LYCEUM DEPARTMENT.

"Angels where'er we go attend Our steps, whate'er betide, With watchful care their charge defend, And evil turn aside." -CHARLES WESLEY.

NOTICE.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM of San Francisco will assemble on Sunday, (to-morrow,) January 4th, at half-past 1 o'clock, at Temperance Legion Hall, Post street, near Kearny. All friends of the Lyceum are cordially invited to be | years.

> From the Banner of Light. The Old Cradle. BY MRS. C. A. K. POORE.

'Neath the mouldering roof, where the dark shadows lay Where the pure, golden sunbeams but fitfully play, And the bat, undisturbed, wheels its purposeless flight In a silence as deep as the hush of the night, Stands no rich gem of art, with its workmanship rare, But a dingy old cradle, unpainted and bare, With its scarred, battered sides, time worn and dust-stre It seems to our vision a thing senseless and lone.

Far little we know of the hopes and the fears Garnered up in its depths in the long buried years When fair infant forms to its pillows were pressed, And a mother's sweet lullaby smoothed them to rest And our mortal ear, with its dull, muffled strings, Catches not the soft rustle of angelic wings; We see not the bright forms of the radiant band, And the old cradle moved by a shadowy hand!

For a mother's love clings to the babes that she bore, Though her footsteps may tread on eternity's shore; And full oft she doth linger around the low bed Where she laid in soft slumber the innocent head. Though the bright, household band, once cherished, may Broken, scattered, and severed by land and by sea. Yet a mother's eye notes them with tenderest care, And follows each wanderer with blessing and prayer.

O, mother's love ! best, noblest, and truest of earth! Thy undying power speaks thy heavenly birth;
For thou spurnest the fetters of death and the tomb, To dispel from our spirits their darkness and gloom. And thy strength and devotion remain still the same Through darkness and sunshine, through glory and shame; When we falter or faint, still thy gentle hand Is pointing us upward to a far better land.

Jennie Ristoe's Lilies. THE STORY OF A COUNTRY MAIDEN.

BY A FRIEND OF CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

"Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, nor yet gather into barns. Yet

the greatest American poet, John G. Whittier: "The night is mother of the day, The winter of the spring,

And ever upon old decay The greenest mosses cling. Behind the cloud the sunlight lurks, Through showers the sunbeams fall: Has left His hope with all."]

CHAPTER I.

HER HOME. Little Jennie Ristoe was born in the country, far away from the noise and dirt of the large city of New York, but in the same State. She was the only child of an honest, industrious, and loving couple, who the comfort of their sweet little Jennie; whose loving ways fully repaid them for their care and toil, from the time when, as a baby, she sat upon the floor playing with her toys, or throwing up her hands in a transport of babyish glee, until she reached the age of three years, when my story commences, and when she was old enough to run out to greet her father upon his return from a hard day's labor in the fields, and then being seized by him and raised to his broad shoulder, to find a safe resting-place, while, clapping her little dimpled hands together, she would cry out, "Papa's tum, mamma, papa's tum." At this summons, Jennie's mother, a sweet-faced little woman, would leave her work, come to the door, fed, Jennie would run for her little pail, which her mother would fill with grain or meal for the "chickys," and stand by, looking on smilingly, when, in answer to Jennie's musical call, "ticky, ticky ticky," the fowls crowded around and eagerly devoured the food given them by so fair a hand. Jen-Besides these employments, Jennie had many amusements and pleasures. Her father's cottage stood in the midst of a nicely-kept lawn, traversed by two gravel walks, which led around a circle to the large white gate. This central spot was devoted to flowers, and Jennie had her particular bed, in which she planted seeds given her by her mother; on the right branches extended over a portion of the cottage. habbling over the stones, in a wood, whose edges

were so happy growing out there, and now they will be thankful for; we all have good health, and drop down their heads and cry themselves to def." | your dear papa has work enough so that we can While Jennie seemed to love all flowers, her favorite live comfortably. Besides, we have conveniences was the delicate, drooping lily of the valley; perhaps here which we did not possess in the country; every it was because she was so strong, healthy, and rosy- place has its peculiar advantages, and we must be cheeked, and her protective nature was called out by content with that which the heavenly Father sees is the sight of the downcast head, and pure, pale leaves | best for us." of her favorite. Her mother often talked to her of the goodness and loving kinduess of the Father above, who gave us such a beautiful world to live in, and her words sank deep into the heart of Jennie, there to spring up and bear fruit. Her childish mind was full of thoughts beyond her years, of God, "the source of all blessings," and her heart seemed a deep well of the joy and gladness of love. The more you drew from it, the clearer and more abounding were its waters. Thus Jennie passed her days, until, almost before her father could realize she was more than a baby, she had learned from her careful mother how in answer to their advertisement, who ate so much to read and write, and had reached the age of six | that Mrs. Ristoe's time was employed in inventing

But about this time a cloud came over the face of Jennie's hitherto undimmed sun of happiness. She noticed that her mother was often in tears, but she long hours upon her bed of pain, with little Jennie was far too intuitively delicate to ask the reason why, but wondered why it was that "mamma always had a cheerful smile for papa, but papa seemed gloomy and sad, and appeared to have forgotten their old romps." She was pondering over this one day. when, with basket on her arm, she crossed the brook, and, advancing toward a patch of strawberry vines sat down upon a stone and commenced picking some of the ripe fruit for tea. Very soon her eye was attracted by a beautiful blue bird, in a tree overhead. She arose softly to look at it more closely, but Mr. Bird flew away. She followed, calling to him softly, but he would not listen, and led her a wild chase. Finally, out of breath, she gave up trying to look at him, and threw herself on the ground to rest. While lying there, she saw some lilies growing at a short distance, and instantly her fatigue was forgotten, and springing toward them, she exclaimed, "Sweet lilies! you would not run away from Jennie; you know she would not hurt you." Thus she talked to them for some time; then, remembering that her mother wanted the berries, she hurried back, and taking up her half-filled basket, was about to resume her picking, when the voice of her mother was heard calling, "Jennie! Jennie!" She sprang up and rushed toward her, expecting to be called upon for the berries; however, her mother did not mention them, but taking her daughter's hand in hers, she walked quietly up to the house, and sitting down on the step, took Jennie in her lap, and in a gentle, low voice, said: "Jennie, you have often said you loved mamma and papa better than all the world beside, and I know that my little child is true and loving; but you have never been called upon to make any sacrifice to prove this love; now the hour of trial for my | we develop those principles and germs of love which little daughter has come, and I trust that the Father | will render us fit to live with the angels of light." and his blessed angels will help her to overcome nobly." Then she told her, in simple words, that her [To my best loved_sister I dedicate this simple] father had been unfortunate, and had gone as surety little story, praying, that in experience she may fully for a sickly brother, who had died without a cent of sunk yet deeper into the soil. He did not wish to, realize the beauty and truth of these touching lines of money, and now their farm must be sold to pay his therefore he would not believe that his wife's jourdebts. Jennie must give up her flowers, her chicks, her big oak tree, her squirrels, her birds, and her beautiful brook, and they would all have to move into the large city, where Mr. Ristoe was sure of getting work as a mason." All this Jennie heard with wonderment and silence; but when reference was made to the flowers, two large tears gathered in her blue eyes, and rolled slowly down her plump cheeks. After waiting a few moments, her mother said, softly, "What does my darling say?" Then in a moment the little arms were around the neck of that fond parent, and broken by great sobs came these words: "O, mamma! I love you better than all my birds or my flowers, and where you and papa go I want to thought it no shame, but rather a joy and pleasure, to be." The mother's heart beat for joy as she heard be able to work for each other's support, and for this beautiful reply; and drawing her little daughter close to her side, she remained silent for a few mo-

CHAPTER II.

ments, while in her heart she offered up a prayer of

thanksgiving to God, for giving her so precious a

boon in little Jennie.

Next day the packing commenced, and during that week very little time was left for regrets, as Mrs. Ristoe wished to take with her all the furniture with which she commenced house-keeping, and which was endeared to her by a thousand recollections. On Tuesday they were to start on their day's journey, and with smiles upon her face greet her fond so Monday was set apart as the time to bid friends husband. Then what a pleasant circle that was and neighbors "good bye." Accordingly the little around the table, spread with Mrs. Ristoe's snowy | cottage was filled all day with acquaintances. Mrs. cloth, and containing plain, substantial, country fare! | Ristoe felt sad in parting from many, who had been Jennie seemed to spend most of the time set apart | kind to her and had known her as a child, a girl, and | for eating, in talking, and in her broken, childish | a mother, but Jennie shed no tears over the separaprattle, tell papa what she had done all day. Let it | tion from the little girls, who had sometimes been | not be supposed, however, that my little heroine her playmates; but great was her anguish when she starved in consequence of not eating at meal times. | walked out to take a last farewell of her favorite | for her unvarying health, and her frequent calls for haunts, and of the wildwood flowers which had been "bread and milk," would testify to the contrary. her companions; when she came to the pale lilies, Perhaps our young readers would like to know how they seemed to look sorrowful; perhaps they whis-Jennie passed her time; for her little feet were never | pered to her; at any rate, a sudden thought came still, during the long summer days. Farmers, you into her mind, and she flew back to the house and sat moaning by the side of the bed which held only know, rise very early, and there were many steps to begged her mother to allow her to take two of her the body of his wife, weeping over the silence of be taken to "help mamma" in the morning, when I lilies along in a flower-pot. Her mother, always will- those dear lips, the coldness of the look, and the the little maid thought herself of great importance if | ing to grant her a reasonable pleasure, readily con- | thought that never again should he see the fond lovshe was allowed to put a plate upon the table or dust | sented, and with buoyant step Jennie hastened back | ing look from those closed eyes. He thought not of a chair. When the time came for the chickens to be to the spot in the wood where she had found the beautiful lilies, and, carefully digging up two by the roots, and putting some of the leafy soil around them, she placed them gently in a large crock, and, exerting her girlish strength, carried them to the house. She found the family all ready to start, and in a neighbor's carriage they were soon on their nie took special care of the little "tickys," and three-mile ride to the depot. Sad and silent was stood in no fear of the old ones, who clucked so that ride, and many the lingering, fond looks cast at loudly when she tried to catch one of their offspring. I the deserted cottage, by the three who had left such a happy home. Jennie's tears flowed freely; but she of her mother, "I will be near you." So when the was a child, and, when once on the cars, the novelty first burst of sorrow was over, she went for one of of flying by houses, trees, and fences at such a swift | the lodgers, an old woman, from Scotland, who had rate was so astounding and interesting that her face | a great pity for the now "mitherless bairn," and

was soon wreathed in smiles. Before five o'clock they had reached the city. Jennie did not seem to be frightened by the strangeness of the house was a large oak tree, whose spreading of scene in that great whirlpool of life, New York, but walked firmly along by the side of her mother, Under this tree Jennie loved to play, and many were | until they reached the horse-cars, which took them the imaginary guests she invited to her "tea-parties," | nearly to the door of their new home. This was a spear of grass or a flower to be seen. However, she nearly reached the fence of Mr. Ristoe's little domi- still had her lilies, and when they were placed in the cil. Jennie's mother was not afraid to trust her little parlor—which Mr. Ristoe had had furnished little daughter to go here alone, for the brook was during a previous trip to the city—she thought it not deep enough to drown her, and she was always looked very cheerful and pretty. The next two obedient and careful. Jennie knew well where the weeks was a busy time, getting all their things arearly spring flowers were to be found, and great hap- ranged, and Jennie proved quite an efficient help to piness did she have in their companionship, for they her hard-working mother. During these long, hot were to her like little playmates. Sweet was the lan- days, when the sun shone with such blazing heat guage which these evidences of a father's love spoke | upon brick pavements and roofs, when the air to her pure, childish heart and mind. Jennie never seemed to scorch one, Jennie and her mother often would pick a flower, and grieved when her father | wished for the cool shade of their oak tree, one brought her home choice bouquets from the deep, drink from the brook, or a breath of the pure coundark forest, where she was not permitted to go. She | try air. Yet they were brave spirits, and Mrs. Risalways said, on such occasions, "Poor flowers! they | toe often said, "We have much, very much to | 1 ouldn't have done so."

The work which Mr. Ristoe relied upon did not continue long, and instead of the steady employment and good wages he expected, he now was engaged only about three days out of the week, and oftentimes without work for many hours and days. This was trying, and Mrs. Ristoe must now tax her brain to devise ways of enonomizing in household expenditures. Then came harder times still, and Mr. Ristoe was seldom at work, while his patient wife was compelled to take boarders to eke out their support and pay rent for the house. Three great men came, dishes to suit their large appetites; so with her hard work, the foul air of the city, and her anxiety, she was stricken down by severe sickness, and lay for a nurse. The hitherto strong father was so impatient under his trials that he could seldom control himself sufficiently to wait upon his wife. Thus many cares fell upon Jennie, among them the task of comforting and consoling Mrs. Ristoe. Her noble child-spirit seemed to rise triumphantly under the heavy burdens put upon it. Although only a little over seven and a half years old, she it was who suggested that the "big men" be sent away. This gave Mr. Ristoe an idea, so he dismissed their grumbling boarders, and rented out all the rooms in the house, only reserving the kitchen and one bedroom for their little family. But, notwithstanding all this economy, matters grew worse and worse, for there were doctor's bills to be paid and medicine to be bought; so article after article of Mrs. Ristoe's furniture was sold from the different rooms, thus rendering the rent less, and gaining for them bread for their present necessities, and a few delicacies for the suffering but uncomplaining invalid. During these trying months, frequent were the long talks held by this good woman with her rebellious husband and womanly child. Mr. Ristoe cursed God for his trouble, his sorrow rendering him blind to the loving hand behind the cloud. "O, Richard!" the gentle wife, now hovering between life and death, would say, "O, Richard! it is out of these very trials that God is to bring good; we know not the depth of our natures until they are sounded by the line of sorrow: and by the keenness of our suffering, the anguish of our souls, then do we realize our capacity to enter into those joys which are in store for us, if by a patient continuance in well doing, and a submission to the wisdom of the Hand who controls our destinies,

Mr. Ristoe listened with respect to his wife's words, but they did not enter into his soul; it was not prepared for the good seed; the plow must be nev through life was drawing to a close. So great was the shock when she called him to her bed one morning before light, and taking his hand in hers, and with the other, holding Jennie's, she said; "Dearest ones, the angels call me to the 'Morning Land,' and this earthly sun will rise on only my body, while I, myself, will be where it is day forever, the day-light of my soul. O, my loved ones! grieve not for my departure from your sight; you will come to me, and I will live, watch over, and guard you. Jennie, dear, dear daughter! never forget that in all sorrows and troubles your loving mother's spirit will be near you; and, O Richard! my loved husband, my best love, be not cast down! O, heed me! O, remember that God rules, and that He is a

loving parent!" So saying, she kissed them both, and, with a sweet smile upon her lips, her pure spirit sighed itself away. Then, O, who shall depict the anguish of those two stricken ones, when at this moment the first beams of daylight entered their room, and fell upon the still face of her whom they loved? Mr. Ristoe broke down utterly, and throwing himself upon his knees, he gave vent to the wildest cries and sobs that ever came from the lips of man. Then it was that little Jennie seemed to have become a woman. She placed her arm around her father's neck, and said, "Dear father, don't cry; we will see mamma again; and ought we not to be glad that she is in such a beautiful land? Please don't cry, dear father, for she is here in spirit, and it grieves her so; besides you have your little Jennie here." With these and similar words did the little girl, so sorrowful herself, seek to bring the "balm of peace" to her father's mind; but her loving ministry seemed vain. I say seemed in vain, for those words of love, those gentle words, although falling on ears closed by wild grief to the sounds of comfort, were not lost, but were treasured up, as bright seeds of truth, by an angel listener, and were to soothe others in hours of pain, while they formed jewels in Jennie's spiritual crown. Mr. Ristoe would not arouse himself from the indulgence of wild grief and selfish sorrow, but the glorified spirit which lived, and was even then present with the ones separated from her by a thin vail; but by his wild lamentations, his cursings of God, and his belief that he was forever parted from his wife, did he drive her further away; and while she endeavored to surround him with a peaceful atmosphere, he placed a dark bar between them, and through it the shining light of the angel's love could not penetrate. Jennie, dear Jennie remembered, and kept with her as living thoughts, the words readily offered to come and robe the body for its last. resting-place, in the arms of mother earth. Jennie's

last act of gentle ministry was to place, in these cold hands, one of her cherished lilies, now in bloom; and although it seemed like taking another ray of sunshine from the room, Jennie did not miss it, for the other lovely flower seemed to grow and expand in with acorn cups and saucers and oak-leaf plates. house larger than their country cottage, but Jennie's beauty, while its language to her heart was, "I am But the favorite resort, when she grew to be four years old, was a beautiful, clear brook, which ran stood directly upon the street, and there was not a lower best about your head they cannot be street, and there was not a lower best about your head they cannot be street, and there was not a lower best about your head they cannot lower best about your head they cannot love you, and will ever bid you be lower best about your head they cannot love you, and will ever bid you be lower best about your head they cannot love you, and will ever bid you be lower hear brook, which ran love you, and will ever bid you be lower hear brook, which ran love you, and will ever bid you be lower hear brook, which ran love you, and will ever bid you be lower hear brook, which ran love you, and will ever bid you be lower hear brook, which ran love you, and will ever bid you be lower hear brook, which ran love you, and will ever bid you be lower hear brook, which ran love you, and will ever bid you be lower hear brook and there was not a love you, and will ever bid you be lower hear brook and the rank property in the property hear hear brook and the rank property in the property hear hear brook and the rank property in the property hear hear brook and the rank property in the property hear hear brook and the rank property in the property hear hear brooks. years old, was a beautiful, clear brook, which ran stood directly upon the street, and there was not a pure, be good; and although tempests may toss you, and wild storms beat about your head, they cannot

destroy your happiness nor kill your immortal spirit." Jennie had much need of the companionship of the lily, for it was the only visible comforter she had, and matters grew worse and worse for the little family.

LITTLE ELLA is about four years old. One day she committed an act of disobedience, and her mother, in correcting her, spoke in no gentle tone of voice; the child threw her arms around her

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"Dear mamma, pray forgive me! If I had nown how spunky it would have made you, I

mother's neck and exclaimed:

Progressive Lyceum Register.

Boston, Mass.—Sunday at 10 a. m., at 544 Washington street. C. H. Rines, Conductor. Brooklyn, N. Y.—At 3 p. m., in the Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and DeKalb avenues. John A. Bartlett, Conductor; Mrs. Fannie Cohill, Guardian. Buffalo, N. Y.—In Music Hall Sunday afternoon. Mrs. S. H. Wertman, Conductor; Miss Sarah Brooks, Guardian.

Charlestown, Mass.—At City Hall, at 10% a. m. Dr. C. C.

York, Conductor; Mrs. L. A. York, Guardian.

At Washington Hall, Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson,

Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian.

Challeng Mass.

Chelsea, Mass. -At Library Hall every Sunday at 10 a. m. James S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. Chicago, Il.—Sunday, at Crosby's Music Hall, at 12½ p. m. Dr. S. J Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian; J. R. Sleeper, President Literary Circle.

Cincinnati -Greenwood Hall, corner of Sixth and Vine sts, at 9 a. m. A. W. Pugh, Conductor; Mrs. Lydia Beck, Guardian.

Cleveland, Ohio.—At Temperance Hall, 184 Superior street. A. Jewett, Conductor; Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian.

Detroit, Mich.—Conductor, M. J. Matthews; Guardian, Mrs. Rachel Doty.

Dover and Foxcroft, Me.—Sunday afternoon, in the Univer-

salist church.

Foxboro', Mass.—In the Town Hall every Sunday at 11 a. m. Hamburg, Conn.-John Sterling, Conductor; Mrs. S. B. An-Hamourg, Cond.—John Sterning, Conductor; Mrs. S. B. Anderson, Guardian.

Hammonton, N.J.—Sunday at 1 p. m. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Mrs. Julia E. Holt, Guardian.

Havana, Ill.—Sunday at 3 p. m., in Andrus' Hall. J. F. Coppel, Conductor; Mrs. E. Shaw, Guardian.

Haverhill, Mass.—Sunday at 10 a. m., in Music Hall. John

Reiter, Conductor; Mrs. E. L. Currier, Guardian.

Jefferson City, N. J.—Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street Joseph Dixon, Conductor. Jersey City, N. J .- At the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street, Sunday afternoon.

Johnson's Creek, N. Y.—At 12 m. every Sunday. Miss Emma oyce, Conductor; Mrs. H. O. Loper, Guardian.

Lotus, Ind.—F. A. Coleman, Conductor; Eliza M. Huddle Lowell, Mass .- Sunday in the forenoon, in the Lee street

Milwaukee - Meets in Bowman Hall, every Sunday at 2 p m. G. A. Libbey, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Wood, Guardian.

Mokena, Ill.—Sunday at 1 o'clock, in the village schoolnouse. W. Ducker, Conductor; Mrs. James Ducker, Guar-Newark, N. J - Music Hall, No 4 Bank street, Sunday af-

ernoon at 2 o'clock. Mr. G. T. Leach, Conductor; Mrs. Harriet Parsons, Guardian. New York City.—Sunday at 2½ p. m., at Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 23d street, near Broadway. D. B. Marks, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian; E. O. Townsend, Manager of Dramatic Wing.

Osbern's Prairie, Ind.—Sunday morning at Progressive Friends' meeting-house. Rev. Simon Brown, Conductor; S.

A. Crane, Guardian. Oswego, N. F.—In Lyceum Hall, Sunday at 12½ p. m. J. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. Doolittle, Guardian.

Philadelphia, Penn.—Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at Conductor. Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

Philadelphia, Penn.—Sunday, at Washington Hall, southwest corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, at 10 a. m., except July and August, in which the summer recess occurs M. B. Dyott, Conductor; Arabella Ballenger, Guardian.

At new Hall in Phoenix street, Sunday at 10 o'clock. Prof. Rehn, Conductor.

Plymouth, Mass.—Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock. I. Carver. Conductor; Mrs. R W. Bartlett, Guardian. Portland, Oregon.—Meets at Oro Fino Hall every Sunday.
Providence, R. I.—Sunday, at 10½ a. m., in Pratt's Hall,
Weybosset street. Conductor, L. K. Joslin; Guardian, Mrs.
Abbie H. Potter.

Puinam, Conn.—Sunday at 10½ a. m., in Central Hall Pulnam, Conn.—Sunday at 10½ a. m., in Central Hall
Quincy, Mass.—Sunday at 1½ p. m.
Richland Center, Wis.—Sunday at 1 p. m. Mr. H. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fidelia O. Pease, Guardian.
Richmond, Ind.—In Henry Hall, at 2 p. m. Eli Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addleman, Guardian.
Rochester, N. Y.—In Black's Musical Institute, (Palmer's Hall.) Sunday afternoon at 2½ p. m. Mrs. Jonathan Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.

Rockford III—Sunday at 10½ a. m., in Wood's Hall. F.

Rockford, Ill.—Sunday, at 10½ a. m., in Wood's Hall. E. C. Dunn, Conductor; Mrs. Rockwood, Guardian.

Rock Island, Ill.—At 10 o'clock, in Norris Hall, Illinois street. W. T. Riggs, Conductor; Mrs. W. T. Riggs, Guar-Sacramento, Cal.-At Turn-Verein Hall, Sunday at 2 p. m. H. Bowman, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian. San Francisco, Cal. - At Temperance Legion Hall, Post

street. Sunday at 11/2 o'clock p. m. Conductor, W. H. Manning; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. Whitehead. Springfield, Mass.—Sunday at 10½ a. m., at Fallon's Hall. B. S. Williams, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Wyman, Guardian.

Springfield, Ill.—Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Wm. H. Planck, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Planck, Guardian. St. Johns, Mich.—Clinton Hall, every Sunday at 11 a. m. E. K. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Guardian. St. Louis, Mo.—Sunday, at 2½ p. m., at Mercantile Hall. Col. Wm. E. Moberly, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian. At Polytechnic Institute, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, at 3 p m. Myron Coloney, Conductor; Henry Stagg,

Sturgis, Mich.—Sunday at 12½ p. m., in the Free Church.
John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.
Troy, N. Y.—In Harmon Hall every Sunday at 2½ p. m. Vincland, N. J.—Sunday at 1 o'clock p. m. Hosea Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Deborah Butler, Guardian. Willimantic, Conn.—Remus Robinson, Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Purinton, Guardian.

Worcester, Mass.—In Horticultural Hall, Sunday, at 11 1/2 a. n.Mr. E. R. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian.

Spiritualist Societies and Meetings. PACIFIC STATES.

San Francisco, Cal — Friends of Progress. President, Dr. H. J. Payne; Secretary, Dr. John Allyn.

Sacramento, Cal.—Children's Progressive Lyceum, every Sunday afternoon, at Turn-Verein Hall, K street. Conductor, H. Bowman: Guardian, Mrs. Brewster. Portland, Oregon -First Society of Progressive Spiritual-Salem, Oregon - Friends of Progress.

ATLANTIC STATES.

Ba'timore, Md,-The First Spiritualist Congregation of Balimore on Sundays, at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets, at the usual hours. Mrs. F. O Hyzer will speak till further notice.

Banger, Me.—In Pioneer Chapel, every Sunday. Boston, Mass.-Miss Lizzie Doten will lecture each Sunday afternoon in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street, commencing The Progressive Bible Society, every Sunday, in No. 3 Tremont Row, Hall 58. Free discussion on the Christian Atonement at 10 1/2 a. m. Lecture followed by conference at 3 and 7 p. m. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 544 Washington street. Conference at 2% p. m. Circle at 7% p. m.

Brooklyn N. Y.—In the Cumberland street Lecture Room.

Sunday at 3 and 7½ p. m. Charlestown Mass .- First Spiritual Society, at Washington Hall, every Sunday. The Independent Society of Spiritualists, Charlestown every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square. Seats free. City Hall, meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening.

ry Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, 3 and 7½ p. m The Bible Christian Spiritualists, every Sunday in Winni simmet Division Hall, Chelsea, at 3 and 7 p. m. Mrs. M. A Ricker, regular speaker. D. J. Ricker, Superintendent. Chicago, Ill.—First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, State street. Hour of meeting $10\frac{1}{2}$ a. m. and $7\frac{1}{2}$ p. m. Spiritual meetings, for intellectual, scientific and spiritual improvement, every Sunday at 10½ a. m., and Tuesday at 7½ p. m., at the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, 155 South Blark street, room 9, third floor, till further notice. Seats

Cincinnati, Ohio, -Religious society of Progressive Spiritualists, Greenwood Hall, corner of Sixth and Vine streets, on unday mornings and evenings, at 10 ½ and 7 ½ o'clock. Cleveland, O .- Sunday at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m., in Temerance Hall.

Dover and Foxcroft, Me.—Sunday forenoon and evening, in the Universalist church. East Boston, Mass.-In Temperance Hall, 18 Maverick street. Foxboro', Mass.—In the Town Hall. Lowell -Lee street Church, afternoon and evening.

Lynn, Mass.—Sunday, afternoon and evening, at Rssex Hall. Hammonton. N. J.—Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m., at Ilis Hall, Belleview Avenue. Haverhill, Mass.-Spiritualists hold meetings at Music Hall very Sunday, at 21/2 and 7 p. m. Jersey City, N. J.—Sunday at 10 1/2 a. m. and 71/2 p. m., at he Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street.

Louisville, Ky.—Sundays, at 11 a. m. and 71/2 p. m., in emperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th.

Morrisania, N. F.—First Society of Progressive Spiritual ists, in the Assembly Rooms, corner of Washington avenue and Fifth street, Sunday at 3½ p. m.

Newton Corner, Mass — Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, in Middlesex Hall, Sundays, at 2½ and 7 p. m.

New York City.—The First Society of Spiritualists every.

Sunday, in Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway. Seats free.

At Ebbitt Hall, 23d street near Broadway, on Sundays, at Philadelphia, Pa.—In the new hall in Phænix street, every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Plymouth, Mass.—The Plymouth Spiritualists' Fraternity, in Leyden Hall, three-fourths the time.

Portland, Oregon.—First Spiritual Society meet at Oro Fino Hall every Sunday, morning and evening. At Washington Hall, corner of 8th and Spring Garden sts. every Sunday.
Spiritualists in the southern part of Philadelphia, at No. 337 South Second street, at 10½ a.m. and 7½ p. m., and on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Providence, R. I.—In Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sunday afternoons, at 3, and evenings, at 71/2 o'clock.

Putnam, Conn.—At Central Hall, Sunday at 1½ p. m. Quincy, Mass.—Sunday at 2¾ and 7 p. m. Richmond, Ind.—The Friends of Progress, every Sunday morning, in Henry Hall, at 10% a.m.

Rochester, N. Y.—Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Black's Musical Institute (Palmer's Hall), Main street, Sunday evening. Public circle on Thursday evening.

Salem, Mass.—Sunday, ternoon and evening, in Lyceum

South Danvers, Mass.—In the Town Hall, Sunday at 2 and Springfield, Ill.—Every Sunday in the hall.
Springfield, Mass.—The Fraternal Society of Spiritualists
every Sunday at Fallon's Hall. St. Louis .- At Polyt-chnic Institute, corner of Seventh and

Chestnut streets, at 10/2 a m and 7/2 p. m. Taunton, Mass.—Sunday, in Concert Hall. Toledo, O.—Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m.
Troy. N. Y.—Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m., in Harmony Hall, corner of Third and River streets. Vineland, N. J.—Friends of Progress, Sunday at 101/2 a. m. Washington, D. C.—In Union League Hall, every Sunday, at 11 a. m. and 7½ p. m.

Woburn Centre, Mass.—Bible Spiritualists, Central House Worcester, Mass .- In Horticultural Hall every Sunday after

Lecturers' Appointments and Addresses PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES.

John Allyn, Oakland, California. Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye, rapping and writing test medium, 42 Geary street, San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. Laura Cuppy, 1124 Folsom street, San Francisco. Lec-Mrs. Laura 1)eForce Gordon, 131 Montgomery street, San Francisco.
Mrs. C. M. Stowe, lecturer and clairvoyant physician, San

Mrs. Anna Barker, San Francisco Benjamin Todd, San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. L. Hutchison will receive calls to lecture and teach the Harmonial Philosophy, illustrated by charts and diagrams which greatly assist in comprehending the structure of the universe and the spiritual spheres, as also the physical and mental development of matter and mind. Address, Owensville, Mono Co., Cal. Mr. & Mrs. Wm. J. Young, Boise City, Idaho Territory.

lose, Cal.

ATLANTIC STATES.

J. Madison Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker, Boston. C. Fannie Allyn, Londonderry, Vt., during July.
Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Loweli, during June. Address, 87
Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, P. O. drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, 151 West 12th st., New York. Mrs. Abby N. Burnham inspirational speaker, Auburndale, Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York. Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, Brandon, Vt.

Dr. L. K. Coonley, Vineland, N. J. Mrs. Marietta F. Cross, trance speaker. Address, Hampstead, N. H., care of N. P. Cross. Mrs. Hettie Clark, trance speaker, East Harwich, Mass. Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, 11 South st., Boston. Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier, Box 815, Lowell, Mass. Dr. J. H. Currier, 199 Cambridge street, Boston, Mass. Albert E. Carpenter, Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. Jennett J Clark, trance speaker, Fair Haven, Conn. Miss Lizzie Doten, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston. George Dutton, M. D., Room 25, Postoffice building, Newburgh, N. Y. Andrew Jackson Davis, Orange, N. J.
A. T. Foss, Manchester, N. H.
Mrs. Mary L. French, inspirational and trance medium,
Ellery street, Washington Village, South Boston.
Dr. H. P. Fairfield, Greenwich Village, Mass.

S. J. Finney, Ann Arbor, Mich. J. G. Fish, Red Bank, Monmouth Co., N. J. Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, South Malden, Mass. C. Augusta Fitch, trance speaker, box 1835, Chicago, Ill. Isaac P. Greenleaf, Kenduskeag, Me. Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, Denver City, Col. Ter. Mrs. C. L. Gade (formerly Mrs. Morris,) trance speaker, 77

Cedar street, Room 8, New York. N. S. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass. Dr. L. P. Griggs, Evansville, Wis. Dr. M. Henry Houghton, West Paris, Me., until further

W. A. D. Hume, Lowell, Mass. Lyman C. Howe, inspirational speaker, New Albion, New Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, Somers, Conn., during August; Cleveland, Ohio, during September, October, and November. S. C. Hayford, Coopersville, New York. Charles A. Hayden, 82 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Nellie Hayden, No. 20 Wilmot street, Worcester, Mass. Mrs. S. A. Horton, Brandon, Vt. Miss Julia J. Hubbard, box 2, Greenwood, Mass. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md. Dr. E. B. Holden, Clarenden, Vt.

Moses Hull, Milwaukee, Wis, Miss Susie M. Johnson, Milford, Mass. Dr. P. T. Johnson, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich. W. F. Jamieson, inspirational speaker, Postoffice drawer S. S. Jones, Esq., 12 Methodist Church Block, South Clark

street, Chicago, Ili. Harvey A. Jones, Esq., Sycamore, Ill. Wm. H. Johnston, Corry, Pa. O. P. Kellogg, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashtaoula Co., O. eorge F. Kittridge, Buffalo, New York. Cephas B. Lynn, inspirational and semi-conscious trance speaker, 567 Main street, Charlestown, Mass.

Mrs. E K. Ladd, trance lecturer, 179 Court street, Boston. Mrs. F. A. Logan, Salina, Onondaga Co., New York. B. M. Lawrence, M. D., 54 Hudson street; Boston, Mass. Mary E. Longdon, inspirational speaker, 60 Montgomery treet, Jersey City, N. J.

Mr. H. T. Leonard, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H. Miss Mary M. Lyons, inspirational speaker, 98 East Jefferson street, Syracuse, New York.

John A. Lowe, Box 17, Sutton, Mass. Dr. G. W. Morrill, Jr., trance and inspirational speaker, Boston, Mass. Loring Moody. Malden, Mass. Dr. Leo Mille: Costoffice box 2326, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn. Mrs. Sarah Mathews, East Westmoreland, N. H. Dr. John Mayhews, 50 Montgomery street, Jersey City, New Jersey. Dr. James Morrison, lecturer, McHenry, III. Mr. & Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, care W. B. Hatch, N. Y. Prof. R. M. M'Cord, Centralia, III. ·Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Mich. Charles S. Marsh, semi-trance speaker, Wonewoc, Juneau

Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, inspirational speaker, care of bex 221. Chicago, Ill Miss Sarah A. Nutt. Lawrence, Kansas. C. Norwood, Ottawa, Ill., impressional and inspirational speaker. A. L. E. Nash, lecturer, Rochester, N. Y. J. Wm. Van Namee, Monroe, Mich.

A. A. Pond, inspirational speaker, North West, Ohio. J. L. Potter, trance speaker, Cedar Falls, Iowa, box 170. Dr. D. A. Peaze, Jr., Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Anna M L. Potts, M. D., lecturer, Adrian, Mich. George A. Pierce, Auburn, Me. Mrs. J. Puffer, trance speaker, South Hanover, Mass. L. Judd Pardee, Philadelphia, Pa. Lydia Ann Pearsall, inspirational, speaker, Disco, Mich. Mrs. Nettie M. Pease, trauce speaker and test medium, De-

troit, Mich. C. Robinson, 15 Hawthorne street, Salem, Mass. Dr. W. Ripley, Box 95, Foxboro', Mass, Dr. P. B. Randolph, lecturer, care box 3352, Boston, Mass. G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, Brodhead, Wis. H. Randall, inspirational speaker, Upper Lisle, New Mrs. Frank Reid, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich. Austen E. Simmons, Woodstock, Vt

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford. Mass. Abram Smith. Esq., inspirational speaker and musical medium, Sturgis, Micb Dr. Wm. H. Selisbury, Box 1313, Portsmouth, N. H.

E. Sprague, M. D., inspirational speaker, Schenectady, Selah. Van Sickle, Greenbush, Mich. Prof. S. M. Strick, inspirational speaker, Peoria, Ill. Miss Lottie Small, trance speaker, Mechanic Falls, Me.

Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer, Baldwinsville, Mass. Miss Martha S. Sturtevant, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. Mrs. Mary Louisa Smith, trance speaker, Toledo, Ohio. H. B. Storer, inspirational lecturer, 75 Fulton street, New Mrs. H. T. Stearns, Detroit, Mich., care of H. N. F. Lewis. Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Bridgewater, Vt.

Mrs. Charlotte F. Taber, trance speaker, New Bedford, J H. W. Toohey, 42 Cambridge street, Boston. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, inspirational speaker, 36 Bank

Hudson Tuttle. Berlin Heights, Ohio. James Trask, Kenduskeag, Me. Francis P. Thomas, M. D., lecturer, Harmonia, Kansas. N. Frank White, Oswego, N. Y., during June; during July, Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, 11 Dewey street, Worcester,

F. L. H. Willis, M. D., Postoffice box 39, Station D, New York.
A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich Mrs. S. E. Warner, Box 14, Berlin, Wis. E. V. Wilson, Rock Island during June; Galesburg during

July Address, Babcock's Grove, Du Page Co., Ill. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., inspirational speaker, care of H. . F. Lewis, Detroit, Mich Prof. E. Whipple, lecturer upon Geology and the Spiritual hilosophy, Sturgis, Mich. Elijah Woodworth, inspirational speaker, Leslie, Mich.

Mrs. E. M. Wolcott, Danby, Vt. S. H. Wortman, Buffalo, N. Y., Box 1454. E. S. Wheeler, inspirational speaker, 5 Columbia street, Mrs. S. A. Willis, Lawrence, Mass., Postoffice box 473. Lois Waisbroker, Mankato, Blue Earth Co., Minn., care of

the Clifton Bouse. Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker Boston, Mass. F. L. Wadsworth, Postoffice drawer 6325, Chicago. Ill. A. A. Wheelock, trance and inspirational speaker, St. ohns, Mich. Miss Elvira Wheelock, normal speaker, Janesville, Wis. Warren Woolson, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y

Henry C. Wright, care of Bela Marsh, Boston.
Mrs. Mary J. Wilcox, care of Dr. Larkin, 244 Fulton street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Mary E. Withee, trance speaker, 71 Williams street,
Newark, N. J. A. C. Woodruff, Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss H. Maria Worthing, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill. Jonathan Whipple, Jr., inspirational and trance speaker,

Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, Northboro, Mass.