

The Lyceum Banner.

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Written for the Lyceum Banner.

DEACON GRANT'S CONVERSION.

A TRUE STORY.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

DEACON GRANT and his faithful wife, Polly, were returning from church one cold day in December, leading by the hand, their only son, Hazen, who was the pride and pet of the Grant household. They were talking in a subdued tone of the "means of grace" afforded at the vestry of the church in Summer-ville, on a Sunday afternoon. They rejoiced

that Hazy was not left to the natural promptings of his depraved heart, but was, one day in seven, under the influence of good Father Cole. They gave thanks that wealth had been given them to enable them to educate their son for the ministry, when he should be of an age to enter upon this sacred duty, and to keep him from evil associations while in the tender days of childhood.

Hazen knew he was the subject of conversation; he had a vague idea that something uncommon was being done by his parents to make him different from the other boys in the neighborhood; but what he was to do, or to be, besides learning his catechism, keeping quiet one day in seven, and never crossing the wheat field to play with Leon Carpenter or Jimmy Crane, was to him a mystery.

Just as this worthy trio turned the corner, Hazen exclaimed, much louder than was his custom on Sunday, "O, ma, pa, see there!" pointing at the same time to two boys in the distance, one carrying the other upon his back.

"Hush! Hazy, it is the Sabbath day; don't speak quite so loud. But what is it?"

"Why, father, don't you see Leon Carpenter carrying Jimmy Crane on his back?"

"Of all things, Deacon, did you ever?"

"Never, Polly, never—and on a day that we are commanded to keep holy. Don't look at the wicked sight, my son, keep your eyes straight ahead and your thoughts on your lesson."

They *are* keeping the day holy, maybe. Jimmy is lame, and so Leon is carrying him," explained the child.

"O," said the Deacon, and "O" said Polly, in the same breath, much relieved to find the day was not so badly broken after all.

Leon walked up to a high bank and gently sat his burden down. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the perspiration from his

face, then he took a long breath and sat down by the side of Jimmy.

"I'm sorry, Leo, I am so much trouble. I guess I can walk now, for I am real rested, and you are so warm and tired," said little Jimmy, in a mournful tone.

"No, I'm not a speck tired, it is real fun to carry you—you are as light as a feather. But I wish you were well and strong like me, and could walk and run, for then you would enjoy the marches so much in the Lyceum."

"O, I do enjoy all the exercises, better, I believe, than most any of you who can walk, and I'll tell you why. I sit there on a seat all by myself, and when the groups come round some of them always have a kind word to say to me, and they seem to pity me so, and to love me, too, that I believe I get more than my share of comfort out of the Lyceum every Sunday."

"I am glad you are so happy, Jimmy; but Deacon Grant's folks are coming from church and we must trudge along, for they sent over word to my mother the other day that she must keep her boy away from their son Hazen, on account of bad influences—I am sure I don't know what it meant, but I don't want to meet them."

"But *I* want to meet them," said the heroic little Jimmy. "If I *am* little, and sick, and poor, I will show Mr. Grant that I think Leon Carpenter is the best boy in town, and if we run away from him he will think we are afraid of him, and I would not like to have him think that, for my leader told me only last Sunday that if we do right we have nothing to fear from any one, if they are ever so great and rich."

Just then the three Grants came along and seeing the boys talking and laughing, they thought it a good opportunity for missionary work. The Deacon commenced, by asking in a very stern voice: "Why don't you go to Sunday School and not be here frolicing in the streets on Sunday?"

"We *do* go," spoke both boys together. "We are on our way home from the Lyceum where we had such a good time," said Jimmy.

"Oh, that's a bad place—a *very* bad place. You shouldn't orter go there, they learn you bad things in them Lyceums."

"But they teach us to be good and happy, and I'm sure there is nothing bad in that. I wish you would let Harry go with us, he would be so happy there," said brave little Jimmy.

"Of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. Grant, who could keep silent no longer; "Me let Hazy go to a Spiritual Sunday School. I wouldn't for the world. No good ever comes from going to such places."

"Our Lyceum does ever so much good," persisted Jimmy, at the same time kicking out his feet to exhibit a pair of new boots, and turning round to show to the best advantage his nice, warm coat. They gave me these at the Lyceum, and, better than all, Leon helps me to go every Sunday, and I am sure that is doing me good. Will you please let Hazy go with us? He don't need new boots, exactly, but I guess he needs *some* things we have there."

"O no, no, that is impossible; we mean to bring Hazy up in the fear of the Lord, and they don't fear the Lord much, I'm afraid, over to Lincoln Hall."

"No, we don't fear anybody over there—we love most everybody, though."

"Polly, Polly, lead our son along, away from such bad influences." And the three saints marched along, followed by the two little sinners, all thinking, talking and acting according to their highest ideas of right.

After the Grants reached their homes and the sharpness of the afternoon's conversation wore off a little, they began thinking upon the events of the day, and the more they reflected the more dissatisfied they became with themselves. Polly was a good woman, in spite of her prejudices, and she couldn't help thinking of the unselfishness of Leon in helping Jimmy to meeting every Sunday, whether it was a bad or a good cause, the spirit of the boy was the same, and she thought of the thoughtful remarks made by that little sprig of a boy, not as old as her son; of the warm coat and boots, and of their happy, smiling faces in all their poverty and sickness, and she wondered what made them so, and why her own child did not manifest such quickness as those two children of want and misfortune had done.

The good mother couldn't study it out alone, and so she ventured to ask her husband. She did not come straight to the question at once, but talked round and round a long time, and at last she got the Deacon to wondering too, without telling him the thoughts that troubled her.

"I know Hazen is at home in his Catechism, but outside of that I see he can't hold a candle to any of the Lyceum children. I'm sorry, and I wish it wasn't so, for if I ever wanted anything it was a boy quick in an argument. I wish you'd just go round, father, to Lincoln Hall next Sunday and see what they do to the children to make them so uncommonly smart."

"No, you go, Polly."

"No, you, Deacon."

"But I rather *you* would, as you are only a

woman, and it wouldn't be noticed in you."

"But you are a man and wouldn't lose your character as quick as I should."

"Say we both go next Sunday. We can slip away from Hazy and tell him we are going over to his grandma's, and then we will tell him she was sick and we had to stay with her."

"No, Deacon Grant, I won't tell our boy anything of the kind. I couldn't tell him a lie, and so we'll just go and say nothing about it."

The next Sunday, much to the astonishment of the people assembled in Lincoln Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Grant appeared among them. They were invited by one of the guards into a group set apart for visitors, and not knowing exactly what to do in one of these new-fangled Sunday schools, they followed the rest, which led them all through the gymnastic exercise and the march, and they only recovered their wits when the order was given to "halt in groups and mark time."

As no harm was done them and they were convinced that they had found the place where children were made brighter, happier and better, all objections to Hazy attending the same school were removed, and so the very next Sunday Hazen was sent round to Mrs. Carpenter's, with the request that he might be allowed to go to the Lyceum with Leon; and as Mrs. Carpenter was a sensible woman and had no fear of "bad influences," she readily consented, and took him into the group with her own son, of which she was leader.

The Deacon's fall from grace created quite an excitement in the village of Summerville; but Polly's heresy wasn't such a wonder, for everybody always thought her a very queer woman, and who but she pulled the wool over the Deacon's eyes?

The clerical profession lost an ornament in the apostacy of Hazy, but Shore group gained a model boy.

Jimmy's eyes light up with a peculiar brightness as he lies in his mother's arms and tells her the part he acted in Deacon Grant's conversion, and he insists on saying that real little children can do a great deal of good if they only try.

—◆◆◆—
"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?" A Drama for Schools and Lyceums.

This little work of Mrs. Hosmer is well worthy our patronage. Let us have it enacted in all our Lyceums. Eight persons take part in the play. It will be sold for twenty-five cents for a single copy, five copies for one dollar, or fifty copies for eight dollars. Address Mary B. Hosmer, 163 14th street, Washington, D. C.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. S. L. WOODARD.

Affectionately inscribed to my brother and sister, C. and R. W. DEAN, on the removal to the Spirit Spheres of three beloved children.

Three birdlings flown from the parent nest,
 Their tired wings folded in blissful rest,—
 But they've not deserted the sheltering breasts
 That love them so.

List! hear their musical love-notes flow;
 "Dear father, dear mother,
 We've not deserted the sheltering breasts
 That love us so."

Three blossoms drooped on the parent stem,—
 The winds of earth were too chilling for them,
 In a heavenly garden they're blooming again,
 While you pine below.

List! their whispering greets you in accents low,
 "Dear father, dear mother,
 We are still drawing life from the fond warm hearts
 That love us so."

Three little mortals with earth-weary feet,
 Round the homestead hearth you will never meet;
 But three little angels will oft come to greet
 Those who love them so.

List! their chorus of voices, with silvery flow,—
 "Dear father, dear mother,
 We are waving around you our love for a shield,
 Who love you so."

Three angel children are waiting for you,
 Watching you lovingly life's journey through,
 Bright radiant spirits, oft greeting your view,
 And loving you so;

They are twining a love chain, and whispering low,
 "Dear father, dear mother,
 These links are enduring, binding ever to you
 Those who love you so."

Leroy, Dec. 7th, 1866.

—◆◆◆—
"Now I Lay Me."

Rosebud lay in her trundle bed,
 With her small hands folded above her head,
 And fixed her innocent eyes on me,
 While a thoughtful shadow came over her gle:
 "Mamma," she said, "when I go to sleep,
 I pray to the Father my soul to keep,
 And He comes and carries it far away
 To the beautiful home where his angels stay;
 I gather red roses and lilies so white,
 I sing with the angels through all the long night!
 And when, in the morning, I wake from my sleep,
 He gives back the soul that I gave Him to keep,
 And I only remember, like beautiful dreams,
 The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams."

— "Mamma, mamma," cried a little boy, when the sun set gorgeously red one Christmas eve, "see how hot the heaven is over there. Santa Claus is baking, I guess."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SAM AND TIP, AND THEIR DOG TOODLES.

SAM and Tip were the two best boys in the village of Goshen. Full of fun and frolic, they were pets, not only of the house, but of the whole neighborhood. During the summer vacation their mother sent them for a few weeks to visit an aunt in the country.

Aunt Eunice was a very good aunt as the world goes, but not a very agreeable one to frolicsome little boys. She expected them to be men, to come to the table with clean faces and hands and smoothly combed hair; to say "please" though they were ever so hungry, and never to laugh on improper occasions. For pastime she doomed her little nephews to an hour each day in her sitting room, while she related or read to them stories of good children who had died young and gone to heaven. These juvenile models could invariably repeat the whole of the one hundred and twenty-first psalm and the seventeenth chapter of John. The boys tried hard to appear interested, but Tip, before he knew it, found himself catching flies and covering them with pulverized chalk and letting them fly again. They lighted on Aunt Eunice's coal black hair, and formed such a decided contrast that Sam, who had looked sober as a judge for the last half-hour, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Tip's black eyes opened wider, and he grew very red in the face, knowing he justly deserved punishment.

"O, Aunty, please excuse me," said Sam, in an imploring tone, "but white flies look so funny. I couldn't help it." Aunty looked grave, and tears filled Tip's eyes. "I am so sorry; I only just wanted to see how they'd look," said he, and he looked so penitent that the heart must be hard indeed which could not forgive him. "I will try and excuse you both, but for a punishment I shall not read to you again for a whole week."

The boys looked really ashamed of their bad conduct, and walked sorrowfully out of the room. They felt relieved when they reached the outer air, and began chatting merrily as ever.

"Now, Sam, what will we do? No more stories about good little boys for a whole week, and I'm glad of it, too. I'd rather be as bad as we have been this morning than learn verses and hymns, and walk as slow and straight as Uncle Dudley."

So away they went with Toodles, who was forbidden the house during summer lest he brought in dust in his thick hair. "Here's Aunty's blue hen; now I'll just show you how to magnetize it as Tim Carrol does." Sam commenced the race for Miss Biddy, and finally caught her between the

wood pile and carriage house. Forgetting how near they were to the house, Sam began his mesmeric operations full in sight of Aunt Eunice, who sat by the window where the boys left her ten minutes before. She was meditating on the depravity of all children, and boys in particular, when the race for the blue hen attracted her attention. Tip and Toodles anxiously awaited the sport, while Sam tucked biddy's head under her wing and holding her firmly with both hands, whirled her around a few times, then laid her on the ground. "Now when I get to fifteen she will wake up. One, two, three, four, five."

Aunt Eunice could endure no more. "What have you done? My best laying hen. How could you do so?"

"O, Aunty, I only magnetized her—fifteen—now wake up, biddy," and much to Aunt Eunice's surprise she took her head from under her wing, jumped up and ran off with a light cackle as briskly as ever. A severe reprimand followed this scientific exhibition. The boys promised to be as good as Willie Wilder she had read to them about, if she would give them a basket of cakes and let them play in the field. Hoping to obtain a little quiet the cakes were given them, and Aunt Eunice had the satisfaction of being rid of Sam, Tip and Toodles for the remainder of the day.

"I wonder if anybody will care if we magnetize the birds?" said Sam. "I know I can do it, and I mean to try, Aunt Eunice or no Aunt Eunice." After scattering crumbs a short time, the little birds grew so bold as to come very near and pick them up—so near that Tip might have covered them with his broad-rimmed hat. They concluded not to catch them too soon, or they might frighten away the rest. After assuring themselves that in a week they could catch all they liked, they commenced feeding fish in a pretty stream of water near by. They came shyly at first, eyeing the bits of cake as they sank in the water. As no harm came to them, they came more boldly up, and caught the floating crumbs. "Who would have thought, Tip, that fishes could learn so quick? Now wouldn't it be real nice if Aunty would only be good and come down here and see how cute they are? O, if mamma was here I know it would be real fun for her!" "I don't believe we are very bad boys, or the birds and fishes wouldn't come to us if we were." "O, it's Aunty's cakes they like," said Sam, laughing. "But wouldn't it spoil all our fun if she should tell mother we had been bad boys up here? I'm real afraid she will, and I have thought if we could only magnetize her she wouldn't."

They clapped their hands and laughed merrily over their joke, which they managed to turn into a reality. Each had a dollar to spend while away, and two dollars would work wonders, they thought. So taking Jenny Goodhue, the kitchen girl, into their confidence, a pretty calico dress was bought for their Aunt and presented to her on the morning of their departure. She gave them many kisses, told them how much she loved them, and that they must come again next summer and stay longer. "We will," said Sam, "if you will let us be boys and magnetize the fishes and birds and the old blue hen, and bring Toodles along."

"We will anyway," Tip added, "for another year we hope to know how to behave much better than we do now." D. M.

RIGHT MOTIVES.

NEAR CHILDREN:—I suppose some of you are asleep now; some, perhaps, are playing about; some, I imagine, are listening to stories, read by some older brother or sister; I can almost see the pleasant group around the table, almost hear the occasional joyous laugh. What better school than at the fireside, where there is perfect liberty and love? How I would like to laugh and play with you all; and be as joyous as sunshine, the birds and flowers.

I suppose if you find words in your reading which you do not understand, you ask some one their meaning, or you may look in the Dictionary for yourselves. Do not pass a word or sentence without understanding it. Do you understand this sentence—We should always have right motives for action? Supposing a boy or girl who had not been well taught, should ask you to do what you know is not right to do, would you say I cannot do it because I shall be punished? Or would you say, I cannot do it, because it will not be right? Which would be the best answer? *Learn to do right because it is right.* Good night.

S. N. WAX.

Christmas Eve.

A SHORT SERMON FOR CHILDREN.—Don't drink. Don't smoke. Don't chew. Don't swear. Don't gamble. Don't lie. Don't steal. Don't deceive. Don't tattle. Be polite. Be generous. Be kind. Be neat. Study hard. Play hard. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be just and fear not. Read good books. Love your fellow-man, as well as God. Love your country and obey the laws. Love virtue and be happy.—*The Revolution.*



OUT IN THE COLD.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

Jack Frost is a sharp one,
And nips, as he goes,
Poor mittenless fingers
And stockingless toes,
And bites without mercy
Your ears and your nose.

Why, dear little maiden!
Out here in the cold,
The snow and the north wind
That whittle so bold,
Like a shivering pet lamb
Astray from its fold:

With finger-tips aching
And feet buried deep
In the snow that lies over
The blossoms asleep,
Till Spring comes in sunshine
Her promise to keep?

Hurry on! Hurry on!
Little maiden, I say,
For the wind bloweth keen
On this cold winter day.
And the frost has no pity
For any astray.

—*Children's Hour.*

—A sweet planet—the honeymoon.

—Why is the letter A the best remedy for a deaf woman? Because it makes her hear.

—When should a musician be punished as a counterfeiter? When he produces false notes.

—To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom yourself, and by habit you will bear them well.

—If a young lady yawns half-a-dozen times in succession, young man, you may get your hat.

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A red cross denotes that the time of subscription has expired.

PREMIUMS.

For two subscriptions at \$1 per year we will send Little Angel or Harry's Wish.

For four subscriptions, The Practical of Spiritualism. A Biographical Sketch of A. James, by J. M. Peebles.

For six subscriptions we will send Emerson's Self-Binder, LYCEUM BANNER size, price 60 cents.

For seven subscriptions, Emerson's Self-Binder, price 70cts.

" eight " " 80 "

" ten " " \$2 silver knife, or Emerson's Binder

For Music, price \$1.25. (See advertisement)

For twelve subscriptions, No. 1 Lyceum Pin or Charm, price \$1.50.

NEW STORY.

Mrs. C. F. Corbin, author of "Woman's Secret" and "Uncle Timothy," has promised a downright good story for our boys and girls. Every one knows that Mrs. Corbin excels in story-writing. So look out for a splendid treat.

The story, "Lost in the Woods," will be commenced the 15th of February, and run through six numbers of the paper.

Gertie Grant will commence, at the same time, a series of interesting stories, entitled "Early Memories." These are true stories of Gertie's early life.

The young people, and old people too, will want to read these stories. Twenty-five cents will pay for the paper containing them, so we conclude to receive three month subscriptions. Who will send us, by Feb. 15, the largest number of three months' subscribers? Any one sending us four names, with \$1, shall receive a prize of either of Mrs. Green's cottage stories or of Mrs. Hosmer's new drama, "Who is my Neighbor?" For sixteen names, with \$4, we will give Planchette. The person obtaining this prize will pay the 40 cents postage if sent by mail.

—Why are theatrical rocks like the national flower of Ireland?—They are sham-rocks.

PARAGRAPHS.

—Myron Coloney, Esq., the Conductor of the St. Louis Lyceum, has written a drama for the Lyceum, entitled, "Man and Woman; a Drama of Life as it is, imparting a Lesson of Life as it should be."

—J. M. Peebles has gone to Detroit, to remain, we expect, for six months. Sensible move for Detroit, and quite as sensible for Mr. Peebles.

—Susie M Johnson has been in this city speaking to good congregations. She will speak for us again in February.

—The "twenty stories" are in the hands of the Committee. We hope soon to give the names of the prize winners.

—MASTER SAMUEL EMERSON, one of our subscribers, has gone to the Morning Land. May he find gentle hands to help and loving hearts to bless in the better land.

—Philadelphia Lyceums take 140 copies of THE LYCEUM BANNER; Chicago, 135; Troy, 125; Sacramento, 100. Who will send the next hundred?

—It is well to commence the year with a clear record. A few of our subscribers have given their names without the money. That they fully intend to deal justly we do not doubt; but our needs call for these scattering dollars. Please forward them.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock are still at work in the Ohio missionary field, organizing Lyceums and societies.

—Mrs. S. E. Warner is speaking in Ohio.

—The officers and leaders of Milan Lyceum presented their Conductor and Guardian, Hudson and Emma Tuttle, with a magnificent China tea set, as a Christmas gift.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—*Golden Era.*

New Publications.

Young Folks' News is the name of a good-looking weekly that comes to us from 21 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. It will be furnished to single subscribers at one dollar per annum. Rev. Henry Reeves, editor.

EMINENT WOMEN OF THE AGE.

The above is the title of a new book of 628 pages, illustrated with sixteen portraits on steel, forty-seven life-like representations of women who have become somewhat famous as artists, authors, philanthropists.

What a wonder-worker time has become! The time was when women were forbidden to learn to read and write. A few women, however, in all ages, have become famous; but they were not appreciated, not understood until they were immortalized by death. In this age of chain-lightning speed even the girls, despite of old customs and the sneers of bigots, strike out and up for the hills of fame. It is not enough that they succeed in reaching Sinai; they must speak; they will be heard; will denounce old heathen laws, and give to the world new commandments.

In this new work, "The Women of the Age," we find sketches of these young immortals. The masks are laid off, and we catch glimpses of the living, loving working women—the world's saviors.

A few years since Anna Dickinson was sweeping walks, washing dishes, and doing whatever else her girlish hands found to do that would help her to food and clothing; but the prophet-soul meantime was planning, hoping, looking fameward. She knew the way to independence; she knew, too, that there were lions in the way; but the strong-hearted child of freedom went on her way, did her work, and waited for Mrs. E. C. Stanton to write of her, "Well done."

Miss Dickenson's is not the only life of struggle and of conquest pictured in this book. She has done much, others as much and as well. Let those who regard women as weak and dependent read among the "eminent women" something of the heroism and achievements of Camilla Urso, Harriet G. Hosmer, Rosa Bonheur, Alice and Phebe Cary, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Gail Hamilton, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

The book is for sale by Gibbs & Nichols, 132 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Do you go South?" No. "Will you edit the LYCEUM BANNER if you go to California?" Yes. We have never worked in the office of the LYCEUM BANNER; never seen the mailing books. Mrs. Kimball will remain at her post. Nothing will suffer in her hands. We hope, by our California sketches, to add to the interest of the paper.

WHAT OF IT?

The following story is going the newspaper rounds:

Great enthusiasm was manifested at the Davenport (Iowa) township polls, on the Fair grounds, Nov. 3, by a spectacle which would have stirred the patriotic blood of every true-hearted American in the land. In the afternoon a low-seated buggy was driven up to the polls by a beautiful young lady. By her side was seated Deacon Gilbert, father of E. S. Gilbert, after whom Gilberttown was named. Deacon Gilbert is upwards of one hundred years old. He cast his first Presidential vote in 1788, in the State of New York, for George Washington, and has voted at every Presidential election since that year. Miss Holmes assisted the centenarian and patriot to alight, and placing her arm in his, accompanied him to the polls. He handed an open straight republican ticket to the judges. As he did so the bystanders broke into cheers, which did not cease until three times three had been given for the aged republican, followed by three more for the young lady who had accompanied him.

Now, in the language of the young lady, "what of it?" She had at her command a horse and buggy. She had a strong arm and a brave young heart. What excuse had she, then, for not helping the centenarian to the polls? We have known the girl from a little child, and know of braver deeds of her doing without a single "cheer." She furnished our Christmas table with a well-cooked turkey; no word of praise has, perhaps, fallen upon her ears for the good deed. But what would those bystanders have done had this girl of fair fame handed, for herself, a "straight, republican ticket?" Would the cheers have been "three times three?"

We mistake if Miss Clara Holmes does not yet go the ballot box a voter; mistake if her citizenship is not yet acknowledged and respected. The world's hope and trust is in the girls of to-day.

WESTWARD, HO!

The readers of the *Present Age* and *Banner of Light* have learned that the editor of the LYCEUM BANNER designs leaving Chicago early in the spring for California via Omaha and the line of the Pacific Railroad. She will stop along the route where her services, as a speaker, may be desired. Will the friends, living along the Pacific Railroad, and those living in California, who wish her to speak upon the various subjects of reform, write her at once, that she may the better make her appointments. Address Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill.



For the Lyceum Banner.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

NEARLY two hundred and fifty years ago a company of religious persons in the old world, who loved liberty of conscience and speech better than bodily comfort, decided to make the perilous voyage to the wilds of America, in search of freedom.

Crossing the ocean then was a very different thing from making the same voyage now. Sixty-three days of privation and suffering were then endured, where ten days of ease and luxury would accomplish the same journey at the present time. But these hundred souls were brave and fearless, and though the sea spray froze to their clothing, and the wintry winds tossed their light vessel, they believed with a faith consistent with their trusting natures that the journey would be successfully accomplished, and so it was. In the inhospitable month of December, as they approached the coast of Massachusetts, a small boat was sent out to find a suitable place to land. No better place could be found than a huge rock on the beach, which, in remembrance of the port from which they sailed, they named Plymouth Rock.

The winter was fearful. Their simple faith failed to stay the ravages of famine and disease, and many of their number died.

Blended with their religious zeal was an unconquerable will, that has descended to their posterity and in less than two and a half centuries has pro-

duced the most prosperous and intelligent nation on earth.

Her flag floats in every harbor, and is respected by every nation in the world. Her wealth is incalculable, her intelligence unsurpassed and her people happy. All this is the result of purity of motive and a rigid adherence to right.

THE PRESENT AGE.

Col. Dorus M. Fox, editor of the *Present Age*, has moved his paper and family to Kalamazoo, Mich. The move is a good one. Kalamazoo is more central than Lyons; it is a larger town, and consequently can hold more brave and progressive souls. S. F. Breed is no longer Corresponding Editor of the *Age*, but Col. Fox has been reinforced by Dean Clark, Associate Editor; Mrs. S. A. Horton, J. William Van Namee, and Prof. E. Whipple, Corresponding Editors.

LETTER FROM J. C. G.

DEAR YOUNG READERS:—Happening to be in Chicago last Sunday, I attended the Lyceum, and was so pleased with one thing I heard there, that I want to tell all the readers of the **LYCEUM BANNER** about it, and I want them to talk and think about it until we can have the same thing in every Lyceum. You all know we have the **LYCEUM BANNER** every other Sunday, and this was the day it came. After the groups had all joined in singing, the papers were distributed, and all read the Silver Chain recitation from them, and it seemed so fresh and sparkling that I wondered it was not done oftener, and I said to myself I will set the children to talking about it; then I know it will be done.

I would like to see each leader take the papers quietly from the children's hands, after the recitation, and lay them aside, to be returned to them at the close of the session.

—A milkman may have a habit of stopping daily near the river, and not excite suspicion; but when we find his little boy fishing for minnows in the milk-pan, we begin to have our doubts.

—The most expressive eyes—Vocalize.

—"Drop me a line," as the drowning man said to the fellow on deck.

LYCEUM CONVENTION.

The following resolutions were adopted by the National Lyceum Convention. We are not able to give room, as we hoped, to many of the excellent speeches made at this Convention. But, as Dr. H. T. Child has furnished a full report for the *Present Age* and *Banner of Light*, our friends will have the opportunity of reading them.

Resolved, That a committee of nine be appointed, to report at an early day, on the subject of music, of silver-chain recitations, books for libraries, and gymnastics and marches.

Adopted, and the Business Committee were requested to propose the names of the said committee.

Mr. Holman offered the following:

Resolved, That the above committee be requested to report to the next meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists.

The Business Committee reported the following names for the committee of nine on the addition to the Manual: A. Jackson Davis, Orange, N. J.; Hannah F. M. Brown, Chicago, Ill.; George B. Davis, Washington, D. C. On music: William Masson, Baltimore, Md.; Felix Shelling, Philadelphia, Penn.; Lucretia Mott Brown, Richmond, Ind. On gymnastics: Michael B. Dyott, Philadelphia, Penn.; Eli F. Brown, Richmond, Ind.. Mrs. Eliza Ridgaway, Chicago, Ill.

The Committee on Resolutions reported the following, which were adopted:

Resolved, That the system known as the Children's Progressive Lyceum embodies the fundamental principles of all true education.

Resolved, That this Convention recommend parents, in each Association, to enter the Lyceum with their children, and teach them by example as well as precept, this being the most practical way of promoting the interests of the Lyceum.

(Presented by Dorus M. Fox and accepted by the Committee.) *Resolved*, That this Convention, by and through its officers, requests the American Association of Spiritualists to add to the objects of said Association the following words at the end of Article Second: "And, also, the organization and support of Children's Progressive Lyceums."

Resolved, That the officers of the present year be constituted a Board, whose duty it shall be to issue a Call for the next National Convention of the friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, to meet at the same place that the American Association of Spiritualists meet, immediately after the adjournment of said Convention, and they are directed to make the necessary arrangements for the sessions of the same.

Resolved, That we heartily endorse and cordially welcome the LYCEUM BANNER as a valuable contribution and worthy co-laborer in the cause of the Children's Progressive Lyceums, and recommend its support to all the Lyceums and their friends.

Whereas, The Children's Lyceum is a system of universal education, of which the basis is physical; therefore,

Resolved, That no efforts should be spared, on the part of those connected with Lyceums, to ascertain, inculcate and thoroughly practice all the laws of health.

Resolved, That this Convention recommend each Lyceum to send the questions they discuss to the LYCEUM BANNER for publication; and that they keep a record of all questions considered by the Lyceum, and the answers given.

Resolved, That the delegates to this Convention tender their warmest thanks to the friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum in this city, for the very hospitable manner in which they have been entertained.

Col. Fox said:

By desire, and in behalf of Mrs. Davis, who has so ably presided over this Convention, I thank you for the kindness which you have extended to her in the discharge of her duties. And I feel that you will agree with me that she has presided with the greatest ability and dignity.

On motion of A. B. French, the Convention extended its hearty thanks to Mrs. Mary F. Davis for the able manner in which she had presided over its deliberations.

The Convention then adjourned *sine die*.

What Our Exchanges Say of Us.

The LYCEUM BANNER is a paper devoted to children's lyceums and the culture of the youthful minds. It is published by Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, and is edited by her sister, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, one of our best writers and speakers. This paper should be in every family where there are children.—*The Spiritualist*.

THE LYCEUM BANNER.—This pleasant little magazine is published at room 21 Pope's Block, Chicago. It has some excellent little stories for children, and gives good poetry and child literature. It is only \$1.00 a year.—*Sorosis*.

THE LYCEUM BANNER.—This most excellent periodical for the lyceum children, and all others, is a *desideratum* for every family, and no Spiritualistic family can afford to be without it. It contains reading matter for all ages, of an unexceptional character, and in its choice variety meets the tastes of all. We would urge liberalists everywhere to subscribe for it.

It is published semi-monthly, at the low price of \$1.00 per year, in advance, or ten copies for \$9.00. Address, Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, P. O. Drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill.—*Present Age*.

—Why did not the young lady who could not "express" her feelings, send them by mail? Perhaps she had no confidence in the *males*. If so, she should remember that the U. S. Mail charges a fee for transportation, and is therefore a fee-mail; consequently reliable.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

MILAN, OHIO.

Under the efficient management of Hudson Tuttle as Conductor, assisted by Mrs. Emma Tuttle, this Lyceum is meeting with wonderful success. Its sessions are well attended. It never has any *vacations*, but since its inauguration has met every Sunday, and during the heated summer term its hall was as well filled as at any other time. This Lyceum is fortunate in many ways, but especially in its corps of leaders, who all seem endowed with the same energy that characterizes their Conductor. They are rarely absent, and are deeply engaged in their work.

Their Christmas Festival was a great success. By a series of entertainments a fund was created for the purpose of bestowing presents on all, but more especially on those who would not otherwise be remembered. Two trees were required, and even then, wires had to be stretched from one to the other in order to gain room to hang the gifts. The Lyceum groups early assembled under their respective targets, and the hall was densely packed with spectators. The hall is arranged with a stage like a theater, with drop-curtain and footlights, and when at a given signal the curtain went up, revealing the whole stage filled with the mysterious evergreen, loaded with presents, and the veritable Saint Nicholas vainly endeavoring to escape after completing his task, the enthusiasm of the children and spectators was beyond bounds. Then a little girl, member of Lake group, advanced from the side entrance, and welcomed him in the name of the Milan C. P. L., and requested a speech. Thus caught, Saint Nicholas gave a beautiful poem, and bidding them all "a merry Christmas and happy New Year," took his departure. One hour was devoted to the drama, and then the presents were distributed, something over five hundred. In this the beauty of the Lyceum method was clearly seen. To make the distribution would ordinarily have required hours, but it was accomplished without the least confusion in less than an hour. The guards handed the gifts from the trees to the Guardian, who read the name and handed them to one of the four messengers who stood outside the footlights, and the latter carried them to the receiver.

After this task, refreshments were served by the same messengers, and after a season of social intercourse all departed to their homes.

But from this scene of festivity we are obliged to pass to one of sadness. On Sunday, the 27th, the Lyceum was called to perform the last testi-

mony of regard we can pay the dead, to one of its members. Some of the beautiful silver chain recitations of the manual, so very appropriate, were read. Dr. Houghton gave a short sermon, and then the Lyceum marched to the grave with banners furled and depressed. A silver chain recitation was given at the grave, and then the Conductor bade adieu to the departed, in a few brief and pointed sentences: "Let us not say good bye! We leave the body, the spirit returns to our homes with us." CLAIR ST CLAIR.

CHRISTMAS IN CHICAGO.

The members of the Progressive Lyceum had a fine entertainment on Christmas eve, in Library Hall. The stage was finely embellished with evergreens and flags. The little folks, some two hundred, were there, with happy hearts and smiling faces. The grown people seemed quite as joyous as the children. The children were the first to be suppered; they were first and last on the programme.

And why should they not be? Wasn't it their party? The older ones had been working industriously two months, knitting scarfs, stockings, hoods, mittens—making garments of all sorts and sizes for the small and large members of the Lyceum.

But, after all, some of the finest work was done by little fingers. Lizzie Avery, for instance, manifested much skill and industry by several articles of her making. Other young ladies did as well, if scarf and slipper wearers are good judges.

The children were grouped with their leaders; the officers seated on the platform. Dr. Avery, the Conductor, came in with a young lady in white, a member of Excelsior group.

After introducing her to the audience, Mrs. Dye, the Guardian, came forward, and, with a few appropriate remarks, crowned her "Queen of the hour." The good queen Annie then distributed her gifts, making, meantime, fitting remarks in prose and verse. Every child, poor and rich, was the recipient of the queen's favors.

Let people who must, ignore these gala days, but those who attend the Lyceum festivals are converts to the gospel that makes glad and joyous young hearts. B.

—Odd typographical errors are constantly occurring. A paper recently made the surprising statement that "two thousand cartloads of cats had come East over Western railroads." The editor designed to say "oats."

FRIENDLY VOICES.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—We take the LYCEUM BANNER and like it very much. Every one who sees it likes it. I am thirteen years of age, I have three sisters on earth and one in the Summer Land, and one little brother. Sometimes when I am alone it seems as though some one was telling me a verse, and, after awhile I get another verse, until I get enough for a composition. The other morning, as I was going to school, I was thinking that I ought to have a composition this week, and immediately a verse came to me, and I added more to it, and at night, when I went to bed, a few more verses came, and they were a great deal better than those that I had written. I will send you two pieces and you may see if you think them worthy of a place in our dear BANNER.

EVA.

I send you a dollar to renew my subscription for one year, and, in so doing, I acknowledge the obligation I owe my family, also the justice due yourself. In this matter of Spiritualism I think there should be no backwardness, neither lack of support; for only by so doing can we expect first-class literature from the spiritualistic press. No person, I think, who has arrived at the moderate appreciation of modern Spiritualism will be satisfied with anything but that which has the true ring of soundness, backed by deep and thoughtful intelligence.

Wishing you success, with a large addition to last year's subscription,

I remain, yours,
JOSEPH CARR.

WESTERLY, R. L., Aug. 31, 1868.

I think it is time to send you something if we expect to see the BANNER as usual. I asked my little Jennie should I have it longer, and she says: "Oh, yes, mother, it's so dear, so precious—I think we must have it." There is no reading they like as well.

MARY B. CROSS.

DEAR MRS. KIMBALL:—I know just how you feel. You work hard for other people who do not appreciate your work. I have tried hard to get subscribers and failed. One says, "I have just subscribed for our new church Sunday School paper, and I can't afford to take two," and another, who claims to be a Spiritualist, and has four little girls younger than I am, says, "I have other ways of spending my money." I think he is a good Spiritualist, and likes to help the cause along, don't you? I send you one dollar to renew my subscription.

B. J. P.

NEW COMMANDMENTS.

Always say Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, papa. No, papa. Thank you. No, thank you. Good night. Good morning. Never say How, or Which, for What. Use no slang term.

Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes and clean finger nails denote good breeding.

Tap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company. Never enter a private room or public place with your cap on.

Loud coughing, hawking, yawning, sneezing, blowing, is ill-mannered.

At table eat with your fork; sit up straight; never use your tooth-pick, and when leaving ask to be excused.

Never put your feet on cushions, chairs or tables.

Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading. When conversing listen attentively, and do not interrupt or reply till the other is finished.

Never talk or whisper aloud at the opera, theatre or public places, and especially in a private room where any one is singing, or playing the piano.

Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Treat all with respect, especially the poor. Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, or the colored, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds or animals.—*The Revolution.*

MONMOUTH, ILL.

The exhibition given by the children of the Monmouth Progressive Lyceum, at Claycomb's Hall, Wednesday evening, was a fine affair. It would have given great credit to older and more thoughtful heads. The design of the Lyceum to educate children to bring out the better principles of human nature, was well illustrated in the pieces spoken. The Sociable was enjoyed by a very large company. The proceeds will be appropriated to the obtaining of suitable presents for the children belonging to the Lyceum.—*Monmouth Review.*

—What sins are most prevalent among the Indians? Moccasins.

—A little boy, son of a Minister, was using his slate and pencil on a Sunday, when his father entered and said: "My son, I said that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day." "I am drawing meeting-houses, papa," was the prompt reply.

—When is it dangerous to enter a church? When there's a canon on the reading desk, and a great gun in the pulpit.

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

Our Motto.

BY MRS. EMMA SCAR LEEDSHAM.

Innocent children, beautiful youth,
Fling to the free winds the banner of truth,
And let its motto be, love to humanity;
Let its blest motto be, love to humanity.

Rally around it, guard it with care,
Never yet floated a banner so fair.
Bear it o'er land and sea, herald of destiny,
All should its motto see, love to humanity.

'Tis Charity's motto, favored of God;
Long in her footsteps angels have trod;
Bringing so tenderly love to humanity;
Bringing so joyfully love to humanity.

Onward, press onward; light is before,
Darkness behind you,—falter no more.
Raise high your banners free, soldiers of liberty,
Let your blest motto be, love to humanity.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

He lives longest who loves most.

Never fret about what cannot be helped; it does no good.

Never fret about what can be helped; better go to work and help it.

The darkest day will pass away.

Our knowledge is as the rivulet, narrow and shallow; our ignorance as the sea, vast and profound.

It is better to be laughed at for doing right than to be praised for doing wrong.

First be sure you are doing right, and then go on with all your might.

He is well paid who is well satisfied.

—Persons to avoid in hot weather—Persons of heated imagination.

AN EMANATION OF SPIRITUALISM, OR A LIVING FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.

NOW OPEN IN CHICAGO, PROVING TO BE NATURE'S CURB for all diseases peculiar to both sexes. And, as unity is strength, so now are three hands of angels united in one, as also their agents, Drs. GREEK, McBRIDE & CLEVELAND, who, by the ancient divine method of "Laying on of Hands," impart from the limid fountain over ten thousand streams of life and health to all who may apply. Office, Room 15, (Second Floor,) Lombard Block, Chicago. Consultation and examination always free.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.
Lines Descriptive of the Progress of the Groups in the Lyceum.

BY MRS. MARY M. SMITH.

Starting at the tiny fountain,
Running o'er with joy and glee,
Art could paint no fairer picture
Than each Sunday morn we see.

Brightest, sweetest, purest emblem
Of the waters, there that gleam,
Surely, there's no more of Heaven
Than is pictured in the stream.

Full of life and animation,
Winding still the meadow through,
Gaining strength as it goes onward,
'Till a river greets the view.

Innocent, though wild and playful,
Seeming constantly awake;
Patience, courage, perseverance,
Lead it onward to the lake.

Larger, calmer, and more tranquil,
May it e'er a mirror be;
Showing how to shun all peril,
As you journey to the sea.

There are bright and golden treasures,
Deep within the sea of mind;
And when launched upon the ocean,
Greater treasures you will find.

Be our compass, truth and wisdom,
Ever pointing on before;
Keeping watch, and ward from danger,
You will reach the bright green shores.

Firm upon the shore of progress,
Happy as the gentle dove;
Keep your gaze forever steadfast,
On the beacon light above.

Let the beacon-light of kindness,
Shining in the heart of each,
Still illumine the crimson banner,
That is waving just in reach.

Nobly waves the glorious banner,
Borne aloft by faithful hands;
Headed towards the star in azure,
Cheered by strains from angel hands.

Brilliant as the star of evening,
Glistening with refulgent light;
Vying to outshine each other,
Soaring to Excelsior's height.

Higher! Higher! is the watch-word,
Up Excelsior's rugged mount;
On the summit drink the waters
At fair Liberty's sweet fount.

Travel on brave sons and daughters,
Liberty is not the goal;

Nature's open book doth teach us,
Truth and Progress for the soul.

Millford, Mass.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

CHARADE.

Sitting by the fireside,
On a winter night,
Is my first fast sleeping
By its flickering light.
Yet she sometimes wakes up,
With her ears erect,
As if she were anxious
Something to detect.

Often have you seen me,
With my second say,
In your little Primer,
By the light of day.
Part of every Grammar
You will surely find
This bright little fellow,
If you are not blind.

Many teeth my third one
Kindly shows to you,
Sometimes made of silver,
Polished bright and true;
Sometimes richly spotted
Is this often seen;
Worn by humblest maiden—
Worn by grandest queen.

Dark, and damp, and ancient,
Will my whole be found,
Full of strangest wonders
Hidden under ground.
In fierce persecution,
Grateful shelter there
Many a faithful Christian
Found within my care.

—Banner of Progress.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 18 letters,
My 1, 9, 11, all do.
My 8, 9, 6, is part of a water animal.
My 4, 2, 10, is under ground.
My 12, 5, 8, live sometimes on land and sometimes in water.
My 7, 12, 6, 11, 13, is a girl's name.
A picture of my whole will be sent to the one who sends the best enigma to the LYCEUM BANNER during January.

PERCY.

I am a sentence of 21 letters.
My 10, 14, 9, 19, 12, 2, is a writer.
My 5, 16, 3, 4, is a drink.
My 1, 7, 13, 2, is a flower.
My 17, 4, 5, 18, 2, 15, is a metal.
My 9, 8, 21, children love to do.
My 20, 11, 15, is a plural pronoun.
My whole is a bit of good advice.

D. M.

—The best bet ever made—The alphabet.

Men of letters—Type-setters.

WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in minister, but not in people.
My second is in church, but not in steeple.
My third is in scarf, but not in cloak.
My fourth is in ink, but not in book.
My fifth is in carriage, but not in street.
My whole is something that sounds very sweet.

HATTIE M. BRIGGS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. 8.

Enigma by Percy—Newsboys.
Enigma by Rosa Rolander—Grant and Colfax.
Enigma by D. M.—Life is earnest.



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

Progressive Lyceum Register.

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

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

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

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

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

Bingor, 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 10½ A. M., at Sawyer's Hall, corner of Fulton Avenue and Jay St. Abram G. Kpps, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

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

Beloit, Wis.—Meets every Sunday in the Spiritualists' Free Church at 12 M. Mr. Wm. Walsworth, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Dresser, Guardian.

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

Charlestown, Mass.—Lyceum No. 1 meets in Central Hall every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Murray, Guardian. G. W. Bragdon, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Mary E. Rowell, Asst. 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 Library Hall, at 12 M. Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian.

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

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

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

Genev, 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Milau, Ohio.—Sessions 10½ A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

Milwaukee, 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. Crumer, Conductor; Mrs. W. P. Myers, Guardian.

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

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

Onwego, 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. Mr. Languin, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

Painesville, Ohio.—Meets at 10½ A. M. in Child's Hall. A. G. Smith, Conductor; Mary E. Dewey, Guardian.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rochester, N. Y.—Lyceum meets regularly at Schiltzer Hall, Sunday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock. Emily P. Collins, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.

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

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

Stoneham, Mass.—meets every Sunday at Harmony Hall, at 10½ o'clock A. M. E. T. Whittier, Conductor; Miss Ida Hersam, Guardian.

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

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

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

Sturgis, Mich.—Organized May 24, 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 28, 1867. Meets every Sunday morning at Old Masonic Hall, at 10 o'clock. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, Guardian.

Troy, N. Y.—Organized May 6, 1866. Meets in Harmony Hall every Sunday at 2:00 P. M. B. Starbuck, Conductor; Miss Libbie McCoy, Guardian.

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

Waco, Ind.—Meets every Sunday at 11 o'clock. Henry Cathart, Conductor; Esther N. Talnudge, Guardian.

Williamsville, Conn.—Meets at 10½ A. M., at Bassett's Hall. Theodore A. Hunt, Conductor; Mrs. Geo. Furlington, Guardian.

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

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