

The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 2.

Chicago, August 1, 1869.

No. 23.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MOSIE OAKWOOD; OR, LOST AND FOUND.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

CHAPTER III—*continued.*

One day Mosie went out into the garden and sat down on a rough bench that Mr. Tony, one of the farm hands, made expressly for her. She sat a long time wondering and thinking what was best to do.

"Here I am, ten years old, as near as any body knows,—nobody in all the world loves me but uncle Tony. I wonder if he would miss me much. My kitten and doves are dead, I am not any body's child. I hate Tom, and all the boys call me gipsy. I believe I'll run away. Mamma Lyon wouldn't care much, for she says I make her nervous when I laugh and sing. I'll try it anyway. I'll go this very night over to Mrs. Dale's and tell her I'm going to run away—may be she'll fix me off. If I could only get a good start I—

"Mosie! Mosie!" called Mrs. Lyon, "Come right in your pa'll be here soon, and you haven't got the potatoes on to bile."

"I'll go *this* time," said the child rousing herself, but *we'll see who'll boil the potatoes another night.*"

"I declare, child, you are enough to provoke a saint. One of them stupid fits has come over you. I always dread them dreamy spells, they unfit you for anything the whole day."

The child went mechanically to work to get the supper ready. Everything was done in order and no one suspected her plans so nearly matured. That night when the house was still Mosie slipped cautiously into Uncle Tony's room, gave him a good bye kiss, which he brushed away as if it had been a fly that lighted on his cheek. She looked back, he was still sleeping, then the homeless one, deserted by all save the angels, went out into the darkness in search of a home that fate had denied her.

Mrs. Dale lived but a mile across the hills, while by the road it was nearly two. Mosie had never been across the field in the evening; she was afraid of the horses and cows and so she kept in the road. The way was long and lonely; her heart beat quickly as she ran so lightly through

the bushes, not daring to turn back to be sure no one was near. When she got to Mrs. Dale's house all was dark within. She tried to open the gate; it creaked and roused Growler who came barking along. A scream from the child and the bark of the dog roused the inmates of the house and a night-capped head peeped out of the window and asked who's there?

"It is me."

"And who's *me*? I'd like to know at this time of night, queried the good-natured man.

"Mosie Lyon. I've run away and come to ask you to help me."

"Get out growler! get out I say—come in little one, we'll take care of you. I never shut the door on any body yet, and it isn't very likely I'm going to begin with a baby like you."

In a few minutes Mrs. Dale came down stairs. She took off Mosie's bonnet and shawl, gave her a cup of milk and put her in bed with the first good-night kiss she ever remembered, and asked no questions. The Dale's were good, honest farmers. Although a little rough in their outward appearance there was a natural delicacy and refinement about them that made all who came in contact with them comfortable and happy. They did not annoy the child with questions or suspicions, but encouraged her to tell her story in her own good time.

Mosie slept sweetly that night feeling more at home than in all the years she had been with Mrs. Lyon. When she awoke in the morning Mrs. Dale was standing by her bed.

"Well, little one, what did you dream? They say that what we dream the first night we stay in a house is sure to come true."

"I dreamed, a handsome lady came to me. She seemed glad to see me, and said: 'Found at last! I am your mother. Go to Dunleath.'"

Mrs. Dale laughed heartily at the strange coincidence, for she had a journey planned to Dunleath that very day and was debating in her mind what was best to do with the little runaway in her absence.

"Father, I do believe that Mrs. Bloomfield over there to Dunleath, who hasn't a chick or a child in the world would be glad of this little waif. I don't know as the scripters would bear me out in running her off, but I believe she's been abused over there to Lyons and I *shall* take her away scripter or no scripter. An so it was settled that Mosie should accompany her to Dunleath that day.

* * * * *

In a little moss-covered cottage many miles from Mr. Lyon's farm house sit two women, mother and daughter. One feels as he enters that dwelling that grief and want and care are its occupants. Scarcely thirty years have passed over the young woman's head, but these few years, so replete with sorrow, have bleached her locks, dimmed her eye and driven her to despair. She sits musing listlessly by the fire, just as she has sat and mused for the last eight years. The mother, grown old before her time, is spinning flax as if busy fingers could drive away dull care. And as she spins she thinks of the only subject that has occupied her mind all these long years—how she shall bring back the waning intellect of her once beautiful daughter. At last she starts from her chair, as if new light had been given her, goes to a drawer where keepsakes, many and precious, are laid away, and brings from their hiding place a pair of baby shoes, and places them in her daughter's hand.

The young mother starts like one from a dream, and with flashing eyes fixed upon her companion says: "I know what you would have. Let the memory of our darling perish. For eight years her name has not been spoken in this prison-house. Do not seek to save me by such arts. If God was good, as you would have me believe, why did he suffer my child to be stolen from me? So I might repent do you say? I have nothing to regret that I gave to the world that beautiful bud. I know that somewhere, somehow, she will bless the world if not my worthless life.

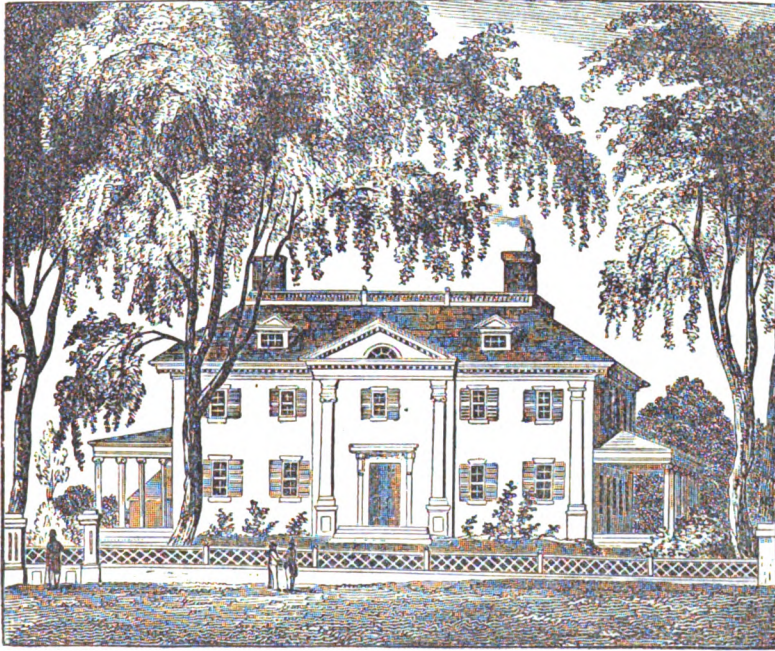
"I feel that I shall soon join Gustave in the spirit land, and together we can seek out and watch over our deserted child."

A few days after this conversation when the aged mother returned to her spinning, the spirit of her daughter had passed to the home of the angels.

CHAPTER IV.

When the stage, which conveyed Mrs. Dale and Mosie to Dunleath, stopped at the old-fashioned tavern, Mosie said it was the very place she saw in her dream. She climbed upon the seat by the side of the driver and took a general survey of the town. "Yes, the houses and streets are the very same. I saw those tall oaks and that little grove over there as plainly as I see them now. That is the way to Mrs. Bloomfield's where I am to live" said Mosie, pointing to an obscure part of the town.

"I'll bet my life, this child is one of them me-



"Here, Sopha, I've brought you the oddest genius you ever did see. Mrs. Lyon says she has queer spells. She seems to be kind o'dreamy, and when she comes out of them she tells strange things she has seen. Last night she dreamed she was coming to Dunleath to live with you, and when we got here she knew where you lived better than I did, and I've been here a dozen times."

diums we hear so much about," said Mrs. Dale to the driver.

"A which?" answered he stupidly.

"A witch! no indeed—a person that goes to sleep and tells things that are going to happen. It's curis any way where the child gets her knowledge."

"Which way, Marm?"

"Well I'm clear turned round. I couldn't tell to save my life where Mrs. Bloomfield lives, but this little dreamer says that is the way, so maybe you had better drive that way."

"Yes, I'm sure that is the right way" Mosie said.

For a mile or more the child directed the driver where to go and how to avoid the bad streets, and when they came in sight of a large house on the corner, shaded by tall elms, she clapped her hands in great glee, and said: "this is the house, the very house Mamma showed me!"

"Sure enough! But it is so changed here, I shouldn't have known it myself."

"Mrs. Bloomfield met them at the door and welcomed them cordially. Mosie thought hers the sweetest face she ever saw and the peculiar light that shone in her deep blue eyes when she took the child in her arms and kissed her, sent an electric thrill through her whole being and assured the little girl that she was no longer homeless and friendless.

Mrs. Bloomfield, not at all surprised at her friend's strange account of the child, gently stroked her hair, and drawing her to her, said: "Dear little girl, I have been looking for you a long time. You shall live with me, and we will make each other happy, and the world better for the association. The good angels guided you to me. I knew you were coming."

Mosie was at once adopted by Mrs. Bloomfield and treated as her own child. She grew thoughtful, happy and beautiful every day. She was taught that the accumulation of wealth for selfish purposes, instead of enriching its possessor, made him poorer; but that the wealth of affection was the abiding treasure that thieves could not steal; that we must not live for ourselves alone, but work diligently for the elevation of suffering humanity. Under these divine teachings the susceptible nature was unfolded, the passions planted by her former teachers were subdued and roused only when justice demanded.

Mrs. Bloomfield was the guardian angel of Dunleith. She spent her time in searching out the poor and unfortunate, always to relieve them. To those who were in want of food and clothing she carried those articles. Those more unfortunate she taught a better way. None were so fallen that she would pass them by; no one ever went from her feeling that life was not worth living.

After Mosie had been in Dunleith a week, and was beginning to feel a little unrest for want of something to do Mrs. Bloomfield said to her :

"Darling, you are little and delicate, and cannot do so very much, but you can be my partner in business, and help me, can't you?"

"O yes, I should be delighted to do anything for you."

"I have several patients on my hands whom I propose to turn over to you, while I must look about for new ones. There is a sick baby at No. 9. Its mother washes every day, and the poor child gets neglected. You must take good care that the baby does not want for nourishing food and warm clothing. There is a very old man living alone in a back ally; he is lame and nearly blind. I shall expect you to prepare his dinners and take them to him every day. You can read and sing to him, for he has no one in the world for company. When I found him his grand daughter lived with him. She braided door mats and sold them in the city. They told me that I was the only person that had called on them in eight months. Now the grandchild is dead and you must try and fill her place. There is a little lame boy in the old brown house that wants to learn to read. He cannot go to school, and has no one to teach him at home, so you may do that. Then there is grandma Wilder, of whom no one knows anything. She lives under the hill all alone. I think she would not accept of assistance from any one, but perhaps you could draw her out so life would look brighter to her than it seems to now, and her few remaining years be made of some account to her, if not to others. I guess four families will be all you can attend to, but when they need you no longer I shall have plenty more work for you to do."

"Dear mother, I know I should like to spend my whole time in helping such persons. I know how to pity them, and if I cannot do but little they shall know that I love them. To-morrow I will go to Grandmother Wilder's, for if she is queer I want to see her.

(To be continued.)

— "Ah!" said a Sunday-school teacher, "Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, "I suppose as I ha' been a orphan."

— What is the difference between an editor and his wife? One writes things to set, and the other sets things to right.

For the Lyceum Banner.

TO A CHILD.

BY MRS. EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

Child, remember, angel friends
Hover round thee everywhere;
To the earth's remotest ends
Should thy wandering feet repair,
Think not thou wouldst be alone;
Arms thy vision fails to see
Would be fondly round thee thrown,
Guiding and supporting thee.

O'er life's quagmires they will lift
Tenderly thy helpless form;
They'll ne'er let thy soul adrift,
To be wrecked amid the storm.
They will mitigate the pain,
When misfortune wounds thy soul:
They will bring thee back again
Peace and joy to make thee whole.

Let thy loving thoughts ascend,
Child, to them by night and day;
Who thy wandering steps attend,
Smoothing still life's rugged way.
Thou should'st ever grateful be
To the friends whom God has given,
From sin's tolls to set thee free,
And conduct thy soul to heaven.

DROWNED.

In Grand River, Painesville, Ohio, Sunday, July 4th, Corty Coucha, aged eleven years, a member of Shore Group. Corty was a bright little fellow and beloved by the whole Lyceum. He was the youngest child and only son of his widowed mother, who had been the leader of Ocean Group from the commencement of our Lyceum. The funeral was attended by a full Lyceum that marched from the hall in regalia with banners, to the house of mourning where the song, "The Pure White Lily" was sung. They then marched in procession to Evergreen Cemetery. The target of Shore Group was veiled in white crape; the bearers were four young men of Liberty Group, wearing white scarfs. On arriving at the grave, the Lyceum, headed by its officers, circled around the grave in double file and sang, "We are waiting by the River;" they then marched around in single file, each one throwing upon the coffin little mementoes of love and affection. After the filling of the grave with earth, the officers and leaders each placed thereon a splendid wreath of evergreens and flowers. The Lyceum then returned to their hall in the same order and deposited their regalia in the chest to await the return of the little spirit which has thus so suddenly cast off its clay tenement.

E. D. H. ;

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

Geneva, Ohio.

Mrs. W. H. Saxton, one of the faithful workers in Geneva Lyceum, writes: "Our Lyceum grows more and more interesting. Though not as large in numbers as last year, those who do take a part take more interest than ever before. Your paper is a welcome visitor. It is the best child's paper I ever saw."

Nevada, Iowa.

We are progressing finely. We meet at Briggs' Hall, at 10½ o'clock. Our officers are Mrs. Hattie J. Robinson, Conductor; C. P. Robinson, Musical Director. The interest increases. H. J. R.

Darlington, Wis.

I hope you will be successful in your enterprise of placing before the children the sacred truths of our holy faith, that they may not have to root out as much false theological training as fell to the lot of most of the present generation to do, and that their young minds may never be cramped and pained as ours have been. I say *ours*, for who that is now in active life, wholly escaped the withering influences of theology, and have been able to expand sufficiently to receive the glorious truth. God and good angels bless you.

We are not many here, but are growing. The angel world is pushing the work here in one of the hot-beds of dogmatism, in defiance of all opposition. S. F. D.

Philadelphia, Pa.

What can we do to make our Lyceum prosper?

Let us first see that every member of it understands the nature and design of a Progressive Lyceum. I find, by reference to our Manual, which is our text-book, that "it is an attempt to unfold and actualize on earth, partially at least, a progressive juvenile assemblage, like that in the Summer-Land; whither children are constantly going from the earth, and where they are received into Groups for improvement, growth and graduation." I find that it means more than an ordinary Sunday school and that "it embraces within its plan the healthful development of the bodily functions, the conscientious exercise of the reasoning faculties, and the progressive unfolding of the social and divine affections."

There is a design and meaning in the name of every group, in the color of every badge, and the shape of every target; so that our marches and banners are not designed as a mere pageant, but that all our ceremonials and equipments are "out-

ward and visible signs" of what should be a high order of physical, intellectual and spiritual fruition. A Progressive Lyceum is not only an educator, but it is also a reformer. It virtually says, if our habits of eating, drinking, or mode of dress, hinder "the healthful development of our bodily functions," they should be changed; if our occupations unduly engross our attention, or our amusements rob of sleep, or dissipate our minds, so as to hinder "the conscientious exercise of our reasoning faculties," they too should be changed; or if we indulge in selfishness, pride, censoriousness, or any unworthy thoughts or feelings that check the unfolding of the social and divine affections, they should be rooted out. So that, if we wish to make our Lyceum prosperous, we must strive to make our physical exercises serviceable to us in giving health and strength to our bodies, symmetry to our forms and grace and elegance to our motions; our intellectual exercises serviceable by enlarging our powers of thought and increasing our stores of knowledge; and our spiritual instruction of use to us, by making us kind, charitable and just to each other and all the world, and by becoming, individually and collectively, an embodiment of that purity and harmony that pervade the Lyceums of the Summer-Land.

If we can attain this in any good degree, our Lyceum will indeed be prosperous, whether our numbers be few or many, or our treasury contain little or much.

E. L. HOWARD,
Leader of Liberty Group.

—Miss Lena F. B. Young, Three Oaks, Mich., is agent for Dr. Whitney's Teaberry Dentrifice—Price, 25 cents. Address as above.

—Somebody perpetrates the following as the last conundrum: As Colfax had Nellie Wade, why didn't he have her uncle weighed also? Because he's Ben Wade.

—What is the difference between a belle and a burglar? One wears false locks and the other false keys.

—A grate nuisance—Bad coal.

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan;
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
From my heart I give thee, joy;
I was once a barefoot boy!"

—From Whittier's Barefoot Boy.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

IS PUBLISHED

TWICE A MONTH BY MRS. L. H. KIMBALL.

EDITED BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

AT ROOM 84, POPE'S BLOCK,

137 Madison St., bet. Clark and LaSalle, Chicago, Ill.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION :

One Copy, One Year, <i>in advance</i>	\$ 1.00
Ten Copies, to one address.....	9.00
Twenty-five Copies ".....	22.50
Fifty Copies, ".....	45.00
One Hundred Copies, ".....	90.00

Address : MRS. LOU H. KIMBALL,
187½ Madison St., Room 84
Chicago, Illinois.

Money may be sent by Post Office Orders.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

DEAR READERS.—I am in the Rocky Mountain region, but as yet seen only a small portion of the Territory. From a little work published by Ned Farrell I learn that Colorado is almost square in form, extending nearly four hundred miles from east to west, and nearly three hundred from north to south, occupying the space between the 37° and 41° of north latitude, and between the 25° and 32° meridian of longitude west from Washington. Lying on both sides of the great Rocky Mountains, which occupy a great part of the western portion, the eastern half extends out towards the Missouri River in a sloping, undulating plain, which gives a variety of climate, production and location, not to be found in any of the States eastward. Its area covers nearly 110,000 square miles; enough to make thirteen States of the size of Massachusetts. Colorado possesses the highest mean elevation in North America.

The valleys are from six to eight feet above the level of the ocean; the mountains rise from ten to sixteen thousand feet above the valleys. I have been close to snow banks but as yet have not ventured over the snow ranges. Early in August I propose joining a company for a trip over these mighty ranges.

I wish I could give you a pen picture of my present retreat. I will give you the best I can do. I am about one hundred and forty miles from any railroad, ten from stage road, and six from anywhere. The nearest neighbor is two miles; that one family consists of two bachelors. It is common here for men to keep house. Do not imagine that I am out of reach of civilization. The house where I now am stands in a little nook or "bar" of two or three acres. It is a large farm house, built in modern gothic style; within there is no plaster or paper. The pine board ceilings

are well matched and painted. An Eastern mining company built the house, but failing to find the hoped-for ore, it was abandoned. Before the house, a few yards distant, the Fall river comes dashing and tumbling down from the Snow Range. So you see in these July days we bathe in and drink the melted snow. The river sounds much like Niagara Falls. Directly opposite this stream Evergreen Mountain goes up to the clouds. The mountain rises as even as a tent, in fact it has a tent shape. This side of the mountain is completely covered with pines and hemlocks; some of the trees are ten feet in diameter. How they find foot hold and how they manage to live in this high latitude is to me a wonder. Remember, we, at the base of these everlasting hills, are over eight thousand feet above the level of the ocean. One and two thousand feet higher, the trees, green and fresh, lift their heads above the clouds. Can you imagine the sun shining on these tree-tops, and the clouds below pouring rain? It is even so. Back of "Sunny Side" the hills are broken, rocky, and not so high. I have them all in my list to be climbed, but dear me! While the spirit "mounts as on eagle wings," my limbs are weak.

The flowers of the mountain side are splendid. The wild rose is now in full bloom, so are dandelions and the cactus; but the flowers that seem to me most beautiful are nameless, unless the angels have given them names that we may not know. I wish the Lyceums could have a grand gala day in this wild-wood spot, listen to the voice of the mountain birds, the singing streams, wonder and worship and have a good climb up hill.

How came I in this out-of-the-way corner of Colorado do you ask? The Fates, the good gods in whom I trust, brought me here. I was in Georgetown, twelve miles distant. I had been talking in public and in private places till my lungs and head demanded rest. Just then Mr. Achey came, not as one sent by heaven alone, but sent by his artist wife as well, to invite me and my friend, Mrs. Dickinson, to "Sunny Side" for a July rest. I knew Mrs. Achey only by her pictures; she knew me but by my written words. But for the warm welcome she gave us to her beautiful retreat, I shall love and bless her forever. My new friends are from Ohio. Mrs. Achey was one of the Cincinnati artists. She has sketched these glorious mountains, the waterfalls and soft ship-like clouds, and is now giving them tone, color and life. I hope, I expect, some of you will see her mountain pictures in Chicago. Our friends have brought to this secluded spot all that belongs to in-doors

city life. Books, papers, magazines, music, flowers, and furniture remind me of eastern cities. But I am to take a hasty leave of this sweet retreat. Word has just come that I am to speak tomorrow thirty-seven miles distant.

You will hear from me next about Idaho hot spring, where I have been for the benefit the waters are said to give.

Adieu,

B.

"SUNNY SIDE," C. T. July 3d.

THE UNIVERSE.

This long-expected weekly, devoted to literature, science, Spiritualism, woman's independence and the general reform movements of the age, lies before us, with its clear face and winning appearance. Noting its contributors and glancing at its contents, we confess to a great deal of *womanly pride* in seeing such a sheet—spicy, sound and broad in purpose—such a sort of a *New York Independent*, thrown into the camping grounds of these reputed eleven millions of Spiritualists. It is the largest and cheapest paper in the country devoted to the spiritual philosophy and reform. H. N. F. Lewis, the enterprising proprietor of the *Western Rural*, is the publisher and managing editor. J. M. Peebles, author of the "Life of A. James," the "Scars of the Ages," etc., an earnest worker in the interests of Progressive Lyceums, and four years connected editorially with the *Banner of Light*, is the editor-in-chief of this new weekly. Terms of subscription, \$2.50 a year.

Address H. N. F. Lewis, 113 Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

One more number will complete the present volume. Will those who have been with us through two years of sunshine and shadow, send their names and dollars for another year, and not desert us now? Remember that our Premium List is for the benefit of old subscribers as well as new. This gives an excellent opportunity to all who will aid in extending the circulation of our paper by getting clubs. There is not a town in the United States too poor or too far behind the times to send one subscriber. If such a place exists we would like to hear from it. Do not wait for the names to be erased from the books, but send at once and claim your premiums.

Great improvements are in contemplation for the next volume.

OUR PREMIUM LIST.

Among the articles offered in our new list of premiums are some that need a few words of explanation to make them better appreciated. The readers of the LYCEUM BANNER will please remember that every article offered is well worth the money asked for it.

CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS.

These are finely executed fancy sketches, embracing a variety of subjects, such as—Little Mischief, A Cold Morning, Friendless, Which is the Tallest? Christmas, etc., and sent to every new subscriber, or, for two subscribers and two dollars we send either of the above, *beautifully colored*.

BOOKS.

The works of Charles Dickens, offered for two dollars, are the paper edition, and retail at thirty and thirty-five cents. The one dollar books include Planchette, Stella Key, Billy Grimes' Favorite, The Cruise of the Dashaway, Tommy Hickup or any other dollar book you may select. Books for two dollars may be selected from any catalogue, and will include Scars of the Ages, by J. M. Peebles; The Spiritual Harp; Oldtown Folks, by Mrs. Stowe; Dawn; Seven Years of a Sailor's Life, etc., etc.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

needs no commendation. The one offered is the latest edition, and contains 3,000 illustrations.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

are all of the best quality, and selected with great care by an experienced musician, and put in at very low prices, as we have extra facilities for procuring them, and give those who work for us the benefit.

The ESTEY ORGAN and MELODEON are of the best manufacture, and are warranted in every particular. We cannot say too much in praise of these beautiful instruments, and feel sure that Lyceums will appreciate the very liberal terms on which we offer to supply them. We would also especially recommend the Violin and Guitar given for one hundred yearly subscriptions.

CHROMOS, ETC.

The pictures of this class are the very best in the market, the chromos being selected from the catalogue of L. Prang & Co., Boston. Persons sending twenty dollars can select from any of his five dollar pictures. We mention his Barefoot Boy because it is the most popular one of the series, any of which are fully equal to any oil painting in beauty and finish. The CHROMO

OLEOGRAPH of "Mamma is in Heaven" is a picture of surpassing beauty, and no description of ours can do it justice. The pictures are portraits from life, the group represents four orphan children who, tired of play, have thrown themselves on the sofa, when Ella asks sadly of her elder sister, Eva, "Why don't Mamma come?" and she, pointing upward to where the angel mother is seen floating in a cloud above them, says, "Mamma is in Heaven," and the little baby boy, who needs and misses a mother's love so much, says, in his lisping accents, "Mamma is wa' up in 'e ky." There could be no finer picture for a Lyceum hall or private parlor than this beautiful Oleograph.

We have already commenced receiving names to apply on premiums, and confidently expect to double our subscription list in the next three months. Send in your names as fast as you get them, and they will be placed to your credit, and you can call for the premium to which you are entitled at any time.

LYCEUM PICNIC.

Friday, July 18th, the members of Chicago Lyceum held their fourth annual picnic at Hyde Park.

At 9 o'clock the members of the Lyceum assembled in Crosby's music hall, and from there marched in procession, headed by Vaas' Northwestern Light Guard Band, to the Michigan Central depot.

Eight cars were filled with the most orderly company that ever left Chicago. After about two hours of out door enjoyment it commenced raining and continued to rain until "the hour of retiring." But fortunately such a company as our Lyceum called together had other resources of enjoyment. The parlors of the Hyde Park House were kindly thrown open by the proprietor, Mr. G. P. Kimball, to 600 pleasure seekers.

Short addresses were given by Dr. E. C. Dunn, J. M. Peebles, Susie Johnson, Ada L. Ballou and Moses Hull. The speaking was interspersed with recitations by the children, gymnastic exercises and singing from the Lyceum Song Bird, under the direction of E. T. Blackmer.

At 4:35 the quiet park was deserted for the noise, smoke and heat of Chicago. All went home satisfied that a picnic can be made pleasant and enjoyable in spite of the weather.

—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's post office address is Boulder City, Colorado.

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

The May day number of this excellent little magazine has arrived, looking as fresh and bright as the opening flower buds of Spring. As usual, it is filled with fascinating stories for the little ones, and graver lessons, written in most attractive style, for children of a larger growth. Mrs. Kimball spares no pains in its execution, and we are told by Mrs. Brown, in this number, that to her facile pen we are indebted for many stories, sketches and puzzles which have delighted us in the *Lyceum Banner*. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, the beloved editor, is about to leave for California, but she says: "From the Rocky Mountains, from the 'Boiling Springs' of Colorado, from the Mormon city, and from the Pacific towns, I shall send you messages through this paper." God speed our sister, and bring her safely back from the distant Pacific coast!

The *Lyceum Banner*, which is published semi-monthly for the low price of one dollar per annum, with a liberal discount to clubs, should be in every Spiritualist family, and all Lyceums especially should be furnished with this attractive little journal—the *only one* which the Spiritualist community is called upon to sustain, though another able "*Convention Day Journal*" is published by the St. Louis Lyceum.—MARY F. DAVIS, in *Banner of Light*, May 29th, 1869.

ZOOLOGICAL CATECHISM.—Which animal is never old? The gnoo.

Which is costly? The deer.

Which is a good boatman? The roebuck.

Which makes a good light? The tapir.

Which is the most used by cooks? The spider.

Which dogs always go in pairs? Spaniels.

Which is the most unbending dog? The mastiff.

Which dog would you recommend hair-dye to? The greyhound.

Which reptiles would drivers prefer? The whip-snake.

Which would boys and girls rather have? The hoop-snake.

Which is the best for watchmen? The rattle-snake.

Which do Indians have most use for? The moccasin-snake.

Which is the best for school children? The adder.

—Where is money first mentioned in the Bible? When the dove brought the green back to Noah.

—Why is a printer one of the most unfortunate of men? Because he is condemned to the *galley* for life.

—Treat your enemies as if they would some time or other be your friends.

—Send for our Premium List.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.
THE HIGHLAND GIRL.

Jean Ingleheart was born in Scotland. When she was about ten years old she came with her parents and brother to this country. When the Inglehearts reached New York they were all sick of ship fever. They were sent to the hospital. Little Jean was very sick a long time. For some weeks she recognized no one, but at last her senses came back and she began to gain strength.

"Where are all my folks? father, mother, brother?" was her first question.

The good nurse by degrees prepared her for the sad tidings that they had been swept away by the pestilence.

"You have all been very sick," the nurse said.

"Have we? and are all well but me?"

"Yes, well in Heaven," said the nurse, wiping away her own tears.

"All in Heaven? and will they love me and take care of me in Heaven?"

"You shall not lack for love, little one; "the good Father careth for His lambs," the nurse replied. "A good man, who knew your parents in Scotland, is here and will take you to his home."

"But will he love me as my father did and let me love him?" the child asked.

"Why, bless the darling!" said the good, honest hearted John Everton, as he took Jean in his arms, "you shall never lack love or the protection of my home and heart. I see in your bonnie blue eyes the same sweet look of your mother."

"And who are you?" Jean asked.

"I am your mother's old friend. I came here to take you all out to my own home. Your blessed mother has gone to a better home than I could

give, but I mourn her going for a' that," and John brushed away the tears.

Mr. Everton took Jean to his house. That night his "gude wife" put the tired child into the small white bed she had prepared for her, and after tucking in the blankets she kissed her good-night and turning to her husband, said:

"We will love and deal gently with the lass, and, mayhap, her mother will meet our own Jean in the land where both have gone, and bless and care for her for our sake the while."

Jean was ill all winter. The little thing would lie upon her couch all day without saying a single word. She seemed like one living apart from all things about her.

"The dove misses the broom and heather of the Highlands," Mr. Everton said. "Those we cannot bring over the salt sea, but we can send her out among the hills to feed and mind the sheep."

"As you will, my good husband," Mrs. Everton replied, "anything so the bloom comes back to the child's cheek, and joy to her young heart."

In the spring Jean was clothed in a suitable dress and sent out to look after the sheep.

The wind, the trees, and her friends, the birds, made her as strong and joyous as a lark. She soon made friends with the sheep and gave them the names best suited to their characters. A black lamb she called "Topsey Turvey;" another she called "Wide a-wake;" to a little pink-eyed lamb she gave the name of "Star-eyes." The sheep learned their various names and came at her call and took their portion of salt from her hands.

One fine day in summer as this worthy couple were taking a stroll over the pasture they found Jean lying on the ground fast asleep, her head resting on her arm, her basket at her feet, and by her side her pet kitten Trusty. When Mr. Everton and his wife looked upon Jean in the enjoyment of her innocent freedom they wept for joy, and blessed the fates that had sent this bud of promise to bless their remaining days.

Jean had a sweet voice and was apt at catching sounds. She knew all the birds by their voices and could repeat every bird's note.

"That is a marvelous child," Mr. Everton one day said to his wife, "I mistake if the world does not yet hear her voice. She will charm and win by the songs she sings."

Jean was taken from her flocks and put to

school. She is to-day one of the noble women of the land, strong, brave, beautiful.

But culture and travel have not won the affections that were early given to the birds and lambs. In her glory and greatness she speaks lovingly, tenderly of good John Everton and his sweet wife.

When weary with the bustle of the great city she goes up to the old mountain-home where she is sure of finding the rest and blessing that Nature always holds in store for those who love her and keep her commandments.

For the Lyceum Banner.

OUT OF MY WINDOW.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

I WONDER why it is that mothers are so careful of their boys, and so unmindful of their girls' health and happiness. Why does Mrs. Adams keep her pale, puny, little girls imprisoned in the house these fine, cool days, breathing poisonous air over a coal stove, while her boys are allowed to run out of doors and play and expand their lungs with the pure, invigorating atmosphere? And even when Mary and Ellen are permitted to go out, why are they allowed to wear cloth boots with thin soles, while the boys have nice, thick calfskin ones?

Neither can I imagine what her object can be, after keeping them in a hot room all day with high-necked dresses, in letting them go to parties, when the air is much cooler, in muslin dresses with low necks. The boys accompany them in warm cloth suits and heavy overcoats. When Mary and Ellen are a little indisposed from eating sweetmeats and breathing impure air, instead of giving them healthy exercise and a simple diet, they are drugged and dosed until the poor things look so pinched and feeble that you would hardly believe they could be of the same family as those rosy, driving boys.

If Willie's head aches, which is very seldom, he runs and jumps until nature is allowed to bring him into a healthy condition.

It is pleasant to see those young gentlemen wait on their little sisters so tenderly; yet I would rather see the girls take a hoe in hand and dig up a pink root or verbena, than to see the boys do it for them. How are they ever to develop good, solid, healthy muscles and physically become their brothers equal?

It is true, as Mrs. Adams says, her daughters are very delicate. I wonder they are living. When

they were infants, they were, in point of health and strength on a par with the boys, but every year they fall behind, and when they arrive at maturity they will serve as examples of the great inferiority of women.

O, Mrs. Adams! you have the sins, and crimes, and deformities of many, perhaps, in the future to answer for. A girl is elastic as a boy. She can drive a hoop, throw a ball, dig a hole or run a race with the smartest of them. Why then devote your energies to dwarfing, pruning and weakening the crowning glory of creation?

Jerry Marshall, an old school conservative, invited me to visit his hot house, for the purpose of examining some Japanese oranges. They were ripe, but so diminutive that I felt it would be sacrilege to lay a finger on them.

"The Japanese," said Jerry, "have the art of dwarfing their trees."

"As American women have of dwarfing their daughters," I added.

Jerry took out his snuff-box a dozen times, a habit he had when in an unpleasant dilemma. I allowed him to proceed, however, without farther comparisons, while he related the process of dwarfing. The roots of very small trees are singed, the trunk sawed off and grafted. The result is, the tree grows to a mere shrub, the fruit is no larger than a walnut, but very sweet. He asserted, however, at the close of his explanation, that one class of truths might apply to the vegetable, and another to the animal kingdom, and his next pinch of snuff was taken with a great deal of enjoyment.

Mrs. Adams has, during the lives of Ella and Mary, practiced the dwarfing principle. When very small children she bought them pretty dolls, dressed in so much gauze and tinsel, that their childish fancies were quite captivated. They were also furnished with materials for hats, dresses, cloaks and sashes, and instructed in the latest styles, so that their dolls should be fashionably dressed. They bothered and studied over trails, ruches, bodices and frills, until it was the ambition of their daily lives to see their inanimate children as finely frilled and frizzled as Mrs. Worth, the leader of the fashion.

Willie and Harry, at tender ages, were furnished with a box, containing hammers, hatchets, gimlets and chisels, given a corner of the woodhouse, where they could litter and work, make a noise and build houses to their satisfaction.

They now bid fair to make men of rare constructive talent, and they will doubtless make their mark in the world.

The girls, equally true to their surroundings, are growing up fashionable young ladies, with no higher ambition than to dress themselves as they dressed their dolls. Here is a fine text for Jerry to preach me a long sermon on woman's incapacity for life's general duties.

I am sorry I see so many instances of perversion from my window, but as a faithful gossip I am bound to give you the shady side, as well as the sunny one.

I will relate one incident of beauty which raised my estimation of human nature very perceptibly, then bid you good-bye for the present. Poor old Mrs. Fuller, who lives with an invalid son, and does all her marketing on foot, was carrying a large basket filled with packages, on her arm, and a can of oil in her other hand. A handsomely dressed couple, seeing her, quickened their pace until they came up with the tired old lady.

"Good morning," said Mr. Sleeper, very pleasantly. "Allow me to carry your basket for you."

"Why, aunty, aren't you tired?" asked the sweet little lady; "give me your can, please," and without waiting for any remonstrance, the benevolent couple appropriated the tired woman's burdens the remainder of the distance.

"I didn't have to do this way when my husband was living. We kept a horse then and got along nicely. Now, all we eat, drink or wear I must bring from town myself." She gave a weary sigh, which Mrs. Sleeper appeared not to notice, but said: "O, well, aunty, we all know this is a world of ups and downs. You may again be up, while those who ride in their coaches may be down. The wheel of fortune never ceases to turn. This is a lovely day, isn't it? How cheerful and happy everybody seems."

In a few moments her own genial nature restored Mrs. Fuller to a long neglected animation and her step became elastic, her face bright and life presented new attractions. This new life she, in turn, imparted to her invalid son, who had pined for days for a cheerful voice.

Don't neglect the aged and infirm. Time is sure to transfer you to their places if you live, when you will need the loving voice and helping hand to cheer the declining pathway down the hills of life.

— "I'm sitting on the style, Mary!" as the husband sang when he was pitched into for sitting on his wife's apology for a bonnet.

— A great "composer"—Chloroform.

— The best cure for tight boots—Small feet.

REVIEWS.

A MANUAL For the Children's Lyceum and for Sunday Schools, containing Recitations, Hymns, Songs, and Rules of Duty. Compiled by H. Bowman, Sacramento, Cal.

This book contains over fifty songs, nineteen of which were written by Mr. Bowman.

THE MINES OF COLORADO. By O. J. Hollister.

A book of 450 pages, treating of the early history of the country, its Geography, Geology, Mineralogy, Climate and Scenery; with a descriptive list of Mining Companies, Mines, Mills and Machinery. Price \$2.00. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address, A. J. Mackey, Boulder City, Colorado.

THE ROSTRUM.—The July number of this journal is unusually interesting. The editors believe in the reforms of the day, and prove their belief by boldly advocating them. Address Jami-son & Gill, 137½ Madison street, Chicago.

THE RADICAL.—The July number (Vol. 6, No. 1) of this interesting magazine is upon our table. Contents: Margaret Fuller, To M. F. O., Personal Theism, The Parting, The Paradox of Spiritualism, From the Country, Notes. The August number will contain a paper, by O. B. Frothingham, upon Theodore Parker. Single subscription, \$4 00; specimen copy, 35 cents. Address, *The Radical*, Boston.

LYCEUM SONG BIRD. Chicago: Published by Lou H. Kimball, LYCEUM BANNER Office; pp. 48. Price 25 cents.

The publisher has done the Lyceums of the country a great favor in presenting them a beautiful, neat and fresh volume of music, and this, too, at so low a price that it is within the reach of all. We notice songs for all occasions, but those for marching and gymnastics are singularly beautiful. We cordially recommend it to Lyceums, and to all who wish for one of the best collections of music of its size extant.—*American Spiritualist*.

This is a collection of original words and music for the use of Children's Progressive Lyceums. It contains some most beautiful songs, adapted to the young, set to music, principally by E. T. Blackmer, Musical Conductor of Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago. Every Lyceum in the land should be furnished with this inspiring, soul-cheering book, from which to sing at their weekly meetings.—*The Rostrum*.

— An Indian being asked what he did for a living, replied, "Oh, me preach." "Preach," said a bystander, "and what do you get for preaching?" "Sometimes me get shillin, sometimes two shillins." "And isn't that mighty poor pay?" "Oh, yes; but it's mighty poor preach."



THE WREN.

This active, lively little fellow is common in Europe and America, and with the robin, shares the affections of the country people.

He is to be seen in the hedges, gardens and bushy places, flitting from bush to bush, with a direct rapid flight, and feeding principally upon insects of various kinds,—and sometimes upon seeds and fruits. In the spring and summer the male bird has a very sweet song which is exceedingly loud and rich, especially when we consider the smallness of the pipe which produces the music. These birds are very familiar and like to be near the habitations of men, although they are not quite as tame as the robin, and generally conceal themselves very quickly when approached too closely.

The American house wren is what is called a migratory bird, that is a bird which goes South in the winter and comes North in the summer. It is brown, banded with dusky; its length is about four inches; it builds its nest sometimes in the wooden cornice under the eaves, or in a hollow cherry-tree, or frequently in small boxes fixed on the top of a pole in or near the garden. He will even sometimes build a nest in an old hat nailed to the weather boards of the house.

The eggs are six or seven in number, of a red purplish flesh color, innumerable fine specks of that tint being thickly sprinkled on the whole egg. They generally raise two broods in a season. Wrens are merry, rollicking little fellows, and as lively as crickets; they have a mortal antipathy to cats especially those which venture near their nests.

Nothing is more common than to throw away our pity on persons much happier than ourselves.

NEW BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

- "Seers of the Ages," by J. M. Peebles. Price, \$1.75. Postage, 28c.
 "Tale of a Physician," by A. J. Davis. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 16c.
 "Planchette, or, The Despair of Science," Cloth, \$1.25. Paper, \$1.00.
 "Alice Vale," by Lois Waisbrooker, \$1.25. Postage, 16c.
 "The Question Settled," by Moses Hull, \$1.50. Postage, 20c.
 "Love and Marriage," by Moses Hull, price, 10c. Postage, 2c.
 "The Lyceum Song Bird." Price, 25 cents; \$2.50 per dozen; \$20 per hundred.

CLEAR LOGIC.—A man who was up to a thing or two, once offered to bet that he could prove that *this side* of the river was the *other side*. His challenge was soon accepted, and a bet of \$10 made; when, pointing to the opposite shore of the river, he shrewdly asked: "Is not that one side of the river?" "Yes," was the immediate answer. "Agreed," said the man; "and is not *this* the other side?" "Then," said the man, "pay me ten dollars, for by your own confession I have proved that *this side* of the river is the *other side*." The dumfounded antagonist, overcome by this logic, immediately paid the money.

SAVED HIS WHIPPING.—A little urchin, seven or eight years old, in one of our schools where a Miss Blodgett was teacher, composed the following and wrote it on his slate at prayer time, to the great amusement of the boys:

"A little mouse ran up the stairs,
To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers."

The teacher discovered the rhyme, and called out the culprit. For a punishment she gave him his choice, to make another rhyme in five minutes or be whipped. So after thinking and blinking, and scratching his head till his time was nearly out, and the teacher was lifting the stick in a threatening manner, at the last moment he exclaimed—

"Here I stand before Miss Blodgett;
She's going to strike, and I'm going to dodge it."

He was sent to his seat.

—Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

—Why did William Tell shudder when he shot the apple from his son's head? Because it was an arrow escape.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

VEGETABLE PUZZLES.

What fruit of three syllables, the first a part of the human body, the second a month of the year, the third a repetition of the first?

What vegetable of three syllables, the first a river in Italy, the second a river in Scotland, the third a part of the human body?

What wild plant of four syllables, the two first a foppish fellow, the two last a wild beast?

What herb of three syllables, the two first a seasoning used in cooking, the last a place where money is coined?

What herb of two syllables, the first a wild animal, the last an article of apparel?

What herb of one syllable, a wise old man?

What shrub of two syllables is a church officer?

What herb of four syllables, the two first a small piece of money, the two last pertain to the crown?

What herb of two syllables, the first the reverse of soft, the last a kind of vehicle?

What small shrub of three syllables, the two first a season of the year, the last a color?

What flower of two syllables, the first barn-yard fowls, the last an article in daily use by all?

What herb of two syllables, the first a weapon of ancient warfare, the last a place where money is made?

What flower of four syllables, the two first the crowning glory of creation, the two last an article of apparel?

DELL DOVER.

ENIGMAS.

No. I.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 18, 16, 17, is a small house.

My 6, 4, 3, is used by mechanics.

My 1, 2, 13, is drank too freely.

My 14, 15, 5, we should all do.

My 11, 13, 8, 7, 12, should be well cared for.

My 11, 13, 9, 10, was a good marksman.

My whole is good advice.

No. II.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 8, 7, 11, is always true.

My 9, 5, 9, 10, 4, is a cage.

My 19, 1, 2, 4, 11, is a tree.

My 8, is in the second person.

My whole is true courage.

No. III.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 4, 5, 3, 6, 11, is a noted woman.

My 1, 2, 18, 17, is used among Quakers.

My 7, 8, 3, 3, 16, is hardened iron.

My 14, 9, 11, is a metal.

My 15, 10, 7, is part of the foot.

My 12, 9, 18, 6, is never the front.

My whole is a new book.

ANSWERS IN NO. 22.

Enigma by Percy—Our Anniversary. No. 2. A horn.

Enigma by Charley—Words of Wisdom.

Answered by Dell Dover and C. H. Mason.

PUZZLES IN SPELLING.

There is a word of five letters, and if you take away two of them, ten will remain. What word is that? It is often. If you take away o-f, ten will remain.

There is a word of five letters, and if you take two of them away, six will remain. What is it? Sixty. Take away t-y, and six will remain.

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am always the same. Can you guess that? It is the mail-carrier.

There is a word which, if you transpose one of its letters, means exactly the opposite of what it did at first. What is the word? It is untied. Transpose the i and t, and it becomes untied.

Can you tell me what letter it is that has never been used but twice in America? The letter a.

Can you tell me when there were only two vowels? It was in the days of Noah, before you and I were born—in the days of no a, before u and i were born.

—A colored photograph, cabinet size, will be sent to the one who sends us the best enigma during August.

PRACTICAL VS. THEORETICAL.—A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman:

"Do you understand philosophy?"

"No, never he'rd of it."

"Then, one quarter of your life's gone. Do you understand geology?"

"No."

"Then, one-half of your life's gone. Do you understand astronomy?"

"No."

"Then, three-quarters of your life's gone."

But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both in the river. Says the boatman:

"Can you swim?"

"No."

"Then, the whole of your life's gone."

—Here's a little specimen of keen repartee which came off in a Springfield school the other day:

YOUNG GENT.—"I'm going to give the teacher a piece of my mind!"

YOUNG LADY.—"I wouldn't if I were in your place; he has got all he wants, and you haven't any to spare!"

Young gent subsided into ordinary proportions.

—"A soft answer turneth away wrath," as the boy said when he hurled a snowball at his school-master.

—Spence's Positive and Negative Powders for sale at this office. See advertisement on second page.

—We will send the LYCEUM BANNER and *The Untooses* for \$3.00; or the LYCEUM BANNER and *The Present Age*, one year, for \$2.50.

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

FAIRY-FOLK.

BY ALICE CARY.

The story-books have told you
Of the fairy-folk so nice,
That make them leather aprons
Of the ears of little mice;
And wear the leaves of roses,
Like a cap upon their heads,
And sleep at night on thistle-down,
Instead of feather-beds!

These stories, too, have told you,
No doubt to your surprise,
That the fairies ride in coaches
That are drawn by butterflies;
And come into your chambers,
When you are locked in dreams,
And right across your counterpanes
Make bold to drive their teams;
And that they heap your pillows
With their gifts of rings and pearls,
But do not heed such idle tales,
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy-folk that ride
About the world at night,
Who give you rings and other things,
To pay for doing right.
But if you do to others what
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best,
Of story-books were true.

—*Snow Berries.*

MY PET.

Who puts on such a saucy air,
And jumps into the easy chair,
And cuddles down so cunning there?
My Kitty.

Who has such black and glossy fur,
And climbs upon your knee to purr,
Which means, please won't you pet me, sir?
My Kitty.

Who jumps upon my trundle bed,
And dancés round and round my head,
Until I almost wish her dead?
My Kitty.

Who scampers round the room to find,
Some spool of thread she can unwind,
Or other mischief to her mind?
My Kitty.

Who laps her milk with pretty grace,
And takes her paw to wipe her face,
And gives the mice full many a chase?
My Kitty.

- Why is the letter N like a confectioner?
— What woven material is geographical?

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step towards God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod,
To a broader air and a purer view.

We rise by things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered by good and gain,
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain;
And the vanquished ills we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust—
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and are the night
Our lines are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men,
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and aspire, and resolve, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown,
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

—The human race is elevated in excellence and power, or kept back in progression in accordance with the scale of woman's position in society.

—As human kind is but one family, so the education of its youth should be equal and universal.

—Beware of no man more than yourself; we carry our worst enemies within us.

—An arrow may fly through the air and leave no trace, but an ill thought leaves a trail like a serpent.

—Every reform must pass through three stages, ridicule, argument and adoption.

—First to thyself be true, and it shall follow as the night the day, thou canst not be false to any one.

—Let home be made the brightest spot on earth if we would have our sons and daughters noble and virtuous.