

The Lyceum Banner.

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No. 15.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LETTER TO MAUD.

NEAR LITTLE MAUD:—Your good mother has sent me a picture of you; and in a note, she says: "Isn't my Maud the sweetest, dearest thing in all the world? We love her very tenderly; and why shouldn't we?"

Of course, Maud, you are the prettiest, sweetest, dearest elf that lives—if your mother's opinion is of any worth, and no one disputes a mother's testimony where her child is concerned. It is conceded that she knows you far better than all the world beside. She knows the meaning of all your odd ways and queer words. If you smile in your sleep, why she knows well enough that the blessed angels are whispering to her darling; if you chance to kick and tumble about, as babies are likely to do when there is a lack of fresh air, why then the angels have come to take you back to Paradise, and she commences dosing and steaming to keep the breath of life in your precious body. The wonder is that she has not killed you, by

kindness. There are some things in babydom that even mothers fail to understand. We do not, unfortunately, remember our own baby sufferings; if we did, we might know that by lack of common sense we were doing such as you great wrong by feeding you candy and cheating you out of fresh milk and clean bread. If your cries keep the whole household wide-awake for a week, what of it? You have a right to the full, free exercise of your lungs; and then if we could but understand the meaning of the strange sounds you make, we should find that you were protesting against some great wrong that has been inflicted upon the class to which you belong. Some abominable "cordial" may be the cause of your out-cries. Children *are* abused. Nothing is truer. Pity they could not call conventions and pass resolutions in favor of children's rights, and in condemnation of their wrongs.

You are, indeed, darling, as pretty and as sweet as the flowers you have, and as fresh as the bunch of plums you so temptingly hold up; your flaxen hair waves and curls very bewitchingly; in your eyes of bluberry-blue one sees a world of beauty; your fair brow is suggestive of grace, love, music, poetry—all that makes childhood charming. To you the whole world, no doubt, seems as joyous and cloudless as a June day. Well, Baby-lard is rose-hued; a mother's sheltering arms and a father's protecting care keep all dangerous things at bay; and then, allow me to say, as other shave said, "ignorance is bliss."

I, too, have been in or all over your fairy land; I know the charms within and the charms without. To you, as to me, the gate leading to the great world stands ajar. You will halt by the opening gate, look back, and go forward. You will find friends to love, hearts to bless; but, perhaps, none who will be so blind to your faults as your mother is to-day; none like your father to love in spite of your weaknesses. Storms are in this outer world, and there is no nursery haven; but the heart must be very weak that will not

brave a hundred blasts. The old oak on the north side of the hill has grown strong, because of the winds. Thorns will wound your tender feet, but healing balm, too, grows here; wicked words, like cannon balls, may wound, may kill; but you will rise again to defy danger and death; you may stumble because of your own weakness, but others have fallen. Many sorrows may cloud your brow, but they will sanctify your heart; tears dim the eyes, but they wash them for clearer seeing.

The world needs strong hands and earnest hearts, Maud; it is sadly in want of brave, true, tender, working women—women who will teach strength, wisdom, love, holiness. So come up and on, child. Let no lions or wolves deter you from doing the work that waits your hands. Keep your heart and life as fresh and simple as the flowers you have gathered. Let Truth be your guide, and the way will be pleasant and the end a life of peace in the flowery hills of Life.

GERTIE GRANT.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LOST IN THE WOODS;

OR,

WHO WAS THE BRAVEST?

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN,

Author of "Woman's Secret," "Uncle Timothy," "Married," etc.



WITH a whoop and a shout the boys pushed on to follow their leader. The chasm proved this time to be wide enough to admit them freely single file, but the pathway was rough and uneven, and Archie was obliged to proceed with some caution, particularly as he could not be certain but what, at any moment, there might be a fissure in the rocks which should let him down to some bottomless chasm or abyss. At last, however, he came to what seemed an abrupt or rocky termination of the chasm. But after a few minutes' examination by the light of his torch, he found that there was a small, irregular opening through the rocks, through which he might possibly pass by putting his head in first, and "worming" himself through. The difficulty was the extreme uncertainty concerning what might be on the other side, for the opening was so small that if he thrust his torch through he could not get his head through at the same time to see, and without the torch it was impossible to see anything.

"I say, Archie," said Jem Somers, "I wouldn't go through. You might get into a place where you couldn't get out, and then, what would become of you?"

But Dick Armstrong was ready with a suggestion. "I'll tell you, Archie, put your feet through first, and see if you can feel any footing. If you can, go through and hold tight to the rocks till I can push a torch through to you. I don't want to give the thing up now, till we've got to the end of it."

Archie did not wait for Dick to finish speaking before he had taken off his boots and stockings, and begun the task of "worming" through, feet foremost. The opening was of such a shape that he was obliged to start lying upon his back, but half way through, a sudden downward curve made it necessary to turn over, so that after he had gone about twice his length he felt a broad, smooth footing under him, and concluded that it was time to call for a light.

Dick was already scrambling after him with a torch, being assured by Archie that he could do so with safety. And now, Archie taking the light, and waving it about him, shouted:

"Come on, boys. There's room enough for you all to stand here, but beyond I can hear a strange noise like some wild beast roaring, only it is not an animal, because the noise is steady. It keeps going all the time."

By this time Dick was through, and the two boys commenced a cautious advance, in the direction of the sound. After proceeding ten or fifteen feet the road seemed to fork, one pathway leading ahead, but by a passage so dangerous that both boys hesitated about pursuing it. They found themselves standing upon the brink of a deep abyss, out of which proceeded the hoarse, rushing sound which had startled Archie.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Dick, "there's a river down there. There are under-ground rivers, for I've read of them in books, and this must be one of them."

"I wish we could get down there," said Archie, "but this path seems to lead straight ahead, over the top of the cavern below."

"Path!" said Dick, "that's a queer kind of path, I should say, that has got two sides to it, but no bottom."

"Oh!" said Archie, "I'm barefooted you see, and there's a little shelving place along the rocks where I could get a footing, and by placing my hands upon the opposite wall of the chasm, make my way across; only I should have to take a string and tie the torch to my head to get light."

Dick, meantime, was examining the other fissure, which seemed to lead by a very rough and seemingly impassable way down toward the cavern through which the stream was rushing with

an empty, hollow sound, that would have frightened the boys if they had been a whit less excited and ready for an adventure.

"I say, Archie," said he, "do you suppose we could get down there?"

"I'll try," said Archie

He looked down the chasm, and then stripping off his coat and jacket, and making them into a bundle for one of the boys to carry, he took a stout hemp string which had been in his pocket, and bound his torch fast to his head, and then commenced his perilous descent.

To understand thoroughly how bold a thing this was, you should remember that he was going in utter darkness, except for the flickering light of his torch, down a steep, and rough, and evidently, very dangerous pathway, where a single false step might have precipitated him into an awful and unknown abyss, from which rescue would have been, so far as he could judge, absolutely impossible. The known dangers of the pathway were terrible; the unknown possibilities of danger absolutely awful, yet Archie never faltered. From one sharp jutting corner of rock to another, he pursued his cautious, but fearless way, shouting aloud, now and then, to Dick, who followed him closely, such directions as the nature of the obstacles demanded.

The other boys, terrified at the boldness of the undertaking, stood clustered about the brink of the chasm, awaiting the results.

Dick, at last, grew tired out, and sitting down upon a shelf of the rock, called out to Archie:

"I say, Archie, I'm not going any farther. You'll never get to the bottom, and you might break your neck at any step."

But Archie only shouted back, "I'm more than half way down, I know, and I shan't give it up now. I can hear the river very plainly. You stay there till I call you."

Dick sat in silence waiting for the next sound of Archie's voice, and watching anxiously the light of his torch which, in the deep distance, looked like a star, and which seemed to leap from crag to crag like an *ignis fatuus*. At last, a tremendous shout from Archie announced results.

"I say, boys, it's splendid down here, and you must all come down. I'll come down and hold my torch, and show you the way."

But the boys demurred. They thought it too dangerous sport.

"Besides," said Jem Somers, "it's getting late. It must be after dark."

"Well," said Archie, "just wait a moment till I

see where this path goes to; it is very smooth and I can run up it in a minute."

In three minutes his torch was visible to the astonished boys at the end of the narrow, bottomless chasm, which led directly across the top of the chasm.

"Come across," said Archie. "It is easy enough, I'll hold my light for you."

It did, indeed, look easy compared with the perilous way by which Archie had descended to the cave, but it was still a feat difficult of accomplishment. The boys, however, ashamed to fall so far behind Archie in courage, commenced to walk this narrow, shelving way, the deep cavern and the roaring river directly beneath them, and their main support from falling gathered by leaning against the opposite wall of the chasm. In ten minutes, however, they were all safely across the gulf and were ready to follow Archie down the smooth pathway to the cavern below.

Then, indeed, a wonderful spectacle broke upon their vision. The cavern was large but the assembled torches of the boys lighted it up with tolerable distinctness, and they beheld a great domed chamber in the rocks, from the roof of which hung innumerable glittering stalactites, like immense icicles, while the water which dripped down from them upon the floor of the chamber, had formed a glittering incrustation of polished, but irregular surface, which was unlike anything they had ever seen before. Through the center of this cave a deep, dark torrent rushed, its black waves reflecting the light of their torches in gleams of fire and blood.

The boys stood silent for a moment, and each one took off his hat as if by a natural movement of reverence. I think in each boy's mind, at that moment, stirred an impulse of wonder and awe, and vivid comprehension of that Power which has fashioned the mighty Universe in which we live, and stored its deepest recesses with mysteries of beauty and grandeur.

Dick was the first to speak.

"Come, boys," he said, "we must go home; it is getting late, sure enough."

Then arose a consultation about the best way of proceeding to find the surface of the earth again. Some of the boys thought they should, of course, take the back track, but Archie Lovell felt a strange determination to go forward. Some of the boys, feeling that Archie was so brave a leader that it would be a shame not to trust him, inclined to his opinion, while others demurred. While they were disputing Archie ran up the smooth

pathway, and following out the pathway beyond, cried out :

"Come this way, boys, the road is smooth and ascending, and I believe will lead us out to daylight. Come on,"

This settled the question, and the boys rushed pell-mell after him.

Fifteen minutes of tolerably easy climbing brought them to a cave in whose upper surface were traces of earth and roots of trees, and after examining it for a few minutes, Archie exclaimed :

"I know where we are now. This is the bear's den in the woods at the west side of Bald Hill. I can take you straight to daylight now. I've been in here before."

The bear's den was indeed a locality well known to old hunters, and Archie had calculated rightly the chances of getting to the surface. In five minutes time, following his lead, they were standing on *terra firma*, forest trees sighing over their heads, a damp wind blowing in their heated faces, and no light about them but that which their torches afforded.

But Archie was still in the best of spirits and elated with the discovery he had made, shouted : "Hurrah for Lovell's cave !" and started on, with the whole excited troop shouting and hurraing at his back.

Their way home led directly past the old cottage occupied by Noah and Regie. In the little thatched hovel near by, Noah kept a cow, from which half his subsistence was derived. Straight past this hovel the excited boys went, shouting and brandishing their torches. A stray spark from one of them lodged in the thatch of the barn and smouldering there for an hour or two, burst forth in the middle of the night, destroying barn, and cow, and cottage, and every worldly possession of Noah and Regie.

It was for this that Regie's tears were falling when Ben met her on the road to school.

[To be Continued.]

THE SNOW.

DEAR BANNER:—Henry, a Lyceum scholar boy I love, my boy of promise, caught the inspiration of the falling snow the other day, and wrote me a verse about it—intended only for my own eye. I think it is pretty, so I send it to you :

Purity in nature, purity in art,
Purity in character, purity in heart,
Purity in everything, everything that's good—
Purity we all could have, if life were understood.

J. O. BARRETT.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

Rock Island, Ill.

The Rock Island Lyceum held its annual meeting for the election of officers on Sunday morning, February 14th, which resulted in the re-election of the whole staff of officers, with assistants, for the ensuing year, which are as follows :

Conductor—Henry Jones.

Assistant Conductor—Mr. Thompson.

Guardian of Groups—Mrs. Wilson.

Assistant Guardian—Mrs. Barrett.

Musical Director—Mr. I. Webster.

Assistant Director—Mr. M. Folsom.

Organist—Miss J. Wilson.

Treasurer—Mr. W. T. Norris.

Secretary—Moses Folsom.

Librarian—Miss Alice Wilson.

Assistant Librarian—Mr. Biglow, with a full staff of guards.

The whole affair passed off with the greatest unanimity of feeling and union of action, the whole Lyceum joining in the exercises.

Our Lyceum has more than maintained its ground during the past year. We have raised money and purchased between seventy and eighty dollars' worth of books during the year, besides all other incidental expenses, and are now out of debt. Our numbers are steadily increasing, which makes us sanguine of success in the future. Notwithstanding, we feel that there are new duties to perform, new trials to endure, new aggressions to be made upon the empire of ignorance, and, we hope, new triumphs to be achieved during the current year, despite the religio-sectarian opposition with which we have to contend.

THE LYCEUM BANNER is always a welcome visitor in our midst, as it comes laden with words which live and thoughts that burn, to the children. Its poetry is frequently sung or recited by the members of the different groups. Long may its light cheer and its truths guide the little ones up the hill of progress, until they can bathe their brows in the sunlight of the higher spheres. During this time may its laborers be amply encouraged, and liberally sustained in their onerous work is the desire of

Yours Respectfully,

MOSES FOLSOM.

New York Lyceum Anniversary.

DEAR EDITORS:—Yesterday we attended the sixth anniversary of the New York Lyceums, still under the wise and loving control of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor and Guardian. It was a blessed reunion. The festival was held

in the large and fine Everett Rooms. As the anniversary exercises had been necessarily deferred till now, "St. Valentine's Day" was fortunately fixed upon, and this paved the way for a "Post Office" with its attendant fun and frolic, each member getting one letter or more, with all sorts of comic and handsome pictures, and not a few precious heart messages from the family of St. Valentine.

All this was interspersed with music, dancing, and the merry sports of childhood and youth until the dinner hour came, when, in the most orderly manner, and to the sound of music, the groups filed into the ample dining-room adjoining the large hall, where a bountiful "pic-nic dinner" had been spread by generous and loving hands, which each and all partook of with the greatest satisfaction.

But I hasten to tell you of our *Queen of Favors*, for she was a veritable fairy queen. After the play spell was over and the groups had been seated for the distribution of presents, in walked, with all the grace

"Of babyhood's royal dignities,"

little Minnie Green, a tiny four-year old, in white and scarlet, and ermine, with a golden crown upon her sweet baby brow.

"As the lily of the valley she was fair,
As the lily of the valley she was sweet,
From her softly-silken head of sunny hair,
To the budded little dimples of her feet."

Attended by two fairy "pages," this "wee darling" seated herself right regally upon her graceful throne, and after a brief address to her subjects that sounded like the warbling of some birdie, the gifts were placed, one by one, in her tiny hands by the Conductor, transmitted by her to the pages or "Maids of Honor," and by them to the joyous recipients—the Lyceum members. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Affectionately yours,

MARY F. DAVIS.

ORANOR, N. J., February 15th, 1860.

Troy, N. Y.

Our Lyceum is still flourishing and the interest increases. We now have quite a large audience to witness our exercises every Sunday, and those who come are very respectful and attentive. Many children, from six to sixteen years old, come in to look on, and their eager looks and glistening eyes tell that they enjoy it much, and when we are distributing the LYCEUM BANNER, many of them beg for a paper, and after supplying the groups, we distribute those left among the audience.

B. STARBUCK.

Chicago, Ill.

The third anniversary of the Chicago Progressive Lyceum was celebrated by a concert and exhibition, which afforded great pleasure to those who participated, as well as to the goodly number of spectators.

The programme included a song, "Spring has Come," by the whole Lyceum; a Salutatory, by one of the prominent young men; an invocation, by one of the youngest members; recitations, which were models of oratory; tableaux; vocal and instrumental music; gymnastic exercises, and last, but by no means least, a laughable pantomime, "Advertising for a Wife."

All this was concluded by a supper and dancing. Now, wasn't that a feast of good things? And good they really were. The unanimous opinion was, that the exhibition was of the very highest order and reflected great credit on all, from Dr. Avery, the popular and beloved Conductor, to the smallest group. I wonder if all Lyceum children realize what a great blessing they receive, and how delightful to think that they, on the earth, and the angel-children in the Spirit world, are marching, singing, and learning how to develop their highest natures, each in their own Lyceum.

When the earth-children realize that fact they will surely strive more earnestly to grow in spirit.

FROM ONE WHO LOVES CHILDREN.

EXHIBITION.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Philadelphia, held recently an exhibition in Camden, N. J. The exhibition consisted of free and vocal gymnastics, gymnastic ring exercises, with music (in costume), gymnastic dumb-bell exercises with music (in costume), tableaux, songs, marches, questions and answers, silver-chain recitations, and we are glad to learn that the sweet song with gymnastics was well performed. It was written for the LYCEUM BANNER by Emma Tuttle, and set to music by Mr. E. T. Blackmer. Mr. and Mrs. Dyott are the good angels of this Lyceum. What they do is well and lovingly done. A great army of children will rise up and call them blessed.

—What part of a chemical apparatus is like a sharp reply? The retort.

—Why is the letter L like a priceless gem? Because it is invaluable.

—Why is bad French like a broken pitcher? Because it is a jargon (jar gone).

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

I took a hasty leave of my readers the other day. Time and trains take little heed of drones. Knowing this fact, I sent the little woman, who owns and cares for the LYCEUM BANNER, the words that I had on paper, and was away toward New York. Twenty-six hours from Cleveland, Ohio, found me in New York. It was late in the evening when I reached that great city. Knowing the foolish idea some people have of women who go from home alone, I provided myself with a letter of introduction to the proprietor of the St. Nicholas. Some twenty of us reached this splendid travelers' home about the same time. Giving my bag to a servant, I said : "Give me a room."

"Are you alone, madam?"

"Alone," I said.

"I am so sorry, Madam; but the ladies' rooms are all taken. We have been turning people away this last hour. We cannot keep you."

Taking no notice of the *cannot* and regrets I handed him my letter to Mr. Hawks.

The man, bowing, disappeared. He returned quite another being. Would I accept a gentleman's room on the fifth floor?—it was the very best that could be done. I said yes without hesitating. While I was waiting to have the gentleman turned out for my benefit, a gentleman and a richly dressed lady came in. The lady had come from Albany to meet her husband; but he was not there.

"What am I to do if you leave me?" said the little, butterfly-looking lady to the gentlemen, her escort. "Who will take care of me?"

The same servant was under the painful necessity of informing this lady that the only unoccupied room was a little bedroom next to mine, on the fifth floor.

"Worse and worse!" she exclaimed. "You would not think of putting a *lady* on the upper floor; no *lady* would submit to such treatment."

"Beg pardon, madam," the gentleman from Ireland said, glancing at me; "here is a lady who takes the room next to the one I can give you. She makes no objection to it, and she comes with the very best of recommends from a Member of Congress."

The lady took a good stare at me, and said, "It seems shocking to go so high." I did not wait to learn her fate; but I certainly found it a terrible getting up stairs.

Next morning, I descended to the common level of humanity, and took a look through Broadway, made a few purchases, and went up to the *Revolution* office.

I found Parker Pillsbury at his post, defending woman's right to the ballot. Several ladies were in the office, doing what their heads suggested to be done for the benefit of the *Revolution*. Mrs. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony are still in the West, working, as brave women will work, to break the chains of the bondwomen. I trust that those whose cause these revolutionists so nobly plead will be rewarded by a good list of subscribers and the "well done" of all the women in the nation.

The next call was on Hon. Warren Chase, at the *Banner of Light* branch office, 544 Broadway. Time has silvered his hair, but his head is still clear, and his heart as fresh as when he joined the ranks of image-breakers, twenty-five years ago.

I met, by appointment, at Mr. Chase's office, Henry T. Child, M. D., and M. B. Dyott, Esq., both of Philadelphia; Dr. R. T. Hallock, of New York, and George A. Bacon, the Eastern editor of the *American Spiritualist*. Ours was a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the American Association of Spiritualists.

We discussed the college enterprise; the missionary labors; reviewed the past, and devised plans for the future. The objections to our doings were considered. We are all glad to hear of *honest* criticism. Suggestions and rebukes are all well when they come from true hearts, but when spleen, spite, and jealousy induce remarks and falsehood, we hope to let them pass as we do the ravings of madmen. Our meeting was harmonious, and, soul-wise, of profit. Late in the afternoon we adjourned to meet, three months hence, in Philadelphia. I shall then, very likely, be going toward California, but my good-will will remain with my faithful co-workers. B.

Address at the Fifth Anniversary of Lyceum No. 1, Philadelphia.

BY M. B. DYOTT.

It is known to some of you who were attached to this Lyceum, either as officers, leaders, or members, when it first commenced its existence, that this is its fifth birthday. It was organized upon the 17th day of January, 1864, by Mr. S. J. Finney, at Sansom Street Hall, and is five years old to-day. It continued its meetings at that hall for nearly three years; commenced with a membership of something near one hundred; gave several exhibitions; purchased a piano, library, all the equipments of the Lyceum, and increased its membership to about two hundred. Perfect harmony and good feeling existed among all who were attached to it. The hall being needed for other purposes, we were obliged to seek another place of meeting, and removed to Washington Hall, about a mile and a half distant from where we first organized, which reduced our membership to about one hundred. We, however, soon built it up to three hundred. The neighborhood into which we had moved being more central to the dwellings of its members. Not long after we were comfortably lodged in our new home an element of dissension, fault-finding, and inharmony crept into our happy and prosperous Lyceum, which marred its fair proportions, destroyed in a measure its beauty, and finally resulted in division, dissension, and separation, so that our life as a Lyceum has been similar to that of most of us as individuals; like the undulating waves of the ocean, some times we are upon its white-capped summit, and again in the valley of shadows.

Having removed again between one and two miles from our former location, it is not reasonable to suppose that we should take with us more than half of our membership, and as we had too full Lyceums, we could well afford to have one-half of our flock find another fold, perhaps it is best that when the hive becomes too full that the bees should swarm and organize in another hive, in which we hope they will garner up rich stores of wisdom, and attain to greater degrees of perfection and happiness. They are our children, who have sought a new home, and we wish them all the joy and happiness that parents desire for their offspring. Although our Lyceum, by the change of location, has decreased in numbers, it has increased in order, good behavior, and harmony, and is upon the highway to greater prosperity

than it has ever attained. It is growing rapidly in numbers, in health, in beauty, and in strength, and if we all move on as harmoniously as we have started, we shall attain to greater prosperity and usefulness than we have ever hoped for.

CHILD THOUGHTS.

A little three-year old girl saw the snow this year for the first time. After watching the feathery flakes as they floated through the air, wondering whence they came, a new thought came down with the snow. Jumping and spating her little hands, she exclaimed, "I know! I know now all about these little white feathers! The angels are emptying their beds!"

Little Eva F. was shown a new picture an artist had taken of her sweet face. She looked for a moment in mute admiration, then said, "Oh, Auntie, look! arn't her lovely?"

Eddie Clark attended for the first time a Progressive Lyceum. Several little girls in white dresses trimmed with flowers came from behind a curtain, sang "A song of heaven," and disappeared. "Is this heaven, mamma?" Eddie asked. "No," replied Mrs. Clark; "this is Sunday-school." "Then, mamma, what for did them angels come in and sing?" he asked.

IMPORTANT ITEM.

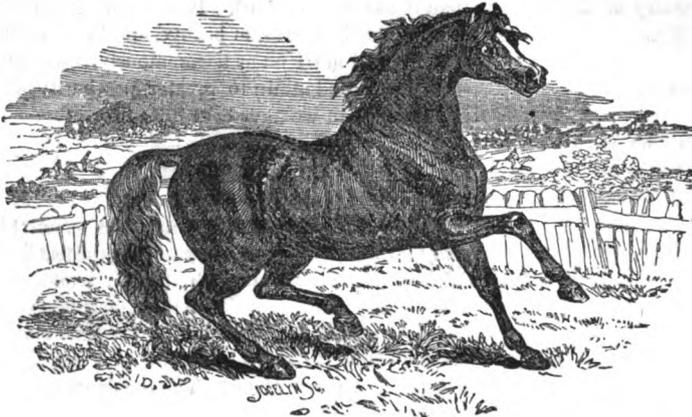
Some of our good friends will be glad to know that we have sent them twenty-four copies of the LYCEUM BANNER for the \$1 received, and that we have no wish to part company with these generous souls. We will continue to make our BANNER a teller of pleasant stories, a singer of sweet songs, and a general favorite; but you, dear readers, will see that the dollars are not wanting. Please let us hear from you very soon.

THANKS to our good little friend, Lillie May Dow, for a list of subscribers.

A FEW damaged copies of the LYCEUM BANNER, No. 14, were mailed by mistake. Those who wish to keep them for binding can have perfect copies by sending to this office.

—Why are A, E, and U the handsomest of the vowels? Because you can't have beauty without them.

—Why is a worn out shoe like ancient Greece? Because it once had a Solon (sole-on).



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

BROWNIE.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

FRANK GORDON owned the prettiest pony in Brookville. He was not only the best looking pony, but he was the *best* pony; had an amiable disposition, and could pace and canter and trot so well that everybody envied Frank for having such a valuable horse. His name was "Brownie," named on account of his color, which was a handsome chestnut. Frank's father was not a rich man; on the contrary, he was poor and had to plan night and day to think how to cover ten little feet and five little bodies and fill so many little mouths, for Frank had four sisters, the youngest but a baby. Still I don't believe that Mr. Gordon would have parted with a single one of his children for a bag of diamonds. Frank was the oldest; a bright boy of twelve, who loved his pony better than anything in the world, except his blue-eyed baby sister; and disliked geography and grammar and going to school, as a great many other boys have done before him. He was studying one afternoon in the sitting-room. His mind would be on his lesson for one minute, and off it would go for about five, to base-ball and Brownie, and then back to long division again. Presently he heard a voice, the wee one of his five-year old sister.

"I say, Frank, a big man is going to take Brownie off."

"What!" said Frank, horse thieves uppermost in his mind.

"Yes, he is," said Bessie. "You go and see It's a big man, with whiskers all over his face."

Frank gave a bound, and away went his book in one direction and his slate in another. Out in

the yard by the barn a man was talking with Mr. Gordon.

"Oh, pshaw! I know what's up. I'll bet father is going to buy me a new saddle. It's funny, though, for I heard him tell mother last night that he didn't know where our next barrel of flour was coming from. Why! that's Mr. Jones, the grocery man! I don't believe *he* sells saddles."

Frank stood and watched him look in Brownie's mouth and stroke his glossy back, and was surprised to see his father bring the saddle from the stable and put it on the pony,—the mute friend that he loved so well.

"I believe," said Frank, "that he's going to lend Brownie to Mr. Jones, and I'd like to know what for. Funeral or something, I guess."

Mr. Jones rode away, and Mr. Gordon came into the house. His face was pale and had grown old since morning.

"What's going on, father? I thought Mr. Jones had horses of his own."

"Frank," answered Mr. Gordon, "I have sold Brownie," and left the room. Frank did not speak, but threw himself upon the lounge and cried, as only strong boys *can* cry. "Sold Brownie, sold Brownie," rung in his ears, and his sobs brought all the household in.

"It couldn't be helped," said his mother. "We owed Mr. Jones, and had no money to give him. Your father thought once of letting him have the piano, but Minnie plays so well we could not let that go, and Brownie was sold instead."

The sobs ceased, and Frank set his brain to work to plan what could be done. He went out into the orchard, and thought with all his might for an hour. Meanwhile in the house they were saying:

"I'm glad it's over; Frank got through with it better than I expected;" but a mother's and father's hearts were grieved to cause their boy such pain, and the four little sisters were in tears. When he came in he went to his father.

"Please tell me, father, just how much you owe Mr. Jones; I mean if you hadn't——." He could not say, "let him have Brownie," so he said, "settled with him?"

"Seventy five dollars, my son. He allowed one hundred and fifty for the pony, but the extra seventy-five will have to go to settle the bill at Halcolm's."

Frank put on his cap, saying, "I'd like to go down town a little while. Please don't ask me what for till I come back."

Off he went, jumping over the fence in his hurry, ran down the street, and burst into Mr. Jones' counting room like a rocket.

"Mr. Jones, you bought a horse of my father this afternoon."

"Yes, my fine fellow; cheap, too, and just the thing for my Dick to ride."

"I called," said Frank, "to ask what the least is you would take for him?"

"Just what I paid—one hundred and fifty dollars."

Frank's countenance dropped. He had a little hope before that Mr. Jones might sell the pony for a little less than he had paid.

"Is there any way that I could keep Brownie, and pay for him a little at a time?"

"There is one way you can have the pony, Frank," replied the grocer, "and that is to put into my hand just what I gave for him. Good-day," and he bowed out the disappointed and mortified boy. Frank did not go directly home. He went first to a drug store, kept by an old friend of his father. The proprietor was weighing out medicine for a fat country woman. Frank waited till the druggist was through with his customers; then he began:

"Mr. Smith, do you want to hire a boy?"

"Well, I don't know as I do. I did last week, but money's pretty tight, and I've concluded to get along with less help."

"I would work every minute, Mr. Smith; run errands, sweep the store, and learn after awhile to wait on customers."

"I'll see about it, as long as it's you. You were always a favorite of mine, but you ought to be in school."

"No matter what I ought to do. I am going to try and earn some money."

"Well, call round in the morning, and I'll let you know."

Frank slept soundly that night, but was awakened early by a familiar sound beneath his window. He looked out and saw *Brownie*, neighing, as if he was calling for his master. Frank was dressed quicker than he ever was before in his life, and out doors, with his head buried in the long mane of his pet.

"Oh, Brownie! oh, Brownie! and did you break away, and come to me? It will be harder now than ever to let you go."

Brownie gave a little, short neigh, but it spoke volumes, and seemed to say, "Don't feel bad, I won't forget you, but I wish you'd buy me back again."

Just then Frank saw Mr. Jones' hired man coming for the lost property, and, giving Brownie's bridle into his hands, he went to breakfast. At nine o'clock he was again with Mr. Smith, and by ten the druggist had arranged to hire him and give him three dollars a week.

"That's three dollars a week better than nothing," thought Frank, as he walked home, "and that would buy Brownie back in a year if I didn't have to have any clothes. But I'll save what I can, and make my new round-about last like sixty."

I'll not say that his father and mother were quite satisfied to have him leave school, but the earnest boy was conqueror, and was, the next morning, duly installed in Smith & Co.'s drug store. This was in May, and by November he had earned fifty dollars, and a prouder boy than Frank never lived, as he went to the bank, left his money and took a certificate of deposit.

"Money in the bank!" he said. "Now, I am going to see Brownie," and every time when he had leisure he would go to Mr. Jones' barn and talk to his old friend. I don't say that Frank's life was pleasant or even easy. He worked hard, and Mr. Smith was often cross. Sometimes the head-clerk would get angry with him for some little neglect of duty, and he had to try hard to be civil and patient. Nights, after he came home, he brought in the wood, and then he sat down and studied; not long, but enough so that he did not get entirely behind the classes which he had left.

So time went on, and the happiest day of his life was in less than two years when he bought back his pony. Brownie had not forgotten him, and took to his old quarters as if he had never left them.

Mr. Smith could not afford to part with his young clerk, and, in years, when Brownie was old, the name of the firm became Smith & Gordon and Frank was as happy as a king.

—What is the smallest sound made by the sea?
A creek.

—What is the best color for a good action
Dun.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

CLARA WEST AND HER DOG, HERO.

BY ANNA M. NORTROP.

I SUPPOSE every child will laugh at this picture, and the grown-up children, too; for I admit that it is a funny one. You may all laugh as much as you please; but when you know the history of this dog, you will agree with me that a dog may be a hero, and that there is nobility of character among animals with four feet, as well as those with only two. Look in the intelligent face of Hero. See how solemn his face is, as he turns it toward Clara West, his young mistress, while she holds the spoon to his delicate mouth. I have no doubt he understands every word she says, as she fastens the tidy around his neck; or that he realizes what a bad dog he would be if he should spill a drop of milk on his white bosom. Look at his fore-paws, too, and notice how prim and precise they look, and how closely he has placed them together, I suppose for the purpose of balancing his large body. He believes in accommodating himself to circumstances, I suppose, and understands as well as you or I, that he cannot eat bread and milk from a bowl and spoon as easily as he could gnaw a bone.

"O Clara; let Hero alone—give him a bone, and not wait to feed him with a spoon. Come and play 'keep house.'"

This was said by Angie Moore, who had come with her doll, to pass the afternoon.

"No, Angie, I always feed him at this time, and

he would feel slighted if I should neglect him, wouldn't you, Hero?"

He winked his eyes and nodded his head very decidedly.

"Pooh, Clara, he's only a dog, and doesn't know anything about being slighted."

"See here, Angie, I like you ever so much; better than any girl I know, except Sissie here; but I sha'n't let you at all, if you tell that Hero don't know about anything. He knows as much as any of us; don't you, Hero?"

He gave a short, quick bark, which meant, of course, I do.

"What makes you think so much of a great black dog, Clara? I should rather have a white kitten, or a rabbit with pretty pink eyes, than a homely dog, like Hero."

"Angie Moore, you don't know what you are talking about. You never heard what Hero did, I'm sure, or you would not talk so."

"No, I didn't know that he ever did any thing, except to eat bread and milk from a spoon."

"Sit down, then, and I will tell you; and then if you don't like him, you need not come here any more, for I don't care to have any one love me who don't love my dog. Now, Hero, be very careful and not spill any milk, while I tell her how you came by your name. You remember the fire, don't you, Doggie?"

At the word "fire," he put his nose up in the air, and gave a low howl, and began to tremble all over.

"There, there, Hero; it's all right, now," and she put her arm about his neck, and kissed his white face till he grew quiet, and then went on with her story.

"When I was a baby, my father and mother lived in Illinois. They were not as rich as they are now, and had a small house, with but three rooms in it. When mamma went away, she always fastened the doors and left the dog to watch me. One day, she went to see a sick woman, about two miles away. She fed me and put me in the cradle, and told him to take care of me. The house stood on a prairie, and a little away from it, on one side, was a small stream. It was summer and the grass was very dry, and there had been fires all around. You have heard of prairie fires, haven't you, Angie?"

"Yes, I have read about them, and I know when the fire gets in the grass, it burns as long as

there is anything to burn ; and sometimes people and animals are burned."

" Yes, and after mamma went away, a fire commenced a few miles from our house, and came towards it, as fast as fast could be. I suppose the dog knew it was coming ; perhaps he smelled it. It reached the house, and just as it was all in a blaze, my father and mother came in sight, on the other side of the stream. They had heard of the fire, and were hurrying home. As they saw the flames, mamma screamed, ' O, the baby ! the doors are fastened. She is burned to death.' Just then they heard a crash, and the dog sprang through the window, with the baby in his mouth—his head high in the air, and dashed into the water. The fire had caught my clothes, and as the air touched us, it set them in a blaze, and poor doggie's hair was on fire too—but he held on ; and as soon as he touched the water the fire was out ; but the dog and the baby were burned badly. My father caught us both in his arms, and carried us to my mother, who had fallen on the ground, thinking I was burned to death. For many a day they watched over us, and the baby's burns were not dressed any more tenderly than those of the dog who had saved her life. His name was Nimrod ; but they changed it to Hero—for he was one. Now do you wonder why I love him, and feed him with a silver spoon ?"

" No, indeed, Clara ; he ought to have a gold spoon. I will never call him homely again. Dear old Hero, I want to kiss him too."

He seemed disposed, at first, to resent this liberty from a stranger, but finally, at Clara's request, condescended to allow it.

" There is another good thing about him, too, Angie. He takes care of all the little dogs about the neighborhood ; and if they get in trouble, they all run to him for protection. You ought to see how grand he looks when he sees a large dog chasing a small one. It seems as if he wants to say, " You ought to be ashamed, you great brute, to frighten a dog smaller than yourself ; and the other will look in his eye a minute, and then sneak away, with his head down, and I know he is ashamed. And one day he had a nice piece of meat, and a poor starved puppy came along, and looked at it so wishfully. Hero stood and looked, first at the dog, then at the meat, as if he wanted it so much he could hardly let it alone ; but at last he took it in his mouth, and carried it to the poor hungry animal, and stood wagging his tail and watching him, to keep the other dogs away while he ate it. Wasn't that good ?"

" Yes, Clara ; and I think now he is better than the prettiest kitten or rabbit in the world."

I heard this, and I said to myself, I think some girls and boys—yes, and men and women, too, would do well to follow the example set them by Hero, if he is a dog ; for I have seen many a large boy hurt a small one, just because he was the strongest ; and more than one girl I have seen who, if she had an apple or peach, or piece of cake, would hurry and fill her mouth so full that she was nearly choked, for fear a playmate would say, " Please give me a bite." So you may laugh at the picture, if you choose ; but for my part, I wish there were more *people* in the world like Hero—brave, kind and generous. And I would rather eat bread and milk from the same spoon with such a dog as Hero than to eat turkey with a cross, stingy man or woman—wouldn't you ?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY.—The March number of this popular magazine reminds us that we have among us a magazine that is not, in literary ability, behind any magazine in the East. Robert Collyer's article on " The Human Heart of Luther " is well worth a year's subscription.

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ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
 And thought, with a nervous dread,
 Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
 Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
 There are meals to be got for the men in the field,
 And the children to fix away
 To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
 And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
 Was wet as it could be;
 And there were pudding and pies to bake,
 And a loaf of cake for tea.

The day was hot, and the aching head
 Throbb'd wearily as she said—
 "If maidens but knew what good wives know,
 They would be in no hurry to wed."

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
 Called the farmer from the well;
 And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
 And his eye half bashfully fell;
 "It was this," he said, and, coming near,
 He smiled, and, stooping down,
 Kissed her cheek; "'twas this—that you were the best
 And dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
 In a smiling and absent way,
 Sang snatches of tender little songs
 She'd not sung for many a day.
 And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
 Were white as foam of the sea;
 Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet
 And golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
 "Tom Wood has run off to sea!
 He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
 As happy a home as we."
 The night came down, and the good wife smiled
 To herself, as she softly said—
 "'Tis sweet to labor for those we love,
 'Tis not strange that maids will wed!"

DO RIGHT.

"Do what is right, though the minions of error
 Would lure thee afar from the mansions of light;
 Heed not the hosts that would fill them with terror,
 But boldly march forward and do what is right.
 Do what is right; let no paltry ambition
 Over your soul cast its shadowy blight;
 Ever remember thy sacred commission
 Is to be truthful and do what is right."

Though the world smile on you blandly,
 Let your friends be choice and few;
 Choose your course, pursue it grandly,
 And achieve what you pursue.

—Persuasion is better than force.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

A Song of Faith.

Day will return with a fresher boon,
 God will remember the world;
 Night will come with a newer moon,
 God will remember the world.

Evil is only the slave of good,
 Sorrow is ever the servant of joy,
 And the soul is mad that refuses food
 Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
 And love is lit by the breath of sighs;
 The deepest griefs and the wildest fears
 Have hollest ministries.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm,
 Safely the flower sleeps under the snow,
 And the cottage hearth is never warm
 Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with a fresher boon,
 God will remember the world;
 Night will come with a newer moon,
 God will remember the world.

DO WHAT IS RIGHT.

Do what is right, for the day dawn is breaking,
 Hailing a future of freedom and light;
 Angels above you are silent notes taking
 Of every action; then do what is right.

Do what is right; be thou faithful and fearless:
 Onward I press onward; the goal is in sight,
 Eyes that are wet very soon will be tearless,
 Blessings await you in doing the right.

Do what is right! Let the consequence follow;
 Battle for freedom in spirit and might;
 And with stout hearts look ye forth to the morrow:
 God will protect you in doing the right.

SUNBEAMS.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
 Lying all around our path;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff;
 Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day,
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briars from our way.

—Poverty makes us appreciate our friends.

—We should not lead one life in public and another in private.

—The door between us and heaven cannot be opened, if that between us and our fellow men be closed.

—Law without justice is a wound without a cure.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 1, 20, 13, 11, 21, is a liquid.

My 3, 16, 5, 2, is a verb.

My 4, 15, is a preposition.

My 9, 10, 19, 13, is not odd.

My 7, 17, is a pronoun.

My 18, 6, 20, 21, is a period of time.

My 14, 4, 8, all do.

My 22, 4, 3, 3, is part of a house.

My whole is my opinion.

G. C. D.

I am composed of 4 letters.

My first is an insect.

My two next are exclamations of joy or fear.

And my fourth is a valuable herb in common use.

My whole is part of a man's dress.

J. C. A.

DEAR BANNER: I welcome your visits eagerly. My aunt, Mrs. S. E. Warner, sends you to me this year gratis. Next year I shall become a subscriber, and try and get others to subscribe. I am sorry to say we have no Lyceum here. I send you a word puzzle, the first I ever tried to make:

My first is in men, but not in boys.

My second is in clue, but not in found.

My third is in arrow, but not in shoot.

My fourth is in yard, but not in foot.

My fifth is in gold, but not in silver.

My sixth is in chair, but not in stool.

My seventh is in knowledge, but not in power.

My whole is a city.

SYLVESTER C. HIGBEE.

Dorset, Ohio.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 4, 5, 10, signifies a unit.

My 2, 4, 8, is used by boatmen.

My 1, 2, 7, is a domestic animal.

My 3, 10, 6, 11, is a utensil used more formerly than at present.

My 12, 11, 11, 4, is a girl's name.

My 6, 9, 11, is a fish.

My 5, 11, 6, 4, 8, is the name of a cape.

My 1, 4, 3, 3, 13, is a boy's name.

My whole is the name of a noted man.

C. M. W.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 14, 17, 4, 13, 6, 21, is a subterranean passage.

My 7, 8, 17, 6, 3, 13, 1, is a boy's name.

My 13, 3, 5, 7, 13, 17, is a girl's name.

My 7, 17, 19, 21, is the reputed founder of a race of people.

My 7, 8, 5, 11, 20, 17, is the name of a village in McLean county, Ill.

My 4, 9, 10, 21, is to be proud.

My 13, 9, 16, 13, 3, 5, is a child's toy.

My 3, 7, 15, 14, 3, 13, is a pendant mass of frozen water.

My whole is used in every Lyceum.

CHAR. B. EATON.

WORD PUZZLES.

My first is in hair, but not in mane.

My second is in air, but not in cloud.

My third is in road, but not in highway.

My fourth is in rare, but not in common.

My fifth is in island but not in water.

My sixth is in year, but not in month.

My seventh is in ten, but not in nine.

My whole is the name of an author.

HATTIE M. BRIGGS.

My first is in morning, but not in evening.

My second is in mile, but not in road.

My third is in near, but not in far.

My fourth is in mine, but not in yours.

My fifth is in the, but not in and.

My sixth is in south, but not in north.

My seventh is in oats, but not in hay.

My eighth is in lost, but not in found.

My ninth is a very useful article.

EDDIE BALLOU.

ANSWERS IN NO. 13.

Enigmas in No. 13 answered by Lody Leeds, Louis Schröder, and Cora M. Kingsley.

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Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SOFT LIGHT IS STEALING.

Words by EMMA TUTTLE.

Music by E. T. BLACKMER.

1. Soft light is steal - ing, From the bending skies above, Bright forms re-veal - ing,
 2. Glide thro' our dream-ing, As the moon-light fills the night, Bring us sweet gleamings

Chanting songs of love. Lol the eyes whose splendor, Waned in darkness cold and deep,
 From the world of light. Draw our tho'ts to heav - en, Where we sometime hope to dwell,

CHORUS.

Wake all ho - ly, ten - der, Nev - er more to weep. An - gels, bright An-gels,
 Where sweet peace is giv - en, For the last fare-well.

SOPRANO.
 ALTO.
 An - gels, bright An-gels,

Words of love to us im-part, Fa - ther, our Fa - ther, Keep us pure in heart.
 Words of love to us im-part, Fa - ther, our Fa - ther, Keep us pure in heart.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1899, by LOU. H. KIRKMAN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.