to you. Henceforth your advice shall be followed to the very letter. God bless you," she murmured, kneeling at the bedside. For months and months Bertha was stupid, almost idiotic. Then slowly, very slowly, she became more and more lively, growing strong all the while. By the time she reached womanhood her health was perfect. But she was never after more than an ordinary scholar. There was a complete reaction: *that* alone saved her.

Thanks to her well-kept promise, Mrs. Field's children, though not eminently brilliant, are strong-nerved and healthy. The girls are good common-sense women; both well married, and excellent wives. Arthur sends three stout, hardy boys to the Lyceum, and is one of the few thoroughly educated farmers whose common-sense and rough toil-hardened hands are a blessing to the world, as well as the best certificate of practical honesty.

Boston, July, 1868.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

"BOB WHITE."

Day after day a voice was heard,
From woodland and from fallow,
From stubby field and quiet lane,
And from the white-bay hollow.
Two clear, emphatic notes were all
Our waiting ears had greeted—
Two plaintive calls, at intervals
Heart-brokenly repeated.

Then memory told of Perce's maid,
In London's crowded city,
Whose cries of "Gilbert! Gilbert!" woke
All hearts to tender pity.
No other English word she knew,
No other word she needed;
The lost was found, the lover won—
The past was all unheeded.

Thus thinking, came a bird and perched
Upon the gray old railing.
"Bob White! Bob White!" its constant cry,
But oh! how unavailing.
With timid air she looked around,
Her anxious fears revealing,
For here, perhaps, the truant lay,
His guilty head concealing.

She flew where weeds luxuriant grew,
In thick and tangled masses;
Threaded with cautious, silent steps
Their labyrinthine passages;
Went in and out beneath the vines
Where yellow buds were blowing,
And peeped beneath the waving tufts
Of ferns in beauty growing.

Familiarly she called him "White!"
There came no answering token.
In vain she listened, vainly looked;
The silence was unbroken.
Once more she took her weary flight,
Her sinking heart embittered,
And leaned above her brood to hear
The feeble notes they twittered.

Like human bipeds, Robert White,
Are you a restless rover?
A fickle, dark, false-hearted one?
A general bird-lover?
You cannot find an eye more bright,
A breast more true and tender,
Though others boast a richer garb,
Of gaudy, tropic splendor.

Return to your allegiance, Bob,
Replume again your pinions;
No lovelier than your grieving mate
Flies in the bird dominions.
Return to your grass-sheltered nest,
To calm content and duty,
And learn true love is worth far more
Than showy, outside beauty.

J. A. FIELD.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

RESPONSIBILITY OF GENIUS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

GENIUS may soar on eagles' wings, tireless and strong, but the same wings which carry it to heaven, will, when used by a perverted mind, depress it downward to perdition. Genius may tread secure in its upward march among the precipices of fame, and so long as it keeps its eyes steadfastly fixed on the radiant orb of truth and love, it may go on until it rests its weary form upon the summit; but so sure as it looks *down* with contempt on the masses toiling below, whom it has outstripped in the race for life, with scorn or egotism, so surely will it grow dizzy and fall, mangled and crushed, on the rocks below—its light extinguished or its noon-tide glory, leaving darkness more profound.

Men of genius, a tremendous responsibility rests on you. Strive never so hard and you cannot accomplish your appointed tasks. The towering mountain which overlooks all its neighbors is a sublime object to behold. From its craggy sides flow many crystal streams to water and fertilize the warm valleys below, where the flower blooms in fragrance, and the grass spreads its downy carpet over the hills, where the cool breeze waves the sighing forest, and ruffles the beautiful lake. Away up on its granite brow the storm and the sleet beat in wild fury, and the avalanche plows great furrows in its jagged sides.

Thus genius, which towers above common sense, must expect to live in a different clime, and encounter storm, and tempest, hail, snow and driving sleet, while those on a lower plane enjoy the warm sunshine. The responsibility is to manfully combat all opposing forces, and, like the mountain resting on its strong base, present a granite front to the battle.

If your capabilities are very great, the demands made of you are still greater. Mankind is one great brotherhood, and each individual is his brother's keeper. You cannot evade the responsibility without having coward written indelibly on your forehead. You will not evade it, else you would not be what you are, the leaders of the race, with excelsior written in living letters on your banners.

— If we search out our own faults and correct them effectively, we shall have sufficient to occupy our attention without sitting in self-elected judgment upon the errors around us.

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DO NOT DO IT, BOYS.

You may be real tired, boys, of listening to these little words, "Don't do it;" but I will venture to repeat them again; it may be that some of you need to hear them; at any rate they are harmless words.

Well, boys, don't smoke, don't chew tobacco. It is an unclean habit. No lady likes a tobacco breath; no one likes to tug a spittoon in and out to accommodate the lovers of the weed. What if Grant and Colfax go up to the White House in a cloud of smoke? Let them go, that is if the people send them there, but do not follow their *smoky* example.

Some boys neglect their own sisters, but are polite and attentive to some other boy's sisters; don't you do that, boys. If you hope for our respect, merit it by little deeds of love at home.

Do not allow your mother to wash, mend, cook, and then bring in the wood and water. If you do, why, then, you will make miserable husbands, if I am any judge.

Dick Stout and Harry Hardhead are a pair of wild, profane fellows. They fancy themselves very smart; but the girls think quite differently. Let them swear if they will, but, boys, don't you allow wicked words to escape your young lips.

Some young men, and old men, too, are familiar with gambling houses. The time that should be given to self-culture, they give to wicked companions; the money that belongs to their families goes to some base object. Don't you do it, boys!

Don't fear to work, boys. Idleness is a crime; honest labor is the highway to honorable manhood.

Don't drink whisky, beer, or brandy, boys. If men will make of their stomachs a reservoir for all manner of poisons, don't you do it. See to it that the men of the future are honest, sober, industrious, healthy, happy men—the nation's pride—the world's saviors—will you, boys?

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

The next issue will close the first volume of the LYCEUM BANNER. The time of many of our subscribers will then expire.

Will the officers of Lyceums and others see to it that there are prompt renewals? And will all who accept our work aid in extending the circulation of the LYCEUM BANNER?

Ours is the only child's paper that is published for the children of reformers—the only one, perhaps, that is not tainted by the popular theologies of the day. No one doubts the high moral tone of our paper; no one questions its right to one hundred thousand subscribers. But, while some have worked faithfully for its prosperity, others have simply wished us success.

Now, good friends, let us have faith, hopes, wishes and *works*. Let us have your deeds in the shape of subscribers. A single dollar will be a good investment; our music alone is worth that. Who will send us ten new subscribers for the next volume? Who will send ten dollars to pay for eleven copies for some new Lyceum?

We hope, we expect, that the lovers of children will see that no Lyceum is without the LYCEUM BANNER.

We intend, by the aid of angels and helping hands of friends, to make the next volume of the LYCEUM BANNER the best paper in the country.

Who responds "Here are my dollars. Go on with your paper.

'Make the world within your reach
Better for your living; braver for your human speech.'

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

—Some little boys were, the other day, talking politics. "What is your father, Albert?" asked Horace Lyman. "Don't know," said Albert, "but guess he is an awful black Copperhead now; but your father could buy him off for a barrel of chewing gum."

—Mr. N. is a local editor of one of our daily papers. His son was one day asked his father's business. "Gets up accidents and other big lies for the paper, and mother helps him," was the reply.

—"What shall we do to be saved?" a Sunday School teacher asked a little girl. "Keep cool and have plenty of fresh milk," was the reply.

—"What is true charity?" the Conductor of the Beloit Lyceum asked a sweet-voiced child. "I do not just know," the child replied, "but think it is charity to write good deeds on our souls and love everybody."

OUR WRITERS.

- Maggie Holland has the measles.
 —Malcolm Duncan is with us on a visit.
 —Mrs. Jane Frohock has moved to Boston.
 —G. A. Shufeldt has gone to Buffalo.
 —“Uncle Willmer” is rustivating in Vermont.
 —“F. M. K.” is in California.
 —“Choctas,” of New Orleans, is trying to keep cool in Chicago.
 —Mrs. Julia Field writes: “I am glad you like my songs, but I may write no more. My earth life is near its close. When free from these pains I hope to help you more.”
 —Hudson Tuttle says, in a note, “I have worked all day on my farm, and am to watch with my sick Emma to-night. So goes the world.”

Mrs. Green's Book.

Mrs. H. N. Green, of Hopedale, Mass., has published another book for children, entitled “The Little Angel.” It is a well told temperance story. Mrs. Green has a happy way of telling stories; that is not all, her words have power, beauty, and help us to be good.

The price of the “Little Angel” is but fifteen cents. For sale at this office.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. H. N. HAMILTON.—Many thanks for your assistance in extending the circulation of our paper. May you find it indeed more blessed to give than to receive.

WILLIE F., asks: “Will you print war stories?” It depends upon what they are. We would rather print stories from the brave soldiers who belong to the army of peace. Besides we doubt the propriety of presenting to the young soul the shady side of life.

C. PARKER.—“Uncle Timothy” is a safe book for young folks. You may think it a little too “orthodox,” but Mrs. Corbin has never written a line that will tell against the true in morals or religion. The price of the book is \$1.25. It is for sale at this office, and by Clark & Co., Chicago.

WELL DONE.—Mr. Samuel Miller, a very wealthy gentleman, has donated forty acres of ground and the necessary funds to the city of Lynchburg, Va., for the erection of an asylum for the support and education of female orphan children.

NEW DEPARTMENT.

Hudson Tuttle, and a number of others, have requested us to add to our paper a Speaker's Department. The members of the Lyceums and school children, old and young, want appropriate pieces to speak, they think—and they have a right to think—that there is talent enough among us to furnish “our children” with original songs, plays, tableaux, &c.

Several persons have promised to furnish the requisite articles. We cannot “add” to the size of the paper at its present price; but will gladly devote a page to recitations, etc. A literary friend has kindly offered to furnish twelve new “Silver Chain Recitations” for the second volume. So the conclusion is to commence volume second with a new department, trusting that our readers will find therein much to interest and to instruct.

— Read A James' letter in another column.

PIANO TUNING.

Mr. E. T. Blackmer, tuner of Pianos and Parlor Organs, will be pleased to answer any calls for such work with promptness. From his long experience he feels confident of giving satisfaction. Orders addressed to Nos. 84 and 86 LaSalle street, room 31, or left at the office of the LYCEUM BANNER, No. 137 Madison street, room 21, will receive immediate attention.

— Josh Billings says he believes in the final salvation of men; but he wants the privilege of picking the men.

Written For the Lyceum Banner.

MY DARLING.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

Oh! blossoms that ope in the meadow!
 Oh! roses that bloom mid the dew!
 My darling's pure breath is far sweeter,
 Her ruby lips redder, than you.

Oh! robins that sing in the branches!
 Oh! birds with the yellow wings!
 The notes that you carol are discord
 To the songs my darling sings.

Oh! daylight that glids the hill-tops
 For many and many a mile!
 The sunbeams you shed are but darkness
 To those of my darling's smile.

So cease from your labors, Oh! sunshine;
 Robin Red-breast, how useless your song
 And, violets, hide your sweet faces,
 For my darling will soon pass along.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

The Tendons and Cartilages.

The tissues most nearly allied to the bones are the tendons and cartilages, commonly known as sinews and gristle.

The tendons are brilliant, white or yellowish structures. There are two forms—the rounded and the flat. They are composed of fibres of cellular tissue, which is very strong, the strongest tissue of the body. The tendon in the leg of a mule will bear more weight than a bar of steel of the same size.

Both kinds of tendons are attached to the muscles at one end, and to the bones at the other, thus forming the connection by which the bones are moved. They are non-elastic, a wise arrangement, for if they yielded in this manner, it would require much more contraction of the muscle to obtain the same motion.

These tissues are a little higher in vitality than the bones. They have no nerves distributed to them, and are not subject to pain except when inflamed, when they become exceedingly painful and constitute a dangerous disease. The large tendon at the back of the foot and just above the heel may easily be felt. It is called the Tendon of Achilles—an old hero of Troy, who was famous for his strength, having been supposed to be invulnerable except in this part of the body, that is, they could not hurt him anywhere else, but this was not so. You may see this tendon also in animals, as the dog, the horse, the ox, etc., on the back part of the hind leg, just above the knee—not the foot, as in man.

Some of the tendons are so arranged as to run over pulleys; there is one of this kind connected with one of the muscles of the eye, which, by this means, rolls the eye in the opposite direction. Most of the muscles have tendons at each end.

The cartilages differ from the tendons more in their uses than in their appearance. They cover the bones in some places, and in early life form parts of them. Thus, the breast bone is really three pieces united by cartilages; so also the front ends of the true ribs are attached by cartilaginous union to the breast bone.

Cartilages form elastic cushions between the bones of the spine, and thus prevent jars and shocks to the brain. A person will measure from half an inch to an inch more when he first rises

in the morning, because the elasticity of these cartilages separates the bones of the spine, but these yield, and after the labors of the day we go down again.

Many of the cartilages become converted into bone in old age.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE ORPHANS' PRAYER.

BY SYLVINA L. WOODARD.

Hand clasped in hand they wandered,
Two little children frail,
Went in their sad eyes pictured,
And in their cheeks so pale.

Johnny, with eyes like midnight,
Sweet Bessie, with orbs so blue,
Dimmed with the tears of pleading—
Oh, it was sad to view!

Hands that were thin and wasted,
Stretched to the passers-by,
Two little, trembling voices,
Sobbing with piteous cry.

"Only a penny, kind stranger,
To buy us a morsel of bread;
We have no warm home to go to;
Our father and mother are dead."

Over the icy pavement
Pattered the little bare feet;
Unheard were the childish voices,
Pleading in accents weak.

Slowly o'er the great city
Night threw her shadows around;
Numbed with the cold and hunger,
Poor little Bessie sank down.

Clasping her kneeling brother,
She whispered in accents low,
"Johnny, our dear, kind Mother
Said God loved orphans, you know;

"And if we prayed, He'd send us angels,
With garments all shining and bright;
I've said the sweet prayer she taught me,
And, Johnny, *they're coming to-night!*"

"Coming to take us to Heaven,
Where Father and Mother are.
Oh, I'm so glad I remembered.
Now, Johnny, let's both say the prayer."

* * * * *

When morning broke over the city,
And scattered the shades of night,
Two little forms were found kneeling,
With faces upturned and white.

A smile on their lips still lingered,
Though the Impres of Death was there.
Angels had borne them upward;
God answered their trusting prayer.



For the Lyceum Banner.

KITTY CARLTON'S DOG.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

LITTLE Kitty Carlton had the dearest little dog in all the town. So she said.

To be sure Carlo would bark at strangers and tease the cat, but to Kitty he was always kind and pleasant. Kitty's brother Charles took much pains to teach Carlo to do many things that pleased his little mistress. He would go with her all over the farm, sometimes holding on to her dress with his teeth, or carrying her basket or hat. Kitty would often go out in the orchard or garden and pull off her shoes and stockings, then Carlo would pick them up and bring them to the house. If he could not bring them all at one time, he would go again and again till all the things belonging to the little girl were brought home.

One day Mr. Carlton took Charles, and Kitty, and Carlo down to the pond, not far from the house. Charles wanted Kitty to play ball with him. He would throw it and if she did not catch it Carlo would pick it up and take it to her.

Kitty was delighted with the amusement, and thought she would see what she could make Carlo do, so she threw the ball into the water. Carlo was afraid of water, and could not swim. Kitty

knew it, too, but she told him to go and fetch the ball. The little fellow wished to mind his mistress, but did not like to venture too near the pond. He whined and hesitated, but when Kitty said, a little harshly, "Go, Carlo, go quick and bring the ball," he plunged into the water and made a dive for the ball, but it floated away out of his reach.

Kitty saw her pet struggling in the water and sinking. She thought he would certainly drown.

She ran to her father and said, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! catch Carlo out of the water! Be quick, papa, do!"

Charles saw the condition of poor Carlo, so he called out, "Bravo, Carlo, come here!" Carlo turned toward the shore, but could not swim. Down he went to the bottom of the pond. Charles waded in and brought him out, much to the joy of Kitty.

They took him home, dried his locks and put him in his little bed for the night. Next morning he would not eat his breakfast. He grew sick and in a few days died. Kitty and Charles were both very sad when the little fellow died. Charles got a box, put Carlo in it, and invited all the children in the village to come to the funeral. Carlo was buried under an old oak tree by the road side. Kitty, who was chief mourner, covered his grave with flowers. Charles got a small board, painted white, and had on it in black letters, "Carlo, died from fear of water, aged three years. Peace to his ashes."

—A child of five years having seen her father for the first time, he having been absent in California, was much astonished that he should claim any authority over her, and on an occasion of rebellion, as he administered punishment, she cried out:

"I wish you had never married into our family."

—Josh Billings says, if a man is going to make a business of serving the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures onions as well as when he hollers halleyluyer.

—Why is life the greatest riddle? Because all must give it up.

—The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter will be our own.

—The latest novelty in sewing machines is one that will follow the thread of an argument.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.
THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

- Chap. 1—*Studying Latin.*

I DO think it's too bad; Mr. Corey ain't going to let me study Latin this term. I can't see no reason in his refusing me. Tom Jones and Phil. Moss studied it before they were as old as I am, and I am up to them in all my studies now." And Henry Call threw down his books and slate with an emphatic bang, upsetting Nelly's work-basket, and waking little Nan, who was sleeping on the sofa.

Nelly looked up with a frown, saying, "When *will* you learn to be a little more gentlemanly?" and Nan gave a frightened scream which brought her mother to the sitting room. "Dear me, Henry, what is the matter? Waking baby just when I am busiest."

"Why, nothing, only I am tired to death studying Grammar, Arithmetic and History, and I don't see no good reason why Mr. Corey wont let me go into Latin."

Mrs. Call was for a moment irresolute, as most mothers would be when the favorite boy had studied hard for promotion and been denied. But good sense came to her aid, and she said, "Henry, as soon as you learn to speak English I have no doubt your teacher will put you into Latin." Henry fixed his gaze earnestly on a figure in the carpet, not wishing to meet his mother's eyes, for he had been too often reproved for his bad English not to understand her words.

"Boys and girls," continued Mrs. Call, "are too apt, in this fast age, to pass over the common studies and every-day affairs of life, and spend their best time of study on something that will never benefit themselves, while the ignorance of common matters, when they become men and women, renders them ridiculous to educated people."

"Well, mother, I'd like to know if I ain't as well posted in common branches as Tom Jones and Phil. Moss?"

"It may be you are, but they may not know many things they ought to know before taking up the study of a dead and almost useless language. Now, take your gingerbread and go out with Nellie, and play hard until 5 o'clock;" and sensible Mrs. Call, after quieting baby Nan, and leaving her busy with her nine-pins and ball, bustled about, talking to her cook-stove, dough-pan and tea-kettle as if they were the most appreciative

listeners in the world. "I remember, when I was a girl, I got discouraged over my books, just as Henry does. I know how dull it was to sit all day on a hard bench, trying to commit something to memory that I did not enjoy. Henry don't like his books very well. I am sorry, but can't blame him. I wish he had a little more patience, poor boy. I want him to be a smart man some day."

Meanwhile the brother and sister sat down under the harvest apple tree, back of the barn, to eat their gingerbread, and Henry to wonder why "Mother should agree with Mr. Corey about the Latin. She's queer, Nell; most all women are queer. They think there ain't no use studying Greek and Latin, and I don't s'pose there is for girls; but we boys have to know the dead languages in our professions, you know;" and Henry's countenance lighted up with anticipation of a glorious future in which he figured prominently.

"And we girls have to know common sense," answered injured Nelly, tartly. "There is just as much sense in learning Greek and Latin to understand how to make a bonnet or fit a dress, as there is chopping wood, weighing groceries or planting potatoes."

"Don't be silly and get mad, Nell. Let's play "I spy" until Mother calls us; and don't feel so cut up because girls can't know everything."

"But they *can* know everything, as well as boys, for Mother says so; and I'll not stir an inch to play, until you take that back;" and Nelly threw her hat upon the grass, in a determined manner, as much as to say, "There! that settles the matter."

Henry was too active to sit still and quarrel, and loved his sister too much to make her unhappy. So he went up to her, and, taking her hand, said, "Now come, Sis; I don't mean you—I mean girls in general. I know you are cute and can learn as quick as a wink, and I am a regular stupid; now run." And Nelly did run after she had told Henry he wasn't stupid at all, and knew twice as much as Will Hackett, who was too years older than he.

In an hour, being tired of running, they went to the house to take Nan riding in her baby wagon, who clapped her hands in ecstasy when her brother and sister announced their intention of taking her to China, around Cape Horn. In crossing the Equator the wagon upset, and poor little Nan received a severe bump on the head. "Don't cry, Sissy," said Nelly; "we are going to the moon next trip to get white goats with hair a mile long, red rabbits with blue ears, and Nanny a yellow silk dress and green satin slippers." The bump was soon forgotten and the trip to the moon made without further accident.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, in a letter from Ravenna, Ohio, writes :

"I have just returned on the early train from Akron, where I went Saturday to take charge of the Lyceum yesterday, which we arranged one week ago. They had twenty-six scholars then, and yesterday forty-two. The Conductor, Mr. James A. Sumner, is a young lawyer of that place, who ranks high in the estimation of the community at large, both socially and intellectually, and he (as well as all the officers and friends,) is very much interested, and goes to work with a will. I predict for that Lyceum growth and prosperity equal to any in the country. Mr. Wheelock lectured here yesterday, and organized a society, and started the movement for a Lyceum, which he is carrying on early this morning, by going around with O. L. Sutliff, raising the funds to purchase equipments. Next Sunday I am to organize it, while he goes to Kirtland, and organizes one there. The first of next week we go to Toledo, to see all our dear little ones (and big ones) of the Lyceum. The first of July we start East to visit and rest. Mr. Wheelock hardly knows how to leave, there are so many places wanting him ; but we both need the rest, and we must have it. But we shall not forget you, or the LYCEUM BANNER, while we are gone. You will hear from us, and I trust we shall from you. Who knows but that we shall find some little ones down there who do not take the LYCEUM BANNER, but would like to? If we do find any such, be assured we will report them to you.

Letter from A. J. and Mary Davis.

ORANGE, N. Y., June 23, 1868.

To Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN—*Our Esteemed Sister* : We are about to take cars for the annual Hudson river excursion of the Troy (N. Y.) Children's Progressive Lyceum, and would most gladly extend our journey to the Lyceum Convention at Chicago, but a variety of circumstances compels us to return home immediately after the Troy Lyceum picnic.

The Conference of friends of the holy and beautiful Lyceum must result in more wisdom to many who may participate. It is of the highest importance that Societies adopt Lyceums with parental love and spiritual reverence. Officers and Leaders should accept their positions with feelings of profoundest gratitude, and with the devotion which only cultivated and unchanging love can inspire and perpetuate. They should learn to feel

the magnitude of the blessed privilege. Only *lovers* of the young can be impressed with these delightful and truly celestial feelings in the heart. Such, as officers and leaders, promote the growth and prosperity of Lyceums. Such are *prompt*—almost in their stations at or before the hour of assembling. Such never envy or produce disturbance by jealous criticisms. Such men and women are but little lower than the angels, and children will march with such into the kingdom of harmony and righteousness.

The cars are soon to leave. So please accept the love of
 MARY F. AND A. J. DAVIS.

A Word to Lyceums and all Persons Interested in the Education of Children.

EDITOR LYCEUM BANNER:—To the first person or Lyceum sending you fifty dollars, for fifty yearly subscribers, I will give 25 additional copies, making 75 copies.

For forty subscribers, 20 copies.

" thirty	"	15	"
" twenty	"	10	"
" ten	"	5	"

For four yearly subscribers I will send "The Stella Key." All orders sent to Mrs. L. H. Kimball, Drawer 5956, Chicago. A. JAMES.

Pleasantville, Pa.

—THE LYCEUM BANNER sparkles with gems for young and old. It has a delightful and unusually important work to do, and is doing it most unexceptionably.—*Ohio Spiritualist.*

— A child's idea of ice : water gone to sleep.

— "Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a learned miner to one of his sons. "It's not a very hard job ; there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah," replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

— "Captain, me jewel," said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement weather. "haven't ye an almanac on board?" "No, I haven't." "Then, be jabbers, we shall have to take the weather as it comes."



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.

For descriptive Circulars or the Emblem, apply to the manufacturer,
 M. H. DYOTT
 114 South Second St., Phila.

From the Chicagoan.

THE STINT.

BY C. B. HOWELL.

Willie came out of the garden,
His hands all soiled with earth,
While grief beclouded his features,
So lately the dwelling of mirth.

"Oh, mother, I *never* can do it,
The stint you gave me this morn,
To weed out to-day in the garden
The beans, and potatoes, and corn."

The boy was more nearly discouraged
Than chieftain with foe to defeat
That never had yet been conquered
And never had known retreat.

The mother, with generous nature,
Having at heart his good,
Called him to her in the arbor,
And said, while by her he stood.

"Go back, my boy, to the garden,
Take heart like a little man,
And your stint shall be hereafter
To do the best that you can!"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the Lyceum Banner.

THE LADY-BIRD.

GOME, MINNIE, sit upon my lap, and I will tell you about the Lady-bird," said Aunt Fanny.

"What Lady-bird," answered the little girl.

"The pretty bug, you brought me a few days ago. I was very busy then, and could not answer your question, but will do so now."

"Oh, I am *so* glad," said the happy child, clapping her hands, and springing into the extended arms of her aunt.

"It is called lady bird, lady-bug, and lady-fly; but its true name is Coccinella, which means red; many of the species being of a brilliant scarlet, or deep crimson color."

"Oh, yes, auntie, 'twas a beautiful red bug, spotted all over with little black dots."

"Yes, Minnie, and 'tis as useful as beautiful. The gardeners of Europe collect these tiny beetles, and place them on their choice plants to destroy the aphides, a species of scale-insect, which injure fruit-trees, vegetables and rose-bushes, by extracting the juices of their leaves. Unless speedily removed, the plants soon wither, and often die. There is one species of this minute insect very destructive to grape-vines. It is called 'vine-fretter.'"

"What a funny name. Do they fret like—like—"

"Like Aunt Fanny? No, dear. They are so called because they gnaw and eat the young leaves, until the juices being exhausted, they roll up, and die. If you watch the vines this summer you will see them. So you see, my dear, how useful these pretty creatures, the lady-birds, are to the vegetable kingdom."

"But why do they call them lady-birds?"

"I do not know, unless it is because their forms are delicate, and their colors brilliant."

"Oh, it is *so* pretty."

"Yes, darling. Our Father has created all things beautiful; and 'tis only because we are short-sighted that we do not always see it. One of England's poets has said, 'Beauty hideth every where, that reason's child may seek her.'"

"I'll find it, Aunt Fanny."

"Yes, Minnie, you do find it. I am sure the angels are with you in your solitary walks, and guide you to those objects which excite your admiration and call forth the best emotions of your loving nature. Remember the lady-bird, and try to be *useful*. But 'tis near your bed-time. Before you go I will repeat a popular German song, written for children, entitled—

"THE LADY-BIRD."

Lady-bird! lady-bird, pretty one stay,
Come sit on my finger so happy and gay.
With me shall no mischief betide thee;
No harm would I do thee, no foe-man is here,
I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
Those beautiful winglets beside thee.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children will roam,
List! list! to their cry and bewailing!
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom,
Then lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Hark! hark! to thy children's bewailing.

Fly back again, back again, lady-bird dear,
Thy neighbors will merrily welcome thee here,
With them shall no perils attend thee;
They'll guard thee so safely from danger and care,
They'll gaze on thy beautiful winglets so fair,
They'll love thee and ever befriend thee.

"Now kiss me 'good-night,' my darling, and may 'Holy angels guard thy bed.'"

AUNT JULIA.

—Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

—Why is a water-lily like a whale? They both come to the surface to blow.

—There are forty-six German daily papers in America.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

PARLOR GAMES.

QUAKER MEETING.

One goes round and tells each one of the company some ludicrous thing to do, as to perform a marriage ceremony between two parties, or to make a speech, making the gestures only. After the leader has instructed them all what to do, he takes his place in the middle of the floor, and with a cane points to some one, who does what he has been told to do; then he points to another and another, until all are doing something very funny. No one in the room is to speak or smile—the one who does is to pay a forfeit.

ADMIRATION.

All sit in a row. The head one says to the next, "I admire you." "What for?" "For your Amlability," or for some quality commencing with A. The second says to the third, "I admire you." "What for?" "For your Ambition," and so on to the last. The leader may commence again with B, and continue the game until all the letters of the alphabet are used. If one cannot answer, or hesitates long enough to count ten, he pays a forfeit.

PROVERBS.

One goes out of the room. Those who remain get a proverb—for instance: "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." When all are ready the one who is out is called in. He commences by asking each one any question he chooses. The first must give an answer containing the word "A," the next the word "bird," the next "in," and so on until all the words are used or the guesser guesses the proverb. Be careful not to put too much emphasis on the word you wish to conceal.

—Send us any games, puzzles, questions; anything to instruct or amuse our young readers, and if they are not quite correct, we will make them so.

—The writer of the Bird Puzzle has sent a photograph of herself, to be given to the one who will send the best Geographical Enigma for THE LYCEUM BANNER of August 15th.

BIRD PUZZLE.

I am composed of 81 letters.

My 17, 21, 15, 18, 21, 30, 19 is a large bird of filthy habits, that lives in mountainous regions.

My 14, 2, 15 can see better in the dark than by daylight. Its favorite residence is in the dark solitudes of swamps.

My 7, 6, 17, 23, 22 is found in most parts of the world. It can be taught many tricks; is mischievous and long-lived.

My 14, 24, 16, 14, 15, 8 builds its nest on the branches of tall trees. His song is a clear whistle. It is called by a variety of names.

My 18, 20, 21, 9, 20 is found throughout the United States. It is a well-known songster. Its nest is made of small sticks and dry leaves. It has a broad, fan-like tail. The wings are crossed with two white bars. The breast and sides are marked with black spots.

My 7, 25, 28, 1, 13, 19, 24, 18 has black eyes and bill; sides of the neck, black; back, a deep blue gray; breast and sides, red; feet and claws, black. It builds sometimes in fallen trees. It will sing by night as well as by day.

My 2, 30, 25, 4 is a very small and familiar bird. It builds its nest in a hollow cherry tree or in a box prepared for it. It will even build in an old hat rather than forsake the house or barn.

My 15, 11, 22, 4, 25, 18 is noted for its sweet singing. It has been said to pronounce words. They are fond of linseed, from which, it is supposed, they derive their name.

My 5, 2, 8, 15, 15, 14, 2 is known by everybody. It is the most active of all birds—builds near home, and has very near neighbors.

My 12, 14, 17, 18 is a domestic bird, easily tamed, a great pet. My 81, 2, 10, 4 is a good swimmer, long-lived, sometimes white and weighs twenty pounds.

My 26, 29, 27 is enjoyed by all the birds I have mentioned, but one.

PEARL HAPGOOD.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 8, 14, 14, 12, 2 belongs to the viper family.

My 1, 8, 7, 6 will take THE LYCEUM BANNER to its readers.

My 13, 9, 14 will probably guess this enigma.

My 10, 11, 10, 13 is a musical instrument.

My 4, 9, 1, 12, 3 is a man's name.

My 2, 5, 13, 12 is to govern.

To my whole the readers of THE LYCEUM BANNER are indebted for sweet sounds.

PERCY.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 4, 5, 6, 9 is a kind of cloth.

My 2, 10, 9, 1 we enjoy in summer.

My 10, 5, 7, 1 is used by farmers.

My 3, 9, 5 is used in house building.

My 10, 5, 2 is a small animal.

My 2, 9, 5, 8 is always seen on the street.

My whole is a friend of children.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. 21.

Enigma by G. H.—"Charity for all—malice toward none."
Enigma by Frank Wadsworth—Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Enigma by Waldo F. Bates—Agnes M. Davis.

Word Puzzle by Ada M. Palmer—Georgetown.

Answered by Fannie Paine, D. M. Percy and Jennie Ray.

— Never carry a sword in your tongue to wound the reputation of any one.

— Singing oils the wheels of care and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly.

— A representation of a flute and a harp has been found on a tomb near the pyramids, which is considered to prove that these instruments are at least 4,000 years old.

— Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye-flash and a mirth-flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries upon the stalk. Laughter is day, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

THE LYCEUM HOUR.

Words by Mrs. J. A. FIELD

Music by E. T. BLACKMER

1. We're bid-den to a mental feast, By wisdom's earnest voice, While pleasure from her
 2. We sip from liv - ing founts of truth That glass the spirit-skies And from unsounded
 3. No chill is o'er the spir - it cast, No fet-ters chain the mind, And thus our souls a-

gol - den lyre, Bids ev'- ry child re - joice, We banquet on the pearls of thought, Rich
 depths of love, Whence sweet affections rise, Here, we be - hold the ti - ny bud, Just
 round the good, Their loving tendrils twine, So, free and fearless as the lark, That

in - tel - lect - ual seeds, That in a pure, unsel - fish soul, Are quicken'd into deeds.
 burst - ing in - to flow'r, The rip'ning of the gol - den fruit For age's leisure hour.
 upward wings his flight We has - ten past the for - east gloom, And bask in sunny light.

Chorus.

We are merry, merry as the birds that sing the whole day long, No winter of the heart is here to hush the soul of song.
 We are merry, merry as the birds that sing the whole day long, No winter of the heart is here to hush the soul of song.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1898, by LOU H. KIMBALL, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Ill.