

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

VOL. I.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 1, 1867.

No. 5.



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]
FISHING.

BY UNCLE WILLMER.

FISHING is a favorite pastime with many of our men of renown, especially those of literary, musical, and political fame; and many of them have given it so much attention, have practiced it and written so much on the subject, that "fishing" is now considered one of the arts.

From Izak Walton, who wrote a book called the "Complete Angler," many years ago—a very popular and most excellent work—we come down to our time, when our noted men, such as Rev. Dr. Bethune, Daniel Webster, Rev. Dr. Beecher, and his son Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; Rossini, the eminent Italian musical composer, and William Vincent Wallace, also justly celebrated for his excellent musical compositions, are a few found among the list of eminent men

who have, to a greater or less degree, cultivated the art of fishing.

It is said of Rossini, that he is not only a great proficient in the art of *catching* fish, but also a great adept in the art of *cooking* them, and that he has more than forty different modes of cooking fish, many of which are original with himself. But this seems to me carrying the thing a little beyond the limits of good sense and reason. It is making too much of the stomach; giving valuable time to the gratification and perversion of the appetite. To learn to cook fish, or anything else, in a wholesome, palatable manner, is not only commendable, but highly desirable. But why should a man, because he has the time and money to spare, go to work to see how many ways he can devise for cooking fish? Surely, there are many better ways in which we can use our spare time and money.

It is both interesting and profitable to go into a store where a good variety of "fishing tackle" is kept for sale. What beautiful rods, made in sections so as to fold or lay together in convenient form for carrying! How nicely these sections fit into each other, gradually tapering down at the small end no larger than a medium-sized lead pencil! So slender, yet so tough and elastic. Then the "reel," upon which to wind the line, allowing you to lengthen or shorten it at your pleasure.

But the more interesting and curious of all are the trout-hooks, flies, and various devices for false baits. It would take far too much space in this little paper to go into these minute details. But those of my young readers who suppose there is nothing more used than a good line, with hook and sinker at one end, and a well-trimmed, even pole at the other, let them just go into one of those stores where fishing apparatus is sold, and they will soon see what is meant when we say that fishing has become one of the arts.

Then, after seeing this beautiful "fishing-tackle," you should see some one use it, who is skilled in the art—one, for instance, like Dr. Bethune, or as he was when on earth, taking his summer vacation in the woods and along the streams, "away down east" in the State of Maine. How skilfully he would trail that "fly-hook" on the surface of the rippling stream, so that the wisest trout that ever moved a fin would be deceived and catch at what he surely thinks a choice morsel; but, alas! the fatal hook would pierce his dainty mouth, and poor trouty now finds himself snugly stowed away in a basket, with many others no wiser than himself, and quite as "badly taken in."

But, after all, there is real sport and genuine fun in the simple, old-fashioned way of fishing, as we used to fish when I was a boy, more than thirty years ago.

What splendid times we had at night catching eels, and wading up the shallow streams with flaming torch and spear, after "suckers"! We would build a huge fire on the bank of the river to keep off the mosquitoes, and after "setting our poles" for eels, gather around the fire, sing songs, and tell stories, always keeping an eye on the poles to see if an unlucky eel should try to carry off our bait.

"Scientific fishing" is all very well for those who can cultivate the art; but for real, genuine

sport, give me the off-hand, country fashion with country boys to match.

I remember, when a lad, living among the green hills of Vermont, near a stream called White River, that on certain days during the year there was a kind of fishing jubilee.

The men living in different parts of the town would meet at some point on the river favorable for their operations, and, with a large net, wade into the river, sweeping around to gather up the fish, and then drag them toward the shore, where, with shouts and amid great excitement, the fish were thrown on shore. It was rare sport, I assure you—I mean for the people, but not quite so pleasant for the fish.

But net-fishing with a certain class is something more than a pastime, being followed by them as a livelihood. It is a rough but hardy, healthful life, and is often celebrated in verse and song, one of which runs as follows:

"How pleasant is the fisherman's life!
Sing heigh O, cheerily O!
When free from care and noisy strife
Our nets to the deep we throw."

The most memorable of this class of men were the fishermen who followed Jesus. But how easy it is for us now to understand about the "miraculous draught of fishes," so-called, recorded in the New Testament. You, no doubt, remember the story: how Jesus came to the shore of the lake where three men, as they said, "had toiled all night and caught nothing." But Jesus said, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your net for a draught." They did so; and the result was, so many fish were caught that it required men from the other ship to help them drag the net to the shore.

Now it is well known that fish are often found moving about in the water in droves, or, as they are termed, "schools," for the same reason, no doubt, that wild geese, ducks and pigeons fly through the air in "flocks." They like to travel in that way, either because it is more agreeable to them, or, perhaps, they find it a safer mode of traveling.

Jesus possessed the gift of clairvoyance to a remarkable degree, and could see the school of fish at the place designated by him for the men to cast the net. Therefore, there was nothing "miraculous" about it; but, like everything else which Jesus did, we can find enough in the working of the same laws through the mediums of the present time to account for all his acts and doings while on earth.

They have an easy, simple method of catching herring, "down east," by building a "weir," as they call it—a kind of net made of withes and stakes, and built along the shore, about six feet high, so that at "high water" the top of the weir is about four to six inches out of the water. As the tide rises, the herring come in with it in "schools," and the weir is so arranged that the herring, following the tide current, will get inside of the weir, and when the tide runs out again, they are left in piles "high and dry" on the beach.

Until within a few years, the only use made of these herring was to cure and pack them in boxes for "family use;" but they are now also caught for their oil. This is obtained by first cooking the herring—after they are caught, mind you, not before—which is usually done in a large kettle; then pressing them till all the oil is extracted. It is excellent for illuminating and many other purposes. The herring pulp is then used as a manure, and is found admirably adapted to that purpose. This is really a practical application of "saving the fragments, that nothing be lost."

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]
"TIS NOT RIGHT."

BY ADA HARRIS.

ONE, two, three—ten, five—half, seventy-five;—'tis not right. One, two, three—ten, five—half, seventy-five—'tis not right, anyway; and I can't make it right. I know I had fifteen dollars to-night, and now I have only one, two, three—fifteen—seventy-five;—hang it! three dollars and seventy-five cents, to keep my little family for a whole week. Where is it all gone to, I wonder?"

The above conversation was held by a toil-worn, well-proportioned, good-looking, half-drunken man, and his own inner man, as they swayed to and fro on the street not far from the corner of Randolph and Halsted streets. "'Tis not right," said he; and "'Tis not right," say I.

If it is not right to take money on any condition without a fair equivalent, that man had no right to make the other one drunk so as to steal his hard earnings the more easily. But how many times a day is this wrong perpetrated in Chicago?

"It is not right" for a man to gratify a selfish inclination for a miserable stimulant, and let home, wife and little ones shift for themselves.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor, and harder still the condition of those whose legal ties compel them to suffer all the want, the poverty, the heart-desolateness, springing from a union with such a man.

I pity the drunkard's child, the drunkard's wife; I pity the man who is so lost to all his noble feelings that he allows himself to give his hard earnings to those insatiate vampires, whose vile panderings to this degrading evil do more to stop the circling waves of thought than all the other evils that human ingenuity can devise. I tell you "It is not right."

Progress, the largest and most powerful locomotive ever constructed, is on the track of virtue; the rails of steady perseverance are laid all the way to that other land beyond; and, as the human freight is borne along, the vampire fiends, who line the track of life, are dragging down to destruction loads uncounted of bewildered victims, tearing up the track, breaking down the bridges of fair resolution, or twisting down the brakes hard on the wheels; but Progress still moves on.

Years ago I knew a fine, well-bred, wealthy man, in a flourishing business. In his dealings he was honest to all but himself and his home. He always treated his customers; became a drunkard, wrecked his home and his health. He reformed; was again trusted. His light glimmered a little while—flickered, and then went out. He fills a drunkard's grave. His wife and children need not mourn him.

"I do love it so!" said another, who now lies by the side of his brother, of whom I have just spoken.

To-day in his coffin lies a man in the prime of life. His wife and five children weep, for father is gone. Forty dollars were often paid, weekly, for this man's whisky bill. The priest says, "God took him to himself. Was it so? or was it the Whisky Fiend that dragged this strong man down?"

Now, dear boys and girls, vow eternal enmity against this foul destroyer, till high and low, great and good, wise and fair, shall vow with us and say: "It is not right! It is not right!"

—Of all earthly music, that which reaches the furthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

—To say little and perform much is noble.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]
WHERE DWELLS THE BEAUTIFUL?

BY S. W. S.

In the bright stars that shine in the sky,
 In the fair form and the love-lighted eye;
 In the meek flowers that bloom on the sod,
 Painted and wrought by the finger of God;
 In the soft rays of the pale-faced moon,
 In the bright-sparkling showers of June;
 In the soft flakes of the drear winter's snow—
 Beauty is pictured wherever we go.
 In the pure heart of the innocent child,
 In the sweet laugh of its merriment wild;
 In the air-castles of youth and of maid
 Images beautiful always are laid.
 Go where you will in this fair world of ours—
 In the lone cottage, or 'mong the wild flowers—
 There dwells the beautiful, treasured with care;
 No home is so poor but has a small share.
 All things are beautiful, all things are good,
 If we but look upon them as we should.
 Beauty is Goodness, and Goodness is Truth,
 And Love is the pledge of perpetual youth.
 Fairer, and purer, and better than gold,
 The True and the Beautiful never grow old.
 Perpetual springs of delight and bliss,
 They heal every wound in a world like this.
 Then take to your heart all the beautiful things,
 Around which the odor of purity clings;
 And then, when transferred to regions more fair,
 All things will be lovely and beautiful there.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

THE BONES.

Next in order of vitality to the fatty tissue, we find the bony tissues, although we have muscular and other tissues of a higher grade in certain animals which have no bony structure.

The bones are composed of animal tissue of a gelatinous character resembling cartilage and earthy matter, mostly phosphate of lime. The first of the hard structures in the Mollusca, or the soft animals, is that of the coral reef and the shells of various kinds, which are composed mostly of carbonate of lime, with a small amount of animal tissue. These form a house, or protection, rather than an internal frame work or skeleton on which the bones are so admirably fitted. The human skeleton is composed of about 250 bones. For the convenience of distribution, we divide them into the bones of a trunk—the neck; the head; and the upper and lower extremities.

We have said the bones were composed of phosphate of lime and animal tissue. The proportion in which these ingredients enter into bones, varies at different periods of life, and under different conditions of the system.

The animal tissue is first formed, and after a

time points of deposit of the lime may be seen in different parts; these extend until the entire bone is thus completed. At birth, the bones are composed of about equal parts of animal tissue and phosphate of lime; at maturity the former is reduced to one-fifth, and in old age the animal tissue is only about one-eighth, and the lime is seven-eighths. In certain diseases, the animal tissues preponderate so that the bones become quite soft, and are often bent by the contraction of the muscles,—in other cases the deposits of lime are superabundant, and the bones become very brittle, are easily broken, and heal with difficulty, as the vitality is very low, being confined to the animal part.

Most of the bones of the body are subject to fractures, but under the influence of the vital force they are generally united and heal. All that is required is to place them in their proper position and keep them from being moved.

The mechanism of the human skeleton is one of the most beautiful which is to be found anywhere. It presents various forms of levers, and the joints by their beautiful adaptation are extremely interesting. We shall consider the bones of the trunk in our next.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

COUNTRY RAMBLES WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

BY L. M. DE LANO.

IF all the children who would like to accompany me in a ramble around my country home, will consider me for a little while, as their instructor, I will try and point out some things both pleasant and instructive as we walk along. But, first, I want to show you about the house and orchard, that we may have a good starting point, and also find some nice apples to eat on the way. Although it might be considered *improper* for you to eat fruit while taking a walk in the city, we country people have more freedom, and allow the largest liberty consistent with the comfort and happiness of all.

The house is large, old-fashioned, and irregular, with a wing here and an addition there, built on as they were needed, when all of our large family, including grandparents, were sheltered beneath its roof. It is white, with green blinds, contains several spacious, airy rooms, and some cosy corners; it commands pleasant views of woods, rocks, and rivers, with the grand old hills in the distance. This lilac bush by the front door has been for three summers

the home of a pair of dear little yellow birds, who seem to think it their own property, though they pay good rent in sweet songs.

These large locust and maple trees make the yard very pleasant in hot weather, and the roses keep in bloom a long time beneath their cool shade.

But I see bright eyes glancing towards those red apples, and little feet ready for a run through the clover; so away with you, and see who will first reach that large tree in the corner of the orchard. Now for some apples; these white ones are very nice to cook, but too sour now to eat raw, and the dark-red ones are hard and will be good next spring; but under this great old tree you will find plenty of delicious, rosy-cheeked fruit. I always think handsome apples taste better than any others, I suppose because they please the eye, as well as the palate. A few mornings since, I came out here, and the grass was almost covered for yards around with these pretty apples, and I wished for a dozen happy children to gather them up. Would not this be a splendid place for a picnic dinner? this tree would shade quite a company, and the grass is so fresh, and softer than a velvet carpet; perhaps we will have such a party some day. Did you ever see an oriole's nest? the bird is very shy and makes its home where the leaves are thickest, so as not to be discovered, but I found one in that small tree. How nicely it is built and fastened to the limb like a basket.

Now, if you have all got plenty of fruit, we will go down to the river, which is only a few rods from the garden. Did you ever see such broad rocks? smooth as a floor, and the nicest place in the world to run and dance. Look at this petrified fish, how perfect the form, and each bone as distinct as a skeleton, only it is changed into a kind of quartz, different from the surrounding limestone. How did a fish get into this hard rock? Many hundred years ago these broad rocks were all soft clay, and at that time, this little fellow died and was imbedded in the mud, which, by the changes constantly going on in nature, was slowly turned to stone. Here is a place that shows the form of leaves, and sticks, and bugs, and a little further on we will find a piece of honey comb rock; you can see the little cells almost as perfect as in the comb, which shows that bees have always built their houses the same way as they do to-day.

We have some fine petrifications at the house. I will show you, among them, a large eel or snake, that was found several feet below the surface. Take care, little dear; don't go so near the edge of the river; if you should fall there, the dark, strong water would whirl you away in a moment, so no friend could help you.

There is a sad story connected with this place that I will tell you sometime; but to-day we only wish to be "gay and happy." Come this way; here are some nice little pools in the hollows of the rocks, where you can play in the water, without danger of being drowned. and here are pieces of bark which the sun has curled up in the shape of the little boats the Indians use; so you can paddle your own canoe to your hearts' content.

See these holes in the rock about the size of a washbowl, and almost as round and smooth. How did they come there? I will tell you. In the spring and fall, after the heavy rains, the river rises and covers all these rocks, and quite a torrent rushes through this low place; as the water falls over the cliff, it strikes with great force and bounds off in a shower of foam, just as if you dash water into a basin, it nearly all flies out on the other side, and very little will remain in the dish; sometimes little pebbles are washed into these holes, and the current of water keeps them moving around and around, and that helps to wear them out, and this process being repeated many hundred years has brought them to their present form. Shall we go down into the quarry where the men are getting out stone for building? They drill holes in the rock then fill them with powder and fire them off with a noise like cannon. They are loading a blast now, and we must keep away from the flying stones. I see the sun is getting low, and we had better return to the house, and if you have enjoyed this walk, we will take another next week.

—CHILDREN are very apt to think that beautiful clothes make beautiful persons, and that they should be very fine children, and very happy, too, were they splendidly attired. This is a sad mistake. It is not the fine dress that makes the person beautiful, but the beautiful person that makes the dress, whatever it may be made of, seem beautiful, too.

Be patient with the little ones.

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WELCOME VOICES.

Pleasant tones and sweet voices do not always fall upon human ears. There are precious words, sweet soul-voices that come but to the soul-senses. Hills and seas, and death and years may seem to divide soul from soul, but there is no dividing line, no partition walls in the land of souls. This simple truth is no new truth; but to-day the fact came home with double force to my consciousness. I was watching the Mississippi as it moved lazily along to its home in the gulf, the clouds hung above the water and clouds encompassed me. I said, with Poe, "Oh, the ominous month of October, what memories rise in my soul!" Just then the clouds grew luminous; out of the rifts I heard sweet voices saying: "I am coming," "I am coming," one from the sea and one from over the sea. But for the letters just put into my hands I should have fancied that I dreamed. But blessed little things! how precious you seem! what good news you bring! Why do we not all write good words to cheer the heart of the weak and fainting? But it may be that some home-circles are unbroken—that none hear, like the young man in the New Testament, gone into a far country. I can only say, welcome home! I have no fatted calf, and if I had, it should not be slain.

WHY IS IT?

The Sunday School Advocate, published in this city, is said to have a circulation of three hundred and thirty five thousand! There are more Spiritualists than Methodists in the country; why do we not support our papers as well as the *Advocate* is supported? Are we not readers? Have we not the means to take papers? Are we too stupid to look after the minds of our children—to see that they are supplied with mental food?

Who will answer?

A LITTLE STORY.

"Please tell me a story, just a little story. You tell all the stories to Kittie, just for she be a dirl, and I be only a boy." With this complaint, and call for a story, Willie found his way to my side, on the sofa.

Now for a story, I said. What I am going to tell you is as "true as preaching."

"What is preaching?" Willie asked. "I never heard that story." "Can't you tell me the same story you told Kittie, about 'Rosa Brown's Christmas?'"

No, no, I said; I am going to tell you a *new* story; so listen:

I know a little five-year-old fellow, whose name is—well, I'll call it Willie. Willie was as fat and clumsy as a bear's baby. He was about as good as most little boys are, and as happy as a bee in a clover-blossom—when he had his plump fingers in the sugar bucket. I saw his hands in the sugar, this morning, and when his mother put it out of his way, he tried to sing; but oh my! what sounds he made! There was no music in his voice, and the words he spoke were not poetic. When Willie gets angry, he throws himself down flat on his face, and beats the ground with his hands and toes. I saw him this evening, a little before sunset, out paddling in a muddy pool. Willie's father called to him to come home; but the boy thought he knew best when to go home, so he kept on with his play. His father called again. Willie was indignant, and threw himself down flat in the water and began to kick and scream. No one took any notice of the little boy; so up he got and went home as dirty as a pig. But I think he was ashamed of his conduct; for he went to his mother's room, and putting his dirty arms about her neck, said, "Please, mamma, I've been a little wicked, but I want to be washed and kissed."

"That means me," shouted Willie, "and you did kiss me, didn't you, mamma?"

MILWAUKEE LYCEUM CONCERT.

The first grand concert of the Milwaukee Progressive Lyceum was given at Bowman's Hall, on Saturday evening, the 12th instant. The proceeds were for the benefit of the poor and destitute of the city.

—The fire should burn brightest on one's own hearth.

—Love rules his kingdom without a sword.

FOURTH MONTHLY CONCERT.

The Fourth Monthly Concert of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago, was held at Crosby's Music Hall, Oct. 6. The Hall was well filled with eager listeners, whose cheerful countenances gave encouragement, not only to the able ones, but to the teachers, who are working so untiringly for the benefit of the children. This concert, like the preceding ones, was a success; indeed our Chicago Lyceum knows no such word as *fail*. These entertainments are doing a good work for the Lyceum children. We hope other Lyceums will go and do likewise.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MYRON H. MYERS.—Yes; you deserve a prize for your perseverance in that puzzle department. Older heads than yours have tried in vain to solve F. M. K's puzzle.

H. J.—Your story is good, but too long. We have no continued stories.

To the Members and Friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago :

At a meeting of the Progressive Lyceum, held last April, we were elected a committee to receive and expend for the poor children of the Lyceum all money collected during Lyceum sessions, and donations made by individuals, for that purpose. We have received thirty-six dollars and forty-eight cents; which amount has been expended for shoes and clothing, during the summer and fall. There are seven little girls from seven to thirteen years old, and two boys, aged eight and ten, who will be unable to attend the Lyceum, during the winter, unless warm, suitable clothing can be provided for them.

It is the desire of the committee, not only to dress these and other children of the same class, respectably, for the Lyceum, but to give them suitable clothing for day school, also. To do our work well, we need the assistance of every member and friend of the Lyceum. Articles of clothing, new and old, money, provisions, and anything that friends can give, will be thankfully received by the committee. Persons residing in the several divisions of the city, have been appointed to receive such donations, as follows :

North Side, Mrs. H. H. Marsh, No. 92 North Dearborn street; South Side, Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, No. 167 South Clark street; West Side,

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, No. 16 North Green street.

Donations may be sent to any of the persons named above, or to any member of the undersigned committee.

MRS. A. P. DENISON,
141 West Kinzie street.
MRS. J. G. ARNOLD,
114 South Halsted Street.
MISS E. B. TALLMADGE,
16 North Green street.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

LETTERS TO MY JUVENILE FRIENDS—NO. 1.

BY MOSES HULL.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have often tried to write for older heads, and have learned by experience, that what I have said has not done so much good as if it had been said to the young.

We old folks are more *fixed* in our habits, more firm, and not so apt to read or heed good advice as younger persons.

I often wonder if the young realize what there is to stimulate them to good, sober and industrious habits. We older persons have entered more deeply the battle of life; we are already so thoroughly engaged in buffeting the cold world that we scarcely have time to read, think, and prepare for usefulness as you have.

As I look upon you now, I regard you as *heirs* of the past, present, and future. We are passing away. You must take what we have and make use of it. Are you preparing to do so? Somebody must superintend our public institutions. Railroads, Steamboats, Telegraphs, Institutions of learning, and offices of public trust must be managed by somebody. Who will it be? Our President and civil officers are getting gray. Little boys—yes, and little girls, too—you *must* take their places. Are you preparing for them? *Aim high*. I hope you will be better prepared to do your duties when the voice of the people calls you to fill high and honorable positions, than many now are. I look back upon my life and see many mistakes I have made, because I had no one to take me by the hand and show me the right way. I have profited by my experience, so that, by advising you, I may save you from some of the pits into which I have fallen.

In the letters which I am going to write you, I will try to give you advice which will help you to be noble men and women, so that you shall be prepared for usefulness in the world.

—An honest man is none the worse because a dog barks at him.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

BABY EVA.

BY ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Beautiful "humming-bird" sipping the flowers,
 Robbing the cups of their delicate sweets;
 Dear little golden-haired birdling of ours,
 Pattering soft with your little bare feet.
 Dear little "mocking-bird," all the long day
 Saying the baby words scarce understood;
 Catching the flecks of the sunlight at play—
 Ah! she would catch the great sun if she could.
 Cuddles her tired head, cosy for sleep,
 Watching the moon and the stars in the sky;
 Softly the dimpled arms round my neck creep,
 Lispering to "mamma" her "lullaby-by."
 Sleep, little innocent, little "Bo Peep!"
 Come never over her shadow or sheen;
 Angels protect her, awake or asleep—
 Golden-haired slumberer, Evangeline.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

J. P. B.

Enclosed you will please find five dollars and a list of names to whom you may send the LYCEUM BANNER one year. I give it out of my own pocket, freely, and will do more for you from time to time; for I am very glad you have the whole charge of the paper, (with the exception of your sister, who is also one of God's noble women), and *I know it will prosper* in your hands. May God bless you. I leave for New York, October 5, per steamship "America," from San Francisco. I am full of business, and have been, ever since I came to the coast; and have a strong desire to return here again with my family.

J. P. BRYANT.

Salem, Oregon, Oct. 15.

J. C.

I am much better pleased with the LYCEUM BANNER, than I was with the *Little Bouquet*, and shall do all I can to further its interests, for I desire its success; and to have it succeed, we must work for it. Go on in the good work of preparing the children to take the places of the grown folks of the day, and God and the angel world will be with you.

J. COOPER, M. D.

S. E. W.

Your success *shall* be glorious. My soul is full of hope and desire that the LYCEUM BANNER may yet be read in every progressive family in the country. I hope it may be so well supported that you will soon be able to make it a weekly, and superior to any other paper for children in the land.

S. E. WARNER.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

Mrs. S. E. Wheelock, writing from Toledo, Ohio, says:

"Our Lyceum was organized July 18, 1867. We consider it a success without doubt. Every one is in earnest and anxious for its prosperity. We have learned the 'Banner Song,' and like it very much; next week we are going to take 'The Spirit's Greeting.'" S. E. W.

SYCAMORE, ILL.

At a meeting of the officers and children of the Sycamore Progressive Lyceum, Sunday, Oct. 6, 1867, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we tender a vote of thanks to Miss Emily B. Tallmudge, of Chicago, for her generous donation of *ten copies* of the LYCEUM BANNER to our Lyceum.

Mrs. L. D. P. JONES, *Secretary*.

MORE ABOUT THE LYCEUM CONVENTION.

James G. Allbe in writing of the proposed Lyceum Convention, says:

"The uncertain interest manifested by grown people in the Lyceum, tells with a force that cannot be denied upon those between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. How many Liberty groups are full? And yet, wherever there is a Lyceum, there are enough young people to fill at least three such groups. But they have been taught by the action of those still older to look upon it as a children's affair, and of course they are too big to be called children.

Speaking pieces is a feature which was not designed alone for those of twelve years and under; but it is seldom we see young men and women engaging in it. Some inducement should be held out by which those of all ages will be brought to participate in this exercise.

Most children consider a good library as a chief incentive for them to attend Sunday school. In many places where Lyceums have been unable to procure a library, some of the children will go to other schools, because they cannot get a book to read. I hope this matter will be taken into consideration by the Convention, and a committee appointed to select a list of books suitable for Lyceums, as it will prove a great aid to the Lyceum interest itself.

But first of all let the love principle predominate in the heart of each one. We should try to make ourselves better before we embark in the special business of correcting others. Get as near right as possible ourselves, and an influence must go out from us that will be felt and heeded by others. This is the secret of social success: to be good and do good. Jesus "went about doing good." Let us imitate his example."—*Banner of Light*.



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]
HARRY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.
BY MRS. JANE FROHOCK.

DON'T want a big party," said Harry Somers, after his mother consented that he should invite his friends to assist in celebrating his tenth birthday; "only Tommy, Fannie, and Bessie Day, our cousins; and Tim and Nina Holman. They, with myself, Willie and Jennie, will be just eight; that's enough to fill all the games we shall play. Bessie and Jennie will only play with their dolls," he continued, looking down at his little sister, who was just then arranging Miss Jenny Junior's, toilet in a most becoming manner.

"Mother," cried the little lady, petulantly; "I do wish you would teach Harry better than to be always telling what I shall play" — placing her doll back in its crib; "There, you just keep sthille while I sthee what Harry isth up to."

"Oh! I forgot, there will be ten at my party. Miss Jennie Junior, and—and—what is the name of Bessie's doll?" said Harry, mischievously, addressing his sister.

Jenny sat very quiet, looking over to her brother Willie, in the opposite corner, with a

slight curl of scorn on her lips; at the same time turning away her face as though she totally ignored her brother Harry's presence.

Willie always knew by Jennie's looks when she wanted him to act as her champion. Half their conversation was by pantomime of a character so subtle as to be unreadable by the other members of the family. It was the silent opinion of both Willie and Jenny, that Harry's assumed authority over them was, because he was two years and she four years younger than Harry. So, having a common interest in repelling such authority, they had instinctively leagued themselves against Harry. Ordinarily they were all very happy together, and loved each other dearly.

But whenever Harry did attempt to rule arbitrarily over either, the other was impelled to defend the weaker party.

Willie knew how inexpressibly it annoyed his little sister to have Harry call her doll Jennie Junior. She had named it for herself, not because it was like herself, very pretty; but because she wanted to call it something; and being completely enamored with it—feeling it to be so much a part of herself, she had merely given expression to her great love for it, by giving it her own name.

Of this annoyance Harry was totally ignorant. Thinking that dolls, like other folks, should have two names, and knowing that a child named after a parent had junior appended, he had without the slightest motive or forethought added junior to the name of Jennie's doll.

As Jenny never would own, even to Willie, that she was annoyed by Harry's additional name. Willie was equally careful not to betray her annoyance in direct terms.

But on this present occasion, he let off a telling shot by an unmistakable hint that dolls were in better repute with Harry than one at least of the real folks he was about to honor with an invitation.

"You would much rather have Nina Holman bring her doll than her brother Tim if you had your real wish; but you want to please Nina, so *have* to ask him"—and Willie's eyes twinkled with delight as he read in Harry's blushing face how truly the ball had been aimed.

Tim and Nina arrived just as the three Day cousins had laid aside their outer garments, and seated themselves in Mrs. Somer's neatly arranged parlor.

Willie was as usual seated next to Jennie—his right arm partially covering her doll, which she had dexterously placed between them. Harry gave Tim his hand, greeting him very politely; then took Nina's little dimpled fingers lightly within his own, and led her to a seat beside Fanny Day—glancing at his brother as he reseated himself. Returning Harry's glance with a meaning look, Willie addressed Fanny and Nina, saying: "Why didn't you bring your dolls, girls?" "We thought we were to play ball and swing, such plays as boys and girls can enjoy together," said Fanny, Day answering for both; "That's right," said Tim Holman; "let's get up a club at once," he added, rising. So they adjourned to a beautiful grass plot near a grove by the roadside, and all, except Bessie and Jennie, engaged heartily in a game of ball.

Tiring at length, the ball players seated themselves on the grass beside the two little girls, who were deeply engaged discussing the latest style of doll-dressing.

"What next?" said Harry, wiping the perspiration from his face; "it is very hot in the open air just now. Had we not better go to the swings under the elms, or to the grove for flowers?"

No more ball-playing until towards evening was unanimously agreed upon. But regarding the choice between the two amusements named by Harry, there was a great amount of discussion.

The more they talked it over, the more they found to say. Those preferring the swings had at first very little choice, merely saying: "It is nice to swing." Then the others said, "It is nice in the grove." Then the former gave it as their opinion that it was nicer to swing. Then the latter declared with some degree of warmth, that it was very much nicer to gather flowers in the grove.

"It is more like hunting," said Tim Holman, taking his cigar between his fingers, and puffing out a cloud of smoke, *a la* some great General. Then they began to take sides, and party spirit became rampant.

"I would much prefer the swings," said Bessie Day; "what do you say, Cousin Harry?" As host, Harry felt it would not be polite in him to take sides, so he answered; "Just as the rest decide."

"Swinging is *girls'* nonsense," said Tim,

with a sneering emphasis on the word *girls'*; then puffed on again. Tim was eleven, Tommy a month younger, Harry just ten, and all the girls younger still. Tim had this much advantage as regarded age. Besides he had learned to smoke and chew; and when not in ladies' (little girls') company, and well away from the old Deacon, as he called his father, could swear as round an oath as the greatest swell in dandy-dom.

Tim's last remark was more than Willie Somer's gallantry could brook. He was a natural born ladies' man; and, although his regard for the sex, aside from his love for his mother, was embodied in his regard for his sister's feelings, he would not, little as she was, suffer such an indignity to go unreprieved.

"I guess picking flowers is quite as much girls' play as swinging," he retorted. Tim gave another puff, tipping his head with a strut as he had seen Count MacArden, (a French fortune-hunter, an ex-resident of a German prison) who had recently occupied rooms at the Munford House. "I know what he wants," continued Willie, addressing the company; "Tim wants to be a *great* hunter, and carry home a nest of birds' eggs, or young birds." Tim laughed and smoked on. After saying this much, with no other effect upon Tim but to increase his contempt for his opponent, Willie let on more steam, regardless of Harry's winks and head-shakings to the contrary.

"*Big* heroes and *big* hunters to fight little girls, and catch birds without wings!" he added with a sarcastic laugh from between his shut teeth. Little Jenny looked up into her brother's handsome face with a smile of approbation more satisfactory to him than the clapping of a thousand pairs of hands; while the other girls, prompted by true womanly instinct, smiled a hearty amen to the scathing rebuke of such an uncalled for slur against their sex.

"Now don't quarrel about our plays," said Fanny Day; "Tim always wants to rule, but that's not right. Let every one say which they prefer, and then go where the *most* of us want to; and not stay here in the hot sun all day.

"That's it!" cried her brother Tommy. "So it is," said Harry. A clear "yes, yes, yes," came from every one, except Tim; even little Jenny understood plainly that Fanny had hit upon the true, democratic principle of dividing justly; and her "yeth" chimed in with a will in it.

"Ah!" said Tim; "you swingites think you can out-vote us grovites, do you?" "That's what we'll find out by counting noses," said Willie, who was quite a wit in his way.

"How by counting noses?" Fanny asked; "Why," said he; "let every one who wants to swing turn their noses in that direction."

In a twinkling every girl's nose was turned towards the swings. "Now let"—"No, no, roared Tim; "that's no way, hear me."

"Hear Mr. Boss," cried Fanny; the next moment reddening with anger as she met Nina's appealing look, just as Tim had jerked her rudely around, bidding her mind him.

Poor Nina! He had always from her infancy compelled her to defer to his opinions; consequently they had no quarrels, and were referred to as model children. Nina was in truth a very good, gentle girl and for the sake of peace, had, up to this time, done about as her brother wished. But she knew well why Tim wanted to go to the grove. He had told her as they passed on their way to Mr. Somer's that he meant to get his pockets full of birds' eggs.

Tim held Nina's hand by force, then called out: "Who, besides Nina and I, wants to go to the grove?" "I dont want to go there," said Nina, trying to free her hand.

"You don't know what you *do* want," Tim replied.

"I don't want to rob birds' nests, and I wont do it either," she answered, jerking her hand away; "and you are not going to *make* me, that's more." Tim turned very red, and looked upon Nina with a dark frown, as she went round between Tommy and Harry for protection.

"Let Nina speak for herself," said Harry, mildly; "it is not fair to make her go where she don't want to. Now let us have a fair vote on it," he continued;—"no bribing or forcing."

"We can't get a fair vote with girls," said Tim; "*girls* vote!" he repeated, sneeringly. "I guess they can tell what they want without your help," said Willie, taking Jenny by the hand. Jenny can tell very quick what she wants without my pinching her," he added, giving Tim a meaning look;

"I deth I dont want to rob bird's nesth, nor I wont for *you*, old bosth," her little foot coming down with an emphatic pat on the soft grass.

"For shame, Tim!" said Fanny Day; "you are spoiling all our fun with your domineering. I know why you don't want us girls to vote; you know we wont join in any of your mean and cruel sports, and, more than that, the other boys won't go without we do—so I guess you'll have to give up such wicked things, and be a good boy if you want us girls to like you."

Tim had always thought Fanny the prettiest and liveliest girl to be found; and, next to being considered the smartest boy in Munford, he aspired to be in her good graces. He was dumb-founded at her authority as well as Nina's, and rather shame-faced besides. Seeing this, Fanny went round to where he was standing and held out her hand, saying, with her blandest smile: "Come, Tim, let us take a walk in the garden while the others swing."

"You do not think me such a very bad boy, do you, Fanny?" he asked, as they were walking up the beautiful flower bordered avenue leading to her uncle's summer-house.

"Do you not think these flowers very lovely?" she asked, in return; "Of course they are." he replied. "Then you would not think it right to destroy such lovely things, would you?" "I destroy your aunt's flowers! that would be heathenish; they don't belong to me."

"Neither do little birds, which are much more lovely."

"*They* don't belong to anybody."

"They belong to everybody. God made them to beautify the world, papa says; and when he heard you had killed Nina's dear little wild robin, that she had fed all the spring, and destroyed its young ones while she stood by crying and begging you not to do it, he said you were a wicked, heartless boy, not fit to associate with good children.

"Did he say that?" Tim asked, with great earnestness;

"Yes; and he forbid me asking you to my party." Tim had been greatly puzzled because he was not invited; but never suspected that what fashionable sportsmen called a good way of killing time, was the cause. Then he told her of their example, especially of a young Horton who had been sporting about the country the past summer. "He was a reg'lar brick," Tim added; "I wonder where he is now?" "If you mean that scape-grace that used to drive around town with Loomis's big grays, as if he were after a doctor in a case of haste-for-life,

he's in Auburn states prison, sent there for forgery, papa says."

"Oh! that can't be," said Tim, earnestly; "he was rich as mud." "Just about, only a great deal dirtier," she replied, blushing as she recalled certain hints of his exploits in very low quarters; "I hope, Tim, you are not trying to imitate *him*."

Tim walked on in silence, feeling that he had indeed made a fool of himself. He was fumbling about his pockets, as they reached the main entrance, and Fanny, eyeing him askance, saw him fling something round the corner that very much resembled a bit of cigar.

After passing through the house, Fanny took the path leading to the swings. "Fanny," said he, after a long silence; "I would like to go back to Sabbath-school, but I don't suppose your father would have me in his class again."

"Yes indeed he will; I will tell him how sorry you are for leaving it, and trying to act like the foolish young men that come to Munford to 'rusticate' as they call it, half of 'em just out of jail, and the other half getting ready to go there."

Now Tim had no idea of confessing any such weakness, feeling it to be *unmanly* to own his faults. But Fanny's feminine instincts were not to be deceived or denied either; so she rattled on—"I know boys never like to own they're wrong or sorry, when they know they are. But papa says none but cowards lie and deceive to hide their faults. It is real nobleness, he says, to confess when we're wrong and try to get right again. And I know, Tim, you *are* sorry; for you want me to like you, and you know I *went* while you act so foolish and wicked; so now you must get good again—for I do want to like you as I did last winter. What nice times we had then at our picnics and parties!"

Tim held back a little when they reached the swings. Fanny had gathered flowers for all the girls, and after presenting them, took possession of an empty seat, calling out to Tim to come and swing her. Tim was more than willing to do so.

They all played merrily until the sun got quite low. Then the boys began to talk of another game of ball, when Fanny called out loud enough for all to hear, "Now let us please Tim by going to the grove for wild flowers."

They all felt it was safe to do so, now that

Fanny had proposed it. Not that she had hinted a word of her talk with Tim; but children are so near the God-kingdom, they *feel* what is right without being told the whys and wherefores.

There was not a dissenting voice. Even little Jennie laughed merrily as she flung her arms about Tim's neck, when he came up to take her from the fence, upon which Willie had helped her climb. Then resigning her to Willie's care, he went on before, clearing away the underbrush that obstructed the path.

Then they got up a concert; and the woods rang again with the rich melodies of their sweet well-trained voices.

"Dear Tim, what should we do for bass without you?" said Nina.

"Sure enough!" replied Tommy Day, who led the tenor. "Tim's equal to a bass viol."

"And cousin Harry's a tambourine," said Bessie; "And brother Willie's a fiddle," said Jenny; "And Nina's a flute," said Fanny.

"And Fanny and Bessie are my own darling cousins," said Harry; "Now let us have a parting song."

And the dear little birdlings listened in their undisturbed nests, while the loving group, as if inspired by the ideal presence of what they described, sang in full chorus

CHILDHOOD'S MISSION.

We've a high and holy mission—
'Tis the work of little children
To haste the better day.
Like flowers and birds of beauty,
'Tis our sacred trust and duty
To point the heavenly way.

We're to represent God's kingdom,
And fore-shadow his dominion
By pure, and guileless youth;
We're to bind the friends that love us
To the angel world above us
By love and simple truth.

Childhood's wrath is man's example,
Of right, defence, a sacred sample—
Then list to th' voice of love.
Forgive as ye would be forgiven,
'Tis the opening path to heaven,
The path to joys above.

The next Sabbath morning, Mr. Day and Deacon Holman came into the vestry from different doors. Fanny and Tim were in close conference over his Testament. The expression in her dark earnest eyes, as she raised them to Tim's, pointing with her finger to the lesson, was indeed a fitting type of angel guardianship. The two fathers understood the case. As they clasped hands, both gave another look at the children now studying intently.

"Truly! such is the kingdom of heaven," said the Deacon, solemnly, turning away to hide his tears.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 25 letters.

- My 1, 24, 3, 10 is the name of a fruit.
 My 2, 19, 18, 16, 25 is the name of a city.
 My 4, 9, 21, 11, 20, 8 are a kind of animals.
 My 12, 15, 7, 5 is a barber's instrument.
 My 23, 6, 17 is what some farmer's do.
 My 7, 22 is what always should be said to temptation.
 My 14, 19 is an interjection.
 My 18, 15, 6, 16, we should all strive to be.
 My whole is a passage of scripture.—MARY L. WILLIS.

I am composed of 14 letters. 5

- My 14, 2, 5, 12, is a very useful article.
 My 11, 7, 13, 8 is what we are all anxious to see arrive.
 My 1, 2, 8, 12 is a place where all of us have been. §
 My 9, 10, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 12 is a man's name.
 My whole is the name of a statesman who is loved and respected. H. G.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

No. 1. A man sold 5 bushels of wheat and 5 bushels of rye for \$15.00; and again, at the same rate, 2 bushels of wheat and 1 bushel of rye for \$5.00. What was the price of a bushel of each?

No. 2. What number is that which, increased by its half, its third, and 6 more, will be doubled? M. J. GALE.

What number is the third and half a third of ten? S.

ANSWERS.

Puzzle, by F. M. K., in No. 2—"A good turn is never lost, even when done to a dog." Answered by M. J. Gale.

Word Puzzle, by Emma M. Mead, in No. 4—George Washington.

Enigma, by Chester P. Darland—Lyceum Banner.

Enigma, by Cora Kingsley—Central America.

Answered by May Turner, Mettle Foster and Eddie Pratt.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE, BY "F. M. K."

EDITOR LYCEUM BANNER—The answer to the puzzle, by "F. M. K." in No. 2 of the LYCEUM BANNER is—"An old miner, who lived in a cabin in the gold regions of Nevada, had no companion but a huge black dog. He had taught this dog a great many tricks, and was so good to him, that Hero had become so fond of him that he did many things for his amusement, as well as little deeds of love for his happiness.

One day two rough Mexicans entered the cabin, and in a harsh voice demanded his gold-dust, which the miner refused. Hero eyed them for an instant; then went quickly out to the wood-pile, and in his huge jaws, brought in the axe and laid it at his master's feet. The greasers seeing the axe, become alarmed, and ran as fast as possible.

Moral: A good turn is never lost, even when done to a dog.

If Mrs. "F. M. K." thinks that I have worked as hard on her puzzle as Josephine Gale, I

would like to have her photograph; but if Josephine has got it, I think I am entitled to hers, at least. Don't you?

Yours respectfully,
 MYRON H. MYERS.
 New Boston, Ill., Oct. 18.

MY BOY.

Willie Lloyd Garrison, a rouguish little fellow, came up to my room, this morning, bringing an armful of wood for my fire. "Now aren't I smart?" he said, surveying with pride his load of wood, "don't you want me for your boy?" The little fellow put his hand lovingly and trustingly in mine, as he spoke, and looked straight in my face for an honest reply.

"I have promised to take Harrie home," I said, "and your mother will want one of you." "Then take me," he said, "Harrie has colored eyes, and you like blue eyes, don't you?"

I put five cents into Willie's hand. He looked at it as if quite undecided what course to take. He wanted candy, but did not like to take my money. He finally put the money on my table, and said, "But if I bring up your wood, and am going to be your boy, I don't want your money; kos I shall like you all the time, when I'm big and when I'm little, just as much as if you gived me lots of money." By a little urging, however, Willie took the money, and was off; but he soon returned with four sticks of candy. Calling his sister, Grace Darling, into a corner, the two little folks, with great hearts and immortal names, had a pleasant chat and a sweet time.

The boy was too sweet to slip out of my fingers, so I put him on my long list of boys. B.

A German author tells the following:

"Mother, dear mother, do come out of doors and I will show you the sweetest sight you ever did see." The mother followed. Adelaide pointing to the sky, said: 'See, see that flock of lambs yonder! There are so many more than I can count!' Mrs. Hale looked to where the child pointed, and saw soft, fleecy clouds floating away in the distance."

NOVEMBER EVENTS.

NOVEMBER 10, 1865—Capt. Wirz, Jailor of Andersonville, executed. 14, 1832—Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, died, aged 96. 16, 1776—Tea destroyed in Boston Harbor. 20, 1859—Washington Irving died. 27, 1519—Pacific Ocean discovered.

—A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

Written and arranged for *The Lyceum Banner*.

SPIRIT VOICES.

Words and Music by MISS EMILY B. TALLMADGE.

1. Hark! the spir - it voic - es call - ing, "Haste, ye mor - tals lend your ears!"

2. Cease your doubting, O, ye mor - tals! Turn ye to the glo - rious light,

Lis - ten to their ho - ly warn - ings, And for - get your earth - ly fears.

That from heav - ens high - est por - tals Beams on all so pure and bright.

Know ye not the spir - its watch you, In your paths by day and night?

Yes, the spir - its gen - tly call you To their homes of bliss a - bove,

Know ye not they strive to win you, To the realms of love and light?

Shield - ing that no ill be - fall you, Ev - er whisp - 'ring "God is love!"

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