

The Lyceum Banner.

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Written for the Lyceum Banner.

EARLY MEMORIES.

NO. I.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

LEARNING TO WALK.

IN giving the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER scraps and sketches of my early life, it will not be presumed that I remember much of my baby days; but some things are as fresh in my mind as if they happened yesterday.

My big brother Walter thinks I do not remember as much as I think I do, but he claims that he has been the one to keep much of my young life in my memory. I well remember thinking I was a brave little girl, but terribly abused. I was at one time left much to the care of a stout German girl. I did not love her, and for the very best of reasons—she did not love me. I was three years old when Martie, as the girl was called, came to live with my mother. I was then, Walter says, as fat as a cub and as cross as a bear. I had not yet learned to walk. Martie set about teaching me. I remember her standing me in the middle of the floor, pushing back the chairs, and leaving the room. I had learned to creep and climb, but how to take up one foot and leave the other on the floor—how to set one clumsy foot before the other—was quite beyond my comprehension. I did venture to lift a foot, but could not balance myself on the other; the result was I tumbled over. Supposing myself half killed, I set up a terrible screaming. Martie came in, and jerking me up by

one arm, stood me back in my old tracks, saying, "Now stand or fall, as you like. I am not going to bother with such a heap of crossness as you are." My mother, who was sick, called Martie to bring me to her room. She did so, and said, as she pounced me down at the foot of mother's bed, "The child is a fool, or she is not, I hardly know which; but I'll wager she has not wit enough to learn to walk." Martie has grown old and blind and gray since then, but to this day the question of my foolishness or sense has not been fully settled in her mind.

One day that same summer—I remember it well—old grandpa Grant came to visit my sick mother. I, as usual, was creeping and tumbling about, and Martie was still complaining of my lack of sense, and saying, "Pity it is Gertie was ever born; she will never learn to walk, and then she will be such a family care and cost." Walter took me out in the yard every pleasant day, and put me on the grass to tumble about. Grandpa was out there one day with me. He was sitting in an old arm-chair.

"What ails Gertie that she does not walk?" asked grandpa; "she looks strong, and she is as fat as a porpoise." "She got a fall," Walter replied, "and a scolding, too, from Martie; since then she is afraid to try to walk. I guess she is afraid Martie will scold her again for falling, and call her names. Do you think, grandpa, that Gertie is a fool?"

"A fool! Walter, why no; the child, like older children, only wants coaxing and encouraging. Even Martie knows that it is better to coax the cow with a little meal than to get her into the yard by driving. Why does she not coax Gertie into the idea of walking?"

"Do you think, grandpa, you can coax her to walk?"

"Let us try," said grandpa; "you stand her up right before you." Walter did so, and said, so sweetly, "Now, Gertie, you will not fall, and if you do brother will pick you up before you hit the ground." Then grandpa put out his hands and said, "Now, Gertie, come to grandpa." I at first feared and hesitated; but, after some coaxing, I started off and landed in the good old man's arms. He took me up, kissed me, and told me how good and sweet I was, which made me real happy. Then we three walked into the house. Mother was delighted to see me toddling in, holding on to grandpa's finger.

Martie stood still a minute, while I was making the circuit of the room, then said, "I knew the child could walk if she only would."

"A little patience and a few kind words have been lacking, Miss Martie," said my good grandpa. "I know," my mother said, "there is love and gentleness enough in the world, but somehow children do not get their full share of it. I fear Gertie will have a hard life, for she is a little too willful, and she will not always find good grandpa to coax her into the right way."

My mother was right. I am real sorry to say that I have always been getting into hot water by my imprudence. Martie says the very wickedest thing that she remembers of my doing was steal-

ing widow Colt's black pig, and she insists upon my writing it out.

The pig story is not among my pleasantest memories, but if I do not tell it Martie will, for she keeps all the wicked things I ever did fresh in my memory. So look out for the pig story.

For the Lyceum Banner.

OUT OF MY WINDOW—No. I

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

YOU would hardly believe that much could be seen from the side windows of my little sitting-room. There are in sight a few large buildings, a good many small ones, occasionally a handsome carriage drawn by handsome horses, more rough farm wagons, and now and then a dray and express wagon. True it isn't much to a casual observer, but I have sat here for days and weeks, and studied this outside panorama until it seems a world without, while my cozy sitting room is a kingdom within.

Sometimes my spools of thread and balls of yarn get strangely entangled while my eyes are out of the window, and pussy busy in my work basket. It makes me much work, this street gazing, but it suggests lessons of wisdom, some of which I wish to lay before the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER.

Yesterday I upset my board of chess-men, in my eagerness to learn if a poor, jaded, black horse had succeeded in starting a load of brick up the hill. I was sorry, of course, and begged John's pardon, while he looked anything but happy as he gazed on the pile of knights, bishops, pawns, castles, kings and queens on the carpet. His politeness, as well as ambition, must have received a severe shock, for he did not offer to pick them up and replace them.

"I could have checkmated you in three moves," said he despairingly, "and taken your queen in the bargain; now you have upset my plans just out of pity for an old dray horse."

Poor John! I pitied him. It was a great trial I am sure; such as must be met in a life-time,—but as I had seen that his castle looked upon my queen from one point, and a bishop another, and that the drayman's load was altogether too much for his horse, I easily forgave myself for the offense.

Dumb beasts partake of the nature of those who have the care of them. The drayman was a fiery-looking man, with quick nervous motions. His horse was fractious and unyielding. At every stroke of the driver's stick, instead of pulling, he

made a backward movement, until instead of being at the top of the hill, he found himself, load and all, at the bottom.

Just like the world, said I, it's twice as easy to go backwards down hill as it is to draw a heavy load up, especially if one has public opinion coaxing him at the bottom. New ideas are heavier to carry against the preconceived notions of the world than the brick which the horse failed to draw up hill.

A moderate, mild-looking man seeing the dilemma of both human and brute, suggested throwing off part of the load, which was done. He then patted the animal on the head, said a few encouraging words, something about four quarts of oats at night, may be, and the load began to rise, and was soon deposited in place.

"Now you see," said John, who had hardly got over his disappointment, "how easy the load goes when there are oats to work for. Public opinion isn't such a bug-bear after all, if we can only see the oats ahead."

Never scold or strike your pets, they know what it means as well as you do. We never can know how much dumb creatures comprehend and reason, but I have no doubt our language is easily construed by them, either by our manner of speaking or the words themselves. The more intelligent creatures, like dogs and horses, understand the words.

When Trip starts to follow me to town, and I say to him, as I would to any reasoning being, "Trip, I don't think it best for you to go," he immediately turns around and walks home. I am convinced that he understands what I say to him, not only in the instance of going home, but many times during the day. He never drives my favorite chicken Crocky out of the kitchen, while no other one dares step over the threshold if Trip is around.

I have seen a trained pig play cards and tell the time of day by a watch; a horse add, subtract, multiply, divide and extract the square root of numbers, and many other tricks that require reasoning faculties.

A little girl, in berrying, lost her hat in a large field. The dog was sent to search for it. He came back without it, looking quite ashamed of his failure. His master said to him, in a decided tone, "Napoleon, go and find the hat. Don't come back without it again; now mind what I say to you." Napoleon set off in a gloomy mood towards the blackberry field, his master following near enough to watch his movements. At the gate he paused, and for ten minutes seemed lost in

profound study; then suddenly springing forward, he wagged his tail with delight as if a new idea had come to him. And so it was. No human being could have devised a surer way of finding the lost article. He commenced his search by going around the field on its outer edge, and gradually narrowing his circuit, coming each time a little nearer the center. By this means every part of the field would be looked over. After half an hour he had the satisfaction of bringing home the hat in triumph:

The study of the habits of dumb creatures is very interesting. We hardly ought to call them dumb, however, for they have a language by which they can converse as well as we. The bark of a dog when strangers enter the yard, is very different from his bark on moonlight nights when no one is near. My black Spanish hen, with her brood of ten little ones, finds very comfortable quarters under my window in the sun. She talks a great deal, like the whole race of Spanish, but she doesn't always say the same thing. When she has found something good to eat, and her brood has strayed away from her, how quick she brings them back by telling them she has something good for them! When a hawk, a strange dog, or any other danger approaches, she makes a cooing noise, which means "keep still," and how still they are!

Even the lowest orders of animals have their methods of communication. The little ants under my scarlet verbenas are digging their holes and storing their provisions. They have their pack trains, engineers and laborers, and are as systematic as men in building railroads. I laid a bit of sugar one side of their traveled road. One ant discovered it, and quickly spread the news among the workmen. They all left their work, walked up to the sweet morsel, took a lunch, and went to work again.

These remarkable traits in animals have been called instinct, but there is no proof that it is instinct alone. They plan, reason and calculate. That part of the brute will never die. If man is immortal, may not other animals be also? A spirit-world with only men, women and children, would be unattractive indeed. When we cross the river that divides the two states of existence, we shall look for the birds, the horses, cats, dogs and flowers, and I hope to find them there. Life is perpetual. The cold frosts of winter may kill the visible portion of plants and flowers, but the spiritual part which yields its sweets and fragrance will never die. So death will claim our outward bodies, but the part which lives and loves will forever live and love.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.
TO MY PET HORSE.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Well I love the voice of waters
 Singing to the sullen shore,
 Or the murmur of the storm-winds
 Rushing past me with a roar;
 All things grand, or fair and lovely,
 Mountain proud, or flower-gemmed dell,
 But than these I love thee better
 Flying fairy, prancing Nell.

Gray as twilight when night deepens,
 Ere the sunset clouds are gone,
 Swifter than the winged Pegasus,
 Graceful as an untamed fawn,
 Thy lithe neck is arched so proudly
 That I fear my haughty Nell,
 Thou hast overheard my praises,
 And thy beauty learned too well.

'Tis a strange old tale that poets
 Bring their golden gems from far,
 That the airy horse, Pegasus,
 Bears them up in fancy's car
 To a land where thoughts in richness
 Blossom 'neath the muses' care,
 And that there they cull the thought-buds
 They unfold in beauty rare.

Well, my gentle beauty, Nelly,
 Those wild heights you cannot climb,
 But I think that out of dreamland,
 I can gather thoughts sublime;
 And I'd rather mount thy saddle,
 And fly o'er the level mead,
 Than be carried straight to Heaven
 On that jaded, fabled steed.

**Henry Ward Beecher Yelling at his Horse, and
 then Kissing Him.**

DOES not moral justice require that there should be some green pasture-land hereafter for good horses? Say old family horses, that have brought up a whole family of their master's children, and never run away in their lives? Doctor's horses, that stand unhitched, hours, day and night, never gnawing the post or fence, while the work of intended humanity goes on? Poor men's poor horses, that everybody laughs at on earth, and that yet give all their feeble power to keep their masters comfortable? Omnibus horses, that are jerked and pulled, licked and kicked, ground up by inches on hard, sliding pavements, overloaded and abused? Horses that died for their country on the field of battle, or wore out their constitutions in carrying their noble Generals through field and flood, without once flinching from the hardest duty! Or my horse, my old Charley, the first horse that ever I

owned; of racing stock, large, raw-boned, too fiery for anybody's driving but my own, and as docile to my voice as my child was!

We were crossing the prairie more than twenty-five years ago, another horse by his side, and in the carriage, wife, cousin and child. The road had been thrown up for thirty rods on either side of a low rail bridge, across a sluggish stream; the ditch on either side, full of water, prevented any turning off the road if once you got upon it. I got on it before I saw that the soil was the stiffest, greasiest of blue clay, and that it was wet with recent rains. My horse saw the trouble before I did. He was nervous and troubled. There was reason. In the middle of a wide prairie, with no house within six or seven miles, and a wife and children behind you, no fences nor wood where, if stuck, you could get a lever to pry out.

I spoke gently, growing at each second a little more earnest. Every lift of their hoofs pulled out of the sucking mud sounded like a pistol. We neared the bridge. The road grew deeper—the mud more tenacious. For a second Charley seemed to despair. The black horse by his side was for giving up.

I rose in my seat with a yell that started Charley like breath on coals of fire. I brought down my whip on flanks seldom dishonored with a blow. In an instant he gathered himself like a buck, for mighty leaps. He had the strength of ten horses. The muscles lay like knots and cords along his body. Away went the carriage, jerk by jerk, carriage and black horse, too—all dragged by the terrible earnestness of my brave Charley, till the bridge was reached and crossed, and the road on the other side, and the dry grass road once more gained! Did I not bless the ox whose hide made that harness? Did I not bless the men who put in those stout stitches? Did I not dance and shout, and caress old Charley—yes, kiss him, too! Did we not all get out, women and children, and pat him and praise him, and did he not, like a prince as he was, yet trembling all over with excitement, receive our congratulations with proud intelligence? Charley was sold, on my removal, to a minister; somebody stole him and sold him to the Indians. I don't know what ever became of him. I should know him among ten thousand. Do you think that he is entirely put out?

If horses *don't* have another chance in a land of tender grass and infinite oats, then I think we ought to treat them a deal better than we do in this world.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Teach me to be dutiful, happy and beautiful

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LIFE AND ITS OBJECTS.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

A HAPPY greeting to the readers of the BANNER, young and old. I hope to open the door to a beautiful temple, into which you may walk and find wisdom and knowledge that shall profit you. Some of the old Greek philosophers placed a motto upon one of their temples, in these words, "Man know thyself," and there is no other lesson so important as this, or which will call for more earnest study in time and through all eternity.

The practical value of knowledge always depends upon its applicability to the solution of this question; hence when we study life in the plants and animals around us, it is for the purpose of knowing how the life principle develops our own bodies. It is a beautiful thought, that Nature, or God, has presented these in more simple forms, so that we may study the different forms and functions of our own bodies as they are thus dissected for us. The force of simple attraction, which holds together the particles of minerals, as rocks, and stones, and earth, makes of these irregular shaped bodies, and we cannot tell into what form they will break. But under favorable circumstances the same force makes crystals with fixed angles and straight lines.

If you look at the frost upon the windows, on a cold wintry day, you may see the lines of ice laid out in beautiful forms, all are in straight lines, for the highest form of attraction in dead or inanimate matter can only make such. Life begins with a new form of motion, producing circles and curves, the first in cells, which are the beginning of all life, little rings, most of which are so small that they cannot be seen without the aid of magnifying glasses; the curves may be seen in the seeds and fruits of plants, in various parts of animal bodies and especially in the human form, which is the most perfect of all organizations.

I will close my article by a few questions. What was the motto the Greek philosophers placed on their temple? On what does the practical value of knowledge depend? What is the chief object of the study of life in the lower forms of its manifestation? What are the first forms produced by simple attraction? What are the next? and how do they differ? What forms characterize life?

Life is to youth an unsullied page, which they may illumine or blot.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

Its Methods, Objects and Suggestions for Improvement.

PRIZE ESSAY FROM THE MILAN LYCEUM.

BY MRS. L. M. STARBIRD.

THE Children's Progressive Lyceum is a school, wherein all are allowed the largest liberty of opinions.

Circumscribed by no creeds, but free to exercise their reason and judgment in relation to everything which may be presented to their minds. No subject is too sacred for investigation, none too holy to be understood, but all may be explained by natural law.

Therefore this school differs from ordinary ones, as they are limited by text-books and creeds which say, "So far shalt thou reason and no farther." The object of this school is that our children may have a mental, moral and physical training or culture that shall fit them for a broader and more useful field of improvement, thereby greatly benefiting our race, that they may be untrammelled by the errors and superstitions which have cursed the generations of the past.

But, slowly and surely, the car of progression is moving on, the chains are loosening, the bondage is growing less bitter, and there is promise of a better time coming in the future.

Again, individuality is developed, the sexes are placed on an equality tending to the improvement of woman, and whatever elevates woman refines society.

The Lyceum may be improved by a greater concentration of interest upon the objects to be attained. Let no one work for personal aggrandizement, but for the general interest, encouraging all in their various duties, and especially calling the attention of the younger members to the importance of improving the golden hours of childhood.

—A little girl, seven years old, was recently called as a witness in a police court, and, in answer to a question as to what becomes of little girls who tell falsehoods, she innocently replied, that they were sent to bed.

—A rich man, who was injured by being run over, exclaimed, with warmth: "It isn't the accident that I mind, that isn't the thing; but the idea of being run over by an old swill cart, that's what makes me mad!"

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WILL the publishers of *The Sorosis, Woman's Advocate, Revolution, and School-Day Visitor*, who so kindly exchange with us, direct to LYCEUM BANNER, and not to Lou H. Kimball, as formerly?

THE January number of *Human Nature* contains a great variety of interesting matter. It is a welcome guest at all times. It is published monthly by J. Burns, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, London, England.

THE *Spiritual Rostrum* is looking as fresh and trim as ever. It is conducted with ability, as is proved by its tidy appearance and the amount of choice reading it contains. Subscription price \$2 per year. Single copies, 20 cents. Address, Hull & Jamieson, drawer 5966, Chicago.

BIDDY'S DRESS.

"Never miss the opportunity of speaking words of hope, comfort, caution; a single word may be of vast benefit to those in need." This bit of advice was a part of my maternal inheritance. I have not put the legacy into the marketable wares, but I do sometimes test its value when I think it may be needed. For instance, I saw on the street this morning an Irish woman; in one hand she had a large pail, in the other a brush and mop. Her dress, of faded stuff, was dragging at least a fourth of a yard on the pavement. It had been wet, and was now frozen. As the woman made her way through the crowd with her implements of industry, her dress rattled and spread itself nearly across the walk. Several mischievous men stepped upon the dress, which brought its proprietor to a stand-still.

Remembering my good mother's injunction, I took the opportunity, when no one was within hearing, of saying: "Your dress, my dear woman, is too long."

"Too long!" was the reply, "and sure it is not longer than ladies like yourself wear."

"You mistake," I said; "my dress clears the ground."

"Does it, sure? let me see," Biddy said. I went on to show her my dress. "Indeed, ma'am," she said, "you have a short gown; it must be the fashion, and when I get myself a new frock it shall be short too, if the fashion stays; but sure you cannot expect a poor person like me to get a new frock every new of the moon."

PARAGRAPHS.

—Remember Mrs. Corbin's new story, "Lost in the Woods," commences in the next number of this paper. Remember, too, that this story and twenty others may be had by subscribing for the LYCEUM BANNER three months and paying 25 cents.

—The person who will send the largest number of three months subscribers by the 20th of February shall receive a premium of a silver fruit knife, or Anna Dickenson's new book, "What Answer?"

—In this number Miss F. M. Lebelles commences sketches from her window. One of her windows overlooks San Francisco Bay, the other a crowded street, so it is expected that Miss Lebelles will see many things worth writing about.

—Our next number will contain a hunting story, by Anna Northrup; "Visit to a Slate Mill," by Uncle Willmer.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE OLD UMBRELLA.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

IT was of blue cotton, worn and faded; some of the whalebones were ready to break, the knob was off the handle, and upon the whole, it was a worthless looking thing, standing there behind the door, in the great, old-fashioned hall of Hezekiah Johnson's house. In front of the umbrella, and gazing straight at it, stood Lilly, all ready for school. She was dressed in her handsomest suit that morning, for it was the "last day," and all the parents and friends of the children were invited to witness the examination. The pink tarleton Lilly wore left the hands of the dressmaker at one o'clock the night before. It was puffed, tucked and trimmed, according to Aunt Sweney's orders, for she had just returned from Boston, and knew the style for everything. Her delicate feet were encased in open work stockings and bronze slippers; on her arm hung a little Russia leather satchel. Lilly made a pretty picture as she stood there eyeing this huge um-

brella. Her reverie was soon broken by her brother Jim rushing in, whistling a noisy tune; following him was Dash, the faithful house-dog, who leaped upon Lilly, and began scratching her dress with his great paws, and snuffing as if to see if it was really his young mistress.

Lilly gave a sudden shriek and said, "Jim, I wish you wouldn't be so rough. Why can't you and Dash learn to be a little more gentle?"

"Well, sis, what do you stand here primed up so for, and staring into that dark corner? I thought, as I saw you through the window, that you were in a trance. And as for being gentle, who ever saw a gentle dog?"

"Or a gentle boy, either?" said Lilly.

"Well, we boys were made of rougher stuff than you little dainty girls, and so why can't you let us whistle and jump and holler if we want to? It is school time now, and we must hurry. Mother says it looks like rain, and if it should, it would spoil that chicken's wing on your new hair, and take some of the kinks out of your hair that you have been so long putting in."

"Now, I suppose you know what I was studying about when you and Dash bounded in. Father has gone away, and taken his silk umbrella, and John has taken the next best one, and mother says I must carry this old, faded, worn out thing to school to-day, and I think it would look horridly to see me wearing my new pink tarleton and lugging that ugly looking thing. I'm sure my blue sunshade would answer every purpose."

"Yes, that little blue sunshade, about half as large as my hand, would keep off a hurricane, wouldn't it, Miss Vanity? I guess the old umbrella will look better when you get home than your pink—what do you call it?—will, if you don't take it. But I can help you out of this, Lilly. I'll carry the horrid looking thing myself, and if it rains to-night you and Emma Lee and Jenny Poor may walk under it, and I'll run like sixty, for I'm only a rough boy, you know, and a good soaking will only soften me a little," and Jim burst into one of his hearty laughs that fairly made the old house ring.

"You are a good brother if you are rough, Jimmy," said Lilly, much relieved by his proposition.

"Thank you, sis."

And so the question was settled. Jim and Lilly said good-bye to all in the house, and started off over the hills to the little red school-house a mile away.

School had begun. The roll had been called, and they were not there to answer to their names.

Jim said his tardiness was all owing to Lilly's pride—that her new slippers pinched her feet, so she couldn't walk fast; and Lilly said she was late because Jim *would* stop to throw sticks at Sally Baker's geese that were quietly sailing on the pond. I think the teacher was satisfied to guess the reason, and when she pointed Lilly to the foot of the class, below all the faded calico dresses and little bare feet, her pride received a greater shock than the umbrella could have given it. When Lilly's turn came to spell or recite she hesitated, stammered, and did much worse than usual, and Jim whispered from his seat behind his slate, "So much for the pink tarleton and no study." Jim ought not to have said a word, for his sister had all she could bear.

Everything went wrong that day. Lilly wasn't taken half as much notice of as she expected to be. Emma Lee, with her old calico dress, was noticed more than she, and Lilly thought that her old faded clothes made her sweet face look all the brighter, while her own face, that she had heard called pretty so many times, looked plainer than usual in contrast with the gay clothes she wore.

Jenny Poor's name was called for the first prize. When she went forward to receive it the house was still. She took the medal from the teacher's hand with a pleasant "thank you," and as she turned to go to her seat there arose a clapping of little hands that was almost deafening, and I don't believe any one there could tell what her clothes were made of, for the child was superior to her dress.

Poor Lilly Johnson held down her head and wished she had not taken quite so much pains to look better than her poor neighbors, and had spent the time on her lessons that she had spent on herself.

The house was filled with visitors that day. The long back seat was never so crowded. Deacon Kelley, the superintending committee, was assigned a seat in the teacher's desk in honor of his position as deacon of the Baptist church and examining committee. The deacon was an old man, and in school matters somewhat behind the times, but he was one of the "first families" in town, and so he was appointed year after year to fill this important position. It was hinted once in that district by some daring person that an intelligent woman was more suitable for that office than the deacon, but such heresy found no favor among the voters of the town.

The deacon sat all day with half closed eyes, occasionally asking a question he himself could not answer, until it was time for his closing

speech. Then all books were laid aside, arms folded, heads erect, as judgment was passed upon them. The speaker talked long in a low, nasal tone to the tired children, who had been kept sitting on hard benches all day. He talked of the Saviour and Sunday-schools, of the uses of knowledge and the folly of pride, and finally closed with a long prayer that had no sweet sounding word but the amen.

School was dismissed. The teacher kissed all the children, for she loved every one of them. "Now we must hurry," she said, "for it is going to rain. See that black cloud overhead—it looks like hail—and so the children were all hurried off, but before Lilly had got to the top of the first hill, the rain poured down in torrents. Good brother Jim, not a bit rough now, came to the rescue with the old umbrella. Its faded blue was no objection. It was a friend in time of need. When the sun shone it could be cast off and called horrid and ugly, but it wouldn't do now—it rains, and this umbrella is as good as a silk one. Lilly, Emma and Jenny huddled round Jim, and it covered them all. "There is room enough for Willie Poor," said Jim; "he has been sick, and mus'n't get wet. Come on, Willie; cuddle down here behind your sister." There was no time for ceremony, so all obeyed Jim's orders, though much surprised, for they had never received so much attention from the Johnson family before; but a thunder shower levels all distinctions, and so they all walked home, led by Dash, who was the happiest dog in the company.

The day ended at last, as all disagreeable days will. It was a hard one for Lilly, but of more use to her than the ten years of sunshine had ever been. She learned that mind was of more value than money, and that a "friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Sweet children, knowing naught of strife,
Be truthful and confiding,
When time adown the vale of life
Your slower steps are guiding.
Be pure and holy, as of yore
Was Oastile's Isabella;
Be cheerful, though you walk no more
Under the old umbrella."

—Dr. Child has kindly promised us a series of "Whispers to the young folks." Hints from good doctors are greatly needed among our youth.

A. B. FRENCH, the worthy and energetic Conductor of Clyde (Ohio) Lyceum, is lecturing during January in Library Hall, Chicago, to large and appreciative audiences.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MY GUEST.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

In a shadowy nook of my dwelling,
Where the fire's dancing light never falls,
And the moon's golden rays never lighten
As they fall on my deep-tinted walls—
Where the darkness is ever abiding,
And the vampires and bats whirl in glee,
Sits my guest in his stately seclusion,
Unwelcomed, unnoticed by me.

He gazes with aimless foreboding,
And he stares with a fearful stare;
And turn where I will in defiance,
I can never forget he is there.
His eyes follow me in the daylight,
And burden my dreams in the night;
And the wonderful power of his glances
Are a withering curse and a blight.

My visitor's sad name is sorrow,
His apparel is duskiest brown;
His eyes are the eyes of a demon,
And his laughter the laugh of a clown.
If I stir from my ghoul-haunted chamber,
He beckons me back to his gloom;
And defiantly tells me to linger
In the desolate moon-lighted room.

I can never escape from his presence,
Or allure him away from my own;
For he smiles at my angry aversion,
And talks of my house as his home.
And there he will sit in the silence,
Till my aching heart breaks with its pain;
And he searches afresh for a victim,
And the story is told once again.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

[The following gem, from a little boy in Philadelphia Lyceum, came too late for our January numbers. But the ideas will be good all the year through.]

Happy New Year to all. Let us go forth on the New Year with strong resolutions of good in the future.

Let us study to improve our minds, that our Guardian Angels may more easily impress us with spiritual ideas for our development.

Let our hearts be filled with sympathy and pity, for those who are ignorant and inclined to do that which is wrong; and also with feelings of gentleness and love for all humanity.

Let every moment of our time be industriously employed, that we may look back at the end of the year with satisfaction and true happiness.

FELIX EMANUEL SCHELLING.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—I send you a dollar for the LYCEUM BANNER for another year.

We like it ever so much. The last number was the best of all. Papa read to us aloud Pearl Hapgood's story about Deacon Grant. Is Mr. Grant Gertie's father? Mother thinks he is.

Is Pearl Hapgood a man or woman? My brother Paul wants me to ask you. Papa guesses it is a lady, but Paul says Pearl is a boy's name; and he says, too, that he will pay himself for the LYCEUM BANNER just as long as Mr. Hapgood will write. So I hope you will get his stories all the time. Good-bye. HATTIE WEST.

“Enclosed find two dollars. Send your paper to my little sister, Hattie, a year, commencing with Vol. II. When the year expires I'll send another two. One dollar will not pay for the amount of instructive reading we get in the BANNER. CARRIE.

SUNDAY GAMES.

The Lyceum people of Chicago have introduced a novel exercise among them. When Mrs. H. F. M. Brown announced from the rostrum that Sunday games were in order, I confess that I was a little shocked, but I recovered immediately on learning the nature of the game.

Mrs. Brown related the history of Anna Dickenson without giving her name. The first one who guessed the subject of the story was to have the privilege of telling the next story. A boy in Banner group called out, “Anna Dickinson,” which gave him the privilege of being the next speaker.

There was no other story told that day, but the children have the promise of a similar game on every Sunday, if the Conductor has no other arrangement for the day.

Keep the children interested in some good game. O. H. WEBB.

—A lawyer is something of a carpenter; he can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, impanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

—When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down.

—What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR LYCEUM BANNER:—A happy and prosperous New Year to you. Our Children's Progressive Lyceum is a fixed fact in this city, and is prospering finely. We thought to have had a frolic on Christmas eve for the children, but on account of the absence of some who desired much to be present, it was decided to combine the delights of both Christmas Eve and New Year's festival in one evening, the last of the year.

Harmonial Hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and Lyceum flags, and over the platform was woven, of emerald twigs, the welcoming words, "Happy New Year." Our good friend and brother, J. A. Heald, was on hand with his brass band and enlivened the exercises with some soul-stirring music. A New Year's song was sung by the children of the groups; also gymnastic wand exercises, by a select band, were given, under the very able management of our musical directress. Other and very creditable performances were given by the children, which I will not detail.

The tree presented a very beautiful appearance lit up with wax tapers, decorated with flowers, and loaded with presents. 'Twas a wonderful tree, and perhaps no tree can bear a greater diversity of fruit.

After the preliminary exercises two beautiful angels were presented by the Conductor. These proceeded to gather the fruit of the tree and present, through the Conductor, to the intended recipients. The first marvelous production was a beautiful framed picture of the arrival of Hendrick Hudson in New York harbor, while the island on which now stands the commercial metropolis of the nation, and the adjacent country, were the abode of the red man. This present to Mr. Davis, accompanied with a very pretty and appropriate address, was to him a matter of great surprise and satisfaction, being a testimony of the high appreciation in which the members of the Lyceum hold him, and their affectionate desire to encourage him in his work. Then, anon, from this wonderful tree were gathered writing desks, albums and baskets, silver mugs, gloves, work-boxes, books, handkerchiefs, hoods, dolls, etc., etc. Our worthy Vice-President received a nimble jack, about the size of his finger, and our venerable and highly respected President a very valuable and reliable present in the form of a ten cent tin sword—a sword so harmless that even he, lover of peace and goodwill, could hardly decline to accept. Fun and

jokes were mixed up with the other good things, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." So far as could be, all were remembered.

Mr. Shepard, the musical medium, played a fine voluntary on the organ, and the festivities were concluded with music and dancing, under the management of our Conductor.

Much credit is due to the friends for their efforts to thus render the Lyceum more attractive, and unite us more closely in the bonds of social sympathy. .

CORRESPONDENT.

Troy, N. Y.

DEAR LYCEUM BANNER:—I must tell you about our Christmas Festival. Christmas day we met, our *Lyceum* I am talking about, in Rand's Hall, the largest in our city. At 2 o'clock P. M. we formed in groups, sang Christmas bells and cold water; then the Grand Banner March, and while marching all sang Columbia's Call. After this, they were dismissed, with the order that they should dance and have all the fun they could, and you may well guess they were not slow or very silent in obeying this order. I never saw a room-full of more happy children. Sullivan's most excellent band made the music for this occasion. And here let me say a few words about this same Sullivan's Band. For more than six months from eight to ten of its members have attended every session of our Lyceum, giving us the best of music for our marches and gymnastics, and accompanying us in the singing, and all this without any fee or reward from us. Don't you think the angels will bless them for all this? I do. But to return to the children.

The afternoon was one long to be remembered by them, and the crowd of our friends and visitors who witnessed the sport. Dancing and fun kept them all in high glee till near six o'clock, P. M., when we again called to order and marched down to the supper room, where a bountiful repast, prepared by the ladies, was in waiting for them. After full justice had been done to this part of the exercises, we again marched back to the hall, where we were met by that world-wide prince of children, old Santa Claus, in full costume, who at once proceeded to distribute his goods, giving a valuable present to every member of a group, thus making every heart glad. Everything passed off in harmony. All was joy and happiness, and at a little before seven P. M. we dismissed them, and with gleeful hearts and joyous shouts they left for their homes.

Our Lyceum is prospering finely. Last Sunday

—being Convention of Groups—was a proud day with us. The recitations were splendid and the attendance much larger than ever before.

Truly yours,
B. STARBUCK, Conductor.

Williamantic, Ct.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I want to tell you all what a pleasant surprise I had Sunday evening before Christmas. Banner Group came to spend the evening with me. After we were all seated, Miss Eliza Spenser, in a happy and appropriate manner, presented me with a splendid picture of my group, twelve in number. It was beautifully framed.

Two of the group were not in the picture I am sorry to say; they lived so far away it was not convenient.

Would you like to know the names of the group? You can place them as they are in the picture. First, at the left, standing, is Eliza Spenser and Leroy Abel; Idella Bowen in the centre. Then Roswell Stebbins, Thera Kingsley, Frank Nicolash and Rosa Isham. In front of Rosa sits Lavillian Fuller, next Freddie Clark and Charley Grant, and, last of all, Arthur Bill. The two absent ones are George Spenser and George French. Don't you think it a pretty picture?

To me it is more than a picture. It is a proof of affection and will be an incentive to duty, a tie that binds leader and group closer in bonds of friendship and love, a keepsake to cherish forever. Hoping you all had something to make you merry and happy, I bid you good-bye. LEADER.

CHILDISH DELICACY.—A lady, in one of the papers, relates a sweet little instance of a child's delicate thoughtfulness. She says: "I asked a little boy, last evening, 'Have you called your grandmother to tea?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'when I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't want to holloa at grandma, nor to shake her; so I kissed her cheek, and she woke very softly. Then I ran into the hall and said pretty loud, 'grandma, tea is ready,' and she never knew what woke her."

—A clergyman says it is curious to note how many people attend a circus "only because they want to please their children; but still more curious to observe that in many instances it takes two or three able-bodied men, with as many women to look after one little boy or girl."

—Why is the letter U of more value than cream to a dairy maid? Because it makes better butter.

WHAT IS LOVE?

J. W. Steward, a member of the Rochester (N. Y.) Lyceum gave the following answer:

There are as many loves as there are organs to be gratified. When viewed from a standpoint of metaphysical science I define love to be that force which binds every particle of universal substance in one aggregate whole; for, as affinity is the life of a compound in chemical science, so love is the life of the universe, from the simplest compounds in nature to the most mighty suns that roll in space. When viewed from a humanitarian and philanthropic standpoint, I define it to be that principle which makes itself manifest in our lives by words and deeds of kindness towards all whom we have the power to benefit, not alone to those who are our friends and who are harmonious, but to those who are friendless and inharmonious. It is that principle which causes every true reformer to shrink from stabbing the spirit and marring the happiness of their fellow creatures with the tongue of slander, for when universal soul-love wells up from the fountain of our being, it penetrates the dungeon walls and the vilest prisoner; penetrates the seared spirits until it reaches the immortal and beautiful soul, and loves it with the same intensity as if it were enshrined in the bright robes of a seraph. It is that principle which, in the good time coming, is destined to supersede that patriotism which prompts the Frenchman to take the life of an Englishman, and *vice versa*; to supersede that patriotism which prompts the American to hate the Englishman, and *vice versa*; to supersede that patriotism which causes the man born in the State of Massachusetts to hate his brother born in the State of South Carolina, and *vice versa*; for love is broad and universal in its nature, and extends, with its golden chords of sympathy towards everything that possesses life and feeling.

—A correspondent desires to know which arm a gentleman should take when with a lady? Which-ever he can get, and think himself lucky at that.

—The hen is a generous fowl. For every single kernel of corn she will give a peck.

—A baby is said to be like wheat, because it is first cradled, then threshed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

—An old lady, hearing of a pedestrian's "great feat," wondered why they didn't interfere with his fast walking.

—What is the most dangerous ship to embark in? Authorship.

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SUNBEAMS.

A DIALOGUE.

HATTIE—Did you ever see the sunbeams
Playing on some far off hill,
There among the rocks and grasses,
Dancing on each little rill,
Till the rocks look like clear crystal,
Every blade like diamonds rare,
Moving in the mellow breezes,
Playing on the hilltops there?

ROSE—Yes, dear Hattie, I have seen them
On the hill tops far away,
And on leafy boughs of maple,
In the fields where oft we play.
And I've often stopped and wondered,
When the leaves were decked with dew,
What were like the dancing sunbeams.
Dear me! I can't tell, can you?

HATTIE—Yes, dear Rose, I think I know it,
I've had visions all my own;
Dark and rough these rocks are looking
Left here to themselves alone.
And the fresh, green leaves of summer,
Borrow emerald; and the ray
Gives them all their tints and blendings,
Making them look bright and gay.

BOTH—So it is with little children,
Yes, and children older grown.
We should cherish love's sweet sunshine,
Make its blessings all our own.
Then, with hearts attuned to gladness,
And our spirits light and free;
We shall be, like nature's sunshine
Beautiful eternally.

N. A. A.

QUESTIONS.

- Will pain always follow wrong-doing?
- Can we escape punishment for wrong-doing?
- What is the punishment for neglect of duty?
- What is the punishment for uncleanness?
- What is the punishment for neglecting air and exercise?
- What is the punishment for over-eating and drinking?
- What is the punishment for unkind and ungente manners?
- What is the punishment for fault-finding?
- What is the punishment for untruthfulness?
- What is the punishment for selfishness?

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

Aspirations of Youth.

Higher, higher, will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time,
In our country's story;
Happy when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toll
In the mines of knowledge,
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Deive we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence, true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we, then, a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather.
Oh! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life, from home.

JUDGE NOT.

Do not rashly judge thy brother,
If he stumble in the way;
Life's beset with sore temptations,
He has fallen—and we may.

Let us rather kindly help him,
To regain the pathway lost;
Gentle words are never wasted,
Freely give—they little cost.

Take good heed unto thy footsteps;
Round thy walk lurks many a snare—
If like him thou shouldst be tempted,
Oh, my brother, watch, beware!

For we grope our way so blindly,
Through the darksome shades of life,
And the best will err so often
'Mid its tumult, toll and strife—

That I think it ill becomes us
Thus to judge our brother's case;
Let us wait until we've triumphed,
Standing in the self-same place.

—What is that which, when thrown out, may be caught without hand? A hint.

—It don't follow that a man dislikes his bed because he turns his back upon it.

If we are always watchful of our own conduct, we shall never have time to find fault with the doings of others.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 17, 2, 21, 9, 23, 8, is a boy's name.

My 24, 7, 18, 11, 8, is something that is used on a farm.

My 20, 22, 15, 7, is a girl's name.

My 6, 11, 15, 19, is an animal.

My 18, 1, 5, is a pronoun.

My 14, 7, 4, 8, 2, 12, is an adjective.

My 10, 16, 4, 8, 9, is of what books are formed.

My whole is a popular poet.

ANNIE HOLLAND.

I am a composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 7, 5, 18, is an article of general use in cities.

My 2, 12, 11, is a domestic fowl.

My 6, 9, 10, is an instrument of defense.

My 8, 3, 11, is a metal.

My 4, 5, 6, 12, is a place of security.

My 5, 12, 18, 18, is the name of a heroic archer.]

My whole is a wonderful work of art just completed.

PERCY.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 8, 7, 2, 16, 9, is an article of food.

My 1, 17, 10, 12, 6, is what I have to do to make this
enigma.

My 11, 18, 9, 6, 7, is used as a beverage.

My 4, 12, 14, 7, 18, is found in every LYCEUM BANNER.

My 15, 2, 8, 5, is much in use among fowls.

My whole is the name of the most complete book in the
English language.

D. M.

PUZZLE.

A wagoner passing a store was asked what he had in his
wagon. He replied:

"Three-fourths of a cross and a circle complete,

An upright where two semi-circles do meet,

A rectangle triangle standing on feet,

Two semi-circles and a circle complete."

What was in the wagon?

ANSWERS IN NO. 9.

Enigma by May Williams—Jennie Waterman Danforth.

Enigma by Louis Schroder—Recreation.

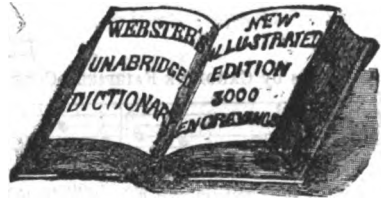
Word Puzzle by Hattie M. Briggs—Soap.

Answered by Nettle Bushnell, Chicago.

Reforming the world is like patching an old
coat, which will soon need another patch; but if
it were not for reformers the world would always
be out at the elbows.

It is not what we read but what we remember
that makes us wise.

Better live well than long.



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elsewhere.

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New York.

That man lives twice who lives his first life well

Never be angry with your neighbor because his
religious views differ from your own, for all the
branches of a tree cannot lean in the same direc-
tion.

Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune, and the
parent of many injuries.

Whatever be your faith in God, don't give up
your faith in yourself.

A wise man governs his passions; a fool obeys
them.

The good alone are great.

The tongue gives deeper wounds than the teeth.

Power will accomplish much, but perseverance
more.

To the resolute man nothing seems impossible.

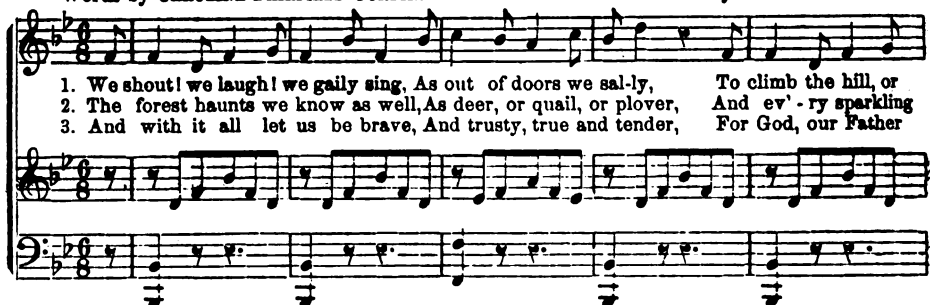
Love is the light of life.

HOLIDAY SONG.

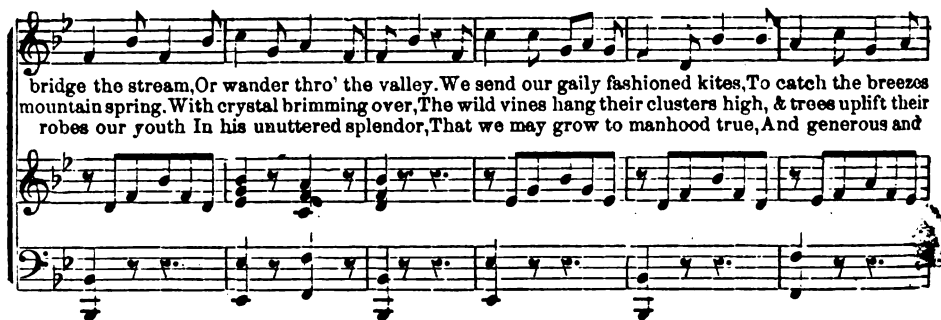
Written for the Lyceum Banner.

Words by CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

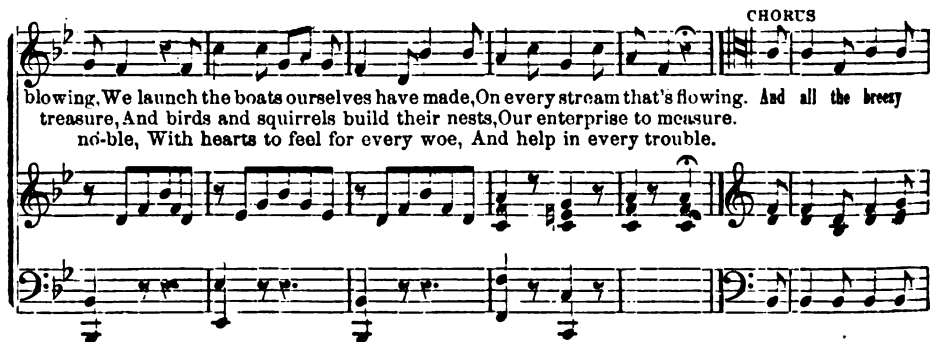
Music by E. T. BLACKMER.



1. We shout! we laugh! we gaily sing, As out of doors we sal-ly, To climb the hill, or
 2. The forest haunts we know as well, As deer, or quail, or plover, And ev'-ry sparkling
 3. And with it all let us be brave, And trusty, true and tender, For God, our Father

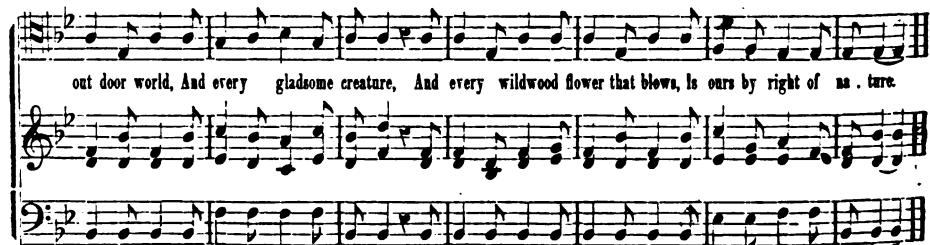


bridge the stream, Or wander thro' the valley. We send our gaily fashioned kites, To catch the breezes
 mountain spring. With crystal brimming over, The wild vines hang their clusters high, & trees uplift their
 robes our youth In his unuttered splendor, That we may grow to manhood true, And generous and



CHORUS

blowing. We launch the boats ourselves have made, On every stream that's flowing. And all the breezy
 treasure, And birds and squirrels build their nests, Our enterprise to measure.
 no-ble, With hearts to feel for every woe, And help in every trouble.



out door world, And every gladsome creature, And every wildwood flower that blows, Is ours by right of as- sure.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1889, by LOU E. KIMBALL, in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court for the Northern Dist. of Ill.