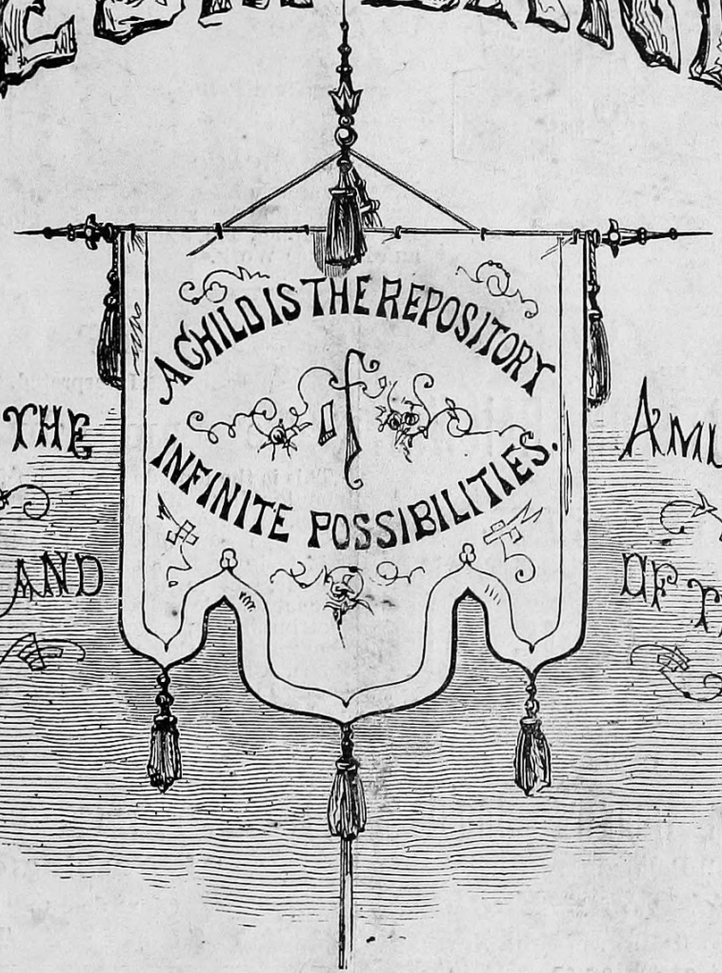
VOLUME 3. NUMBER 4.

THE LYCEUM BANNER.



DEVOTED TO THE CULTURE AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG.

EDITED BY

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

CHICAGO, ILL.

OCTOBER 15, 1869.

Co-operative Print, 164 S. Clark St.

DG
A239

BLISS & BROWN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

PORTABLE AND BRICK

HOT AIR FURNACES,



Elevated and Low Oven

Cooking Ranges,

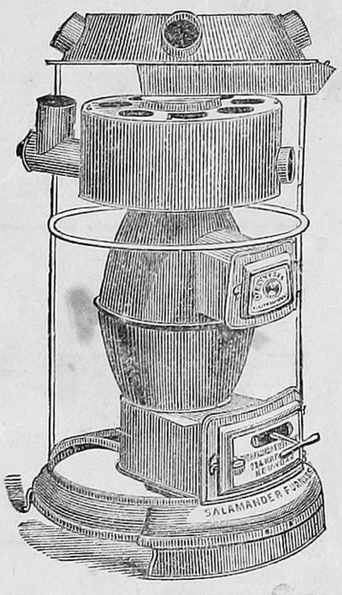
Hot Air Registers & Ventilators,

Cooking & Heating Stoves,

And the Celebrated Baltimore Fire Place and Parlor Heaters,

158 STATE STREET,
CHICAGO.

Manufacturers of Hot Air Pipe and Contractors for all kinds of Hot Air Piping, Tin, Sheet Iron and Furnace Work.



LAKE SHORE

AND

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY,

VIA

TOLEDO AND CLEVELAND.

The Only Line Running THROUGH TRAINS
between

CHICAGO AND BUFFALO

without Transfer of Passengers or Baggage,

Making this the most Comfortable, Expeditious and Only Direct Route to

Cleveland, Erie, Dunkirk, Buffalo,

and all Points in

New York and New England.

☞ All the Principal Railways of the Northwest and Southwest **connect at Chicago** with the Four Daily Express Trains, leaving Chicago at **7.40 A.M. 11.30 A. M., 5.15 P. M.,** and **9.00 P. M.**

Elegant Drawing-Room Coaches

On Day Express Trains between Chicago, Toledo and Buffalo.

5.15 P. M. TRAIN RUNS DAILY,

And has Palace Sleeping Coaches attached,

Running through to New York
WITHOUT CHANGE.

Passengers for **Detroit** and all points in **Canada,** and those for **Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York** and **New England** should purchase Tickets via the **Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway,** which are on sale at all principal Railway Ticket Offices, and at the Company's Office,

No. 56 Clark Street, Chicago.

F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Ag't,
Chicago, Ill.

C. F. HATCH, General Superintendent,
Cleveland, Ohio.

LAMPAS LAO,

Interpreted, means

"The Lamp for the People."

This is the long desired lamp for which the people have been looking. Has no machinery; produces a white soft flame, free from any offensive odor, and can be carried about the same as a candle, without being extinguished. It is designed for a common hand lamp; and all who have tried it, will testify that this purpose is fully met. The ratchet wheels and ordinary wick are dispensed with; needs no trimming; perfectly safe; must be seen and used to be appreciated. Come and see it, at No. 3 Custom House Place, Chicago, where will be found the best Kerosene Lantern in market; and Lamps at wholesale and retail.

J. E. AMBROSE, Agent.

J. CARBUTT,

ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHER,

24 Washington Street.

(Next door to Wabash Av.)

NO STAIRS TO CLIMB.

W. D. BLAIN, M. D.,

SOUTHWEST CORNER OF

Madison and Clark Streets,

CHICAGO.

Particular attention given to Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

BENNETT COLLEGE

OF

Eclectic Medicine and Surgery.

This College offers facilities to students for acquiring a

MEDICAL EDUCATION

unsurpassed by any College in the Union.

Ladies Admitted

to ALL the Lectures on perfect equality with gentlemen.

Lectures commence the first Tuesday of October, 1869.
For Announcement, with full particalars, address,

PROF. R. A. GUNN, M.D.,
163 S. Clark St., Chicago.

The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 3. Chicago, October 15, 1869. No. 4.



JACK WORTHING'S ADVENTURES; or, TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a dreary November night. A drizzling rain-storm had lasted for days, with no prospect of cessation. The wind whirled in spiteful gusts through street and alley, nearly blinding the hurrying passers-by. Business men buttoned their warm coats closely to the chin, and the few women whom want had driven into the street hugged their thin shawls about them for protection. It was a fearful night to the poor, but to the favored children of fortune there was nothing of gloom or terror. Splendid mansions brilliantly illuminated, costly churches with their saintly gatherings, gambling rooms magnificently decorated—all mocked the wretchedness of the destitute. The rich and the poor alike were ab-

sorbed in their own interests, and heeded not each other's woes or joys.

A firm, manly step echoed on Broadway. John Jacques, night-watch, was mechanically performing his duty. It was more from habit than from interest in the welfare of the city that he tried all the shop-doors, to see if they were fast, and tried the same doors again a moment after, knowing they were secure. The night was long, and something must be done to pass away the time and drive away dull sleep. His dark lantern lights up one forgotten nook, and reveals two tiny forms locked in each other's arms, fast asleep.

"Hello! what's this? Whose here?" said John Jacques, poking at the same time with his club the childish figures.

"Me, sir, and my little sister. Please don't wake her, she's so very tired—poor sis!" and the boy passed his little brown hand caressingly across her head.

"Get up, I say! What are you hiding away here for at midnight? Been stealing?"

The little girl, with a frightened start, raised her head from her brother's knee. The light from the lantern fell full upon the young faces and revealed a sad sight. They were scantily clothed, shivering with the cold, and clinging to each other for warmth.

The policeman tried to speak harshly, but the mute pleading of the two bright faces looking up into his, checked his rude speech, and he said more softly, "I'll find you a home for to-night better than this. Come with me."

The brother had some understanding of the duties of a night-watch, which caused him to shrink back; but the sister gave her hand in friendly confidence to the stranger.

"Come, Jack, we are going home now; the big man says so. We are going to have a bed in a nice warm house, and some bread and milk, I spect."

Jack had an inkling of what the nice house was to be, but he knew also that to contend with the city authorities was out of the question; so he said bravely, "Well, I'd just as lief go; it *is* pretty cold out here."

The station-house, with its gloomy stone walls and great iron doors, was ordinarily a place to be dreaded by delicate little children, but to-night it was an agreeable exchange for the gloom outside. The little wanderers soon forget their sorrow in sleep, and it was only when the morning came that their abode looked miserable.

Jack was called upon at an early hour to tell his story.

"Where do you live?"

"Not any where now; we did live—mamma, sis and I—on Third street; but mamma was sick a long time, and now she's dead, and we haven't any home any more."

"Did they turn you out?"

"Yes, we had no money to pay rent. The man that owned the house said the city must take care of us. When mamma knew she couldn't live, she begged to stay, and the man got cross and said he couldn't be bothered with poor folks, and we must leave in three days, and in three days she died. Then I knew we had no home; so I took sis and went out-doors to stay, because I thought nobody owned that, and they couldn't turn us out."

The disposal of the children was a matter of more than usual importance—not that it was strange for children to be taken to that place, but that *such* children should be found there was the only wonder. The quick intellect of Jack and the cunning ways of Amy interested all who saw them.

A temporary home was provided for them with Elder Kneeland, who had charge of a small congregation in the country. He wanted a boy to take care of his horse, weed the garden, and bring water on washing-days; but the baby girl was an incumbrance, and he couldn't think of taking her; she would be of no sort of use to them, and another place had better be provided for her.

Jack didn't see it in that light. His sister was no trouble to him, and he couldn't understand how she could be any trouble to anybody.

"I promised mamma that I would take care of Amy till papa came back, and I mean to."

"But your mother is in heaven now, and she won't care," the elder said.

"I shall mind her, if she *is* in heaven. She said she would never leave us, and that she would always watch over us and love us, and I know she will."

"I am very glad to know that you respect your mother—very glad; but the angels in heaven worship God, and do not mingle in the affairs of this wicked world."

Jack was silenced, but not convinced. He felt his mother could know no heaven away from them; and though he could not explain it to Elder Kneeland, he was satisfied to know that it was so.

Amy heard the objection made to her going, and using a child's most effective argument, tears,

she threw her arms around her brother's neck, and said, "Take Amy; won't you, Jack?"

Elder Kneeland drew his brawny hand over the child's head, which caused her to shudder, and said, "Let brother go with me to-day, and to-morrow I will come for you with a nice pony and carriage. That is a good girl!"

"*Will* you come to-morrow, *sure?* Do you mean to come to-morrow truly?"

Mr. Kneeland hesitated. He did not quite like telling a wrong story and then repeating it.

"If you really mean to take her to-morrow," said Jack, "why not take her to-day? I shall not go without her. I would sleep out-doors all my life before I would leave her."

No farther argument was needed. The three were packed into the old-fashioned chaise, and were soon on their way to the parsonage.

Amy was happy and chatted like a blackbird, but Jack was sorrowful. A cloud was over his head, and he could not see the silver lining.

When the chaise turned up to the minister's house, a prolonged whoa brought a little fat woman to the door She had on a blue drilling apron, coarse shoes, and a cap tied with black ribbon, terminating in a huge bow on the top of the head.

"Sakes alive! du tell, father, whose children are these? Sister Hitty's?"

"They may be sister Mehitable's for all I know. I took them out of the station-house this morning."

"Out of the station-house! You don't mean to say, father, that you've got thieves here?"

Jack was standing on the ground, looking straight at the little, fat woman in surprise. He drew his little pinched form to more than its usual height, and shaking his clenched fist in her face, said, in an angry tone, "You'd better not call my sister a thief, call me anything you want to, but not her."

"There's grit for ye, father. O, dear, this home missionary work is wearing the life out of me. Foreign missions is so much easier. A few dollars sent to the Sandwich Islands or California now and then will convert hundreds of heathen, and jist no trouble at all, but a body almost airns heaven that tries to convert heathen at home."

"You are too fast, Polly. I got this boy to take care of the barn, chop the wood, tend the garden, and do chores for you when you have your rheumatic spells, and not to convert, as you fear, but it is to be hoped that, in the Divine Providence, the good seed we may sow in their young hearts will take root and bear fruit a hundred fold. The little girl will not be of much use to us and I thought, perhaps, sister Wilder would take her."

Amy felt like crying that the house that was to shelter Jack was not to be her home too, and Jack was half choked with anger that his right to protect his sister should be called in question, and he slyly whispered in her ear, "Never mind, sis, you shall stay with me, let the old folks say what they will."

Amy was comforted and ran out of doors to chase a rooster that came to the door to crow.

Jack improved slowly in his new business, it was so different from the work he had done at home. He had no one to pity and praise him as his mother had done, and pity and praise are wonderful incentives to labor.

Elder Kneeland was not used to boys, he expected them to be men; he had no patience with their blunders, and never a word of praise for their well-doing. Just praise is as necessary for children, and adults as well, as the dew is for plants. Whoever thought that a little encouragement to a pet geranium by way of sunlight would make it too vain to thrive? yet how many moral philosophers withhold from human beings words of encouragement that are dear to every natural heart, through fear of awakening a knowledge of one's own merits. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kneeland belonged to that old school of conservatives who taught that the fear of the rod was the beginning of wisdom.

The long, dull readings from the old Testament, the stereotyped prayer, and the discussions of some obscure passage, were tiresome beyond all telling. When the children had been a trifle naughtier than usual, the old story of "Elisha and the bears" was told with great relish. Jack never believed for a moment that God sent bears out of the woods to kill little children because they were unmannerly, and when he ventured to express his doubts on the subject, the elder pointed very significantly to a birch rod over the mantel.

The children's greatest delight was to go out by themselves in the orchard, where they could romp and race, and give full vent to their pent up spirits. The dwarf pear trees Amy thought were so cunning. One day she pulled a green pear from the tree and held it up to Jack, who reproved her rather sharply for him.

"Amy, what are you doing? If old Kneeland should see you, you'd catch it."

Amy began to cry. She could see no harm in taking just one pear, when there were bushels and bushels on the trees.

Jack couldn't see the wrong as plainly as he did before he saw Amy's tears, and he tried to pacify her.

"There, don't cry, Amy. You shall have all the pears you want when they are ripe. I was afraid you'd get a scolding, that was all. Elder Kneeland is as cross as a bear to-day. He scolded me because the rats got in the corn barn, long before we came here, and because Fanny liked tame hay better than meadow, and because the old speckled hen laid in the crib instead of the hen-coop. But I'm a big boy and can stand it, but I don't want him to be cross to you."

"What's that you are saying, you, sir?" said Mr. Kneeland, coming up behind them in a cat-like way. "None of your sass or I'll carry you back to jail where I found ye. I'll tan both of you if you don't go to the house, and do as I bid ye."

"*No you won't!*" said Jack. "You never'll tan my sister—no man ever will. I promised my mother that I would take care of her, and see if I don't."

Jack trembled with rage. He looked straight into his master's eyes for a moment and the man returned the gaze unmoved. The boy's face said plainly, "Strike if you dare," and the preacher's face said as plainly, "I don't dare." Prayers were said as usual that night, the chapter read, and all went in sullen silence to bed, Jack to renew his promise to his mother to protect Amy, and Elder Kneeland to lay a plan to exchange a piece of meadow land for widow Gray's corner lot.

* * * * * *

"Here it is Friday, and my yeast, that I was calculating on for communion bread, is all fermented. Amy, you take this pitcher, and go over to Sister Ellet's, and get me some. She told me yesterday she was going to brew. Now hurry."

"Yes, ma'm;" and Amy darted out of the back door, down through the orchard, and Mrs. Kneeland continued her conversation to her husband.

"What a pity that Miss Deacon Stone is down sick, and making the bread falls on me. It makes me fairly nervous to think of it. Sister Stone always had such nice bread to communions—just as white and light as a feather. Father, have ye spoke for the wine?"

"Yes; Squire Lee donates that. His wine is five years old, and is *de*licious." The last word was pronounced with great relish, and made the worthy couple smack their lips in concert.

In five minutes Amy came running and screaming into the house.

"No yeast, I'll warrant; but what on airth ails the child? She'll be the death of me yet."

"Amy, what is the matter?" sternly demanded Mr. Kneeland; "speak, child."

The screams grew louder and louder, and the only answer she gave was to hold up a bleeding finger to the bewildered pair.

"You naughty girl, have you broke my china pitcher? You deserve a good whipping. That pitcher, that has been in my family most a hundred years, to be broke by a charity child!"

"You are quite right, Polly, quite right; the child needs chastising. When prayer fails to subdue a rebellious heart, the rod must be resorted to."

"Say," giving the terrified child a shake, "how come you to break my china pitcher? I've a good mind to whip you."

"But you *won't*," piped in the little voice of Jack, who came hurrying from the barn, all out of breath, where he heard the voice of Amy.

"Here, little impudence, I'll teach you better than to interfere with *my* business. I'll chastise both of you, I will."

"Perhaps you'll thrash me, but not *her*;" and Jack gave his sandy head a very decided nod that meant all he said. Then he whispered something to Amy, wiped her face with her apron, and kissed her as tenderly as a loving mother could have done. Jack remembered that his mother once tore an old linen collar off his shirt to bind up his bleeding finger, and, believing there was magic in a shirt collar, he darted up stairs and cut from his best shirt the collar with which he bound Amy's finger. This collar proved to be cotton instead of linen, but it had the desired effect.

After the sobs and threats had subsided, and calm was restored in the parsonage, it occurred to Mrs. Kneeland that the pitcher was not only broken, but what was worse, the yeast upon which she depended for her Sunday's bread was spilt on Amy's clean apron. The pitcher was a loss, the soiled apron was a severe trial, but the yeast! that was the thing to be considered now.

"I'll warrant it's all Sister Ellet had, and Sunday's communion day. What *shall* I do," groaned the saintly housewife.

"Trust in the Lord, Polly."

"But, father, it never'll do to trust in the Lord for riz bread. It takes good yeast, and who but Sister Ellet has real hop yeast?"

In all Jack's trials one thing was uppermost in his mind—how to best perform his promise to his mother to take care of little Amy. Every service

he rendered her made him stronger, and at such times he believed his mother was with him, and gave him strength, for he often found himself saying and doing things that quite astonished him, and no one dared lift a hand against him.

Sunday came at last. Mrs. Kneeland had succeeded beyond her expectations in the bread enterprise, which put her in good humor for the day. She packed a large market-basket of eatables, a bottle of wine, some goblets, a pitcher, and her best bird's-eye table cloth, and Jack and Amy were started off to the meeting-house with the precious load. They chatted away as gaily as larks. The load was heavy, but they did not mind that; they were together, and out of the sight of the house that sheltered them.

"Amy, I've been thinking that you and I are getting so old now that we can do better than stay where we are any longer. I can dig potatoes and you can pick them up. I heard Col. Jenks say yesterday that he must have more help on the farm in digging potato time, and if you say so, I'll just jump over the fence and go and ask him."

Amy did not quite comprehend the importance of the errand, and Jack knew she didn't, but it was a pleasure to him to consult somebody, and who should that somebody be but his sister Amy?

Down the basket went with a bang that set the glassware to jingling, and over the fence went Jack with the swiftness of a squirrel. Col. Jenks was hoeing up a few scattering weeds in the potato field. He had his own peculiar notions, which he dared maintain against his church-going neighbors. "If God lets the weeds grow on Sunday, I can afford to dig them up," was a common saying with him, and one that made him very unpopular among his neighbors. When he saw Jack approaching, he looked up and stood leaning on his hoe. Jack took off his hat, as he had been taught to do in the presence of Mr. Kneeland, and began in a respectful manner to introduce his subject. "I heard you wanted help in digging potato time, and I've come to see if my sister and I could get work."

"Well, well, that beats everything. It would take two such little folks as you to pick up one of my great Chenangos. But put on your hat, then I'll talk with you. Your blood is heated lugging that great basket up the hill, and you might take cold. Health is our first duty, and whoever neglects that can't be a Christian, not if he prays three times a day. Don't the Elder want you?"

"Yes, but I don't want to stay. He threatens to whip my sister, and I'm going to take her away."

"You are smart if you are little. I guess you can't carry on my farm exactly, but if wife don't object, I'll take you and the baby on trial, and if you prove to be a trusty boy, I shall have work enough for you."

"Thank you, Sir. I'm so glad for her sake," said Jack, nodding to a pair of roguish eyes peeping through the fence.

Jack felt happier than he had since his mother died. He told the result of his call on Col. Jenks to Amy, as they trudged along to the meeting-house.

On their way back they met the Elder and Polly, who gave them orders for the day.

"Now mind, Jack, that you don't let the pigs get in the corn, nor the hens scratch in the garden. Keep an eye on Mr. Winn's jumping colt and unruly steers. Now go home and do as I bid ye."

The children went home with other plans in their heads. Their thoughts were running on Col. Jenks' potato patch, and the comfortable home in prospect in the old farm house.

Elder Kneeland's sermons were shorter than usual. Polly, poor woman, was quite tired out with household cares, so much so that she dozed and nodded assent to all her husband said. When Deacon Grant got ready to set the communion table, he untied the basket and took therefrom an untidy looking table-cloth. The wine had leaked out and completely saturated the bird's-eye linen. The bottle of wine was next removed, and, O horrors! it was completely smashed, and every drop of the precious contents leaked out! The bread was soaked with the wine, and looked more like chicken feed than food for pious mortals. What was to be done? Elder Kneeland was in a perfect rage; his wife indulged in a fit of hysterics; Sister Lee wiped her eyes on the corner of her shawl, and Sister Sparling cried outright. "And all for that good-for-nothing boy," groaned the minister. "I'll flog him *this* time. The day of retribution is at hand. Escape is no longer possible." Very soon the Elder was seen going home at a surprising pace, with a few hemlock withes in his hand. His wife hurried after, but in spite of herself she could not come within several rods of her husband.

"O you'll catch it," he hissed between his teeth as he hurried through the gate into the house. He looked around; there was no sign of Jack. He called till he was hoarse, "Jack, you rascal; Amy, Jack, where are you?" The house and barn were searched, but no children were to be found. They ran to the garden, and there they found Mr.

Winn's unruly steers helping themselves to the best heads of cabbage. The Elder groaned, and his wife groaned also. The loss of the children was trifling, but that the young reprobates should escape punishment was too much for human nature to bear.

That night a prayer or two went up from Mr. Kneeland's old kitchen, full of suggestions concerning the two wicked children, but Jack and Amy didn't hear them, for they were at that very moment playing horse in Col. Jenks' old-fashioned parlor.

(To be Continued.)

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

Willimantic, Conn.

MRS. KIMBALL—I want to tell you something about our new house. We have put up a fine building the past year, the neatest of its kind in the place; built with an audience room for lectures, nicely decorated and frescoed, and a vestry for the Lyceum and for sociables, warmed by a furnace, lighted with gas, and in its internal arrangements a model structure, of which we are just a little proud. Our Lyceum held its first session there on the 31st of last January, since which time we have never missed a Sabbath.

We had a very pleasant affair come off a few weeks ago, consisting of a presentation to three sisters, Eliza, Sarah, and Louisa Spencer, aged, I think, from 8 to 13 years, who have attended the Lyceum ever since its organization, three years last July, one of whom, Sarah, has *never missed a session*, and the others but one or two, and then on account of sickness, which we think worthy of remark. Our Lyceum numbers some eighty; average attendance from fifty to sixty.

Our officers are: Theodore A. Hunt, Conductor; Miss A. H. Pingley, Guardian; Miss Weaver, Assistant Guardian; E. Clark, Musical Director; G. W. Burnham, Guard; B. C. Grant, Librarian. We meet every Sunday, at the vestry on Bank street, at 12 o'clock. B. C. GRANT.

Muncie, Ind.

We like the improved appearance of the LYCEUM BANNER very much, and look anxiously for its semi-monthly appearance. I am confident it is doing a good work in the Lyceum, and not only there, but it is taken into families, and read by those who have not access to other matter of a suitable kind. The pleasing little anecdotes and stories are all read, which have a tendency to lead the mind onward and upward into the glorious sunlight of our Divine Philosophy. Apropos to the subject under consideration is a little incident that occurred in the family of my daughter, and worthy, I think, a place in your columns, showing, as it does, the beautiful trust and confidence inspired in the minds of the little ones by the teachings of a Natural Religion. The parents of little Lilly, my granddaughter, left her at play with other children, and went out for a walk, not returning till after dark. They found Lilly at a neighbor's, and she was delighted to see her pa and ma. She was very happy. After they got home her mother asked her what she should do if mother and father were to die and leave her all alone. She replied, "She would go out of doors, and lie down under the cedar tree, and shut her eyes real tight, so that the angels could come and get her." Oh, deliver our little ones from the blighting influences of a false theology.

WM. LYNN, Conductor.

Washington, D. C.

Our new hall is complete, and a beautiful place it is. It was frescoed under spirit influence, by a young German, of the name of Steinberg, a member of our Lyceum. Although the ceiling is perfectly flat, the artist has succeeded so well, that one is certain in looking at it that it arches. The sides are paneled, (or, rather, are painted so as to have that appearance,) and in the centre of each panel is a beautiful wreath of flowers. Inside the wreath is a motto in golden letters. At the back of the speaker's platform are representations of Spring, Summer, and Winter, in the forms of little cherubs. Spring has a wreath of green thrown around him; Summer a wreath of flowers, and Winter has a cloak, and is on his sled, coasting down a snow-drift. It is prettily done, and I do not hesitate in pronouncing our hall the handsomest hall in the city. It belongs to the First Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., Dr. John Mayhew, President. Our Lyceum has had a recess since June, but now the children are all eager to recommence exercises in the new hall. We open on the first Sunday in October.

Just before we closed, last Spring, we introduced a new feature in our exercises, in the form of little essays, compositions, and stories, to be read once a month, on our Convention days. I thought it a good exercise to introduce, as it teaches children to compose, and also to think. I send you the first of the kind that was read in our Lyceum. It was written and read by my little nine-year-old daughter. M. B. HOSMER.

AUTUMN.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

LISTEN, my children. I will speak of Autumn, and my voice shall be toned to the low sigh of the evening wind in the far-off woodland, rising and falling in billowy surges, away through the mysterious caverns of the night, the invisible spirit of air touches our spirits with its shadowy fingers, and we are magnetized with sadness. Out with the night the cricket is chirping, and high up in the tall elms the cicadæ sing with rising and falling measure, as though the wind itself sang on their gauzy wings Nature is sad by day, and the tears of night bedew the fading habiliments of the year. The air is like a sea, and through the softening mists the landscape appears like a rich and rare painting. But soon another artist is coming, and then, oh Summer! the fair emerald will give place to the white robes of the frost, who shall weave a shroud for thee.

Did you ever hear the story of Vernie? If you have, you shall hear it again, for it never grows old. Vernie was a little child. She was born when the sun first came northward, and her violet eyes opened on a world bedewed with April showers, a strong child, for she soon could walk, and wherever she went, in the prints of her beautiful feet, wild flowers sprang up, and filled the air with fragrance, and over head songbirds sang as though their hearts were bursting with song. She sat and whispered all day by the brooklet, or sported with the squirrels, and wherever she came the birds set themselves to building nests, and the care of their fledglings soon gave them all the work they could do.

When Autumn came, wherever the child went, nature changed, and, like a chamelion, flashed in red and yellow and brown. Out of the under leaves the apples blushed in carmine; from the green leaves the peach glowed like flame; and the purple grape, delicate as the lines of an antique Hebe, bloomed from their trellis. Far away over the fields, along the fences, the golden rod and aster cast their yellow lines, even to the dark shadow of the brown forest. Into her lap fell the treasures of Autumn. The triangular beachnut, the great, round walnut, in its orange pulp; the curiously sectioned hickory; the green-rusted hazel; and at her feet fell the heavy ears of wheat, with graceful bearded barley, plume-like oats, and corn bursting from its husk, like shining gold from leaves of silver, and the year made her a strange dress of orange, and yellow, brown, crimson and gold, in a weird blending, as though she had gone mad in the frenzy of coloring. And the air wove her a gossamer veil, and when she drew it about her, she seemed afar off, and then she grew silent, and one chill night the frost thrust a keen spear into her heart, and, without a struggle, she died. Only the Autumn wind, rushing over the land, knew of her death, and his pitying heart sighed as it sighs to-night.

The child was dead, and we all mourned, but not hopelessly. We knew after a season in the cold and cheerless earth, came the resurrection. Again the wild flowers would bloom when our beautiful's feet pressed the woodland mould, and at her coming, Summer would array herself in emerald, and for her full lips the grape would distil its purple wine.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

Two little girls of my acquaintance had been to the funeral of one of their playmates.

After going to bed that night their mamma overheard them talking the matter over. "Belle," said little Zudie to her elder sister, "when I die and they put me in the coffin, I want my new red boots on."

"Why, Zudie," said Belle, "you won't want your boots on after you are dead?"

"Indeed," said the indignant little Zudie, "you don't think I'm going spatting around Heaven barefoot, do you?"

Mrs. C. and Mrs. N. were talking about the right of women to vote. "It may be all right and proper enough," Mrs. C. said, "but who in the world will take care of the children on election day? I should not know what to do with mine, for the kitchen girls would, of course, think they must vote too."

Little Adolph, who had been listening to the conversation, said, "Why, mamma, we could stay with Carlo, he would bark if anybody came near to hurt us, and then, you would not be gone long to vote, for you would not stop to get drunk."

Maggie L. was telling her little brother, who was crying over a bruised foot, what a sweet place Heaven was. "The flowers are always in bloom," she said, "the birds sing all day, and there nobody would have the headache or sore throat."

"And the stones up there will not hurt my feet, will they, Maggie?" the little fellow asked, smiling through his tears.

"I guess not," Maggie replied; "the stones are all piled up in the corners of the streets."

THE LYCEUM BANNER

IS PUBLISHED

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

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

ASSOCIATE EDITOR—E. T. BLACKMER.

AT ROOM 84, POPE'S BLOCK,

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy, One Year, *in advance*	$ 1.00
Ten Copies, to one address	9.00
Twenty-five Copies "	22.50
Fifty Copies, "	45.00
One Hundred Copies, "	90.00

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

Money may be sent by Post Office Orders.

RATES OF ADVERTISING PER SINGLE NUMBER.

One Column	$7.00
One-half Column	5.00

A card of ten lines, $10.00 per year, or $1.00 per month.
Smaller advertisements, 10 cents per line.
A deduction of 25 per cent. for each subsequent insertion.

☞ *All articles written for the* LYCEUM BANNER, *unless otherwise designated.*

SKETCHES OF CALIFORNIA—No. 1.

DEAR READER:—I promised you sketches of California. Well, I am here, ready to redeem my promise. You will not, of course, expect me to tell you much just now, having been here but a month. But as the months go by, I shall be learning more and more of this great State. I will consult the best authors, go about, ask all sorts of questions and give you the best information I can collect. If I tell you many things you already know—as I expect to—remember that some other reader may not know the same fact.

CALIFORNIA.

the largest of the United States, except Texas, is situated between latitude 32 deg. 20 min., and 42 deg. north; longitude, 114 deg. 20 min., and 124 deg. 25 min. west It is bounded on the north by Oregon; east by Utah and New Mexico; south by Lower California (the Mexican territory), and west by the Pacific Ocean. It is said to contain 99,520,000 acres. There is some dispute as to the discovery of California and how it obtained its present name, but the general opinion is that the honor of discovery belongs to Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portugese pilot in the Spanish service. This was in the year 1542. As to the name, one writer insists that the name is derived from the Latin words, *calidus* and *fornus*, meaning "hot oven." The State is, in some places, as hot as an oven. A Greek scholar thinks the name has been compounded from the Greek words, *kala-phora-nea*, which means a beautiful woman or new country. No matter who suggested the name, so long as it has a sweet sound. It is said that the original owners of California were Indians. The squaws were brave and so comely that they were called "Los Amazones."

Until 1847 California belonged to Mexico. By paying Mexico, it, with other territory, was ceded to the United States for $15,000,000. At this time the white population was between 12,000 and 15,000. In February, 1848, gold was found on the property of Col. Sutter, in Coloma county.

THEN AND NOW.

California was until within a few years, supposed to be rich *only* in her gold fields and healthy climate. No one dreamed that fruit and vegetables would grow in the sand soil and especially when there was no rain from May to October, consequently these articles of food were very expensive.

In 1849, Rev. William Taylor came to San Francisco with his family. Mrs. Taylor was in poor health, and her three little ones wanted fruit and vegetables. No wonder at their wants; they had been five months coming here from New York. To-day it takes seven days to come here from the same city. Mrs. Taylor took a basket and went to market. She was going to have a good meal of Irish potatoes, and going to carry them home herself. Laying down fifty cents she said, "Give me that money's worth of potatoes." The clerk smilingly put *one* single potato in her basket. I wish I could have seen the lady's look of astonishment. Mr. Taylor thought, one day, to surprise his wife and little ones by bringing home some apples, as a few bushels had just come into market. Going to a fruit stall he asked the price? "Three dollars a piece!" was the reply. Mr. T. took an apple, thinking his home-sick wife could get three dollars' worth of comfort out of it. These high prices and the great need of fruit and vegetables set the people to work raising these things. They, at first, thought nothing would grow out of the valleys, and even there not without irrigation. Now the song should read,

"The potatoes they grow *large*, over there, over there,"

and grow without a drop of water, too. They weigh from one to ten pounds each; ten pounds are sold for a dime. Beets have been in market this week that weighed *one hundred pounds!* and without water.

A man living in Santa Clara county has now a fine orchard on what was called a *sand* field. This year three thousand bearing fruit trees bend their boughs with the burden of mammoth fruit

of nearly all descriptions raised in northern climes, and many fruits of the tropics.

J. B. Nickerson, an agriculturist whose place is in the foothill region of Placer county, had on exhibition at the Northern District Fair, 150 varieties of grapes, 170 of apples, 80 of pears, 16 of peaches, 6 of plums, 5 of quinces, 2 of nectarines, besides almonds and pomegrantes, with 13 kinds of wine and 2 of brandy made on his place.

D. N. Brown, of St. Joseph, Michigan, is said to be one of the largest and most successful fruit growers in the East. What of his fine farm? Can he beat Mr. Nickerson in fruit-growing?

But my sketch, like the potatoes, is growing large, so I will reserve some *larger* stories for the next number of the LYCEUM BANNER.

H. F. M. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

— Uncle Willmer has promised the boys one of his instructive stories for the next number.

— Malcolm Duncan has a song ready for our paper. Nothing more musical than "Little Eleanor" need be written or sung.

— Pearl Hapgood, in "Jack Worthing's Adventures," will tell some interesting truths that will please the children immensely.

— The mail has just brought us the opening chapter of a new story by Hudson Tuttle, entitled, "Carl Esler, the Vagrant," which will be commenced in the next number. A story from so popular a writer cannot fail to interest our readers, and we hope to receive your subscriptions in season to send the first chapter.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Always remember that the true idea of education is to draw out the mind of the child and not to instil into it our opinions; to this end have a method in the manner of teaching, but no stereotyped form in the matter.

There ought to be no need of books of questons and answers; leaders should select some subject with which they are familiar, and get the child's idea of it, then, by following out their illogical conclusions to their natural consequences, you can gradually bring their minds into such harmonious relations with the subject, that they will see it in its true light.

Object teaching should be introduced in every group. Carry in something and get them to tell what they know about it, and to ask questions; if you cannot answer them acknowledge it frankly, but learn the facts and bring them in another time; an ear of corn, a pebble, a twig or leaf, a flower, a handful of earth, an apple or potato, a shell or bone, anything that will suggest subjects for conversation, and attract their attention.

In order to accomplish anything, however, you must have time, and I want to protest against the practice of allowing only five or ten minutes to this part of the exercises, and expecting leaders to teach their groups answers to the general question, and instruct them in other matters beside. Parents should see to it that their children have answers, and not consider their whole duty done when they have dressed them in their best clothes and sent them to the Lyceum. E. T. B.

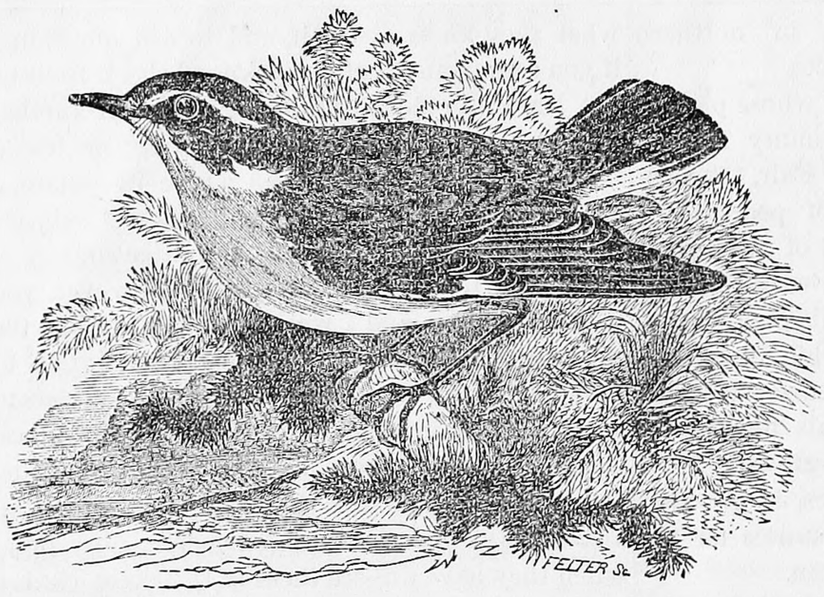
Discipline.

Our first duty is to please the children. The present system does that admirably. To please is not our whole duty; children must be instructed as well, and the best methods of imparting instruction all who have the interest of the Lyceum at heart should consider.

Most Lyceums have their regular leader's meetings once in one, two or four weeks. At these meetings everything pertaining to the business management is discussed in a systematic manner. This is as it should be, for system insures prosperity. But we also need regular meetings for the discussion of the best methods of teaching—meetings where leaders can impart instruction and receive it from others.

Our national Lyceum conventions held yearly in some large city beyond the reach of the majority of those interested, are not enough; neither are the one or two hours devoted to the Lyceum cause in our State conventions going to supply this need; but we do want, in every town, teacher's meetings, held as often as our business meetings are, where all interested in the education of the children may meet on perfect equality and present their views upon the best course of teaching and discipline. I believe such meetings absolutely necessary to promote the mental growth of the children. If our work is worth doing let us do it well. Will those who have suggestions to make send them to the LYCEUM BANNER for this department? L. H K.

— Mrs. H. F. M. Brown will remain in California the coming winter, and her editorial sketches from the land of gold and sunshine will continue to interest and instruct our many readers.



LOST! THREE LITTLE ROBINS!

O! where is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day,
And carried my three little birdies away?
They hardly were dressed
When he took from the nest
My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens! have you seen, in your travels to-day,
A very small boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little robins away?
He had light-colored hair,
And his feet were both bare.
Ah, me! he was cruel and mean, I declare.

O butterfly! stop just one moment, I pray;
Have you seen a boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little birdies away?
He had pretty blue eyes,
And was small of his size.
Ah! he must be wicked, and not very wise.

O bees! with your bags sweetly nectarine, stay;
Have you seen a boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
And carrying three little birdies away?
Did he go through the town,
Or go sneaking around
Through hedges and by-ways, with head hanging down?

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray,
If you will bring back my three robins to-day,
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay.
I'll sing all day long,
My merriest song,
And I will forgive you this terrible wrong,

Bobolinks! did you see my birdies and me,
How happy we were on the old apple tree,
Until I was robbed of my young, as you see?
O how can I sing,
Unless he will bring
My three robins back to sleep under my wing?

The Nursery.

THE OHIO CONVENTION.

After resting two days at Cleveland, and enjoying the genial hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Norris, I took the train for Akron, and found on board Hudson and Emma Tuttle, A. B. French, A. A. Wheelock, and several others, bound to the State Convention. We arrived there at ten o'clock, and went directly to Empire Hall, where we found James A. Sumner, Esq., Conductor of the Akron Lyceum, and other good people from the vicinity.

At eleven o'clock the Convention was called to order by the President of the State Association, A. B. French, of Clyde. Everything passed off harmoniously, and, judging from the interest manifested and the work accomplished, the State organization is in a better condition than ever before, and would be a good example for many States to follow.

A. A. Wheelock, the State Missionary, reported that, with the assistance of his wife, he had organized twenty Societies and seventeen Lyceums during the past year.

The interest manifested in the Lyceum, and the amount of time allotted to its consideration, were a noticeable feature of the Convention, and is not only a proof that their work of the past year has been well done, but a sure promise of success.

Hudson Tuttle, the former Secretary, was elected President for the coming year, and George W. Wilson, of Andover, Secretary.

The members of the choir are deserving of praise, not only for their sweet music, which added much to the harmony of the Convention, but for their genial hospitality; and the good people of Akron were untiring in their efforts to make strangers feel they were welcome.

I would gladly have stayed through the Convention, but could not; so, bidding adieu to the friends who had so kindly cared for me, and a God speed to the noble workers assembled, I took the cars for "home again." E. T. B.

—Said a youngster in high glee, displaying his purchase to a bosom friend on the sidewalk: "Two cocoanuts for ten cents! that will make me sick to-morrow, and I won't have to go to school."

— Passing the time—Going by a clock.

HOPE PUFFER.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE week previous Henry and Emily Puffer had puzzled their brains over a new dress for Hope, which as yet lay on the top shelf of Peter Robertson's store.

"Her old one looks rather poorly," said Emily. "Besides, she has worn it to school half the summer, and all the girls are expected to wear new dresses the last day. Don t you think, Henry, Mr. Robertson would trust you a few weeks for a dress?"

"Perhaps he would; but there are the shoes to buy, and I don't like to get into debt deeper than I can see my way out. If Hope only wins all the prizes there would be enough to pay for the dress; but poor children ain't apt to win, so we won't reckon chickens before they are hatched."

"Let me see," pursued suggestive Emily: "four yards at a ninepence a yard would be just half a dollar—just what she will get if she recites best. The ten-cent calico would answer well enough, but it is pretty coarse, and there is only ten cents difference in the whole dress. Then her grandsir has promised her a new dress if she wins all the prizes, but it is noways likely she will; but, to be on the safe side, I wouldn't get pink, if I got any."

"I am next to sure she will win all the prizes if the judges are fair about it, so we will let it go now, as she can't need two new dresses at once."

So the matter was settled. The old one was nicely washed, mended, starched and ironed. A new pink ribbon, a gift from Malvina Sharp, held her well-combed, coarse hair back from her forehead, and with the bright light which gleamed from her gray eyes, her parents thought Hope the best dressed girl in school.

"You look real pretty, Hope," said Esther Powell and Jennette Gray, when they went to meet her. "That pink ribbon is a beauty. I wanted mother to buy me one, but my dress and shoes cost so much she couldn't afford it. 'Pretty is that pretty does,' she says. Every body will be here to-day, and I hope I shall win *some* of the prizes, don't you?"

"I hope I shall win them all," said Hope, gaily; "then they won't mind my old dress, father says. Why don't you come down and see Darkey? He's just as bright as a button."

Esther laughed. "Do you suppose I would go clear down to your house to see one lamb, when my father has got a hundred, and more too! I'm coming, though, to see you after school is done."

So the little girls laughed and chatted until the visitors began to come, when all were quiet and respectful.

A greater contest or a greater triumph were never known within the walls of Yale or Dartmouth than the one witnessed this "last day" in the old-fashioned brown school-house. Hope forgot her old dress and the fine ones of the other girls in her eagerness to acquit herself well. Nearly every question was properly answered, all the hard words in Marshall's Spelling Book correctly spelled, and not a copy book in school was so free from blots as hers.

Henry and Emily walked home after the prizes were awarded Hope, full of parental pride, and painting a glorious future for their little daughter.

"I felt when I named her," said Emily, "that she was no common child, and every year she lives proves to me I was right. How pleased her grandfather will be, and how grand she will feel with the new dress, and so much money beside!"

"Perhaps the world is going to turn round right after all. I'm sure it's been the wrong way long enough. If Hope turns out a wonder, people will begin to think something of me. Who knows?"

Emily, who had sustained her husband through many gloomy years, had now much cause for thankfulness that she had really something with which to cheer him.

"Well, dear, you know I always told you not to give up the promises. The Lord sometimes sees fit to hide his face behind a very dark cloud; but he smiles all the same, only we can't see it. When the way seemed the darkest He sent us Hope, with as good a mind as ever child had, to show us the light."

"I trust you are right, Emily, and for once your comforting words have some meaning in them," he replied.

During this conversation Emily had busied herself kindling a fire in the kitchen fire-place, preparatory to cooking the supper, for she said—"Hope will be hungry when she comes. Poor thing! she has eaten no more than a pigeon for two days." Then, glancing toward the open door, she exclaimed, "School is out! There, they all come down the hill, and Hope running for dear life ahead of the whole. Poor child! she should not show so much pleasure—the others may feel hurt."

Presently she came bounding into the room, but not light-hearted and happy as when she left.

Her eyes were red with weeping, and her face stained with dust and tears.

"For pity's sake, child, what ails you?' inquired her mother, with a terrified expression, while her father gazed in mute wonder at the sorry-looking child.

She made no reply, but threw her books into a chair and the shining pieces of silver upon the table.

"Do tell what it is," demanded both parents.

"I *won't!*" screamed Hope, and ran from the house.

"The child is surely crazy, Henry!" said Emily as she followed on to the lamb pen, where Hope had gone, to cry away her trouble with Darkey.

"Hope, my child," and Emily's voice was strong and decided, "my little girl never before said 'I won't' to her father and mother. This is very wicked. You are in trouble, and should tell us what ails you."

Her angry tears changed to those of grief, and taking her arms from Darkey's neck, she threw them around her mother's, and with choking sobs asked her forgiveness and related her grievances.

"I wish I hadn't won the prizes. I'd rather be stupid, and go without nice dresses all my life, than to have the girls say such things to me, that ain't true, and I know they ain't. Esther Powell felt awful bad because she didn't get anything, so she told me you used to wash for her mother, that grandsir turned you out of his house, and Mary Jones says I used to live in the poor-house, and Tom Jones says my father stole a lot of money from grandsir. But Milly Day and Louisa Hackett were real good to me; they said I did the best, and they were glad I got the prizes. Then the mistress talked to the girls until she cried herself, and said it was very wicked, and they must ask my forgiveness. They did, but I don't think they were sorry until she told them she wouldn't want to come back and keep school any more if they were so naughty."

For a moment Emily's brave heart fainted; but she soon rallied and told Hope to say nothing of this to her father. She must try and be merciful and forgiving, and every body would love her.

"What new trouble now?" despondingly asked Henry on Emily's return to the house, where he had been engaged in her absence in comparing the eagles on the different pieces of silver.

"Not much trouble, Henry. You know children will be children, and the rest were so disappointed because Hope took all the prizes that they said hard things to her."

It was but half the truth, and as Henry had not sufficient curiosity to press the subject, he gave a sigh of relief that it was no worse.

Emily looked serious, and for once her husband turned comforter.

"Hope is a good girl, but has been a little hasty this time. However, she was provoked to it, no doubt. She is old enough to begin to learn that there are rough places in life, and we must teach her to bear trifles a little more patiently. We shall yet be proud of her; and she might have been proud of me, if justice had been done. It's too late now—too late!"

"Poor heart!" thought Emily; "he can't stand the storms of life as well as I can, and I see Hope has his disposition; but, come what may, I'll cling to the promises, and pray that that old story may never get to his ears again. It would break his heart if he knew she had heard of it."

A child's griefs are deep, but not lasting. The new pink dress and pet lamb soon obliterated all traces of Hope's great trial from her mind. The days passed happily with her. At each interview Emily saw that her child's genial nature was melting away the ice around her grandfather's heart. "Strange," he would sometimes say, "that Betsey's and Clarissa's girls couldn't be more like her. They are little fixed up wax dolls, good for nothing but to set on a shelf to look at. It can't be helped though—can't be helped."

Sober autumn was at Beechwood dyeing the maple leaves in gorgeous hues, and warning its inhabitants to prepare for the coming winter. The robins had long since left for sunnier climes, and only now and then did the twitter of a bird enliven the chilly days. Winter, that tyrant of the North, is dreaded by all New Englanders, and especially by the poor. Extra clothing must be obtained, immense wood piles must find their way to the door of the poor as well as the rich, large stores of provisions must be laid in the cellar, and some way all these indispensables must be paid for.

Heaven protect the poor of cold countries! When the long, dark night of winter comes, sickness and suffering may come with it. May the good angels remind those every where who have enough, and to spare, that the destitute are their children, and to the merciful will mercy be shown.

Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Jones, and all the well-to-do farmers' wives, had long webs of warm flannel woven for winter wear. Their husbands had filled the corn-barns with grain of all kinds, the barns with hay, and the cellars with meat, apples and vegetables.

Henry Puffer's cellar, though but twelve feet square, was far from being full. Emily had no webs of warm flannel for clothing and blankets. She had patched and darned every article of wearing apparel in the house, until it seemed impossible for their scanty clothing to serve them another winter. Her thoughts unconsciously turned back to that sad winter eleven years ago, but she strove to banish it with what grains of consolation she could gather from the reflection that they were all well now, and the good Father that carried them through that bitter winter could do the same thing now.

In the midst of her meditations Hope burst into the room, as fresh as good air and a run down hill could make her, with "Please, mother, can't I go up and see Malvina Sharp? She has asked me ever so many times, and beside, grandsir says there's an old sea-chest of books in the attic, under the eaves, if no body has burnt them up, that he left when he sold the place. Some of them are funny old books, he says, and I *do* want to see them."

"I am afraid Mrs. Winn wouldn't like to be bothered with you. She has no little girls, and Malvina is much too old for you to visit."

"But I won't be the least bit of trouble, mother. Grandsir says that's the very house where you was born. Didn't you and Aunt Betsey and Aunt Clarissa have your play-house in the attic? It must be such fun! I wish I had two sisters."

Emily glanced at the little bare feet, and dress nearly out-grown and out-worn, and with a sigh said, "One's enough!"

"I'll put on my clean apron, that will cover the patches on my dress, and come home at exactly four o'clock. I don't believe Squire Winn is a bit cross and important, for I met him the other day, and he said I was the smartest girl in the district.'

Hope blushed at sounding her own praise, but she wanted her mother to know that a great man like Squire Winn thought kindly of her. Here was a good text for a little sermon, which was improved. "Beware, my child, of the sin of vanity. If it once gets rooted in your heart, it will be very hard to root out. It may be, my daughter, that I dote on you too much. From your birth I have had a feeling that through you would come peace and rest. Do not disappoint me."

She did not kiss her daughter at parting, for her love was not demonstrative. She hid her troubles and loves in her quiet little heart, and though she enjoyed and suffered keenly, the world was none the wiser. *(To be continued.)*

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying night,
Or chain the wings of the morning light?
Can ye seal the springs of the ocean deep,
Or bind the thunders in silent sleep?
The sun that rises, the seas that flow,
The thunders of Heaven, all answer—No!

Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth,
The earthquake still in its awful birth?
Will the hand on Time's dial backward flee,
Or the pulse of the Universe pause for thee?
The shaken mountains, the flowers that blow,
The pulse of the Universe, answer—No!

Can ye burn a truth in the martyr's fire,
Or chain a thought in the dungeon dire?
Or stay the soul when it soars away,
In glorious life from the mouldering clay?
The truth that liveth, the thoughts that grow,
The spirit ascending, all answer—No!

Oh, priest! oh, despot! *your doom they* speak;
For God is mighty, as ye are weak;
Your night and your winter from earth must roll,
Your chains must melt from the limb and soul.
Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us woe,
Shall ye triumph much longer? we answer—No!

Ye have builded your temples with gems impearled,
On the broken heart of a famished world;
Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,
Ye have made its children a race of slaves.
O'er the future age shall the ruin go?
We gather against ye, and answer—No!

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers,
But weak are ye, for the *Truth* is ours;
In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move,
But we are stronger, *our strength is Love.*
Can you slay truth and love with a curse or blow?
The beautiful heavens, they answer—No!

The wint'ry night of the world is past,
The day of humanity dawns at last;
The veil is rent from the soul's calm eyes,
And prophets, and heroes, and seers arise:
Their words and deeds like the thunder go,
Can ye stifle their voices? they answer—No.

It is God who speaks in their words of might,
It is God who acts in their deeds of right;
Lo! Eden waits, like a radiant bride,
Humanity springeth close to her side.
Can ye sever the twain who to oneness flow?
The voice of Divinity answers—No!

—The Chicago Lyceum has lately received a donation of eighty acres of land from J. W. Free, of the firm of Graham, Perry & Co, of this city.

— We regret very much to learn of the continued illness of Dr. F. L. H. Willis. He is about leaving this country for the south of France, where he hopes to rejuvenate his shattered constitution.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 9, 10, 5, 17, 4, is a Bible character, said to be put in 11, 17, 16,

My 6, 13, 18, is used in the 12, 2, 14, 15.

My 7, 9, 8, is worn on the 7, 17, 9, 11.

My 7, 17, 16, makes a 10. 17, 19, 8.

My 11, 13, 3 is opposite 10, 5, 6, 7, 8.

My whole we could not live without.

I am composed of 18 letters,

My 1, 16, 12, 4, is a kind of carriage.

My 18, 2, 3, 15, 12, is a household utensil,

My 1, 12, 8, 10, 9, 3, 7, 8, is an article of furniture.

My 13, 6, 7, 11, 3, is often sung.

My 5, 6, 7, 9, 14, 6, 12, is a law of the land.

My 13, 17, 16, 9, 12, are the attendants of a distinguished personage.

My whole is a magnificent work of art.

HARRY.

[A package of colored card pictures accompanied the above enigma, to be given to each one sending the answer and another puzzle.]

My first you sing,
My second you ring,
And my whole you put on to distinguish a thing.

I am a carrier of news; telling of births, marriages and deaths, of sickness and prosperity. I am generally white, but often blue, and though sometimes used with care, am often destroyed. I am always found in the song of the whip-poor-will, and musical instruments are useless without me.

ROSA B.

A merchant sold a man a pair of boots for four dollars, and received in payment a ten dollar counterfeit bill. Not having the change he went in next door, to a tailor, who gave him ten dollars in good money for it, which he brought back, and gave six dollars of it to the buyer, who went away much pleased with his bargain. The next day the tailor discovered that the bill was worthless and returned it to the merchant, who was obliged to give him ten dollars more in good money. How much did the merchant lose by the transaction?

ANSWERS IN NO. 2.

Enigma by Annie.—Strawberry.
Enigma by Percy.—Lyceum Convention.
Enigma by S.—Hum-drum.
Answered by R. S. J. and Cora E. Tolman.

—Our thanks are due Mrs. Eaton, one of our energetic Lyceum leaders, for many rare bouquets from her garden during the summer. These sweet gifts have not only blessed a weary publisher, but have carried a kindly influence to thousands of readers. "Little deeds of kindness" do indeed "make our earth an Eden."

COMPLIMENTARY.

The following resolutions speak for themselves:

Resolved, That this Convention recognizes in the LYCEUM BANNER one of the most efficient auxiliaries in the Lyceum movement, and that we heartily recommend that it be taken by all Lyceums and individuals everywhere.

—*National Lyceum Convention, at Buffalo.*

Resolved, That we fully endorse the LYCEUM BANNER as a liberal and unsectarian paper for our children, and heartily recommend it as a powerful auxiliary in the building up and sustaining of Progressive Lyceums.

—*Ohio State Convention, at Akron.*

COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

Dear little bare feet,
Dimpled and white,
In your long night gown
Wrapped for the night.
Come, let me count all
Your queer, little toes—
Pink as the heart
Of a shell or a rose!

One is a lady
That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby,
And three is a nun;
Four is a lily
With innocent breast,
And five is a birdie
Asleep on her nest.

—*Little Corporal.*

SOMETHING PRACTICAL.—Mrs. N. J. Bronson, of Aurora, Ill., was cured of blindness by Dr. Cleveland with *one treatment*. She had been totally blind two weeks; was led into the Doctor's office by Miss Lowry, of this city, and in fifteen minutes was able to write a letter to her daughter, informing her of the remarkable cure.

Dr. Cleveland, aided by the clairvoyant powers of his wife, is working miracles. We take pleasure in recommending him to the afflicted, because we know whereof we speak.

—Mrs. Dennison, the Assistant Guardian of the Chicago Lyceum, left this city for California, Sunday, October 3. She has been an officer in the Lyceum since its organization, and one of its most efficient workers. The blessings of officers, leaders, and children will be with her in her life journey, and the remembrance of the loving hearts she leaves behind will strengthen her hands for the work she will find to do in her new home. At the last Leaders' meeting a vote was unanimously passed, thanking her for her labors in the Chicago Lyceum, and she was presented with a beautiful Album, containing photographs of the officers and Leaders.

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;

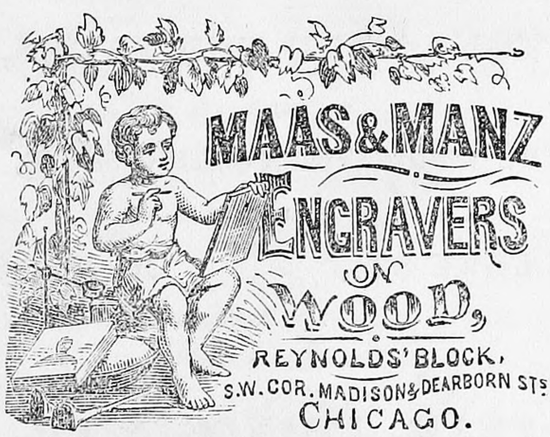
Cancers, Tumors, White Swellings,

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.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC INSTITUTE,

153 Dearborn street.



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.,

Room 8 Major Block, Chicago,

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 127½ 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

H. E. BALLARD, Salesman.

MISS L. M. HENDEE'S

Dress Making and Pattern Rooms

No. 12, 2d Floor,

66 Madison Street, Chicago.

Pinking, Braiding, Stamping, Embroidery and French Fluting

DONE TO ORDER.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 9, 10, 5, 17, 4, is a Bible character, said to be put in 11, 17, 16,

My 6, 13, 18, is used in the 12, 2, 14, 15.

My 7, 9, 8, is worn on the 7, 17, 9, 11.

My 7, 17, 16, makes a 10. 17, 19, 8.

My 11, 13, 3 is opposite 10, 5, 6, 7, 8.

My whole we could not live without.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 16, 12, 4, is a kind of carriage.

My 18, 2, 3, 15, 12, is a household utensil,

My 1, 12, 8, 10, 9, 3, 7, 8, is an article of furniture.

My 13, 6, 7, 11, 3, is often sung.

My 5, 6, 7, 9, 14, 6, 12, is a law of the land.

My 13, 17, 16, 9, 12, are the attendants of a distinguished personage.

My whole is a magnificent work of art.

HARRY.

[A package of colored card pictures accompanied the above enigma, to be given to each one sending the answer and another puzzle.]

My first you sing,
My second you ring,
And my whole you put on to distinguish a thing.

I am a carrier of news; telling of births, marriages and deaths, of sickness and prosperity. I am generally white, but often blue, and though sometimes used with care, am often destroyed. I am always found in the song of the whip-poor-will, and musical instruments are useless without me.

ROSA B.

A merchant sold a man a pair of boots for four dollars, and received in payment a ten dollar counterfeit bill. Not having the change he went in next door, to a tailor, who gave him ten dollars in good money for it, which he brought back, and gave six dollars of it to the buyer, who went away much pleased with his bargain. The next day the tailor discovered that the bill was worthless and returned it to the merchant, who was obliged to give him ten dollars more in good money. How much did the merchant lose by the transaction?

ANSWERS IN NO. 2.

Enigma by Annie.—Strawberry.
Enigma by Percy.—Lyceum Convention.
Enigma by S.—Hum-drum.
Answered by R. S. J. and Cora E. Tolman.

—Our thanks are due Mrs. Eaton, one of our energetic Lyceum leaders, for many rare bouquets from her garden during the summer. These sweet gifts have not only blessed a weary publisher, but have carried a kindly influence to thousands of readers. "Little deeds of kindness" do indeed "make our earth an Eden."

COMPLIMENTARY.

The following resolutions speak for themselves:

Resolved, That this Convention recognizes in the LYCEUM BANNER one of the most efficient auxiliaries in the Lyceum movement, and that we heartily recommend that it be taken by all Lyceums and individuals everywhere.

—*National Lyceum Convention, at Buffalo.*

Resolved, That we fully endorse the LYCEUM BANNER as a liberal and unsectarian paper for our children, and heartily recommend it as a powerful auxiliary in the building up and sustaining of Progressive Lyceums.

—*Ohio State Convention, at Akron.*

COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

Dear little bare feet,
Dimpled and white,
In your long night gown
Wrapped for the night.
Come, let me count all
Your queer, little toes—
Pink as the heart
Of a shell or a rose!

One is a lady
That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby,
And three is a nun;
Four is a lily
With innocent breast,
And five is a birdie
Asleep on her nest.

—*Little Corporal.*

SOMETHING PRACTICAL.—Mrs. N. J. Bronson, of Aurora, Ill., was cured of blindness by Dr. Cleveland with *one treatment*. She had been totally blind two weeks; was led into the Doctor's office by Miss Lowry, of this city, and in fifteen minutes was able to write a letter to her daughter, informing her of the remarkable cure.

Dr. Cleveland, aided by the clairvoyant powers of his wife, is working miracles. We take pleasure in recommending him to the afflicted, because we know whereof we speak.

—Mrs. Dennison, the Assistant Guardian of the Chicago Lyceum, left this city for California, Sunday, October 3. She has been an officer in the Lyceum since its organization, and one of its most efficient workers. The blessings of officers, leaders, and children will be with her in her life journey, and the remembrance of the loving hearts she leaves behind will strengthen her hands for the work she will find to do in her new home. At the last Leaders' meeting a vote was unanimously passed, thanking her for her labors in the Chicago Lyceum, and she was presented with a beautiful Album, containing photographs of the officers and Leaders.

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.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC INSTITUTE,

153 Dearborn street.



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.,

Room 8 Major Block, Chicago,

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

H. E. BALLARD, Salesman.

MISS L. M. HENDEE'S

Dress Making and Pattern Rooms

No. 12, 2d Floor,

66 Madison Street, Chicago.

Pinking, Braiding, Stamping, Embroidery and French Fluting

DONE TO ORDER.

CHICAGO
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Corner La Salle and Washington Sts.

ASSETS, - - - - $150,000.

Deposited with State Treasurer, $101,300.00

WM. F. TUCKER, President, | JOHN TYRRELL, Vice Prest.,
SAM'L M. NICKERSON, Treas., | JOHN W. CLAPP, Sec. & Actuary,
RALPH N. ISHAM, Med. Exam'r, | J. E. BATES, Gen'l Agent.

Rev. JOHN NICOLAI, Manager of German Department.

P. O., MENDOTA, ILL.

Parties from a distance may insure from blanks which will be supplied and forwarded free of expense.

All ministers are authorized to take applications for life insurance in the Chicago Life, and they will receive a discount of ten per cent. upon their own applications.

Parties desiring to act as Agents are invited to apply personally or by letter to

JOHN W. CLAPP, Secretary.
S. W. corner La Salle and Washington Streets, Chicago.

Dr, J. & T. H. TRINE'S

Movement Cure,

136 State Street,

Dyspeptics, Consumptives, Paralytics,

Those suffering from

Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Constipation, and all cases of Spinal Curvature and

FEMALE WEAKNESS,

Will find the MOVEMENT CURE the most appropriate, safe, certain and agreeable means of restoration.

☞ Call or send for Illustrated circular.

For WEAKLY CHILDREN, inclined to grave diseases and deformities, this treatment presents the natural, the indispensable conditions for rescue, permanent health and long life. The chest becomes broad, the flesh hard, and cheeks rosy, and the perils of childhood are averted.

MADAME FOWLER'S

Millinery and Dress Making Parlors,

No. 177 Wabash Avenue.

Particular attention paid to Fitting and Making Ladies' and Children's Suits of every Description.

Bridal Trousseaus,

And Infant Wardrobes made to Order.

Embroidery, Braiding and Stamping executed in a superior manner. Stamping Patterns and Powder for sale.

THE EMPIRE GAS BURNER,

STOVES AND FURNACES,

AND

THE VINDICATOR COOKING STOVE,

SOLD AT

176 LAKE ST., CHICAGO.

A. E. LEAVENWORTH.

GEORGE N. SPEAR. WILLIAM M. PRINCE.

SPEAR, PRINCE & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

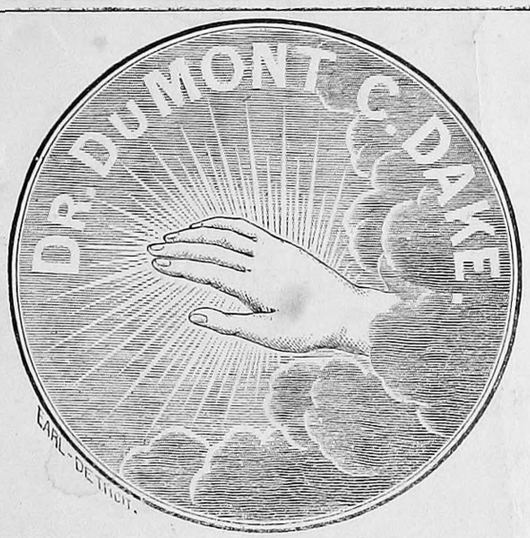
CARPETINGS.

The choicest Upholstery Goods and Draperies in the city.

84 and 86 State Street,

(Opposite FIELD, LEITER & CO.'S.) **CHICAGO.**

Send for our premium list. "Premiums sent" crowded out.



THE HEALER OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

Treats all diseases with unparalleled success. *Sui generis*, none but itself can be its parallel. The Doctor is now operating in the West.

APRIL 15, 1869.

LYCEUM EQUIPMENTS.

THE subscribers are manufacturing all the Equipments now used in the Lyceums, of the most beautiful and durable kind, and at as low prices as pos sible. We also furnish the Manuals, Class Books, Cards, etc., etc. Lyceums about forming will please send for circular giving prices, etc.

E. WATERS & SONS,
Troy, N. Y.

M. MILLESON,

Summer Land Artist.

Box 1012. CHICAGO.

THOS. W. GILES. W. F. DEWOLF

CHICAGO

Steam Feather Works,

Feathers in Beds, Pillows and Bulk,

STEAM CLEANSED.

The only Concern of the kind in the Northwest.

Office and Salesroom, 386 State St.,

Steam Works, 151 W. Van Buren St.

Beds called for and returned the same day.

GILES & DEWOLF.

MRS. DeWOLF,

Trance. Test and Business Medium,

Can be consulted personally for a

True Diagnosis of Disease.

Can describe and receive messages from deceased relatives, and trace absent friends. Consultation by letter should be accompanied by a lock of patient's hair, with a fee of $1.00. Consultation on any proper business of importance. Residence, No. 151 W. Van Buren street.

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 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

are adapted to ALL AGES and BOTH SEXES, and to EVERY VARIETY of sickness likely to occur in a family of adults and children. In these respects, as well as in all others, the POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS are

The Greatest Family Medicine of the Age!!

THE POSITIVE POWDERS cure NEURALGIA, Headache, Earache, Toothache, RHEUMATISM, Gout, Colic, pains of all kinds; CHOLERA, Diarrhœa, Bowel Complaint, DYSENTERY, Nausea and Vomiting, DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion, Flatulence, WORMS; Suppressed Menstruation, Painful Menstruation, FALLING OF THE WOMB, all Female Weaknesses and Derangements; Cramps, FITS, Hydrophobia, Lockjaw, ST. VITUS' DANCE; Intermittent Fever, Billious Fever, YELLOW FEVER, the Fever of SMALL POX, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, all INFLAMMATIONS, acute or chronic, such as Inflammation of the LUNGS, Kidneys, WOMB, Bladder, Stomach, PROSTRATE GLAND; Catarrh, CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds; SCROFULA, Nervousness, SLEEPLESSNESS, etc.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS cure PARALYSIS or Palsy; Amaurosis and deafness from paralysis of the nerves of the eye and of the ear, or of their nervous centres; Double Vision; Catalepsy; all Low FEVERS, such as the TYPHOID and the TYPHUS; extreme Nervous or Muscular PROSTRATION or RELAXATION.

Both the POSITIVE and NEGATIVE are needed in CHILLS and FEVER.

PHYSICIANS are delighted with them. AGENTS and DRUGGISTS find ready sale for them. PRINTED TERMS to Agents, Druggists and Physicians, sent free.

Fuller lists of diseases and directions accompany each box, and also sent free to any address. Send a BRIEF description of your disease, if you prefer SPECIAL WRITTEN DIRECTIONS.

MAILED, POSTPAID, AT THESE PRICES:

1 Box, 44 Positive Powders	$1.00
1 Box, 44 Negative Powders	1.00
1 Box, 22 Positive and 22 Negative Powders	1.00
6 Boxes	5.00
12 Boxes	9.00

SEND MONEY AT OUR RISK. Sums of $5.00 or more if sent by mail, should be in the form of MONEY ORDERS, or DRAFTS, or else in REGISTERED LETTERS.

OFFICE—37½ ST. MARK'S PLACE, NEW YORK.

Address,

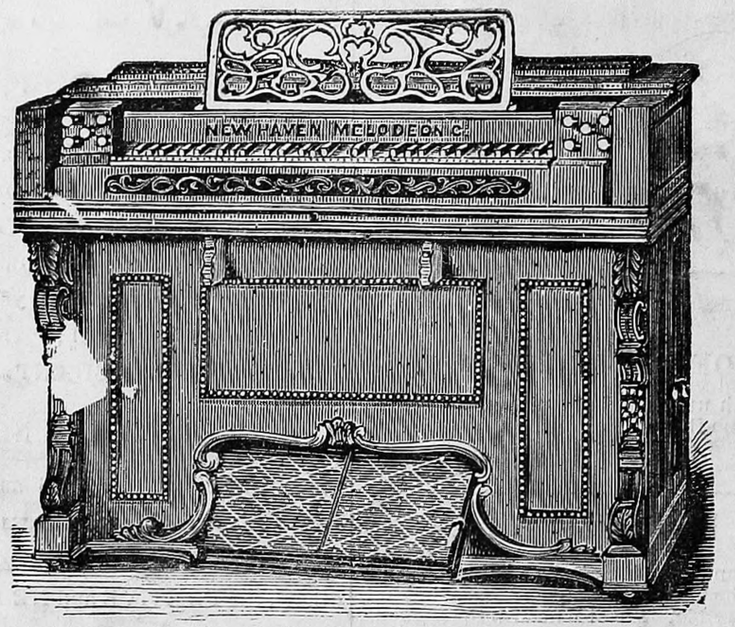
PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.,
Box 5817, New York City.

If your druggist hasn't the POWDERS, send your money at once to PROF. SPENCE, as above directed, and the POWDERS will be forwarded to you, POSTPAID, by return mail.

For sale also at the 'Lyceum Banner' Office.

NEW HAVEN MELODEON CO'S

CELEBRATED



AND IMPROVED

TEMPLE ORGANS!

AND MELODEONS.

These wonderful instruments are the result of 20 years experience and skill. They are unrivaled in sweetness of tone, delicacy of touch and elegance of finish.

Do not Purchase till you See and Hear one of these Beautiful Instruments.

1000 Sold from Reed's Temple of Music during the past year.

This statement we are prepared to prove.

LOW PRICES.

Our Organs & Melodeons range from $50 upward

TERMS ON TIME, WHICH ARE AS LOW AS FOR CASH.

Any Organ or Melodeon, cost of Instrument not exceeding $150, $15 down and $15 a month, or $25 down and $10 a month.

Any Organ or Melodeon, cost of Instrument not exceeding $250, and exceeding $150, $20 down and $20 a month, or $40 down and $15 a month.

Any Organ, cost not exceeding $400, and exceeding $250, $30 down and $30 a month, or $50 down and $20 a month.

ADDRESS FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

REED'S TEMPLE OF MUSIC,

47 & 49 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

OCT 5 1942
LIBRARY