The Lyceum Banner.

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Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE SKATING PARTY.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

THE day was bright and frosty, just such a day as the village boys had been waiting for so long. Edgar Barnes had taken to studying the almanac of late, and when he found that the 18th of December was to be "clear and cold," he was satisfied, and waited anxiously for the eventful day. The night of the 17th found him out doors at a late hour, watching the sky to see if it was really going to freeze. It did turn cold that night, as Dudley Leavett, the Almanac maker, predicted, and the morning of the 18th was sharp and piercing.

Mrs. Barnes had breakfast a little earlier than usual that day, for she knew Edgar wanted to take an early start, and she loved to please him. She packed a large market basket full for dinner, so there would be enough for the whole party in case the other mothers forgot it.

Edgar went out directly after breakfast to collect his company, and returned in an hour with only Warren Brown and Simon Lee. "I think this looks like a failure; but if the other boys don't want to go, they needn't, that's all," said Edgar, to his mother, looking a little disappointed, though he tried to look as if he did not care.

It was decided by vote that they should skate on Captain Sawyer's mill pond, and no better place could have been chosen, for it was as smooth as glass; and how it sparkled in the bright sunlight. As they came round in front of the old grist mill, they found Walter Bruce sitting on the bank all alone, looking very satisfied and apparently enjoying the delicious coolness of the morning.

"Hallo, Bruce! what are you sitting there for? I've heard of patience on a monument, and you are a good specimen of it. We are going to skate on the pond to-day. I looked for you this morning to help make up our party, so come on, and we'll have a jolly time."

"No," said Walter; "I can't skate to-day."

"Why! You haven't broken a leg or anything

I hope. Nothing short of such an accident would keep *me* off the ice to-day."

"No, nothing of that kind has happened to me."

"What then?"

Walter did not like to acknowledge to Edgar Barnes, the only son of the richest man in the village, that he was too poor to own a pair of skates, and that his mother followed him to the door when he came out and requested him not to go on the ice that day, so he only hung down his head and said, "I don't want to go;" which was true—he did not want to go under such circumstances.

"Don't want to go?" asked Edgar, much surprised; "why, Bruce, you are a queer chick; Iv'e been lotting upon this day's sport all the fall. Come, buckle on your skates and go—will you?"

Walter could conceal the truth no longer, and so he answered, like the brave boy he was, "I *have* no skates; my father has no money to buy me any, and all I earn must go to pay my tuition at the academy this term.

"Whose skates are these?" asked Edgar as he touched the shining steel of a nice new pair lying on the ground.

"Silas Simm's; I am taking care of them while he is gone on an errand for the miller."

"O, pshaw, Bruce, you are too big a boy to sit there on that cold stone watching skates, you had better put them on in a hurry and go with us; he won't care, and if he does care, what can he do about it when he finds they are gone?"

"No," said Walter, resolutely, folding his arms and settling down as if he was going to spend the day there, "I gave Silas my word that I would stay till he came."

"Nonsense! Supposing he *never* comes, are you going to sit here all your life on a snow bank whining about your word? You'll never be a man if you do."

"And, more than all that," said Walter, gaining still greater courage by opposition, "my mother said the ice was too thin to-day, and she rather I wouldn't go, and I gave *her* my word, also; that I am bound to keep."

"So my mother told me," said Warren Brown, "but what does a woman know about a mill pond? I just laughed at her, and told her I should go any way, for do you suppose I was going to have all my fun spoiled by a woman's whim? Not I."

"Well, if *you* can find any fun in disobeying your mother, you are welcome to it; I shan't go an inch," and the folded arms were more tightly compressed. So the question was settled, for true bravery had won the victory over cowardice.

"Well, good bye—good bye, baby, I'm off;" and in a moment Edgar's silver-mounted skates were glittering in the bright sunlight. Warren and Simon followed, and a jolly company they seemed to Walter, who watched them awhile wishfully as they glided so gracefully over the smooth ice, cutting all sorts of curious figures. Then, turning away with a sigh, the poor boy wished half aloud that *his* father was as rich as Mr. Barnes, and then he could be happy, too.

In a few minutes Silas came out of the mill, shook the flour from his coat, gave Edgar a dime, and walked away. On inquiring of the miller if the grist was ground, Edgar learned that it would not be ready for an hour; and how was he to amuse himself all that time. He went into the mill, and saw the men at work dressing the stones. He learned a great deal from them that he never thought of before; that was better than skating. He talked with the miller, who was a great, good-natured man, and as he was so quiet and respectful, the miller told him all about his business, and before his hour was up he had made a bargain with Captain Sawyer to work for him in the mill during the next vacation. Walter was happy now, for he saw the way opened for another quarter's schooling at the academy. Before going home he must take just one look at the merry skaters. They were now near the middle of the pond, shouting and laughing while gliding briskly over the ice. Walter felt that they were venturing too far, that the ice must be thin there, and so he gave a sharp whistle through his fingers, to attract their attention, then called out—

"Don't venture so near the dam; the ice is thin there—you'll break in."

They gave no heed to Walter's timely advice, but went round and round, wild with excitement.

"Look here, Bruce, while I spell my name. He commenced: *E*—well done; *d*—the ice cracks, and the bottom of *g* led into an air hole, and in a moment Edgar was out of sight. Warren and Simon gave a piercing shriek as the water closed over their companion, then hid their faces from the sad sight.

Walter, who saw it all, gave one cry of help, and hurried to the rescue. He knew the danger of venturing too near, and quick as lightning he threw off his jacket, and ordered the other boys to do the same instantly. The three jackets and their handkerchiefs were all tied together, which made a good long rope; then Walter, lying down flat on the ice, crawled cautiously along, and

threw his rope to the drowning boy, who eagerly grasped it, and was drawn gently along to the ice. "Keep quiet there; don't jump on the ice, but crawl out carefully." And so the half-drowned boy was rescued.

By the time he was safe on land again, all the mill hands and half the village had come to his assistance. He was carried to the mill, dried and warmed, then sent home to his parents, who had just heard of the accident. He was received with tears and kisses by his over-joyed friends, while blessings and praises were lavished upon Walter, who refused any more substantial reward for doing his duty.

Walter Bruce went home that day the happiest boy in all the town—far happier for doing a brave deed than if he had become the possessor of millions.

Christmas came the next week and brought Walter a pair of silver-mounted skates—the identical pair he had so much coveted. A scholarship was secured for him in Brown's University, at whose expense he never knew, but he always suspected Edgar Barnes knew something about it. The silver dime Silas gave him is sacredly treasured to remind him of his duty in little things.

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LETTER FROM TOLLESTONE, INDIANA.

DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN: I have three children, Albert, Edmund and Lucy, and I want to tell you a story about them and you shall judge for yourself whether they are good children or not. Last year I was working in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and my family was in Tollestone. When Christmas came I went home, but, before leaving Pittsburg, I went with my chief engineer and several of my students to see Santa Claus. We went home loaded with a variety of almost everything, from candies and sweetmeats to eggs of Pharaoh's serpents, for Santa Claus thought a great deal of Albert, Edmund and Lucy.

How their eyes brightened with pleasure when they looked at the big, dazzling Christmas tree! But in the afternoon, when they grew more calm about Santa Claus' magnificent gifts, Albert said, "Father, I would like to take some of those things over to the children of the poor widow Dugroche. I saw the little boy yesterday. He said to me that he would have no Christmas; he said also that it was so cold in their little shanty that they had to gather the wood from under the snow. He had a basketful of oak chips, his fingers were almost frozen."

Lucy said, "I will give my baby doll, and a basket of cakes to the little girl."

Edmund would give his jumping monkey and two eggs of Pharoah's serpents.

We agreed to the wish of the children, and made our preparations to visit the widow. The oxen were put to the wagon, and a load of cut wood put on it, and with baskets full, singing and shouting, happy like those that are doing a good action, over we went to the widow's shanty.

We found the whole family sitting closely around a small fire, silent and cheerless. Christmas had brought no joys to them, but sorrowful remembrances of past happiness, gone, maybe, forever!

At our entrance the widow looked up and tried to smile a welcome. She had the baby on her lap, The poor, little angel was caressing a wooden doll, with one leg and no arms, and a black face, *minus* a nose.

Albert commenced by putting lots of wood in the stove, and soon a cheerful roaring was heard, and in a few minutes the stove showed her rosy cheeks. I saw the little ones enjoyed the warmth. They seemed to stretch out like little kitties under a Spring sunbeam.

Meanwhile, Lucy and Edmund, helped by their mother, were dressing the table diligently. Cakes, pies, toys and candies were constellating the whole table cloth, to the great astonishment of the widow and her children. When everything was put in order, Albert, Edmund and Lucy went to the poor mother and her children, took them by the hands, led them to the table, and wished them a merry Christmas. At first they could hardly believe their eyes, but soon their bewilderment was over, and their shouts and tears showed us that, at last, they enjoyed their Christmas.

We all retired, but the look the widow gave to her happy children, and then to us when we departed, paid us a thousand fold.

Were Albert, Edmund and Lucy good children?

—As daylight can be seen through the smallest hole, so do the most trifling things show a person's character.

—A thrifty wife wonders why men can't do something useful. Mightn't they as well amuse themselves in smoking hams as cigars.

—A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it only weighs twelve ounces.

—A man being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declining on the ground that when he wanted news he manufactured it.

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CHRISTINE---A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

When the merry bells of Christmas
Rocked in countless, gilded spires
And the Earth was bright as Heaven
With its million gala fires;
When the trees where white with snow-wreaths
Where the garlands hung so green,
And the wild winds made our music
Came the dainty babe—Christine.

Nestled in the snowy pillows,
Like a roseleaf blown from June,
Or a strain of melting music,
Lost from out some heavenly tune,
So she seemed, for my affection
Ne'er such perfectness had seen;
As was folded like a garment
Round the dainty babe—Christine.

Three times six the vernal garlands
Since then have been wreathed and bound,
And each year has made her fairer
Ere the Christ day circled round.
When it comes again in gladness,
With its glitter and its sheen,
I shall stand before the altar,
With my dainty bride—Christine.

Christ in Paradise! I pray Thee
When the music peals along,
Christmas morning, sky-ward, heavenward,
Look upon earth's merry throng.
And, oh! bless the fairest lady
Under holly bough so green,
For she'll be my bride e'er sunset,
Dainty, beautiful Christine!

Sweet Christine! Thy soul is whiter
Than the snows, I ween,
And I never shall forget thee,
While the holly's green.

—THE SORROW OF OTHERS.—There is no question but habitual cheerfulness is a very great blessing. But when cheerful people are lauded, let it be remembered, as a general thing, that they are no more to be commended for it than a person for the possession of a pair of beautiful eyes. Cheerfulness is a matter of health and constitution. An invalid or a nervous person—a very sensitive person, easily affected by atmospheric and other influences, cannot be uniformly cheerful. He may do much toward endeavoring to be so, it is true, but it must be a thing of effort. Many people are cheerful because they are apathetic. The sorrows of others, not being their own, are easy to bear. We do not wish to decry this social sunshine, but let us not forget that there are very sweet flowers that flourish and give out perfume only in the shade.

OUR LITTLE NEWS-BOY.

BY LOUISA ALCOTT.

HURRYING to catch a certain car, at a certain corner, late one stormy night, I was suddenly arrested by a sight of a queer-looking bundle, lying in a door-way.

"Bless my heart, it's a child! Oh John! I'm afraid he's frozen!" I exclaimed to my brother, as we both bent over the bundle.

Such a little fellow as he was, in the big, ragged coat; such a tired, baby face, under the furzy cap; such a purple, little hand still holding fast a few papers; such a pathetic sight, altogether, was the boy, lying on the stone step, with the snow drifting over him—that it was impossible to go by.

"He is asleep, but he'll freeze, if left so long. Here, wake up, my boy, and go home as fast as you can!" cried John, with a gentle shake, and a very gentle voice; for the memory of a dear little lad, safely tucked up at home, made him fatherly kind to the small vagabond.

The moment that he was touched, the boy tumbled up, and, before he was half awake, began his usual cry, with an eye to business.

"Paper, sir?" "*Herald! Transkip! Last*——," a great gape swallowed up the "last edition;" and he stood blinking at us like a very chilly young owl.

"I'll buy 'em all, if you'll go home, my little chap; it's high time you were abed," said John, whisking the damp papers into one pocket, and his purse out of another, as he spoke.

"All of 'em?—why, there's six!" croaked the boy, for he was hoarse as a raven.

"Never mind, I can kindle a fire with them. Put that in your pocket and trot home as fast as possible."

"Where do you live?" I asked, picking up the fifty cents that fell from the little fingers, too benumbed to hold it.

"Mills Court; out of Hanover. Cold, ain't it?" said the boy, blowing on his purple hands, and hopping feebly from one leg to the other to take the stiffness out.

"He can't go all that way in this storm—such a night, and so used up with cold and sleep, John."

"Of course he can't; we'll put him in a car," began John; when the boy wheezed out—

"No; I've got ter wait for Sam. He'll be along as soon as the theater's done. He said *he* would, and so I'm waiting."

"Who is Sam?" I asked.

"He's the feller I lives with. I ain't got any folks, and he takes care of me."

"Nice care, indeed, leaving a baby like you to wait for him here, such a night as this," I said, crossly.

"O, he's good to me, Sam is; though he does knock me 'round sometimes when I ain't spry. The big fellers shoves me back, you see, and I gets cold, and can't sing out loud; so I don't sell my papers, and has to work 'em off late."

"Hear the child talk! One would think he was sixteen, instead of six," I said, half laughing.

"I'm most ten. Hi!—ain't that a oner?" cried the boy, as a gust of snow slapped him in the face, when he peeped to see if Sam was coming. "Hullo! the lights is out! Why, the play's done, and the folks gone; and Sam's forgot me."

It was very evident that Sam *had* forgotten his little *protege*, and a strong desire to shake Sam possessed me."

"No use waitin' any longer; and now my papers is sold, I ain't afraid to go home," said the boy, stepping down, like a little old man with the rheumatics, and preparing to trudge away through the storm.

"Stop a bit, my little Casabianca; a car will be along in fifteen minutes, and while waiting you can warm yourself over there," said John, with the purple hand in his.

"My name's Jack Hill, not Cassy Banks, please sir," said the little party, with dignity.

"Have you had your supper, Mr. Hill?" asked John, laughing.

"I had some peanuts, and two sucks of Joe's orange; but it warn't very fillin'," he said, gravely.

"I should think not. Here, one stew, and be quick, please," cried John, as we sat down in a warm corner of the confectioner's, opposite.

While little Jack shoveled in the hot oysters—with his eyes shutting up now and then, in spite of himself—we looked at him, and thought again of the little rosy face at home, safe in his warm nest, with mother-love watching over him. Nodding toward the ragged, grimy, forlorn little creature, dropping asleep over his supper, like a tired baby, I said—

"Can you imagine our Freddy, out alone, at this hour, trying to 'work off' his papers, because afraid to go home till he has?"

"I had rather not try," answered brother John, winking hard, as he stroked the little head beside him, which, by the way, looked very much like a ragged yellow door-mat. I think brother John winked hard, but I can't be sure, for I know I did; and for a minute there seemed to be a dozen news-boys dancing before my eyes.

"There goes our car, and it's the last," said John, looking at me.

"Let it go, but don't leave the boy;" and I frowned at John for hinting at such a thing.

"Here is his car. Now, my lad, bolt your last oyster, and come on."

"Good night, ma'am! Thankee, sir!" croaked the grateful little voice, as the child was caught up in John's strong hands and set down on the car step. With a word to the conductor, and a small business transaction, we left Jack coiled up in a corner, to finish his nap as tranquilly as if it wasn't midnight, and a "knocking around" might not await him at his journey's end.

We didn't mind the storm much as we plodded home; and when I told the story to rosy-face, next day, his interest quite reconciled me to the sniffs and sneezes of a bad cold.

"If I saw that poor, little boy, I'd love him lots, Aunt Weedy!" said Freddy, with a word of pity in his beautiful child's eyes.

And, believing that others would be kind to little Jack, and such as he, I tell the story.

When busy fathers hurry home at night, I hope they will buy their papers of the small boys who get "shoved back;" the feeble ones, who grow hoarse, and "can't sing out;" the shabby ones, who, evidently, have only forgetful Sams to care for them; and the hungry-looking ones, who don't get what is "fillin'." For love of the little sons and daughters safe at home, say a kind word, buy a paper, even if you don't want it; and never pass by, leaving them to sleep forgotten in the streets at midnight, with no pillow but a stone, no coverlet but the pitiless snow, and not even a tender-hearted robin to drop leaves over them.—*Merry's Museum.*

—What is that which by losing an eye, has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

—"Do you recover umberrills (umbrellas) here?" asked an old lady of an umbrella mender. "Yes'um." "Then I'd like to have you recover the one I lost last Sunday."

—Every man has his "weak side," and it is very often the case that this weak side is the best part of the man.

—A peaceful disposition is not absolute protection against the turmoils of life. What's more peaceful than a clam! And yet, ten to one, it ends its life in a broil. And then how peaceful an oyster is! And yet how frequently it gets mixed up in a stew.

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A deduction of 25 per cent. for each subsequent insertion.

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

THANK YOU.

A little boy said the other day, "I like to keep doing little things for grandma, because she says, 'Thank you.' The words cost her nothing, and, then they make me feel real good."

We, sisters of the LYCEUM BANNER, can only say thank you to the many friends who have so generously remembered us—whose Chrismas gifts have reminded us of warm hearts and open hands

Among these Christmas gifts is a pin cut from a shell, in the form of a dove. The little thing stands upon an oak branch, its wings spread for flight. We have seldom seen a finer piece of workmanship.

To humanity's friend, D. H. Shaffer, of Cincinnati, Ohio, we are indebted for this precious gift.

Several persons, known to us only by their love deeds, have helped to make ours a merry Christmas.

Accept our thanks, friends, and the hope that you may never lack *food* or *raiment* while we eat and dress in memory of *your* Christmas gifts

POSTAGE.

Since our last paper went to press Mrs. Kimball has succeeded in making arrangements with the Post Office Department to send THE LYCEUM BANNER at the same rates other Sunday School papers are sent—one cent for four ounces, or 100 papers for 20 cents. Lyceums paying more can have packages prepaid by advancing money for stamps. Should any change occur in Post Office laws notice will be given.

— We intend enlarging our paper and adding a limited number of advertisements. Those wishing to advertise may find it to their advantage to communicate with the publisher.

ITEMS.

—We hope that our readers have had a merry Christmas, and that a glad New Year awaits them.

—Verse writers must be patient. Some poems are too defective to put in type, others wait their time.

—Will every subscriber send us, this month, a new subscriber? By so doing our list will be increased, and our hearts gladdened. Some of our subscribers are asking for a weekly paper. Just so soon as our list is doubled, we will have a good paper every week.

—We regret that there is not, in our paper, room for the entire report of the Lyceum Convention. The extracts we have made are from the *Banner of Light*. The resolutions will be in the next number.

Hon. Robert Dale Owen is writing a story for Lippincott's Magazine. The first chapter is in the January number. The story will be well worth reading.

Dr. Hayward has opened rooms in this city for the healing of the diseased. See advertisement.

Mr. A. James has been in this city in the healing hands of Dr. Clark. He has returned to his home in Pleasantville, Pa., much improved in health.

New Publications.

LEAVES FROM THE VALLEY.

This little volume of poems is from Miss J. F. Culver. It contains many sweet thoughts and noble sentiments. Price 50 cents. For sale by the author, Miss J. F. Culver, 118 South Salina street, Syracuse, N. Y.

WOMAN'S ADVOCATE—

A new weekly, devoted to woman—her emancipation from religious, social, political and moral slavery. Published at Dayton, Ohio. J. J. Belville, Proprietor; A. J. Boyer, Editor; Mrs. Eliza V. Burns, Corresponding Editor; Subscription price, $1.50 per year. Address P. O. Box 89.

TURNER'S GUIDE TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

This new book of 288 pages contains a vast amount of needed information. The history of the Great West, its discoveries and explorations; the history of railroads and manufactures of the West, will be found in the Guide. Price $3.00. For sale by T. G. Turner, Esq., South Bend, Ind

EXTRACTS FROM DR. CHILD'S REPORT

Of the First National Convention of the Friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, held in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 26th and 27th, 1868.

PRINCIPAL OFFICERS.

President—Mary F. Davis.
Secretary—Henry T. Child, M. D.
Treasurer—Cornelius B. Campbell, N. J.

On taking the chair, Mrs. Davis said: I wish to make a few remarks in relation to the object which calls us together. We are here to-day to consider the question as to what shall be done for the best good of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Some are in favor of separate, not national organization, in its behalf; and some are decidedly opposed to such an organization, separate from the American Association of Spiritualists. Of this we are well assured that all the friends of the Lyceum desire that such steps shall be taken, that such action shall be adopted as will result in the best good for the little ones that the Providence above has placed under our care. As Spiritualists, we wish to make the Lyceum our own object; we wish to do that for it which shall redound to its benefit; not only to do it this year, but in all the years to come. We feel assured that the Lyceum is connected with the spiritual cause in this country; that depending upon the Lyceum is the great question of the success of American Spiritualism in all the future years. From the garden of God is to spring up those beautiful flowers which shall ripen into fruit, that shall be for the healing of nations. Let us consider here as friends what we can do to promote the interests of this great cause, what steps we shall take, what movement we shall project that shall do the most toward culturing these beautiful blossoms in the garden of God. We can come here, and with no antagonism, no bitterness of feeling, can consider any question in relation to this great subject which appeals to us for a wise and loving decision.

A. J. Davis said: As Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, I wish to remark that these should embody the matured thought of the Convention. It seems to me that we are here as students—I mean every person is a teacher, every one is a member of the Lyceum and we ought to resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole with an adult group. Now suppose we have questions and get the best answers we can; that is the genius of schooling, that is what we are here for. Let our resolutions be set forth to embody some of the matured propositions which we shall discuss. Then our convictions will go forth to the world.

Almon B. French proposed that we consider, "What is the best method of enhancing the interests of the Children's Progressive Lyceums?"

George Davis, of Washington, said: That is a subject which we all desire to hear discussed. I would propose that a committee be appointed on the subject of education, to whom will be referred all matters connected with this subject.

Daniel N Ford proposed that a book of questions for the Lyceum be published.

Mr. Holman said: From my understanding of the question, I should say No. My reason is that if we print a hundred, more or less, questions in a question book, we shut the door at once to progress itself.

Mrs. H. F. Brown said: I have seen the great need of a question book. I know in our own Lyceum, and in other Lyceums, that children are often asking questions; and these questions are sometimes very inappropriate. Let us have some kind of a book whereby the children's minds may be brought out. I do not say it is best to have answers Have a series of questions; something that will come within the comprehension of the young mind.

Mr. Holman said: I don't; but I may be inspired; if I am, I think I can suggest a plan by which we can obviate all this difficulty which will arise from closing the doors of progress. I understand that the lady upon the platform publishes a little periodical called "THE LYCEUM BANNER." Now I think it would be a good plan if the LYCEUM BANNER could be introduced into all the Lyceums; if it is printed once a week, so much the better; it can then be used the oftener. Then the work of these wonderful questions that will be asked of the children will be presented, and all we would have to do is to look forward to the next week, when the questions will be answered by the wise ones, as soon as they can have it in their Lyceums. I think if a plan of that kind was adopted, we then would have a book that would be something new all the time. We would be getting out of the old theological straitjacket; we would be basing our Lyceum on a basis such as scientific men base their labors upon. We would not be forever asking for something new. We may think, possibly, that it is for a very wise head to ask all the questions that are to be answered for a thousand years. Some people do, and I judge of those who are here and are so very anxious for a book, that they think it is necessary to have all the questions answered that are to be answered for a thousand years. It may be that these persons think so, but I think that in a very short time they will find that they have some new questions, more new facts; then they will want to ask some new questions; then they have got to fix their book up again. I think that all this would be avoided, and we might try to get them to ask something better every time. It is generally understood that when a person asks a question in an assembly like this, that person has studied the subject in such a way that he can give a satisfactory answer to the question.

Mrs. Averill said: I agree with the gentleman who spoke last in one thing. We are very anxious to have the LYCEUM BANNER published once a week, but we want many books. We need librararies; we want more books. It is difficult to choose books for the children. I understand there are to be some new books published. We need reading books more than anything else. The idea of a book of questions is very good indeed. We want questions at our Lyceums.

A. J. Davis replied: We do not meet to teach children; children are educated on the run. What are Bro Rehn, Bro. Fox and almost all of us doing but trying to get rid of what we have learned in youth in religion, in politics, in social life. This Lyceum movement strikes a blow at the very root of the whole system of education prevailing in the world. If we are not prepared with question

it is because we have not yet grown up, have only a newspaper sentimental interest in the matter. All mature, grown-up men and women, those who are intuitive, are full of questions. I never saw any difficulty about this; it was that we could not repress the questions that would be put. I think we should consider the management or rather the absence of it, which is the most perfect management. We need instinctive education of the children, and they learn more by what they see and hear than by books or rules."

Mr. Campbell, of Vineland, said: If there is difficulty in raising questions, there will be the same difficulty in raising answers. Let us have a committee to propose both questions and answers. The only real argument I can see in favor of these questions is to help those who are indolent. It seems to me the radical element must first produce something, and then the conservative element must go to work to save it. Let us at once become a denomination, and have a series of questions and answers. Let the first one be, "What is the Chief End of Man?"

George Davis, of Washington, said: I suppose my experience in forming and conducting a Lyceum is similar to that of most persons who have not had any example or instruction. We obtained a good deal of help from the unabridged Manual. I do not believe that with all our spirituality, and all our former teachings in theology, or science, or literature, we could have organized and maintained a Lyceum for one year. We have done that, and now we have come here to learn the best way to keep our Lyceum up. We are in earnest about it. I know that we have learned by visiting Lyceums in other places. I found that in many respects we had got wrong, and, perhaps, I might give some instructions to others. I think that Spiritualism does grow, and that it is progressing every day. Why not, if that fact is admitted, have a work to-day for the Lyceums? The Lyceum Manual is very complete in itself, a good book; but it might be extended. Mind and knowledge are extending, and I see the necessity and feel the want of some more complete system. I would like to have other silver-chain recitations, other questions, other songs, and a new system of calisthenics. We can find these by going to many other works. We can buy the "Spiritual Harp." We can go into the recesses of literature and poetry and romance, and there we can find good silver chain recitations; but we need something in selected form, so that we can go on and conduct our Lyceums as they should be. I do not think it would be judicious to have two books, because it would be an additional expense and trouble. We get in one book at $1 much more than in two at 50 cents each. We should have the instructions and suggestions of our leaders, that we may gather up all that is good in this new Manual. I would like to have the Convention enlarge the Manual, and give us some new free gymnastics. We have practiced on the present one for a year, and we are looking for something further than that. I know I may not be so good at suggesting as some others, and if they have something better I would like to learn of them. We have a certain set of songs which we sing every Sunday. I will admit that, should we all do our whole duty completely, we could get along with the present system; but we cannot do that if we study the whole week on the manner of conducting the Lyceum. I find great difficulty in getting the best Spiritualists to become leaders, and we are obliged to work our Lyceums with the material we have, and trust to educating and improving this; and therefore I think a question book would be a great help, by suggesting the plan for work.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

FRANK HOPEWELL.

A TRUE STORY.

BY GEORGE W. WILSON.

FRANK HOPEWELL was a rough, rowdy boy of sixteen or seventeen, and by occupation a driver on the canal. He was proud of his physical strength, and ever ready and willing to engage in a pugilistic encounter. Frank was spending the winter with an aristocratic lady, doing chores for his board, and firmly resolved on going to sea the next Spring. To be a sailor was his highest ambition. He was ignorant, and had no taste for books or study.

One evening the lady with whom Frank was living had company. He was sitting alone in the kitchen, for he was not allowed in the parlor, when she entered the room, and scornfully and authoritatively said: "Frank, it is time for servant boys to be in bed."

He obeyed her command, but the tears filled his eyes so that he could not sleep. His heart was touched; he carefully reviewed his past life; fully realized what a fearful mistake he had made, and bravely determined to change his course of life. Frank resolutely said to himself, "I will no longer be a servant boy; I will make my mark in the world; I will show this lady that I am her equal. The time will come when she will be proud to associate with me."

Frank strictly adhered to his noble resolution. He engaged in manual labor during the summer, and attended school in the winter, working in the morning and evening for his board. He pursued his studies early and late, and he was soon the foremost in his class. In due time he entered an Eastern college, from which he graduated with the highest honors. After leaving college he became principal of a large and flourishing academy. Then he was elected to the highest branch of the Legislature of his native State, where he served with great credit to himself.

When the whirlwind of rebellion swept over our country Frank entered the army as lieutenant-

colonel, and by a faithful and efficient discharge of his duties, he rapidly rose to the rank of major-general. The people of his district, appreciating his superior abilities and great moral worth, elected him to Congress. Last fall he was elected for the fourth time by more than ten thousand majority. He is one of the ablest and most useful members in Congress.

To-day the name of our hero is known and honored all over our land. Thousands flock to hear him speak and are charmed by his eloquence. He has a bright future before him, and I shall not be surprised to see him occupy the Presidential chair. I am sure that a more worthy man never occupied that exalted and honorable position.

Industry, perseverance, temperance, a noble purpose and strict moral honesty have enabled Frank to win an honorable position among his fellow-men and a national reputation.

I hope my young readers will not fail to learn a useful lesson from the story I have related. If you cannot reach the high position Frank has, you can at least make yourselves useful and honorable members of society.

AUBURN, Ohio.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

—In manner somewhat like did one of these natural philosophers account for another phenomenon. Hearing a man dump coal in the bin one day with a terrible rumbling, he shouted: "Oh, mother, now I know what makes thunder. It is God putting coal on."

—Children are great realists, interpreting things in the most literal sense. To the infantile mind the beautiful metaphor of the Lord walking in the cool of the day conveys the idea of a tangible presence. "I know," said a little boy to whom the passage was read, "just as papa does, with his hands behind him and an old coat on."—*Revolution.*

—A pious mother having, one evening, prepared for bed her play-weary little girl of three summers, desired it to say its usual evening prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., which it began to repeat after her, when sleep overcoming it at the close of the first sentence, the mother aroused it, saying: "Nellie, say the rest," when again the weary prattler vainly essayed to repeat the prayer, and began, "Now I lay me down to s-e-e-p," but again leaving the sentence unfinished, forgot all else in sleep, till aroused even a third time by its anxious mother, when it cried, in response, "Mamma, don't wake me, *Dod* knows *the rest*, I's so seepy."

MOON-BEAMS.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

They dance upon the windows,
And they laugh upon the walls,
And their sad and lonely brightness
Like a benediction falls;
They creep between the shutters,
And they lie upon the floor,
And the burden of their story is,
"The days that are no more."

The days when time was younger,
And his hour-glass and his scythe
Were but two busy monitors,
That industry might thrive;
When life was so enticing,
We had many thanks to give,
For the simple power of breathing,
And the happiness to live.

But the monarch of the hour-glass,
And the master of the scythe,
Has grown weary in the service,
'Till he seems but half alive;
And the moonbeams are the phantoms
Of the lustre and the light
That once played among his tresses,
When his boyish hopes were bright.

And they chill me and they thrill me,
But they bless me all the same,
And they tell me that a loving heart
Is worth an age of fame;
That a dreamy recollection
Of a sunny time gone by,
Is better than the present,
When my life is but a lie.

So I summon them with music,
And I welcome them with song,
Throwing wide the scarlet curtains,
For the heavy-laden throng;
They are with me till the morning,
But they vanish with the day,
And with shimmers and with glimmers,
Bear my happiness away.

—"I think I have seen you before, sir—are you not Owen Smith?" "O, yes; I am owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

—"Do you see that man there?"

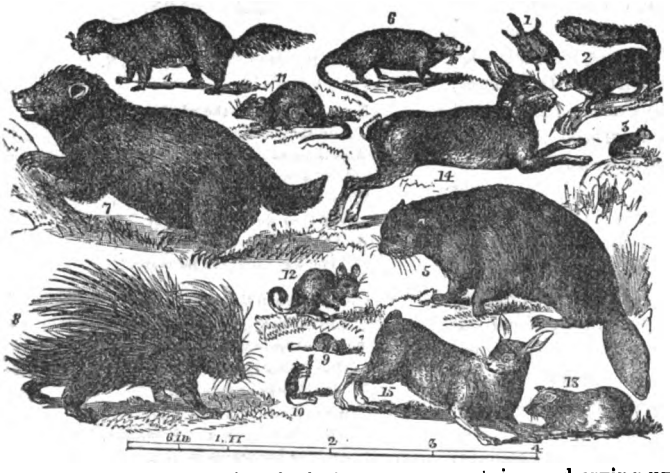
"Yes; what of him?"

"He is a fool of the deepest dye."

"How so?"

"Why, he's over seventy, has magnificent white hair and beard, and yet dyes them to a muddy black."

—A rustic guest in a Portland (Me.) hotel, a few evenings since, came down stairs and told the clerk that the gas light wouldn't burn, and he thought it wanted a new wick.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE NEW GAME.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

"COME, boys," said Solomon Gregg to his playmates, "let's have something new. I'm tired playing Congress; to-morrow we'll play animals"

"So am I," said half-a-dozen voices.

"I wouldn't be Andy Johnson another day for anything. It's dull music vetoing bills; but how do you play animals?" asked Cornelius Plum.

Sol was the wise man among the boys. Whatever he proposed was readily seconded by all the others. "O, as to that I don't know exactly myself. It is my own invention, and never has been played by any one. I think we'll do it this way. All of you sit down under the tree in the Senate Chamber and I'll tell you."

After being seated on a rough bench lately occupied by the miniature Senators, Sol, pointing with Sumner's cane, began:

"The first at the left will be a lion; the second, a polar bear; the third, a grizzly; the fourth, a reindeer;" and so on until each boy was named, except Willie Winter, who sat at the end of the bench.

"I was going to name you a rabbit, Willie, but you ain't old enough; you couldn't understand how it's done."

"Yes I could, too; let me be one," plead little Willie.

"O no," said a tall boy, "it would spoil all the fun; you are too little."

Willie's brown gingham apron was applied to his eyes, and he ran away, crying.

"To-morrow, when you come here, I shall call on each of you to give an account of yourselves. You must tell where you live, what you eat, and anything you can learn of your history."

"O, that's jolly! I'm a reindeer, and I think it twice as nice as being Speaker of the House." That was the expressed sentiment of Everett Glover, and highly applauded by all the rest. "Three cheers for the game-maker," shouted he, and three rousing cheers were given with a satisfaction seldom felt.

Willie never stopped running and crying until he reached his mother's sitting-room. The happy shouts of the boys fell drearily upon his ear, and as he entered his mother's presence his grief found vent in a loud and prolonged scream. Mrs. Winter started to her feet, upsetting work-basket and boxes which came in her way, and caught her child in her arms. "Willie, Willie, my child, what is the matter; are you hurt?" "No, I ain't, but I want to be a rabbit. I don't like going to Congress and counting votes. I want to be a rabbit, and Sol Gregg says I shan't."

Mrs. Winter's terror suddenly gave place to laughter when she comprehended the case. She took her injured boy in her lap, wiped his wet cheeks, and soothed him by saying she thought Sol knew best, and for her part she would much rather go to Congress and count votes than be a rabbit and eat clover. Willie fell asleep, comforted, but sobbing.

The boys' play-ground was a green plat under an old elm in front of the church. They played games every evening in summer after school, except on Saturday. Deacon Fish objected to playing games on consecrated ground on this evening, for, he argued, "I never could quite make up my mind that the Sabber day didn't begin on Saturday at sundown. Don't we read that the evening and the morning were the seventh day? It's best to be on the safe side, boys, so don't play here on a Saturday night."

Deacon Fish was a good, white-headed old man, and in spite of his strict religious notions the boys respected and loved him. He often joined their sports on the green, and would laugh as heartily as any of them when they called him a "white fish" "I have come back to my boyhood again," he would sometimes say, "and when you are men

grown and play Congress in earnest, I hope to be playing on a golden harp that's waiting for me up there." He would point towards the church steeple, as though his idea of heaven was located in the belfry. The boys did not laugh at him, but treated him with respectful tenderness. They humored his whims, and on Saturday afternoons played on the round knoll back of the school-house.

Next day all assembled to play their new game, and Willie Winter with them. He wasn't quite convinced that he couldn't play rabbit, so he went over to see how the rest did, hoping to act his part in spite of the big boys. "Reindeer," said Sol, "what can you say of yourself?"

Reindeer arose. "I am a native of Siberia and other cold countries. I am very useful for drawing sledges in the polar countries, where they have no horses. I have long, bushy horns, of which I am very proud. I live entirely on moss, which I find by rooting through the deep snows. The poor Laplanders could not do without me. I draw their loads, give them milk; my meat is good for food, and my skin for clothing. I weigh two or three hundred pounds, and can travel much faster than a horse. In some countries I am called a Caribou."

"Polar bear," called Sol. But before he had a chance to say a word, Willie sprang to his feet, his black eyes shining with excitement. "I am a little white rabbit. I eat clover, and, I guess, flies too. They've got great long ears, and eat grass too, and cabbage. I'm white, and can run like everything." Every boy clapped his hands and cried, "Well done, Willie; you are as smart as any of us." "Next time," said Sol, "we are going to play fish, and you shall be a chub."

He could stop to hear no more, but ran home to report his success and promotion.

"I am a polar bear, and the largest of the five species of bears. I am very long, sometimes ten or twelve feet in length, and weigh more than a thousand pounds. I am very affectionate towards my young. I live only in cold countries, for I should die of heat even in the cold winters of this latitude."

"I," said grizzly, "am the most ferocious of all bears. I live west of the Rocky Mountains, and am often met with in California. Those who know me well never attack me except in self-defense. My skull is so hard and thick that a bullet has no effect on it. You had better tell travelers to look out and not meddle with me, for I am almost sure to come off victorious."

The lion then gave the same warning to travellers, saying that he was terrible in his might, and had well earned the title, "King of Beasts." "I am one of the cat family. I am found in Africa, Arabia, Persia and India. I have a long, thick mane, which adds to my savage appearance. I lurk in hiding places around streams of water, and when other animals come to drink, I pounce upon and kill them. Unless driven out by hunger, during the day I lie concealed, and at night prowl about among herds of wild animals."

Then the beaver, porcupine, fox, and all the other animals in the play, told their stories in a sprightly, and some in a very laughable manner. The fox, in alluding to his craftiness, referred his audience to the old story, how he one night visited a farmer's barn to get a chicken for his supper. He could not climb, so he invited a hen to take a moonlight walk with him. Pleased with his flattery, the unsuspecting fowl flew down from her perch, but did not long enjoy the beautiful moonlight. "I soon found I liked her even better than I had told her, and she made me an excellent supper."

The hare and squirrel were quite as eloquent as the rest, while the mouse remarked that though he was the very smallest, he was even more powerful than the boasted king of beasts. "Don't you remember, lion, how you once got caught in the meshes of a strong net, and for a whole day roared with rage? And at night I came along, and gnawed the strong cord until I set you free?"

When the boys moved to adjourn they appointed John Perry to assign characters, which he did very thoughtfully. Mouse should be a shark next time, squirrel a whale, and the hare a sword fish. Elephant and lion were put on the list for trout and shiners. That was very kind in John, the boys all thought; we'll have no favorites in games, and all went home as happy as ever a dozen boys were.

—How to get at the real complexion of some ladies—take a little soap and water.

—Eve—the only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mother.

—A little girl wanted to say that she had a fan, but had forgotten what it was called; so she described it as "a thing to brush the warm all oft of you with."

—Jean Paul beautifully says that the Infinite has shown his name in the heavens in burning stars, but on the earth he has sowed his name in tender flowers.

—It has been ascertained that the pen that was mightier than the sword was William Penn

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE LITTLE PET.

BY MRS. ADA E. COOLEY.

I'll soon be six years old, and now
I just begin to read,
And oh! I like to learn to spell,
I really do indeed;
My papa brought me this new book,
There's pictures on each page,
And one of them is a little bird
That's shut up in a cage;
Poor little thing, it can't get out,
But there it hangs and sings;
And then there's other pictures too,
About so many things!
There's one about the poor old man
That's sick and lame and blind,
Whose little dog leads him the way,
While he goes on behind.
There's pretty stories in it, too,
About the cunning kitty,
That used to roll a ball about,—
Now don't you think that's pretty?
And I can read about the boy
That was so very bad,
He broke his sister's pretty doll,
And all the toys she had.
And I can read about the dog
That bit the pig, so fat,
And all about the little mouse
Caught by the naughty cat.
Sometime I'll let you see my book,
But I can't stop to-day,
Because I'm mamma's darling pet,
She'll miss me if I stay.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

—Let none of our pleasures be bought with the tears of others.

—One simple truth, though uttered by a child, is better than a long sermon which needs a long head to expound it.

—Whatever has been was right and proper for its time, but now a change is called for.

—The road to happiness leads through the vale of many tears.

—Love is the sunshine of the soul.

—A slanderous tongue is the sign of a bad heart.

—Great talkers are little doers.

—To do two things at once is to do neither.

—Better live well than long.

—If we are always true to ourselves, we should never be false to others.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

[The following lines were read by the Lyceum at the Philadelphia Exhibition.]

The voice of an angel falls sweet on our ears,
It whispers of goodness that conquers our fears,
It speaks of a Father who governs in love,
Who draws all his children to bright homes above.

It makes our hearts hopeful and joyful our life,
Gives strength to our feelings to overcome strife.
We know that contention, that pride, hate and scorn,
Will turn to sweet concord in truths beauteous morn.

We know that truth's brightness shall dawn upon earth,
Sweet flowers spring around us of heavenly birth.
Though eager to witness all things ruled by love,
We wait with calm patience these gifts from above.

CHARITY.

When you meet some one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard thine every look and action,
Speak no word of artless blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing
Ways the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing,
With his recklessness and sin;
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers,
Not because the soil is bad,
But the summer's genial showers
Never make their blossoms glad;
Better have an act that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than by judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.

—What sort of beams sustain the earth? Sunbeams and moonbeams.

—When did an engineer kill himself with a kiss? When he "bust" (bussed) his boiler.

—When do most people feel a little crank? When turning a coffee mill.

—When do self-righteous people feel like horses? When they imagine they cant err (canter).

—When does a man feel like an old shoe? When badly sol(e)d.

—Motto for a tradesman—Buy-and-buy.

—Base inhospitality—Turning out your toes.

—Busy insects in the church—Protest-*ants*.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 1, 11, 21, 3, 13, 9, 23, is the name of an ancient prophet.
My 8, 17, 10, 7, 12, is a fluid.
My 22, 6, 4, 18, 2, 21, is one who works in metals.
My 19, 20, 15, 16, is a word used to express a liking for anything.
My 16, 5, is an adjective.
My whole is the name of a lady physician.

MAY WILLIAMS.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 3, 6, 1, 5, we do not like.
My 8, 3, 2, is cold.
My 2, 6, 7, is pleasant to do.
My 3, 9, 7, is a dwelling place.
My 10, 2, 6, 7, we all should be.
My 3, 1, 5, 7, 2, is an oppressed country.
My 2, 4, 1, we are all apt to do.
My whole we all should have.

LOUIS SCHRODER.

WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in ashes, but not in fire.
My second is in house, but not in barn.
My third is in many, but not in few.
My fourth is in apple, but not in cherry.

HATTIE M. BRIGGS.

WORD PUZZLES.

My first is in wood, but not in coal.
My second is in dish, but not in bowl.
My third is in fish, but not in fin.
My fourth is in drug, but not in gin.
My fifth is in do, but not in did.
My sixth is in mug, but not in lid.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. 7.

Enigma by Pearl Hapgood—Little Red Riding Hood.
Enigma by Annie Holland—Annie Dickinson.
Charade by E. M. Addleman—Mother Goose's Melodies.
Answered by May Williams.

—What class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The belles.

—Why are good lawyers and good poetry alike? They are both well versed.

—In what age did the most loquacious people live? Verbiage.

—What chasm do wits frequently fall into? Sarcasm.

—What sort of a reception do babies first receive in this world? Cordial.

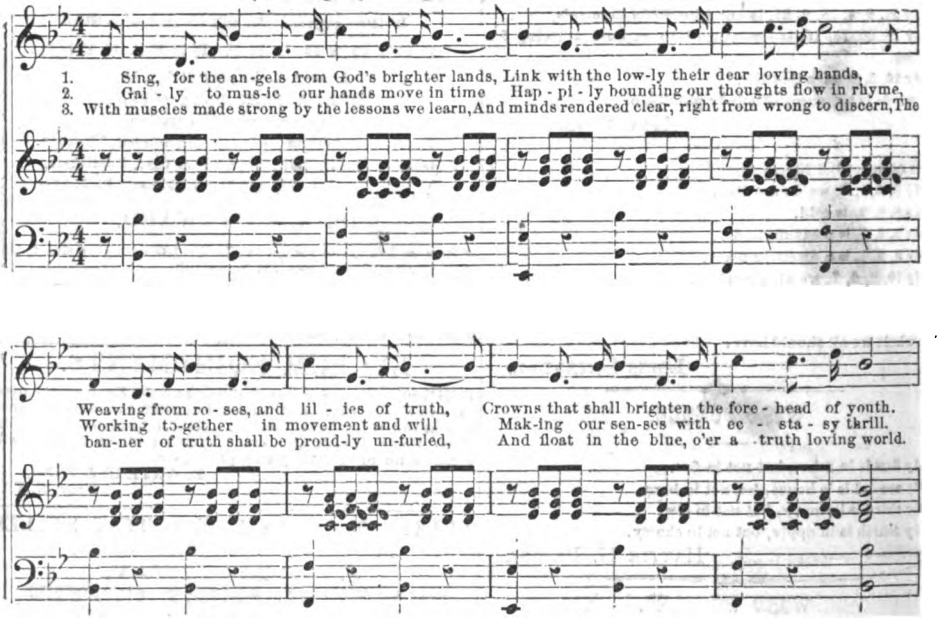
—Nobility of soul is more honorable than nobility of birth.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SING ALL TOGETHER.

Words by EMMA TUTTLE. Music by E. T. BLACKMER.

(This song may be sung during the Gymnastic Exercise.)



CHORUS.