

The Lyceum Banner.

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For the Lyceum Banner.

STORY OF THE FLOWERS.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

I WAS going to Chicago the other day, but I must first go and see if the little orioles had any baby-birds in the nest that they had hung from an old maple bough. So, taking my old, broad-brimmed straw hat in my hand, I started for the meadow. I found the parent birds feeding three dear little things. At my coming, they went off into the air, making a mournful noise as they went. Perhaps they thought I

had come to capture their little ones; but they mistook me. I never steal birds, and tried to tell them so; but they did not choose to hear me. While I was putting some bits of clover in the nest two little girls came along. Seeing me, they both called out, "Oh, Miss Gertie! it is you we were going to see, and here you are."

"Yes," I said, "I am here. Come and see my birdies."

On they came as fast as they could run. Jennie Fitch had a basket of flowers. There were sweet-Williams, pansies, pinks, roses, white and red, and a variety of verbenas, all packed in mosses to be kept fresh.

"Oh, my!" I exclaimed, "how fresh and fragrant! What are you going to do with them?"

"I brought them for you."

"For me, Jennie? How kind and good you are!"

"Not for you to keep," Jennie replied, "but for you to take to Chicago. Grandma says that flowers are not so fresh and sweet in Chicago as they are here in the country, where the air is clear; and then I guess the poor folks there do not have gardens as we do—do they, Gertie?"

I was a little disappointed that I was only to carry a basket of flowers to Chicago, and not to have part or lot in the sweet things; but I said not a word to indicate my disappointment.

"These white roses and carnations," Jennie said, "are for Auntie Briggs. I guess they will make her glad, for she is sick." Here is a sweet bunch of flowers for Cousin Frank, and one for THE LYCEUM BANNER office, and one for Louie Douglass. And Maria says flowers tell real sweet stories, but they do not speak in English; so she says you must tell our friends that they say, 'Come and see where we lived.'"

"Do flowers talk? Do they, Gertie?" asked Barbara Marsh, the other little girl. "Can you understand them, Gertie?"

"Yes," I replied, "flowers will tell stories, sweet, true stories, if you will only listen while they talk."

"I cannot understand a word they say. Please tell me what they say—won't you, Gertie? I want to know ever so many things about them, but do not hear a single word."

"They whisper soft and low," Jennie said; "and then you know they do not speak in our language."

"I have not time this morning, Barbara," I said, "but I will write you from Chicago and tell you what they say to the people who see them."

"Goodie!" Barbara exclaimed, "I never had a letter since I was born, and you will write to me?"

I kissed the little girls and went home, taking with me the basket of flowers. When the cars came along, I took the basket and started for Chicago. "Now I will watch and listen," I said, "so I may tell Barbara just what the flowers say to the people who see them."

When the conductor came along, he said, "That is a fine basket of flowers, but they may get dry and dusty. I will put them in the baggage car and have them kept damp till you get to Chicago."

The sweet things said to him, "Please, sir, we are tender and frail; deal very tenderly with us, won't you?"

We reached Chicago just as the sun was going down. I took my basket and walked up Wells street. The houses were thrown open, and the inmates had come out to get a fresh breath. So soon as the children saw me, with my beautiful burden, they ran after me, calling, "Please, Miss, give me a flower—just one. I tried to outwalk them, but failed. 'Give me a rose for my sick sister,' a little, forlorn-looking child said, with outstretched hands. I could not resist the invasion this juvenile army made upon my beautiful treasures, and why should I? Who had a stronger claim upon this sweet sisterhood of flowers than had these children of poverty and sin? True, the children were rough, noisy, profane, dirty; but, for all that, deep in the soul there was an altar where the Beautiful was loved, worshiped. Why should not these starved worshipers be allowed to take to their cellar and garret homes some sweet emblem of the God they loved? So I reasoned. I sat down upon the steps of an old, rickety house, and let the children, black and white, ugly and comely, gather about me, that I might hear what the flowers said to them. I

picked the flowers, one by one, from their moss bed, and gave one to every child about me, listening, meanwhile, to the remarks these "floral apostles" called out.

"Did these flowers grow in heaven?" a pale-looking little girl asked. She lived in a basement room near by, and knew nothing of the sweet fields outside Chicago. A boy, black as ebony, shyed around the corner, and, half hiding behind a lamp-post, called out, "Say, Susie, fetch me a flower." "Come and get one," I said. He came to me, his black face all aglow with joy, and said, as I handed him a few little flowers, "Please, Miss, let me look into the basket and see them all. I never seed a basket full of flowers in all my life." "Where have you lived?" I asked.

"I hab lived nowhere; I got borned in there," he said, pointing to an old, tumble-down building on the corner; "and I was not out of Chicago, never."

Next came out of the house where I was distributing flowers an Irish woman. She was old and infirm. Seeing the children rushing back into the street with each a flower, the trophy of a righteous war made upon my basket, she exclaimed, "Blessed be the good God for scattering the green earth with flowers, though it is not me that is to see ever aguin the sweet things, shut up here with *rheumatiz*. I shall never see anything that looks like the shamrock of old Ireland." I took a sprig of cedar and a moss rose from the basket, wound them with blue grass and gave them to the woman, in exchange for a "God bless you, darling."

By this time, the flowers that had been put in my charge were pretty well scattered among the children living at the south end of Wells street and the alleys about there. I walked on to my friend's home, with my almost empty basket, hoping that this breach of trust would be forgiven on the ground that they had gone among a class that had no little missionaries to tell them of the love, beauty and purity of the great world outside of brick walls. May they not teach these little ones the way to a better life?

But with these facts to testify in my favor, still came the question, "What was to be done? What excuse could I make to Jennie for the disposition I had made of the basket of flowers?"

A few of the sweet things remained. I re-arranged them as best I could, sent Mrs. Briggs a sorry-looking bouquet, left a few roses and some mignonette at THE LYCEUM BANNER office, with the best wishes of a Michigan friend; then I purchased a real handsome bouquet of a market woman for "Cousin Frank."

The flowers said to me, "We are little things, but we are true, simple, sweet and beautiful. Because we are so, every one loves us. We make glad the child-heart and whisper to the aged of the fresh fields of a better land. We will be missionaries in the homes where there is sin and sickness. By our beauty and fragrance we may lead some souls astray, back to brave and good lives. By our little love-words learn to be loving and gentle; by our true lives learn to be true. Then you will grow in beauty, wisdom and harmony."

Thus ended the story of the flowers."

Reported for the Lyceum Banner.

REPORT OF THE NORTHWESTERN LYCEUM CONFERENCE.

The Conference assembled in Crosby's Music Hall at 11 o'clock on Friday morning, June 26th.

On motion of F. L. Wadsworth, Harvey A. Jones, of Sycamore, Ill., was appointed Chairman *pro tem*. Mrs. Julia N. Marsh was nominated Secretary *pro tem*.

A Committee of five on permanent organization was appointed, consisting of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Mr. E. T. Blackmer, Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, F. L. Wadsworth and W. F. Jamieson.

The Committee on Permanent Organization reported for permanent officers:

President—Dr. S. J. Avery.

Vice-Presidents—F. L. Wadsworth, Mrs. S. D.

P. Jones.

Secretary—Harvey A. Jones.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Julia N. Marsh.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

Harvey A. Jones, Mrs. Lou H. Kimball and Dr. E. C. Dunn were appointed a Committee on Resolutions.

On motion of E. T. Blackmer, the Lyceum Conference adjourned until the close of the afternoon session of the State Convention.

In the afternoon the Conference again met.

Mr. E. T. Blackmer, Musical Director of the Chicago Children's Progressive Lyceum, and author of several fine pieces of music published in the LYCEUM BANNER, favored the Conference with a song.

The President, Dr. Avery, made a short address. He said:

"FRIENDS OF THE LYCEUM: I was not present when I was elected President of this organization, or I would have declined in favor of some one more competent, but I feel like engaging in this good work wherever and whenever opportunity affords. We will take hold of this work

heartily, as that is the only way in which we can secure the end for which we have met—the promotion of the Lyceum cause in the Northwest.

"We hope all will feel at liberty to make propositions. We want your views."

Harvey A. Jones.—We began a Lyceum in Sycamore not quite one year ago. Dr. and Mrs. Avery came there and organized it for us. We have worked hard and are now doing finely. There is a Universalist Society at Sycamore for which Brother A. J. Fishback, and then Brother Barrett, preached. They are now Spiritualists. I wish to offer a word of *caution*. If you have any Universalist ministers whom you do not want made into Spiritual lecturers, don't send them to Sycamore. We have met with considerable opposition from the Universalists. At our first meeting we had a full attendance, but they began to drop off, until we had only a "forlorn hope." It is hard work to discourage a "forlorn hope." We worked for the children, talked for them, prayed for them. We started our Lyceum without a dollar and amid enemies, but we are a flourishing Lyceum to-day. We have a piano, and it is nearly paid for. Now, when a Lyceum can be organized in Sycamore, there is no place where one cannot be organized, even on the rock of Gibraltar, if there were any children there.

Now, Mr. President, if a man will not work for children, you cannot expect him to work for anybody else. When you are working for the children, you can work with better grace than for yourself. The people need to be aroused. I will warrant that there can be one hundred Lyceums organized in the Northwest in one hundred days, by systematic effort. Never get discouraged. I will acknowledge that it is somewhat discouraging to meet with only a couple of families of children, Sunday after Sunday. We have gone through that trial, but we were in earnest; and, Mr. President, if I ever prayed for anything, it was for the success of the Lyceum. When we are working for the dear children we are engaged in a sacred cause. The churches know if they would succeed in perpetuating themselves that they must convert the children. It behooves us, then, to be active in their behalf.

Mr. Jamieson gave an account of the Lyceum at Belvidere. He said the principal lack was in getting leaders for groups, a lack of interest among the adults generally, and that even the friends of the Lyceum were apt to become discouraged, although a few were earnest workers. Determination to conquer all difficulties is needed.

Dr. E. C. Dunn gave an interesting report of the

Rockford Lyceum, once so prosperous, but which, through the apathy of its friends, and the opposition of its enemies, has failed. For four years I was Conductor of that Lyceum, and felt that it was my duty to resign. I was obliged to leave on a trip to the East. Where now is the Lyceum? Dead! dead! DEAD!

Never adjourn your Lyceum on account of the hot weather or the cold weather. Never adjourn even for a single Sunday, *under any circumstances whatever*. One drawback to the Lyceum is the lack of means; another is the want of leaders. Some of the young ladies say it is altogether too insignificant to carry a flag. Ask them why, and they answer, "Oh, there is too much show about it." It has been proposed to leave off the paraphernalia of the Lyceum. You may just as well turn your Lyceum out of doors. There is too great an effort to please the older folks. Bend all your efforts to please the children, and you will do well. As Brothers Jamieson and Jones say, we must labor to get the adults interested.

Dr. Avery said: I have felt the deepest interest in the relation of the histories of the different Lyceums. Brother Jones' account of the Sycamore Lyceum reminded me of the first days of our Lyceum. You must not think we have always had easy times in our Chicago Lyceum. We have good, substantial, true men and women, who are working for the Lyceum.

A word about leaders. Two years ago it was just as hard work for us to get leaders as any of you have ever experienced. Adults did not, at first, see that the children, who went through the same gymnastic exercises at the same moment, were made more harmonious in mind as well as body. Maintain your Leaders' Meetings. Just as sure as you give them up you are on the decline.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

At 4 o'clock, Secretary Harvey A. Jones took the Chair and called the meeting to order.

Song by E. T. Blackmer.

Communications were read from Rock Island, Monmouth, Ill., and Milwaukee, Wis., Lyceums; and from A. J. and Mary F. Davis, and Hudson and Emma Tuttle.

Mr. A. B. Severance made an excellent speech in regard to the Milwaukee Lyceum. He attributed their financial success to the Lyceum exhibitions. Only about twelve children belong to Spiritualistic parents; the rest are outsiders. Many of them are the children of poor parents. The children were not very well clothed. The Lyceum held two concerts, out of the proceeds of which twenty-seven children were provided with clothing.

Colonel Fox, of Michigan, visited us a short time ago. No Lyceum in Lyons. He said they had not children enough. He was very much delighted. He said the good we had done that day was, that he would return to his home and declared that they would have one there.

Mrs. Tallmadge, of Westville, Ind., gave an interesting account of a Lyceum in that place.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown and Harvey A. Jones followed, speaking encouraging words in behalf of Children's Lyceums.

In the evening, the Chicago Lyceum gave a concert and exhibition, which was well attended. The programme was made up of songs, recitations and tableaux. The songs were well sung, the recitations good, and the tableaux excellent. The "Temptation and the Triumph," a tableau in two scenes, was particularly good, and was a sermon in itself.

On Sunday afternoon the Conference held its closing session, immediately on the adjournment of the Convention. The following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The world's hope is in the children of to-day; therefore,

Resolved, That it is our duty to do all in our power to assist in their mental and physical culture.

Resolved, That this Lyceum Convention urge upon the Spiritualists and Liberalists of the Northwest, the importance of giving their influence and pecuniary support to Liberal movements (the Progressive Lyceum as one of these,) and the withdrawal of the same from orthodox Sunday-schools and sectarian organizations.

WHEREAS, Many children are deprived of the privilege of attending Sabbath-schools or Lyceums on account of not having sufficient wardrobe; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Lyceum Convention, do recommend that the members and leaders of Lyceums throughout the country, should meet once a week, or at stated periods, as a mutual aid society, for the purpose of providing clothing for such children as would like to attend the Lyceum and have not sufficient clothing.

Resolved, That we indorse the LYCEUM BANNER as the official organ of the Lyceum movement, and cheerfully recommend it to all who are interested in the liberal education of the rising generation.

WHEREAS, This Conference of the Lyceum of the Northwest, though small in numbers has, we believe, accomplished much good and prepared the way for future co-operative action on the part of Lyceums; therefore,

Resolved, That the officers of this Conference be hereby declared a permanent Executive Board for the ensuing year, and that they be empowered to call an annual Northwestern Lyceum Convention during the coming year, to meet at such time and place as may be deemed promotive of the Lyceum interests.

The Convention then adjourned.

A Word to Lyceums and all Persons Interested in the Education of Children.

EDITOR LYCEUM BANNER: Many Lyceums, after purchasing equipments and books, are unable to subscribe for your LYCEUM BANNER. I see the great importance of Lyceums providing a suitable number of copies, that *all* may have them to read, as, in my opinion, this is much the best channel through which to convey spiritual truths, not alone to the children, but also to the parents. Being myself under great obligations to the angel world for my own spiritual and material advancement, I desire to aid these little ones in procuring your paper. I propose to give \$100 in this manner. I will give—

Twenty-five copies to the first person or Lyceum who will send you fifty dollars for fifty yearly subscribers, making 75 copies.

Twenty copies for forty subscribers.

Fifteen copies for thirty subscribers.

Ten copies for twenty subscribers.

For ten yearly subscribers I will send either one of A. J. Davis' or Hudson Tuttle's \$1.50 books or five copies of THE LYCEUM BANNER.

For four yearly subscribers I will send, post-paid, the "Stellar Key."

All orders for books and papers may be sent to Mrs. L. H. Kimball, Chicago.

I trust that I am not the only person who sees the importance of your work among the children—nor the only one to manifest my faith by my works. There is wealth among us, enough to support a score of papers. Let it be given to the building up of Truth's kingdom on the earth.

A. JAMES.

PLEASANTVILLE, Pa.

—An Irishman being told to grease the wagon, returned in about an hour afterward and said: "I've greased every part of the wagon but them sticks the wheels hang on."

—An Irishman being asked on a rainy day what he would take to carry a message from Bull's Head to the Battery, answered: "Sure, I'd take a coach."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

FLOWERS, PEARLS, CROWNS.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

How gently does the lily shed
Her fragrance o'er the lake!
And every morn the garden buds
To richer bloom awake;
And where the stream is bickering
Along the basky dell,
The daisies to the violets
Their tender stories tell;
And roses of the richest hue
Are swinging in the breeze;
Can there be aught in Heaven's own blue
More beautiful than these?
Yes! There's a flower that I desire
Far more than all I see.
The spotless rose of Purity;
Oh give it, God, to me.

They tell me there are tropic lands
Clothed in luxuriant green,
Whose vales are rich with diamonds,
Like the bosom of a queen;
And where the Persian seas roll up
Their wealth to Ceylon's shore,
And tempt the daring diver down,
The wave-world to explore.
A pearl is found, more purely fair
Than star-gems in the sky,
And with a mild, translucent ray,
Like light in Beauty's eye.
But more than diamond-studded sands,
Or wealth below the sea,
Is the priceless tear of Penitence;
Oh give that pearl to me!

I know some foreheads wear a crown
Of such resplendent ray,
From its full light the eye is fain
To turn its glance away;
And o'er the snowy brow of thought
The poet's wreath is laid,
But well I know those leaves of bay
Are sure to blight and fade;
Not worthiest the coronet
That kingly power adorns,
For he who loved the world the most
Put on a crown of thorns.
But there's a diadem above,
Illumed with rays divine;
Dear Christ! hath thy great love reserved
One for a brow like mine?

—There is a certain decorum even in grief; for excess of sorrow is as foolish as profuse laughter.

—Jocular slanders often prove serious injuries.

ALL NONSENSE.—Charles Dickens says: "I have often heard a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got."

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All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, P. O. Drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill.

WHAT CAN MILAN DO?

A few weeks ago we were going in a hack from Norwalk to Milan, Ohio. Several gentlemen were talking about the Lyceum in Milan. One said, "I wonder what Milan people expect to do?" Another said, "They can do just nothing." These persons were not acquainted with the noble working men, maidens, boys and women of the Lyceum, else they would have been more cautious—kept a little nearer the truth.

A. B. French has been there of late. In a letter to the *Ohio Spiritualist*, he says:

A few days since, the citizens of Milan met for the purpose of decorating the graves of their immortal patriots with flowers. Of course all parties and sects joined in the ceremonies; old and young, sinners, saints and clergy, all met to pay a tribute of respect to the honored dead. Never did their public square present a more imposing scene than on this occasion. As Major Marsh, the officer of the day, was forming the procession, a stream of children came pouring down from Spiritual Hall, to the number of one hundred or more, followed by their able corps of leaders and excellent Conductor and Guardian—Hudson and Emma Tuttle—each one carrying a beautiful national flag and bouquet of flowers. Had a clap of thunder rolled through the clear sky, it could not have surprised the orthodox fraternities more than this unexpected demonstration. Major Marsh, however, is a sensible man, and seeing the Lyceum far more equipped for the occasion than the others, placed them at the head of the procession. Their excellent behavior and discipline won for both children and officers the highest commendation from all. Is there not something prophetic in this?

Brother Tuttle has "shown his colors," and set an example that every Lyceum Conductor in the State should emulate.

THE BOND OF PEACE—Published monthly, by E. James & Daughter, No. 600 Arch street, Philadelphia. Edited by a Committee of the Universal Peace Society. Terms of subscription: Single copy one year, 75 cents, payable in advance.

Let the *Bond of Peace* have room in all our homes. It is the harbinger of good will among the nations.

PERSONAL.

—Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D., is local editor of the New York department of the *Present Age*. He will add greatly to the interest of the paper.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock are soon to visit New England. Should any of our readers see them, let them remember that the Ohio Lyceums have been greatly benefited by their labors of love. Give them the welcome that they richly deserve.

—Mr. A. James has recently visited his old friends in this city. His hard manual labor in the oil regions, and the result thereof, have strengthened his hands and his faith.

—H. T. Child, M. D., of Philadelphia, has just made his first visit to the West. He likes our broad prairies, our fertile fields, and likes the people of the West—*i. e.*, as a whole—but he expressed some surprise at the untidy condition of Chicago. Who wonders?

Lillie C— heard the boys talking about money for the Fourth of July. She knew no holidays but Christmas, so concluded she must be making Christmas presents. She went to her mother and said: "It is most fourth of July, and I must have six cents right away, to buy Mr. Turner a new stovepipe hat for a Christmas present."

PRIZES.

Read the letters written by "F." and A. James. Who will obtain the prizes they have so kindly offered? By making a slight effort the means may be obtained to supply all Lyceums with our paper, and some persons with books.

All who have pianos that need tuning, will do well to look at the advertisement of Mr. Blackmer in another column.

—Letters to the Lyceum Convention will appear in our next number.

—Thanks are due Dr. L. K. Coonley, for his aid in extending the circulation of the *LYCEUM BANNER*.

Persons sending for the prizes offered in this number, should send the full amount of each yearly subscription, as we cannot allow the usual discount of 10 per cent. in these cases.

—There is a young lady so refined in her language that she never uses the word blackguard, but substitutes "African sentinel."



For the Lyceum Banner.

DOW'S MILL.

IF any of my young readers have never heard of Lorenzo Dow, let them ask their grandparents, who will tell them he was a famous Methodist preacher who traveled on foot through every part of the Union, and, by his eccentric and amusing ways, attracted universal attention, in the early days of this century. He was as courageous as eccentric, and, it was said, feared nothing upon the earth but the frown of his companion and wife, Peggy Dow. However much we may dissent from some errors of opinion and practice of such bold, leading spirits, we can but admire their physical and moral courage, and wish that all our youth would emulate them in those respects.

One of Dow's proclivities was mill-building, wherever he could stay long enough, have sufficient aid, and find strong, running water to justify it. The illustration represents a mill built by him in a beautiful valley in Mississippi, where his successful preaching had secured him many followers; in a locality made famous by the arrest there of the ambitious Aaron Burr, and by the subsequent long sojourn of his unfortunate and romantic associates, Harman Blannerhassett and his beautiful and accomplished wife.

Many anecdotes are told, in the neighborhood of that old mill, of these remarkable and once prominent characters, Burr, Blannerhassett and Lorenzo Dow.

Nearly where once was erected, by one Johnson and his wild associates, a rude gallows upon which to hang Dow—and under which he afterwards preached to the conversion of Johnson to an *itinerant* like himself—there lived a rude, untutored man, *Savage* by name as well as by nature, whose beautiful step-daughter was sought in marriage by one who was objectionable to the step-father only because of his poverty, and who had been forbidden the house under pain of death. By permission of her mother, *Blanche* had allowed her lover to make a farewell call, one evening, in the absence of her step-father, when, unexpectedly, the latter was heard returning in company with a strange-looking old man, who proved to be Lorenzo Dow. To avoid collision, and perhaps bloodshed, the mother prevailed upon the young

man to conceal himself in a barrel containing some straw, just as the two entered the room.

Savage, who was both curious and skeptical, soon led the conversation to the subject of religion and the doctrine that he so much feared, of the existence and, sometimes, personal appearance of the Devil, which Dow always strongly affirmed.

As the discussion progressed, Dow's quick observation and sympathetic nature led him to detect great anxiety in the faces of the mother and daughter, particularly when Savage moved toward the barrel, with the evident intention of putting it out of the room.

He at once surmised there was something in it that were best out of the way, and suggested that he could decide the matter beyond dispute by *raising the Devil immediately*, if they would extinguish all lights in the room save one which he would hold. Anxious to be convinced, Savage quickly assented, and made his way to the back door for a safe exit, if necessary. Dow approached the barrel with due solemnity, and, calling upon His Satanic Majesty to "*rise and snuff the moon*," touched the light to the straw. With the first blaze and the sudden appearance of the lover's head, the unbelieving Savage fled, with lightning speed, out of one door, while the young man as quickly left by the other, to the great relief of the three remaining, and to none more than the

kind-hearted Dow, himself, who did not leave the neighborhood until he had so completely cast out the devil of avarice from the heart of Savage as to gain his willing assent to the marriage of the happy lovers, which was celebrated by Dow, of course, without delay.

CHOCTAS.

NEW ORLEANS.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

STORIES OF THE STARS.

NO. XII.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

Celestial Scenery.

NEAR READERS: Having now given you, in many chapters, a general view of the planetary system, or of the sun and those bodies which circulate about it, I propose, in such simple language as may be best adapted to convey to your minds a knowledge of the subject, to tell you something of the starry heavens which lie beyond, in the remote depths of space, far removed from our sun and system. How many stars do you suppose are visible to the naked eye, on a dark, clear night, in the absence of the moon? You may answer, a hundred thousand or a million. The sky is spangled all over with the gems of night; they sparkle and glow in countless numbers; the great dome of the heavens is filled with them; but if I should tell you that, on the clearest and darkest of nights, not more than four thousand stars can be counted, it would seem wonderful and surprising. Yet it is true, and usually not more than ten or twelve hundred are visible. But when the human eye is expanded to a diameter of six feet, which is the case when that organ is applied to the immense telescope of Lord Rosse, and the vision is directed to the vaulted arch of creation, then indeed the heavens seem opened to the eye, and the wonders of the universe become apparent to the human senses. *One hundred millions* of stars marching in solemn silence, ever moving forward in stupendous circles, attest not only the harmony of creation, but the immensity and grandeur of the universe.

One hundred millions is a number expressed only in figures; it does not convey to the mind any idea of its reality, for no human mind can understand fully what it means. You may count 300 in a minute, or 18,000 in an hour—180,000 in ten hours; at this rate it would consume the working parts of five whole days to count *one* million; consequently, to count one hundred millions it

would take five hundred days, or more than one year and a half of time, and when we apply this computation to the series of immense globes which compose the universe, each of which is as large, and some of which are many thousand times larger than the sun, we can get but a mere glimpse of that celestial scenery which is spread in such beauty and wonderful glory all over the deep blue skies.

If a human spirit, divested of its earthly body, and endowed with a power of motion equal to that of light—twelve millions of miles in a minute—and with a corresponding degree of intelligent energy, should have been flying without interruption from one province of creation to another, for six thousand years, and should continue the same rapid course for a thousand million years to come, it is probable that at the end of this vast tour, it would have advanced no farther than the suburbs of creation.

The light from the nearest fixed star is more than three years in reaching the earth; it is only eight minutes in coming from the sun to us. You can, from this statement, get an idea of the immense distance of even the nearest of the stars, and, by means of the large telescopes of Sir John Herschel and Lord Rosse, stars are rendered visible the light from which is more than twenty thousand years in reaching the earth, so that, in fact, the star may have been blotted from the page of creation twenty thousand years ago. If we could follow the ray of light which it sends through the realms of darkness, and by its means learn of the appearance and construction of that star, we should only be enabled to learn, not what it now is, but what it was twenty thousand years ago.

But I fear that I shall confuse you with the magnitude of these things; perhaps we had better let the subject rest for a time, and be contented with a short chapter. I may assure my little readers that it is an extremely difficult task to think, and much more difficult to speak or write, on such themes as this in a manner which will be comprehensible to them. Some few weeks ago, one of our little girls, in a letter to Mrs. Brown, expressed a wish to come to Chicago and see some of the people who wrote for *THE LYCEUM BANNER*. In this letter she made the remark that she would like to see Mr. Shufeldt "*because he knew so much.*" My little sister, or my little daughter, just as you choose, Mr. Shufeldt is a child like yourself, only a learner and a student in the mysteries of nature; with a few years more of experience, perhaps, than yourself, but yet in the infant school of knowl-

edge. Such facts as I may have gathered in my journey, which I suppose will aid you, I cheerfully commit to the columns of this little sheet. First, try to understand how little you know, my child; then, how much there is to be known, and the gateway of knowledge, which leads to imperishable glory, is open to you.

LEARN A TRADE.—Stephen Girard had a favorite clerk, and he always said he “intended to do well by Ben Lippencott.” So when Ben got to be twenty-one he expected to hear the “governor” say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage:

“I suppose I am now free, Sir,” said he, “and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?”

“Yes, yes, I know you are,” said the millionaire, “and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper’s trade.”

This piece of advice nearly froze Ben out; but recovering his equilibrium he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so.

“I am in earnest,” and Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best.

He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and forthwith ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to his counting-room. Mr. Girard pronounced them first-rate, and demanded the price.

“One dollar,” said Ben, “is as cheap as I can live by.”

“Cheap enough! Make out your bill.”

The bill was made out, and old Stephen settled it with a check for \$20,000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story:

“There, take that, and invest it in the best possible manner; and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living.”

WHAT IT DOES.—Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the children, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit to the whole constitution.

—Every vice fights against nature.

Silver Chain Recitation in Science as Given by the Milan Lyceum.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

What is the lowest kingdom in nature?
The mineral.

What is the name of that kingdom immediately above the mineral?

The vegetable.
What is next above the vegetable?
The animal.

What above the animal?
The human.

What rises above the human, the highest and most glorious of all?

The spiritual.
What do you mean by the mineral kingdom?
The base of the grand pyramid of existence.

What do you mean by the vegetable kingdom?
The second step of this pyramid wrought by the action of living forces.

What do you mean by the animal kingdom?
The third step, including the vast domain from the beginning of sentient life to the bounds of the human.

What do you mean by the human kingdom?
The fourth step, on which man stands alone, as the representative of developed reason and intellect, and prophesy of immortality.

What do you mean by the spiritual kingdom?
The infinite apex, the crowning glory of Life’s grand pyramid, the region of infinite force, and the destination of all progress.

—Why are most Government officials like postage stamps? Because they are poor sticks.

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 No. 84 and 86 La Salle street, room 31, or left at the office of the LYCEUM BANNER, No. 137 Madison street, room 21, will receive immediate attention.



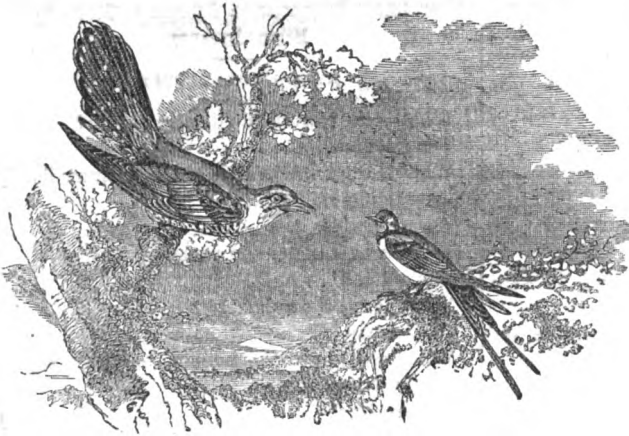
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for the Spiritualists, Progressive Minds, and the Children’s Progressive Lyceum.

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M. B. DYOTT,
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BIRD SONG.

BY MRS. H. N. GREEN.

I saw a sweet birdling one morning in May,
That sung in the maple-bush over the way;
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,
I had tried a long time, but could not find out
"Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you cannot guess wrong,
Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?"

"Teetotal,—O, that's the first word of my lay,
And then don't you hear how I twitter away?
'Tis because I've just dipped my beak in the spring,
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing.
Cold water! cold water! yes, that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day long.

"And now my sweet miss, won't you give me a crumb?
For the dear little nestlings are waiting at home;
And one thing besides, since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird;
But never forget while you list to my song,
All the birds to the cold water army belong."

—*Little Angel.*

I WILL TRY.

"Oh, dear! we have got to write a composition; and such a subject as Miss Williams has given us." So said my wide-awake little niece, Bessie.

"What is your subject?" I asked.

"'I will try.' What can I write about that?"

"What can you write? Why, what can you not write? I should think you would be, as the French say, embarrassed with the riches of your subject. 'I will try' has done a great deal worth telling of, and the men who have enlisted under 'I will Try's' banner have been those to whom we owe nearly all our happiness and comfort. There was George Stephenson, born in a mining district, near Newcastle, England, and, while a

mere child, obliged to earn his own bread among the mines, principally by working on the machinery. He became a celebrated 'engine doctor,' as he was called, and thought himself well off when he earned twelve shillings a week. This poor boy, with no education but what he got in the little time that he could spare from his daily labor, and after he had mended the watches and clocks of his neighbors, saw his son a member of Parliament; became himself a rich man and the greatest en-

gineer in England. He made so many improvements in locomotives and railways that he has been called the inventor of railways.

"Then how many physical difficulties 'I will try' has overcome. Dr. Nicholas Sanderson, another Englishman, lost his sight when only a year old; but when he grew up he was a great scholar, and taught mathematics and optics at Cambridge University. Think of that! a blind man explaining to students how and why they could see! But all the men who have tried and succeeded are not Englishmen. It is told of the President of one of the first colleges in the United States that he was, when quite young, reading the life of Benjamin Franklin, and said to himself: 'Here was a poor, ignorant boy, with no one but himself to depend upon; but he rose to be a great and celebrated man. Why may not I do the same? I will try.'

"How often must each of the poor soldiers who has lost his right hand have had to say, 'I will try,' before he learned to write with his left? That must have been a brave fellow who, when both hands were gone, learned to write with his mouth!

"The man who wrote the best account that we have of bees and ants was blind. If a man who could not see could study and write about such little creatures, cannot you think of something to write about 'I will try.'"

"'I will try' is like the steam in a great engine; it keeps all the machinery in motion."

"'I will try,'" said Bessie; and she ran out of the room, and her merry voice came back to me from the stairway, as she sang,

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

—*New York Observer.*

—The sting of reproach is the truth of it.

WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?

[SELECTED.]

Organs that gentlemen play, my boy,
To answer the tastes of the day, my boy.

Whatever it be,
They hit on the key,
And pipe in full concert away, my boy.

News from all countries and climes, my boy,
Advertisements, essays, and rhymes, my boy,
Mixed up with all sorts
Of (f) lying reports,
And published at regular times, my boy.

Articles, able and wise, my boy,
At least, in the editor's eyes, my boy,
And logic so grand,
That few understand
To what in the world it applies, my boy.

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy,
Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy,
And lengthy debate
Upon matters of State,
For wise-headed folks to peruse, my boy.

The funds as they were and they are, my boy,
The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy,
And every week
Some clever critique
On some rising theatrical star, my boy.

The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy,
The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boy,
The state of the crops,
The style of the fops,
And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.

List of all physical ills, my boy,
Banished by somebody's pills, my boy,
Till you ask with surprise
Why any one dies,
Or what the disorder that kills, my boy.

Who has got married, to whom, my boy,
Who were cut off in their bloom, my boy,
Who has a birth
On this sorrow-stained earth,
Who totters first to the tomb, my boy.

The prices of cattle and grain, my boy,
Directions to dig and to drain, my boy,
But 'twould take me too long,
To tell you in song,
A quarter of what they contain, my boy.

—A gentleman, it is said, had a board put on one part of his land, on which was written: "I will give this field to any one who is really contented;" and when the applicant came he always said, "Are you contented?" The general reply was, "I am." "Then," rejoined the gentleman, "what do you want with my field?"

—Slander not others because they have slandered you; bite not a reptile because you have felt his bite.

"HOP AND JUMP."

“OH DEAR!” said Mrs. Butler, “see that child of mine so like country girls, just as rough as a boy;” and Mrs. Alexander Butler wrung her small, soft hands in agony.

Hop and jump, jump and hop, just like a boy, if you like. It will save you a multitude of aches and gloomy hours. Laugh until your lungs are inflated—till the seeds of consumption are all out-rooted. If Mrs. Public Opinion tells you it is not lady-like, that it is like country girls, to hop and jump, pay no sort of attention to her, she is an antiquated slave to the world—to the dark ages.

If Miss Fashionable says your dress is not a *la Paris*, pay no heed to her, but hop and jump right along to attend to your own affairs. It will take all your time to mind your own matters, and if others find time to help you, be assured they are neglecting their own work; so hop and jump along without stopping to thank them even.

You may find, in life, some rough places, but jump over them, and go straight on in search of sunny nooks. If people would only learn to skip by and hop over the brambles, they would find the path of life far easier to walk in. 'Tis all folly to stop to mourn over trifles.

When you see children fighting or calling hard names, if you can do them no good, hop along and leave them to their miserable business.

When you hear people speaking ill of the absent, be sure they are cowards, and saying what they would not dare to repeat in the presence of those they are slandering, so hop along without saying a single word of ill of anybody.

Don't put on faces as long as moonbeams, and try to walk as steady and dignified as an elephant, when you are men and women; but just give care, trouble, gentility, custom and sham aristocracy into the charge of the North wind, and go hopping, skipping and jumping through the world, and when Death comes for you, thank your stars that you have made the most of life.

FRANCES BROWN.

SEA-BIRDS.—The question is often asked, where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them with water, hovering round and under a storm-cloud, chattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles, or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture; but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they can go without it for many days, if not for several weeks.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

DEAR EDITOR :

Inclosed please find \$2 for two one-dollar books, or two copies of the LYCEUM BANNER one year, one to be given to the girl under sixteen years of age, who will write the best article for the LYCEUM BANNER on "Physical Culture;" the other to be given to the boy under sixteen, who will send you the best article on "The Choice of a Business"—you to judge of the merits of the articles. F.

Letter from Mrs. Spaulding.

BELOIT, Wis., July 4, 1868.

DEAR CHILDREN OF ALL THE LYCEUMS: We hope you, too, are enjoying this glorious *Fourth*. It is, now truly glorious, because, while not unmindful of the great struggle for liberty made by our immediate predecessors, we have the more pleasing and useful demonstrations from the better portions of our natures. It is time the old war spirit was dying out. To-day *our* boys instead of congregating with the rough elements, where wine and powder predominate, are side by side with their sisters, walking under the peaceful folds of banners, signifying a higher type of manhood; or with them engaged in the culture of both mind and body, by the physical exercises, and rehearsals of sentiments truly taught them from the angel-world.

We had invited the Lyceums of some of our neighboring cities to join us in a children's picnic on this day, but, owing to the excessive heat of the weather, failure of securing cars, or some other good reason, none came to join us, excepting our Manchester friends, who came in bravely in full force. They joined us in the streets of our city, whence we all proceeded to a beautiful grove, marching to the exhilarating strains of music, with our many flags floating on the breeze.

In addition to the sports, recreations and refreshments usual on such occasions, we had a speech from Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Chicago, in her own happy manner, remarks from our good pastor, Mr. Warren, and from some of the lay brethren.

Of the children of both Lyceums present, too much cannot be said in praise of their proficiency in the manual exercises, and their appreciation of the true spirit of the sentiments they utter in their declamations. How can we otherwise than predict a great and rapid improvement of our race, when the very babes of a few years growth are receiving such systematic and scientific culture as our lyceums are furnishing, and who can now address audi-

ences better than most of us whose previous training has allowed our intellects to slumber in darkness.

In short, this day's experiment, with very little previous arrangement for its exercises, gives us great courage and promise for the future, and we hope there will be no lack of effort for the support of Progressive Lyceums wherever culture or reform in any department of life is needed.

The children's friend, A. C. S.

Question and Answer from Chicago Lyceum.

"What influence has selfishness on the soul?"

Selfishness, when confined to its legitimate sphere, is the mainspring of our noblest actions, but considered in the light in which the questioner intended it, its influence is always pernicious. It cramps the growth of the spirit, dwarfs the intellect, makes us unmindful of the rights of others, leads us to misjudge the motives that govern the actions of our neighbors, and to measure them by our own diminutive standard; makes us unscrupulous in our dealings with the world, and only mindful of self on the lowest plane of existence. Selfishness puts all the capital in the hands of the few, and condemns the many to hard labor or starvation. Selfishness makes man arrogate to himself the title of Lord of Creation, and withhold from woman both justice and equality. Selfish women get jealous of their husbands when they have only gone out to Lodge, or their Club, and selfish children are unloving and unloved, and they can never be true and earnest workers in a Progressive Lyceum until they commence to outgrow it.

NEW LYCEUM.

The good people of Akron, Ohio, by the aid of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, have organized a fine Lyceum. The following persons have been elected its officers for the ensuing year: Julius A. Sumner, President; James A. Sumner, Conductor; T. E. Kilbourn, Vice-President; Mrs. L. Barnhardt, Guardian; J. S. Hawkins, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. Jennings, Librarian; Henry McMasters, Treasurer; Miss Sarah J. Stone, Corresponding Secretary; William Payne, Musical Director; Dr. A. Underhill, Sydney J. Stone, Lewis Spaulding, Trustees in Trust.

—"Ma, why is a very little newsboy like a young squash?" "I can't tell, sonny." "Because, the older he grows, the more of a *yellow* he'll be."

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

WORD PUZZLE.

- My First is in hat, but not in cap.
- My Second is in you, but not in me.
- My Third is in day, but not in night.
- My Fourth is in sun, but not in moon.
- My Fifth is in two, but not in three.
- My Sixth is in young, but not in old.
- My Seventh is in tin, but not in lead.
- My Eighth is in plum, but not in pear.
- My Ninth is in steel, but not in iron.
- My Tenth is in water, but not in rain.
- My Eleventh is in sell, but not in buy.
- My Twelfth is in eat, but not in drink.

My whole is a distinguished author.

WALDO F. BATES.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 23 letters.

- My 8, 6, 10, pertains to figures.
- My 2, 9, 13, 4, is a small brook.
- My 14, 12, 1, 11, is a young animal.
- My 10, 9, 4, 5, is an article of food.
- My 11, 13, 4, 14, is a plaything.
- My 7, 5, 10, 22, is what we all want.
- My 20, 7, 19, 15, often goes round the world.
- My 21, 5, 16, 20, 22, can be found in any village.
- My 7, 16, 1, 17, 13, 22, is what we all should be.
- My 23, 5, 10, 22, is the name of a city.

My whole may be found in every LYCEUM BANNER.

D. M.

I am composed of 15 letters.

- My 8, 7, 6, 13, 11, is used by school children.
- My 1, 6, 7, 13, is used in making beer.
- My 15, 2, 1, is used as a beverage.
- My 7, 11, 5, 13, 2, 10, 11, is what we have all heard.
- My 1, 9, 12, 11, is a small quadruped.
- My 8, 14, 5, 13, 14, 10, belongs to one of the learned professions.
- My 8, 4, 1, 11, is a piece of money.

My whole is what every Lyceum ought to have.

H. L.

ANSWERS IN No. 20.

- Enigma by Charley—Harriet Hosmer.
- Enigma by Willie—Lake Michigan.
- Enigma by G. K. J.—Song of the Rose Leaves.
- Enigma by Louis R. Schroeder—Women's Rights.
- Answered by Charley Davis, Jennie Ray and Victor Price.

—Bertie. "Papa, when I grow up may I be what I like?"

Papa. "Yes, my boy, you may choose your own profession."

Bertie. "Then I'll be a sweep, for I shall never have to wash my face."

—A child's definition of love: Love always gives smooth answers to rough questions.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.
OVERCOMING EVIL.

My young friends, "He who conquers himself does more than he who commands armies." What do you understand by this sentence? Does it not mean that he who overcomes evil with good does more than he who governs many men? I think this was the meaning of the author when he made that remark.

When I see little children doing wrong, telling how they may revenge some act of unkindness done to them, studying up something to injure their brothers, sisters, or playmates, I feel grieved, and, if I could, would help them to overcome that rising passion in their hearts, and cause them to do good instead of evil to their friends.

Have you not some loved friend that you would feel sorry to have see you in a fit of passion, or committing some unworthy act? I doubt not but with many of you this is the case; then may you, and all of us, endeavor at all times to feel, think, and act as if that dear friend were ever near, looking into our hearts and knowing our secret thoughts—for there are loved ones all around us, that know whether we are doing good or evil. They know whether we are striving for the good of those around us, or whether we are plotting evil. Then let us strive not only to cultivate the mind, but to beautify the spirit by kind words and loving deeds; when others wrong us let us forgive them, and do a kindness in return. L. M.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.
OUR LYCEUM.

I'm a happy Lyceum scholar,
Proud am I to own the name,
And when censure falls upon us,
Proud to take my share of blame;
Proud to tell the world its teachings,
How it elevates the mind,
Makes us better brothers, sisters,
Ever generous and kind.

It teaches us the why and wherefore
Of the laws of life and health,
That will aid us, in the future,
More than all the mines of wealth.
If our lives are good and truthful,
We need not fear the darkest night;
Flowers will bloom upon our pathway,
And the future will be bright.

This is what our Lyceum teaches,
And we children love it well;
Those who hear our ready answers
May something of our progress tell.
Onward! upward! is our motto,
Ever stirring to attain,
Step by step, the "heights of wisdom,"
And each day some knowledge gain.

JANE SENIER.

MAZO MANIE, WIS.

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 Morcautle Hall, No. 16 Summer street. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian.

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

Breedsville, 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 8 P. M., in the Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and DeKalb avenues. John A. Bartlett, Conductor; Mrs. Fannie Cahill, Guardian.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Meets in Music Hall, every Sunday afternoon. Mr. S. H. Wertman, Conductor; Miss Sarah Brooks, 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.—Meets 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 Washington Hall every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. W. J. Mayo, Guardian.

Charlestown, Mass.—No. 2, C. C. York, Conductor; Lucy A. York, 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 10 A. M. Dr. B. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian and President of the Literary Circle.

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

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

Evansville, 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.

Havana, Ill.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 8 P. M. in Andrus' Hall. J. F. Coppel, Conductor; E. J. Shaw, Guardian.

Haverhill, Mass.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in Music Hall.

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. Loper, 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 10½ A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

Mitaukeee, 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. Oramer, Conductor; Mrs. W. P. Myers, arGuardian.

Newark, N. J.—Meets in Music Hall, No. 4 Bank street, every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mr. G. T. Leach, Conductor; Mrs. Harriet Parsons, Guardian.

New York City—meet every Sunday at 9½ o'clock, A. M., in Masonic Hall, 114 East Thirteenth street. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

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

Onesego, 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 Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

Plymouth, Mass.—Meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock. I. Carver, Conductor; Mrs. E. 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.

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

Richmond, Ind.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. Eli Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Adleman, 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. W. T. Riggs, Guardian.

Sacramento, Cal.—Organized October, 1864. H. Bowman, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian.

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

Stonham, Mass.—meets every Sunday at Harmony Hall, at 10½ o'clock A. M. E. T. Whittier, Conductor; Mrs. A. M. Kimpton, Guardian.

Springfield, Mass.—Organized Nov. 18, 1866. H. S. Williams, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Lyman, 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, 1868. 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 23, 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.

Willmantic, Conn.—Remus Robinson, Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Parinton, Guardian.

Washington, D. C.—Meets at Harmonial Hall, Pennsylvania Avenue, Sunday, at 12½ o'clock. G. E. Davis, Conductor; Anna Denton Oridge, Guardian.

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