

The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 2.

Chicago, February 15, 1869.

No. 12.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE YOUNG SHEPHERD.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

JOHAN HAWTHORNE'S life had been a failure, for so he declared an hour before he died. His early hopes of fame were blasted; poverty and sickness were his constant companions, and even his genius, the one friend that never deserted him, had proved a curse. His artistic taste lead him to seek a home among the

mountains, not for any pecuniary advantage it might be to him, but merely to gratify his love for the beautiful in nature.

John's wife was a meek, uncomplaining woman. She loved her husband and children with all a woman's devotion, and spared no pains to make their home happy.

One day John died, and his wife was left alone in the mountains, sole guardian of two little boys.

Two days after the funeral, Irvin, the elder brother, with a smile on his tear-stained face, told his mother that the great shepherd, Swain, had offered him a situation to watch a part of his sheep on the mountain. I can earn something in that way, and

Horatio can continue to do errands for the tanner. It is hard for him, poor boy, to grow up without any schooling, but if my plan works, as I mean it shall, I can teach him.

"You are a noble boy, my son, but a sorry teacher I fear you will make, you who never saw the inside of a school-room."

"But I can read pretty well for all that, and what is there to hinder me from studying my lessons while the sheep are feeding? Mr. Swain offered no objection to this, if I am only faithful to him, which I mean to be."

All the long summer days Irvin was true to his trust. When he had a moment to spare he took his book and studied. At night he gathered the sheep into the fold, secure from the wolves, and hurried home to his waiting, anxious mother. Mrs. Hawthorne was always fearful that some accident would befall her boy, so far from home, alone and exposed to the wild beasts that inhabited that region of country. The last hour of the day seemed very long to her, watching and waiting, and it was only when she saw his head peeping above the hill that she felt at rest. She would go to the door to meet him and tell him how anxious she had been, and how thankful she was that no harm had happened to him.

Irvin always assured her that there was no danger so long as Trusty was with him; for little as he was, no dog in the country was of more service to his master.

After supper was over the little round table was drawn up before the fire, and study hours commenced. Irvin taught his mother and brother what he had learned during the day. Spelling, reading, geography, grammar and arithmetic were studied the first year, at the close of which this family could pass a better examination in those studies than many graduates from college. In after years, book-keeping, history, and many other studies, were taken up, so that in a few years Irvin graduated from the mountains to occupy an honorable position in a well established college. He learned when a boy the way to a life of usefulness,—a way that is open to every boy and girl without regard to wealth or position.

Horatio is a scientific farmer, and his mother is his house-keeper. She takes great delight in reading books that Irvin sends her, because they were written by her own son, of whom she took her first lessons in reading.

—•••—

AN AMUSING GAME.—Number the players, and place in a row a chair for each, letting every other one face in an opposite direction.

Some one plays a lively tune, and one at the head gets up and marches around the chairs, followed by the rest in succession.

While they are marching a chair is taken away. The music suddenly stops, and the players take a seat. But as one chair is gone, one person has lost a seat, and is out of the play. This is continued until there is left but one chair and two players. Then the fun becomes exciting, for the one who is quickest gains the seat and wins the game.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY FOR BOYS.

BY ANNA M. NORTHPROP.

DEAN RAYMOND and his brother Frank were passing the holidays in New York, at the house of Mr. John Ellwood, their uncle. They lived in the country, and, of course, were half wild with the excitement of the city, and did not allow much time to be wasted. They were up long before daylight, and Uncle John found that he must give up his morning nap while his visitors remained. But he was a good-natured man, and had not forgotten, like so many who have lived fifty years, that he was once a boy. He gave them all the spending money they wanted, and when there was no one else who could go with them to see the sights, he was ready to go. Of course Uncle John was very popular.

Frank was not very strong or healthy, and all this excitement, and being out in the evening, proved too much for him. So, two days before New Year's, when Uncle John said, "Well, boys, where shall we go this evening?" Frank answered, "For my part, I am so lame and tired that I can hardly drag one foot after the other. I think New York is too much for me, and I shall have to stay at home with Auntie and Maggie, but you and Dean can go without me." But Dean would not listen to this, so he said he could not enjoy anything while Frank was deprived of the pleasure.

"That shows a good principle, Dean, my boy, and I am glad to see you so unselfish."

Little Maggie said, "O, papa, if Frankie can't go, you and Dean stay at home, too, and we will read the LYCEUM BANNER and have some games." Dean liked the idea of the games, but did not care for the reading."

"Why, cousin Dean," said Maggie; "I thought you liked the BANNER."

"So I do. I like the Pearl Hapgood stories, Uncle Wilmer's, and all the rest, but to-night I want a hunting story, or a snake story, or something that would make you tremble all over, and your hair stand upon your head, as pussy's does when the dog Growler goes towards her."

"O, Dean, I don't like such stories; I don't want to tremble all over, as you say. I think it's very uncomfortable."

"Yes, but you are a little girl, Maggie, and I am a large boy, almost a man, you see," and he drew

himself up to the full length his suspenders would allow.

Dean was fourteen, quite old enough to think girls do not amount to much, though he loved his cousin Maggie dearly; and who could help loving the little curly-headed darling.

"Well, Dean," said his uncle, "if you stay at home I think I can give you a hunting story that will make your hair stick up in all directions, and it is a true story, too."

"O, can you, uncle John, that is just the thing. Let me get Frank's slippers and mine, and we will be ready. But what shall we do with Maggie. She will not wish to hear it."

But Maggie, after some hesitation, concluded she could stand it if papa would hold her on his knee, and take hold of her hand. So uncle John began.

"This happened a great many years ago, when I was in India."

"You in India, uncle?"

"Yes, Dean, I travelled constantly for ten years, and have seen a great many strange things. As I was saying, I had been in India nearly two months, traveling in company with a party of young men whom I had met several months before. As we had plenty of time and money, we agreed to travel slowly and see all that was worthy of attention. We had servants, books, music, in short, we had everything for comfort and pleasure that we could have so far from home. Among our number was a student, named Walter Owen. His health had failed in consequence of too close attention to study, and he was traveling in hopes of regaining it, accompanied by an elder brother, and a servant. He became a favorite with all, and between him and myself there was a warm affection, we loved like brothers, and were always together. He was a fine musician, and had with him a violin and guitar. He played both with wondrous skill, and was never so happy as when drawing from them the sweet sounds he loved so well.

One morning a servant entered, his eyes wide open with terror, and informed us that a large tiger was committing all sorts of outrages in the vicinity, and had killed several persons, and all was terror and dismay; and added that a large party was to start that afternoon to try to capture him.

"O, a tiger," cried one, "the very thing I have been wishing for. There would be no glory in going home, after so long an absence without being able to boast of some adventure, and we have had nothing of the kind yet. I, for one, shall join the party, and only hope I may get a shot at his tiger-hip."

And I, and I, said one after another, until all had agreed to go, except Walter Owen. Then he said, "If you are all going I shall not stay behind, so here goes for the tiger hunt."

"But, Walter," said his brother, "you are not strong enough; you had better remain here, where you can be more quiet."

"Pooh, Maurice, I am strong now, and I should die of loneliness when you were all gone."

So it was settled, and we all started. I know not what ever put the idea in Walter's mind, but as we were selecting such fire arms and other articles as we intended to take with us, he turned to his servant, and said, "Johnson, take my violin case with you"

"Your violin, Walter," said I, laughing; "what in the name of the people are you going to do with that,—serenade the beasts or some of the native ladies?"

"I don't know, John, but I am going to take it. My violin is to me what the compass is to the sailor; and I should be lost without it."

The natives looked very grave, but were overjoyed at the addition to their force, though they knew we had no experience in the business on hand.

We were guided by an aged native, who was covered with scars received in the tiger hunts of the past; and who, we were assured by his friends, knew more of the habits of the animal than any other man in the world. The first day we saw no signs of the tiger; but, on the second, the leader became excited, and often left us to peer into some thicket or jungle. After one of these trips, he returned looking very important, and told us, through the interpreter, that the tiger had passed this place not more than one sun, meaning one day, and that we must now divide into squads or small parties; we—the strangers, taking at least two natives, as we could do nothing, in case we should find the animal, without two experienced hunters. All was done as he directed, and we bade each other adieu, agreeing to meet at a certain spot, the following day. Walter was in my party, and had been the most eager of all, keeping up bravely. But towards nightfall he began to lag, looking very pale, and at last stopped, saying he could go no farther, but would wait for us there. We promised to go but a little way, as it was now nearly dark, but wait until daylight came to enable us to follow the track we had found.

"Leave the violin with me, Johnson, and go with the others, if you choose."

Little dreaming of what was to follow, we hastened away. After searching the jungle as long

as a ray of light remained, finding frequent traces of the beast, but, failing to find him, we all returned to the place where we had left Walter.

"Where are you, Walter?" I shouted; "it is so dark we cannot see you."

There was no answer. Again and again we called, and then, alarmed at his silence, we lighted our torches, and examined the place. What was our distress at finding only his hat and violin case, the violin gone, and the bushes trampled and torn, showing that a struggle of some kind had taken place. Nearly distracted with fear, we at once began to search for him, hoping that he had only wandered away. All through that long night we ceased not our efforts for one moment, but all in vain. Morning came, and found us pale and worn with fatigue and anxiety.

Maurice threw himself on the ground, and groaned aloud, "Poor Walter, saved from disease only to die this horrible death."

We all tried to encourage him, but there was no hope in our own hearts. Several times during the night we fancied that we heard, at a distance, the roar of a beast, and as we stood there in the gray light of the morning, it came again. The natives looked at each other, and shook their heads, and one said, in his broken way, "roar—much mad." Then coming to me, he made me understand that he was going for the old guide.

"Yes," I said, "go quickly."

With a gesture of delight, he sped away like an arrow. It was full noon when the old guide came, accompanied by the entire party; for, as soon as they learned what had happened, all else was forgotten in the rush to find the poor fellow, or perish in the attempt. The guide examined the place carefully, shook his head, and, after conversing with the natives for a moment, bent his ear to the ground, listening intently; then, rising hastily, motioned us to follow. On we went, for something in his face inspired us with a new hope. About two o'clock he suddenly paused, and made signs for us to listen.

"O," cried Johnson, the servant of Walter, "he is dead. Don't you hear the violin? It is his spirit playing a dirge. O, poor master Walter!" and the superstitious Englishman fell upon his knees.

"Hush, Johnson," said Maurice. "Get up and stop that; I tell you he is alive, that is his favorite air. O, boys, come on."

But the guide caught him by the arm, and placed his hand over his mouth. Instantly, all was quiet. The guide crept along cautiously for a few yards, and then looked eagerly about. Sud-

denly he threw up his arms, with a gesture of astonishment, and beckoned us to approach quietly. We did so, and O, what a sight met our eyes.

Seated upon the ground, leaning against a tree, was Walter—pale, as if dead, and his hair which, when we last saw him, was black as the raven's wing, now white as snow, showing the agony he had endured; his violin in his hand, and a soft, plaintive air floating up from the strings, while at a short distance from him lay a monstrous tiger, waving his tail gracefully, in perfect time with the music; his blazing eyes fixed upon the musician, though now, as those mournful notes fell upon his ear, the light was softened and a sigh that was almost human, burst from that mighty chest. For an instant we all stood mute, struck dumb by the strange and fearful scene. But for the terrible peril of Walter, there would have been a burst of applause at the grandeur of the spectacle. To see that savage beast disarmed of his fury, and reposing in serene majesty, conquered by those soft strains. But we could only realize his awful situation. The great drops of perspiration on the face of Maurice, and the twitchings of the firmly set lips, alone told his agony—for we all felt that a breath from us would break the spell, and seal his fate. Just then, his hand fell to his side from utter exhaustion. The beast raised himself, in a wild fury, and sent forth a roar that fairly shook the air.

"O, Dean, had you stood where we did, you would have known what it is to feel your hair stand on end. Even the natives hid their faces."

Walter started, looked helplessly around for one instant, and again drew the bow over the strings. The tiger sank back and closed his eyes lazily. But that movement was his last, for the old guide, who had been cautiously stealing towards him, had now come near enough to send a sharp weapon crashing through his brain, and the monster was dead.

Walter saw and understood that he was safe, and as we rushed forward with glad shouts, he smiled, the instrument fell from his hand, and he fell fainting into the arms of Maurice, who was the first to reach him.

Fortunately, Johnson had in his pocket a flask of wine, which he always carried for Walter's use, and tenderly we placed a few drops to his lips and revived him, and then we bore him from the jungle, and raised a tent, in which we could make him comfortable. But for two long weeks he raved in wild delirium; and a month had passed before he was able to tell us the fearful story.

It then appeared that, feeling lonely after our

departure, he took the violin from the case and began to play, to while away the time. Very soon the tiger came stealing out from the bushes, and as Walter saw the ferocious creature, he screamed for help. The tiger seized him by one arm, and dragged him away, never pausing until he reached the place where we found him, when he stopped, with the intention, as he supposed, of devouring him. But, suddenly, he recollected having read of the wonderful power of music over savage beasts, and having, providentially, retained the violin in his other hand, he drew the bow lightly over the strings and began to play, though he was in agony with the arm by which he had been so long dragged. As soon as the beast caught the sound he crouched at his feet like a dog, showing the most intense satisfaction.

Walter began to hope that his life might yet be spared, for he saw that he was safe as long as he could play, and he thought or hoped that we might hear it and be drawn to the place. But his arm was terribly swollen, and extremely painful, and the moment he ceased to draw the bow that terrible guardian would spring towards him in a rage. And so that long night passed, not an instant's repose being allowed him; those terrible roars warning him that his life depended upon his arm.

"One hour more, dear friends, would have ended my life, for my arm was nearly helpless, and O, you can never imagine the joy of that moment, when I saw my enemy dead."

For a long time it was supposed that his arm would have to be amputated, but at last it was healed, and as soon as he was able to travel, he started for home, having abundantly rewarded the old guide and the natives, to whom he owed his life.

But he never recovered. That terrible night and day were too much for his feeble nature, and he died in less than a year after his arrival in England. Poor Walter! it was a sad ending to a life of promise.

"And now, Dean, how do you like my hunting story?"

"Very much, thank you, Uncle, and I want you to send it to the BANNER, so that other boys may read it."

"And what does my little Maggie think of it?"

"O, papa, I think some good angel in the beautiful land must have whispered to Walter to take the violin with him that day; for, as he said, he would have been lost without it."

"Yes, Maggie, and it is a beautiful thought that the spirits of our loved ones do thus watch over and protect us, keeping guard around us, and hiding us from danger."

TO A WOOD-ROBIN ON BROADWAY.

BY MRS. ABBIE G. COMSTOCK.

Oh why are you here, little ranger,
So far from the cool woodland shade,
And what do you think, little stranger,
Of all this grand show and parade?

Think you are these tall marble mansions
As nice as those leafy green trees
On which the young birdlings are swinging
In nests that are rocked by the breeze?

Think you are these silks and these satins
As fine as those wood-blossoms bright,
And are not those sweet crimson berries
Worth more than these jewels so bright?

And is not the soft moss now growing
At the root of the butternut tree,
A daintier carpet than ever
This hot, dusty pavement can be?

Though you split your throat, little robin,
Yet no one the wiser will be,
In all this confusion and tumult,—
Nobody will listen to thee.

Here long you may look for our Croton,
In which your molled plumage to lave,
Through dark iron tubes it is rushing,
No sunlight may visit its grave.

And if, in our Park, you would wander,
The man in the blue coat may say,—
"Keep off of the grass, little robin,
Or else I must send you away."

Then hie to the wood, little robin,
To thy nest in the bough far away,
And tell to thy mate all the wonders
You've seen in the city to-day.
NEW YORK CITY.

SEEING IS DECEIVING.—Here is a row of ordinary capital letters and figures:

S S S S X X X X Z Z Z Z 3 8 8 8 8 8 8

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a *very little* smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye will declare them to be of equal size. Now turn the page upside down, and, without very careful looking, you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated—that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half. It will be seen from this that there is a tendency in the eye to enlarge the upper part of any object on which it looks. We might draw two circles of unequal size, and so place them that they would appear equal.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

IS PUBLISHED

TWICE A MONTH BY MRS. L. H. KIMBALL.
EDITED BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

AT ROOM 21, POPE'S BLOCK,

137 Madison St., bet. Clark and LaSalle, Chicago, Ill.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION :

One Copy, One Year, <i>in advance</i>	\$ 1.00
Ten Copies, to one address	9.00
Twenty-five Copies	22.50
Fifty Copies,	45.00
One Hundred Copies,	90.00

Address : MRS. LOU H. KIMBALL,
P. O. Drawer 5956, Chicago, Illinois.

Money may be sent by Post Office Orders.

RATES OF ADVERTISING PER SINGLE NUMBER.

One Column.....	\$7.00
One-half Column.....	5.00
Ten Lines \$10.00 per Year, or \$1.00 per Month,	
Smaller advertisements, 15 cents per line.	
A deduction of 25 per cent. for each subsequent insertion.	
Payment invariably in advance.	

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 Bi-graphical 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 " " a \$3 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.

PARAGRAPHS.

—Mrs. Love M. Willis, the human angel who keeps "ward and watch" over the young readers of the *Banner of Light*, is still suffering from a long illness. We hope the bloom will soon come back to her cheek and elasticity to her step.

—Pack your thoughts, said A. J. Davis. We repeat the injunction; pack your thoughts into the smallest possible space. We have been obliged to reject long articles, poems and prose.

—Read "Lost in the Woods."

—Miss Dr. Willhelm is no more. Rev. J. M. Peebles, by a few strange words, caused her to be *Miss* no more. We do not mourn or miss her, for Mrs. Slade, wife of Dr. Henry Slade, has taken her place. May sweet peace attend these united lives.

—Gertie Grant has a sugar-making memory for our next number.

—Spence's Positive and Negative Powders for sale at this office. See advertisement on second page.

—We will send the LYCEUM BANNER and *The Revolution*, or the LYCEUM BANNER and *The Present Age*, one year, for \$2.50.

HOW OIL WELLS ARE BORED.

A LARGE boy, after reading the sketch of A. James, and his success in oil wells, asked if any one could tell how the wells were bored. Others have asked the same question. Every reader of the LYCEUM BANNER or of any other paper is not supposed to live in the vicinity of oil wells. We asked the same question, and even while watching the machinery and seeing the oil coming up and pouring into tanks, could not see how the work was done.

After much guessing and questioning, Mr. Myron Barber, Mr. James's private secretary, volunteered the needed information. We may not give his language, and perhaps shall commit a few blunders in attempting to tell his story.

The first needs are an engine house and derrick. The derrick reminded me of an unfinished church steeple standing on the ground. From the derrick to the engine house is a large sill, called the mud-sill, into which the Samson post (named for Samson of Bible history) is framed. This post is situated twelve or fifteen feet from the center of the derrick. It stands in a perpendicular position; on the top of it rests the walking beam, plying on a center pinion. Back of this Samson-post is the hand-wheel, framed into this long sill, and two shorter ones—one on either side. This wheel is connected with the engine by a belt, which gives it a rotary motion. The reverse end of the walking beam comes over the center of the derrick, to which the tools are attached for drilling. At the base of the derrick are the two bull wheels, connected by a horizontal shaft, around which a heavy rope is wound. This rope passes from the shaft to the top of the derrick over a pulley descending again to the bottom of a derrick to which the tools are attached for drilling. Everything ready, the "driving-pipe" is driven through the soil to the rock. Then drilling commences. The wells are cleared of sediment by means of a sand-pump. When the "oil-bearing" rock is reached, drilling is suspended, and "tubing and testing" commences. This is done by inserting a casing, which is a tube, at the bottom of which is a seed-bag used for excluding water from the oil. When the tubing is well secured by the clamps at the top, then the "sucker rod" plunges with the working valve. After seeing all things are in good working order, give rein to the iron steed. Out comes water and gas; then, if oil comes, rejoicing is sure to follow.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Ohio Spiritualist comes to us in a new dress and with a new name—*The American Spiritualist*. An Eastern Department has been added, with George A. Bacon, of Boston, Mass., as editor. There is also a Northwest Department, edited by Joseph Baker and J. O. Barrett, formerly editors of the *Wisconsin Spiritualist*. With these five strong-minded men, and by the aid of Emma Tuttle, we may safely expect that this paper will be supported, as it deserves to be, by the liberal minds of America.

The White Banner, published semi-monthly by T. Marston, Richner & Co., at 23 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Terms, \$1 per year. The editor asks—let him not ask in vain: "Friends, are you willing to assist in sustaining a truthful, liberal, and the only *non-sectarian* progressive newspaper published?"

GONE HOME.

Bela Marsh, of Boston, Mass., has, after a lingering illness of one year, at the ripe age of seventy-one years and eleven months, gone to his home. Mr. Marsh was widely known and highly respected. His business was that of a publisher and bookseller, and for the last twenty years he dealt almost exclusively in spiritual literature.

Lysander Spooner, Esq., who knew Mr. Marsh intimately, pays him the following just tribute:

"Having had very intimate relations, both of business and friendship, with Mr. Marsh for more than twenty years—more intimate, probably, than any other person not of his own family—I feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to speak of his character. He was certainly one of the best of men; innately and scrupulously kind, conscientious and just; a man who never gave just cause of suspicion that he would, from any possible motive, knowingly do a wrong to the person, property, reputation, or feelings of any one. But he was not merely a man of principle; he was also a man of principles."

We clip the above from the *Banner of Light*. We can fully endorse Mr. Spooner's words—"he was one of the best of men." We have known him long, and from this acquaintance can truly say a just and noble soul has gone on to his home in heaven.

A NEW AND VALUABLE PREMIUM.

We will give to the person sending us the first one hundred names and \$90, a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, containing 10,000 words and meanings not found in other dictionaries, and 6,000 engravings. Price, \$12.

WELLA AND PET ANDERSON.

Some one has kindly sent us three sweet faces on one card. We had no trouble in recognizing in the trio Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and their beautiful boy. The pictures were warmly welcomed. They have gone into a fine frame, and are looking lovingly from our walls.

We have another group—three spirits, brothers, children of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Trowbridge. These sunny faces were seen and sketched by Mr. and Pet Anderson. Many thanks, good friends, for these tokens of sweet memories.

CROWDED OUT.

"Visit to a Slate Mill," "Out of My Window, No. 2," News from Lyceums, and other articles.

Letter from Mrs. D. B. Briggs.

Mrs. Isaac Decker, Carrie M., Isoline Y., and Eddie W., accept this best of papers for the young, for three months, with my kindest wishes and the desire that you will like it so well as to continue taking it after the three months have expired. Show it to all your little friends, and get all to subscribe for it you can.

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.—This seemingly dry and certainly ponderous book has its peculiar charms. Here is collected and tersely set down a vast quantity of various and useful knowledge, such as is indispensable to educated men and women. Here are a hundred and fourteen thousand words, defined with a clearness, fullness, precision, and wealth of illustration, that denote the soundest scholarship, and the most entire fidelity to laborious details. Altogether the work is a marvelous specimen of learning, taste, and thorough labor. We praise it heartily, because we believe it deserves the heartiest praise.—*New York Alliance*.

—Who is the laziest man?—The furniture-dealer; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

—In a class of little girls, in one of our schools, the question was asked, "What is a fort?" "A place to put men in," was the ready answer. "What is a fortress, then?" asked the teacher. This seemed a puzzler, until one little girl of eight summers answered, "A place to put women."

—An editor at a dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LOST IN THE WOODS;
OR,
WHO WAS THE BRAVEST?

BY MRS. CAROLINE F. CORBIN.

IT was four o'clock on a bright October afternoon. School was just out, and the boys came pouring out of Dalton school-house with much tumultuous shouting, laughter and confusion. It had seemed to them all day a shame to spend so many lovely golden hours indoors, trying to get ideas from books, when God's great, beautiful out-door world would have furnished them with so many finer ones, in a so much pleasanter manner. I think the master, too, half sympathized with them, for during the last half-hour he had ordered books and slates put away, and had been talking with the boys and girls upon a subject more important than grammar or arithmetic. He had continued to make what he had been saying to them very interesting, though when I tell you what the subject was you may wonder that he could. It was a talk about CHARACTER, or what it is that makes the difference between good and bad children and good and bad people. When the philosophers talk about this subject they make it seem very abstruse and difficult to understand; yet the master was not much of a philosopher—only a simple, sensible, kind-hearted man, and he contrived to make the children see, in some dim way, that it is by keeping watch of what we do, and making sure to do only the noblest and best things, that a fine character is formed.

At the end he had asked this question:

"A fine character, children, is formed by uniting a good many fine traits. Now tell me which of all these noble traits is noblest and best?"

There was silence for a minute, and then Archie Lovell said:

"Courage, sir."

"Well that is a very good answer. Can anybody improve upon it?"

A little girl in the middle row of benches spoke timidly and said:

"Love, sir."

The master smiled, but said nothing for a moment. Then he asked:

"How many of you think courage the noblest trait?"

Up went the hands of all the boys, even the little fellows on the lowest seats joined in the ex-

pression of opinion, though it may well be doubted whether they exactly knew what courage was. Most of the girls, too, held up their hands, but when the master asked again:

"Now, how many of you think love is the noblest characteristic?"

The little girl who had spoken before, and two or three others, timidly raised their hands. But the boys laughed, and they put them down again very quickly.

"Well," the master said, quietly, "it seems to be the prevailing opinion that Courage is better than Love. Now what I propose to do is this: I do not often offer you prizes, because I think the love of knowledge should be its own best reward; but to make you remember this conversation, and think about it a little, I am going to offer a prize for the bravest child in school. It shall be awarded one month from to-day, and by a vote of the school, and I hope that you will all consider well what courage is, and watch closely to see who displays the most of it."

The boys cheered the proposition heartily, and then the master dismissed the school.

The boys, as I have said, rushed out with a great deal of laughter and shouting.

"I know who'll get the prize," said Dick Armstrong.

"Who?" asked half-a-dozen voices.

"Archie Lovell. He is always doing things that nobody else dares to. He can climb a higher tree than any other boy in the school."

"Well," said Ben Carrick, "his head never swims as mine does."

The boys laughed and said, "Well, what business had any boy to have a head that would swim?"

"Besides," said Dick, "Archie can lick almost any boy in school. At any rate, he can lick all of his own size, and a good many that are older and larger."

"My mother says it is wicked to fight," said Ben.

"If it was wicked to fight," said little, pale-faced Jem Somers, "it would be wicked to go to war, and my father went to the war, and he was a minister, too."

Ben was overthrown. He had nothing more to say, though after all it was not quite clear to his mind that true courage was just the kind of thing his schoolmates seemed to think it was. Still he was not prepared to advance any better definition, so leaving the noisy group upon the playground, he made his way quietly home by himself. His walk was rather a long one, for his mother, who

was a widow, and he her only child, lived in a small cottage on the farther edge of the village.

As Ben walked in, with his hands deep in his pockets, and his head full of queer thoughts about courage—for Ben had some ambition to win this prize if he could, though he did not really hope for it—I don't think he minded much the exceeding beauty of the evening, and yet I am not sure but it had some influence upon his thoughts and feelings. The sky was clear and blue; the sunshine flooded the pure air with its golden radiance, and fell on the restless, murmuring river, touching every wavelet with a golden gleam. The great mountain at the back of the town, clothed with its solemn pines and hemlocks, reached up grand and strong into the blue depths of the heavens, bearing silent testimony from generation to generation of the power and glory of the Creator.

When Ben reached home, he had certain chores to do before supper, but in the midst of them he discovered that the cow which should have been feeding in the meadow below the house had disappeared. He went into the house at once and said to his mother:

"Mother, you must give me a piece of bread and butter, and I must go and look for the cow. I can't stay for my supper, for she has very likely gone up on the mountain, and I shall have a long tramp before I find her."

His mother gave him the bread and butter, and he started off, not perhaps in the most cheerful mood, and yet with less impatience than many boys would have manifested. Ben was not one of those boys who make great display of fine qualities when all things go smoothly, and when trouble dawns give way to petulance and fault-finding. He could have a good time without much noise or bravado about it, and if things went wrong he considered that that, too, was a part of life, and just what people were made for. So for the first hour he tramped over the rough ledges and through the thick underbrush searching after his cow with a good deal of patient persistence. But by that time the sun was down, and the evening air grew chilly, and at last a thick fog began to shut out even the twilight, and Ben began to look about him to see if he knew exactly where he was. The woods began to look strange to him, and he stopped to try if he could hear any sound which should give him an idea in which direction the village lay. But all through the woods there was only to be heard the soft stir of the evening wind in the branches, and now and then the dropping of nuts and the rustling of the fallen leaves.

Ben felt very tired, and sat down at the foot of a great oak tree to rest. He was not only tired, but he was hungry. The cow was nowhere to be found, and even if he had felt willing to go home without her, he did not know the way home, and altogether, seeing that there was nobody there to know it, he would have liked very much to indulge himself either in crying or swearing—he hardly knew which would express his feelings best.

But Ben thought to himself, "I am too big a boy to cry. Even if nobody did know it, I should feel mean myself; and as for swearing, when I swear I always feel as if mother was right at my elbow, looking sad about it, so it don't do me much good, after all; but I *should* like to know what I am to do."

It grew darker and darker, but then Ben knew that about seven o'clock the moon would rise, and before eight it might be light enough in the woods so that he could see to go a little farther, though in which direction it would be best to go he couldn't guess.

He grew sleepy, but tried very hard to keep himself from getting to sleep, by saying over to himself the story of Whittington and his cat. It seemed a foolish, childish story, but then it served to keep him awake, because he couldn't quite understand how it was that the bells had said words to Whittington when to everybody else their sound was wholly inarticulate. Just as he was puzzling about it he was startled at perceiving a little way from him a faint light. At first he thought it must be some person approaching carrying a lantern, but when he had looked at it steadily for a few minutes, he saw that it was not that, and began to be very much in doubt concerning what it might be. Whatever it was, it drew nearer, and after a little he was able to make out in the center of it the outlines of a man's figure.

Ben grew a little uneasy. All at once the woods seemed very large and lonely, and very dark besides, and at that moment, if he could have been suddenly transported to his own little bed at home, he would have given his two silver half dollars, which was all the money he had in the world, and his rabbit traps besides.

(To be Continued.)

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Spiritual and Reform Books.

We keep constantly for sale all kinds of Spiritualist and Reform Books at publishers' prices, at 187 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

EARLY MEMORIES.

NO. II.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

The Story of the Stolen Pig.

WHEN I was about six years old Deacon Martin purchased the farm that joined ours. He planted many acres of corn, and then kept hens and hogs to eat it. The hens destroyed our garden, and the pigs did not add much to mother's happiness.

She said one day to Martie, our German girl, "If Deacon Martin is half as good as he wants us to think he is, he would not let a drove of hogs and a host of hens loose to destroy my garden."

Martie took a bee-line to the deacon's house, and told him all mother said. From that time on there was war between us and the deacon's family. Instead of keeping up his fences to keep his swine out of our yard, the deacon turned them loose into the street, well-knowing that they would come into our front yard, and destroy the plants. One day he brought home a fine lot of pigs and their ugly looking mother. This swine family had good points, but my mother failed to see them. Among the pigs there was one little fellow not much larger than a rat, and as black as ink. This little darkey was no favorite in the family. All the white pigs would bite it and drive it away from their mother. The little out-cast would set up a terrible squeal, which vexed my nervous mother beyond endurance. I heard her wish the pig was in Halifax. I did not know where that place was, but I took it into my young head to put the little thing out of her sight and sound. One day when there was a war among the pigs, little darkey took shelter in our back stoop. I ran out and picked

it up, and put it into the wash-house. I got a bucket of warm suds, and gave the little fellow a good washing, thinking the black might wash out, but it did not change by washing, so I concluded black was a good color, and so it was.

I had a new straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon; I took the trimming off and tied it about piggy's neck. He looked clean, and I began to think him quite good-looking.

I fed piggy six times a day with warm milk and bits of bread. The little fellow seemed quite happy—glad, no doubt, to find a place of rest. Piggy and I grew to be good friends; he would climb into my arms, eat from my hand and, I thought, beg me to remain with him.

Deacon Martin missed the black pig, but he said, "It was not worth looking for." One day Martie saw a good chance for making new trouble between the families, so she told the deacon that "that little witch of a Gertie" had stolen his black pig, and put it in the wash-house.

"Indeed!" said the deacon, "I always knew she was a very strange child, and I'll be bound she'll come to some bad end."

"Just what I have said," Martie replied. "I remember when she would not walk, and kept us toting her about."

The deacon and my mother were not on speaking terms, but he could and did write her a note. Here is a copy of it:

MRS. GRANT—

Madame:—I am informed that your Gertie has stolen my black pig. The crime of breaking one of the commandments is *very great*. I think a terrible end awaits your wayward child. My loss, in losing one of my fine Berkshire pigs, is not as great as Gertie's will be if, by this downward course, she loses her soul. If you wish to have this theft kept from the public, you can, by sending me, *in cash*, ten dollars—the value of my splendid pig.

Yours for honesty,
NEHEMIAH MARTIN.

This note was the first that mother knew of the matter. She had missed the pig's music, but was ignorant of the fate of little darkey.

She sent Walter home with the pig, without a word of apology.

When I grew to be a large girl, and went into company, Deacon Martin told every one who knew me that I might, *perhaps*, be good *now*; but then he remembered the story of the stolen pig. I have no doubt but the pig story crept into his prayers, for it was always on his lips.

I once applied for a school. The deacon did not know about trusting me with the books of the children—did I not steal *his* pig?

The last I knew of Deacon Martin, I was in a carriage with some of his friends, going to his grave. One and another spoke of his many virtues. "I think your mother once lived beside him," said Mrs. Cook, one of the ladies.

"Yes," I said; "but I have no pleasant memories of the man; I don't love him; I never did; but I hope he has gone to some pleasant place; and I hope, too, that he has forgotten the pig story."

Mrs. Cook knew what I meant, for she, too, had told it, and I think she was wondering if I did not intend the cut for her—and I did.

"Is it not wrong in you, Miss Grant, to remember all the little wrong things one does while living?" Mrs. Cook asked.

"It may be, but how can one help it?"

"That is so," replied Mrs. Andrews, another of the ladies. "It is a great pity that people do not so live that only good and pleasant things will be remembered of them when they die. I have never repeated that foolish story about the pig?"

"No, Mrs. Andrews," I said, "I have only the sweetest memories of you; and shall be real sorry if you go first to the Beautiful Land."

DEAR LYCEUM BANNER:—I have a very pleasant home, situated between beautiful hills, upon which the oak stands, among evergreens and wild lilacs, while the plain between the hills is finely cultivated, and presents to the eye a very pleasing appearance, as flowers bloom in this climate all seasons of the year. The famous Pacific Soda Springs are but a short distance from us. My sister takes your paper, and we both look forward to its coming with pleasure. She has taken it for about two years, and will renew her subscription when this year closes, and we both fervently hope that your paper may prosper. My sister is trying to get up a list for you. She has already got one subscriber, and thinks she will get more before long, for two or three more say they would like to take it if they can get the money. We have no Lyceum here, as there are but few Spiritualists here, and my father says that a Progressive Lyceum cannot live unless it be supported by Spiritualists. If this is so, I wish that everybody was a Spiritualist.

Well, you must excuse me this time, as this is the first effort I have ever made at writing for a paper.

ARLETT FORD.

SARATOGA, California.

— "Why don't you ask me how I am?" smilingly said a lady visitor to a four-year old girl. "I don't want to know," was little innocent's reply.

Answers to the Question, What is Education?

BY PHILADELPHIA LYCEUM, NO. 1.

Liberty Group.

1. It is the point at which knowledge becomes powerful.
2. By education we fit ourselves for the duties of life.

Temple Group.

1. It is the science of the mind; from it springs all the joys that fill life's happy page; if properly used, it diffuses good to those that appreciate it, and helps us pass many an hour that otherwise would be spent in silence.
2. Education is what we all seek; but where one triumphs many fail.

Excelsior Group.

1. Education is the method by which we acquire knowledge.
2. True education is to know ourselves, and to understand the relation we sustain to surrounding objects.

Star Group.

1. Education and instruction are means, the one by use, the other by precept, to make our natural faculty of reason both the better and the sooner to judge rightly between truth and error—between good and evil.
2. Education is the knowledge we possess of science, arts, morals, religion and behavior. It is the stepstone to fame.

Banner Group.

1. True education improves our mental, moral and physical faculties.
2. Education literally means a leading into knowledge, though in some cases more force than persuasion is used.

Beacon Group.

1. True education is to draw out, to unfold all the faculties of body and mind harmoniously.
2. It is a proper cultivation of the intellect.

Ocean Group.

True education enables us to develop the moral, mental and physical.

Sea Group.

It is the development of the mind.

Lake Group.

1. It is the spirit of the mind.
2. Education enables us to surmount all difficulties.

—How will you arrange four nines so as to make a hundred?

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you,
 Come near, I would whisper it low—
 You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
 Don't be in a hurry to go!
 The city has many attractions,
 But think of the vices and sins,
 When once in the vortex of fashions,
 How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia—
 They are wealthy in gold without doubt;
 But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
 If only you'll shovel it out.
 The mercantile trade is a hazard,
 The goods are first high and then low;
 Better risk the old farm a while longer,
 Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great busy West has inducements,
 And so has the bustling mart,
 But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
 Don't be in a hurry to start.
 The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
 They take in their thousands or so—
 But think of the frauds and deceptions,
 Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest,
 The orchards are loaded to-day;
 You're as free as the air of the mountains,
 And monarch of all you survey.
 Better stay on the farm a while longer,
 Though the profits come in rather slow;
 Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
 Don't be in a hurry to go.

THE DARLING LITTLE GIRL.

Who's the darling little girl
 Everybody loves to see?
 She it is whose sunny face
 Is as sweet as sweet can be.

Who's the darling little girl
 Everybody loves to know?
 She it is whose acts and thoughts
 Are as pure as whitest snow.

QUESTIONS.

- What is reward?
- Is goodness always rewarded?
- What will be our reward if we are temperate in eating and drinking?
- If we speak no ill of any one?
- If we do as we would be done by?
- If we cultivate good habits while we are young?
- If we are willing to receive opinions and accept truths that are new to us?

For the Lyceum Banner.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

Who knows the value of a thought
 That comes by inspiration,
 Whereby the soul at touch is taught
 The language of creation?
 Who knows the measure of the good
 Kind feelings may engender,
 When hearts are touched from angelhood
 With aspirations tender?

Mind moves the mighty world of forms,
 Love melts them into motion,
 While heaven our better being warms,
 And fills us with devotion.
 An atom in the scale may change
 The pattern time is moulding;
 A spark may make a flame to burn
 While ages are unfolding.

The latent good in every soul,
 When lighted by devotion,
 Hath power to humanize the whole,
 And fill with pure emotion.
 What child may not a monarch be
 When words by wisdom lighted
 May change a nation's destiny
 And hold a world united.

Dear children of the summer land
 Are brooding o'er us ever,
 Encouraging with love's command
 Each true and pure endeavor.
 So we may watch each other's fate,
 And offer chidings kindly,
 Blessing the soul that burns with hate,
 In darkness groping blindly.

L. C. HOWE.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

- Truth wears no mask.
- The next best thing to success is to deserve it.
- Never judge a person's character by external appearance.
- Always take the part of an absent person when censured in company, as far as truth and propriety will allow.
- It is better to need relief than to want heart to give it.
- One has only to die to be praised.
- Beauty is only a fragrant weed; while virtue is a flower of immortal growth.
- It is easier to blame than to do better.
- Would you be strong, conquer yourself.
- To change and to do better are two different things.
- Be true to yourself, and every thought will be an inspiration.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 15 letters,
 My 1, 3, 6, is a kind of drink.
 My 7, 10, 6, 11, is a kind of food.
 My 9, 10, 6, 11, is a good resting place.
 My 12, 13, 4, 10, is what we should all like to become.
 My 14, 5, 14, 8, is a number.
 My 15, 2, 8, is a pronoun.
 My whole is one of the wonders of the world.

NETTIE BUSHNELL.

I am composed of 16 letters.
 My 14, 11, 8, is a kind of a fowl.
 My 2, 7, 16, is a part of the body.
 My 1, 15, is a pronoun.
 My 10, 5, is a preposition.
 My 6, 8, 2, 8, is the name of a bird.
 My 13, 7, 4, 9, is what some teachers give.
 My 10, 12, 8, is the name of a boy.
 My whole is a popular writer and speaker.

JENNIE BROWN.

I am composed of 15 letters.
 My 9, 11, 15, 5, is a girl's name.
 My 2, 11, 1, is worn by ladies.
 My 3, 15, 13, is something useful.
 My 8, 5, 7, is a member of the body.
 My 10, 14, 8, is an insect.
 My 4, 14, 11, 1, 2, 3, 15, is something that gives employment to mechanics.
 My 6, 14, 12, 1, is a coin.
 My 12, 3, 1, 1, what we all should be.
 My whole is a name of a paper.

N. J. PLACE.

TO ENIGMA WRITERS.

Frank Pine—Rebus received. We wait for the engraving.
 J. L. B.—Send your answers with your puzzles if you hope to see them in print.
 Nelly—Your enigma is imperfect; some letters are omitted; try again.
 Percy—Yes, making and finding out puzzles disciplines the mind. So does the study of algebra.
 Nettie B.—Photograph sent.

ANSWERS IN NO. 10.

Charade—Catacomb.
 Enigma by Percy—Seldon J. Finney.
 Word Puzzle by Hattie M. Briggs—Music.

— As a young lady was passing round a contribution-box at a charity fair, she came to a rich man noted for his miserly disposition, and who curtly said to her, "I have nothing" "Then take something," she replied, extending the box towards him; "you know I'm begging for the poor."



GET THE BEST.
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.
 3000 Engravings; 1840 Pages Quarto.
 Price,.....\$12.00.

10,000 Words and Meanings not in other Dictionaries.
 Viewed as a whole, we are confident that no other living language has a dictionary which so fully and faithfully sets forth its present condition as this last edition of Webster does that of our written and spoken English tongue.—Harper's Magazine.

These three books are the sum total of great libraries: the Bible, Shakespeare, and Webster's Royal Quarto.—Chicago Evening Journal.

The New Webster is glorious—it is perfect—it distances and defies competition—it leaves nothing to be desired.—J. H. Raymond, LL.D., President Vassar College.

The most useful and remarkable compendium of human knowledge in our language.—W. S. Clark, President Mass. Agricultural College.

Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary.

1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings.
 Price,.....\$6.00.

The work is really a gem of a Dictionary. Just the thing for the million.—American Educational Monthly.
 Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

Webster's Primary School Dictionary, 204 Engrav'gs.
 " Common School " 274 "
 " High School " 297 "
 " Academic " 344 "
 " Counting House " with numerous

illustrations and many valuable Tables not to be found elsewhere.

Published by
 IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co.,
 New York.

THE PRESENT AGE:

A Weekly Journal,
 DEVOTED TO THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, POLITE LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.
 PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

—AT—
KALAMAZOO, MICH.,

—BY—
 The Michigan Spiritual Publication Co.

DORUS M. FOX..... President.
 DR. WM. WEYBURN..... Secretary.
 JEREMIAH BROWN..... Treasurer.

The Resident Editors will be assisted by a large corps of the ablest writers in the East and in the West.
 TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—\$2 a year; six months, \$1.
 Invariably in advance.

Specimen copies sent free.
 All communications should be addressed to COL. D. M. FOX, Kalamazoo, Mich.

TO THE LADIES.

THOSE who would get the best chart in use to cut their own and children's dresses by, send \$1.50 to Mrs. D. B. BRIGGS, West Winfield, N. Y., and you will receive it, with full instructions, by return mail. Also, tape measure.

Progressive Lyceum Register.

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

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

Boston, Mass.—Springfield Hall—Meets at 10½ a. m. A. J. Chase, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Stewart, Guardian.

Webster Hall—Webster street, East Boston, at 10½ a. m. John T. Freeman, Conductor; Mrs. Martha S. Jenkins, Guardian.

Mercantile Hall—Meets at 10½ a. m. D. N. Ford, 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.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Meets every Sunday at 10½ A. M., at Sawyer's Hall, corner of Fulton Avenue and Jay St. Abram G. Kipps, Conductor; Mrs. R. M. 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.

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.

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 10 M. Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian.

Clyde, Ohio.—Meets every Sunday in Kline's Hall, at 11 A. M. S. M. Terry, Conductor; J. Dewy, Guardian.

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

Des Moines, Iowa.—Meets at Good Templar's Hall, at 9 o'clock p. m. Joel P. Davis, Conductor; Mrs. Ellen J. Skinner, Guardian.

Dover and Fowcroft, Ma.—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.

Foshier, Mass.—Meets in the Town Hall, at 11 o'clock. C. F. Howard, Conductor; Miss Addie Skinner, Guardian.

Genoa, 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.

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

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

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

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

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

Lynn, Mass.—Meets in Cadet Hall, at half-past 10. W. Greenleaf, Conductor; M. L. Booth, Guardian.

Milan, 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. Cramer, Conductor; Mrs. W. P. Myers, 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.

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. Barlett, Guardian.

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

Providence, R.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Pratt's Hall, Waybosc-st 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. Fidelity O. Pease, Guardian.

Richmond, Ind.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1866. EM Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addleman, Guardian.

Rochester, N. Y.—Lyceum meets regularly at Schittser 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. E. 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; Miss Ida Hersam, Guardian.

Springfield, Mass.—Organized Nov. 18, 1866. Jas. G. Allbe, Conductor; Mrs. F. O. 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. Portia Gage, Guardian.

Westville, Ind.—Meets every Sunday at 11 o'clock. James Livingston, Conductor; Esther N. Talmadge, Guardian.

Williamatic, Conn.—Meets at 10½ A. M. at Bassett's Hall. Theodore A. Hunt, Conductor; Mrs. Geo. Purlington, 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. E. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Sears, Guardian.