

The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 2.

Chicago, July 1, 1869.

No. 21.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MOSIE OAKWOOD;

OR,

LOST AND FOUND.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

ABEL, it is dangerous floating down the river. We must be nearing the rapids, I believe, too, there are wild beasts here in the woods, for I just heard something that sounded like one—I'm sure I did. Come, let us go back."

"Rebecca, you are nervous, that is all. I

wouldn't have spared the time from the shop to day to give you this ride if I had known you wouldn't enjoy it," and Abel put on an injured look, while his whole attention was directed to the little fish he in vain coaxed to the surface.

"As true as I'm alive, Abel, it is not all Reba's nervousness for I hear something right here in this thicket," said little Mrs. Lyon, who had sat in the stern of the boat, shivering with fright for the last hour; and now Rebecca had opened the way, she ventured to speak.

"Just like you, always full of strange notions. I wish we had left the woman folks at home," growled the little woman's husband, who was standing in the boat watching Abel's movements with great interest.

"There are no wild beasts in this part of the country, and Swamscot Falls must be at least a mile below, so rest easy my good women, for you are perfectly safe," said Abel half apologizing for the rough remarks of Mr. Lyon.

"A mile from certain destruction isn't very far, and I for one protest against going any farther. Sally would sit here in this old leaky boat and be drowned without saying a word, but I'm thankful I've got a tongue in my head and am not afraid to use it," replied Rebecca.

"Well, haul to shore, Abel, just to convince the women folks that we are neither in the jaws of a tiger, nor about to be swallowed up by a maelstrom."

And accordingly the little nervous woman was at once set on the bank, sobbing at the unkind remarks of her husband, while Rebecca, brave and self-reliant, gave one leap that landed her safely on *terra firma*.

"Got your pistol, Abe? Tiger hunting is pretty serious business to one unarmed," and Joe Lyon gave a wicked look at his wife, who was too busy wringing the water from her wet clothing to notice the unkind remark that was intended for her.

"No, women are more afraid of fire-arms than of wild beasts or water-falls;—but hark! I hear something now very plainly."

"It's a cat-bird or the wind in the branches," suggested Joe, who began to believe that something had been heard since *Abel* declared it.

"Two very different sounds I should say."

"Swamscot Falls, then; you are as silly as the women. The next time I take a pleasure trip, I'll be blamed if I don't go alone. You and Rebecca are scared half to death, at something you don't know what, and Sally is in tears."

"Well Joe, you are a spoony to call the noise I hear either a cat-bird or the falls, when no two sounds could be more unlike," replied Abel much provoked, that *his* judgment should be called in question.

"I tell you that isn't a tiger, nor a cat-bird, nor the falls; its the cry of a child—now listen," spoke Rebecca with earnestness.

All four were breathless a moment, and the sound came faint and fainter, which told plainly it was the moan of an infant.

"Let us take to our oars again, Abel, I'm sure this is a scary place," said Joe, "besides what's the use staying here in the woods to hunt a spook when we are so defenceless. If I had taken my gun along we might kill a squirrel or something, as it is if we meet a wild cat, the best we could do would be to run so let us be going."

"But *I dont go one step* out of these woods till that child is found" and Rebecca set her womanly foot down with great firmness.

The matter was settled and the search commenced, but not long continued, far down in a little thicket at the foot of a large oak tree lay, curled up with fright and fatigue a little chubby blue eyed girl.

"Sakes alive" exclaimed Mrs. Lyon as she caught the child in her arms. "Poor little thing how came it here?"

The party looked timidly around and at each other, then at the baby not venturing to speak for some seconds. At last Abel broke the silence by suggesting that they search the woods for some clue to the origin of the little wanderer.

The two men, armed with large clubs, disappeared only to return in half an hour with the report that a company of gipsies had camped in the woods very recently, and, as proof, Joe brought a long-handled frying-pan that had doubtless been left in their hasty flight. He thought the ground was yet warm where they had lain down; but Abel said the cows might

have lain there, as they were feeding but a short distance from the deserted camp. Mrs. Lyon timidly hinted that the cows couldn't have left the frying-pan, and so credit was given to the first supposition.

The little stranger was questioned, but all to no purpose; for the baby head was not old enough to comprehend the questions, nor the baby tongue to lisp an answer.

"I suppose the child is yours, Sally, by right of discovery. Now, pray, what are you going to do with it?"

"Do with it? If it was only a boy I should know well enough what to do with it."

"Why a boy? You have four boys now, and not a girl in the world. I'm sure it is providential your finding it instead of me, for my house is full of girls, and I do believe one more would drive me crazy. It is talk and laugh, dance and sing, with my girls all day long, and I wish a thousand times they were all boys, off on the farm, with their father, then I should have a minute's quiet in the day."

But Mrs. Lyon only held up the terrified child to her husband, and said again, "If it was only a boy."

"What for, Sally; I shouldn't think you would grumble over *one* girl when Rebecca has six or eight."

"Why, father, if it was only a boy we could call it *Moses*. The name would be so significant, for the little thing was cuddled down among them brakes just as the prophet *Moses* was cuddled up in the rushes when *he* was found."

"I have no superstition about calling the child *Moses*, but a girl isn't of much account on a farm like ours."

"As to that," said Rebecca, "I think your little sickly wife needs help in the house *about* as much as you do on the farm. Now, Joe, you had better keep the child, advertise it in the county paper, just to clear your conscience, and the child will be yours, to take care of Sally when she's sick, and of you when you are old."

Rebecca's word was law. Her sound arguments and emphatic manner carried a weight with both Joe and Abel that Sally's weakness and tears never could command, and so the child was as good as adopted.

The little leaky boat was not long in returning with the new-found treasure, while the *name* of the child was the subject of very spirited discussion. Sally inclined to call it *Moses*, in spite of its sex; but as that wouldn't quite do in Wheat-

land, she compromised a little with her conscience, and named the baby Mosie Oakwood Lyon, a high-sounding and very satisfactory name.

Very late the next morning after the discovery, baby's blue eyes opened upon the dust and cobwebs of a dingy attic. She lay for some minutes gazing round this rude apartment, and thinking, Who knows the thoughts that crowded into the infant's mind while surveying this strange home?

Many wise persons will say it is no matter what that gaze first rested upon. That beauty, health and harmony may be developed as well by such surroundings as any other; but others, more skilled in the philosophy of life, think it is possible, nay probable, that that old dingy chamber, with its uncovered rafters and cobwebs and dust, will make an impression upon the mind of that child as lasting as eternity. But the dust and the cobwebs and the uncovered rafters had less terror for little Mosie than a yellow head belonging to Master Thomas Lyon that peeped round the bare chimney straight into the wondering blue eyes. This yellow head had an indescribable terror for the child, and she gave one fearful scream that set the whole house in an uproar.

Mrs. Lyon rushed to the rescue, and tried in her weakly way to pacify her.

"I hate the little gipsy any way, and she shall never be my sister," said Tom; and the little gipsy looked I hate the yellow-headed boy, and at that time a reign of hate and terror commenced in two young hearts.

A loud knock at the door restored quiet for a moment. "Hark! Some one raps. Come in," said Mrs. Lyon, softly.

(To be Continued.)

PRECOCIOUS.—A returned Californian found the baby he had left at home a miss of five summers. One day he offended her, when she fretfully exclaimed, "I wish you had never married into the family!"

—Some person was told that three yards of cloth would shrink a quarter of a yard on being wet. "Well then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be anything left?"

—A boy eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile is an animal that creeps, on being asked to name one promptly replied, "a baby!"

—"Sambo, did you ever see the Castkill mountains?" "No, Clem, but I've seen the cats kill mice!"

For the Lyceum Banner.

THE LILACS.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

The lilacs and blonde may go out
As June comes with the roses;
They star the ground with amethyst
Before her pink uncloses.
The stems shake off 'their tinted snows,
With low and tender sighing;
And as I watch them falter down,
I moan, "A friend is dying!"

Oh, I have watched their plummy shapes
Bow to the dewy morning,
And wave in such fresh opulence
I could not heed the warning
I've read so many times before
On leaf and bloom-down falling—
That Beauty's day is bright and brief,
And Death for aye is calling.

Fair lilacs! blooming every where,
In high and lowly places,
You shed alike on rich and poor
Your fragrances and graces;
While rare exotics coyly bloom
For wealth and fashion only,
You are our floral democrats,
And cheer the poor and lonely.

A year before you come again,
To stir our lips to praises,
And send our fancies wandering
Through green and purple mazes,
I half shall think you must have gone
To heavenly isles for blooming,
And that the angels wear your flowers,
And love their faint perfuming.

IKE'S LAST.—Ike's last trick was to throw Mrs. Partington's old gaiter in the alley, and then call the old lady down from the third floor to see an alley-gaiter!

—Smiles are the most beautiful ornaments you can wear—brighter, cheaper and better than the rarest diamonds.

SENSIBLE.—Cicero said: "As I approve of the youth who has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with the old man who has something of the youth."

—Why are the clouds like coachmen? Because they hold the rains.

DANGEROUS!—Said Mrs. Partington: "Guns are dangerous things, even without lock, stock or barrel; you might put your eye out with the ram-rod!"

—Nothing is so easy as to resent—nothing so noble as to pardon.

—Light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart.



FORTUNE WITHOUT GENIUS.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

CHAPTER V.

IT is an agreeable change for travellers to leave the Atlantic for the Pacific ocean. The waters of the latter are usually much smoother than those of the former. The transit from one to the other relieves the dull monotony of sea life, and affords a fine view of the most luxuriant vegetation on earth. The Isthmus of Panama is green at all seasons of the year. Its growth of palms, cocoa nuts, bread fruit, bannanas, oranges, limes and pine apple, with its dusky, half naked race who jabber and torment you with their articles of traffic, its monkeys, parrots and numberless curiosities invite the traveller's attention, and relieve the tediousness of a long wearisome voyage.

John was all eyes and ears, looking sharp but vainly for voracious cannibals, listening to the natives' incomprehensible jargon, and watching tenderly over his new charge that no harm might befall him. Eustace cared for none of these new objects of interest which absorbed all the other passengers. His mind was too feeble to exercise on novelties. John was a good listener and many an interesting item of travel did he hear and remember, which in after years did him good service.

The ignorant boy was in a few days transformed into a learned traveller. Now that his anxiety for the future was relieved, he began to be as cheerful as formerly and spent many hours each day in improvising stories for Eustace. He repeated all the wonderful tales he had heard since he left home making himself the hero in each instance, and embellished them to suit his fancy and arouse the slumbering intellect of the idiotic child.

Day after day dragged slowly by. In pleasant weather the two boys sat on deck watching the flying fish as they skimmed across the waves, and the porpoise which travelled in companies and leaped systematically from the ocean into the air. Occasionally a whale spouted in the distance, or a school of black fish cut across the wake of the vessel. Sea gulls screamed after them, clamoring for anything that might be thrown overboard which could serve for food!

But to John, the most interesting object which appeared was the tiny nautilus which followed them for days. "Look Eustace" said John as he sat on deck with his charge carefully guarded by his strong arm, "that little thing is just like me. I'm only a boy out on the great big ocean. Now see that big wave coming. If the nautilus sinks, I shall have bad luck in California and wish I'd staid at home, but if it sails right along I shall have good luck and be glad I went. Eustace looked eagerly after the little transparent sailor, and when it rose with the wave, and kept steadily on its course, he laughed wildly, patted John's cheeks and kissed his hands.

Thus day after day wore away. Since John had attained the exalted position of servant to so fine a lady as Mrs. Daly, he was looked upon with more favor than before, and received attention and kind words from the other passengers.

One fine day just as a light breeze was springing up, and they were nearing the gulf of Tehautepec, John took Eustace into the saloon where Mrs. Daly sat reading. He stood a moment with his cap under his arm until he attracted her attention.

"What do you wish John?" inquired she, hardly raising her eyes from her book.

"Nothing marm, only there's lots of mother Carey's chickens all round the ship, and my father used to say that was a sure sign of a storm. And beside I dreamed there was an awful storm, but we got out of it all right.

Mrs. Daly laughed lightly, telling him there was no reason why a storm should follow a little bird, and as to his dream it wasn't strange at all that he should dream of storms after being for weeks tossed about on the ocean.

John blushed deeply, and modestly defended himself by saying, "the sailors are making the boats fast, fixing the rigging and furling the sails."

These preparations were timely, for in a few hours the light breeze increased to a furious gale. The wind howled fearfully in the rigging, the

waves rose and the vessel pitched like a toy on the water. Her timbers creaked fearfully, and the spray dashed high above the smoke stack, nearly blinding those who ventured on deck. Nearly all sought their berths, some pale with fear, others too sick to have much thought for their safety. The gale continued through the night. At an early hour next morning, Mrs. Daly sent for John. She was very white, and Eustace lay in her berth so sick, that in his calm moments almost seemed that life had passed from him. John's bright face, still ruddy and cheerful instantly inspired Mrs. Daly with hope.

"Aren't you afraid John" inquired she.

"O no marm I aint scared a bit. It's pretty rough though, but she rides the waves well, so the sailors say. I wouldn't be afraid to climb the ratlins."

A faint sickly smile crept into Mrs. Daly's face, and she spoke cheerfully. "I will take care of Eustace, he is very sick. Come to me often and let me know if the storm abates."

John performed his duty faithfully. He watched the waves as closely as if he owned the vessel and cargo. About noon he rapped on Mrs. Daly's state room door, and brought the glad news that "the waves were going down awful fast, the spray didn't dash nothing nigh as high as it did, the cap-pen had left the wheel and most all the sailors were whistling."

Tears came to Mrs. Daly's eyes as she thanked John for his kindness, and a feeling of grateful relief, restored her to her former self possession. Little did the rough awkward boy realize what effect his words had on the superb lady, whom it was his delight to serve. She began to love him as she loved Eustace, with a motherly tenderness, which was the crowning glory of her many graces.

"Theodore," said she addressing her sick husband after John had left, "the motion of the ship is getting steadier and you will soon feel much better." A hopeful reply from the colonel cheered her and she continued. "Don't you think there is some strange fatality hanging around my life? From childhood I have reached upward for the intellectual and great, and aside from my husband, the great Father has given me only the ignorant and weak. John is fast finding a mother's love in my heart. It seems that some power beyond my contro', draws me as well as Eustace to him."

"You have been frightened and your nerves fearfully excited, Leonore. John's calmness has re-assured you, and I am free to own that his rosy

cheeks and smiling face have made me feel better too. What we call fatality may be one of nature's simplest laws, by which the pure and good like you and Eustace are easily governed. Intellect and culture alone do not constitute happiness, and to be happy is greater than to be great. Yours is the greater gift."

The Colonel was too sick to converse much, and as the motion of the vessel became more steady, the three fell asleep. When they awoke, the gale had spent its force and the tired ship was again moving quietly along.

It was a delightful morning that saw the steamer pass the famous Golden Gate, Fort Point, and into the smooth waters of the Bay of San Francisco. All were buoyant with hope and expectation. Waiting friends could hardly restrain their gladness until the steamer made fast to the wharf, so eager were they to embrace loved ones from whom they had been so long separated. New comers gazed with wondering interest upon the magic city built upon a huge mass of sand hills. Money makers and speculators talked of mines, real estate and warehouses, and whether the city would be most likely to grow towards North Beach, or the mission. John saw and heard a great deal, but never for a moment forgot the helpless little boy, who depended on him for care and protection.

(To be continued.)

I live in the mountains of California. I have lived there ever since I was three years old. This is the first time I can remember of ever being in a city. To-day mamma gave my sister Bess and me four bits apiece to buy what we liked. And oh you ought to see the nice things in the shop windows. We couldn't choose what to get, and when we did choose, a dollar wasn't half enough to buy what we wanted. Then we went to a candy shop, and there was candy of all colors and shapes. But papa says colored candy is poison, so we thought it would be foolish to spend our money for candy when it would only injure us. So Bess and I concluded to send you the dollar for the LYCEUM BANNER. We visited a little girl who takes it, and spent the whole afternoon finding out enigmas and reading stories. I think it the best paper I ever saw. I never wrote for a paper, but if you think this is good enough to print, I will write again, and send some enigmas. Perhaps, sometime, I can write stories like Malcolm Duncan or Pearl Hapgood. My real name and address is on another slip of paper.

San Francisco, Cal.

DELL DOVER.

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THE EDITOR ON THE WING.

DEAR READER: I closed my last letter in Omaha, that little city of Jonah's gourd growth I have seen a thing or two since then, of which I may speak.

George Francis Train has the credit of making Omaha, so far as it is made. The position of the city is good; the bluffs that sweep back from the river make fine locations for residences. A little more ditching and draining, and the foundation of a fine city will be laid.

There is a Lyceum in Omaha; I may not say a large or harmonious one. There is a lack of the pull-all-together principle. Where the fault is I will not say; but I did hear some of the officers say, "The children are not in fault." I believe them. It is to be regretted that children must suffer for the sins of older and ought-to-be-wiser heads.

Mrs. Wilcoxson has been speaking in Omaha. She was well received, and did a good work. A. B. French was expected there. Wonder if he will not put his shoulder to the wheel and help the Lyceum out of the ditch. I met there also Mrs. M. J. Langsdon, a former member of the Washington (D. C.) Lyceum. She came to me like a song-bird. All the air about her seemed vocal with sweet sounds. She will look loving hands with the true of heart in Omaha, and much good will be accomplished. Who knows and who will explain the philosophy of soul-kinship? We meet one soul who, without cause or provocation, gives us a "wide birth!" we are chilled — frozen. By and by a warm hand clasps ours; the sun shines, the flowers bloom, and we go on life's journey hopeful and happy.

Omaha has a host of live, warm hearts. I shall remember them a hundred years hence in heaven. Among the gentle, beautiful spirits I think of these

children, Charley S—— and his adopted sisters. The little fellow is an only child, but he regards the little girls as having equal rights with him. It was delightful to see his care of the youngest, a child of three years. In all his words and works he seemed to say, "Death has given me these little sisters, and they shall never lack a brother's love." Good-by, Omaha; I am mountain-bound.

In looking for a berth in the Cheyenne-bound cars, I heard my name, and turning about I saw George Morrill and John Weatherbee, both from Boston, Mass. The meeting was to me a divine Providence in the desert, and they did not seem a whit sorry to find me among those bound for the same mountain town. We exchanged words, papers, books, and we lunched, giving thanks meantime to some of our Omaha friends for their supply of wine, coffee, cream and edibles.

My friends came directly from the Chicago Lyceum. From them I gathered some few fragments of news from that quarter. They had no introduction to the Lyceum; I regret this, for the sake of the Lyceum. Mr. Weatherbee's brain is brim full of songs and sermons. I presume his heart was aching for utterance. Mr. Morrill is not so ready a talker, but

"In all his speech there is no word to mend."

By the descriptions given of the Lyceum by my friends I learned that Nettie Bushnell sang charmingly, and that my own grown-up members of "Morning Light Group" had "splendid words of wisdom" and a good teacher.

The five hundred and sixteen miles from Omaha to Cheyenne is a straight line over a part of what you will find on some of the old maps marked "The Great American Desert." Well, it has a *desert* look. Between old Fort Kearny and Cheyenne, over three hundred miles, I did not see a church, schoolhouse, or even a respectable-looking dwelling. The one good eating house has been burned. A few shanties and huts of turf comprise the towns. At the stations there were a few rough-looking soldiers marshaled into line, to protect us from the Indians. At one station the red men were out in faded blue, with old muskets, to see that the hostile Indians did not molest the train. The antelopes, the owls and prairie dogs were all the living things that for many miles met the eye. That this desert will in the future bud and blossom there is no doubt. The Platte river and its tributaries are now watering the valleys. By "dams and ditches" the melted snow from the mountains may be made to water and fertilize all this vast waste.

From Omaha to Cheyenne we were thirty hours. We reached there at evening. I had just time to shake hands with Mr. and Mrs. Ford, of the Ford House, the best hotel in Cheyenne. The coaches waited. We had before us a long night and day ride toward the Rocky Mountains. Of that I will tell you in my next letter.

Adieu.

B.

PARAGRAPHS.

— Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, one of the Ohio State missionaries, who understands the needs of Lyceums, writes: "Here comes the "Lyceum Song Bird" as fresh, new and beautiful as the first "robin red-breast" of the glad spring time! Our Ohio Lyceums must have them at once. It is just what the Lyceums need. I have often wished they had something of that kind. We shall endeavor to have it introduced into our Lyceums as far as possible. I thank you in the name of the Lyceums for publishing it. I admire the title page very much. It will please the children immensely. It could not have been better. My husband will write you about it. He is as much pleased with it as I am."

— **LOW. H. KIMBALL**, of the LYCEUM BANNER, Chicago, has put forth the "Lyceum Song Bird," a pretty little paper covered book, containing songs and music for Lyceums. It is a happy collection, and will prove most welcome to the happy assemblies to which it should be introduced.—*Banner of Light.*"

— Save the LYCEUM BANNER to bind. Missing numbers can be furnished at this office.

— "Applauding," by Hudson Tuttle, in number twenty of our paper, was read before Chicago Lyceum by Mr. Blackmer. The effect was good. The author has our thanks for bringing the subject before the Lyceums.

— **MOSIE OAKWOOD**, commenced in this number, will run through several papers. The readers will all want to know what Pearl has to say.

— Chicago Lyceum believes in keeping up with the times—the principal reason of its success. They have made an addition to their library of seventy-five copies of the "Song Bird." Miss A. W. Baker, leader of Temple Group, No. 2, made a donation of twenty-five copies for those who were not able to buy.

— Thanks to Warren Chase, of the *Banner of Light*, and to Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of the *Present Age*, for good notices of the LYCEUM BANNER. These men of intelligence and experience know

what they are talking about; hence their favorable notices we consider well deserved praise. The public may safely rely upon their good opinions.

— Dr. Cleveland heals the sick by the laying on of hands. All who are afflicted will do well to call on him at 137½ Madison street, Room 68.

PERSONAL.

— Mrs. H. F. M. Brown is still in the Rocky Mountain towns. She has spoken in Burlington, Boulder City, and several other places. Her address will be, until July 10th, Burlington, Colorado, care T. P. Hinman, Esq.

— The *Banner of Light* says: "It is the intention of our co-worker, J. M. Peebles, to visit Europe the coming summer. He will sail hence in July." Europe will open wide her doors to our brother.

Mrs. S. E. Warner has been for several months on a lecturing tour through Ohio. Her success has been good. She is appreciated wherever she goes, not only for her eloquent discourses, but for her fidelity to truth; another proof that success in life depends on principle more than policy.

— Warren Chase gave us a short call last week on his way to New York. He is looking hale as ever, and as ever determined to battle for the right.

— Lilly Kopp, a member of River Group, in Chicago Lyceum, left her home June 8th, with her mother, for Germany. The Sunday previous to her leaving, she made the following address to the Lyceum:

"Dear friends, Conductor, Guardian, and all officers, leaders, and children who have so well and faithfully performed your work in this Progressive Lyceum, to-day I must bid you good-by. Tuesday evening, with my mother, I shall leave Chicago—my home; Friday, leaving America—my country, I shall sail on the mighty ocean, bound for the German's father-land. In a few months I hope to be with you again. May holy angels guard us all—farewell."

LYCEUM SONG BIRD.—This new music book for the children is now ready. Lyceums wishing copies should send in their orders at once. Single copy, 25c; twelve copies, \$2.50; 100 copies \$20.00. Address this office.

NEW BOOKS JUST RECEIVED.—Alice Vale by Lois Waisbrooker. The question settled by Moses Hull. A. Manual by H. Bowman. Notices next week.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE UNIVERSE.—THE CHICAGOAN, which has of late attracted so much attention by its fearless discussions of the great social and moral questions of the day, is about to be enlarged, and the name changed to the *Universe*.

J. M. Peebles, the eminent writer and speaker, who has for so long been connected with the *Banner of Light*, is to assume the duties of editor-in-chief. Robert Dale Owen, Epes Sargent, and other well-known writers, are engaged as regular contributors.

The first number, which will appear about June 20th, will contain a paper from the pen of Robert Dale Owen, entitled "Spiritualism—a Moral and Social Necessity;" and also the opening chapters of a story by Mrs. Corbin, entitled, "Married;" or, A Woman's Deception."

We can not do better than wish friend Lewis a continuation of his present success in his extended field of labor, and bid him God-speed in his earnest work for humanity.

The *Universe* is \$2.50 per year, in advance; sent on trial three months for 50 cents; specimen numbers 10 cents. Address the publisher, H. N. F. Lewis, Chicago.

THE ROSTRUM—A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonial Philosophy. Published by Gill & Jamieson, 137½ Madison street, Room 85, Chicago. Edited by J. C. Gill; W. F. Jamieson, and D. W. Hull. Terms, \$2.00 per year; single copy, 20 cents.

This sterling magazine, the only one of the kind published in the United States, has just entered upon its second volume, greatly enlarged and improved. Its mechanical execution will not suffer in comparison with that of any other periodical in the country, while its forty-four pages of reading matter from some of our best writers and thinkers, will be a good return for the \$2.00 invested. Send for a specimen copy.

CHURCH AND STATE—Mr. W. Buffum, publisher; Mrs. A. Buffum, editress, 194 South Clark street, Room 11, Chicago. Terms, \$1.00 per year.

This paper, formerly *News from the Spirit World*, is now in its fourth year. The energetic editress deserves success for her perseverance in what to her seems right. We wish all women would take as decided a stand in matters pertaining to woman's interest as Mrs. Buffum has done.

— Ohio Lyceums can obtain the Song Bird of A. A. Wheelock, Ohio State missionary, No. 111 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

ROBBIE AND WILLIE.

If you listen unto me, my children,
I will tell you a story in rhyme;
And if you will hear it with patience,
I'll tell you another some time.

As I gazed from out of my window
On the beautiful shaded street,
I noticed two youthful playmates
Just helping themselves to a seat.

The elder was known as "Wild Robbie,"
The younger was sweet Willie Gray,
Whose mother had given permission
For Willie to go out and play.

Wild Robbie was bent upon mischief,
But Willie of course could not see
Why they should not go to the river,
And have a "nice bit of a spree!"

"We'll surely be back before supper,
And your mother, she never will know,"
Said our daring and reckless Wild Robbie,
And sweet Willie answered, "I'll go!"

Oh "lead us not into temptation,"
The Gentle and Beautiful prayed;
Then oh! blessed angels, take pity,
And answer the prayer that he made!

* * * * *
They frolic beside the clear river—
They bathe in its life-giving wave;
They venture too far, and—oh, horror!
Both sink to a watery grave!

On the morrow, when sweet Willie's playmates
Looked tearfully on his cold clay,
United petitions were wafted—
"Deliver from evil, we pray!"

L. OLIVIA TURNER.

NEW BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

"Seers of the Ages," by J. M. Peebles. Price, \$1.75. Postage, 28c.

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Alice Vale by Lois Waisbrooker, \$1.25, postage 16c.

"The Question Settled," by Moses Hull, \$1.50, postage 20c.

THE ELEMENTS. — Schoolmistress—"That is right, my dear: fire, air, earth. Now what is the fourth?"

Juvenile scholar pauses for a reply.
Schoolmistress (suggestively).—"What do you wash your face and hands in?"

Juvenile (by a sudden inspiration).—"In my mother's 'tittle tub!"

For the Lyceum Banner

PAUL WILLIAMS.

BY 'GERTIE GRANT.

"CELL me mother," said Jennie Morgan, "about Paul Williams. What has he done to give him so many grand titles? I am sure he is poor enough, and I can't see as he receives any more attention than father or any other man."

"What titles, child?" Mrs. Morgan asked.

"Why," the enquiring little maiden replied, "I heard you say that Paul Williams was a scholar, a soldier and a hero. What battles has he fought? Where did he get his education?"

"Mr. Williams knows but little of books," Mrs. Morgan said, "His early life was passed in one of the frontier towns where there were no school-houses. He picked up a little book knowledge, but nature has been his teacher; he *has* lived close to her fresh heart. He has studied rocks and mosses and meadow flowers. He knows the history of plants, their uses and qualities. He knows all about animal nature from the little animal-culas that you saw in the drop of water through the microscope, last evening, to the elephant and whale. He is familiar with insects—their habits and dispositions; He knows the birds by their voices and can tell the many varieties of trees by the song the wind sings through the branches."

"Does nature make gentlemen, mother?"

"Yes, child. Nature is full of grace, ease and dignity. Do you see with what beauty the little vine clings and creeps? Those noble trees, the monarchs of the forest, betray their aristocracy only by their power and beauty. The pines, the oaks and all things in nature are without pretence. Mr. Williams is as free from affectation and display as are the trees, he is loving and gentle as the flowers; he clings to his friends like the vine, yet he stands strong as the oak."

"Well, then, mother, I understand it all, except how he came to be a soldier. It's funny enough to call great big Mr. Williams like a flower, but it's funnier yet to call him a soldier, for the little sisterhood of flowers don't go to war. Just imagine my yellow pansy taking a darning needle for a spear, and fighting the old rooster or the butterflies."

"Mr. Williams is a soldier, little one, but it is in the Army of Peace. He is a non-resistant and a hero, because he has fought so many of *his* kind of battles. People who are never tried—never tempted are not heroes, though a mistaken pop-

ulace may crown them victors. In olden times my dear, the brave were given a crown of laurel as a reward. You remember the one upon the statue in my room of the old Roman with his slain enemy at his feet."

"But who, mother, were Mr. Williams enemies, and how did he conquer them?"

"His principal enemy was brandy; he loved it from a child. This enemy was born with him. When he was quite a lad he found that this grim giant was likely to destroy his peace, his hopes, his life,—so he said, 'do you think I am going to be conquered in a battle? going to put my enemy down my throat and be killed? I will do no such thing,' so, throwing it out of the window, he said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' He would not from that time allow a drop of spirits to pass his lips."

The next enemy was tobacco, and it was even harder yet to kill, but he refused it all quarter. He put on his invisible coat of mail, the armor which never yet had failed him. He refused his new enemy quarter and he fought it till it left him.

Others came, but one by one they were demolished. Envy, jealousy, evil-speech, and selfishness were among the guerilla herd that invaded his kingdom. He rallied all his brave knights, firmness and pride and a hosts of others and cast out the intruders.

Now you see how readily and easily he helps the weak, how he refuse to make good bargains at the expense of another. Never was he known to speak evil of any one. He is very happy, now that the wicked demons have been cast out and he has peaceable possession of his own soul.

"I wish we could all be more like Mr. Williams, my daughter,—could be kings and queens, crowned and titled by the grace and gift of Nature, not by men."

"I mean to try and be one of those very queens this very day," said Jennie, and see if I can't kill *my* enemies. Lizzie Stewart hates me because I get my lessons. She is a very dull scholar. I'll go directly and show her how to get her arithmetic lessons and then I'll have one less enemy. What a funny way to fight her, mother, but I'll try the experiment. I hav'nt any armor, but I can make believe. To-day, remember, I'm going to begin to fight enemies, beginning with Lizzie Green. Wont that be a good beginning!"

—There was once an independent old lady, who said she did not think Adam deserved much credit for naming the pig, as any one would know what to call it.



THE ROBIN'S REHEARSAL.

Out for a morning rehearsal,
 Robin, and Squirrel and Bee;
 They had an orchestral meeting
 Up in that sycamore tree.
 Robin has plumes on his bonnet;
 Squirrel is dressed in her furs;
 Bee wears a black and gold velvet—
 Finest of laces are hers.

"Now for our practice," said Robin;
 "You can sing *atr*, Mistress Bee;
 "You take the *bass*, Mr. Squirrel,
 That will leave *alto* for me."
 Up rose their voices together—
 Squirrel song, bee song, and bird;
 It was the funniest medley
 You in your life ever heard!

But among happiest singers
 Sometimes dissension will come:
 "Stop, Mistress Bee!" cried the Squirrel,
 "You can do nothing but hum."
 "Pray what can you do but chatter?"
 Madam retorted, and though
 She to her friends is all sweetness,
 Yet is a dangerous foe.

Fiercely the quarrel was raging:
 Robin said, "Here let it end;
 Neither shall sing at my concert,
 Neither one now is my friend."
 So in disgrace they were banished;
 Soon other birds came, and they,
 Being invited by Robin,
 Joined in a sweet matinee.

Little ones, here is a lesson:
 Whether at work or at play,
 Studying, talking, or singing,
 Never to anger give way.
 Whoso controlleth his spirit,
 Greater than monarch is he;
 Better than conquering chieftain—
 Richer his guerdon shall be.

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN.

Last year mamma said I could not write good. I do not know whether I can now or not. Enclosed please find three dollars, by which you see I have gained two new subscribers. I think the LYCEUM BANNER is the nicest and best paper ever published. I should cry if it should stop. Often when I read about the Lyceums I wish there was one here.

EVA W. FRAMBES.

As my term of subscription has nearly expired I hasten to renew it. I have been one among your subscribers ever since the little BANNER first showed its sparkling face. To me it is a very welcome visitor, and I do not want to miss a single copy. I have often longed to see the place where the LYCEUM BANNER is printed, and as many times have wished to see the dear ladies that publish it. The people in these woods are too poor and few in number to organize a Lyceum. The few reformers found here are not idle, for they have organized an association called the "Gilmore Progressive Church." It is carried on in a similar manner to a Lyceum—as near as can be without going to any expense. Some of our people around here are French Catholics and sectarian, and of course take no part with us in our meetings. There are but few of them that dare attend our meetings at all. We have met several times when there would be but two families together, still we have kept up meetings for more than a year.

Joyfield, Mich.

V. T. BOWMAN.

I am a little boy, not seven years old; and have been sick all my life. Have never been well enough to go to school, but I have learned at home. I have read one number of the LYCEUM BANNER; I like it very much. My sister gave me twenty-five cents; please send it to me. I never expect to be very strong, but mamma says I am useful.

JESSE HUGGINS.

I am much pleased with the LYCEUM BANNER, and can hardly wait for it to make its appearance. When it is brought home, we all run to see which can get it the first. The one that gets it reads it and gives it to the one that asks for the next chance of reading. I will close for this time, hoping that the little BANNER may find its way in the homes of both rich and poor.

JENNIE BROWN.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

Rock Island, Ill.

Mrs. L. M. KIMBALL: Our Rock Island Lyceum held its annual festival on the evening of Friday, May 28th, in Dart's Hall. Although, in the early part of the evening, a drizzling rain was falling, with every prospect of a very disagreeable night; yet, soon after the doors were opened, the hall was filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience, which appeared highly delighted with the exercises, consisting of songs, declamations, tableaux, target march, crowning the May Queen, and May pole dance. The doors were opened at eight o'clock, and the exercises lasted until nearly ten o'clock. At its close, the hall was cleared of seats, and to the strains of excellent music, the friends "tripped the light fantastic toe" until the wee hours. Every thing passed off harmoniously and quietly.

I would also inform you that we have changed our place of meeting. The Norris Hall became too small for us; we have, therefore, removed the Lyceum to Dart's Hall, which is the largest and most commodious hall in the city. I shall be exceedingly glad to have to report this hall too small. I imagine that the net proceeds available for Lyceum purposes, after defraying every expense, will be ninety-five dollars.

Trusting that the Lyceum cause, and its beautiful BANNER, may rapidly grow and widely spread, while its patrons and laborers are amply sustained, as they deserve to be,

I remain yours, respectfully,

HENRY JONES.

Andover, Ohio.

Our Lyceum was organized last November, with thirteen children, and now numbers nearly eighty members, and is prospering nicely. Some of the children come eleven miles; some five and six miles; so you see that there is some zeal among our Lyceum children. Last Sunday we met in Morley's Hall, to make arrangements for decorating the soldiers' graves in this town. We sung an appropriate song from the Manual, ("They are not gone,") then, headed by our Conductor, Guardian, and Assistant Guardian, we marched to the cemetery, each member carrying a bunch of nice flowers; then marched around each soldier's grave, with targets and banners. A committee, appointed for the purpose, strewed the beautiful wreaths over each of the soldier's graves. It was all done in good order, with willing hands and loving hearts. Our Lyceum is trying to learn all

the good they can, and hope for good success in spreading truth. We want to hear from every Lyceum in America. God and angels bless the dear children, and speed the right. We want the children to write for the LYCEUM BANNER, and tell us how they are progressing in the work of reform.

H. D.

Oswego, N. Y.

Mrs. E. G. Dodge, in a private letter, writes: "We are doing well, considering the tide of prejudice we have to work against. We have a nice hall nicely furnished, and all paid for. The LYCEUM BANNER we very much need, and we hope to be able to send for it in a few days. Your offer of the "Song Bird" is liberal, and I feel it will be generally accepted by Lyceums."

Sacramento, Cal.

Our Lyceum is omitted from your register. It meets in Turnverein Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. H. Bowman, Conductor, Assistant Conductor, Librarian, Assistant Librarian, Guards, President, Secretary, etc., etc., etc.; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian; Mrs. H. Bowman, Musical Director.

The Conductor has filled all these positions since last October, and has had a happy time of it. The Guardian holds the funds—and collects them too—leads Liberty Group, and has other multitudinous duties likewise. The musical director pounds out the harmony, not only on the piano, but leads Star Group, distributes tickets, and impresses visitors to the number of four or five every Sunday into the service of leaders of shepherdless flocks. We would like to *holler* to somebody to "come over and help us," if we thought somebody would come. Miss Brewster is a noble woman. For four long years she has been at her post like a true woman, as she is. What in the world did the good Lord make the women so much better than the men for? That is the most difficult question that, in all my life, has ever demanded a reply. I am awfully afraid of editors, particularly women! You won't print me, will you?

H. B.

[Yes, friend Bowman, we print all such spicy effusions. Let us hear from you again.—Ed.]

— Don't live in hope with your arms folded; fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves, and put their shoulders to the wheel.

— Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.



RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 3, 4, 10, 17, is what we sometimes wish for.

My 2, 8, 7, 16, 9, is a musical instrument.

My 5, 12, 12, 11, is a girl's name.

My 1, 11, 12, is a domestic animal.

My 6, 9, 1, 14, 8, is a relative.

My 15, 18, 14, 14, 10, 8, is a girl's name.

My whole is the name of a child who takes the "LYCEUM BANNER."

C. E. T.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 2, 10, 11, 14, 25, is a boy's name.

My 16, 17, 18, 10, 26, 27, is the name of an ancient city.

My 5, 15, 11, 18, 12, 1, is what we should be.

My 29, 21, 11, 11, 6, 8, is a girl's name.

My 5, 15, 16, is a domestic animal.

My 14, 15, 19, 10, is raised by farmers

My 24, 15, 11, 16, is not short,

My 20, 16, 7, 24, 28, is a man that works in a mill.

My 28, 4, 26, 24, 23, is a relative.

My 20, 15, 28, 1, 5, is not north.

My 21, 22, 25, is a vine.

My 26, 2, 21, 7, 8, 17, 10, 11, is what we love.

My 9 is a number.

My whole is where I dearly love to be.

AGNES DAVIS.

WORD PUZZLES.

I am a word of 6 letters, a noun, and my commencement and end are the same. Cut me in half, and spell my last three letters, and you will pronounce my whole.

My first syllable is a plant by name and a letter by sound.

My second is manufactured in iron, glass, wood and clay, and used for containing liquids and solids, sweets and souars.

My first is a native of China; my second, a cosmopolite.

My second is a scent, and also an old-fashioned sweet dish.

My first is manufactured sometimes from cowslips, violets, marshmallows, elder blossoms and linseed.

My second catches fish in river or sea, and protects your chimneys. It makes your coffee, and preserves your meats, whether fish, flesh or fowl, holds your geraniums and fuchsias, and waters your flowers. It makes soup or broth, boils and

stews, holds molten metals and pomatum. When you drop in on a friend, to take a chance dinner, my second divides it with you.

Finally, my whole presides over your morning and evening meals.

There is a certain natural production which exists from two to six feet above the surface of the earth. It is neither animal, vegetable nor mineral; neither male nor female, but something between both. It has neither length, breadth nor substance, is recorded in the Old Testament and often mentioned in the New, and it serves the purpose of both treachery and fidelity.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

If our path were strewed with roses
That concealed no stinging thorn;
If the hour when one joy eloses
Saw another newly born;
If our dreams were full of beauty,
And our waking hours of peace,
Would we feel for those whose duty
Never gives their hearts release?

If our dwelling were a palace,
Where we knew no pang or pain,
Where the red wine in life's chalice
Bore no bitterness, no bane:
Would our sympathies awaken,
Would our willing hands be spread
For the outcast and forsaken,
Who have neither home nor bread?

If our raiment were the fairest
That the Indies could afford,
If the daintiest food and rarest
Dally crowned our glittering board,
Could our full hearts know the sorrow
Of the patient, tolling poor—
Those who tremble lest the morrow
Bring gaunt famine to their door?

If we knew no lack, no losses,
Disappointment, toil nor care,
Would we succor him whose crosses
Are too wealsome to bear?
If we slept on silken couches,
Decked with costly gems and gold,
Would we pity him who crouches
By the wayside in the cold?

If the world were juster, truer,
In its censure and its praise;
If our doubts and fears were fewer—
Fewer weary nights and days;
If there were no graves behind us,
Where the loved and lost ones sleep—
No sweet memories to bind us,
Would we weep with those who weep?

If our hopes were never blasted,
If our love grew never cold,
If our strength and beauty lasted
Till a hundred years were told,
Would our hearts be humbly given
To the Giver of such bliss—
Would we ever think of heaven
As a better place than this?

OUR GOOSE HONORS.

"(I've a mind to tell you that a young goose rejoices in the sweet name of Pearl Jewell, and its nest mate in that of Pearl Hapgood.)"

LYCEUM BANNER, June 1st.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.)

DEAR PEARL HAPGOOD:—

How do you feel since our names have been duplicated, and are borne around Uncle Jacob's farm by two little goosies? My aunt Amanda used to tell me when I was a little girl and sat on her lap. "Your eyes are as blue as a goose's eyes, Pearl!" So there is at least *one* resemblance between a goose and me. Sometimes I think there are more. But I had not expected the honor I have received—did you? However I like it especially because of the delicious dreams it will awaken all summer.

Just think, Pearl Hapgood, how our sweet pink feet will brush the dew from the grass, paddle in the mud puddles, swim in the ponds, and *go bare footed!*

What nice times we will have, catching polliwogs, chasing bugs, nipping grass, and squalking up and down the road heralding all the rain storms!

I wonder if we are going to have any little fuzzy yellow goslings to take care of. If we do have we will honor our friends as we have been honored, as far as the little dears will go.

Good bye, my sweet nest mate.

PEARL JEWELL.

 LETTER FROM A LITTLE GIRL.

* * * I am glad there is a prospect of a new singing book; one is greatly needed in our family. I am sick of the old cloudy tune, "Hark, from the tombs." The Lyceums will all need your book. The LYCEUM BANNER is doing a missionary work in our neighborhood. I must have two copies, as one goes the rounds of the neighborhood. It is a little strange that people will scatter dollars freely for things not needful, and then borrow a dollar paper before the proprietor has a look at it. But I am glad the children can even steal a look at it. "Fortune Without Genius," is a capital story; it beats every thing we have read. I hope Miss Lebelle will keep on writing. She will "make her mark," so father thinks. S. A. B.

— "Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill mountains?" "No, Clem, but I've seen the cats kill mice.

A POSER.—A small boy made application of his first instructions on the sanctity of the Sabbath by objecting to the apothecaries' shops, which he saw open on that day.

"But," he was told, "they must keep open on Sunday, so that sick people can get medicine."

"Why? Do people get sick on Sunday?" he inquired.

"Yes, just as on any other day."

"Well, good people don't die on Sunday—do they?"

"Certainly."

"How can that be? Does heaven keep open on Sunday?"

It is needless to say that all further grave conversation on the subject was impossible.

A QUERY.—Does dancing on the green sward make one a grasshopper?

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— We will send the LYCEUM BANNER and *The Revolution*, or the LYCEUM BANNER and *The Present Age*, one year, for \$3.50.

From the Lyceum Song Bird.

"ONE BY ONE."

Words from A Child's Book of Religion.

Music by E. T. BLACKMER.

1. One by one the sands are flow - ing, One by one the mo - ments fall;
 2. Do not look at life's long sor - row, See how small each mo - ment's pain;

3. Do not lin - ger with re - gret - ting, Or for pass - ing hours des - pond;

Some are com - ing, some are go - ing, Do not strive to grasp them all;
 Joy shall bless thee for to - mor - row, So each day be - gin a - gain;

Nor thy dai - ly toil for - get - ting, Look too ea - ger - ly be - yond;

One by one thy du - ties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each;
 Ev - ery hour that fleets so slow - ly, Has its task to do or bear;

Hours are gold - en links, bright to - kens, Reach - ing heav'n, but one by one

Let no fu - ture dreams e - late thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.
 Bright will be the crown and ho - ly, If we set each gem with care.

Take them, lest the chain be bro - ken, Ere thy pil - grim - age be done.