

The Lyceum Banner.

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For the Lyceum Banner

FORTUNE WITHOUT GENIUS.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

I KNOW it don't pay; that is, it don't get us coal nor victuals, but Maggie likes it, and that is just as good as if it did pay," and John McCoy gazed with tender earnestness into the face of the little girl on his knee. He and his confidential friend of the street had had a long talk that morning in one of their strolls in New York city, where they lived.

"I've been thinking, John," said Peter, "that we shall be men before we think of it, and the

question is, what are we going to make? Playing leap-frog, jack-stones, or blowing up soap-bubbles, don't pay. It won't make men of us, like Captain Snyder or Mr. Moss, by a long ways. I want to be somebody, but I don't know how to begin."

"That's just me, Pete; that is, I don't know *exactly* how to begin. I know I've got a bit of a start in the world; I can read pretty well, and write some, but I can't reckon none to speak of, for I hain't mastered the multiplication table yet, and I don't know who's going to learn me, or how I'm going to pay for it. 'Taint likely father will ever come back; it's dead certain the Starlight is lost, and mother's dead and gone. Now there's me and Jane and Tom and Maggie. We've all got to live some way, and if I had studied my arithmetic as much as I've studied what we are all to live on, I should have been further than division long ago."

John tried to appear indifferent as he talked, though his heart was aching, and at the conclusion of his sorry statement he whistled a medley of his own fancy, beginning on Greenville, and ending with Auld Lang Syne, interspersing it with several dancing tunes. As John expressed himself, he was "awful hard in figgers, but easy in music." Fractions of tunes he had heard in the street were readily picked up, and turned to account in getting little Mag to sleep.

"I know your case is a hard one, John," replied Peter, sympathizingly, "and everybody says you are the best boy in New York; but that's just why you should be thinking about doing something. I've got my father and mother, but there's six young ones of us, and father has a hard scratch to get enough for us all to eat. Here's the *Herald* Joe Sims lent me, and I'll bet you a shilling one of our fortunes is in it." Peter made a desperate effort to extract the paper from his ragged pocket, and after a little determined effort he was able to

find the column of "Wants." Slowly running his eye down the column, he read as follows: "Wanted—A smart, active boy, on a farm a few miles in the country. R-e-f—references required."

"I don't exactly know what that word means, but one of us can try for the place. What say, John?"

"References means that somebody must tell what a good boy you are, so they won't be afraid you'll steal the ploughs and shovels, I suppose," said John, trying to appear happy. "But it won't be fair for me to try for the place after you got on track of it. Then I hain't got nobody to crack me up, and tell how smart and honest I am, and you have, for anybody would believe Captain Snyder or your father. Then I've something else in my head," said he, too low for Peter's ear. But Peter wasn't easily put off. "Now look here, John; I'll get two sticks, a long one and a short one, and we'll draw cuts. The one that gets the long one shall try for the place. Captain Snyder will go your reference, for he thinks you are the smartest boy in the city, and everybody thinks so, too."

Peter's idea of "everybody" was very limited. Scarcely a dozen people in the great metropolis were aware of John's existence. Business men hustled by him in the street as he sauntered up and down, hoping that something would turn up. Handsomely dressed ladies rustled their silks at a safe distance from his rags, as they promenaded the streets, and the laboring classes gave him as little thought. Not one knew that under that tattered jacket beat a heart so noble and royal that a prince might envy the ragged stroller.

The sticks were soon procured, and arranged evenly in Peter's hand. "Now draw," said he, as solemnly as if life depended on the act.

John had another thought in his mind, and held back, while he inquired of Peter what he should do in case John got the longest stick.

"That's all planned, John. I've got two and sixpence saved up, and I shall buy apples and peddle them out again, if father will let me. I know I could make lots of money that way, and I shan't have to give references either. Now what will you do if you get the short stick, John?"

"I don't want to tell, Peter; I know you'll laugh at me and tell of it, and everybody will laugh and say I can't, but *I will*." John nodded his head to one side in a very emphatic manner, and Peter opened his eyes with wonder.

"Will what, John? I've told you about peddling—now 'tain't fair if you don't tell me. I won't laugh, nor other folks won't; besides, laugh-

ing never hurt anybody."

"Less draw, then I'll tell," said John, "whether I get the long one or short one."

The sticks were again carefully arranged, and John held his breath as he drew the short one.

"O, you are in luck, Pete; I've got the short one, and I hope you'll get the place, and they'll have horses and cows and dogs and lambs, and you'll have heaps of fun. I'm glad I got the shortest, though, for my mind is all made up. Now if you won't laugh, nor tell anybody till I'm gone, I'll tell you all about it. I didn't mean to say a word to anybody, but you was so clever to let me have a show at the place on the farm that I'll tell you. I know it ain't just the thing"—

There was a long pause, broken by Peter: "You ain't going to steal, are you?"

John's light blue eyes fairly flashed. "Steal? No, sir. I'd do with half a pint of porridge a day—I'd starve first."

"Don't be mad, John; I knew better. Come out with it, and I'll give you this piece of a rule I found." Peter drew from another ragged pocket a piece of a carpenter's rule, less than a foot in length.

"I won't take it to pay for telling, but I'll keep it to remember you by, for I am going to California."

"O, what a story, John! you are fooling. It takes a pile of money to get there, and you told me this morning you hadn't got but four shillings."

"That's a fact, Pete, and it has got to go for meal and beans and candles this very day. I know I'm going to do almost wrong, but I don't see as anybody will be hurt by it. Come and stay with me all night, and I'll tell you all about it."

The boys parted. Peter started off at a quick pace, for John's story had given him a new vein of thought, and tears were in his eyes that he wished to hide from John. These ignorant wails on the great sea of life in New York loved each other fondly. Tender memories of days passed together before anxious cares filled their minds, and the certainty that they were so near an end, made Peter very miserable. John was hopeful, and looked on the bright side of the darkest picture. His mother, on her death-bed, had given her three younger children into his care, and he had promised her faithfully that he would take good care of them, and bring them up to be good and truthful. It was hard for Mrs. McCoy to leave her fatherless little ones, but she was comforted by these promises from John, who she knew would be faithful to his charge. The supper of oatmeal

porridge was eaten, and the pine floor of the gloomy kitchen swept. Maggie was wakeful, and lingered in John's lap, stretching out her chubby hand to catch the soap-bubble that Tom blew up from an old clay pipe, while Jane entertained herself with the same amusement. John was thinking of Peter's words, "it don't pay," and of his future plans, which he feared might burst like the fantastic bubble. To-night he was as tender as a mother. You would hardly believe to see him coax Maggie to put her arms around his neck and lay her face on his shoulder as he soothed her to sleep, that he could be one of those shabby boys who that morning was seen strolling around the wharves and settling their destinies with two pine sticks. Soft hearts often throb under ragged jackets, and dirty faces may wear a smile of love. John had no mother or sister to remind him of his neglected outward appearance; so we are inclined to be kindly indulgent to him, for he was more thoughtful for the children than for himself.

"You are on time for our chat, Pete. Jane and Maggie are asleep, and I wish Tom was. He's just big enough to be telling that I'm going to California, and then my fat would all be in the fire, for aunt Ruth would raise a row right off."

Tom, who was supposed to be absorbed in manufacturing a broken saucer into a sleigh, overheard John's allusion to going away, and left his work to inquire into the matter.

"Be you going to-night, John?" asked he, with anxiety depicted in every feature.

"No, not to-night, Tom. Now you go to bed and let Pete and me talk, and don't say a word to aunt Ruth about it when she comes, and I'll give you a cracker to take to bed with you, and when I come home I'll bring you the stocking-basket full of gold, and a yellow parrot that can talk like a preacher."

The first part of the offer was too tempting to be resisted, and he was soon devouring his cracker in the trundle-bed with his little sisters.

John's plans were soon matured. Before his aunt came, who had lately arrived from England, he was to tie all his effects in a bundle, steal on board the California steamer, and hide away so securely that he would not be discovered until out to sea.

"I can't any more than get a flogging, and I guess I can stand that if I can only get where gold is plenty. Every stroke I get I'll just think its a hunk of gold to buy potatoes and coal and pay rent."

"I didn't know, John, that you had so much grit. I'll give you my new comforter that mother

gave me Christmas, and you might have my boots, too, only your foot is biggest."

Even care and anxiety cannot long keep awake healthy boys, and soon the five children of poverty slept as sweetly in their dingy kitchen as the heirs of wealth in the brown stone mansions that line many of the streets of New York.

(To be continued.)

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LOST IN THE WOODS;
OR,
WHO WAS THE BRAVEST?

BY MRS. CAROLINE F. CORBIN,

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

BEN thought Mr. Hastings must be possessed of some strange power over Captain Lovell; but the minister went on.

"Somebody who knew the world very well has said, Ben, that nothing succeeds like success. Now if you can get three or four good names on this paper for five or ten dollars apiece, Captain Lovell will change his mind straightway, and be very likely to give you a handsome subscription."

Ben was listening with deep interest. Mr. Hastings went on.

"If I were in your place, I'd go first of all to old Major Greenleaf."

"Why, sir," asked Ben, "is he a good man? I thought he was an infidel, and never went to church."

"The Major is a strange man. He does n't go to church; but he often gives me five dollars for the poor. He says, not having much faith in foreign missionaries, he has the more means left for the poor at home; and I think very likely he will do as well for you as any man in town."

Mr. Hastings then named over two or three men who would be likely to look kindly upon the project; and as Ben was going away, he said:

"I have no money to give you, Ben; but I will preach a sermon on purpose for you next Sunday, and that may do you some good."

Ben went right away to Major Greenleaf, and told him in a straightforward manner all his story; how he first came to think of doing this thing; what obstacles he had encountered, and what success he had met with.

"So Captain Lovell refused you, did he, my boy? and it was that scapegrace boy of his that set fire to the house. Well, Captain Lovell is a Christian and I aint; but here's ten dollars, and if you lack

a little more by and by, that you can't make up among the brethren, come to me again."

Ben thanked the Major, and went on to see the other people to whom Mr. Hastings had recommended him. With some he was successful—with others not; but by Saturday night he had fifty dollars subscribed. That was half the amount he needed, and it seemed to him that he had got every dollar that could be raised for the object. Moreover, he had met with so many rebuffs, and so many sneers, and so much worldly wisdom, that he was almost discouraged.

Thinking the matter all over Saturday night, he wondered what kind of a sermon Mr. Hastings would preach. He thought he would quote a good deal of Scripture, and perhaps make some remarks about our duties to old people; and Ben thought if he was going to preach that sermon he should say some pretty strong things about Regie's goodness of heart in wanting to stay with her grandfather when she might have a great deal nicer home with Mrs. Green. Ben was up early next morning, and was washed and dressed ready for church at least a half hour earlier than usual. The day was bright, and that made him feel hopeful, and he had a good deal of faith in Mr. Hastings; but, after all, it seemed to him, that nothing short of a miracle could raise that other fifty dollars.

He waited impatiently all through the opening service; and at last almost held his breath to hear what Mr. Hastings' text would be. It was something about faith, and sounded very abstruse and foggy to Ben. He couldn't see anything about charity in it; and he began to think that Mr. Hastings must have forgotten his promise. As Mr. Hastings went on, it seemed to Ben entirely sure that he had forgotten, and so Ben's last hope of the fifty dollars faded away. If there was nothing about charity in it, Ben didn't care a fig for the sermon; and he got out his jackknife, and began to think about worldly things, and to pay no heed whatever to the sermon. But at last something which the minister said about faith being shown by works, roused Ben's interest again, and the next minute he was startled to hear Mr. Hastings say that within the last week the town had been shown a beautiful instance of faith in the labors of a young lad to collect money to rebuild a burnt house for a poor old man and his orphan grandchild. The minister went on to say that he was happy to feel that that boy's labors were to be crowned with success; that already money enough was raised to make the result almost certain; and then he drew a beautiful pic-

ture of that little home in the depths of the woods, and the aged man and the little child living there in peace and happiness, and God's blessing dwelling with them, and all the result of one brave child's efforts. There wasn't one bit of begging in the whole sermon; but it was so tender that it touched everybody's heart, and Ben didn't know whether to cry with joy that Mr. Hastings had made the whole thing seem so lovely, or with vexation that it was after all so impossible.

But as he was coming out of church a very strange thing happened, or at least so it seemed to Ben. Just on the door-step he met Captain Lovell, and the latter said to him, with marked respect in his tone:

"Ben, I believe you called on me for my subscription the other day, and I hadn't the money in my pocket then. I have it now. Here it is; twenty-five dollars."

Ben felt the ground shake under him, he was so astonished. With that, the carpenter of the village, who stood by, said:

"And when you get ready to build your house let me know, and I and my man, and may be two or three more that I know of, will give you a lift for a day or so."

And then he heard two or three more people saying:

"They'll need new furniture, of course, and I've got an old bed I'll give."

And another:

"And I've got an old stove and a bureau."

And finally somebody proposed:

"When the house is done, the best way will be to have a house-warming, and each carry whatever he can spare."

Everybody took it for granted that the house was to be built, in a way that was very surprising to Ben; but he began to see that if everybody thought so, it would certainly be done, and he went home as happy as a king.

Some way, after that, Ben didn't seem to have any thing to do about the matter, for there were so many helpers that he was hardly needed at all. He was very glad, for he had worked so hard to get the thing started that he had seemed to neglect other things, and now had to make up for lost time. But in a couple of weeks the money was all collected, and the house built, for being a small rude shanty, only a few days labor was necessary to complete it, and at the end there was money enough to buy a half barrel of flour and some potatoes and a ham; and at the house-warming some wood was brought, and there was a plan raised of getting a cow in the spring, so that when

all was over, Noah and Regie found themselves about as well off as before the fire.

It so happened that the very next day was the one on which the prize was to be adjudged to the bravest scholar in school. Boys and girls, especially girls, have always the sense of an occasion, so that nearly every one came to school that day dressed in a little better suit than the ordinary one, and there was quite an air about the school of a holiday. About three o'clock in the afternoon the master called the school to order, and said :

"This is the day, as you are aware, children, on which it is to be decided who, in the last month, has shown the greatest courage. It is now in order for any one of you to express an opinion."

Immediately there were two or three cries of "Archie Lovell," "Archie Lovell."

"Dick Anthony has the floor," said the master. "Rise, Dick, and tell us why you think Archie the bravest boy in school."

"Because he found the cave," said Dick, "and dared do what no other boy would; and that was to go down that deep, dark, rocky way to the river. Of all the boys there, not one dared do that but Archie."

"Has any one else an opinion to offer?" said the master.

"Please, sir," said Ben, rising a little embarrassed; "I think the bravest boy in our school is a girl."

At this queer speech there was a shout; but Ben, no way disheartened by his blunder, though he was a little red in the face, went on :

"I mean Regie Renard, sir. When her grandfather's house was burning, she ran in and got out a picture that she knew her grandpa thought a great deal of, though she had to burn her hand to do it. Finding a great hole in the ground, don't do anybody any good, and it didn't cost Archie any particular pain. It was good fun all the time, and I think Regie is a good deal the bravest."

Some of the boys were inclined to laugh at this opinion; but the master smiled in a pleased way, that assured Ben he didn't think him a fool.

"I think, Ben," the master said, "your exceptions are very well taken. But has nobody else a candidate to propose?"

The master looked all about the room; but nobody seemed to have anything further to offer.

"Well," said the master, "I believe this thing is to be decided by a vote among yourselves; but, perhaps, it will not be out of order for me to offer a suggestion."

Then he went on in a quiet way to tell what Ben had done. How he had bravely encountered ridicule and sneers and want of faith, and all for a good object, and that not for one afternoon, or under a sudden impulse; but had steadily followed this disheartening course for two long weary weeks, and how, at length, success had crowned his efforts, and two people had been saved from a great misfortune and made happy.

"Now," he said, "I shall not vote; but I shall propose as a candidate for your votes, Benjamin Carrick."

There was some applause; and when the vote was taken, Ben's majority, though not a large one, was yet sufficient to ensure his undisturbed possession of the prize.

"But," said Ben to the master, after school, "I don't feel quite right about it now, for I think Mr. Hastings did as much as I did towards getting the house rebuilt."

"No he didn't, my boy," said the master. "In every good work, the man who overcomes the *first* obstacles and makes the road easy for those who follow, is the true hero. If you hadn't first raised the fifty dollars, Mr. Hastings would have had no foundation for his discourse. It is never those who pile the last stones upon the top of the edifice to whom the credit of the structure is due. It is those who make the plans and dig deep the foundations and lay the strong timbers underneath, who are in the best sense the builders. It is often more difficult to find out *what is* the best thing to do than to do it, when it is proved to be best."

Ben laid the words of his teacher to heart, and said to himself, "I see now what the man in the woods meant with his chestnut burr. I wonder if I ever should have won this prize if I had not that night got 'Lost in the Woods.'"

—Mrs. H. N. Green, of Hopedale, Mass., writes: "One of your subscribers, Charley Bancroft, has left our Dale for the Spirit Land. He was a bright and beautiful boy of seven summers, and was beloved by all who knew him. He went to sleep when the flowers faded, and was transplanted to that sunlit clime where shadows never gather and storms never come."

—"Do you say your prayers regularly every night and morning?" asked a sympathetic lady of a little shoe-black, to whom she had just given a trifle. "I alluz sez 'um at night, mum, but any smart boy can take care of hisself in the daytime," was the little rogue's reply.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

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" eight " " a \$3 silver knife, or Emerson's Binder 80 "

" ten " " a \$3 silver knife, or Emerson's Binder for Music, price \$1.25. (See advertisement.)

For twelve subscriptions, No. 1 Lyceum Pin or Charm, price \$1.50.

CHICAGO LYCEUM.

The officers who have been present at the Lyceum every Sunday for a year are Mr. Bigelow, Mrs. Dye, Mr. Titus. Leaders, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton.

Children—Frederick Eaton, Henry Burton, Crawford Eaton, Minnie Ruben, Mary Shay, Emma Murphy, Lizzie Eberts, Eddie Eberts, Nettie Davis, Frank Eaton.

Ada Jackson has been present every Sunday for three years. She is now leader of a group in Lyceum No. 2.

Quite a number of children have missed but one meeting of the Lyceum in the year.

THE BEST ANSWER.

Dr. E. C. Dunn gave the following question to the Lyceum in Springfield, Illinois, with a promise of a copy of Lizzie Doten's poems to the person giving the best reply :

"What should be our highest aim in life?"

The premium was awarded to Miss Mary Butler, of Liberty Group. The answer was :

To be charitable, peaceful, trustful to all, and improve the mind with good and noble thoughts ; to labor with a light and willing heart, with the beautiful thought that our loved ones, who have passed away, are waiting for us, and we are now preparing ourselves to work the good and noble work when we reach the Summer Land.]

A FEW WORDS BEFORE GOING.

DEAR READERS:—When these words reach you, I hope to be on my way to the Pacific Coast. I have been for some time looking Westward, but till now the way has not seemed open for starting. My going was, sometime since, mentioned in the newspapers, *here* and *there*. These kindly notices have brought me a host of letters—letters of regret, of welcome, of inquiry, of suggestion, of introduction, to persons on my way, and letters containing bits of *green* paper, which will prove excellent passports to hotels and over railroads. I learned long ago that life is not all shine, and that the cup given us by Fate is also-tinctured ; but the welcomings that wait me, and the promised open-doors, remind me that I have my full share of brightness and of sweet-waters. They are blessed whom loving hearts would hold, and twice blessed whom strangers welcome to their homes. "Do you go alone?" is one of the frequent questions. Yes, alone ; only as the invisible go with me. So I go not alone.

"What of the LYCEUM BANNER? Will that go too?" No ; the sun would as soon think of going out. The paper is not mine ; it is the incarnation of Mrs. Kimball's early dreams. She loves children, and proves her love by her works. Many of the finest things in the LYCEUM BANNER—stories, sketches and puzzles are the work of her busy brains. For some cause she refuses to sign her own name. I would not venture to give you this bit of information if Mrs. K. was not just now in Ohio—clear out of my reach. My work on the paper has been but a contribution to the "juvenile public." In going I expect to add to the interest of the paper. From the Rocky Mountains, from the "Boiling Springs" of Colorado, from the Mormon city, and from the principal Pacific towns, I shall send you messages through this paper. In six months I may be back, and claim my old seat in this sanctum. If the gods decide against me in this matter ; if my life-sun is nearer its setting than I think ; if I fold my hands for a night of rest in the valley of Peace, and begin the new day on the hills beyond, why, in that event, I shall turn to you, and finish the work I have begun. Therefore, good friends, living or dying, going or coming, we are not divided. Adieu.

H. F. M. BROWN.

—Mrs. Mary A. Davis has become a regular contributor of the *Banner of Light*.

—Mrs. Love M. Willis is writing for the *Present Age*.

CHANGES.

—The *American Spiritualist* is to be enlarged and, in other respects, improved. The proprietors of the paper have organized *The Spiritualist Publishing Company*, with a capital sufficient to do an extensive business. Success to the enterprise. Address, THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, 111 Superior street, Cleveland, O.

—*The Boston Investigator*.—This out and out anti orthodox journal has been published thirty-eight years. On the 5th of May it is to commence its thirty-ninth volume. It is hereafter to come out in a new and enlarged form. The editor says in speaking of the improvement: "For many a long and toilsome year we have patiently toiled with this object in view, and now that the vision of our youth is to be realized in our mature years, we think we may confidently assure our old patrons and any new ones who may be disposed to encourage and assist us, that we will furnish them a paper with which they will all be satisfied. All letters should be directed to Josiah P. Mendum, 84 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

—The *Chicago Sorosis* people have organized a publishing association, under a charter, with \$50,000 capital. The paper is hereafter to be known as *The Advance Guard*. Mrs. Knowlton, the editor, says of the paper: We hope to make it a companion for the solitary and the social; a bearer of sweet consoling words to the down-trodden and heart-broken; a friendly guide, to check the wayward steps of the young and thoughtless pleasure-seeker."

PRIZE DRAMA.

The prize offered at the National Convention for the best drama suited to our Lyceums, has been awarded to Miss Flora L. Turner, of South Bend, Ind. The Convention will not be charged with partiality in this matter, as they are all entire strangers to the young lady.

Miss Turner is best known to the public as "Fanchon" and "Malcolm Duncan." She has been a regular contributor for the LYCEUM BANNER from the commencement.

The drama is entitled, "Nora's Triumph." It will soon be published in pamphlet form.

ALL communications for the LYCEUM BANNER, and orders for books, must hereafter be directed to Lou H. Kimball. Letters designed for Mrs. Brown will be forwarded to her.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HEADLAND HOME; or, A Soul's Pilgrimage. By Madame de Lesdernier. New York: James Miller. Price, \$2.00 postage paid.

Headland Home is an interesting autobiography of a grand soul, whose pilgrimage has thus far been of deep interest.

HUMAN NATURE.—

This excellent Magazine is published monthly by J. Burns, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, London, S. E., England.

WELL DONE.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock have, within the past year, organized eighteen Children's Lyceums and a number of Societies, that will doubt less soon see the necessity of Lyceums and Lyceum work in their midst.

—The friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock in Farmington, Ohio, made them a donation call leaving \$52.

CHANGED.

The office of THE LYCEUM BANNER has been changed. Our friends will hereafter find us in the same building, Pope's Block, No. 137½ Madison street, Room 84.

By this change we have a more commodious office and, consequently, can keep a larger assortment of books.

—The music in the present number is published by permission of the author, Felix Schelling, of Philadelphia. It is published in sheet form, and is for sale at any music store.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Earth's most royal heritage is his
Who most enjoys, most loves and most forgives.

—When a man is unfortunate, it is an easy matter to ruin him.

—No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch: hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one.

—The pure in heart, the merciful, the peace-makers, and the right-doers, are the only aristocracy in our Father's family.

—A true Lyceum is a beautiful garden, each Group a cluster of living flowers, radiant with inspired thought, and exhaling the sacred perfume of holy aspirations.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

WATER.

BY H. T. CHILD, M. D.

A LADY remarked to me that she was very glad to learn from one of my articles in your paper, that water did not always contain living infusoria. I presume she felt somewhat like the Hindoo who was opposed to taking life in any form; when the Englishman showed him the living things in *stagnant* water, he thought he would never drink any more water. But there is no trouble about most of our well and spring water, and even that of running streams. It is stagnant water that contains these germs of animal and vegetable life.

During the Mexican war our soldiers died by the hundreds of dysentery. Marching in that hot climate, sometimes for hours, without any drink, when they came to the stagnant pools and swamps, they would lie down and push away the most of the green and the slimy scum from the surface of the pond, and drink large quantities of that filthy water. They were frantic, and no discipline could prevent this. Many of them died in a few hours; others came home with lingering and often incurable diseases, produced by this cause.

Filtering and boiling such water will remove most of the impurities, though boiled water is not so wholesome as that which has not been through this process; boiled water having little air in it, will drown a fish as effectually as other water will a land animal.

Many persons suffer from a change of water when traveling in different localities; many more, however, suffer from taking substitutes for water. *There is no other drink but water.* Nothing else satisfies the thirst. You may gratify a false appetite by drinking tea or coffee, or any of the alcoholic drinks, but it is the water alone that satisfies the thirst, and very often we must have it with the others. All the various drinks used by the different nations, most of which contain alcohol in some form, are but substitutes, and not drinks. We repeat, nature has provided but one beverage, and that is pure, sparkling, crystal cold water, and the time will come when mankind will be wise enough to know that this is the only drink that should be used.

It is related of an Irishman, that as he was looking at a great steam engine, he remarked, "It is astonishing what power there is in cold water, especially when it is heated!"

ANSWERS FROM THE MILAN LYCEUM.

QUESTION—What are the consequences of lying?
Fountain Group—It makes us naughty boys.

Stream Group—Lies are very poor capital to do business on.

Sea Group—It destroys our self respect and the respect of others.

It brings terrible lashings of conscience.

It produces a dark stain and an almost indelible scar on the soul-body.

It destroys the confidence of others in us.

It destroys our confidence in ourselves.

It stamps the sign of guilt upon the countenance.

It is a positive hindrance to spiritual progress.

It destroys purity, the divinest quality of the soul.

It makes us treacherous, deceptive and hypocritical.

It subjects us to the fiery torments of a mental hell.

Banner Group—Lying is usually intended to injure somebody, so it is a violation of the golden rule and its ends are bad.

There were very interesting answers which were not handed in, so I cannot give them to the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER.

The Milan Lyceum is growing stronger and more independent every session. We begin to see the glorious fruits of truth and the promise of some grand men and women when these—our children—are grown up and take our places in the duties of life. So many good and pleasant things drift upon us that we feel as if the good angels must be looking after us.

On the 14th of March Mr. James G. Clark was with us, and told one of his irresistible stories and sang some of his beautiful songs to us. May he live as long as life is sweet and every one of his friends love him as well as do the members of this Lyceum.

On the 21st, Mr. J. M. Peebles lectured to us. Is there anybody who does not like his lectures, and who does not love to see him, and take his hand, and call him 'brother? If so, it must be somebody who has shockingly bad taste, and I should not care to make his acquaintance.

Mr. Wheelock, our first Ohio missionary, also dropped down among us on the same day, just as large-souled, energetic and witty as ever. Bless his heart! that embraces his good wife's too, who is his better two-thirds.

More sunshine is coming to us, I wish it might be Mrs. Brown. It is almost a year since she lectured to us. That was when we drank milk and were little.

GARNET JEWELL.



For the Lyceum Banner.

QUAKER POTTS.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

FOUR generations were once seated around a crackling wood fire in a little New England kitchen : great grandfather Potts, his daughter Martha, whom he persisted in calling "my girl," although she was nearly sixty, her daughter Sally, and three rosy cheeked boys, Horace, Tad, and Daniel. An unusual stillness prevailed, broken only by the patter of rain on the windows and sudden gusts of wind, which caused Pointer and Prill, the house dog and cat, to raise their heads and look around to see what was the matter. Daniel, the youngest, had fallen asleep with his head on his grandmother's knee ; Tad, the second, was busy tickling the dog's ears with a knitting needle that had fallen from his grandmother's work, while he gave Prill's tail an occasional jerk that ended in a prolonged yowl. Horace, the oldest and most thoughtful of the three, had been looking intently in the fire for the last half hour, watching the figures and faces there pictured. The burning brands, dropping one after

another, assumed many curious shapes, which, aided by the boy's lively imagination, took the forms of soldiers, pedlers with packs, or children at play.

"See, Tad ! there's a man on his knees ; he's got his hat knocked off."

Instantly the hemlock fore-stick burned off and stood on end like a sentinel, guarding the man at prayer.

Grandpa made a move to replace the smoking brand, when Tad called out,

"Don't you spoil the soldier ! He looks like a real old Quaker, don't he, Dan ?

Grandpa, who was as childish as the boys, sat down again in his arm chair, and watched the odd figures in the fireplace.

"Now tell what you see, grandpa," said Horace.

"I see nothing but the old Quaker and the man

praying, but if you'll listen to me I'll tell you a little story that this brings to my mind."

"O do," said Horace, "for I am real tired listening to the storm and looking at nothing but the coals the whole evening. Now if Tad can let Prill alone long enough we'll have a story, won't we ?"

"But I want to know, before I begin, whether you'll understand what I am telling you. Let me see, first, how good you are in history, for I don't want to waste any words to-night. Who was the father of his country, Tad ?"

"George Washington."

"Why did they call him so ?"

"Because he was the first President," answered Tad, proudly.

"Now do you suppose if he had been the first President, and ruined his country instead of saving it, that he would have been called its father ?"

"No, sir," answered both boys.

"When and where was Washington born ?"

Tad didn't know, but Horace thought he was born in Virginia in the year 1732.

"When was he chosen Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the united colonies ?"

"In 1775."

"Pretty good for such a youngster. I guess you

have studied to some purpose this winter. Now I'll tell you what I saw in the fire reminded me of.

"I was a soldier in the war of the Revolution. I had been with Washington in some pretty hard battles. I had seen him under the most trying circumstances. When almost any other man would have given up, he was the most resolute. I did not know then what sustained him, but I thought afterwards I learned the secret.

"The American troops were quartered for the winter at Valley Forge, where their sufferings were extreme. One day I had occasion to go to a place, which led through a large grove at no great distance from headquarters. As I was walking along I heard a noise. I stopped and listened. As it was in the direct course I was pursuing I went on, but with some caution.

"At length I came in sight of a man in the attitude of prayer. His back was turned towards me, but I soon saw it was Washington. I was a pious man then myself, and the prayer I heard had a singular effect upon me. I hurried home, and my first words to your grandmother were, 'All's well! George Washington is sure to beat the British—sure!'

"'What's the matter with thee, Isaac?' replied Sarah. 'Thee seems to be much moved about something.'

"'Who would not be moved at such a sight as I have seen to day?'

"'And what hast thou seen, Isaac?' she asked.

"'I've seen a man at prayer!—in the woods! George Washington himself! And now I say—just what I *have* said—all's well! George Washington is sure to beat the British!—sure!'

"And he did. In June, 1778, the British evacuated Philadelphia, closely followed by Washington, who gained a decided victory."

Grandpa paused, and every little head was lifted inquiringly.

"And did his prayer gain the victory and save the country, grandpa?" asked Tad.

"I thought so then, and for many years after, but I don't think now just as I did at that time. Washington was troubled. He had no rest night or day, and when he retired to a quiet place in the woods all by himself, it was easy for him to gain strength for the conflict. Retiring to the woods to pray doubtless benefitted him, but if he had gone there to listen to the songs of the birds in the trees the effect would have been the same. I did not so understand it then, but age brings wisdom, my boys."

"I have read that very story in my history.

And were you really the old Quaker Potts?" asked Horace.

"Yes, the very man."

"How funny," said Tad. "Then if I go in the woods and sing will God hear me just as quick as if I pray?"

"Yes, Tad, if your heart is right. By singing, praying, or keeping silent, we may gain strength and courage for some great work.

"The good Washington went in confidence to an imaginary being, to whom he told all his troubles. The effect upon him was the same as with a little child who goes to his father with his little troubles, and finds rest and comfort. So whether you sing, pray, or dance, if you come into harmonious conditions, the effect will be good."

Horace listened with eyes wide open, deeply interested in this explanation of prayer, but before their talk was ended Tad's head had dropped upon grandpa's shoulder, and the child was in dream-land.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Our publisher, who is on a flying visit to Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "I have just come from the Lyceum. I saw but few familiar faces among the children or officers. Mrs. Eddy, the Guardian, seems just fitted for her place. E. V. Wilson was present and added, by questions and remarks, to the interest of the Lyceum. Mr. Wheeler is here on a rest; but so good a worker will not be allowed a long rest. The world may well expect great good from the Lyceums."

Miss Flora L. Turner, in a not eacknowledging the receipt of \$20 for the prize drama, says: "Of course I am glad that I won the prize; but I did not expect it. I know just how hard I worked on the drama. I wrote and copied, then submitted it to the criticism of good judges; then rewrote the whole. My patience was severely taxed, but if, by my work, I add one iota to the pleasure and profit of the young people, I shall rejoice and be very glad."

Mr. Mark Wyands writes: "They say yours is a child's paper. So it is; but are not we all children? I am sixty-two, and I read the LYCEUM BANNER with a great deal of interest, I assure you. "Lost in the Woods" is worth double the price of the paper. Do not fail to send me an extra copy of F. M. Lebelle's new story. She is a charming writer. Who is she? I keep a copy of these stories for my grandchildren, and the other I read and loan to my neighbors."

—Love is the god of the good.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Susie May.

Little Susie May,
Dearly loved to play,
When the sky was fair,
Or when clouds were there.
Smiling was her face,
In her form was grace,
Little Susie May,
Grew happy every day.

She every day did prove,
That little deeds of love,
From a joyous heart,
E'en a child can impart.
And so her face was bright,
And so her heart was light,
She every day did prove
The blessedness of love.

S. N. WAY.

Mamie and her Playmate.

Our little Mary is three and one-half years old, for short we call her Mamie. Last summer she had a dear little girl for a playmate, who lived just across the road from us.

Alma was a little the oldest; she was a smiling, sweet-tempered child. It was a pretty sight to see these blue-eyed, fair-haired girls playing with their dolls and picture books. I used to call them twins, because they looked so much alike, and were about the same size.

In the beautiful month of October, Mamie's mamma took her to visit her aunt and cousins. It was a long ride and Mamie had never been on the cars before. She enjoyed the ride very much, and saw many new and pretty things. While she was gone she did not forget her playmate, but used to ask where Alma's home was.

After a while Mamie came back home, but she did not find her playmate here. She had been taken from her earthly home and friends, who loved her so much, to live among the angels. She was one of those rare human buds that are soon removed, to bloom in the morning-land.

Alma missed her twin sister, and often asks, "When will Mamie come home?" We tell her that Mamie is not dead, not gone afar from us; but we may not see her sweet face till we go to her in the beautiful land. A. J. H.

How to be Loved.

One evening Martha's father told her a story of a little girl who, when six years old, was asked by her father why everybody loved her? She replied, "I don't know, papa, unless it is because I love everybody."

If that was all, thought Martha, I will soon make everybody love me. I will begin to-day to make every one happy that I can, and I shall be happy too, at least, I will try.

Martha did try, and in a few weeks she had made all who knew her love her dearly. How many will try the same way?

This is the way to be happy. All can be if they will.

—Children have more need of models than of critics.

—The easiest thing to drop and often the hardest to pick up is—a word.

—"Almost all things are possible to a spirit bravely and firmly resolved."

—The pious and the believer shall not omit to learn wisdom, even from heretics.

—If you possess a well regulated and contented mind, you who lead a good life are possessed of abundance.

—Over the fire-place, in a quaint old mansion, erected nearly two hundred years ago in Mamaroneck, the following inscription is carved in stone:

If the **B** mt, put :

If the **B** . putting :

The present occupant of the mansion, Hans Van Hamburg, was for a long time at a loss to decipher its meaning. The matter was brought before a number of antiquarians, and finally referred to the Tautog Club, when the following, and probably correct, solution was given by the *Cædipus* of that famous fraternity :

If the grate be empty, put coal on [:]

If the grate be full, stop [.] putting coal on [:]

—A lady has a Sunday school class in one of our churches. Two brothers attend it alternately. One Sunday the lady asked one of the boys if he would be there on the following Sabbath. "Oh, no," says he, I can't; 'tis my turn to saw wood!"

—A young lady took her younger brother, a little boy three or four years old, to the church. The preacher was an earnest man, and spoke very loud. During the sermon he saw the little fellow in tears, and asked him what was the matter. He sobbed out: "That man is hollering at me."

—What should a man be alphabetically? Affectionate, Bold, Candid, Daring, Enterprising, Faithful, Grateful, Honorable, Indefatigable, Just, Kind, Loving, Moral, Noble, Obliging, Polite, Quick, Religious, Sociable, Truthful, Upright, Valiant, Watchful, Xemplary, Y's and Zealous.

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

It was six men of Indestan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
(Though all of them were blind,)
 That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me!—but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here,
So very round and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear."

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
His squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand
And felt about his knee;
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"Tis clear enough, the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth* who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, "Even the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indestan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion,
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rall on in utter ignorance
Of what the others mean,
And prate about an elephant
Not one of them has seen!

PLEA FOR THE BOYS.

Young men must work, and old men rest—
They have earned their quiet joys;
And everywhere, from east to west,
The boys must still be boys.

They do not want your larger sight,
Nor want your wisdom grim;
The boy has right to the boy's delight,
And play is the work for him.

The idle day is the evil day,
And work in its time is right;
But he that wrestles best in the play,
Will wrestle best in the fight.

Then do not, as their hour runs by,
Their harmless pleasure clip;
For he that sails his kite to the sky
May sometime sail a ship.

And soon enough the years will steal
Their mood of frolic joys;
So keep your shoulder to the wheel,
And let the boys be boys.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

Waken, tollers, light is breaking!
Morn upon the mountain reigns;
In the dim, prophetic distance,
Lo! a trumpet voice proclaims:
"Leisure for the toiling people!
Wealth from nature's golden store;
Knowledge for the waiting nations,
Herald it the wide world o'er.

Voices from across the ocean,
Wafted from old England's clime,
Greeted by the Western prairies,
Loud the bells of Freedom chime:
"Leisure for the toiling bondman,
Deving in his master's ore;
Justice, with thy mighty trumpet,
Herald it the wide world o'er!"

Earnest woman, now, is knocking,
At the door of Senate Halls,
Equal rights for all demanding;
She for justice bravely calls,—
"Leisure for the working women,
Social evils to explore,
"Social science" for the people!
Herald it the wide world o'er!"

Then we'll labor till oppression,
In its hydra form, is dead;
Labor till the world's producer
Dares uplift his manly head;
Till no honest, life-long worker
Lacks a home on any shore;
Justice to the toiling masses,
Herald it the wide world o'er!

—Good is growing and truth is flowing on forever.

—Spiritualism has not done its work if it has not made the spirit better.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 26 letters.
 My 6, 17, 15, 13, is of the feminine gender.
 My 7, 11, 5, is part of the head.
 My 3, 9, 8, 8, 17, 18, is a girl's name.
 My 2, 8, 20, is a conjunction.
 My 13, 4, is a command.
 My 16, 9, 14, 19, is what we should never feel when we are doing right.
 My 1, 18, 14, 19, is an article of food.
 My whole is a great and good man.

S. C. H.

I am composed of 15 letters.
 My 5, 7, 11, 15, is a period of time.
 My 10, 4, 11, 13, 6, 2, 7, is a lady's name.
 My 6, 11, 1, is an animal.
 My 9, 11, 13, 8, 14, 4, is a book.
 My 3, is a letter in the alphabet.
 My whole is appreciated by many persons,

BLANCHE.

I am composed of 22 letters.
 My 17, 13, 5, 2, is what all good children love.
 My 7, 16, 19, 8, 21, 19, is the music of a domestic animal.
 My 3, 6, 3, 10, is a number.
 My 2, 9, 22, is a drink dangerous to health.
 My 4, 2, 8, 20, 23, 15, is the name of a race of people.
 My 1, 16, 8, 8, 19, 14, 7, 3, is used by students of anatomy.
 My 13, 18, 11, 6, 7, is one of the fine arts.
 My whole is a Scotch proverb.

C. L. S.

WORD PUZZLES.

I am composed of 11 letters.
 My first is in Marie, but not in Willie.
 My second is in Harry, but not in Billy.
 My third is in James, but not in John.
 My fourth is in Hattie, but not in Tom.
 My fifth is in Florence, but not in Fanny.
 My sixth is in Emea, but not in Jeany.
 My seventh is in Ben, but not in Nell.
 My eighth is in Mary, but not in Bell.
 My ninth is in Rose, but not in Gertie.
 My tenth is in Walter, but not in Bertie.
 My eleventh is in Minnie, but not in my Nettie.
 My whole is one of our very dear friends.

M. H. C.

I am composed of 13 letters.
 My first is in water, but not in land.
 My second is in melt, but not in part.
 My third is in stand, but not in fall.
 My fourth is in hot, but not in cold.
 My fifth is in sit, but not in talk.
 My sixth is in ink, but not in black.
 My seventh is in down, but not in up.
 My eighth is in eat, but not in drink.
 My ninth is in ride, but not in walk.
 My tenth is in Ida, but not in Ella.
 My eleventh is in dinner, but not in supper.
 My twelfth is in kid, but not in goat.
 My whole is a place of amusement.

CHARLEY BUSHNELL.

CHARADE.

My first means quick motion or sound,
 And my second makes very good bread;
 My whole is what most children love,
 Though to fall in their hands how we dread.

For they have neither pity nor mercy,
 Nor care for our struggles or cries;
 But set us right over the fire,
 And then look so knowing and wise.

But the heat sets us dancing full soon,
 And then they set up a shout;
 So we give a great leap in the air,
 And turn ourselves all inside out.

Then they all commence eating us up,
 Without any further parade;
 Now tell me, which one of you can,
 The name of this queer charade.

E. W. A.

ANSWERS IN NO. 15.

We live in events, not years. Boot. Horace Greeley. Silver Chain Recitation. New York.

Answered by Lody Leeds, Nettie Bushnell, Louis R. Schröder and Florence Pettigrew.

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BOUNding O'ER THE SEA WE GO.

Words by HUDSON TUTTLE.

Music by FELIX SCHELLING.

Con Spirito.

1. Bounding o'er the sea we go, Like an ar - row from the bow,
 2. Birds of sea a - round us scream, Lur - id light-'nings round us gleam,
 3. Staunch our bark the bil - lows breast, Sport-ing on their snow - y crest,
 4. Home of the bold, the brave and free, Beau - ti - ful the ray - ing sea,

Dash - ing thro' the bri - ny foam, O'er the spark'ling waves we roam.
 Thun-ders shout a - cross the deep, Tem-pests rush with gi - ant sweep.
 Fleet as cour - ser wet with foam, Dear - ly lov'd, it is our home.
 With its bil - lows clad in foam, On the sea, oh, charm-ing home.

CHORUS.

Solo 1st time.

Bound-ing o'er the sea we go, All a - round the wa - ters flow,
 Bound-ing o'er the sea we go, All a - round the wa - ters flow,

All a - round the bri - ny foam, On the snow - y waves our home.
 All a - round the bri - ny foam, On the snow - y waves our home.

rall.