

# The Lyceum Banner.

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Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## THE WHEAT FIELD.

BY ANNA M. NORTHROP.

**Q**AUNTIE, please come and tell us about this picture," said my little nephew, Freddie Carr, as I passed through the nursery, where he and his sister Minnie sat, their heads close together, over the table. "Minnie and I have been trying ever so long, and we can't tell what these people are doing."

"Why, Fred," said I, "you are a pretty farmer boy. Go to Grandpa's, in the country, every summer, and not know a wheat field! Those are harvest hands. Don't you see? They have cut the wheat and bound it in bundles, ready to thresh."

"O, I see now," said Fred. "When I was at

Grandpa's last summer, I carried water to the field in a little pail, for the men, and then John let me ride on the load, in the big wagon, and he said when we went in the barn I must 'duck my head'; but I didn't duck it soon enough, and so it got a bump."

"Then you cried, I know," said Minnie, "for you always cry when you are hurt."

"Indeed I didn't cry, Miss Minnie. I'd be ashamed to have John see me cry. I only looked the other way and whistled."

"Right, Fred," said I, laughing; "always make the best of everything, and whistle the tears away when you can."

"But there is a lesson to be learned from this picture. Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Yes, Auntie," said both at once.

"Well, those people are resting and eating their lunch in the shade under that large tree. But they have been doing very hard work; a harvest field is no place for idlers. There are women and children at

work there too. I have been thinking that this world is like a wheat field. You know there is a seed time, as well as a harvest time, and the farmer must sow the seed, and wait for it to grow, before he can cut the grain and put it in the barn. If he wants a crop of wheat, he must sow wheat. If he should scatter thistle seed all over his field, do you think wheat would grow there? No; he would have a harvest of thistles. Now in this great field of life we are all workers, men, women and children, all are sowing seed of some kind, that will one day spring up and bear fruit. Every act of our lives is a seed of good or evil. Did you ever think of this? Every good or kind act towards another is a seed that will produce happiness to them or us in the future. So an unkind act is a seed of sorrow and unhappiness. You see then if we would have a crop of wheat we must

sow wheat, not thistles. Do you understand my meaning?"

"Yes, Auntie," said little, bright-eyed Minnie, "let me tell you. You know those seeds Mrs. Howard gave me for mignonette?"

"Yes, Minnie."

"Well, Auntie, I sowed them all in one bed together, and watched them so patiently, till they came up. Don't you remember, there were only three plants of mignonette—the rest were all good for nothing weeds, and you told me to throw them in the street."

"Yes, dear. I am glad to find you understand me so well. Now, this is *your* seed time. If you cultivate love, kindness, sympathy for the sorrows of others, and charity for all who need it, in the harvest time you will have a crop of wheat—that is, your life will be a useful and a happy one. But if you cherish anger, envy, jealousy, and hatred, you will in after years gather the thistle crop, which is evil and sorrow."

"But, Auntie, how can we, little children, sow this good seed? What can we do to have a wheat crop?"

"There is much you can do. Look around you and see where you can do something to make others happy. Deny yourself some pleasure, in order to have the means of doing good to some one who is unhappy. Give something that you would like to keep, but can do without, to a child who is poorer than yourself, and see how happy it will make you, as well as him. That would be one seed. One kind act every day of your life, from this time until you are twenty years of age, would be seed enough for a bountiful harvest, and we can all of us do one kind deed every day, if we only look for an opportunity."

The children were silent for a moment; then Fred said: "Auntie, I think you have been sowing wheat this morning." My heart was full as I said, "Then I hope it will bring a rich harvest," and I hastened to my room to invoke the blessing of the "Lord of the Harvest" upon my labor.

A few mornings later I came unexpectedly upon the children, and found them "holding a convention," as they said. Fred had a large bundle of books in his arms, and Minnie was looking admiringly upon a blue dress of her own, which I knew was an especial pet with her. They were ready to go out, and I inquired, with some surprise, where they were going. They seemed a little confused at first, but Fred, who appeared to be chairman of the "convention," said, proudly, "Going to work in the wheat field, Auntie. I asked Charlie Scott to go with me to the Lyceum,

and he didn't know what the Lyceum was. Ain't he ignorant, Auntie? So I am going to give him these LYCEUM BANNERS to read, so he can *know* something. Papa said he would have them bound, and they would be a nice book; but he needs them more than I do."

"And what are you going to do with that dress, Minnie? I thought you liked it better than any of your dresses."

"So I do, Auntie; but you told us to deny ourselves to do good to others, and I thought I would give this to Clara, Charlie Scott's sister. Their father spends all his wages in drinking. Their mother is a *real nice* lady, but she has to work hard to get food, and has no money to buy clothes, and so they can't go to the Lyceum or school either."

I could hardly help laughing at the idea of the little missionary giving away her blue silk dress, but I clasped them both in my arms, thankful that the good seed was taking root in their hearts. I told Minnie some other dress would be more suitable for Clara Scott, and promised to help her to find one, and I think, after all, she was rather glad to keep it. Now, children, how many of you are going to sow wheat? I hope none who read the LYCEUM BANNER will ever reap a harvest of thistles.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

—A fellow in Newburyport has been boasting that he has a brother twelve feet high. It turns out that he has two half brothers, each six feet high.

—Little Daisy's mother was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "O, yes, I know," said the child, "it is the whisper of a laugh."

### GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

1. Three little words you often see,  
Are Articles *a*, *an* and *the*.
2. A Noun's the name of anything,  
As *sch*, *ol*, or *garden*, *hoop* or *noing*.
3. Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,  
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white* or *brown*.
4. Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—  
*Her* head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.
5. Verbs tell of something to be done—  
To *read*, *count*, *sing*, *laugh*, *jump* or *run*.
6. How things are done the Adverbs tell,  
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill* or *well*.
7. Conjunctions join the words together—  
As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.
8. The Prepositions stand before  
A Noun, as *in* and *through* a door.
9. The Interjection shows surprise,  
As *oh* / how pretty—*ah* / how wise.

The whole are called nine part of speech,  
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## JUST ABOVE THE MISTS.

BY MRS. JANE FROHOCK.

**G**RANDPA DOYLE went on talking: "After that I took sick myself. My head! how it ached, and whirled, and swam. Things began to look strange, mixed up, dreamy. Then there was a dozing off into a long, long blank. Then a kind of waking up.

"They placed the coffin on two chairs beside my bed, that I might see Billy once more before they laid him beside little Clara, under the willow.

"He was taller than I had thought him, lying there, so straight and still, in his Sunday suit.

"I remembered thinking, 'Why is he sleeping when the sun is up, and the cows—I could hear them—lowing in the yard? Why is he not driving them to pasture? Oh! he had been watching by Clara, and needed sleep' Clara, Clara! where was my pet Clara?

"After a while I remembered the deep pit under the willow, and that Clara had been put into it. Dead? Yes, she must have been dead. Then it came back to me little by little, and I remembered seeing Billy standing beside the grave, peering down into it with flushed face and streaming eyes. 'Good bye, darling sis, for a little while,' was what he said as he turned away. He brought the cows that night—went alone.

"Then—then—he must have gone to bed. I was not sure of this. My head ached so terribly, I did not ask, did not know where he went, or where he had been since. I was not sure this coffined form beside my bed was my Billy, my noble boy, of whom I was so proud. It was strangely like him; but why there—in his Sunday suit—sleeping?

"Then the doctor stepped in between me and the pale sleeper, muttering something about 'imprudence' and 'relapse.' He laid one hand on my burning forehead, the other on my hand, his fingers on my pulse. I remembered *that*, remembered thinking I would inquire why Billy didn't drive the cows to pasture. I could still hear them lowing, could hear, or rather *feel*, people coming and going, walking softly, whispering low, opening and shutting doors stealthily. Then I forgot the cows, the folks, and everything, dozing off into troubled sleep—dreaming, dreaming, on and on. Oh, the work, the work I had to do—drive the cows myself, tend little Frank, warm his milk, make up his crib, and carry him from room to room. Oh, the hills I had to climb, steeper and

steeper, the sides of the last and highest growing perpendicular as I climbed, Frank ever in my arms. But the weary, weary height was gained at last, and I stood upon the topmost cliff.

"Oh! the heavenly prospect that burst upon my sight. Soft, silver-edged clouds, through whose fleecy folds twinkled brilliant star-gems on a ground of purest, most ethereal blue—such an indescribable blue; majestic hills softening down to gentle slopes, and broad, level plains carpeted with silken grass, so pure and rich in its exquisite greenness, variegated with flowers of every tint and hue, of every form and fragrance; birds of every species, of every shade and coloring, from snow-driven white to most gorgeous plumage, in pairs, in families, and flocks, chirping, cooing, flying from tree-top to bushlet, anon sipping nectar from the flowers, or swimming the surface of the glassy lake nestled among the tree-clad hills.

"'Mamma, mamma,' broke upon my ear. It was Frank. Just before us, his mother in angel garb was reaching out her hands, smiling lovingly.

'Billy held Clara's hand—both robed in purest white—pointing to the lake, the trees, the birds and flowers. Joyously they gazed away, away to the growing beauties of the distant landscape. They gave us but a hasty glance, as we them.

"But the mother leaned forward, bent her eyes, beaming with fondest affection, upon us; raised her hand, blessing us in pantomime, seeing only us. Slowly the vision faded; the eyes, those mild, heavenly blue eyes, still bent upon us, were the last to go out—eclipsed by the mists of outer life.

"Frank, sleeping in the arms of a kind neighbor, had just awakened. His wailing 'mamma' awoke me. Awoke me to consciousness, to full consciousness of what had passed during my terrible sickness.

"I needed not to be told that the work, all the work, was left to my doing—that I must carry little, nursing Frank up the hill, the steep, hard hill of life, alone. But my consolation was equal to the task. The winds were tempered to the shorn lamb.

"It mattered not who scoffed at my feverish fancies, as many chose to call them; the vision of that group on the hill-top, just above the mists, through which I was permitted a hasty glance in my descent to outer consciousness, has ever reconciled me to all my sad bereavements. Thy will be done is heart-spoken. \* \* \* I staid in my early home, have ever since walked about, ate, and slept in the same dear old rooms; have lived to see duplicates of the dear, departed ones grow up about me. Frank's little Willie drives the cows

now. Clara Maria sits on my knee. Their mother, God bless her, and Frank too, have done what they could to supply my dear Maria's place, and to cheer my lonely way.

"But above all it gratifies me most to know they too have grown to believe strange things about the nearness and the watchings-over-us of our loved ones gone."

The old man's voice had sunk to a whisper. Rousing himself, he added, "Near, very near; on the summit, just above the mists."

Boston, September, 1863.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

**W**E have in Kalamazoo, Mich., a Spiritualist not yet twelve years old, whom we would be glad to recommend to older ones, as an example of zeal and devotion. I refer to Master Willie Weyburn. He is not ashamed of his belief. If his schoolmates laugh at him for being a Spiritualist, he says, "Well, if you had seen what I have seen, and knew what I know, you would believe; you couldn't help it."

A few weeks since there was to be a grove meeting near Kalamazoo, and Willie thought "now is my time to do something." So he went to his father and borrowed capital to commence business with. The borrowed money he invested in ice cream, pop corn, and pop beer. He hired a team to take his "commissary department" on to the ground. "Now," said he, "I am going to help support the gospel; patronize me, and half the profits shall go toward paying the speakers." The friends readily took the hint, and Willie sold out. He was overrun with business, but found on the ground a faithful ally, in the person of Master Frankie Nesbit, another worker, who is not yet in his teens.

Willie's profits were a little more than thirteen dollars, half of which went to the speakers. If the world were full of such boys, what a race of men we would have by and by.

Moses Hull.

—A certain little damsel, being aggravated beyond endurance by her big brother, plumped down upon her knees and cried: "O Lord! bless my brother Tom. He lies; he steals; he swears; all boys do; us girls don't. Amen!"

—"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to a stingy old aunt, proverbial for meanness. "Why so?" "Because," said he, "you would have eaten all the apple instead of dividing it with Adam."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### THE DOLL'S HAT.

A very busy day it was  
To bilthesome little Mary;  
Her father's joy, her mother's pride,  
The household's petted fairy.  
That eve a party was to meet  
To dance, and feast, and chatter,  
And waxen "Katie" was to go,  
'Twas this that made the clatter.

Now Mary was a child of taste,  
And chose her Katie's dresses;  
She prized them more than flashing gems  
That decked her mother's tresses.  
The doll's rich wardrobe underwent  
A most severe inspection;  
Some won an outburst of delight,  
Some frowns and quick rejection.

So Kate was robbed, unrobbed, re-robbed,  
A dozen times or so,  
Before the critic was content  
And spoke her fit to go.  
Behold her now befurbelowed,  
Beflounced and bugled o'er;  
Her toilet all complete, except  
The party hat she wore.

Where was it? Tearful search was made  
In armories, bureaus too,  
Beneath the table, sofa, chairs,—  
Oh dear, what should she do!  
Tears flowed adown her rosy cheeks,  
Thick sobs convulsed her breast;  
Disconsolate, she knelt before  
Poor Katie's rifled chest.

Just then a friend came rushing in,  
To whom she told her story;  
Who could have stole the pretty hat,  
Her Katie's crowning glory.  
"May, I can tell you—in the street,  
I met your Aunt Jeanette;  
And she had on your Katie's hat  
So do not scold and fret.

"What! wear a doll's hat in the street,  
Now don't poke fun at me;  
If I am little, I'm no fool;  
Aren't you the thief? We'll see."  
"Why, Mary, now the fashion is  
To wear a hat so small;  
That really one can hardly tell  
They have a hat all."

Now, little maidens, heed advice,  
We give our counsel free;  
Place all your dolls' hats under lock,  
And keep yourself the key.  
You do not know how fashion tempts  
The brainless and the brained;  
More slaves attend her triumph-car  
Than Caesar ever gained.

J. A. FIELD.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## LETTER FROM AUNT FONA.

NO. III.

**D**EAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Just see what bad writing does! In my last letter I said that the name of the architect who built the Capitol at Nashville was STRICKLAND, but I suppose I wrote the "r" in that word so much like an "i," and perhaps forgot to dot the "i" also, that the printers took the "ri" for "u," and made the man's name "STUCKLAND." Now was not that funny? Take a lesson from it, and whenever you write for the printers, be sure to write very plainly or they may make you say things you don't intend to.

In this letter I want to tell you about the *thirty* "wee pickaninies" that, for a time, made up the infant class of the Phonetic department of the Fisk school. They were from three to six years old. Their mothers or aunties sent them to the school to have them in a safe place, while they went out to work, or because the school room in winter was warmer than the poor huts in which they lived. Many of these children were orphans, and were taken care of by some relative or woman that had belonged to the same plantation as their own mothers did, and this woman they always called aunt.

Now, what could we do at school with such babies? How keep them from crying and mischief? I think I hear you say, "Make them clap hands, make them sing, and march, and count, and show them pretty things, and tell them stories." Well done, young teachers, your advice is good. We did all these things, and also taught them little rhymes about pussies and puppies, and good children. We taught them to repeat many things which we knew they could not understand then, but which we hoped would stick in their memories and do them good when they grew older. It was a pretty sight to see a class of seven, near of a size, graded according to color, thus: *fair, light, yellow, bright, dusky, dark and black*; and have them speak in concert the lines of that small man, but great hymn maker, Dr. Watts, of England; motioning as follows, and standing very straight:

(*Right hand up high.*)

Were I so tall to reach the pole

(*Right arm horizontal forward, thumb touching the middle finger.*)

Or grasp the ocean in my span,

(*Right hand brought on the left breast.*)

I would be measured by my soul,

(*Head up, and both hands extended palms forward.*)

The miss's the standard of the man.

At the beginning of the war many of the slave babies were named by their mothers or their own-

ers after celebrated rebel Generals. One of my little darkies was named GENERAL BEAUREGARD! Neither more nor less! How our visitors used to laugh when we called on one of these four year olds for a speech, to see it mount on a desk, eyes wide open, black as beads, sparkling with eagerness to show what it knew, and taking an erect, dignified position, declaiming at the top of its little voice, with earnest gestures:

Just look at me!  
Pray, don't you see,  
How tall and strong I am?  
I stamp my feet,  
And shake my fist,  
Just like a *great, big MAN!*

I clap and sing  
Like anything;  
And when I grow some bigger,  
I'll read and spell  
So very well,  
You'll never call me "nigger."

The colored scholars were frequently interrupted on their way to school by white boys, who thought negroes had no business to be going to school. The teachers did their best to keep peace, telling the children to go home very quietly, and avoid the white boys. The Superintendent used to say, "Boys, run like men, rather than fight like dogs." But the patience of both teachers and pupils was often sorely tried, and the boys in the Phonetic department were delighted when their teacher made up the following rhymes, and told them when they could not escape the white boys, to ask leave of them to make a speech, and then recite this:

White boy! don't you call me "nigger,"  
Black skin's just as good as white;  
See, my face is clean and shiny,  
Hands clean too, and head—all right.

I can work, and think, and reason,  
Soul and body both are free;  
'Tis *bad habits* make the "nigger,"  
Filth, and rage, and slavery.

Catch me lying, cheating, stealing,  
Doing mean tricks for a dram,  
No, sir; by the help of Heaven,  
I'll grow up an *Aonest* man.

God has in his image made me,  
I ne'er take His name in vain;  
Neither drink nor use tobacco,  
White boy! Can you say the same?

The boys learned it and spoke it too.

**NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.**—Freddie was mourning over the loss of his knife, and I attempted to console him by telling him that I thought it "must be somewhere."

"Course it is somewhere; everyfing is somewhere, only b'loons when they're busted."

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SENSIBLE.

The Rev. Robert Collyer said, at the dedication of a school-house in this city, the other day, that there ought to be an intelligent doctor appointed to each school, who should stand by the teacher and look down the rows of pupils, to find out which of them looked overworked, and getting toward brain fever and breaking down, and instead of the parents having to give a certificate that the child's absence was caused by sickness, the doctor should order it home, until by good food and rest it should be restored to a proper capacity for receiving education. He also suggested that there should be women on the educational board as well as men; and if this were done, we should have a system of education that would shame the world by its perfection, and would bring out results of which we have no conception, raising our public school system higher than it had ever been.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H.—Hudson Tuttle has written the "Arcana of Spiritualism." Those who have read the manuscript regard it as his best work. It is not published in book form; but will soon appear in chapters in the *Ohio Spiritualist*, a worthy journal of which he is one of the editors.

PREMIUMS.

To the seventeen copies of the LYCEUM BANNER, donated to Lyceums, that remained in our hands, Oct. 15th, fourteen more have since been added by friends of the children; these have been given as follows:

To Dundee, Mich .. 10  
Sycamore, Ill..... 10  
McLean, N. Y..... 5

25

Leaving six dollars to be disposed of

GONE.

"Gone in her childlike purity,  
Out from her golden day,  
Fading away in the light so sweet,  
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,  
Paving a path for her waxen feet  
Over the silent way."

On Sunday morning, Oct. 11th, Miss Sarah Charlesworth passed to the Morning Land. She lived in Omro, Wis., and her age was twenty-one years. A few weeks ago two sisters—Libbie and Sarah—the only daughters of a widowed mother, were members of the Omro Lyceum. These beautiful girls were faithful in all the relations of life; from them brothers, mother and friends hoped much—they have not hoped in vain. Their work is just commenced in the eternal life.

On Monday, the 12th, the friends of Sarah met in the Methodist church to pay the last tribute of respect to the one they loved in life. The Rev. A. B. Randall and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown spoke comforting words to the assembled friends. At the grave the members of the Lyceum read the hymn, "There is no death." Blessed words.

MRS. BRYANT.

We learn with deep regret that the wife of Dr. J. P. Bryant has gone to the better land. For her we do not mourn; she suffered long and waited patiently for the rest death brings the weary spirit; but we sorrow for the husband and children.

Mrs. Bryant was a beautiful spirit; in her home there was always peace and sunshine.

Dr. Bryant, in a private letter to us, writes: "I am very sad—feel almost alone—but I know that there is for us a reunion in the Summer Land. Wife and child have gone, but we shall meet again."

To us, as the poet says:

"Death hath made no breach  
In love and sympathy. In hope and trust,  
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,  
But there's an inward, spiritual speech  
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

She bids us do the work that she laid down—  
Take up the song where she broke off the strain;  
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,  
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,  
And our lost loved ones will be found again."

—To any child sending us two dollars for two new subscribers we will send "Little Angel" or "Harry's Wish," by Mrs. H. N. Greene.

—A red cross denotes that the time of subscription has expired.

## PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

NO. I.

I like, sometimes, to be like a mouse in the corner, watching and listening without speaking,—without being expected to say a single word. I like to see queer folks, and to hear them talk; like to watch their gestures, and to hear them oddly and grandly talk about things and persons. I am glad to say that the people I most admire never say little, mean things about other folks. If they do not like somebody, why they out with it, and give good reasons for the disliking, but cheap souls are those who envy and pick people all to tatters. I never look after such ignoble souls, never listen to what they say,—if I can help it.

So I am only going to give scraps and outlines of some of the people I have met. I will commence with the Rochester Convention people.

Col. D. M. Fox, the President of the Convention, is a large, fine-looking man, with heart in harmony with his physique. His words are few and to the point. His voice is clear, and as musical as a harp.

Henry T Child, of Philadelphia, was at his post, throwing from his pencil-point the songs and sermons that fell upon his ear. Dr. Child is a tall, black-eyed man, some fifty years of age. His manner is as quiet as any Quaker's, but when he does speak he utters just what he thinks; no beating about the bush, no compromising for policy's sake.

Mrs. Willhelm was among the best of the Convention speakers. I like her, yet hardly know why. She never goes an inch to court favor. There is in her manner a sort of don't-care-iveness, which seemed to me to say, "Out of my path; the world is wide enough for thee and me," but she never intrudes upon another's territory, nor appropriates what belongs to others.

Fred Douglass was there. What a mighty soul God set in bronze! I would as soon think of putting Niagara into chains to be sold at the auction block as to guess that Douglass could be kept in subjection to unholy powers.

The artist, Anderson, and his sweet, little wife, made glad my heart and strong my faith in heart-union. Pet Anderson is a quiet little woman, but she has a mighty soul. One is half inclined to believe, while looking at her and listening to her lute-like voice, that the gates of heaven were left ajar, and she slipped away from her native skies to teach us earthlings that one may mix and mingle with baseness and not suffer thereby.

Mr. Anderson is a fine-looking man, worthy to walk the world beside his faithful wife. His pictures are good—few professional artists excel him in pencilings. It is a little remarkable that while Mr. and Mrs. Anderson can both make fine sketches, neither can work without the other.

I am going to give a few chapters on persons, but not now.

GERTIE GRANT.

## RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were passed at the Ohio State Convention of Spiritualists:

*Resolved*, That this Convention, recognizing the necessity and importance of giving to our children the benefit of liberal reading, most cheerfully and heartily recommend the *Lyceum Banner*.

*Resolved*, That the grateful thanks of Spiritualists throughout the country are due to Mrs. H. F. M. Brown and Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, for their self-sacrificing efforts in thus far publishing the sprightly and interesting "*Lyceum Banner*," and we also express the hope that such support may be given to them by Spiritualists everywhere as to enable its publication once a week, instead of semi-monthly, as now.

Our Ohio friends will please accept our thanks for their welcome words, and for the aid and encouragement they have given us. We hope ever to be found worthy their good will and wishes; and hope long to work with them in the new field we together have entered.

## New Publications.

"MEN OF OUR TIMES." By Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe, who is unquestionably the most popular author in America.

This new book contains narratives of the lives and deeds of some of the leading statesmen, generals and orators of the present time. They are Lincoln, Grant, Garrison, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Greeley, Farragut, Andrew, Colfax, Stanton, Douglass, Buckingham, Sherman, Sheridan, Howard, Phillips and Beecher.

Price—Green and Gold, \$3.50; Gilt Edge, \$4; Fine Leather, \$4; Turkey Morocco, half bound, cloth sides, (extra,) \$5 per copy.

For sale by J. A. Stoddard & Co., 102 Washington street, Chicago.

—Mosquitoes never trust, of course—they invariably present their bills in advance.

—"Doctor, do you think tight lacing is bad for consumption?" "Not at all madame, it is what it lives on."

—You can joke when you please, if only you please when you joke.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### LEARN TO SAY NO.

**T**WO little girls, Jane and Janet, were having a quiet talk one day in the orchard. They did not know that Uncle Solomon Ricks was sitting on an old cart near by and listening to all they said; but he did listen, and, what was much worse, he told all he heard. Now, listening to conversation not intended for one to hear, and telling it, is not right, and at first I blamed Uncle Sol for doing such a naughty thing; but after hearing his story I forgave him, as I hope my little readers will forgive me.

These little girls are not sisters, though they are known all through the neighborhood as "the twins," because they are always together, dress alike, and are of the same age and size. In disposition and manners they are very unlike. Jane is quiet, sweet tempered, and very thoughtful for a child of twelve; Janet is sometimes a little fretful, but a real jolly, wide-awake girl.

Uncle Sol looked down from his high seat upon them, and thought he never saw a prettier picture. They sat close together; one of Janet's arms was around her companion, her other hand was clasped in Jane's, and they were chatting away like black-birds.

"How is it," said Janet, "that you always man-

age to keep out of trouble so much better than I do? You wanted to go to the river yesterday at recess just as much as I did. The girls all wanted you to go, but they didn't tease you; they urged me to go till I went, and I got punished for it, too. It was only a few days ago the teacher called so many of us in the floor for hiding, and scaring Nancy Gray; I looked round to see where you were, and there you sat in your seat, looking as meek as a lamb."

"It was very wrong to frighten Nancy so, and I didn't see how you found any fun in it. I hope you will never do such a thing again."

"I did not want to hide with the rest, but they teased me so. They never tease you. I wonder why? The other day mother told me I had better not go fishing with Clara More, but Clara got hold of me and said so much I had to go; then mother was displeased, I know, by the way she looked, though she didn't say a word; if she had scolded I should have felt better. And it is always just so."

"And always will be, dear Jane, till you learn the secret of keeping out of so many bad places."

"Is there any secret about it? Do tell me what it is; anything to save me so many cross looks."

"There is one little word you must learn to speak, and when it is easy for you to say that, you will have no more trouble."

"The little word is *no*, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I can say that easy enough now."

"Yes, you say it sometimes quite too easy, perhaps, but not always in the right place. When Susan Ray asks you again to run away from school to play in the brook, just say *no* as if you meant it, and she will not tease you, I am sure. Yesterday, when the girls wanted us to go into Uncle Solomon's orchard and get some of his August apples, I said *no*, and that ended it; but I saw you couldn't quite speak it, and so they teased and teased you a long time, and it made you a great deal of trouble. When a boy or girl teases you to do anything you think is wrong, say *No*, and look as if you meant *no*. They will soon learn that Janet Rivers has a mind of her own, and they will love you all the more. But here is Uncle Solomon's Jug of ginger and water. I came near kicking it over with my foot."

"And here is Uncle Sol himself, as true as I live. He has heard every word we've been saying."

"And what if I have?" said Uncle Sol. "If I



had heard Jane's secret fifty years ago it would have saved me a world of trouble; but I am thankful enough to learn such a lesson from a little girl even at this late day, and I'll try and profit by it, for we are never too old to learn."

L. EATON.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### THE SPIDER.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

**I** AM going to talk about spiders. "Spiders!" you exclaim. "Spiders! it makes me creep to think of their ugly, bloated forms, and then what a pest! How they weave webs over the walls, and hang in the corners of the rooms, so black and hateful; we do not want to hear about them!"

I'd rather not hear any member of the great living world slandered, for to those who learn their ways, there are none ugly or loathsome. They are all beautiful after their way. Even the toad, and the slimy reptile, when studied in connection with their manner of life, are as wonderful as the thrush that sings in the rose-tree, or the eagle that soars to the sun.

If you examine a spider with a microscope, you will find its dark body covered with bristles, that glitter in the light like cut glass threads, and form tufts on its claws of velvet softness.

The spider is by nature a plunderer and highwayman. Deprived of wings, and not nimble of foot, it resorts to artifice, and, like a great many *men*, lives by its wits. There are numerous varieties, most of which spin webs, but some cannot even do that, and wander about, springing on unwary insects from their dark hiding places.

The finest thread ever spun is that of the spider. To it the silk-worm's work is a cable; yet fine as it is, it is composed of many thousand finer strands braided together.

On the abdomen of the spider is a little elevation, beneath which are glands which secrete a viscous fluid, which flows out at the surface through several thousand pores. When the spider desires to spin its thread, it presses this tubercle against the point where it wishes its thread to become attached; the fluid oozes out and adheres, and then working away it claws out the fluid, which hardens immediately on coming in contact with the air. Thus it can fall from any height, spinning its thread, and by closing the orifices of the tubercle arrest its descent at will.

When a spider has selected a suitable place to

weave its snare, it first stretches foundation lines. These are made double, or triple, for greater strength. Then it spins crossing lines in a roundling, mazy manner, finishing with a beautifully formed tube, into which it can pass and lie concealed. Having by great labor prepared its snare, it calmly awaits its prey. An unwary fly buzzes past. It just touches one of the outlying threads with its wing; the delicate fiber adheres, and throws the fly off its balance; another thread is touched, and another, and the more the fly strives to get away, the more entangled it becomes.

Every one of these threads runs down into that silk-lined palace where the spider lies in wait. They are like telegraph wires, and say to him that a prize is caught on his outposts. Instantly he rushes out. The silken threads do not adhere to his tufted feet; he springs along them to his victim. If it proves a bee or wasp, for which the spider is no match, it at once cuts off the threads which hold it, and sets it free; but if a fly, the spider proceeds to spin new threads around it, until thoroughly fastened, when it proceeds to suck out the juices from its still living body.

I was interested in watching a spider this summer that had woven its web in the stable. It had some thousands of little spiders in its care, no larger than a mote. A great green-eyed fly had fallen into the web, and at first seemed perfectly content to lazily swing, suspended by the threads. It little thought of its vigilant enemy, which rushed out of its covert, and catching a thread with its claw fastened it to the fly, and then darted off to make the other end secure. It continued this process until sure the fly could not break loose, when it began winding threads around it, confining its wings until it looked like a mummy wrapped in fine linen. When this was accomplished, it cautiously approached, and inserting its sharp proboscis into the throat of the fly, dexterously gave it the fatal thrust. In an instant the fly was dead.

Now the spider encountered difficulties. The prize was at the bottom of the web, while its countless progeny were at the top, and the latter were too young to walk down to the feast. It remained motionless for some minutes, and then began cutting off all the threads below and around the fly. This done, it hung suspended from above. The spider then went to the top, and slowly and with great effort drew up the fly and lodged it in the midst of its countless brood, which at once helped themselves to the feast thus prepared.

The spider cannot, however, spin as long as it lives. If its web is repeatedly destroyed, its stock

of material becomes exhausted. This is a consoling fact for housekeepers, for if they vigorously brush down the cobwebs they very soon reduce the spiders to prowling vagabonds, who either perish or drive out more fortunate fellows, and rob them of their retreat.

There is one curious variety of spider, called the gossamer, that spins a tufted web, on which, as a cloud, it is blown to great distances by the wind. Others spin very beautiful geometrically formed webs, at the center of which they repose. There is one species that is aquatic, making a little chamber beneath the water, and carrying down air and filling it, thus living in a silken palace in the midst of the waves.

Space will not admit my mentioning the many curious facts relating to this insect you thought so repulsive. You must observe for yourself, and if you question nature and wait her answers, you will soon find that such communion will not only improve your understanding, but be of intense interest.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

#### Chap. 7.—*The Finished Web.*

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

**I**N a few days the web was "out," and delivered to Mrs. Lane. When she and Jimmy were made to understand that it was a present to them, and that most of the labor had been performed by the children, Mrs. Lane burst into a fit of weeping, more passionate than when Ida died. Jimmy cried and laughed, danced and kissed Nelly as warmly as if she had been his own dear sister.

How the old room seemed to laugh and grow gay as the broad, bright stripes glared across the well-worn floor! The ancient brass andirons were rubbed until you could see merry faces dancing in the big balls at the top. The dark, wooden chairs were arranged and re-arranged until all the arithmetical changes had been made upon them. The choice shells which Mr. Lane had brought from foreign ports were dusted, and made to change places on the mantel. Their few books were placed in perpendicular rows, as Jimmy had seen them at Mr. Grant's. Not for many years had so much joy and gladness come beneath that roof.

When the carpet was dedicated by half a dozen neighboring children, they even allowed their pleasure to culminate in games of button and

blind man's buff. The most serious of the neighborhood thought it quite too soon to participate in such frivolities after there had been a funeral in the house. Nelly, in reply to Aunt Nancy Poor on the subject, said: "We all think that Ida is happier than ever, why shouldn't her mother and brother be? I have no doubt but she was as pleased as any of us to see us tumble around in blind man's bluff, and I am sure I think it much more Christian-like than moping the whole evening." Whereupon Aunt Nancy elevated her chin, and looked at Nelly from under her spectacles, and in a slow, solemn tone, said: "What is the world coming to?"

But my children are passing rapidly forward to man and womanhood, when I shall be obliged to take my leave of them, as I only promised to tell you about their childhood.

At this announcement many pairs of bright eyes will turn from the pages of the LYCEUM BANNER, and maybe you will say, "But this isn't much of a story after all." Very true. My story is homely and simple,—so are the every day lives of most children, especially among the poor. If you are enough interested to wonder how they "came out," I will not disappoint you by refusing to tell.

Henry, at nineteen, had a good education and a snug house. At twenty-five he had a college education and a charming wife. He never bought her a diamond necklace as he once promised to do, nor her brother a black horse, but he did many nobler deeds, and he and his wife were as proud of each other as could be. He often dated the commencement of his prosperity back to a basket of old school books, a pair of new boots, and the noble-hearted donors.

Henry's boyish roughness and contempt for cowardly girls, disappeared early. He became a rover, and is now in some foreign country, a man of information and refinement.

Nan is a beautiful "old maid," the pet of the neighborhood, and the light of her aged mother's home. A beautiful little girl, with flaxen ringlets and bright, blue eyes, whose name is Ida, makes the house merry with her childish prattle half the time, and "Aunty Nan" and "Grandma" often exclaim, "How much like Nelly when she was little."

I hope my little readers have seen the moral I wish to impress on their minds. Do not live for yourselves alone. The humblest child has the power of doing good and making others happy.

—Can a horse lack for food when he has a good bit in his mouth?

## FRIENDLY VOICES.

FROM A LITTLE GIRL.

Dear Mrs. Brown :

Father and mother and grandpapa are as pleased to get the LYCEUM BANNER as Willie and I. We think it good for young and old.

I have earned two dollars this summer, making tating, which will pay for two copies for two little school mates who are not able to take it, but come over every Saturday to read mine. Won't their eyes sparkle when they know they have one of their own?

JANE EATON.

FROM A LITTLE BOY.

My Dear Lyceum Banner :

I inclose (\$2.00) two dollars as an inducement for you to continue your regular visits to me for another year.

I like you very much. Though it may seem quite impertinent in me to tell you of it to your face—I can't help it now. I love Mrs. Brown, Mr. Shufeldt, Mrs. Lou Kimball, and Uncle Willmer. Yea, I love them all, ever so much. I love Mr. Blackmer too, for he must be a *good man* to make such good music. I think all little children who ever saw you, must love you, and there are many thousands more who would love you if they could but see you. Now if you don't need but a dollar to come and see me a year, then you may take the other dollar and go and see a little boy or girl (I say girl) who don't know you, and if you go there a year, I know they will like you just as I do. So you be sure and go.

I guess Mrs. Brown will tell you where to go, for she knows most everybody. Now I told you I loved Mr. Shufeldt. I love him because he can tell such good stories about the stars.

I wish you would ask him to tell us some more. My father says he (Shufeldt) can tell about the stars better than any other man he ever read of.

Good bye. JONA C. BOWKER, JR.,  
LAWRENCE, MASS.

B. Starbuck, Conductor of the Troy, New York, Lyceum, writes:

Mr. Finney's leaving has been a great loss to us. His conductorship has placed our Lyceum in a high position, and his loss is irreparable both to Lyceum and society. We yesterday assembled, for the first time since he left, and I assure you I felt highly encouraged again to meet with the dear children with their happy faces, and to see the earnest-hearted leaders and officers again ready to join heart and hand in the good

cause. We had a full attendance, and *all* were glad to begin again their labors of love. There is perfect harmony between officers, leaders and groups. Put our Lyceum down for one hundred copies of the LYCEUM BANNER this year.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## THE LITTLE RED MITTENS.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

I FOUND them in an old chest in the attic, where Arthur must have left them in his search for something; they were tied together with a string just as he wore them. They were of the softest lamb's wool, quite new, not a bit soiled, and the prettiest scarlet I ever saw. On the edge was a heavy fringe that set the mittens off finely, and made the little wrist look all the more delicate. Arthur was not a careless boy, and I don't know how he happened to lose them.

I held the treasure a long time, and looked at them. Tears dimmed my eyes, for they were my boy's last year's Christmas present, and now it was Christmas again, and Arthur was with the angels. I remember how proud he seemed the first, and, I believe, the only time, he wore them.

How glad I was to find them! I thought I would always keep them for *his* sake. I kissed them, laid them away in a drawer in the spare chamber, and thought I had done right. But though they were out of sight, I could not keep them out of mind, and I kept thinking how soft and warm and handsome they were, and the thought would come into my mind, though I tried to keep it away, "What good can they ever do laid away in the cold, dark drawer?" I thought how they pleased *my* boy, and how much more they would please some other boy that needed them more than mine did. Winter was here, and I could see little cold fingers before my eyes all the time, and I fancied Arthur said, "Angels have no need of mittens, mamma."

So strong was the feeling that I must not keep anything which would benefit another, even a garment of a departed one, that I took them from their hiding place and put them on the almost frozen fingers of Johnny Doyle. He looked into my face with a grateful smile, and I imagined Arthur drew near to thank me for the sacrifice I had made. So I said, through my tears, "These were Arthur's mittens; you will wear them in memory of him."

—The Voices of the Night—those blessed babies.

## ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

## WHAT THEY SAY.

Would'st thou know what troubles many,  
What annoys them night and day?  
Not a frightful myth or robber,  
But the spectre, "What they say."

"What they say!" It haunts the maiden  
When her hat or dress she buys,  
Goads the matron till she maketh,  
Husband's purse a sacrifice.

To the orator it olingeth,  
Daunts the statesman in his dream,  
With the pulpit-teacher stealth,  
'Tween him and his highest theme.

"What they say?" Well, let them say it;  
Airy echo, fleet as dew;  
When they've breathed it, 'tis forgotten,—  
They who hear, forget it too.

Would'st thou know what rules the million?  
Themis, with her ancient sway?  
Pomp and tramp of bannered legions?  
No,—the bubble, "What they say!"

## LIKING AND DISLIKING.

Ye who know the reason, tell me  
How it is that instinct still  
Prompts the heart to like or like not,  
At its own capricious will.  
Tell me by what hidden magic  
Our impressions first are led  
Into liking, or disliking,  
Oft before a word is said.

Why should smiles sometimes repel us,  
Bright eyes win our feelings cold?  
What is that which comes to tell us,  
All that glitters is not gold?  
Oh, no *feature, plain or striking*,  
But a *power* we cannot shun,  
Prompts our liking or disliking,  
Ere acquaintance hath begun.

Is it instinct, or some spirit  
Which protects us, and controls  
Every impulse we inherit,  
By some sympathy of souls?  
Is it instinct? Is it nature?  
Or some freak or fault of chance,  
Which our liking, or disliking,  
Limits to a single glance?

Like presentiment of danger,  
Though the sky no shadow flings;  
Or, that *inner sense*, still stranger,  
Of unseen, unuttered things?  
Is it—oh, *can no one tell me*,  
No one show sufficient cause  
Why our likings, or dislikings,  
Have their own distinctive laws?

## A Voice from the Little Temperance Army.

[The following gem of a speech was made at the Ohio State Convention by little Susie Fitch, of the Milan (Ohio) Lyceum. We do not know where Susie found her speech, but we give it to our readers, hoping it will be repeated in all the Lyceums.—ED. LYCEUM BANNER.]

I am but a little girl, but I am about to talk to you on a big subject. Yet it is not too large for such as I. Some laugh at little boys and girls for forming Cold Water armies, and say, "What can they do?" I will tell you.

You may have heard about a little mouse that helped a lion out of a great deal of trouble, and laughed at him because he said something about returning the favor. Well, this great Lion was caught in a hunter's net, and he roared and growled, and gnashed his teeth; that was all he could do; but, by and by, this little mouse came along, and gnawed of, one by one, all the cords of the great net, and let the Lion go. This is what we mean to do. We may be little mice, but we shall gnaw off every thread of the great net that has bound down many in our country for so many years. This net is intemperance, and our Cold Water pledge cuts off all the deceiving threads, that look so pretty and delicate, such as wine, beer, cider and cordial, as well as the stout cords of rum, gin and brandy. Now do you not think we can do something?

There are some pretty strong threads we mean to bite off, too. We do not mean to stop gnawing while there is anything to gnaw. Yes, my friends, we mean to destroy the delicious threads of tea and coffee, and I will tell you how we will do it. We will let them alone, and we will try to get other little boys and girls to let them alone also. They take away our health and money.

There is another thread, perhaps I should say rope. It is the principal leader to the net, and whoever follows it, is sure to be caught. Can any one of you guess what it is? It is a very filthy rope. I am almost ashamed to speak its name before so respectable an audience. I will not tell what it is, but we will not touch, taste or handle tobacco.

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RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

REBUS.



ENIGMAS.

- I am a sentence of 16 letters.
- My 3, 2, 15, 4, is vegetable.
- My 10, 11, 12, 6, 1, is mineral.
- My 5, 14, 8, 13 is animal.
- My 7, 6, 12 is a mischievous animal.
- My 13, 9, 4, is a garden utensil.
- My 5, 7, 9, 16, is a water animal.
- My 13, 2, 15, 16, 11 belongs to a door.
- My whole is a good motto.

E T A.

- I am composed of 13 letters.
- My 9, 12, 11, 13, is a small insect.
- My 7, 1, 12, is a planet.
- My 6, 3, 6, 8, is a part of the body.
- My 10, 11, 13, is a small animal.
- My 9, 2, 11, 4, 5, is a metal.
- My whole is the name of a distinguished man.

EMMA A. CHAMBERLAIN.

CHARADE.

- My first is used by authors.
- My second is a foundation.
- My third is a cavity in the earth.
- My fourth is part of the head.
- My fifth is always.
- My whole is a large tract of land.

PERCY.

AN AMUSING GAME.

Take half a sheet of paper, fold it carefully and enclose one dollar, and send it to the LYCEUM BANNER. If it brings a cent to the face of the publisher (which it is sure to do) the trick is a success.

ALMA.

WORD PUZZLE.

- My first is in boy, but not in girl.
- My second is in coil, but not in twirl.
- My third is in sun, but not in moon.
- My fourth is in plate, but not in spoon.
- My fifth is in wool, but not in silk.
- My sixth is in spoon, but not in milk.
- My whole is a famous city.

PERCY.

ANSWERS IN NO. 3.

- Enigma by Sarah.—Felix Mendelssohn—Bartholdy.
- Enigma by D. M.—Blanche J. Porter, Canton, Ill.
- Enigma by Charles Mason—"Happy are we."
- Answered by Florence Pettigrew and Emma A. Chamberlain.

—There is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him, "What will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment, he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. Quicker than lightning various thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water."

HOW TO MAKE RICH JAM.—Crowd twenty fashionably dressed ladies into one omnibus.

—What word in the English language contains the vowels in their regular order? Facetious.

SORROW.—A cloud which makes the past look brightest, but which the future soon forgets.

—Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

—A year of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze, but a moment's misfortune seems an age of pain

MRS. F. BURRITT, M. D.,

(Late of New Orleans.)

HOUSSEPAUVRE. At 92 North Dearborn Street.  
Office Hours from 7 to 9 a. m. and 5 to 8 p. m.

Special attention given to Acute and Chronic Diseases of Ladies and Children.

For the Lyceum Banner.

GATHER THEM IN.

Words from the MANUAL  
*Allegretto.*

Music by E. T. BLACKMER.

1. Gath - er them in from the street and lane, Gath - er them in both halt and lame,  
 2. Gath - er them in that seek for rest, Gath - er them in from east and west,  
 3. Gath - er them in from all the land, Gath - er them in - to our no - ble band,

Gath - er the deaf, the poor, the blind, Gath - er them in with a will - ing mind.  
 Gath - er them in that roam a - bout, Gath - er them in from North and South.  
 Gath - er them in with heav - en - ly love, Gath - er them in for the home a - bove.

*Trm.*  
 Gath - er them in, Gath - er them in, Gath - er them in from all the land;  
*Sovlano.*  
*Alto.*  
 Gath - er them in, Gath - er them in, Gath - er them in from all the land;

Gath - er them in. Gath - er them in, In - to our no - ble band.  
 Gath - er them in, Gath - er them in, In - to our no - ble band.

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