

The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 2.

Chicago, March 1, 1869.

No. 13.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

IT IS not because I am afraid to die, Ellen, that I so dread to go, but I cannot bear to leave you sick and alone, among strangers, with the care of our little May. If she were older, or if you were well, or if I had money to leave you, I would not mind so much going to

that beautiful home of which I have such glorious visions."

"Don't think so much about us," Ellen answered. "I am sure we shall get along some way; there never is an emergency for which we are wholly unprepared, and our poverty may prove the greatest blessing to our child."

"Perhaps you are right, Ellen. I shall be glad to trust to your womanly intuition, and pray the good angels may bless and prosper you." Saying

this, the husband and father took an affectionate leave of wife and child, and went on to the beautiful hereafter.

One lovely afternoon in Spring, a few days after Mr. Belden's departure, his young wife, sick and despairing, lay upon her bed, uncertain what to do. The present was a starless night, and her dim eye could discern no bright, morning ray, yet she had not lost faith in the lesson of her childhood, that no burden is placed upon us greater than we can bear. She remembered the trials her mother endured, when she was no older than May, and how she used to say, "Never mind, Eilen, every shoulder is fitted for its burden," and she resolved to live and work for the sake of her fatherless child. "I will trust, and hope, and wait, for out of this midnight darkness light must come."

Just then the door hastily opened and May came running in, cheeks all aglow, and eyes dancing with joy.

"Ma, Billy says he will help me along with our garden, and teach me all I need to know about taking care of flowers and plants, and he says I can raise flowers like everything and sell them in the city. He believes, and so do I, that I can earn all the money you and I both want; won't that be nice, mamma?"

The labor of caring for a flower-garden looked like a mountain to the sick woman. May's earnestness amused her, and not wishing to discourage the child in any effort she might make, she answered, "Perhaps, there will at least be no harm in learning all you can if the gentleman wishes to teach you."

"O, but he isn't a *gentleman*, mamma, he's Billy, Elder Frost's black gardener; don't you know him?"

"No, I never saw him, but I am sure he is a gentleman to teach you gardening, so you may learn all you can of him without giving him any trouble."

May danced out of the house again in as much of a hurry as she came in, to look for Billy, and tell him her mother's decision. "Black Billy a gentleman!" she kept repeating to herself as she ran around the house and yard. Climbing upon the garden gate, she called, at the top of her voice, "Billy! Billy!"

She was answered by a workman in a neighboring field, who asked what she wanted.

"I want a gentleman."

"I here ain't none here," was the gruff reply.

And so she sat on the gate post till Billy had finished his dinner, and came out with smiles rip-

pling all over his shining face, ready to serve her.

"This is my play hour," he said, "and I am going to give it all to you, Miss May, for I s'pect you'll need a deal of showing afore you'll know much."

Billy reached up his strong arms, and May with one leap landed in them. She kept one arm around his neck until he sat her gently down in the garden.

They now commenced work in earnest. Billy assumed all the airs of a teacher, telling her the least little thing that she did not know, and May was the most docile pupil in the world, giving close attention to everything he said.

They worked together, early and late; in the morning before it was time for Billy to commence work for Elder Frost, and late in the evening after his day's work was ended.

May often said, "Poor Billy! it is too bad that you have to work so hard for me," and Billy as often insisted that it was only a pleasure to serve her.

While Billy was spading up the ground and preparing it for sowing, May was running round town, making her wants known to everybody who was willing to assist her with choice seeds, plants, garden utensils and advice. She worked diligently, day after day, under the watchful eye of her teacher, who gave her an occasional admiring glance from Mr. Frost's garden. "Ah, she's a rare young miss, and does her work full as well as old Billy," he said to himself many times every day.

One morning May went as usual to her work, and great was her surprise to find, standing by the garden bed she left the evening before, a new garden hoe and watering pot. On the handle of the hoe was tied a card, on which was written, in an unpracticed hand, "Industry rewarded."

Luckily for our young gardener, this, her first year, was neither too wet nor too dry; her flowers flourished finely and her garden was the admiration of all the town.

Billy came over one morning with a more serious face than usual. May ran to meet him, and asked what was the matter.

"There ain't nothing the matter, my beauty, only there's one thing you don't know, nor I can't tell ye, and that is how to make your nosegays fit for market, but maybe the old lady that lives over the hill yonder can tell you some things that old Billy don't know—she used to live in a green house, and knows more about posies than old Billy ever knew; so never you mind, and I'll bring her here by daylight to-morrow morning."

True to his promise, Billy had aunt Phebe Crane, old, and lame, and nearly blind, on the ground at the appointed hour. May looked at her wrinkled face and withered hands, and shook her head doubtfully, as much as to say, "*She can't arrange a bouquet.*"

But aunt Phebe soon put all her fears to flight, as she gathered up the flowers and green leaves, clipped a leaf here and there, and arranged them in beautiful clusters, all fit for market. May could only stand and gaze in mute astonishment, while the old lady worked away without asking a question or giving the least instruction. When a dozen bouquets were finished, May knew the whole process and all she could do was to dance about the garden and clap her hands for joy.

She went to the city every morning with her basket of flowers and came home at night with it empty. Sometimes she got a ride on some farmer's wagon, either going or coming. She always had many little adventures to relate to her mother after her return, which helped to pass away the evenings and almost make her mother feel that *she* had been to town instead of little May.

One day she came home earlier than usual. Her mother saw her coming, in the distance, with Jessie Dye. Her basket was on one arm, and her hat swinging from the other.

"O, mamma, this has been my lucky day," said May, on entering the house. "I have sold all my flowers so early, and one tall, dark man gave me a dollar. He asked me my name and your name, and where we lived, and told me to stand on that same corner to-morrow at twelve o'clock. The mother questioned her for a more accurate description of the stranger, but all May knew was that he was tall and dark, with handsome eyes, like mamma's.

Mrs. Belden was a little nervous all that night; she could not sleep; the next day she walked the floor more than usual, and after twelve o'clock she kept looking—first out of one window and then out of another—all the time in the same direction. Soon a carriage drove up to the door, and the tall, dark man got out; he took May from the carriage and they walked into the house together.

The stranger proved to be Mrs. Belden's only brother, Hugh Sullivan. When quite a small lad he went away from home. She last heard of him in India. He had just returned with great wealth and was looking for some of his family. He had nearly given up the search when he discovered the likeness of his sister Ellen in the face of the little flower girl. He had the wealth of the world and, what was much better, the wealth of affection

to bestow upon his sister and her child. He was sparing of neither, but lived with them and for them the remainder of his life.

Billy and aunt Phebe are not forgotten. They are enjoying the luxury of a quiet, happy home, where care and want no more disturb them. May is the angel of the house, which she superintends with motherly care, and the faithful friend and guardian of half the children in the town.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

OUT OF MY WINDOW.

NO. II.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

EVERY day for several weeks I had observed a neatly dressed woman, somewhat past the meridian of life, very busy in her little yard. Hers was a cheap, plain cottage, one story, two windows in front, and narrow stoop. The only pretty thing about was a little girl six years old. She darted about from corner to corner, leaped from the stoop to the ground, and made friends with all the stray cats and dogs that entered the premises.

What could "grandma," as little Violet called her, be doing? There were bits of broken glass, notched tumblers and tiny screens scattered here and there over the garden patch. A young man, apparently about twenty years old, came to the house regularly each morning, was invisible during the day, and at night went out again. What could I infer from this? Just what half the world would have guessed. I made up my mind that he was a poor, thriftless boy, who had early gone astray, and of course was the pride of his poor old mother, who labored hard to support him. I had seen so many cases of favoritism of this kind that doubts of this particular one never occurred to me.

Violet loved him, for she always ran a few steps down the street to meet him, and was rewarded for her pains by a ride home on his stout shoulders.

"Grandma, see me way up here," shouted Violet. "I'm going to London in my great big coach. Go 'long, ponies."

Grandma was always ready to open the gate and admit her treasures, with a smile of welcome.

I had many soliloquys over wild boys and wasted love. A confidential friend called on me one morning, just as Violet, in pink nightgown and tumbled curls, ran out in haste to get her shoulder ride.

"Isn't it a shame," said I, "that such a stout, healthy looking fellow should squander his time

away, turn night into day, and his old mother take care of him?"

"It certainly would be a pity if that was the case, but I am afraid you have fallen into the common error of judging a matter before you know it. Thomas Newell, instead of being an idler, earns the food his mother and little niece eat, the clothes they wear, and last year he bought that bit of ground and built the cottage. It's too hard for the poor boy to work so nights, as he has for five years, but he has an object of love to accomplish, and he will not fail."

I felt tears of pity and mortification rising to my eyes, but choked them back by inquiring his business.

"He is a printer in the *Gazette* office; works at his case all night, only taking a lunch at midnight. He has the promise of foreman's place in a few months, and with his increased salary hopes to buy the adjoining orchard and enlarge the house."

I wasn't very happy the remainder of the day. I had wronged a kind, loving son, not by deeds, but in thought and words. At night, when I sought my comfortable room to sleep, visions of the patient worker toiling at his case rose in my mind, and in spite of all my arts I could not sleep. I counted the tickings of the clock, but each tick transformed itself into the click of type in the printer's stick. I counted one hundred backwards; it only reminded me of the manner of reading type. I lighted my lamp and took up the morning paper to read; his work stared me in the face. I paid the penalty of my injustice, which I hope was a good lesson to me, and may it be to you. There is no mental suffering more uncomfortable than to feel that we have wronged the worthy.

Next morning, after my work was done, I began to study how I could make amends for my injustice. First I called on Mrs. F., and as accidentally as possible alluded to "the poor family in the new cottage," and suggested that she would forget my criticism on the young man. "I think I must have heard something of the kind, but pray don't speak of it."

How eager we are to lay the burden of our misdeeds on other and innocent shoulders! As soon as Violet made her appearance I called her to my window. She looked timidly that way, said something to her grandmother, and came over.

"What's your name, sissy?"

"Violet Newell," said she, in a low voice, looking away from me.

"What a pretty pink wrapper you wear. Who made it for you?"

Here her blue eyes brightened, and she looked

me full in the face as she answered, "My good uncle Thomas bought it, and my good grandma made it. They are awful good, ain't they?"

"And you are a good girl, I suppose?"

"Uncle Thomas says I be, and when he gets a whole lot of money he says he'll buy me a pretty blue dress and white feather just like yours, because, he says, you are such a good lady."

"How does your uncle know I am a good lady?"

"O, he knows everything. He makes newspapers; and one day he see you give a poor sick kitty some milk, and I want a blue dress just like yours."

"Where are your father and mother?"

"O, they went to heaven a great many years ago, and grandma says I shall have a white feather on my hat too. I guess uncle Thomas has got most money enough. He has got most a million dollars."

"It can't be, Violet. Don't you mean a thousand?"

"No, I forgot; it's a hundred."

This childish prattle was truly refreshing—a bright spot in my monotonous life.

A misanthropic friend of mine, who had visited every country of note on the globe, once said that no friendship was reliable except that of a child and dog.

These people had esteemed me beyond my deserts, and I set about redeeming myself in my own estimation. From my back chamber closet I brought to light my huge basket of "stowaways;" remnants of dresses, bits of velvet and ribbon, cast off garments not half worn, beside a thousand other useless articles, such as housekeepers always accumulate. There was a long strip of the coveted blue merino, double width, and quite enough for little Violet's dress. That old basket had possessed no interest before; now each idle article suddenly transformed itself into as important an object as the wonderful tapestry in the Arabian Nights. For a week I was very busy; my chess men had not been unpacked, nor my library books dusted. At the end of that time Violet ran to meet her "good uncle Thomas" in a beautiful blue dress hat made from a scrap of silk to match, trimmed with a cast off white feather cleaned and recurled. The expense out was exactly seventy-five cents, but not for as many thousand dollars would I forget the scene when Violet and Thomas met. The story of Cinderella could not be more marvelous than the change of Violet's attire. The poor boy stood aghast in the street. "The good lady" was all I heard from Violet, but I saw a pocket hand-

kerchief applied to his eyes, and saw him kiss her over and over again. Grandma stood at the gate with joyful countenance to witness the effect of the new dress on Thomas. I became the debtor of these good people a few days after, on receiving by the hand of Violet a fragrant bouquet from their garden, and a book of beautiful engravings from the *Gazette* office. Mignonette and myrtle, heliotrope and geranium, with a few rosebuds, daisies, and some sprigs of lemon verbena, composed the gift of Mrs. Newell. The bright green leaves became animated, and talked to me for a week after this fashion: "You have judged a fellow being harshly, and are sorry for it. There is no forgiveness for you except in deeds of mercy. Practice charity towards all, if you would make your life pleasant to others and agreeable to yourself." My home is cheered an hour each day by the presence of Violet, who never wearies of talking of her "good uncle Thomas," and the nice house he will build grandma next summer, and the carriage he will buy her on Christmas.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

Fitchburg, Mass.

DEAR READERS:—Having received an invitation from the lady who so neatly prepares the LYCEUM BANNER for our perusal, to write you, and give you an idea of what we are doing in this place, I gladly accept it.

There are children enough here, as in other places, but I am sorry to say there are but few of them allowed to attend our Lyceum. One year ago the parents of some of these little ones felt that the time had come for a Progressive Lyceum; accordingly one was organized by E. A. Carpenter, consisting of twenty-six children and the necessary number of officers and leaders. We have labored under difficulties in many forms, but being persevering we have pressed on, and are now doing a good work. If not able to realize our ideal in numbers, we have maintained harmony, one of the necessary requisites of success. The new year brought our first anniversary, which was celebrated by appropriate exercises.

The Lyceum movement in our place has been a success. We re-elected by unanimous vote each officer and leader, showing each was in his proper place, and none could be spared. We have full equipments and a small library, which we hope will increase in volume as we increase in years.

Our dear LYCEUM BANNER has found its way to our midst, and causes eyes to sparkle, dimples to play over sunny faces, and exerts an influence of

love and peace wherever it goes. Should any of you chance to pass this way, please call at Belding & Dickenson's Hall any Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and you will meet a cordial reception from our conductor, H. H. Brigham, M. D., and all the members of our Lyceum. A.

Richmond, Ind.

DEAR BANNER:—You make your regular semi-monthly visits to see us, and always bring us good news from many other Lyceums, so now we will ask you to bear to them in return our words of cheer and happy greetings. Here in this beautiful city, commonly called the "Quaker City" of the Hoosier State, but now almost as renowned for its Spiritualism and infidelity to old theology, we have a thriving Lyceum, now in its fourth year of existence. At present we find ourselves, as a Lyceum, in as good a condition, if not in a better one, than ever before since our organization. We feel that we are surely growing stronger in that excellent element, *positive force*; that we are gaining in influence and in the power to do good. By earnest and harmonious effort we propose never to stand still, but ever to press onward in progress. Each family connected with the Lyceum receives regularly a copy of the LYCEUM BANNER. Our library, with the additions that are now being made to it, number near four hundred volumes of excellent liberal books.

Our Lyceum is now, and has been for the past three years, under the charge of Eli F. Brown, Conductor, and Mrs. Emily W. Addleman, Guardian. Mrs. Lucretia M. Brown has been, since the organization of the Lyceum, its faithful Musical Director. The duty of Guards is performed by John Griffith, D. Craig and E. Edmundson. J. P. Addleman is Treasurer, and is expected to pay our debts, and the groups of the Lyceum are under the leadership of Mrs. M. Alexander, Miss Dora Evans, Mrs. E. A. Craig, Mrs. E. Worsley, Miss Fannie Cork, Mrs. Agnes Cook, Mrs. Gascoigne, Miss Mattie Wait, George Addleman, Luther Crocker, Samuel Maxwell and John T. Bliss, in the order in which they are named. Under the influence of this corps of officers and leaders we cannot fail to progress. Our regular attendance of members of the Lyceum is about one hundred, and of spectators we have many.

We gave a fine public exhibition several weeks since. The next thing on the programme is a children's masquerade sociable. E. F. B.

A grand necessity elevates man; a small one degrades him.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

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PREMIUMS.

For two subscriptions at \$1 per year we will send Little Angel or Harry's Wish.
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 " eight " " " " " " 80 "
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 For twelve subscriptions, No. 1 Lyceum Pin or Charm, price \$1.50.

PARAGRAPHS.

—Several articles by the editor are crowded out.
 —Among the improvements of the age is the dress chart sold by Mrs. D. B. Briggs.
 —Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, the editor of the LYCEUM BANNER, has promised to spend the month of June in Colorado.
 —Miss Mollie Merriam, a girl of thirteen, obtained a premium for the best cake sent to one of our Lyceum exhibitions.
 —The Children's Lyceum, in Cleveland, Ohio, have had a grand anniversary. An entertainment was given the children by Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian of the Lyceum, and Mrs. C. Hamlin, one of the leaders of the groups. It is no small task to provide for two hundred little folks, but we are not surprised, knowing something of the ladies who did the good work.
 —Twenty-five cent subscribers come in rapidly. Several persons have given generously from their own purses towards furnishing their young friends with Mrs. Corbin's "Lost in the Woods." Among the good souls we are reminded of Mrs. A. H. Colby, Mrs. Annie L. Quimby, Mrs. Polly Chap-

man, Loie Watson, Blanche Porter, Hattie Briggs, Mrs. Addie Ballou and Miss Mary C. Southworth. We hope, in scattering the LYCEUM BANNER, these friends will be reminded of casting bread upon the waters.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS !

Those wishing to read "Lost in the Woods" will remember that they can have the papers containing the whole story, for twenty-five cents.

Philadelphia.

The fifth annual election of officers took place January 17th. M. B. Dyott was elected Conductor, and M. J. Dyott, Guardian. A short address by the Conductor of Lyceum No. 1, will appear in the next number of the LYCEUM BANNER.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM GOETHE.

Our senses do not deceive us, but our judgment does.
 Our trials grow with our years.
 The greater the knowledge, the greater the doubt.
 Age makes us tolerant ; I never see a fault which I myself did not commit.

Sympathy is most needed when it is scarcely ever to be had.
 Sentiments join man to man ; opinions divide them.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

When darkly the clouds of adversity lower,
 And grief chases hope from your mind and your heart ;
 When critics assail with a pitiless power,
 And Cupid comes near with unmerciful dart,
 Say to Cupid : " Though piercing your darts, I can stand 'em, "
 And joyfully shout to him, " Nil desperandum."

When the girl that you love seeks the smiles of another,
 And tauntingly says with a toss of her curls,
 That you lack the bold air, and the grace of her brother,
 In her eyes, and the eyes of a hundred of girls,
 Tell the lass and her lover that times' tide will land them
 In darkness ; then say to them, " Nil desperandum."

When critics assail you, and summer-friends leave you,—
 When life seems a burden too heavy to bear ;
 When the fates and the furies combine to deceive you,
 Call pride to the contest and never despair ;
 Fight with a will for your rights, and of all foes demand them,
 And exult as you say to them, " Nil desperandum."



For the Lyceum Banner.

EARLY MEMORIES.---NO. 3.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

Sugar-Making.

WHEN Archibald Morgan began to visit Marilla Keats, the gossips were greatly alarmed. Miss Sayles, who knew the private history of half the town folks, knew that Marilla was already engaged to John Wilson, and only had evil in her heart toward good, honest Archibald Morgan.

Some others said, "Marilla Keats is a pretty little *good-for-nothing*, as unfit for farm life as sun-beams are for clothes poles."

Our Martie wondered why young men like Mr. Morgan did not select their wives among *working* girls.

Walter said Martie was only a little angry because Archie did not want her. Perhaps she was.

True, Archibald Morgan was as poor as Job, but then, like Mr. Job, he was rich in faith, hope and patience. He had brains, hands and health; he was honest, temperate and industrious.

Marilla knew all these good points and said she would rather have such a husband than all the wide awake rakes in the nation. Sensible girl! Pity there are so few of her opinion.

One autumn day mother sent me over to Mr. Keats on an errand. Miss Sayles was there, making dresses for Marilla; I could not help thinking how sour she looked, and how very happy Marilla seemed. I suppose to the one the future was as cloudless as a June day; to the other, only darkness was visible.

Marilla and I were the best of friends, if she was twenty, and I but ten years old. She took me up stairs and showed me her new bed-quilt, her curtains and new crockery.

"Are you going to take Archie away from us?" I asked.

"Away from you! why no, he does not belong to you."

"But," I said, "he works for us all the summers. Mother thinks he is going to buy a piece of woods and work for himself next year."

"Oh, yes," Marilla said, "I think Archie will work for himself and for *me* next year."

"And who will *you* work for? But, then, you will be the lady, and do nothing, I suppose?"

"Not I, Gertie," she said. "I shall work for Archie and for myself, too. You come and see us next sugar-making time; we will have a full hundred maple trees tapped. Will you come?"

"May I come? May I truly?" I asked, jumping for joy.

"Come! to be sure. Now, remember sugar-making."

"I'll remember," I promised, and I went home with *sweet* visions on the brain.

The days and weeks went by. Archie and Marilla were married, and moved out into the maple woods. Archie had a small house built in "the clearing." Mrs. Keats furnished her house very comfortably, but there was no piano and no room for one. The gossips were again busy predicting all kinds of unpleasant things. No one had the charity to think that Marilla could or would try to cook, wash or mend. As for Archie a vast amount of sympathy was wasted on him.

Sugar-making time came, and with it came the following letter from Archie:

LITTLE GERTIE:—It is sugar-making time. Did you not promise my sweet, "good-for-nothing" little wife a visit about this time? She wishes me to remind you of the promise. Come soon, as the sugar time is short.

I wish Walter would go to the post-office and get my mail, and bring it out with you. Marilla wants the *Atlantic*, and whatever else your mother can send us to read. We are in the woods, remember, and have to keep track of the world by books and papers.

Your friend,

ARCHIE MORGAN.

Wasn't I glad of this letter? Did I not make haste to visit the maple woods?

I found Archie and Marilla both in the woods, as busy as bees in clover time. Marilla had a short dress of coarse wool, thick boots, a wool hood and leather gloves. She was tending fires, bringing sap and helping Archie "sugar off." They were both real glad to see me, and urged my remaining a whole week. Marilla, now Mrs. Morgan, took me back to their new house, got me a lunch of bread and butter, and maple sirup, then back to the woods we went to watch the boiling sap and make it into sugar.

Walter and Martie went home that evening, leaving me to look after the sugar-making, and to visit my old friends. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were up every morning before the sun got into the east window. Archie would milk and feed his stock while Marilla was getting the breakfast. After breakfast I washed the dishes, and then we were off, all three of us, to the "sugar bush."

Archie and Marilla would go about, singing. The birds, I am sure, were no happier than we were—Archie, Marilla and I. When they wanted to rest they would sit on some rude benches they had made, and read—one read aloud and the other would listen. As for me I was too busy watching the sap and eating sugar to read or to listen.

I staid my week, got a box of sugar for mother, and then went home, honestly believing that Archie and Marilla were the sweet "fairies of the wood" I had been reading about in a book of fables. I am now quite sure if they were not fairies, they were as good and as happy as if they had been. They were happy because they were good and doing good.

WOODEN PAPER.—The trunk of the poplar tree is now used for making paper. The trees are sawed into blocks, split, the bark and knots removed, and then thoroughly soaked in pure water. A machine similar to a common grindstone is used to reduce the wood into pulp. When the pulp is pressed and all the water removed it is fit for use. Poplar wood is by nature so pure and white that no chemicals or bleaches are required to make a fit material for manufacturing printing paper. Three parts of the wood-pulp is usually mixed with one part of rags, to give the paper strength and smoothness.

"REMEMBER who you are talking to, sir!" said an indignant parent to a fractious boy; "I am your father, sir." "Well, who's to blame for that?" said young impertinence; "tain't me!"

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LOST IN THE WOODS;

OR,

WHO WAS THE BRAVEST?

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORRIE,

Author of "Woman's Secret," "Uncle Timothy," "Married," etc.



AS the strange appearance drew nearer, Ben became more and more convinced that it was not really a man, because it had all over a white and shining appearance, such as no man ever wore. All the same, he could distinctly perceive human features, and they were of such a mild and benignant type that Ben's feeling of terror began quite of itself to be dissipated, and he said to himself, "If this is a spirit, and I rather guess it is, maybe he has come to show me the way home." This supposition was all the more natural to Ben, because he had not been brought up as some boys unfortunately are, to be afraid of ghosts and hobgoblins, and to run past graveyards at night, if indeed they can be induced to get past them at all. Ben's mother had no fear whatever of the angel world, because nearly all the people that she loved, her father and mother and her dear husband, had all gone there to live, and she naturally felt that, if any spirits were near her, it would be those who loved her best; therefore Ben, though he was certainly a little surprised at this strange apparition in the deep, dark woods, and the lonesome night, nevertheless looked up into its kindly face, and trusted it for succor.

By this time the figure had drawn near enough, so that he noticed that it carried something in its hand. Presently, too, Ben seemed to hear a voice. It was not exactly like a natural voice, but rather like some one speaking to him in a dream. Ben found time to think, while he was listening, that this must be the kind of voice which Whittington heard while the bells were ringing, but this voice, instead of prophesying to Ben future Lord Mayorships, simply said:

"Ben, do you know what this is that I have in my hand?"

Ben looked and answered:

"I should think, sir, it was a chestnut bur."

"Yes," said the stranger, "it is a chestnut bur. What is a chestnut bur, Ben?"

Ben thought this was a strange question, and the more he thought of it the more it seemed difficult to give a clear and satisfactory answer.

"Why, sir," he said at length, "the chestnut bur isn't so very much of itself. It is just the covering of the chestnut."

The stranger quietly pulled off the prickly husk and said, "This, then, that I hold in my hand, this smooth, brown thing, with the little prickly tail at the end of it, is the chestnut?"

Ben thought a minute and said, "Well, not exactly, sir. The smooth brown coat is the shell of the nut; the meat is inside."

"Oh!" said the stranger, removing also the shell, "then this meat is the nut. This is what makes the tree when it is planted?"

"Oh, no," said Ben, "it isn't that whole meat that makes the tree. If you split the meat in two, down at the small end you will see a little kernel, and that is the germ which sprouts if it is planted. That is the life of the nut, sir."

The stranger split the nut as Ben had told him, and took out the tiny, tender germ.

"What," he said, "is it this little grain of life alone which makes the tree?"

"Well," said Ben, "I suppose the meat feeds the germ as it expands, and the smooth brown coat keeps the meat from being rotted by the rains, and the prickly bur is to keep the squirrels from eating through the shell and destroying both meat and germ. But after all the germ is the life of the nut, and all that really grows. All the rest decays, and that sprouts out and makes the tree."

"Very well answered," said the spirit, encouragingly. "Now, Ben, I came here to teach you as well as to ask questions. You want to know how to judge of human actions; to know which are really brave and which are not. Remember this chestnut bur, and when you hear of what men call a brave deed, look for the motive or life of the deed, and try to judge by that. You will often have to dig your way through a prickly hedge of circumstances and conditions, and a stout web of false appearances, may be, before you can find the true meat, and inside the meat the germ; but when you start to find the germ, Ben, remember this, that all true life in human action, all that life which can sprout and grow into immortal fruit, as the germ of the chestnut grows into a tree, is LOVE. The deed which springs from selfishness, which has no inner life of Love, is mere barren meat without the vitalizing germ. Mr. Ben, look about you, and see who among your schoolmates are, in this true, living sense, the bravest.

"The moon is rising now. If you go to yonder big oak tree and look to your right, you will see a pathway through the woods. Down that path you will find your cow, and if you drive her straight on in the path, you will come out at the footway of your own lane, and so find your way safely home."

The bright light faded, but looking about him, Ben saw that the moon was indeed rising, and the fog was so much lighter that he was able to see the big oak toward which the spirit had pointed. He ran quickly thither, and looking down the pathway, saw at a little distance his own Brown Bess, lying down apparently in very comfortable repose. He drove her up, and pursuing his way, as the spirit had directed, soon found himself in his own door-yard.

It was nine o'clock, and Ben had to milk the cow and eat his supper, and satisfy his anxious mother concerning the cause of his delay on the mountain, but through it all he kept turning over in his mind his strange adventure. He did not tell his mother about it that night, not because he did not love his mother and place all confidence in her, but because Ben was a quiet boy and little disposed to talk about a thing till he had thought it over a good deal in his own mind.

CHAPTER II.

Ben slept soundly that night, but the next morning he rose bright and early, and went about his chores, so as to get through and have a little time to study before school, for his last night's adventure had kept him out so late and made him so tired that he had not even looked at his books before going to bed.

A little before half past eight, however, he was ready for school, and with his books and his lunch basket upon his arm set out. On his way he overtook Regie Howard, the little girl who had said that love was better than courage. Regie was a queer little thing; she lived all alone with her grand-father in a little queer house, away out in the woods, where nobody else would think of living. The truth was, Regie's grand-father was rather a strange man. He was very old now, as much as seventy or eighty. His wife was dead, and his only daughter, who had never been much comfort to her father, had died five or six years ago, leaving Regie a mere baby for the grand-father to bring up. Regie was so little when this happened that she had not even been named, and old Noah Renard, who was so odd and strange that people thought him half-crazed, called the little red-faced baby Victoria Regina, which means Victoria the Queen. People laughed and said that was just like old Noah, to tag that great nonsensical name to his little fatherless beggar's brat. Some of the good women of the neighborhood said it was a shame, and tried to rechristen the child Sally; but somehow nobody would call her Sally. Vicky didn't seem to stick to the child

a bit better, and at last somebody began to call her Regie, and everybody fell in with the practice; and when Regie was six years old, nobody thought but what the name was just as common-place and proper as Mary or Sally or Jane would have been.

But Regie, quiet little thing, knew very well that her name was an odd one, and liked it all the better because nobody that she knew of had ever borne it before. Regie knew, too, that the little house which she lived in, down in the woods, was not at all like the houses in the village, but the fact never seemed to trouble her in the least. She loved the woods and the sky and the stars, and the babbling brook that ran past the cottage door, and the wild-flowers and the mosses and the trailing vines which grew in the woods; and somehow, having so small a house, for it was only a single room and a little loft above it, she seemed to have a better claim for the great beautiful outdoor world, which she used to call God's house, and she was actually as much at home in the woods as any squirrel or rabbit or wild-bird of them all.

Only one thing troubled Regie very much, and that was that the boys would make fun of her grand-father. This was not really very strange, for he was a queer old fellow; as innocent and harmless, to be sure, as a kitten, but full of strange notions. He wrote queer verses, which he repeated to everybody whom he could get to listen to him, and always fancied that he was a great poet. He was very ambitious, too, to make a fine appearance, and on one occasion, when Gen. Isham had given him a faded, worn-out military coat, and he had actually put it on, brass buttons, faded epaulets and all, and had worn it to the village church in great glory, all the boys, and some of the grown people, too, laughed. Noah thought it was because they were pleased with his appearance, but Regie knew that they were making fun of him, and she felt very badly about it, for Regie loved her grand-father dearly. He was all the human-being she had to love, and he was really very good to her, as tender and kind as a mother could have been. He was too gentle even to scold her, and Regie had scarcely any more idea of family government than any rabbit in the woods. However, this atmosphere of love and confidence seemed to agree with her very well, and helped on by the wise training of Mr. Baker, at the village school, she was growing to be a bright-faced, light-hearted and attractive child.

But this morning, when Ben overtook her, she was crying bitterly. Not in a loud, demonstrative way, but with a deep, heart-breaking sob, which moved Ben's tender heart to pity.

"Why, Regie," he said, "what ails you?"

(To be continued.)

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

VISIT TO A SLATE MILL.

BY UNCLE WILLMER.

I PROMISED my young readers, some weeks since, that I would tell them something about a slate mill, and now I will fulfill my promise.

But in the first place I wish to say something about this slate stone, and wherein it is different from marble. Both are found in great quantities in this (Rutland) county, and form a very large proportion of the most valuable product of this part of the State, but they are very different both in their nature and in the mode of working them.

Slate is a stone which can be split into very thin layers with chisels, and sawed as boards and timber are sawed; while marble, being composed of fine grains or particles, can only be worked into slabs and square blocks with saws which use sand and water instead of teeth. The saws are placed side by side in a frame, and let down upon the block of marble, and as they are moved back and forth across the block, the coarse, sharp edged particles of sand, moistened by water dripping slowly and steadily upon the stone, the saws are enabled to work their way down through the huge blocks, cutting them into slabs of any thickness desired.

With slate, the whole process is very different. This stone is formed of layers and a grain, which, in the best quality of slate, run very regular and even. The most usual colors are different shades of green and purple. Some veins are of a redish or maroon color, and in those quarries which produce slate for school use the color is a very dark brown or black.

Now, then, for a trip to the mill. Here we land again at the depot in Hydeville, and from the platform of the depot we can see two slate mills and one marble mill.

This old looking building just below and nearest to the depot, is one of the first mills built in the county. It was first used for working marble, long before slate was of any value, or of enough value to pay for working. We will go in there first, for we shall find there some old machinery, the first ever used in this country for working slate. It was brought from Wales, where the manufacture of slate is much more extensive than anywhere else in the world.

You see that huge pile of rubbish in front of the mill, large enough to fill three or four big barns. That has all been wheeled out of the mill on wheelbarrows; bits and pieces of stone chips, shavings and dust.

Now here we are in the "yard," just in front of the mill, where the "stock," as it is called, is landed when brought from the quarry. See this big block about six feet long and three feet wide. You see it is split into four slabs one and a half inches thick. See the marks where the chisels were driven into the stone. You can hardly realize that so large a stone can be split so easily. But a few taps of the hammer on the chisel all around the edge of the stone, and it cracks open with a snap like that of a hard wood log when split in freezing cold weather. Some of the "stock," you will notice, is smaller and irregular in shape. But here comes one of the men with a "hand truck" for one of these slabs. Let us follow him into the mill. You notice how the men are dressed, I suppose. Rather hard-looking customers, perhaps you think, with their "overalls," covered with dust from head to foot. But, "A man's a man for a' that," and many a noble heart has been found beating beneath a rougher covering than these men wear.

The saw table and frame, you see, are made of iron, and the holes all over the table are to admit the end of his bar, with which he moves the stone on the table. After marking out what he wishes to make out of the stone, he gets it in place, and shifts the belt so as to start the saw into the stone. See, the saw enters the slab, and as this is what is called "soft stock," and very easy to cut, you see the saw moves along about as fast as a common circular saw will go through a piece of hard, dry wood, two inches thick.

"Whew! what is that? O my, what a noise!" Yes, that is quite enough to frighten one not used to it. See the saw tremble and shake. Ah, there, it has stopped. Well, that is what we call a "streak of flint" in the slab. The saw will soon get through it, and then go on quiet and easy again. Beside these layers of flint, there are black and red "buttons," very hard and troublesome. But there is very much of the "stock" used in other mills much harder than this you see here, and which cannot be sawed as rapidly as can this soft stock.

Now we will see what the next process is. This machine is called a "planer," which takes the stone as it comes from the saw, and planes it down to the required thickness. Everything about this machine is strong and substantial, for it has rough, hard work to do. See the knife scrape along the top of the slab; taking off the "chips," and leaving a smooth, even surface as it passes along.

Here we find a smaller saw, which cuts up the small stock; and still a different kind of saw,

called a "jigsaw," where pieces of irregular shape are cut out. But a new kind of saw for this purpose has just been introduced, which works much better than the up and down, or "jigsaw."

The next process is that of the "rubbing bed," where the work is made quite smooth with fine sand and water, on a large, round iron table, ten or twelve feet in diameter, with a smooth surface, which is made to revolve very rapidly, as you can see. The pieces to be rubbed are laid upon this revolving table, then fine sand thrown on every minute or two, and a stream of water keeps it moist and helps the sand do its work.

Let us take a look at this work, which is ready to go to the finishing shop. This is some mantle stock, ready for "cutting," "marbleizing," and "polishing."

Here are some "ink slabs," all ready for use, such as printers require for working their ink. These pieces are for a stationary wash tub for a laundry. "How do they make it tight enough to hold water?" Well, they cut a groove in the end of this long slab, which forms one side, then the same with the bottom and other side; then fit the ends of the tub into these grooves, and make the joint tight with cement of some kind.

These are some slabs intended for blackboards, but as they are too large to be rubbed on the revolving bed we saw, we shall learn more about them when we get into that room yonder, where another article is made, called "billiard beds," and by far the most profitable work done in a slate mill.

Only the largest slabs will answer for this purpose, and after sawing and planing they are made to fit nicely together, with usually four slabs in each bed, and rubbed by hand with this "muller," a flat piece of cast iron about 18x10 inches, with this long handle, using sand and water as upon the revolving bed.

These beds are put into the table by the billiard table maker. Every year the trade increases, and "slate beds" are constantly growing more and more in favor. Marble has been much in use, and is still preferred by some makers, but slate of a good quality is every way as good as marble, and much cheaper.

Those slabs we saw in the mill, intended for blackboards, as well as all pieces too large for the revolving bed, are rubbed by hand with the "muller," in this room.

If we had time, I should like to take you to West Castleton, about four miles from here, where we should find very extensive works; several different mills, all belonging to the West Castleton

Slate Company; one new mill, just erected, 250 feet long, where we could see the cutting, carving, and marbleizing process, but we must postpone that visit to another time.

HYDEVILLE, Vt.

Pen and Scissors.

A LADY went out with her little girl and boy, purchased the latter a rubber balloon, which escaped him and went up in the air. The girl seeing tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven, you'll dit it."

"YOUR SON, madam, persists in doing nothing," says the director.

"Then," replies the woman, by no means disconcerted, "you should give him the prize for perseverance."

"MR. JONES, you said you were connected with the fine arts; do you mean that you are a sculptor?"

"No, sir, I don't sculp myself, but I furnish the stone to the man what does."

SUSPICIOUS tailor to a suspected customer. "Make you a coat, sir? Oh, yes, sir, with the greatest pleasure. There, just stand in position, please, and look right upon that sign while I take your measure." Sign reads—(*Terms Cash.*)

AN elderly Pennsylvania woman, with her daughter, looking at the marble statue of Girard in the college building the other day, startled the bystanders by exclaiming, "La! Sally, how white he was!"

A BANKER lent a graceless scamp five pounds, in the hope of getting rid of him; but, to his surprise, the fellow paid the money punctually on the day agreed upon, and a short time afterwards applied to him for another loan.

"No," said the banker, "you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shan't do it a second time."

A BORE is a fellow who keeps talking to you about *himself*, when you want to talk to him about *yourself*.

THE MILLER AND THE FOOL.—A miller, who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect accosted him with:

"John, people say you are a fool."

On this John replied: "I don't know that I am, sir. I know some things, sir, and some things I don't know, sir!"

"Well, John, what do you know?"

"I know that millers always have fat hogs, sir."

"And what don't you know?"

"I don't know whose corn they eat, sir."

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

A CHILD'S SPEECH.

I know a little girl that is not very high;
She can laugh, dance and sing, and very often cry;
Her little head is covered with such soft glossy hair,
That almost hides her ears, though I'm sure she has a pair;
She has ten fingers, too, and just as many toes,
And eyes with which to see, and a little dainty nose;
She's a mouth full of teeth, where her bread and milk go in,
And just below her mouth is her little dimpled chin.
Who is this little girl that is not very high,
That can laugh, dance and sing? Don't you know?

It is I.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MASTER ARTHUR'S ADVICE.

BY MRS. ADA E. COOLEY.

I'm going to give a small piece of advice;
I know 'tis an old-fashioned way,
For preaching and practice, though both may be good,
Go seldom together, they say.
There are some little children that come to our hall,
Who always are sure to be late;
They are idle at home, or play truant abroad,
And so our Lyceum must wait;
And when they do come, they will make such a noise
That the people our lessons can't hear,
For the questions and answers that come from each group—
Are lost 'ere they come to the ear.
And some little fellows can smoke their cigar.
Quite equal to any old "Roue."
The size of one cheek beats the other by far
With the quid of tobacco they chew.
They think it quite manly to curse and to swear,
And never their parents obey;
But often are found late at night in the street,
With vulgar companions at play.
And some of the girls think too much of their dress,—
Too much of the style of their hat;
Of the gathers and puffs of their sweet "Grecian Braid,"
Their powders and paints, and all that.
'Twould be better by far to be modest and still,
And try to come early to school;
Have always an answer or proverb to give,
And live by the sweet golden rule.
But do not, I beg you, take pattern by me,
For fear that I might go astray;
And so if I should, don't you do as I do,
But just go and do as I say.

QUESTIONS.

What is a lie?
What and where is Heaven?
What is conscience?
Does our conscience always direct us right?
What is right?
What is wrong?
What can we do to make our Lyceum more interesting?

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 18 letters.

- My 2, 7, 9, 19, 11, is a weapon of war.
- My 8, 11, 18, is a hue,
- My 1, 11, 11, 8, is an animal.
- My 8, 6, 10, 8, all have.
- My 4, 10, 4, 11, is used by too many men.
- My 5, 7, 9, 11, is a musical instrument.
- My whole is a public speaker.

N. J. PLACE.

I am composed of 18 letters.

- My 1, 4, 5, 8, with s annexed, is something spoken of in the New Testament.
- My 8, 9, 10, is a pronoun.
- My 5, 12, 6, is a troublesome animal.
- My 7, 12, 11, 6, is a girl's name,
- My 18, 8, 11, 8, is a narrow passage.
- My 9, 4, 1, 6, is something we should not indulge in.
- My whole is a pamphlet published in Chicago.

NETTIE BUSHNELL.

I am composed of 14 letters.

- My 7, 9, 10, 11, is the name of something very useful.
- My 1, 9, 6, 12, 10, is the name of a city in Massachusetts.
- My 12, 6, 5, is the name of a man.
- My 11, 9, 14, 9, 10, 9, is the name of an Isthmus.
- My 9, 18, is a preposition.
- My 10, 9, 8, 5, 9, is the name of a girl.
- My 14, 12, 4, is not old.
- My 18, 8, 14, 12, is a number.
- My whole was a great and good man.

JENNIE BROWN.

WORD PUZZLES.

- My first is in cat, but not in dog.
- My second is in boy, but not in girl.
- My third is in back, but not in front.
- My fourth is in rat, but not in mouse.
- My fifth is in coat, but not in vest.
- My sixth is in cork, but not in bottle.
- My seventh is in oats, but not in hay.
- My whole is a plant.

LODDY LEEDS.

- My first is in bee, but not in fly.
- My second is in me, but not in thy.
- My third is in good, but not in bad.
- My fourth is in joy, but not in sad.
- My fifth is in owl, but not in night.
- My sixth is in dark, but not in light.

HATTIE M. BRIGGS.

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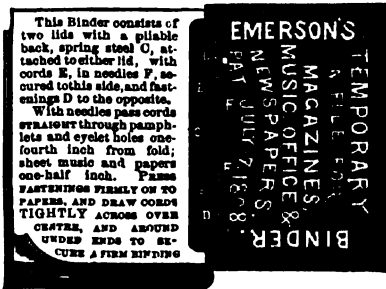
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Buffalo, N. Y.—Meets in Lyceum Hall, corner Court and Perl Street, every Sunday at 2½ p. m. Paul Josef, Conductor; Mrs. J. Lane, Guardian.

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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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hammoncton.—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. Loper, Guardian.

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

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

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

Lynn, Mass.—Meets in Odett 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 No. 1, meets in Bowman Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. T. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Bettie Parker Guardian.

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

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

Onevo, N. Y.—J. L. Pool, Conductor Mrs. Deolittle 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. E. 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. E. W. Bartlett, 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, Wayboset 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. Fdella O. Pease, Guardian.

Richmond, Ind.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1868. M. Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Adleman, Guardian.

Rochester, N. Y.—Lyceum meets regularly at Schliiser 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.—Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. B. A. Richards, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Plank, Guardian.

Stonaham, 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. O. Coburn, Guardian.

St. Johns, Mich.—Organized July 1, 1866. Meets at Union 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 E. 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.

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

Wilkesmantic, Conn.—Meets at 10 A. M., at Bassett's Hall. Theodore A. Hunt, Conductor; Mrs. Geo. Purington, Guardian.

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

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