THE LYCEUM BANNER.

BOND-CHANDLER.CHI.

Those who Educate a Nation's Children, Shape its Destiny.

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For the Banner.

The Flower Girl.

BY JENNIE CLOW.



"HAVE you had bad luck today, Annie?" Mrs. Moss asked when her daughter came home from town. "James Marsh saw you down by hazel spring crying."

"Not bad luck, and not very good: I only wish that folks would look after their own sins and not papa's," Annie replied as she took off her hat and threw herself onto the lounge.

"Did you cry cos papa went off?" asked little Louie, climbing to his sister's side.

"I cried because tears are good to help one out of a muss. I got vexed, so took a cry. What better could I do?"

"And what has troubled you?" Mrs. Moss asked.

"I've been abused by Mr. Ousley. Let me tell you how it came about, and then you see if I was one mite to blame. When I was going to the Exchange with my basket of flowers, I met Jane Ousley on the sidewalk. She cried out, 'Oh, my, what sweet flowers!' She looked over the pinks, roses and pansies, and was perfectly charmed. I gave her a bunch of pinks and a tea rose. I told her we were going to sell flowers to help live. Then she told me to go up to her house; she was sure her father would buy the whole basketfull, as it was her fifteenth birthday, and she was to have a great party this evening, and wanted to have flowers in all the rooms. So I went, tugged the big basket up the hill—it is a good mile. Jane told them who I was, and that I was selling flowers to help along. Mr. Ousley squinted at the basket, pulled some of the tube roses out of the damp moss, smelt of them, and then threw them back and said, real impudently, '*You* want to get an honest living, ha?' I said yes sir, as meek as a lamb, but I didn't feel one whit meek. Then the old coot blinked about the basket again, and said in a snarling way, 'Your father, Miss, ain't a likely man—he has run away to keep out of jail, and I don't think it is best to help *such* folks.' Jane heard him and told him how she urged me to come there, and Mrs. Ousley said it was no fault of mine if papa hadn't done right, and that they *must* buy the flowers. 'There is no *must* in the matter,' the man growled out. 'My money will not go to feed that family.' Then he muttered out something about folks who were not likely. My lips began to quiver, and my eyes to fill with tears, so I took the basket and started away as fast as ever I could go. Mrs. Ousley and Jane tried to comfort me, but I knew that nothing but a good cry would help me out. I went down to the spring, had my cry, and then I washed my face and said to myself, 'Ousley shall not kill me; he is a meaner man than papa ever thought of being. I'd a thousand times rather

be poor as Job, and peddle flowers, than to be as mean as he is.' When I got my scold out, I felt better; then I went to the Exchange, sold my flowers to the ladies and came home happy as a bird."

"You are a brave child, and I am proud of you," Mrs. Moss said, kissing the sweet girl.

"And me's proud too, cos you is my sister," Master Louie said, putting his chubby arms about Annie's neck. "When papa comes home me ask him will go and scold at the man for calling you bad names."

Annie forgot her troubles, and the next morning she went again to the Exchange with a basket of fresh flowers that the landlord ordered for the table.

That girl will win her way, and she deserves success.

For the Lyceum Banner.

The Tyler Boys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FAIRFIELDS."

CHAPTER V.

"DON'T mind trifles, my dear; if there is anything disagreeable in the way, try and overcome it, not run away from it, but prove that you have perseverance."

These were Hattie Tyler's parting words as she sent Silas off in the old farm wagon towards Oakfield. When the half-grown driver's "go 'lang" had died away on her ear, she turned into her desolate house and wept.

"How hard it is to know what's always best!" she murmured. "If Fred had only been spared to help me bring up the boys"—Her tears burst out afresh.

"What's the matter, Hat?" Rose's cheerful voice came like sweet music in a gloomy old cathedral. She bounded into Hattie's little sitting-room, fresh and happy as she always tried to be.

"It's beautiful out of doors; I wouldn't sit here and cry; you don't do Nature justice. You will be turned to stone, as Niobe was, on account of your pride in your children. Take warning by her unhappy fate and dry your eyes. Your boys have a much easier time than Walter and Oscar did at their ages, and see how terribly proud we are of them now; and we shall be just as proud of Silas and the others when they are men. Give them smiles instead of tears; they won't get any too many."

Rose's easy, good-natured chat caused her sister to dry her eyes and smile pleasantly.

"What would you advise me to do, Rose, if Silas won't stay? He's a real trial, dear, good boy!"

"Mother says if he don't want to stay he must come home, and I guess that's the best way, too. I haven't forgotten how I ran away from aunt Jerusha's to get away from Philena's ghosts. It makes me shiver now to think how I suffered."

"But I have told him he *must* stay six months. I couldn't do less. It can't be very hard; the boy who came for him says they have another beside him. I pity him, though, but a little discipline don't hurt boys."

Silas felt that he needed a great deal of pity when the old farm wagon drove up to a large, dilapidated house, that had been yellow in its day, but now so weather-beaten as to leave a doubt in one's mind whether it had ever been painted at all. The out-buildings presented a cheerless, tumble-down appearance, and the fences seemed to sympathize with the unkept state of things around the house. A large dog, lank and lean, stretched himself at full length on the rickety door-step. Not a shrub or flower was visible in the yard to relieve the bare grounds, and decay and desolation were imprinted on everything.

When the wagon entered the yard, Snarly began to growl, but was too weak or lazy to make any further demonstration. The growl and the sound of wheels brought Mrs. Hopkins to the door to see what was the matter.

"That you, Pete?—who you got here?" asked the old lady, giving Silas and his little leather-covered trunk a searching glance.

"Ask him—he knows better'n I do."

"I am Silas Tyler, ma'am, and I have come to live with Mr. Hagar."

Aunt Libby drew a deep sigh.

"Suz me! suz me! Who *will* that man get here next? My patience is most used up. First one, then another, and I *can't* stand it much longer."

This was not a very cordial greeting for the little, heart-sick boy; but to the fat, clumsy old man who sat in the doorway composedly smoking his pipe it seemed perfectly proper and natural, for he laughed in an absent kind of way and eyed the boy with evident satisfaction.

Jason Hagar was a bachelor of seventy-five, and Mrs. Libby Hopkins, his widowed sister and housekeeper, had for years stood between the old man and trouble, and watched over him as a careful nurse girl would watch over a troublesome child, allowing him to have his way when nothing better could be done.

Jason was kind and fatherly to all around him, but his failing reason prevented him from managing the affairs of the farm in a skillful manner.

A mania of his later years, which troubled his sister sorely, was a passion for bringing home boys from asylums, poor-houses, poor families, or from any place where he could get them. They were all needed on the farm, he said; but aunt Libby affirmed that it would be a thousand times easier to do the work herself than to take care of such a harum-scarum set of wild, lazy good-for-nothings. This was *the* trial of Mrs. Hopkins' life,—as every other life has some one annoyance that stands guard like a sentinel over all lesser evils.

"Come on, boy," said Mr. Hagar to Silas, as he stood with one hand on his trunk, in doubt whether to have it taken into the house or put into the wagon again for home.

"Pretty handy on a farm, boy?" asked the old gentleman, puffing away at his pipe.

"No, sir, I never worked on a farm; mother sent me here to learn."

"Just as I said, Jason; always getting boys here for me to wait on, that ain't any earthly account. If it wasn't that there is an end to all troubles, I'd given up long ago."

Silas crept into the house and sat down, in a most unhappy frame of mind.

"Get a gal to help, Libby. I telled you so long ago." And the old man laughed and shook his sides as if he had said a very funny thing.

"Witches take the girls; I wouldn't give a rye straw for a cart-load of them to help work. They would do about as much in the house as your boys do on the farm."

Silas was very uncomfortable, and wished he had kept on peddling, or chosen any occupation rather than working on a farm. A boy was coming up the lane, about his own size, whittling a pine stick, and Silas thought he would escape from the unpleasant discussion which he had excited and make friends with the lad. They looked at each other shyly, as young boys will when they first meet, and Silas ventured to ask, "Do you live here?"

"Yes, hard onto six months."

"Do you like living here?"

"Golly no, it's as much as a feller's life is worth, and you'll find it so."

"What's the matter?"

"O I don't know. Allers in a stew about something or other. The old man is kinder failin' and the old woman thinks she has a hard scratch to get along, and 'tween 'em both 'taint no fun living here, you bet."

"Do you call them 'old man' and 'old woman?' My mother wouldn't allow that, and I have left off all such words as 'golly' and 'you bet.' Folks in New York don't like to hear them."

There is nothing that will make two boys dislike each other quicker than for one to assume an air of superiority over the other, and the two became enemies at once.

"Blazes! do you live in York?" exclaimed the boy with the pine stick; "then I s'pose me and Pete won't be good enough for you to speak to."

"No, I don't live in New York—it ain't proper to say 'York'—but I have an uncle there that I visit," answered Silas, with a little show of family pride.

"Wall, I guess I've got a dad there, and that's a leetle mite nearer than an uncle. You're a brick, and I guess the old woman will take to you. She likes pert kind of boys, and me and Pete ain't that stripe."

"What is your dad's name, as you call him? I should say *father*."

"I should say jest what I was a mind to. Dad's name is Job Sims and my name is Toot. Didn't see dad in York, did ye?"

Silas' missionary labors seemed thrown away, so he threw himself on his dignity. "No, I did not see your *father* in *New* York, but my uncle has; they used to go to school together when they were boys."

"Golly! What's your name, now? I forgot to ask."

"My name is Silas F. Tyler, and my uncle is Mr. Oscar Fairfield, a celebrated artist of New York. Some of his paintings sell for four hundred dollars. He lives in a nice house and has a piano, and my aunt dresses in silk every day, and my cousin Alma is awful pretty and plays on the piano like anything!"

"Thunder and broomsticks! Who ever heard of such wonderful folks? The old woman knows all about 'em—kinder connected somehow or other. I don't much think you'll do here; me and Pete don't like such awful fine folks."

"Did you say Mrs. Hagar knew all about my uncle."

"'Taint Mis Hagar—its Mis Hopkins, if you *must* Mis her in any way. I think 'old woman' is best. Yes, she knows all about 'em, and knows they are stuck up kind of folks."

"They are not stuck up, and you shan't call them so, so now."

"Guess you can't help yourself," roared out Toot loud enough to be heard by the old couple in the doorway.

"There 'tis, Jason—fightin' so quick! A pretty muss you keep me in."

"Let 'em fight and see who's the best man. They'll be good as two kittens after that."

"What's the matter, boys, so quick?" asked aunt Libby, going to the door.

"O, nothin', only he's braggin' 'bout his folks in York, and I told him they was stuck up and he got awful mad."

"How do you know anything about them, Toot?"

"It's Fairfield I've heard you tell about. He's this boy's uncle—*so he says*."

"Do tell! And your aunt Betsy is my own niece—she that was Betsy Badger."

"My aunt's name is Lizzie," timidly suggested Silas.

"Her name *was* Betsy when her father and mother was alive; but when they died and the poor little thing went to live with Mr. Gardner in New York they changed her name to Lizzie—but for my part I like Betsy best, and always did."

"You wouldn't catch my aunt Betsy Farley alterin' her name jist to be stuck up," said Toot, proud enough that his aunt Betsy had one virtue, at least, above Mrs. Fairfield.

"And how's your uncle, what's his name?"

"He's not very smart," said Silas; "he's most lost the use of his hand, and grandma has asked them to come to Nortonbury and stay a few weeks."

"Any boys?" asked uncle Jason, coming out of a doze.

"One girl—my cousin Alma."

"Send for her, Libby; she'll help take care the boys," laughed uncle Jason.

"Better open an asylum and done with it. 'Tain't likely a girl brought up as Betsy would bring her up, would be much help anywhere."

Silas began to weigh his words a little more carefully. He had already won the ill-will of Toot Sims, and he wished if possible to retain the respect of all the rest.

"My cousin Alma is a nice girl, but they keep a servant, and I guess she don't know how to do much work."

"Servant," giggled Toot.

"She can larn, I s'pose," said uncle Jason.

"Come, come, Jason, do try and think of something besides stocking the farm with girls and boys. You are losing your senses fast and don't know it."

Jason relapsed into a doze again.

"Come, old woman, ain't a feller goin' to have any supper? I'm 'bout starved out."

Silas gave Toot a reproving glance.

"What's the hurt of that, Mr. Silas F. Tyler? She *is* an old woman, ain't she?"

Aunt Libby bustled about as fast as she could, though it is not to be denied that sixty-five years, a great deal of trouble and hard work had made sad inroads on her ambition and strength.

The supper was badly got up when contrasted with his mother's tidy, skillful manner of doing everything, and the meal was one of the most uncomfortable Silas had ever eaten. Peter and Toot dealt in coarse jokes at his expense, which he understood more readily than he seemed to.

"Do they eat corn bread in York, Pete?" asked Toot with a knowing wink.

"O no, they live on music and picters," answered he with a broad grin.

Silas dropped his knife and left the table.

"What ails the youngster?" asked uncle Jason, looking after him.

"Don't know," answered Toot, grinning. "Mabby the victuals ain't stylish enough—he's from York. Why didn't you bring on the silver forks?"

"Jason, you will be the death of me yet. Two boys were bad enough in all conscience; but come to get a third that don't agree with the others, I don't know what we can do with them."

"Get a gal to help, Libby."

The boys commenced throwing bits of bread across the table at each other.

"*I* think it would be mighty nice," said Toot, "to get Mr. Tyler's beautiful cousin in York? she can play the pianner tip top."

Aunt Libby was naturally a woman of tender sympathies, quick perceptions, and possessed a good deal of business talent. She, long years before, begged her brother to allow her the management of his business or sell the farm, both of which he refused to do.

"Don't you know, Libby," he would say, as his only argument, that women don't understand business? 'Tain't their line—everybody knows that. If I allow you to manage, I've no doubt you'd do the best you know; but *women don't know*, and that's the upshot of the whole matter."

So the poor woman, dependent on her only brother, had nothing to look forward to, to cheer the downward path of life but incessant toil and greater care than a dozen farms would be. She felt herself utterly helpless to reconcile the boys, who were constantly at war.

Silas' first week at Oakfield was the most miserable he had ever known. There was little work to occupy his time, and no one but Peter to give directions while he held himself aloof from the new-comer, except to help Toot along in a quarrel with him. His favorite resort for unmolested quiet was with his books, which Alma had given him on Christmas, behind the woodhouse. One day while cuddled up in a heap, poring over an interesting story, a loud shout from Peter and Toot arrested his attention. Looking down the long lane towards the street, he saw a little peddler with trunks coming towards the house. He dropped his books and ran towards him shouting for joy, for he saw at a glance that it was his brother Leonard.

"What ye got?" screamed Peter. "Razor straps and patent medicine? Nobody wants to be shaved here, and nobody wants to be sick."

The brothers paid no heed to the jeers of the boys. "Do, do, Leonard, take me home, won't you? Say yes, quick."

"No, Silas, I can't; I just came from home, and mother told me to come and see you, and if the man and woman you work for treat you well and you don't have to work too hard, you must stay. Do they, Silas?"

"Yes, they treat me well enough, but I do want to go home."

"Do you work hard?"

"No, there ain't anything hardly to do, but I don't like here, and I won't stay."

Silas began to cry, and Leonard pitied him, but was unable to help him.

"It's too bad, Sile, but mother is afraid you will get unsteady. You know you don't like to stick to anything long, and that is what worries her. You don't want mother to be worried, do you?"

"No, I don't, but I can't stay here; the boys don't treat me well, and I'm so homesick."

"Never mind that," Leonard said in a fatherly way; I will stay all night if the folks will keep me, and I've got lots and lots of news to tell you."

Silas brightened at the promise of news and a night with his brother, and the two went towards the house.

"Jason! Jason!" called out Libby, to her half sleeping brother. "There comes another boy with two trunks; who you got now? You *must* have a guardian."

"Get somebody to help, Libby," said the old man without opening his eyes.

Silas came up smiling. "Mrs. Hopkins, this is my brother Leonard; he is a traveling—" Leonard touched his brother's elbow. "He's a peddler, and wants to stay all night with me—may he?"

"How do you do, marm?" said Leonard politely, taking off his cap.

"Mr. Hagar"—Silas touched the old man's shoulder—"this is my oldest brother."

"Yes, and welcome," said uncle Jason absently, holding out his hand to Silas.

"That's he," pushing Leonard forward and placing his hand in the old man's.

"How fast he fails! He won't know me long, poor Jason!" Aunt Libby looked really alarmed at the change in her brother's manner. "Your brother may stay with you, Silas, and I wish the others were as well behaved."

"Get Jane to help. Here she comes," and Jason laughed heartily without opening his eyes.

"Jason! Jason! what ails you?"

"Glad to see you, Jane; take hold and help Libby."

"Silas, Silas! uncle Jason is going crazy; what shall I do?"

He attempted to rise—with a smile on his face, reached his hand to some invisible being, saying, "Glad to see you, Janey; you've been gone a long time."

He staggered in attempting to walk, and Leonard and Silas supported him to the bed.

"Who is Jane?" asked Silas.

"Bless your dear soul, it's his sister, who died years ago; your aunt Betsy's mother. He's crazy, I'm afraid."

"I think he is going to die," whispered Leonard.

"Dear, dear child, I think so too. What shall I do?"

Old age clung to childhood for protection, and the boys soothed her as well as they could.

"Shan't I call the boys, Mrs. Hopkins?" Uncle Jason smiled as if he understood the question, and Silas ran out in pursuit of Peter and Toot.

"Got a peddler in there, Mr. Tyler? Is he from York, and has he got sunbeams and music to sell?"

"Don't talk so, Toot. Uncle Jason is dying; come quick."

The two boys stopped short, exchanged glances and looked steadily at Silas.

"You are fooling us," said Peter.

"No, I am not—come quick."

Toot began to cry. "I don't want to come; I don't want to see him."

After a little urging, both boys followed Silas, and in imitation of him, took off their hats and stood silently at the bedside by Leonard and Silas.

Uncle Jason opened his eyes, and for a moment they rested on the four boys; then turned to his grief-stricken sister, and closed them in a blissful dream.

I protest against the unfair distribution of the world's work, which can only be well done when every man and woman is fitted to work, left free to choose the field in which to work, and condemned by public opinion if they refuse to work.

—A time to run—When you are in a hurry.

Editor's Corner.

Short Sermons.

NUMBER III.

"Will it pay?"—JOHN B. GOUGH.

Mr. Gough is out with a new sermon from an old text—"Will it pay?" What he has said, and what he is going to say, upon this old question, is quite beyond my guessing. I know that half the world are asking just what Mr. Gough is asking; and I know, too, that some folks make sad mistakes in the "will-it-pay" business. Mr. Gough once asked,—"Will it pay to preach temperance?" He knew by bitter trial that *in*temperance had left him out of health, out of pocket, out of friends, out of reputation. Preaching and living the cold-water gospel will pay, was the reply. He tried it, and the pay came—he is a rich man now. But the next man starved while he talked temperance; *he* was not designed for the work.

Jack Indolence was pushed out into the world. He saw one fact; it was this: that he must live. Another fact wasn't far off: he must work for his bread. The young man did not love hard labor, and, somehow, thought that he would get a good living by his wits, as Mr. Gough and the Beechers got theirs. "Preaching will pay," the poor fellow said, "so I'll preach." But his lazy brain would not work. Sermons and psalms were too hard work for him. Then Jack concluded that preaching would not pay, but he would study law—that would win; but the sleepy head could not think of studying Coke and Blackstone, so that was given up. What could he do? It did not pay to live around among his working friends. He looked at his great strong hands and broad shoulders, and said, "Guess it will pay to shovel gravel, split rails, plant corn and the like." The idle hands said "Yes," the lazy head said "I'll try it." They did try, and got on charmingly; the work pays. Energy, will, honest pride, the push-and-pull spirit always pays. It pays to bring out one's powers and to put them to service. If you are not a poet you may be a fair engineer; if you cannot make a handsome hat and paper flowers, that is no reason for your folding a pair of soft hands and saying, "The worker never wins." Try something else; try teaching, preaching, shoe-making; but avoid idleness as you would the gout, measles, small-pox, cholera. It will not pay to be idle. You cannot afford to waste your years when there are so many things to be done—so much that you can do.

Honest dealing pays. "Do honest folks ever get rich?" you ask. Yes. Why not? But will you not be rich indeed if you go through the world with an honest soul? Who wants to be all one's lifetime in the company of a knave? You will be if you are not true and just in all things; the evil deeds will go with you, the wicked heart will stick fast. There is a real pleasure in going through the world with honest hands, honest heads, and in tramping in faithful, honest shoes. Kittie Cook said, "When I go out to walk *alone* I'm real glad and happy, for I am so good." The little thing knew that she was pure and sweet,—that made her contented anywhere. It pays to be able to look the great world squarely in the face aud say, "Here I am, temperate, strong-handed, true as steel, and I have a heart for any fate. B.

Dictionary Stories.

Entertaining children with Webster's Unabridged Dictionary might seem rather solid pastime, but I find it a happy resort when toys and story books fail to amuse. It is always fresh and new, and for children from two to seventy-five years of age, it is the most instructive and pleasant companion one can have.

"Read me a story," said little Lucy after she had spent an hour in looking at the pictures of birds.

"Stories in a dictionary!" exclaimed her brother older than herself, with surprise at the request.

But there *are* stories in this big picture book, and here is one, in substance, which I hope will please the children, large and small. It is the history of Mother Goose's Melodies.

Mrs. Goose was a real woman who belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, Mass., where she was born and lived many years. Her oldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by Cotton Mather on the eighth day of June, 1715, to an enterprising and industrious printer named Thomas Fleet.

Mrs. Fleet had a little son, of which its grandmother Goose was very proud, as most grandmothers are. She spent her whole time with the child, or in wandering about the premises singing songs and ditties she had learned when a child herself. The whole neighborhood was annoyed, but not as much as Mr. Fleet, who was a quiet man and did not relish the nonsensical rhymes that his mother-in-law constantly poured forth in song. He laughed at and ridiculed her, but all to no purpose; she kept up her singing, as loud and as senseless as ever.

Mr. Fleet was a cunning man, and fixed upon this plan to plague the old lady: He collected all her songs and ditties, published them in book form and gave them to the world as "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet at his printing house, Pudding Lane (now Devonshire street), 1719. Price, two coppers."

Whether this public notice of Mother Goose's simplicity put an end to her constant singing, Webster does not say. In our next *Lyceum Banner* I will give you some further information on other subjects, that I derived from the same reliable source. A great many people have not the "Unabridged," and it is for their benefit I write these sketches.

Departed.

It is with feelings of deep grief that I write to the *Banner* readers to say that one of your band of contributors has lain aside the toils and cares of earthly life, and gone before, to join hands with the loved and lost, and wait on the shining shore for the desolate hearts she has left behind.

Mrs. LAURA O. TURNER, of South Bend, Ind., whose sweet songs have lent an additional charm to these pages; she, who was the queen and idol of her household, and beloved by all who knew her, has lain down the precious burden of her earth-life, and now walks amid the flowery vales and sun-crowned hills of that beautiful land that lies just over the silent river.

With her "it is well," but to her family, and that band of brothers and sisters so widely separated, yet so closely bound together, her loss seems irreparable.

Mrs. Kimball and Mrs. Brown are of that band, and they have gone to do what tears and tender hands can do for the sorrowing hearts of husband and children. E. T.

—Absence of both editors will account for the lack of editorial items in this number.

—More leaders and officers fail for lack of confidence than for lack of ability.

—Our puzzle workers, who have been studying over Jack Wade's curious animal, will find a picture of it, and a poem, telling all about the wonderful thing, on the "Little Ones'" page.

Eyes and No Eyes.

You have all read the story in the school readers of the two boys who went over the same route, one with his eyes open, and the other with them shut. It is old, but worth repeating and remembering every day. So many things slip by us—so many things worth knowing go on right under our eyes without being noticed.

I knew a man—a busy man, who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject.

"How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?" I asked him one day.

"Oh," said he, "I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning; so I save all the bits that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of the year."

That is just the thing—save all the bits.

"That boy," said a gentleman, "always seems to be on the lookout for something to see."

So he was; and while waiting in a newspaper office for a package, he learned, by using his eyes, how a mailing machine was operated. While he waited at the florist's he saw a man setting a great box of cuttings, and learned, by the use of his eyes, what he never would have guessed—that slips rooted best in nearly pure sand.

In one day he learned of the barber what became of the hair-clippings; of the carpenter, how to drive a nail without splitting the wood; of the shoemaker, how the different surfaces of fancy leathers are made; of a locust, that his mouth was of no use to him in singing; from a scrap of newspaper, where sponges are obtained; and from an old Irish woman, how to keep stove-pipes from rusting.

Only bits and fragments of knowledge,but all of them worth saving, and all helping to increase the stock in trade of the boy who meant to be a man.—*Little Corporal.*

—All that is true and honest, and most adorns a woman, I may achieve—and will.

—A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend—

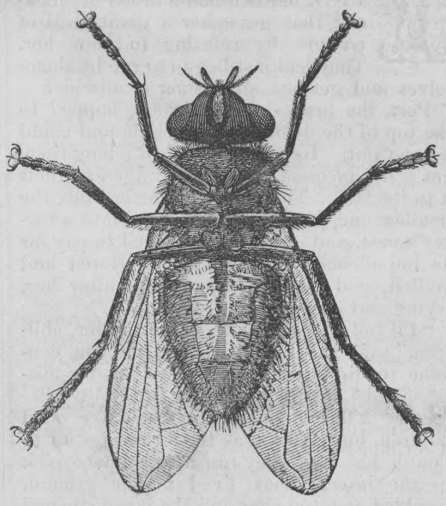
"Now, that's benevolence."

"No it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignantly, "it's salt!"

—We should remember that sorrow is in us, and not in the things about us; so with joy. The world is but a mirror in which we are constantly reflected.

—Of all wretched men, his condition is the most pitiable who, having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakes from his debauch with shattered nerves, aching head, and depressed mind, to face the same trouble again.

Our Little Ones.



The House Fly.

Baby Bye
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread.
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck.
I can show you if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes—
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs,
These he always wears.



Black and brown
Is his gown;
Snugly fitting, up and down;
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.
Yet though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one?
When it rains
He complains
On the window-panes.
Tongue to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things,
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.
He can eat
Bread and meat:
There's his mouth between his feet.
On his back
Is a pack
Like a peddler's sack.
Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand;
Put a crumb
On her thumb,
May be he will come.

Catch him? No,
Let him go,
Never hurt an insect so;
But no doubt
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk;
Fie, O fie,
Foolish fly!
How will he get dry.

All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Thus they wipe their heads and eyes;
Cats you know,
Wash just so,
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hairs too short to comb,
So they fly bearheaded home;
But the gnat
Wears a hat,
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we,
So how bright their must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by;
And a secret I can tell,—
Spiders never use flies well.
Then away,
Do not stay.
Little fly, good day.

THEODORE TILTON.

Pumpkin Lanterns.

I WISH I lived in the country. It is such fun.

Last night I looked out, and what do you think I saw?

It had a great big face, and a mouth so wide—that is from ear to ear—and it was open and showed great fangs of teeth, and it had awful big, round eyes, and it shone fearful out of the darkness around it, like fire.

It was only Bobbie with his pumpkin lantern on a pole. Then George and I ran to the kitchen cellar for ours, for we had been working on them all day, longing for night to come so that we could turn out with them.

We put them up to the windows on the outside and told our folks to look.

I tell you ours were savage fellows, regular "wild Irishmen." They had iron teeth, and grinned horribly.

Then we started out through the village.

How the girls we met did run for their lives, and we after them. And then a big fellow snatched Bobbie's away, and we all up and after him. He stumbled over something, and we set up a shout, for it was cousin Andrew; and big as he is he likes fun too.

We had it all planned to see if we couldn't scare my papa when he came to the country. We could hardly wait for him to get there, and I almost cried the night we looked for him and he didn't come, because I had worked awful hard to get an uncommon ugly one ready for him.

Well, after awhile he came, and that night I lit my lantern and went out of doors and held it up behind the glass door, and I wish you could have seen him when he first saw it!

He jumped six feet at least, and pretended to be dreadfully frightened, and it tickled us boys—for Bobbie and George were around—just as much as if it had been real fear he felt.

Finally I laughed until I had to sit down, and my old lantern went out; but the fun it made me will never go out of my head, and I think it will be a very good story to tell my little grandchildren when—when I have the chance.—*Guiding Star.*



For the Lyceum Banner.

The Orphans.

JOHNNY and Amy's father and mother both died, and they went to live with their aunt Persis. She was very kind to them and tried to make them forget their great sorrow, but they could not for a long time.

Every day they would go out and sit under a big oak tree, and Johnny would read aloud from a story book his father had given him, while Amy would sew or knit as her mother had taught her to do.

One day Johnny read the story of two doves that would fly to meet a good boy who was kind to them and fed them, but when they saw a cruel boy with a gun would fly away and hide until he was out of sight.

"Don't kindness make *us* love people, as well as it does doves?" asked Amy.

"O yes," answered Johnny. "If father and mother had not been so kind to us we should not have loved them so well."

"Then we will love aunt Persis, and every one who is kind to us. But must we love those who treat us badly? My teacher says we must love them just as well as those who are good to us."

Johnny looked thoughtful a long time, and then said:

"I don't know. What do you think, sissy?"

Amy did not know, either; so they went to the house to ask their aunt about it.

As the little ones may never know what their aunt Persis said, they can all tell their mothers what they think on the subject.

Kindness is the music of good will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

A Story with a Moral.

A LITTLE occurrence which took place in Chicago on a certain Sunday and Monday of last October, and which a good many people will remember, has changed things about a good deal. Nobody lives where he used to. Men whom you once saw way down on the South side, are turning up in the cars, busses and corner groceries on the West side. Nobody now lives where he formerly lived, nobody is in the same business, everybody has gone somewhere else, and into some other occupation. Men who did the alderman business before the fire are now mostly in jail. The fire has made great changes in these respects, although the change from the council-room to the jail is not as great a one as might be supposed.

The suggestion of these various mutations brings up the case of my old acquaintance, Giltbeck. Before the fire, Giltbeck was a young man of rare qualifications and no occupation in particular. He lived "on the avenue,"—wherever that was,—and seemed to devote himself mainly to having fun. I have often met him when on my way home from the midweek prayer-meeting, and at such times as the meeting held pretty late. On such occasions, there were usually Giltbeck, two other young men, and a pair of rat-terriers. They would be heaving ahead arm-in-arm, and would wet up at the first grocery every time the terriers would kill a rat. Considering that the terriers were thoroughbred, and rats plenty, the drinks would come a good deal thicker than the groceries.

Giltbeck lived with the "old man." The latter was reported to be fabulously wealthy, and was supposed to be doing something in "stocks" or "securities." Anyhow, young Giltbeck was regarded as a most desirable young man by the avenue people; and every front door, behind which there was a marriageable young woman, was open to him, from the river to Hyde Park.

Otherwise, he was known among the boys as a "rattler." He played an A 1 game of billiards, danced everything from the German to hop-scotch.

The Monday afternoon of the fire, I met Giltbeck. He was smoke-blackened and beery. He pressingly insisted on the loan of a quarter. I accommodated him, and he reeled away.

Last week, one evening, in a rush for a six o'clock car, I was nearly run over by a young man in a blouse and carrying a tin dinner-pail. I turned to have a little settlement with him, and recognized, in the tanned and rough-looking youth before me, my old acquaintance Giltbeck.

"How's this, old fellow?" I asked. "You don't look now as if your regular business is catching rats for drinks at three o'clock in the morning."

"Hardly. I went back on the rat business when we had that little fire. You heard about it, didn't you?"

"About that fire? It seems to me I did hear something of the sort."

"Yes. The fire cleaned out the old man, and he took an early opportunity to inform me that I was big enough and old enough to scratch for myself. I couldn't very well help taking his advice, because the house was all burnt up, and he took the old lady and went off for an indefinite visit somewhere down east; so I had to do my own scratching, anyhow."

"Rough, rather, wasn't it?"

"I should say so."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I tried to get something to do, but nobody wanted a genteel bummer of my general appearance. Then I thought I would get religion and ring in on some church. I got a berth of the kind for awhile, but the thing soon played out, for I wasn't used to it, and besides, to own up, I was a little ashamed to play the thing for bread and butter."

"Well, then what?"

"I got into a billiard saloon to sweep out and brush off the tables. I next tried dealing at faro, but the firm got pulled and they closed up. I was waiter for two weeks in a restaurant. I sold copies of the great Chicago conflagration. I sold more than forty tons of the court-house bell. I drove on a street car till I froze both ears, and operated as conductor till I was turned off for thrashing a couple of passengers."

"Anything else that you have or haven't done?"

"Blessed if I think there is! I don't seem to have any luck, anywhere. If I go into anything, it either burns up, blows down, or freezes out in the next twenty-four hours."

"What are you pushing at now?"

"Just at the present minute I'm toting planks and things for a boss-carpenter. I've skinned both hands, broken my back at every joint, am lame in both shoulders, and am so infernally used up that when I lay down I can't get up, and when I stand up I can't lie down."

"It's rough, old fellow, and I'm sorry for you; but I hope you'll come out all right after a while."

Giltbeck was silent for a moment, and then he burst out:

"See here, do you know why there ought to be a hell, if there isn't any?"

"No. Why?"

"Just solely for the benefit of people who marry, bring forth children, and raise them without giving them the smallest practical knowledge for their use in case they are thrown on their own resources. Look at me! I wasn't brought up—I came up. I was never taught anything save not to pick my teeth at the table, and a few similar maxims. I was never permitted to suppose that I need do anything, only to associate with the right sort of people, and, in time, to marry the right sort of a girl. Now see how I am fixed. I am young, willing to do anything, and yet know how to do nothing! Whose fault is it that I am, in reality, nothing more than a genteel dead-beat, and am outside the penitentiary for no good reason on my part."

Giltbeck, after a little, cooled down, laughed and chatted in his jolly old way, and finally jumped off and disappeared with his tin dinner-pail down an inexpensive street.

I am not going to pick out the moral in Giltbeck's case. I shall only say that the experience is a genuine one. Possibly his case, and that of several thousand other young men whom the fire has placed in similar circumstances, may suggest something of some value to people who are in the business of raising children.

Sunday Times.

—It is easier to be engaged than engaging.

—When is a cat like a tea-pot? When you're teasin' it (tea's in it.)

For the Lyceum Banner.

The Disobedient Chickens.

A STORY WITHOUT A W.

A FINE old hen had a brood of chickens that gave her a great deal of trouble by refusing to obey her. They had just begun to run by themselves and get into all manner of mischief.

Pert, the bravest of the flock, hopped to the top of the drinking tub, fell in and could not get out. Its mother clucked a long time, but it did no good, so off she trudged and left it to its fate. The next day, little Blue, the smallest one, poked its saucy head into a turkey's nest, and got it badly picked to pay for its impudence. The old hen fluttered and sqalled, and Blue came running after her, crying and screaming in terror.

"I'll tell you my mind of the matter, children," said the troubled hen; "if you continue to disobey me, you may look for mishaps, and I shall not pity you in the least."

So for a day or so they behaved like good children, but as soon as the farmer began to plough his land they ran after him to pick up the insects that lived in the ground. Speckled got too near and the horse stepped on it. Daisy got caught under a hard sod, and the farmer's boy accidentally struck another as he drove the horses.

It is a sad story, but the truth must be told. Out of a brood of thirteen chicks, only four lived to be hens, and all because they refused to listen to the good counsel of their careful mother.

If any little girl or boy is tempted to do a naughty act, that your mother does not approve, stop and think of the fate of these venturesome chickens. By so doing you may live to be good citizens and be beloved by everybody.

Miracles.

The following conversation actually took place between a parson and a boy:

"What's a miracle?"

"Dunno."

"Well, if the sun were to shine in the middle of the night, what would you say it was?"

"The moon."

"But if you were told it was the sun, what should you say it was?"

"A lie."

"I don't tell lies: suppose I told you it was the sun, what would you say then?"

"That you wasn't sober."

—Why are lawyers like ivy? Because the greater the ruin, the more they cling.

—Civility is a kind of charm that attracts the love of all.

—Beauty without honesty, is like poison kept in a pot of gold.

—When is a printer like a circumstance? When he alters cases.

—Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.

—"What is your consolation in life and death?" asked a Sunday school superintendent, of a young lady in the bible-class, who blushed and said, "I'd rather be excused from speaking his name."

—*Schoolmistress*—"Johnny, I'm ashamed of you! When I was at your age I could read as well as I can now." *Johnny*—"Ah, but you had a different teacher from what we've got!"

Recreation.

Word Puzzles.

My first is in work, but not in lazy;
My second in fog, but not in mazy;
My third is in cork, but not in wood;
My fourth is in walk, but not in stood;
My fifth is in an, but not in the;
My sixth is in been, but not in be;
My seventh in daughter, but not in son;
My eighth is in wait, but not in come;
My ninth is in ink, but not in water;
My tenth is in slain, but not in slaughter.

FRED PETERSON.

Words with Two Meanings.

Ellen and Edgar never wearied of puzzle making and guessing. Ellen said she had two words pronounced alike, of different meanings, and Edgar might try his skill again, and see if he could make them out.

It varied in size, one ranged from ninety to one hundred and seventy pounds, the other, from one ounce or less, to tons; and one had been known to weigh several hundred thousand pounds! One was usually well dressed and talked a great deal, the other never had an article of clothing, and was dumb. The one that never spoke made the most use of its tongue, and the one that talked most used its tongue least. One called saints to church and the other, sinners, and the one that attracted the wicked was far better than the other. One was most admired for its hardness, while the other was best loved for its softness.

Edgar laughed loudly at this point, and told Ellen not to describe it further; anybody could guess that, for one was about as hollow-hearted and empty-headed as the other, and both were fond of rings. He had a puzzle of his own that she might work on the rest of the day. Like her he had two words of different meanings pronounced the same. The most valuable cost nothing, and the most worthless was a constant source of expense to its owner. One we should all die without, and yet no person on earth possessed one and we seldom give it a thought. Most men owned one or more of the other; it was often very troublesome, and yet no money would purchase the mischievous thing.

"Easily guessed," cried Ellen in great glee; "one keeps the earth right side up and the other turns it topsy-turvy; if you don't believe it ask father and mother.

Then each transposed a proverb on their slates for the other to read. "You are such a slow, behind-hand sort of a girl you ought to read it, for it applies to you," said Edgar. This is the transposition:

ttt iii aaa nnn ee mm dd oo wfr.

"Don't be too personal," said Ellen, passing her slate; "if you was ever out of bed before eight o'clock I shouldn't have made this for you."

Ellen's read as follows:

eeee rrr ttt hhh aa cc bidsomwyl.

Answers to Questions in No. 4.

ENIGMAS.—"Do right and fear not." "Our Letter Bag."

GEOGRAPHICAL TRANSPOSITION.—Pontiac, Michigan; Shenandoah, Virginia; Teheran, Persia; Tocantin, Brazil; Madrid, Spain; Nigar, Soudan; Belfast, Ireland; Clyde, Scotland; Burlington, Vermont; Genesee, New York.

VEGETABLE ENIGMA.—Tomato.

Answered by FRED PETERSON, MURRAY HUNT, W. T. L., EDGAR R. DOW and J. C. BOWKER, Jr.

The curious animal Jack Wade saw at the circus was a FLY. Correct answers have been sent by Carrie C. Mayer, Antoinette and Edith Slover, L. O. Langdon, Frank Stratton, H. A. S., W. J. Olds and Norah Nice. So we give our puzzlers this time a picture of the queer creature, and a poem which some of you will want to learn.

Books.

We have now on hand, and shall constantly keep, a large assortment of Books. Any Book ordered will be furnished at publishers' prices. Those wishing to purchase, can help where help is needed by sending their orders to this office.

Children's Toys.

A well-known student of human nature once said that a simple ball of twine would afford a boy more pleasure than an elaborate toy which could be made to do only one thing. There is no doubt of the truth of this statement. A child wants something to do his "own self." The toy that supplants the spontaneous planning and activity of a wide-awake boy, is a poor one. We question whether the old-fashioned broomstick was not a more enjoyable steed for a smart little fellow than the elegantly caparisoned hobby-horses of to-day. We do not mean to intimate that pretty toys are not desirable for children. It is one of the pleasantest features of the holidays that so large a proportion of the sales go to brighten the lives of children. But let the selection of toys be wise and judicious. Give your boy and girl as much as possible to do for themselves in their play. Let invention and imagination have ample scope—these faculties will work fast enough if only they are not hindered. One almost fears, while examining the comprehensive catalogues of toys which wholesale dealers issue, that the wonderful inventions will all start off and play among themselves, and leave the children nothing to do but to stand and look on. When you choose holiday gifts, bear in mind the universal desire of childhood to bring into active exercise all the unfolding faculties—to do something.

The Largest Club.

A Library to be Given Away.

We will give a complete set of the works of A. J. Davis, comprising *twenty-five bound volumes*, to the agent sending us the greatest number of subscribers before August 1, 1872. The club *not to be less than thirty*, and all paid for in advance at one dollar a year.

In addition to this premium to agents, we shall send to each subscriber in the different clubs a copy of the new engraving, "Fidelity."

Those wishing to work for the prize should send to this office for specimen papers and engravings, to assist them in canvassing.

Who will get the library?

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	Price.	Postage.
The Temple, by A. J. Davis. - - -	$1 50	20 cts.
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Christ Idea. do. - - - - - - - -	1 25	20

Also any other book at publishers' prices.

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A fine Stereoscope, price $2.50, will be given for eight yearly subscriptions.

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Either of the following views, which are the best that have been taken, will be given to each subscriber who may prefer it to the steel engraving, Fidelity:

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A beautiful steel engraving—to the use of which we have an exclusive right as a Premium—entitled FIDELITY, is represented by a little child tenderly cared for by his constant companion, a noble dog. This will be sent to EVERY subscriber, whether new or old, after this date, on receipt of one dollar for a year's subscription.

Subscribers should state definitely what premium, if either, they desire.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

A BILL has passed Congress making SAN DIEGO BAY the Western Terminus of the

Texas Pacific Trans-Continental Rail Road,

and the eyes of the nation are turned with interest to this point.

This road will bring the Eastern seaboard within sixteen hundred miles of this port, and traverse an extent of country free from the snows of the Union and Central roads. It is also the nearest route, by several days sail, between China, Japan' the Islands of the Pacific and New York.

THE BAY OF SAN DIEGO

is pronounced by navigators the best protected and safest in the world. Being perfectly land-locked, any amount of shipping may lie with perfect safety in the harbor in the severest gale that ever visited the coast.

HON. WM. H. SEWARD,

on his visit here last year, expressed himself as being delighted with the harbor and its surroundings, and predicted a rail road to this point at no distant day. During the past two years, since Southern California has begun to attract special attention, many other eminent persons have visited this place, either for pleasure, investment of capital, or to regain lost health, and none have gone away without expressing themselves pleased with the genial climate, unsurpassed view, and beautiful surroundings of San Diego.

As a resort for invalids this place is becoming very popular. The cool trade-winds of more northern portions of the coast are here tempered to the gentle breezes, and the mercury during the year ranges from thirty-five to eighty-five degrees. Fogs are rarely ever seen here. Eastern people find this a delightful retreat from the extremes of heat and cold, and a residence here an almost infallible remedy for the diseases these extremes produce.

Lying six miles along the Bay of San Diego is the

RANCHO DE LA NACION

(the Ranch of the Nation), containing about twenty-seven thousand acres of fine fertile land. The title to this land is PERFECT, being United States Patent. The proprietors of this Ranch have made liberal offers to the Texas Pacific Rail Road Company to secure the terminus of the road, which they have taken into favorable consideration. They have still several thousand acres which they will sell in quantities to suit purchasers and on liberal terms.

A town, National City, has been laid out, and substantial improvements made. On this Ranch are growing northern and semi-tropical fruits, the soil and climate being particularly adapted to the latter. These lands, in point of fertility, location, climate, healthfulness and accessibility, are unsurpassed by any in the United States. Steamers from New York via Panama, will make San Diego a regular stopping place, and two lines of steamers ply between this port and San Francisco. A Rail Road is in progress from San Francisco to San Diego.

Any one addressing the undersigned, proprietors of National Ranch, can obtain a lithograph map of the Ranch, with its subdivisions and surroundings, and any information desired will be furnished by letter. Address

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A Progressive Journal for the Young.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY AT $1 A YEAR.

LOU H. KIMBALL, Editor and Publisher.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Corresponding Editor.

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Our Lyceums.

Silver Chain.

Onward.

Though clouds may arise, and storms hover near,
Our bark lingers not on the quicksands of fear;
Our motto is "Onward," with truth for our guide,
In the light of whose teachings we safely confide.

Though the friends of to-day on the morrow take leave,
And the hearts that we trusted may falsely deceive,
Though dangers may threaten and sorrows betide,
On billows of safety serenely we glide.

We leave in the distance each doubt and each care,
And our hearts for this battle of life we prepare;
Our motto still "Onward;" still true to our trust,
We never surrender, but conquer we must.

Though the waters of life are gloomy and dark,
And the fierce, angry waves oft threaten our bark
Yet the shoals and the quicksands shall never o'erwhelm;
For Truth is our beacon, and Freedom our helm.

Though our fortune should change, though wealth should take wing;
Followed close by the friends whom its bounty did bring;
Though foes should beset, and our pathway assail,
With an eye to our motto we'll still stem the gale.

Then o'er the rude waves, in our bark light and free,
We defy every danger on life's changing sea;
Aloft is our Banner, serenely it glows;
The hope of its friends, and the dread of its foes.

Selected.

For the Lyceum Banner.

Golden Chain.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

Con.—What does the Fountain say?
Fountain.—Be pure as the fountain
Transfigured by rainbows in dews of the mountain.

What does the Stream say?
Stream.—Like my music-courses,
In love for each other blend all your heart-forces.

What does the River say?
River.—Move onward in union,
Refreshed by the rivers of spirit communion.

What does the Lake say?
Lake.—In silence of beauty
Reposes the soul that is faithful to duty.

What does the Sea say?
Sea.—Drift out in adventure,
Defying the waves of misfortune and censure.

What does the Ocean say?
Ocean.—Love is the salvation,
Whose heart-ties are bringing reform to the nation.

What does the Shore say?
Shore.—The home we inherit,
So golden with hope, is the soul's gift of merit.

What does the Beacon say?
Beacon.—The light of the morning
Through storm-clouds of doubt now serenely is dawning.

What does the Banner say?
Banner.—To thought give expansion,
And angels shall lead thee to wisdom's high mansion.

What does the Star say?
Star.—All through the night-season
Shines brighter and brighter the polar star—reason.

What does Excelsior say?
Excelsior.—Press onward to glory—
Thy name may be written immortal in story.

What does Liberty say?
Liberty.—Freedom is sounding!
Be true till the earth with sweet peace is abounding.

Battle Creek, Mich.

This Lyceum is progressing finely, being ably conducted by Mr. Wilson, a young man of rare abilities.

Mrs. Meacham, who reads faultlessly, leads in the silver chain recitation, and our esteemed sister, Mrs. A. A. Whitney, is guardian.

Mrs. Whitney made an interesting speech to the children, during which she said:

"Taking up the *Lyceum Banner* last week, I noticed a short article by D. W. Hull, entitled, 'What shall we do for our Lyceums?' Now, I think we have found out the secret of success, and I propose Mrs. Bailey be chosen to write to the *Banner* and tell them. Instead of the long marches and the gymnastic exercises we formerly practiced, we have come to the conclusion, the children have *enough* exercise during the week, and propose to devote *all* the time to useful instruction, music and recitation; and we have found no lack of interest since the change."

The Battle Creek Lyceum sends kindly greetings to Lyceums everywhere, with the information, "They think they are upon the right track."

L. E. BAILEY.

Fort Dodge, Iowa.

On Christmas evening the children made a collection for *The Lyceum Banner*—some bringing one penny and some five, but I guess every child brought at least one—making over two dollars in all. I have been waiting, hoping to be able to add at least ten dollars to it as a free gift to you, and last Wednesday evening, when I returned from the sociable, made up that sum—although we are still in debt,—but how this little morsel interferes with our plans. I did not send it off on Saturday. On Sunday I went to Lyceum with my bundle of "Banners." How eagerly the children grasped their old favorite, and how disappointed they were when I had not enough to go round. We have now forty-seven families represented, and only thirty copies of the "Banners." Now I shall have to ask you to do this for us: Send us twenty more copies of the "Banner," the balance of our year. If there should be any over, please accept it,—not as a measure of our kind wishes, but as our "mite,"—bearing with it treasures of love.

ADILINE M. SWAIN.

Vineland, N. J.

On the evening of the 9th inst. we celebrated the sixth anniversary of our Lyceum, by giving an exhibition, on which occasion recitations, songs, dialogues, and a beautiful operetta entitled, Contentment is Happiness; or, A Dream of Fairy Land, was presented, and all who participated in the exercises did credit to themselves as well as their instructors. Last Sunday (18th) we had our annual election. The following officers were elected: Dr. D. W. Allen, conductor; Mrs. Portia Gage, guardian; F. W. Tanner, librarian; Lucius Wood, musical director; Henry Wilbur, recording secretary; Miss Julia Fellows, corresponding secretary; Mrs. L. H. Ladd, treasurer.

Our Lyceum is in a prosperous condition with its able corps of workers, and your dear *Lyceum Banner* is appreciated by the children, who look forward to its reception with pleasure.

Yours for the Lyceum,

JULIA FELLOWS, Cor. Sec.

Troy, N. Y.

MRS. LOU KIMBALL,—Happy—happy as a singing bird to-day. "Why, how so?" Because it is Sunday and I'm in the Troy Lyceum on convention day. The presence helps me to better understand the biblical phrase, "*gate to heaven.*" To be in such a Lyceum is to be in heaven itself!

Benj. Starbuck, the soul of true manliness, is conductor. How bright and joyous his quaker countenance when lifting the "wee" darlings upon the rostrum to speak and sing. Eugene Coffin, pleasant and sunny-souled, is the assistant conductor. Miss Libbie McCoy is the guardian of groups, and she guards them with the tenderness and diligence of a good shepherdess. Alice Wilbur, a most estimable young lady, is her assistant. Colonel Barto supervises the marching; Prof. O. H. Holcomb, the music; while Charles Barto, a very excellent young man, leads the calisthenic exercises. Elisha Waters has charge of Liberty group, and while teaching and marching, surrounded by his class of young gentlemen and ladies, his white hairs seem literally transfigured with a prophetic glory. Such men and women as constitute the officers and attendants of the Troy Lyceum, honor any cause they espouse.

There is not only talent, but a rich mine of mental wealth, in the Trojan Lyceum. Chas. I. Hoyt, Joseph Bowman, Harvey Wilbur, John McDonald, and others, favored us with original pieces. Miss Ella Holcomb sang beautifully. Geo. W. Wilbur read a poem; Emma Wilbur, of Excelsior group, with Bertha Rogers, Rosa Lewis, Frankie McCoy, and many others, did most admirably. Over a hundred scholars were present. Five new ones joined. The hall, new and handsomely trimmed with evergreens, was densely packed with spectators. Possibly we may not be correct, but we consider this the *banner Lyceum* of the country. Dr. Dunn did a good work for it during his month's speaking. Benj. Starbuck and other brave, faithful souls work continually for its best interests. There is something—a leaders' meeting, a social, a dance, a surprise party—on the *tapis* every evening of the week. Bright are the faces and light the hearts at these gatherings. Blessings upon Lyceum workers in this and all lands. Golden harvests await the sowers of heavenly principles.

J. M. PEEBLES.

Chicago.

This Lyceum celebrated its sixth anniversary, Sunday, February 25th. A concert was given in the evening, which was a decided success. It is enough to say that all who contributed to the entertainment did well—remarkably so, considering the short time given them for preparation. The hall was well filled. About seventy-eight dollars were taken at the door.

—Lynn, Mass., Lyceum have ordered sixty copies of the *Banner*. A. C. Robinson is conductor.

—Several articles are crowded out of this department on account of being too long. Pack your thoughts closely, friends. Two short articles will be read, where a long one is only glanced over.

—Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is useful to them, to praise which deceives them.