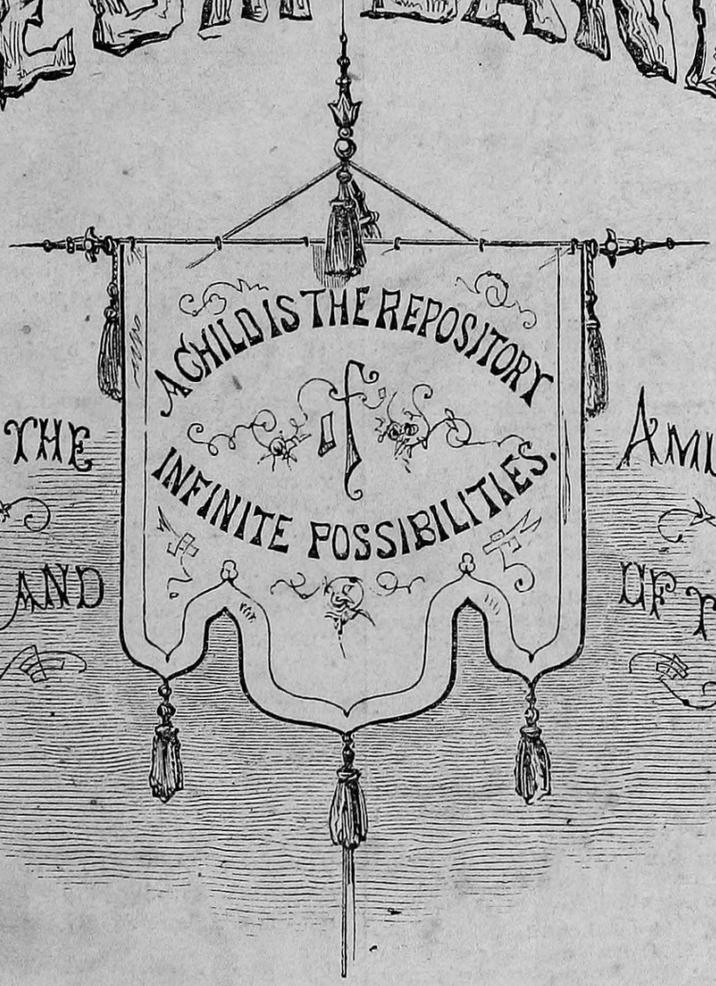
VOLUME 3. NUMBER 2.

THE LYCEUM BANNER



DEVOTED TO THE CULTURE AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG.

EDITED BY

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

CHICAGO, ILL.

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"THINGS APPEAR WRONG TO US BECAUSE WE SEE SUCH A VERY LITTLE WAY, NEITHER THE BEGINNING NOR ENDING OF NATURE'S ORDER."

FREEDOM.

BY MRS. JANE FROHOCK.

SUSAN and Martha were the kindest of sisters and Rodney, their only brother, was the pet of pets. Birds were their peculiar favorites.

Rodney believed that birds came straight from heaven with the warm weather, and that when their little ones were big enough, they flew back to where God lets out the sunshine every morning.

One little robin had done much to create this belief. By some means she had found out their yearnings birdward, and every morning, just as the sunshine glimmered down into the ravine above the old mill, Mistress Robin was at their door picking up the breakfast crumbs. Rodney had watched her times out of mind, but could never find out where she went. She had a way of hopping back and forth, chirping at every hop just as though there were no secrets in bird-life, nothing but what every boy, good and bad, might know; flying round and round in larger and larger circles until like, a sly diplomat as she was, off on her own business and he never a whit the wiser for all his watchings.

As to her whereabouts after her morning meals, his sisters, although his elders, were as ignorant as himself.

Their own, old fashioned two-storied home on the hill top pictured against the sky like a martin house "of a larger growth," was an airy, ample nest for these three human birdlings.

But June had come with her roses, and every breeze brought tidings of summer's ceaseless activity. Insects were waltzing in mid air to their own monotonous buzz, buzz, buzz; bees were humming in every flower; birds, chirping in every bush and tree; from the farm yard and adjacent pasture, the fowls, the sheep, and the cattle were cackling, bleating, and lowing in chorus.

Everywhere life was at its flood, pouring fourth its activities through air, earth, and water.

How could child-life remain pent up, be kept silent?

The home nest was too limited. Nursery and parlors, and in turn the garden and common were like out-grown cages. They wanted more room, a larger liberty. So one beautiful June morning, just after one of Rodney's fruitless watchings, their mother gave them leave to go, but not without many well-remembered restrictions; for, human mothers, like mother birds, have a ceaseless care of their fledged brood.

Then with lightsome hearts and nimble feet the happy trio shouting back their merry good bye's sped down the hill side, down to the bridge, across Graham Outlet, over it to the old mill beyond.

What a charming change! What an outlet to the r pent up vitality overflowing at every avenue like the old mill pond pouring its pent up waters through the narrows.

How the current swells and rises like a thing of life escaping bondage! How it beats the craggy shores rushing past the opposing cliffs, around the loosened rocks, down over the dam, with never a moment's pause or thought of rest—on, and on past the projecting ledges that more and more compress its breadth until goaded to madness as it were by spying camel bar right accross its path, like an infuriated beast, it leaps the defiant barrier and plunges headlong in the gorge leading to the sea, the sea of a larger life.

Rodney and his sisters were making *their* way into a larger life, were taking a new, and never-to-be-forgotten lesson.

Next the old mill must be explored.

Just as they reached the half fallen stub by the mill door, Martha, coming up behind it, and Susan with her right hand on her brother's shoulder to prevent his falling over the bank, Rodney spied Mistress Robin in an old hat on the timbers above the saw-gearings

"See, see, Susan, see where Mistress Robin lives, in Jack Bawdell's old hat. What a funny heaven!"

Sure enough, it was the very robin that had eaten his crumbs daily, yet persistently refused to take him into her confidence. She knew them at once and was now more than ready to tell them all about her sly doings, for she was in great trouble that was plain, and wanted help. Her blithesome morning chirp had changed to a sad monotone, and her agile hop to a pleading flutter.

First it was, "chirp, chirp, chirp," looking straight into their faces; then, "chirp, chirp, "looking down into the ravine. Then as if aware they did not understand, she looked towards them with another short, quick chirp as much as to say, "look where I look;" then hopping to the brim, and stretching its neck to the utmost extent she peered over with a prolonged, mournful chirp that seemed to say "look down there among the weeds and stones."

It is doubtful if men and women with their instinctive natures all covered up if not wholly smothered by the artificialities of life, would have understood Mistress Robin's language. But Martha's quick eye and unperverted instinct took in its full meaning at once.

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The sad, earnest tone spoke of a loss, the greatest known in birddom, the loss of offspring; the pantomime told where they had disappeared. Following that, Martha was at the bottom of the bank in a moment, and sure enough there were her three little birdlings huddled up together just able to make a faint peep as she gathered them into her apron.

High as it was, safe above the reach of cat or fox, it was but a light job to restore them to their nest.

Rodney held a short plank against the lower gearing up which Susan climbed; then holding to a brace climbing to the beam above, she could just reach the hat. Pulling it a little towards her to make it more safe, she placed the birdies one by one in the nest, Mistress Robin chirping her heart felt thanks at the restoration of each. Their "peep, peep, peep," growing fainter and fainter as the mother gathered them under her warm wings with a soothing twitter as much as to say, "there, there, go to sleep. Thank God and his angel children, you are safe again," was the last their benefactors heard of them for a week.

One morning just as Rodney was shaking the remains of his cookey from his napkin, Mistress Robin and her little ones, now grown to birdhood, came for their breakfast.

They had out-grown the old hat just as Jack Bawdell had out-grown his position as chore boy when the old water mill gave place to the big steam mill below the "Narrows," when the old slough hat, not altogether useless as our story proves, was replaced by a new stove pipe.

Their overflowing life needed more room just as did Jack's ideas. He went away to college, they, to another hemisphere, each to their lessons; he to learn from books, arbitrarily, they, from God's own manuscript naturally.

Rodney's experience at the mill completely upset his theory with regard to the *origin* of birds, but he still remains firm in the belief that they go straight to heaven when they die, to a heaven above the reach of cats. Old Tabby's depredations among the wrens in his mother's currant bushes is ample proof to him that birds do die eaving their bodies behind jnst as little Ralf, his baby brother, left his when *he* went to heaven. "Sacred to the memory of RALF" is written in stone at the head of his grave. What the word *sacred*, means to Rodney, we may never learn, but since Ralf's burial no wren or other bird is Tabby allowed to eat if he is present.

He often takes her by the ears, the naughty jade, and points to a little cemetery enclosed with the tiniest pickets where, ranged side by side is a long line of little mounds each with its head and foot stones, to mark the resting place of her innocent victims.

But poor Tab is so depraved by the instincts of hunger that she pays little heed to Rodney's predictions that she can "never go to heaven." Still he loves Tabby dearly, and often inquires if it is not just as wicked for his father to kill the darling little lambs as it is for her to kill the birds.

Like older and wiser heads, Rodney is sorely puzzled by the mysteries of nature.

"Things appear wrong to us because we see such a very little way, neither the beginning or or ending of nature's order," is his mother's reply. Faith in his mother makes him content with the answer, and he goes to his play satisfied without *knowing*. BOSTON AUG. 1869

THE EDITOR.—The Editor is one of the happiest animals in the known world. He can go to the circus, afternoon and evening, and not pay a cent, also to inquests and hangings. He has free tickets to picnics and strawberry festivals, gets wedding cake sent to him, and sometimes gets a licking, but not often; he can take things back in the next issue, and which he generally does. I never knew only one editor to get licked. His paper busted that day, and he could not take anything back. While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor sits up late at night and sees everything that is going on. The boys think it a big thing to hang out till ten o'clock. When I am a man I mean to be an editor, so I can stay out nights. Then that will be bully. The editor don't have to saw wood or do any chopping, except with his scissors. Railroads get up excursions for them, knowing that if they didn't he'd make them git up and git. In politics he don't care much who he goes for as long as they are on his side. If they ain't he goes for them any way, so it amounts to nearly the same thing. There is a great many people trying to be editors who can't, and some of them have been in the profession for years. They can't see it, though. If I was asked if I had rather have an education or be a circus rider, I would say, let me go and be an editor.

—"I sells pepermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady, who kept a candy shop, "because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you wants comfits you must come week days. They'r secular commodities."

"But I don't see what girls are made for, any how," pursued he, nothing daunted by Emily's reproof.

Hope's plump feet had been dancing for the last minute, her little fists keeping time to the steps; and as Dick uttered the last unwarrantable sentence, she gave a loud scream of disapproval, and refused to let Dick lift her from the rug

"Go away now, Dick; baby's father is getting tired, and wants no more noise. When you can remember and be kind to Malvina and Hepsy you can come and play with Hope again."

The greatest trial of Henry's and Emily's life was over; and now that they had passed through it so well, and were so comfortable and happy, they wondered that such a trifle should ever have made them miserable. From hope's lofty pinnacle they had become in less than two years town paupers. Emily smiled through her tears as she comforted her husband.

"The worst is over, Henry. I am sure we shall be quite happy here this winter, and by spring you will be well again, and we will go back to our own little home. Keep up a good heart; it will all be right at last, no doubt. You remember Parson Ainsworth's text when mother was buried—'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' It seemed hard then, but I can see now that it was all for the best. I am sure her heart would break had she lived to see this day."

Emily made a desperate effort to instill her own religious faith into the doubting heart of her husband.

Her zeal only produced the fever of despair, and he replied: "It is very well to trust in the Lord after he has forsaken us for doing the best we know. I don't see as trusting amounts to any thing, any way, as long as men are so wicked, and powerful enough to upset all His plans for good.'

"Don't talk so, dear Henry. It is worse than poverty to feel that your faith in the promises is leaving you."

Emily wept while Henry slept; not because they were inmates of the almshouse, and all their bright plans for the future blighted, but because he had doubted the efficacy of trusting in the promises of her Lord.

The tall, lazy, slow-ticking clock in the large kitchen struck eight. The day's work was finished, and the poor unfortunates had assembled to have their daily gossip. Of course the conversation turned on the new comers; and Lydia Stevens, true to her nature and humanity, became the advocate of the young couple.

"She was always a fine girl—Emily was. I knew her when everybody was looking up to her because her father was a rich man and lived in grand style. I was there when the fuss was made about Henry Puffer's stealing the money. It was a sorry day, I can tell you. Poor Mrs. Ray took the apoplexy, and died right off. More's the pity, though pretty likely her time had come, for none of us can go till then. But I always stood to it, if she had lived she could have told where the money went to. Mr. Ray came in with a great bundle of bank bills, as big as my arm, and said he, 'Here, mother, you take care of this while I go out to show Squire Winn the corner-bound of the Jones lot;' and when he got back she had took the apoplexy, and was too far gone to speak. All the money was there except the five hundred dollars he handed her first, that couldn't be found; so Mr. Ray laid it to Henry Puffer, who had been like an own son to him, taking it, and Henry, he couldn't stand being called a thief, and so he went off. Emily, poor thing, twixt burying her mother, Henry's going off, and her father's rage, had a sorry time of it."

Uncle Foster sat bolstered up in a big arm-chair, with a cane at each side of him, and heard Lydia's story with a great deal of interest; then at its close asked, "Is that any reason why he should have the best room in the house?"

"I didn't say as it was, Uncle Foster; but mind it when you will, they that have lady like ways, and have been used to fine things, will get the best some how or other. It seems to belong to them by right."

Black Jemima. who had sat in the chimney corner, smoking her pipe, for the last half hour, the blue smoke curling in graceful clouds around her gray, woolly head, pertinently asked, "If black folks behaved just as good as white ones, would all the fine things be loaded on to them?"

"I guess not, Mima. I reckon when black folks steal they go to jail." Grandma Wiggin's words were few and weighty.

Uncle Foster always laughed when grandma spoke. It was a habit he had from childhood They were children together, and Uncle Foster had thought her the funniest little girl in town, and had laughed at her childish nonsense, and found no point in their long lives where she ceased to be funny in his eyes; so he shook his fat sides until he seemed nearly exhausted and could laugh no longer.

Malvina and Hepsy sat in the corner, playing cat's-cradle; but not a word spoken by the older

people had escaped their ears. Dick had stowed himself away under the light-stand, on which burned a tallow candle, to gain, unobserved, all the information possible about the "new folks up in the front chamber." Having satisfied his curiosity as to what could bring such fine people to the town farm, he turned his attention to the two little girls at their play. Reaching under the long, slim legs of the light-stand, he caught the string with which the game was played. Hepsy began to cry. Malvina struck at him, but missed her aim. "Don't cry, Hep; he's a great good-for-nothing, any way." And Malvina soothed Hepsy with the whispered promise that she would search his pockets after he had gone to bed, and get the string again. Lydia Stevens, who noticed the boyish trick, ordered him to give up the string and offer a handsome apology. Lydia was queen of the kitchen, and took upon herself the responsibility of preserving order.

"Will you forgive me, if I don't never do so again?' said Dick, looking absently at the floor, and repeating Lydia's words as near as he could remember.

Hepsy smiled sweetly through her moist blue eyes, and said kindly, "Yes, Dickey."

"I don't believe you are one bit sorry," said Malvina; "you only say so because Miss Stevens told you to. I won't forgive you at all until you leave off all your ugly pranks; and I'll tell Miss Puffer not to let you play with the baby any more."

Malvina's black eyes flashed, and Dick dared not retaliate in Lydia Stevens's hearing, but in an under tone he said: "Hepsy is worth fifty thousand just like you. She's just as pretty and good as can be, and the next time we have mince pie for supper I'll give her half of my piece."

"Tell him you will forgive him," whispered Hepsy.

"I won't do no such thing. Do you suppose I will forgive him when I know he aint sorry, and would do just so again the first chance? No, not for all the mince pie Miss Way will make next Thanksgiving time."

(*To be continued.*)

—A recent Paris paper thus reports a conversation between two worthy conservatives: "And what has become of the son of our friend X!" "Don't ask me: he has turned out badly." "How is that? I thought he was intelligent and industrious. What has become of him?" "He has become a journalist." "A journalist!—and his father is such an honest man; it is incredible."

A WORD TO GIRLS.

I have a sweet little friend, very dear to me; but strangers do not love her. Alone with her intimate friends she is artless, childlike, and perfectly at ease. On the entrance of strangers, she suddenly affects dignity and assumes the manners of her elders. She will outgrow this, I hope; but I wanted to say to you, girls, that you never please so well as when you preserve your own fireside airs. You would not like to have a bird twitter a song he had *learned*, as well as if he sung his own tunes; nor have your pet kitten walk a mincing gait in place of her sprightly one; would you?

Your little brother would lose his attractiveness when, to show his gratitude for a little kindness you had bestowed, he should say, "Indeed, Miss Arabella, I appreciate your kindness, and hope at some future day to repay you." It would not please you half as well as, "Thank you, sis. I'll be a good brother for that, won't I?" Be natural—be yourselves, girls.

WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?

Not long ago two baby boys, in long sleeved aprons and copper-toed shoes, used to toddle on the sidewalks; now, scarcely more than infants, they walk the streets, supported by little rubber canes, smoking cigars! They touch their hats when they meet, so I suppose they are young gentlemen now.

Two rosy-cheeked, chubby girls, in soiled frocks, have just done playing hide-and-seek around my gate posts, and now promenade the streets with trailing skirts and huge waterfalls. Their names were Nan and Nell then. Now they are Miss. Annie and Miss Ellena.

The boys, with the copper toes a little while ago, would hide behind a hitching post, and lay in wait for the little girls with the soiled frocks, and catch them as they passed, just to hear them scream and see them run. I thought it real fun then, and laughed as heartily as they.

To-day I saw these children meet on the street. One of the girls extended the tips of her fingers, encased in lavender kids, to the tallest of the two boys, with brown kids, and in a voice I would never have recognized, said: "Mr. Hobart, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Miss Richardson." I wondered if they had forgotten how, a little while ago, they played hide-and-seek together around the gate posts and hitching posts! F.

—When is a lady's hair like news? When it is found in the morning papers.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

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FROM COLORADO TO CALIFORNIA.

The Fates said to me: "Time is up—go West." So I packed up, and was away. Some of my Colorado friends—who know the lack of good hotels—packed for me a lunch-basket. I have been by it often reminded of Warren Richardson's bakery; Mrs. Pound's jams and Mrs. Hinman's chickens. It isn't a bad thing to be remembered in "baskets and bottles," when one has a seven day's journey on hand. If one chances to find good eating houses, there are but twenty odd minutes for eating, and from one dollar to two dollars to be paid for a meal.

Wells, Fargo & Co., send a coach and six horses from Denver, C. T., to Cheyenne. Into one of these things I was packed for the trip. These abominable coaches are a great convenience. When every other conveyance fails, one is sure of a foothold some where about them. I hate the rattle-te-bang, the break-neck speed, and some of the half-humans one often gets dumped beside in these carriages. On this down-trip we had a "medley crew." One lady was a Mrs. Salt Lake Young. By *marriage* she said she was related to Brigham; but between the twain there was no sort of soul-relationship. The woman had suffered under Mormon rule, but she had not been sanctified through suffering. Several men, of the stage party, were out from the East on a tour of observation. They are, no doubt, from some cloudy corner of the East. They amused themselves and disgusted me by commenting a little too freely upon the moral and social standing of some of the noble women who, without their permission, have ventured beyond their "bounds of propriety." Pity it is that some people do not grow like Mrs Stowe's Topsy; they are not worthy to speak the word mother.

At day-break, on the second day out, we were scattered over Cheyenne. I was set down at the Ford House. I took a room with orders to be left to make at leisure. When I did return from the city of sleep the train had gone West, so I had a day and night to wait and rest. I rang for water. My call was answered by Sarah Ford, the sweet-voiced daughter of mine host. She wil long be remembered by the Chicago Lyceum as the best of child musicians in the Lyceum. The Ford House is kept on the European plan. It is the best restaurant (if I may judge) between Chicago and San Francisco.

The road from Cheyenne to Sacramento has been so frequently described that every plain, mountain, stream and sand desert must be familiar to the reader. Some things, however, cannot be pictured by pen or pencil. Among these nondescripts are the Sierra Nevada Mountains. How, or in what mood, Nature managed to get up such wild, fantastic mountains is beyond guessing Some spots look as if a stream of boiling lava had been thrown up a few thousand feet into the air, and in a fit of fright stood still—and there still stand. Some of these rock-heaps look like old tumbling castle walls—others stand strong and firm, like the old pyramids. The chasms and canons, around which our road crooked and turned, may be pleasant to look upon, and good themes for poets and painters, but I have no great desire to be whirled about them at railroad speed.

The towns along the road look well in print; that is about all. Sherman, thirty miles west of Cheyenne, and one thousand west of Chicago, is a "smart chance" of a town. It is 8,424 feet above sea level. At this point the waters of the continent divide; one stream starts off at full speed toward the Atlantic another, bent upon finding an ocean home, goes toward the Pacific slope.

There are some few good-looking farms and comfortable-looking houses in the Salt Lake Valley; but Desert is a very appropriate name for most of the country through which we pass. Corinne, a Utah town of canvas houses, is hoping to be the great commercial center of the new west. Promontory, our place of changing cars for the Central Pacific Line, is another city of canvas houses. The stores, post-office and hotels are rough-looking cloth buildings. Most of the

inhabitants seemed sadly in need of soap and water. I wish the lovers of the race would send missionaries into these heathen lands, with the means of building bath-houses for the saving of unwashed Mexicans, Indians, Chinese and Americans that crowd about the stations. Cleanliness and Christianity are twin sisters.

At Sacramento we took a steamer for San Francisco, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles My destination was Oakland, distant from San Francisco eight miles. I sent a telegram from Sacramento to Oakland, wishing to be met at the Sacramento steamer. As our boat neared the shore, I gathered up my goods ready to put myself and them in charge of my brother and sister for Oakland. I was first to cross the "gang-plank," looking intently among the crowd outside for a dear, familiar face; but none met my gaze. It was nearly eleven at night. The last Oakland boat left at eleven. I concluded to look up a policeman, and ask his aid to the Oakland wharf The hackmen flocked about me like bees about a clover blossom—only I wasn't a clover blossom. "Carriage, madam!" was the cry. "I'll have a policeman!" I said. "A policeman!" "What is the matter?" "Been robbed?" "What have you lost?" "Jump into my hack and I will find a policeman." These fellows half crazed me, so I went on, and asked an old man if he could direct me to the Oakland boat. Giving his hand a swing, he said, "That way; but it don't look well to see a lady out alone at this time o' night." Just then I was not thinking of looks, but looking for a boat. Following the sweep of the man's hand, I went on down toward the boat. As I walked the boat a man demanded my fare I gave him a greenback. He looked at the bill, and then at me, to see if I, too, was green. Not convinced of my honest intentions, he said, "Are you a stranger in these parts?" "It is my first visit,' I said "Take your money, then; I would rather give you a ticket than take your paper money." "Do carriages meet the boat on the other side of the Bay?" I asked. "Not at this hour," the man said.

Another question presented itself. How am I to reach Eleventh street? Who will direct me at this midnight hour? While thinking what next to do, I looked at the people who were crowding each other in the cabin. A gentleman and lady in the crowd were discussing some matter of seeming importance. In the lady's face there was a familiar look; in the gentleman's voice a familiar sound. They were my sister and brother-in-law. They had been in search of me, but in the crowd and darkness we failed to know each other. The Bay crossed, their house reached, and my three month's journey was at an end. H. F. M. B.

LETTER FROM THE CONVENTION.

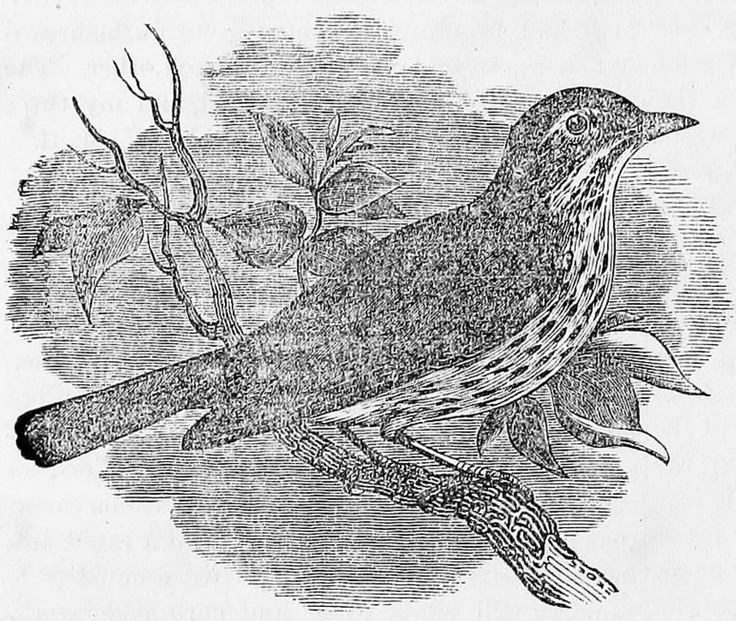
DEAR READERS OF THE LYCEUM BANNER:

Monday evening, September 30, I took a sleeping car on the M. S. R R., and awoke the next morning in Toledo, but only to remain there a few minutes, for the restless spirit of the age had possession of me, and I must away to Buffalo; so again taking a seat in one of the luxurious cars of that popular line, I was hurried on at a rapid rate. but so easily and quietly that we seemed to be standing still, while forest and corn-field, hamlet and village, flew away from us in strange confusion At Cleveland I found other pilgrims on their way to the Convention.

The journey was relieved of much of its tediousness by the social intercourse with those who were transformed into kindred by the touchstone of a common object. We arrived here at six in the evening, and found that the Convention had been at work, and had set the ball well in motion by the appointment of committees. We we just in time to listen to a soul-stirring address by Mrs. Warner, who is one of our most earnest workers in the Lyceum, as well as lecture field. To-day we have been hard at work on the constitution and the election of officers. The first work has, I believe, been well done, and the fact that it has been so amended as to make it a part of the business of the National and State organizations to organize Lyceums, is sufficient proof. I am also happy to report that we have been fortunate in the selection of the officers. Hon. J. G. Wait, of Sturgis, was elected President for the coming year. This evening we are to be addressed by Mr. Loveland, of Illinois, and to-morrow morning we shall finish up our work by adopting resolutions, and then give place to the Lyceum Convention, which meets immediately after the adjournment of this, of which more anon. B.

NAMES FOR PREMIUMS.

A. W. Kenyon 1, Cora Smith 1, S. E. Norris 2, Lou Cornell 1, Fred H. Brooks 1, Wm. Lynn 10, Annie Sharp 1, Jamie H. Parsons 1, Phebe T. Randall 15, Mary J. Holden 1, Inez M. Philbrick 3, Jas. H. Hazlett 3, Sarah D. Carpenter 5. Premiums sent or credit given.



THE WOOD-ROBIN.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

[The wood-robin, commonly called the brown thrush or "thrasher," is pronounced by Audubon "the sweetest singer among American birds."]

How calmly the lingering light
Beams back over woodland and main,
As an infant, ere closing its eyelids at night,
Looks back on its mother again.

The wood-robin sings at my door,
And her song is the sweetest I hear
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year.

'Twas thus in my boyhood time—
That season of emerald and gold—
Ere the storms and the shadows that fall on our prime
Had told me that pleasures grow old.

I loved in the warm summer eves
To recline on the welcoming sod
By the broad-spreading temple of twilight and leaves,
Where the wood-robin worshiped her God.

I knew not that life could endure
The burden it beareth to-day,
And I felt that my soul was as happy and pure
As the tone of the wood-robin's lay.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful youth!
With its visions of hope and of love;
How cruel is life, to reveal us the truth,
That peace liveth only above!

The wood-robin trills the same tune,
From her thicket in garden and glen;
And the landscape and sky, and the twilight of June,
Look lovely and glowing as then.

But I think of the glories that fell
In the harvest of sorrow and tears,
Till the song of the forest bird sounds like a knell,
Tolling back through the valley of years.

Sweet bird, as thou singest forlorn,
Through the visions that rise from the past,
The deep of the future is purpling with morn,
And its mystery melting at last.

I know that the splendor of youth
Will return to me yet, and my soul
Will float in the sunlight of beauty and truth,
Where the tides of the Infinite roll.

Oh, I fain would arise and set sail
From the lowlands of trouble and pain;
But I wait on the shore for the tarrying gale,
And sigh for the haven in vain!

And I watch for the ripples to play,
And tell me the breezes are nigh;
Like a sailor who longs to be wafted away,
To the lands that lie hid in the sky.

But the whip-po-wil wails on the moor,
And day has deserted the west;
The moon glimmers down thro' the vines at my door
And the robin has flown to her nest.

Adieu, gentle bird, ere the sun
Shall line the green forest with light,
Thou'lt wake from thy slumber more merry than one
Who heard thee and blessed thee to-night.

NOTICE.

We are happy to announce that, with other improvements at the commencement of the new volume, we have added another name to the editorial corps. Mr. E. T. Blackmer, whose name has become so familiar to our readers from being connected with the musical department, has accepted the position of associate editor, and will hereafter be identified with the progress of the LYCEUM BANNER. He has for a long time been Musical Director of the Chicago Lyceum, and is an earnest, whole-souled worker in the Lyceum movement. Mr. Blackmer will visit many of the Lyceums in the Northwest during the coming autumn, and we bespeak for him a cordial welcome.

L. H. K.

TO OUR CALIFORNIA READERS.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, editor of the LYCEUM BANNER, is now in California. Those wishing her services as a lecturer can hear from her by writing to San Francisco, care Kimball Brothers.

— Back numbers of the LYCEUM BANNER, without regard to volume or number, 50 cents per hundred—postage, 20 cents.

— M. Milleson, whose card is in another column, has returned to his home, in New York. He may be addressed "Station L, New York city," or Box 1012, Chicago, Ill.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

Sycamore, Ill.

A correspondent writes, under date of Aug. 11th, as follows: "At the annual election of officers for the Society and Lyceum in the First Society of Spiritualists of Sycamore, Ill., the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Harvey A. Jones, Conductor of Lyceum; Felix Lawdy, Assistant Conductor; Miss Agnes Brown, Guardian; Miss Mary Spring, Assistant Guardian; L. Dowe, Musical Director; R. Davis, Chaplain; C. Stevenson and Philo Pike, Guards; Agrippi Dowe, President of Society; Vice Presidents, Curtis Smith, Harvey A. Jones, Arnold Brown, Spafford Smith and Ashman Patridge; Curtis Smith, Treasurer, and Mrs. Harvey A. Jones, Corresponding and Recording Secretary. The Lyceum have felt the loss of Mrs. H. James, the former Guardian, who has removed to Chicago with her family; also of Mr. Barrett's family, and a number of others, but still though much reduced in numbers, is in a vigorous condition."—*Banner of Light.*

Willimantic, Ct.

We have recently been shown a copy of the Lyceum Song Bird, and like it very much. I intend to send you an order for fifty copies or more in a few days. We have commenced the fourth year of our existence as a Lyceum, with very fair prospects. We have a good hall of our own that we can control. The attendance, as a whole, is good. As an evidence, it was our pleasure last Sunday to reward our little friend, Sarah Spencer, with a nice present for punctual attendance, she having been present every Sunday since our Lyceum was organized.

Very respectfully,

T. A. HUNT, Conductor.

Camden, N. J.

I admire your paper, and the interest you evince to forward the Lyceum cause and to instil into the youthful mind all that is good and beautiful. I will do all I can to help you in this good cause, and my wife will also. You will be pleased to learn that Camden Lyceum, No. 1, is progressing as favorably as we could wish, considering the heat of the weather. It numbers about sixty members at present. Toward fall we intend getting a larger hall, and make other alterations and improvements, and push things generally, to increase the interest of the Lyceum cause and the number of members of our Lyceum. Officers—F. B. J. Read, Conductor; Mrs. Maggie Read, Guardian; Mrs. Wilkinson, Assistant Guardian; Mr. Douggerty, Assistant Conductor; Miss Wilkinson, Musical Director; Jas. R. McCurdy, Chief Guard; Mr. Pellouze and Mr. Wilkinson, Guards.

F. B. J. READ.

Troy, N. Y.

[The following, from one whose opinion all progressive people respect, we consider highly complimentary, and only regret that all the Lyceum officers in the country do not see through Bro. Starbuck's spiritual eyes.—ED.]

"We can in no wise do without the LYCEUM BANNER. It has become a necessity to us, and you may put the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Troy down for one hundred copies, and one hundred of the Song Bird. The LYCEUM BANNER has improved very much the past year, and is fully entitled to be named Progressive, and I hope your subscription list will show that the Lyceums of the land duly appreciate your efforts. For my part, I don't see how a Lyceum can afford to be without the only really liberal and progressive paper published for our children. Every progressive family in the land should have one of your BANNERS. Our children will read, so let us give them something good. Truly yours,

B. STARBUCK, Conductor.

Words for the Boys to Remember.

Liberty is the right to do whatever you wish, without interfering with the rights of others.

Never give trouble to your mother or father.

Take care of your pennies, and they will grow to be dollars.

Intemperance is the cause of nearly all the troubles in this world. Beware of strong drink.

The poorest boy, if he is industrious, honest and saving, may reach the highest honor in the land.

Never be cruel to a dumb animal; remember that it has no power to tell how much it suffers.

NEW PREMIUMS.

For $2, and two yearly subscriptions, we will give "The Inner Mystery," by Lizzie Doten. Price, 35 cents.

For $3, "An Illustrated Manners Book"—500 pages.

For $5, "Household Amusements and Enjoyments." A handsomely bound book of 500 pages, containing riddles, charades, plays, etc.



OUR LITTLE ONES.

AMONG THE MOSSES.

Paul Winters did not love his books. The school house was the dullest place in the world to him. He was a strong, healthy, wide-awake boy and to go to school and sit on a hard bench every day with his feet six inches from the floor, and study "punctuation' and the multiplication table was rather hard. He did not love his teacher either. She was a kind hearted lady and meant to be good to the little ones, but she did not understand them ; she thought that love was a weakness, and that the best way to govern was by force, and so when Paul looked away from his book to catch a fly, or to put his head under the desk to get a taste of gingerbread put in his basket by his loving mother, a heavy ruler would come down on the desk before him with such force as to set the little fellow trembling for an hour. So Paul very wisely concluded that school houses were places of punishment, and that school teachers were made expressly to frighten little boys.

One warm afternoon when he had been kept in at recess, for cutting a notch in the desk with his new jack-knife, he sat and watched the birds and bees outside and thought "how I wish I was a bird or a honey bee ; if I was I wouldn't sit here all day studying the 9's backwards only to get licked if I miss. I guess I'll play I'm that great spotted winged butterfly." So out he darted when Miss Pike's back was towards him, and in five minutes he was out of sight and sound of the old red school house and of the harsh voice of his teacher.

When she saw Paul had gone without leave she made it the occasion of a lecture on the sin of disobedience.

But Paul was happy chasing the great butterfly and didn't care a straw for her preaching. The butterfly led him to the meadow and there among the mosses in the cool shade he sat and rested and thought "O I've run away and wont I catch it ? mamma wont scold, she never does, but Miss Pike will glare her great eyes at me and then come down with that old ruler. What shall I do? A happy thought struck him. "I'll make her a moss basket like one Mrs. Love Willis made my mother ; that will please her I know. He found a large toad-stool just the thing for a basket, which he cut with his new knife just the right shape.

The bail puzzled him a little but by careful cutting, the shape was perfect. He selected the prettiest mosses of different shades, some life everlasting and other little flowers, and filled his basket, then started back to the school room whistling as he went. The teacher met him at the door, Paul saw the half raised arm and the look of anger and sorrow on her face, but stepping bravely forward he held up the basket and said "See what I've made for you, a nice moss basket." Something very much like a smile played round the teachers mouth and the hand dropped to her side. Paul saw his advantage and went on. "I didn't mean to run away, I only wanted to be a butterfly cause they dont have to learn the 9's backwards and I'm real sorry." The punishment was suspended for that time and for all time. The eyes of the teacher were opened to hard seats and hard lessons for active little boys in dog days, and so a reform was quickly brought about.

She asked two of the largest boys in school to bring some boards from the saw mill ; another was to bring a saw and plane and another hammer and nails. A little carpenter work soon converted the board into foot rests for the little ones. For the very wee ones a quilt was spread in the corner for the afternoon nap ; A few minutes was allowed once an hour for the children to change positions and whisper, the oak ruler was used for kindlings. After that the lessons were easily learned, the teacher began to smile and all the children were much happier.

The moss basket always stands on the teacher's desk to remind her, as she says, of our duties to children.

ROSA B—.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

DEAR MRS. KIMBALL:—"Aug. 15," on the little BANNER of the same date, was an unexpected reminder that I had been favored with its welcome visits for another year; and must bid it welcome again by promptly renewing my subscription, which I am glad to do. I read every word of them, and preserve every number to have bound for my "own darling" to read when he is old enough to read. With many good wishes, I am ever, Your friend,

LOUISE WHITTIER CONGAR.

[Mrs. Congar's "baby boy" is less than a year old. Will other mothers, who have "wee darlings" to be educated, be as thoughtful?"]

Mrs. Brown has been here. She gave me one of your papers. I read it all through. I like the story about Mosie Oakwood, and Fortune Without Genius too; but both are continued. So, as I have a little money, I will subscribe for myself. We children are all waiting for "Hope Puffer."

CLARK BARNARD.

I have been asked the question, "Mrs. Carpenter, do you take a child's paper? You have no small children to read it?" "No," said I; "but I am not too old to welcome and read the little visitor." My daughter is over twenty-one years old, and she says, "Mother, we can not do without the LYCEUM BANNER." If I were nine hundred and ninety-nine years old, I would want to read it. It contains great things, useful and instructive, to any age—young, middle or old. It contains truth and light enough to illumine many dark corners, if they would only admit and give the little visitor a kind reception.

Yours in truth,

SARAH D. CARPENTER.

LETTER FROM S. N. WAY.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I suppose you know that there are many lessons outside of books. We can learn lessons from all things in nature. We can learn from insects; from the bee, industry; from the spider, perseverance. We can learn from that fine animal, the horse, patience; the trees, and grass, and flowers, speak to us lessons of wisdom when the spring returns, and reanimates all that to us seems dead. When it makes the grass to spring up, and the flowers bloom, can we not learn from it lessons of immortality? can we not learn that though we may seem to die, yet we shall live forever? that death itself is life, a second birth?

I see a robin perched on the fence, and now away it flies,—sweetly other birds are singing; how happy the joyous songsters—wonder where the little nestlings are, that a few weeks ago hatched from our lilac bush; perhaps it is their very notes that charm me now. How beautiful the birds! Back comes the robin, hopping along so gracefully. Night is coming on—the chickens are just going into their coop. How early they will be astir in the morning—how pretty they peep when we give them crumbs, or, if nestling down, we place our warm hands over them. It is now haying time; the newly mown grass is sweet; the horses and cows will love to chew the well cured hay when winter comes. The silvery moon looks down upon us; how glorious all on earth—all in the sky! How glorious all the works of God! S. N. W.

OBITUARY.

On the 23d day of August, 1869, at Martinsburgh, Audrian county, Missouri, A. J. Higgins, M. D., for twenty years a resident of this city, and for years a successful practitioner, and an instructive public lecturer, at the age of forty-two, bade farewell to his wife, and from his own quiet residence departed to take part in the work ever to be performed in the vast empire of Immortality. Domiciled in this new sphere he will, with a tenderness indigenous to his heart, watch and care for those in need "until the last tick of Eternity's clock." His many friends will mourn that his body is consigned to the republic of dust and ashes, but will rejoice that he now dwells where he can forgive and help, which he could not while his soul was incased in material form. H.

READING.

Reading is like eating. We may eat a great deal, and neither gain in strength or flesh. We may read a great many books, but if we fail to digest them, our minds will be just as lean and weak as before we read them. One page thoroughly digested, is better than a shelf of books, "looked over."

Eliza Farnham, when a child, read understandingly, and therefore became interested in and remembered all she read. This habit laid the foundation of her after greatness.

— Worn and soiled mattresses made as good as new at 151 W. Van Buren street, Chicago.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

My first is in Minnie, but not in Carrie;
My second is in Contrast, but not in Consult;
My third is in Ireland, but not in Germany;
My fourth is in Nail, but not in Spike;
My fifth is in Children, but not in Parents;
My sixth is in Bad, but not in Good;
My seventh is in Cart, but not in Wagon;
My eighth is in Horse, but not in Mule;
My ninth is in Pig, but not in Hog;
My tenth is in England, but not in Scotland;
My eleventh is in Rogue, but not in Scamp.
My whole is a welcome visitor.

I am composed of 20 letters. ■
My 1, 5, 7, 10, 8, 9, was the trade of a distinguished man;
My 15, 6, 14, 12, 5, 6, is a race of people;
My 1, 2, 8, 17, 10, 19, is you and I;
My 19, 5, 18, 3. 20, 20, 5, is a noted drama;
My 18, 17, 4, 13, 5, is a beautiful animal;
My 11, 5, 1, has wings, but no feathers.
My whole is two things which every Lyceum member ought to have, and the author's first name and initials.

H.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 1, 8, 6, 3,8, we should all observe;
My 2, 3, 1, is one of the signs of the zodiac;
My 6, 7, 4, 8, is a term of affection;
My 8, 3, 4, 6, some people can't do;
My 6, 1, 2, 2, is a little girl's favorite toy;
My 2, 1, 8, 6, is a title of honer;
My 3, 2, 2, 7, 5, is a girl's name;
My 6, 8, 1, 2, 2, is something very funny;
My 2, 3, 4, 8, is one of Shakspeare's heroes;
My 2, 7, 5, 6, some people dislike to do;
My 6, 11, 8, we could not possibly do without.
My whole is the name of a plant.

ANNIE.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 14, 4, we should not tell;
My 6, 14, 9, 11, is of great value;
My 10, 15, 14. 7, 11, all have;
My 12, 5, 13, is good to eat;
My 6, 2, is a pronoun;
My 16, 8, is a word of denial.
My whole is in session.

PERCY.

My first is a sound which insects make—
The bee or the fly, when wide awake;
A toy which children like to own
Also makes a similar tone,

My second is that which many a boy
Is proud to get, and laughs with joy
When the prize is his, and shouts around,
Making the very air to resound.

My whole is what some always see,
And what some do not like to be.

S.

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE FINGERS.

Busy little fingers,
Every where they go;
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know!

Now into my work-box,
All the buttons finding;
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool unwinding.

Now into the basket,
Where the keys are hidden,
So mischievous-looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses
Keeping off a scolding.

Darling little fingers—
Never, never still;
Make them, Heavenly Father,
One day do thy will.

BE KIND.

Little children, bright and fair,
Blessed with every needful care,
Always bear this thing in mind:
We're commanded to be kind—
Kind not only to our friends,
They on whom our care depends;
Kind not only to the poor,
They who poverty endure;
But, in spite of form or feature,
Kind to every living creature.
Never pain or anguish bring,
Even to the smallest thing;
For, remember that the fly,
Just as much as you or I,
Is the work of that great hand
That made both the sea and land;
Therefore, children, bear in mind—
Ever, ever to "be kind."

PORTRAIT TABLEAUX.

Select your subject. Take care that the persons chosen resemble those in the picture they are to represent. Make a screen three feet high and four long, with ends one and a half feet wide, and a board on top. Cover this pedestal with black cloth, and on top place a large gilt picture frame two or three feet long and two feet wide. If there is no such frame in the house, a light temporary one can be made and covered with gilt paper. Place the bottom edge of the frame on the top of the pedestal; let it lean forward about six inches: on the top of the frame, at back, tack up some black cloth, to hang down over the figure, like drapery; then stand the subjects of your picture at the back of the pedestal, and let them look through the frame, and when the light is on it will look like a painting in a frame. Illuminate with brilliant white or red fire.

DR. JOHN A. CLARK.

153 Dearborn St., Chicago,

TREATS ALL

Chronic and Acute Diseases

by means of that powerful Curative Agent,

ELECTRO MAGNETISM.

Marked success attends this treatment in cases of

Asthma, Consumption,

Nervous and General Debility,

Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

And other diseases of the Nerves,

Liver Difficulties, Derangement of the Kidneys

AND OTHER VITAL ORGANS;

Cancers, Tumors, White Swellings,

ETC., ETC.

Physicians having patients under their care, whose cases cannot be reached by the use of medicine, are invited to test the efficacy of this treatment. Dr Clark refers, by permission, to hundreds of the most prominent citizens of Chicago.

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WOOD ENGRAVING, in all its branches, done in the best style and at low prices. Cuts of Portraits, Buildings, Landscapes, Machinery, Implements, Monograms, Autographs, etc., gotten up tastefully, and at shortest notice.

Send Drawing or Photograph, and we will return estimate.

MAAS & MANZ.

R. H. FISH & CO.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

ICE CREAM AND CONFECTIONERY.

Orders filled for Cake for Weddings and Parties. Home made French and Graham Bread fresh daily.

No. 325 W. Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

☞ All kinds of Dried, Canned and Green Fruit kept on hand.

D. M. GRAHAM. J. W. FREE. D. L. PERRY.

GRAHAM, PERRY & CO.,

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OFFER FOR SALE

800 LOTS

IN THE SUBURBAN

VILLAGE OF JEFFERSON,

Only twenty minutes' ride from the Northwestern Depot or one hour's easy ride from the Court House by private conveyance.

These Lots are being sold at from $4 to $8 per front foot. The ground is high and good. There are no lots so accessible to Chicago that can be bought as low. We are selling these Lots for one-third of the payment down; the balance in one and two years, at eight per cent.

☞ Parents wishing to make investments for the benefit of their children have now an opportunity that will double and treble in a very short time.

— ALSO —

LAND,

Improved and Unimproved,

IN ALL OF THE WESTERN STATES.

Magnetic & Clairvoyant Physicians

"By their works ye shall know them."

DR. W. & MRS. P. J. CLEVELAND

Have permanently located at 137½ Madison street, Rooms 85 and 86, Chicago.

From long experience in treating the various diseases to which the human family is subject, we feel confident that we can restore to health all who are afflicted with any curable disease, having in many cases cured those who were abandoned as incurable by all other systems of practice.

All acute pains removed instantly by laying on of hands.

☞ Special attention given to the treatment of all Female Diseases, by Mrs. CLEVELAND, who is a Clairvoyant and can perfectly diagnose disease, either present or absent. Send name, age and residence.

Consultation and diagnosis, $1.00.

CREGO & TAFT,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags.

Ladies' Satchels and Porte-Monnaies.

Manufactory 629 State st., salesroom and depot 81 Randolph.

A. E. BALLARD, Salesman.

"THE LYCEUM SONG BIRD."

Much of the music in this neat little book, is the composition of Mr. E. T. Blackmer, a gentleman whose musical taste and talent are too well known to require praise at our hands. All the music, and most of the words, are written expressly for this work. While it is intended more particularly for Lyceums, there is still nothing in it that would make it objectionable, on account of religious sentiment, for any school or collection of children.—*The Universe.*

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY.

MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE & NEGATIVE POWDERS.

The magic control of the Positive and Negative Powders over diseases of all kinds is wonderful beyond all precedent.

The Positive and Negative Powders do no violence to the system; they cause no **purging**, no **nausea**, no **vomiting**, no **narcotizing**, yet in the language of S. W. Richmond, of Chenoa, Ill., **"They are a most wonderful Medicine—so silent and yet so efficacious."**

THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS

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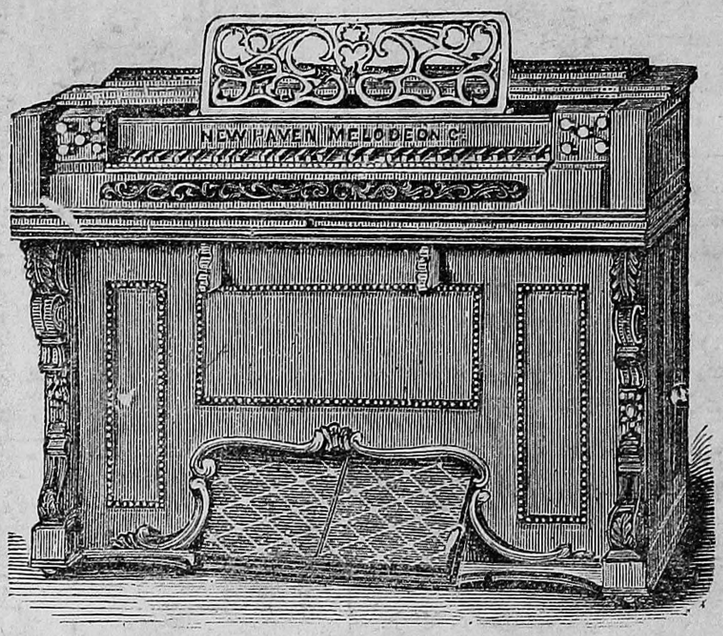
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