

# The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 2.

Chicago, September 15, 1868.

No. 2.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## FISHING FOR LILIES.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

**M**ALCOLM GRAY'S home was on the bank of the Merrimac. The trees at the back of the house formed an arch, meeting at the top so as to shut out the sun's bright rays. A knoll projected from this

arbor into the water, and Malcolm would sometimes kneel there and fish for lilies—not such lilies as are found in our muddy, sluggish Western streams, but the real New England pond lily, the sweetest flower that blossoms.

Malcolm's playmates used to urge him to go fishing with them, and they called him a baby and a girl-baby because he said angling for fish was cruel sport, and he could never see the fun in killing the little speckled trout. He did not care

so much about being called a baby by his companions, but to be called a *girl* baby was too much to bear; and when he told his mother that Joe Flint called him chicken-hearted, and John Ray said he was a coward and would never be a brave man, she tried to comfort him, and said she hoped he would always be as gentle as a girl, and too tender-hearted to inflict pain upon the least living thing.

No boy was ever so proud of a fine string of fish as Malcolm was with a bunch of lilies, as many as his little hands could clasp. He liked the long-stemmed ones the most; those with short stems he threw away. From each fresh lot of lilies he always selected one of the nicest to carry to his teacher, who was sure to give him a kiss in return—such a kiss as the boys who catch fish never get. Then she would fasten it to her belt, where it would remain until replaced by a fresher one.

When Malcolm had grown to be a man he was obliged to leave the home of his childhood for another in the West. He was not a coward, as John Ray predicted, but a good and brave man, with a heart tender as a child's. He lives in a neat cottage on the bank of a little lake. He says he likes the Great West, but would like it better and be happier if he could fish, as in his boyhood, for the fresh New England lilies.

#### THE HALF EAGLE.

"Uncle, see what I have found!" said Henry Morgan, as he came running home from school one pleasant summer afternoon. "It is gold, and it is money; how much is it?"

"It is a half eagle," said Mr. Morgan, taking the coin and viewing it carefully.

"How many dollars is it worth?"

"How many dollars are there in an eagle?"

"Ten."

"How many is a half-eagle?"

"Five."

"Never ask a question that you can answer yourself. Where did you find it?"

"In the middle of the road at the foot of the hill. There was nobody in sight."

"So you don't know to whom it belongs?"

"It belongs to me, because I found it."

"Suppose the owner should come along and claim it?"

"I suppose I should be obliged to give it to him. Do you think it is likely that he will come along?"

"Not very."

"There is cousin John; I must go and show it to him."

Away he ran to the orchard where John was, and before he got near, he cried out:

"John, I'm rich; I've got five dollars!"

"Counterfeit money, I dare say," said John.

"Real gold! See here!"

John examined the coin more narrowly than his father had done.

"It's gold, if it isn't brass or something else."

"It's gold. Your father says it is gold, and don't you think he knows?"

Boys are very apt to affirm that a thing has been said, when, in reality, only something like it has been said.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Buy things."

"You may find the owner for it."

"I shan't try very hard."

"If you had a piece of gold of your own, and should happen to lose it, would you not want to find it?"

"Of course I should."

"Suppose some one should find it and should keep it a secret?"

"If he knew I lost it, he would be as bad as a thief."

"I agree with you."

The boys walked to the house in silence. John had given Henry something to think about, and did not disturb his thoughts by any remarks.

Henry began to see that his desire that the owner should not be found was not a very honest desire. The first impulse he felt on finding it was to keep it a secret, so that he would not have to restore it to the owner, should he appear to claim it. That he had not yielded to that impulse was owing partly to excitement, and partly to the fact that he did not see how he could account for having so much money. The more he thought of the matter, the nearer he came to being convinced that he had felt like a thief.

That was not a very comfortable feeling. At supper Mr. Morgan asked Henry:

"Have you made up your mind what to do with your money?"

"Yes, sir."

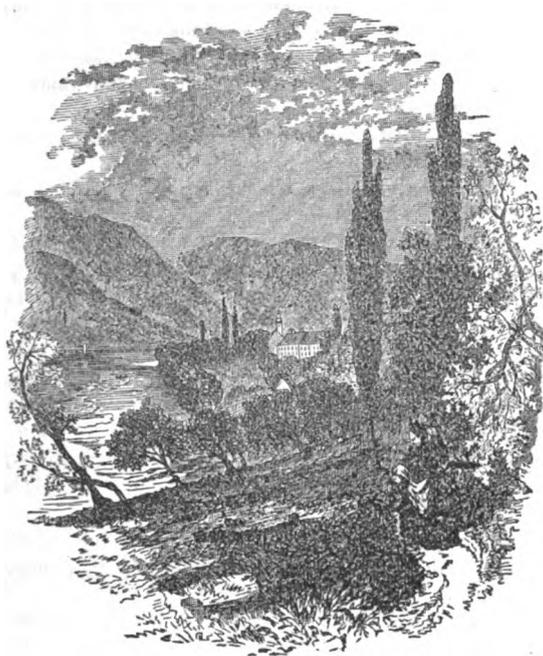
"Well, let us know."

"I shall put it in your hands to keep for the owner if he turns up; and, when you think there is no chance of his appearing, you may let me have it and I will divide it with John."

"John didn't help you find it."

"That is true. But he helped me to think about it."

A blush followed this last remark, which Mr. Morgan noticed, and deemed it wise to say no more.  
—*Child at Home.*



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### HOW A PONY WON A LOVER.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

**K**ATE GRAY had lost her father. He had been dead three days, and had slept one night in the old grave-yard by the river. Already the family were getting back into the usual routine, and everybody said, "How coolly Mrs. Gray takes his death! Who'd a thought she wouldn't have took on more?" Mrs. Gray was not a woman to parade her grief before the public, and nobody knew how dreary the old house seemed, or how she longed for night to come, so she could forget her trouble for a few hours, and then how welcome day was that could give her occupation and comfort. She and her daughter lived on from day to day, awaiting the settling of the estate. The result was a surprise to all, and men shrugged their shoulders and women stared with wonderment when it was known all over town that when the debts were paid Mrs. Gray would be left with but a few hundred dollars, not as much as was paid for Kate's riding horse in the stable. There was a hint and rumor of unfortunate speculations, of gambling debts, and of reckless expenditure, but people soon ceased to talk of them, and went to seek newer victims for their disinterested gossip. An su-

ioneer lustily recommended the virtues of Mrs. Gray's handsome furniture. The house was sold with the rest, of course, and every proud stepping horse was disposed of to the highest bidder—all save one, and that was Kate's pet pony, "Gypsy."

Gyp was a French pony, with a long white mane and tail. His color was that peculiar one so seldom seen, a real, glossy brown. No one could ride him but his mistress. He would go along soberly for a mile or two, if any one else mounted him, then he would give the funniest jump, and his burden would be sprawling on the ground, and Gyp running home as fast as his short little legs would carry him.

I should have told you where the people of my story lived. Their home was in the town of Beech Grove, Kentucky. You will see an excellent representation in the above engraving. No matter what the name of the river is, it is beautiful as a dream. From the river hills arise to such a height that one cannot see the country beyond, and when I was there I had a

strong desire to push them away and breathe more freely.

"What is to be done?" said Kate to her mother, as they walked over the graded lawn that led from their house—theirs no longer—to the river. "Mr. Wilde takes possession of the place to-morrow. I have everything planned as far as you and I are concerned. I have been to see the man who owns the cottage we spoke of, and he will let it to us much cheaper than I expected. I am already sure of a good music class, and you can board old Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and that will be a little addition to our income. But I *don't* know what to do with Gyp!"

Mrs. Gray sighed. "My dear girl, you are thinking of doing too much. Music teaching is a slavish life, and the best you could do would not feed and clothe us. Your poor father's sister has offered you a home, a home where you would lead a life with no more care than a butterfly. You had better accept it, Kate, and I will try and not be selfish."

"But I am selfish," answered Kate; "altogether too selfish to live with hateful, cross Aunt Ruth for the sake of living like a lady and having good things to eat. Don't let me hear you speak of that again. But I do wish I knew what to do with Gyp. There is no stable to the house we are going to have—*our cottage*—mother. Don't that sound grand? I can't take 'him into the parlor,

though I have no doubt he'd behave better than some stupid men who ask so many questions and laugh so loudly. Oh! now I've thought! I'm going to ask Mr. Wilde to board him, and let me give one of his children lessons to pay for it."

"How do you know he has any children, Kate?"

"How do I know? Of course he has. I can imagine just how he looks, and I know I shall hate him. He's little and fat, and his head is bald, and he carries a gold-headed cane, and kicks dogs and scolds his wife, but I'm not afraid of him; and now you go into the house and get rested, and I'll have time before dark to go over to the hotel and see him."

No sooner said than done. Kate saddled her pony in five minutes, and as he cantered up to the door of the only hotel of which Beech Grove boasted, Mr. Wilde, as he looked from his window, thought he had never, even in Italy, seen a prettier picture, and he wondered if the town boasted of many such gay little ladies. He was still wondering when a black boy, whose white teeth would remind one of miniature grave-stones, handed him a note. It was an uneven scrap of paper, probably torn in haste from a diary, and on it were these words, written in pencil:

"Mr. Wilde—I believe you have bought the house that used to belong to us. I have a favor to ask in consequence. Will you board my pony through the summer, and take, as remuneration, music lessons for your children? I'm down in the parlor, and if you conclude to oblige me, would be pleased to see you a few moments, to make necessary arrangements. KATE GRAY."

Mr. Wilde burst into a hearty laugh, but he brushed his hair, exchanged his dressing-gown for a light coat, and went down into the parlor, where the lady sat who had so enthusiastically made up her mind to hate him. We might as well tell you here that Mr. Wilde, purchaser of Mr. Gray's residence, was hardly the gentleman that Kate's fancy had painted him. On the contrary, he was just twenty-six years old, and his head, instead of being bald, was covered with glossy brown hair, that needed only a shower bath to form into innumerable little curls, not ringlets, understand. Neither was he "little and fat," but had a slender, graceful form, which his companions envied him. Neither was he married. His household consisted of himself, his mother, and two little brothers, and they had selected Beech Grove as a summer home on account of its healthy location, and because the exquisite view afforded scope for the artistic talent of Mr. Paul Wilde, who had studied his art already several years in classic Italy. Kate arose

as he entered the parlor, but immediately sat down again, and continued her occupation of counting the trees in front of the building, for she thought she had mistaken a stranger for the gentleman she awaited.

A little surprised, Mr. Wilde spoke, "Miss Gray, I believe."

"Yes, sir," was all she replied. "And I am Paul Wilde, at your service."

"Mr. Wilde," said Kate, "when I sent up for your father to step down here a few moments, I didn't expect him to send his son instead of coming himself. My business is with *him*, if you please."

Mr. Wilde was amused beyond expression. "My dear Miss Gray, I am the only proprietor of your old home. My father has been dead for years. Having no children, I cannot give you music pupils as a compensation for boarding your pony, but I should be delighted to become your scholar myself."

All this time Kate looked the picture of surprise, but she recovered herself. "Much obliged to you, Mr. Wilde," she said, "and am ready to begin your lessons at any time, but I can assure you that I thought you would be old and homely, and bald-headed, or I wouldn't have asked of you what I have." In a few moments the arrangements were perfected, and Kate and the pony had started back, accompanied by their new-found friend, for it was too near night for a lady to be out alone, he said.

Mrs. Gray and Kate moved to the cottage the next day, and the duties of the latter began. She resolved to live a maiden lady all her life, and be called "Aunt Kate" by all the community. Mr. Wilde progressed finely with his music; indeed his success was wonderful, and Kate never knew till long afterwards that he had been proficient as a pianist before he met her. She was delighted at the thought of being such a fine teacher, especially when her pupil persisted in looking at her instead of looking at the notes, and talking of bright eyes instead of scales and melody.

One day he said, "Miss Kate, there is something on my mind that should have been told you long ago. There is to be a new mistress at my house, and she may object to my taking music lessons of so young a lady as yourself. I tell you this so that you may make arrangements for Gyp. Under the circumstances it may not be proper for me to board him."

Something like a tear shone in Kate's eyes, but she was brave enough to answer, "I will take Gyp away at any time, Mr. Wilde. And so I suppose this is your last lesson. I must thank you

for learning so well, and for taking such good care of Gyp—and—I hope you will be happy—and—” Here she broke down, and muttering something about a headache, started to put on her hat.

“But this is not my last lesson, Kate, if you will take me as your pupil for life, and Gyp need not leave here if you will stay and see that he is well cared for.” I don’t know what she answered, but I do know that Kate became the “lady of the manor,” and that Paul Wilde never failed to treat Gyp like a king, in return for the sweet wife the pony had won him.

#### AN ADDRESS.

Composed by R. S. Cramer, and delivered by Miss Lottie Cramer (eight years old) at the opening of the Lyceum exercises at the Convention of Spiritualists in New Boston, Ill., June 7, 1868 :

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—According to promise, we little folks will now endeavor to interest and entertain you for the hour. We feel proud of this opportunity to bring some of the exercises and teachings of our Lyceum to your notice. We are glad to meet you here. We are glad to see you take so much interest in our efforts to entertain you and improve our own immortal minds.

We are but just entering upon the threshold of life, and yet the inspiration of the hour makes us feel that the past generations are earnestly watching our efforts, and we dare to hope that all future generations will bless us for the *Children's Progressive Lyceum*

If we fall short of the standard that you would measure us by, please remember that the acorn is not an oak tree when it is sprouted. It takes many summers and winters, and frosts and snows, and storms before it is a full-grown oak. So we are not yet men and women—we have only begun to grow. It is the coming summers and winters, and lights and shadows, and calms and storms of life, that are to make us *men* and *women*.

Greet us with smiles if you can, or with frowns if you must. If we receive your smiles of approval, it shall cheer us on to greater efforts; but if we fall short of your expectations, our motto shall still be, “Try, try again.”

—Little Susie, poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly exclaimed with vehemence: “Mamma, I don’t want to be an angel, and I needn’t, need I?” “Why, Susie?” questioned her mother. “Humph, leave off all my pretty clothes, and wear feeders, like a hen!”

#### LITTLE ROSY.

BY MRS. A. M. WELLS.

Rosie, my posy,  
You're weary, you're dozy,  
Sit upon grandmamma's knee;  
Songs will I sing you,  
Sweet sleep to bring you!  
Cuddle up cosy with me.

I will sing dittles  
Of birds and of kittles—  
“The ‘Song of the Well’ to begin;  
How young Johnnie Stout  
Pulled pussy-cat out  
When Johnnie Green let her fall in;—

Of timid Miss Muffett,  
Who fled from the tuffet,  
Of Bobby, who sailed on the sea;  
Of Jack and his Gill,  
Of the mouse at the mill;  
And baby that rocked on the tree.

Rosie, my Rosie,  
As sweet as a posy—  
Ah! now she is coming, I see,  
Sleepy and dozy,  
To cuddle up cosy,  
And hush-a-by baby with me.

#### MY MOTHER.

“What a pretty word mother is!” said little Julia B—— one morning to her Aunt Jane.

Julia’s mother had died the week before, and left her little daughter in the care of her only sister. And, although it was a pleasant home for the child, yet she missed her good mamma. I do not wonder that she thought mother a very pretty word.

Little boys and girls who have mothers to take care of them, and to love and pet them, should try to obey and respect them, if it does sometimes cross their feelings. The wisest and best men of every age have been respectful to their parents and they never use the word mother, except with love and reverence. I hope the little boys and girls who read this will try to make their mothers happy.

A. J. HANDY.

BIRD CHARMING.—In one of the Paris parks there is a man who is always known as the bird charmer, and who is met by the birds as he enters the gate, and finds them in constant attendance as long as he remains. They fly around him, light upon his shoulders, hat and hands, and seem to have no more fear of him than the trees where they have their nests. He always brings something for them to eat, and as he is a daily visitor, the birds know him as well as any bird or beast could know a friend.

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## LETTERS FROM THE CONVENTION.

NO. I.

"Take the world as you find it, my boy; time and tide work wonders if you will but bide your time." These words were spoken by an old man to a restless, rough-looking youth, who, like me, was waiting impatiently at the station of the Michigan Southern railroad. The young man's baggage had gone the wrong way; mine had not come; he blamed the expressman; so did I. The old man's words seemed spoken to me. I will wait, I said; let "time and tide" have their way.

My baggage came, and I came on toward this beautiful city, glad that I had kept the faith with Fate.

There is, as some may not know, a train leaving the Michigan Southern depot every morning, with one car, which, without change, goes directly to Detroit. In this splendid coach I tucked away my traps, and composed myself for the day.

A heavy shower had washed the earth, cooled and cleared the air. Nature was out that morning in her dewy jewels, and in garments of green and gold. A host of snow-white clouds was sailing along the upper deep; the birds were telling their loves to their little ones; the reapers and gleaners were out in the harvest fields; in the tasseled corn-fields I saw a prophecy of golden grain. On a day like this who would not leave the hum, the confusion, the strife and noxious odors of a great city, and join in Nature in her glad song of praise? Our route lay over fair fields, green woodlands, and New England looking towns. I wanted to say with Mrs. Mary F. Davis:—

Each form that the eye beholdeth  
Is fresh with the life of God—  
The bird in the elm-tree branches,  
The flower of the golden-rod;  
And I yield my soul in rapture  
To the sweet and sacred flow  
From the central Fount of being  
To man and the world below.

We reached the old city of Detroit in time for the train going to Niagara. The Canada cars were crowded—packed with human souls. In my search for a seat my eyes were rejoiced by the first familiar face I had seen since leaving Chicago. Mrs. Winslow, of Kalamazoo, Mich., with a little party, were Convention bound. We joined company and came to Rochester. Reaching here, we were sent to our various places to meet again in Corinthian Hall. I had the good fortune of finding myself assigned a home with Mrs. Burtis and Lily. I have before broken bread at the same table; but Hymen and Death have been here, and I find things strangely changed.

On Tuesday, the 25th, at 10 o'clock a. m., the Convention was called to order by the President of the last Convention, Isaac Rhen, Esq., of Philadelphia.

During the morning some business was done. Hon. Warren Chase, of New York, submitted a series of resolutions in reference to organization, business arrangements, &c., which, after some discussion, were adopted.

On the assembling of the Convention in the afternoon, the Business Committee presented the following nominations for officers;

*For President*—Dorus M. Fox, of Lyons, Mich.

*Vice-Presidents*—H. F. M. Brown, of Chicago, Ill.; Emma Tuttle, of Ohio; James Furbish, of Maine; Frank Chase, of New Hampshire; H. S. Greenleaf, of Massachusetts; Jacob Millisock, of Iowa; Reuben Post, Minnesota; Caroline A. Fordham, Kansas; Jonathan E. Giles, Missouri; Nettie Pease, Indiana; R. P. Smith, Kentucky; Jessie B. Ferguson, Tennessee; E. F. Simon, Louisiana; Mrs. Dignowetty, Texas; Clara F. Sneed, Georgia; Flora M. Kimball, California; Philip D. Moore, Washington Territory.

*Secretary*—Henry T. Child, M. D., Philadelphia.

*Treasurer*—M. B. Dyott, Philadelphia.

The afternoon exercises were closed by a soul-benediction by Mrs. S. A. Horton, from the risen spirit of the late Rev. John Pierpont, a former President of the National Association.

The evening was devoted to conference, music, and inspirational poem by Miss Nettie Pease, of Indiana.

Mrs. Horton spoke of the importance of harmony of action in the Convention.

Thus closed the first day of the Fifth Annual Convention of the National Association of Spiritualists.

H. F. M. B.

—Why is a bald head like heaven? Because there is no dy(e)ing and parting there.

**PREMIUMS.**

The 100 copies of THE LYCEUM BANNER, donated by Abram James, are nearly disposed of.

Akron, Ohio, has received.....	20	copies.
Springfield, Ill.,.....	13	"
Millford, N. H.,.....	12	"
New Boston, Ill.,.....	5	"
Monroe Center, Ohio.....	5	"
Hingham, Mass.,.....	5	"
Beloit, Wis., .....	5	"
Portland, Me.,.....	2	"
Chicago, for a subscription of \$110....	25	"
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>92</b>	

Through the kindness of other friends who take an interest in the children, we have forty-three copies for distribution on the same plan, which, with the eight not yet taken on the donation of Mr. James, makes fifty-one copies.

Who will send us the largest list of subscribers and take the highest prize?

**THE LYCEUMS.**

We notice that Chicago, determined not to be behind New York, has established a Chicago Sorosis, or Woman's Society, and now we hear of a "Children's Progressive Lyceum," the aims and objects of which are not given; but "Children's Progressive Lyceum" is eminently Chicagoan, and beats the Young America of San Francisco and the Pacific all to pieces.—*Daily Alta Californian.*

Will the *Alta* please send to San Francisco, and get a very worthy and progressive paper—*The Banner of Progress*, edited by Benjamin Todd and W. H. Manning? In that journal will be found, weekly notices of Children's Lyceums on the Pacific coast.

**E. V. WILSON.**

Editor Lyceum Banner :

The following resolution was passed in the Rochester (N. Y.) Lyceum Sunday, Aug. 30. We would like to see it in your paper :

WHEREAS, We, the members of the Rochester Children's Progressive Lyceum, do highly appreciate the benevolent labors of E. V. Wilson each Sunday during the five weeks that he has just spent in Rochester, and the good that he has done in our Lyceum; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we give him our sincere and hearty vote of thanks, with our regrets that his residence cannot longer bless us.

The vote was unanimous and well deserved.

C.

**MARRIED.**

In Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 27, H. S. BROWN, M. D., and Mrs. MARTHA A. WOOD, both members of the Milwaukee (Wis.) Lyceum.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

*The Spiritual Rostrum* for September is before us. It has been for four months moving steadily toward a firm hold in the homes and hearts of the people. Price, single copies 20 cents. For sale at this office.

**THE SPIRITUAL HARP.**

The new Music Book for the Choir, Congregation and Social Circle.

By J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett.  
E. H. Bailey, Musical Editor.

This work has been prepared for the press at great expense and much mental labor, in order to meet the wants of Spiritualist Societies in every portion of the country. It need only be examined to merit commendation.

The price is fixed at as low a figure as possible commensurate with the cost of the book, viz. :

Single Copy.....	\$2.00
When sent by mail, 20 cents extra for postage.	
12 copies.....	\$19.00
25 ".....	38.00
50 ".....	72.50
When sent by mail 20 cents additional required on each copy.	
Gilt.....	\$3.50

For sale at this office.

**POSTPONEMENT.**

The quarterly convention of the Wisconsin Northwestern Association of Spiritualists, to be held at Berlin, on the 12th and 13th of September, is postponed until the second Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th of October, when we expect a general gathering, with eminent speakers.

L. D. NICKERSON.

**Sayings of Children.**

"Father, I think you told a fib in the pulpit to-day," said a little son. "Why, what do you mean?" You said, "One word more, and I have done." Then you went on and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd leave off, 'cause you promised them. But you didn't, and kept on preaching a long while after the time was up."

—Said a little boy to his father, "Aunt Carry nursed Artemus Ward when she was in the hospital at Washington. "No, my son, that cannot be." "Yes, I know she did," persisted the little fellow, "she told me that she had charge of a ward in the hospital." Pater-familias subsided.

—Napoleon once entered a cathedral and saw twelve silver statues. "What are these?" said the Emperor. "The twelve apostles," was the reply. "Well," said he, "take them down, melt them and coin them into money, and let them go about doing good, as their master did."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### NIGHT HUSH.

BY PEARL JEWELL.

A hush at last! from the window  
I lean to the tender night.  
If my heart is sad and lonely,  
It wanders far from the right,  
For oh, what a wreath of blessings  
My Great Father gives to me;  
Still I lean out of the window  
Wearily!

Star, my star, as you glimmer  
Remote in the deep, dark blue,  
Is some one else in a window  
Thinking of me and of you?  
If so, not sad and lonesome  
Like me, I hope, is he;  
'Tis enough *one* looks from a window  
Wearily!

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

Chap. 4.—*In the Attic.*

**H**ENRY, I have a bright idea! You know that big chest of old books and magazines in the attic; there is everything in them, and I am sure we can find out all about coffee there; and away they ran to the attic, which was seldom visited.

A satisfied smile crept over Mrs. Call's face, and she said half to herself and half to Nan, "Isn't it a blessing to be the mother of three such children? Henry is a bit pert now and then, but he will out-grow that, I know, for he is getting more like your father every day. Then my two little girls will be sure to refine him as he grows to manhood."

It was a pretty sight, these two children in that large old room, both sitting on the floor, with the contents of a big trunk of books and papers before them. Nelly's hair had become unbraided, and hung in a wavy mass over her shoulders. Her dark checked gingham apron, high in the neck, protected her pink calico dress against the long accumulated dust. Henry, with brown linen shirt and gray pants, looked cool and comfortable, while the sun poured into the six lights that composed the windows, and made the attic extremely hot.

"Now look out for spiders, Henry, they are apt to build their nests and hide away in just such places. And I heard Mr. Willard say that in the Southern States and other warm countries there

were monstrous spiders called tarantulas, who carry their young on their backs, and their bite is deadly poison."

I am sorry to say that Henry ever said naughty things to his sister, but you have got so well acquainted by this time that you have discovered it, and I must tell the disagreeable as well as the pleasant truths about my hero. At Nelly's timely advice he gave a loud and manufactured laugh, and exclaimed: "What a silly thing you are; afraid there are tarantulas in among these books and papers! They only live in Italy, and other warm countries. I wish girls weren't *scared* at everything. Why, I do believe if I was in Africa, and should meet a lion, I shouldn't be as frightened as you are at a little innocent spider! Hark, what's that?"

And Henry applied his ear to a barrel of papers. There was a loud rustling inside, and he looked nervous.

"Let's go down," said he. "Did Mr. Willard say there were tarantulas in *this* country?"

"O, Henry," laughed Nelly, glad of revenge. "I guess it's one of those African lions!"

Henry started for the stairs, while Nelly tipped over the barrel, when lo! out popped their little gray kitten, which had followed them unobserved, and gone into the barrel of old literature, on an exploring expedition.

"See what a lion-tamer I'll be,—Van Amburgh will be no where in comparison," and Nelly coaxed kitty from corner to corner with a string tied to a stick, and finally allowed her to sit on her shoulders.

"I wouldn't be afraid, Henry," and her mock gravity did little to allay his wounded pride. "Come back here, Henry, and I'll tell you something."

When they were again seated she went on: "Now, if you never will say again that girls are silly, stupid, and aren't as smart as boys, I never will tell how you ran away, and was afraid to look in the barrel. But the first time you say it again I'll tell."

"But what if I don't think?"

"You *can* think if you want to,—now promise."

He did promise sincerely, and he felt himself more of a man and a better boy.

"I'd be sorry to have my only brother grow up to be like Uncle Johnson, who is always telling how women don't know anything. I should expect every one to think that mother and I and Nan were not very smart. Sometime you will want to get married, and I am sure no true woman would marry you if she knew what you thought of the girls."

"O, but I'll have to go to school a long time, and then choose a profession first,—what had I better be?"

Henry was glad to change the subject of conversation. "I must choose for myself first."

"What will you be, Nelly; a milliner or a dress-maker, or a school-teacher? I think you would make a tip-top teacher."

"I don't exactly know what I *will* be; but I am sure I will never make bonnets nor dresses for a living. I may be a sculpter like Miss Hosmer. She was a few years ago only a little girl, making images in clay; now she is the greatest sculptor in Rome. Or I may be a doctor. I am sure I could make a better one than Dr. Morrill. If I was only rich I'd establish a school for poor girls like Ann Hackett, who can't go to school because her father has no money to pay her expenses."

Nelly took advantage of her brother's promise, and displayed her aspirations in glorious colors.

"I mean to be a lawyer, a minister, or a sea captain; I can't tell exactly which," said Henry.

So they chatted for an hour, mapping out the future which began to unfold itself as a reality. What noble thoughts may have found birth in that dingy attic, and what deeds of honor may have been the result of that hour's conversation, time alone can tell.

**CHEERFULNESS.**—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down the musty cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not have it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment around the lamp and firelight of home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world, is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

—A young man, twenty-two years of age, residing in Wilbraham, Massachusetts, boasts that he never drank a cup of tea and coffee in his life, never smoked or chewed, never tasted a drop of liquor or used a profane word, and says if he ever told a lie, he was never caught in one.

## Questions and Answers from Painesville (Ohio) Lyceum.

What is the object of the Children's Progressive Lyceum?

The object of our Lyceum is the promotion of justice, truth, fraternal love, purity, beauty, music, health, science, philosophy and spirituality. We propose to cultivate and harmonize the physical, by teaching and obeying the laws of life and health, also by vocal exercises and strengthening motions under the influence of music, and by singing appropriate songs, and by marches, and the practice of the most useful and graceful exercises, known as light gymnastics. When we have truly entered into the spirit of the above truths and principles, we will be in a harmonious atmosphere and wing our way from star to star in the firmament of development, and drink from the eternal fountains of spirituality; in the language of a spirit poet

Let us do our work, for an angel band  
Is working for us in the Summer land;  
A power of gems that flash and shine,  
With the varied hues of truth divine.  
And the precious gems of light and love,  
Shall wreath our souls in that home above,  
Where now for us the angels wait,  
To let us in at the pearly gate.

### LIBERTY GROUP.

In the Progressive Lyceum we are encouraged in the cultivation of all virtues and the exercise of the reason with which Nature has endowed us.

### BANNER GROUP.

The object of the Children's Progressive Lyceum is to bring out the young minds and to teach them to think for themselves.

### SEORE GROUP.

We are here taught to be thoughtful, and to love the good, the true and the beautiful.

### OCEAN GROUP.

To cultivate a love for all that is good, true and beautiful; to learn to think and reason for ourselves on the great object of future life.

To make us harmonious and intelligent in all things.

To develop our natures in a true and harmonious manner.

## PIANO TUNING.

Mr. E. T. BLACKMER, tuner of Pianos and Parlor Organs, will be pleased to answer any calls for such work with promptness. From his long experience he feels confident of giving satisfaction. Orders addressed to Moore, Kelly & Co., 101 Wabash Ave., DeMotte Bros., 91 Washington street, Chicago, or left at the office of the LYCEUM BANNER No 137 Madison St. Room 21, will receive immediate attention.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### CHOICE OF A BUSINESS.

**A** FEW weeks ago, "F," a friend of children, offered a one dollar book, or the LYCEUM BANNER one year, to the boy under sixteen who would write the best article on the choice of a business. I consider the prize worth writing for, and though I am not quite fifteen, I almost expect to get it, not because I can write better than other boys, but because the other boys will neglect to write at all.

I have been thinking over all the professions usually followed by men, and I am sorry to say there are not many I would be willing to follow; indeed there is but *one* that would make me even tolerably happy. I hope no one will think I love idleness because I make this confession.

At first I thought I would like to be a lawyer and then it occurred to me that they had to do a great deal of fibbing to make out a good case, and were just as likely to defend a bad cause as a good one. I could not do that, and so I will never practice law. Doctors have to be with sick persons all the time, and are never allowed to see well ones, and though they do a world of good, I think they do quite as much mischief. A minister has to go through the world looking so cross that nobody can love him, for if he laughs like other people he won't be called orthodox or evangelical, or something else. So the three great professions are settled with me.

I have disposed of all the others in the same way. Some are unprofitable, some unhealthy, and others dangerous. It would be nice to be a printer if it was not for bad writing and being found fault

with all the time. To farming on a grand scale, as our Western men farm, I see no objection that amounts to anything. It is true that the farmer's life is a hard one, but it is an honest, healthy, happy life. To be up and out early in the morning, when everything is wet with dew, and sweet and fresh; to care for the patient horses that are to work with us all day; to plow the rich earth, plant and sow; tend the fruit and vegetables, and watch their growth until harvest; then comes the fun of gathering the products of our labor, and, best of all, to feel we have earned all the ground has produced. I work on a farm now, and always intend to, and if I am industrious and good, hope to be as great a

man some day as our learned farmer, Hudson Tuttle. I hope to hear from other boys on this subject, and from the girls on "Physical Culture," and if I am so fortunate as to win the prize, please send the LYCEUM BANNER to some little girl or boy who is not able to pay for it.

CHARLES MASON.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### THE OTOE INDIANS.

**M**Y YOUNG READERS—It may be of interest to you to know some facts in regard to this tribe. They are about five hundred in number, and occupy a part of the southeast portion of the State of Nebraska. They have one hundred and sixty thousand acres of land, some of the best in the State, which is called the "Otoe Reservation." They are friendly Indians, and partly civilized, yet they have a man here, appointed by our Government, who superintends and sees after their affairs. Each one has a small patch of ground, and raises mostly corn and beans on it. The corn, when mature and fit to gather, is stored away beneath the ground, in holes from ten to fifteen feet deep, and from five to six feet wide, but at the top quite narrow. After they have the corn deposited therein, they cover it over so carefully that you might pass back and forth a number of times, and then not detect it. As a tribe they are very filthy, and most of the young go unclad, and sometimes in mid-winter. I am sorry to say that they have no schools here, and the poor Indian knows no books but such as nature presents in the stream, the tree, and the tiny blade of grass. I tried to

have the little boys and girls say the letters. Their countenances each bore a tender smile, their eyes sparkled, and each one was anxious to say the letters first, so I had them speak in concert. Oh what a pity to see so many bright-eyed and intelligent looking little boys and girls willing to learn to read white men's books, but no one here to teach them. They soon made me a friend, following me wherever I went, all striving to get hold of my hand while gibbering away in an Indian tongue. There is something peculiar about these children, several hundred of them daily together having their innocent plays, yet no quarreling among them. I have noticed them play together for hours, and all good natured during the whole time. Their wigwams are constructed of timber, sod, and prairie grass. They are from thirty to fifty feet in diameter, and from twenty to thirty feet to the peak, where is left an opening to emit the smoke from the fireplace, which is in the centre of the wigwam, so as to afford room to dance around the fire. The men construct the framework, formed of poles and crotches, and the squaws do the thatching and sodding. It is a shame to see the poor squaws perform nearly all the hard work, while the men stroll along the streams or lie about the wigwams doing nothing. The squaws plant and hoe the corn, gather and shell it; do the cooking and washing; cut down the timber and drag it to the wigwams; carry the water, and prepare the meals, among a hundred other things too numerous to mention. This, boys and girls, seems hard and unmerciful, but only too true.

M. W. H., JR.

**TRUTH IN BRIEF.**—Anybody can soil the reputation of any individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion which his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of. A puff of idle wind can take up a million of the seeds of the thistle, and do a work of mischief which the husbandman must labor long and hard to undo, the floating particles being too trifling to be seen, and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slanderers, so easily sown, so difficult to be gathered up, and yet so pernicious are its fruits. They know that many a wind will catch up the plague and become poisoned by their insinuations without ever finding or seeking the antidote. No refutation can refute a sneer, nor any human skill prevent its mischief.

—What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat, and the other eats too long.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### PLEASANT WORDS.

BY SARAH E. HOWE.

Never utter the thought which ariseth  
From the fierce anger flame in thy breast,  
But prove by kind words thou despisest  
To harbor so hateful a guest;  
For anger will canker Love's jewel,  
Harsh words blight the bloom on the cheek.  
O drive out a demon so cruel,  
O never an angry word speak.

Angry thoughts will leap o'er the heart-wires  
Like surging waves over the sea,  
And loving souls shrink from such "frost-fires,"  
Turn from you, and tremblingly flee.  
Then lost is a coveted treasure,  
For dear Love is withered and dead,  
And thyself to thyself meted measure,  
In words that were better unsaid.

Never be in home's circle less tender  
Than when you're with strangers afar,  
For the sheen of your sunny affection  
Is a radiant love-beaming star.  
A light which ariseth so sweetly  
That it bringeth the Summer-land near,  
For if love is the key-note of Heaven,  
We surely may have Heaven here.

—The following stanza contains every letter in the English alphabet, except E. It is a question whether any other English rhyme can be produced (in print) without the letter E, which is a letter employed more than any other:

A jovial swain may rack his brain,  
And tax his fancy's might,  
To quit, in vain, for 'tis most plain  
That what I say is right.

Try it, ye lovers of the curious.

—Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful.

—Among the recent discoveries of Pompeii are a great variety of household utensils and mechanical implements. Over sixty species of surgical instruments have been found, among them two which were patented as new inventions in France within a century, and a number of others superior to those of the same kind now in use. The more we learn of the ancient world, the more proofs we find that there is little new under the sun, and that many of the triumphs of our boasted new civilization are but reproductions of long-lost arts.

—Chicago has as many Germans, within six thousand, as Americans.

## ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

### A DOLLAR OR TWO.

[Selected.]

With a careful step as we tread our way through  
This intricate world, as other folks do,  
May we still in our journey be able to view  
The benevolent face of a dollar or two.

For an excellent thing is a dollar or two !  
No friend is so true as a dollar or two.  
Through country or town, as we pass up and down  
No passport so good as a dollar or two.

Would you wish yourself out of a bachelor's crew,  
And the heart of a pretty divinity sue,  
You must always be ready the handsome to do,  
Although it may cost you a dollar or two.

Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two,  
And affections are gained by a dollar or two.  
The best aid you require in advancing your suit,  
Is the eloquent chink of a dollar or two.

Would you wish your existence with faith to imbue,  
And enroll in the ranks of a sanctified few ?  
To enjoy your good name and a soft cushioned pew,  
You must freely come down with a dollar or two.

And salvation is reached by a dollar or two,  
You may sin a few times,  
But the worst of all crimes,  
Is to find yourself short of a dollar or two

### ADVICE.

Do not look for wrong and evil,  
You will find them if you do ;  
As you measure for your neighbor,  
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,  
You will meet them all the while ;  
If you bring a smiling visage  
To the glass, you meet a smile.

ALICE CAREY.

I am a little child you see  
I hardly know my A, B, C,  
But every week I mean to come,  
To this Progressive Lyceum.

—Never fret about what you can't help, because it won't do any good. Never fret about what you can help, because if you can help it, do so. When you are tempted to grumble about anything, ask yourself, "Can I help this?" and if you can't, don't fret; but, if you can, do so, and see how much better you feel.

—When does an artist appear most thoroughly miserable? When he draws a long face.

## SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.—No. 2.

### Matter and Spirit.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

What are the two great divisions of Nature?  
Matter and Spirit.

What is matter?

The material of which everything is made.

What is Spirit?

IT IS A PURE AND ETERNAL FORCE.

Of what is matter composed?

Atoms.

What is an atom?

It is the indivisible center from which force emanates.

What are the three states of matter?

Solid, liquid and gaseous.

How do we learn the qualities of matter?

By means of its emanating force or spirit.

Do we know anything of matter except by means of its forces?

It is unseen, unfelt and unknown.

Will you illustrate this grand truth?

As we learn of the sun by means of its light, heat and gravitation, so do we learn of the atom by its attractive methods of combination and other qualities. When we come in contact with a solid, it is not the atom we touch, we only touch the sphere of its emanating force.

What is the relation between matter and force?

They are inseparable, co-existent and co-eternal.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

—The love that has naught but beauty to keep it in good condition is short-lived, and subject to shivering fits.

—It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

—Live for something, and it will be something to live.

—Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm.

—A child, like a letter, often goes astray, through being badly directed.

—Virtue is the only source of happiness. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is not worth the *sentinel*.

—Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin. Sin that amends is but patched with virtue!

—If you print a kiss—don't publish it.

—A cold snap—Breaking your leg on the ice.

—A bad sign—to sign another man's name to a note.

—Those who go to law for damages are pretty sure to get them.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

A town in Kentucky saw a division of Asia, and called to a rock in Wisconsin, and told it to cook the division of Asia, and season it with an island of Oceanica and a desert of Asia, for it felt a division of Austria, and had invited a city of Norway to dine with it, and would have an island of the Mediterranean Sea, and a river of Southern Africa, for a dessert, and would give a region of South America for the trouble of preparing the dinner.

ISETT STEPHENSON.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 1, 3, 5, is a kind of fodder.

My 6, 7, 8, 9, is a kind of earth.

My 4, 5, 2, is a kind of grain.

My 2, 3, 4, is a part of the body.

My 1, 2, 8, is a fowl.

My whole is the name of a statesman.

JENNIE E. RAY.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 7, 5, 4, 6, 3, 8, is a city in Michigan.

My 1, 6, 1, is a carriage.

My 5, 2, 8, we never like to get.

My 4, 2, 8, boys and girls should do.

My 1, 6, 8, is a liquid.

My whole is indispensable in every Lyceum.

D. M.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 7, 4, 6, 5, are worn by ladies.

My 1, 3, 6, is a domestic animal.

My 2, 8, 6, is worn on the head.

My 9, 4, 8, is a title.

My whole will soon be here—prepare for me.

H. L.

ANSWERS IN NO. 24.

Enigma by Malcolm Duncan—Demby and Son—answered by Percy and D. M.

Enigma by J. F. Hastwell—not answered.

Fish puzzle by Pearl Haggood—Whales, carp, and pike live to a great age. Answered by G. L. C.

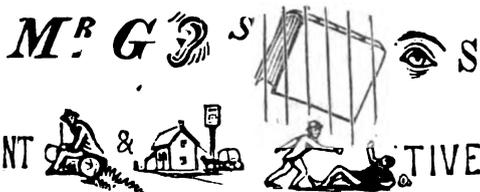
—A foreigner, who heard of the Yankee propensity for bragging, thought he would beat the natives at their own game. Seeing some very large water melons on a market woman's stand, he exclaimed:

“What, don't you raise larger apples than these in America?”

The quick-witted woman immediately replied: “Apples! anybody might know you were a foreigner, them's gooseberries!”

—Virginia is being filled up with emigrants.

REBUS.



PARLOR GAMES.

MAGICAL MUSIC.

One of the company leaves the room while the others agree upon an article to be guessed. The one who is out is called in. The piano is played (if there is no piano a tin pan will do) by one of the party, loud as the guesser approaches the article, and low as he leaves it. When near the article, the music is very loud, and grows lower as he leaves it, and is the faintest when he is farthest from the object to be guessed.

WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO NEXT?—A favorite amusement with my children is to say, “Guess what I see in this room,” beginning by giving the initial letter of something in the room; each child is allowed to guess in rotation till one is successful, when that child has the privilege of giving out the next thing to be guessed.

This game will commend itself to mothers who are very busy, as it does not in the least interfere with their work, even if they participate, as I often do, in the game. My children have been interested in it for hours, often puzzling their elders, and contributing greatly to the amusement of us all.

I remember an instance in which our little, seven-years-old daughter gave out “G. S.” Her comrades all tried it many times, and in despair came to mamma. Even she could find nothing in the room answering to the initials. Grandma and great-grandma tried in vain. Our little puzzler was in ecstasies, and all the others much chagrined and obliged to confess themselves unable to solve the question. “Grease Spot” it proved to be; our little girl had discovered a small one on the carpet.

When they tire of this, I say, “My ship is coming in loaded with —,” naming some article beginning with A. They go on, each naming in turn something beginning with that letter, till they can think of no more. Then they take B, and so on through the alphabet. Mamma's dignity will not be at all compromised by taking part in these little amusements, and the little ones enjoy them much better than if playing by themselves. They have also several sets of the alphabet, cut singly. One child selects the letters to spell any word which she chooses, without naming it, and, after mixing them together, requires another to place them in proper order to spell the word.

These games are, of course, adapted only to those who know something of spelling, but will tend to improve them in that art, and they possess the desirable qualifications of amusing without noise or trouble, and make no litter.—*Little Corporal.*

A CHILD'S IDEA OF PHYSIOLOGY.—“Mother,” said Emma, “does the food we eat go up into our heads?” “No, my child; why do you ask that?” replied the mother. “Then,” said the thoughtful-looking child, “what makes our heads grow?”

## Progressive Lyceum Register.

**Adrian, Mich.**—Meets in City Hall every Sunday at 12 M. J. J. Loomis, Conductor; Martha Hunt, Guardian.

**Butte Creek, Mich.**—James Beamer, Conductor; Mrs. L. C. Snow, Guardian.

**Boston, Mass.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock in Mercantile Hall, No. 16 Summer street. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian.

**Bradley, Maine.**—James J. Varris, Conductor; Frances McMahon, Guardian.

**Breedenville, Mich.**—Mr. William Knowles, Conductor; Mrs. Wells Brown, Guardian.

**Bangor, Maine.**—Meets every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock in Pioneer Chapel. Adolphus G. Chapman, Conductor; Miss M. S. Curtiss, Guardian.

**Brooklyn, N. Y.**—Meets every Sunday at 10¼ A. M., at Sawyer's Hall, corner of Fulton Avenue and Jay St. Abram G. Klpps, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

**Buffalo, N. Y.**—Meets in Lyceum Hall, corner Court and Pearl street, every Sunday at 2½ p. m. Paul Josef, Conductor; Mrs. J. Lane, Guardian.

**Beloit, Wis.**—Meets every Sunday in the Spiritualists' Free Church at 2 P. M. Mr. S. U. Hamilton, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Dresser, Guardian.

**Corry, Pa.**—Meet in Good Templar Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Chas. Holt, Conductor; Miss Helen Martin, Guardian.

**Charlestown, Mass.**—Lyceum No. 1 meets in Central Hall every Sunday morning at 10¼ o'clock. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. G. W. Bragdon, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Mary Murray, Ast. Guardian.

**Clyde, Ohio.**—Meets every Sunday in Willis Hall, at 10 A. M. A. B. French, Conductor; Mrs. E. Whipple, Guardian.

**Chelsea, Mass.**—Meets at Library Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. James S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian.

**Chicago, Ill.**—Meets every Sunday at Crosby's Music Hall at 2 P. M. Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian.

**Dover and Fowcroft, Me.**—Meets every Sunday morning, at 10½ o'clock, at Merrick Hall, Dover. E. B. Averill, Conductor; Mrs. K. Thompson, Guardian.

**Eastville, Wis.**—Meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock P. M., at Harmony Hall. Dr. E. W. Beebe, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah M. Leonard, Guardian.

**Fond du Lac, Wis.**—Dr. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Hooker, Guardian.

**Geneva, Ohio.**—Meets at 10 o'clock, A. M. W. H. Saxton, Conductor, Mrs. W. H. Saxton, Guardian.

**Hamburg, Conn.**—John Sterling, Conductor; Mrs. A. B. Anderson, Guardian.

**Hammonton.**—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Mrs. Julia E. Holt, Guardian.

**Jersey City, N. J.**—Meets every Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street. Mr. Joseph Dixon, Conductor.

**Johnson's Creek, N. Y.**—Lyceum meets at 12 M. every Sunday. Miss Emma Joyce, Conductor; Mrs. H. O. Loperl Guardian.

**Lansing, Mich.**—Meets every Sunday in Capitol Hall at 4 P. M. E. H. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. S. D. Coryell, Guardian.

**Lotus, Ind.**—F. A. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Ann H. Gardner, Guardian.

**Lowell, Mass.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday in the forenoon, in the Lee Street Church.

**Milan, Ohio.**—Sessions 10¼ A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

**Mitauakee, Wis.**—Lyceum meets in Bowman Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. J. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Martha A. Wood, Guardian.

**New Boston, Ill.**—Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., at Roberts Hall. R. S. Cramer, Conductor; Mrs. W. P. Myers, Guardian.

**New York City.**—meet every Sunday at 9¼ o'clock, A. M., in Masonic Hall, 114 East Thirteenth street. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

**Mokena, Ill.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock in the village school-house. W. Ducker, Conductor; Mrs. James Ducker, Guardian.

**Orwego, N. Y.**—J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. Doolittle, Guardian.

**Osborne's Prairie, Ind.**—Meets every Sunday morning at Progressive Friends' meeting house. Rev. Simon Brown, Conductor; S. A. Crane, Guardian.

**Philadelphia, Pa.**—Lyceum No. 1. M. B. Dyott, Conductor; Arabella Ballenger, Guardian.

Lyceum No. 2—Meetings held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at Thompson Street Church, below Front street. Isaac Behn, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

**Painesville, Ohio.**—Meets at 10¼ A. M. in Child's Hall. A. G. Smith, Conductor; Mary E. Dewey, Guardian.

**Plymouth, Mass.**—Meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock. I. Carver, Conductor; Mrs. R. W. Bartlett, Guardian.

**Portland, Me.**—Wm. E. Smith, Conductor; Mrs. H. R. A. Humphrey, Guardian.

**Providence, R. I.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street.

**Putnam, Conn.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Central Hall.

**Richland Center, Wis.**—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. H. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fiedla O. Pease, Guardian.

**Richmond, Ind.**—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. Eli Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addleman, Guardian.

**Rochester, N. Y.**—Lyceum meets regularly in Black's Musical Institute, (Palmer's Hall,) Sunday afternoons at 2:30 P. M. Mrs. Jonathan Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.

**Rockford, Ill.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Wood's Hall. E. C. Dunn, Conductor; Mrs. Rockwood, Guardian.

**Rock Island, Ill.**—Organized March 1, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock in Norris Hall, Illinois street. Henry Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Wilson, Guardian.

**Springfield, Ill.**—Meet every Sunday at 10 A. M. B. A. Richards, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Plank, Guardian.

**Stoneham, Mass.**—meets every Sunday at Harmony Hall, at 10½ o'clock A. M. E. T. Whitier, Conductor; Mrs. A. M. Kilmington, Guardian.

**Springfield, Mass.**—Organized Nov. 18, 1866. Jas. G. Albe, Conductor; Mrs. F. C. Coburn, Guardian.

**St. Johns, Mich.**—Organized July 1, 1866. Meets at Clinton Hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. E. K. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Guardian.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. at Mercantile Hall. Myron Colony, Conductor; Miss Sarah E. Cook, Guardian.

**Sturgis, Mich.**—Organized May 24, 1863. Meets every Sunday at 12:30 P. M. in the Free Church. John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.

**Sycamore, Ill.**—Lyceum organized July, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. in Wilkins' new Hall. Harvey A. Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Horatio James, Guardian.

**Toledo, O.**—Lyceum organized July 28, 1867. Meets every Sunday morning at Old Masonic Hall, at 10 o'clock. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, Guardian.

**Troy, N. Y.**—Organized May 6, 1866. Meets in Harmony Hall every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. S. J. Finney, Conductor.

**Vineland N. J.**—D. B. Griffith, Conductor; Mrs. Partia Gage, Guardian.

**Westville, Ind.**—Meets every Sunday at 11 o'clock. Henry Cathart, Conductor; Esther N. Talmadge, Guardian.

**Willimantic, Conn.**—Remus Robinson, Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Purinton, Guardian.

**Washington, D. C.**—Meets at Harmonial Hall, Pennsylvania Avenue, Sunday, at 12¼ o'clock. G. B. Davis, Conductor; Anna Denton Cridge, Guardian.

**Worcester, Mass.**—Organized March 1, 1865. Meets in Horticultural Hall every Sunday at 11:30 A. M. Mr. E. E. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian.