

The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 2.

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No. 14.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

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

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN,

Author of "Woman's Secret," "Uncle Timothy," "Mar-
rie," etc.

IN order to answer Ben's question intelligently to the reader, it will be necessary to go back to the previous afternoon, and recount the adventures of a band of school-boys whom we left upon the play-ground in front of Dalton school-house.

There were Dick Armstrong, and Jem Somers, and Archie Lovell, and a half-dozen others. The afternoon, as I have said, was bright and sunny, and the outdoor world seemed exerting its strongest possible attractions. Besides, the master's words about courage seemed to have stirred a spirit of adventure among the boys, and there was a strong but unspoken desire among them to achieve something newer, something braver, than these ordinary games.

"I'll tell you, boys," said Archie Lovell, "let's go up on Bald Hill and hunt woodchucks. I know where there's a hole, and will take my dog Brutus along, and have some sport."

The proposition was agreed to with a shout, and they all set off in the direction indicated.

Bald Hill was a smooth, round eminence, just back of the village. The greater portion of it was bare of trees, and, being covered with short pasture grass, interspersed with moss and such other vegetation as a light and poorly cultivated soil feeds, was used only as an occasional feeding ground for cattle. The western side of the hill, however, sloped down to a deep, hedgy ravine, and was covered with a thick growth of pines and hemlocks. The country all about Dalton was wild and new. In fact the town itself had only sprung into existence since the building of the railroad which intersected it, and as it was only a stopping place for way trains, it had not yet any very great importance or growth. The hills about it, therefore, were to some extent an unexplored and adventurous region, and although Bald Hill was far from being *terra incognita* to the village boys, the wild and lovely regions which it skirted had always their terrors and attractions for youthful feet.

The party, headed by Archie, set off, as I have said, for the hills. They stopped by the way, at Archie's house, and unchained the dog Brutus for the purpose of taking him with them.

"And I guess," said Archie, "I'll take my new hatchet. Father gave it to me last week, and it's real sharp, and we might want to cut a pole or something."

It was really, as much as anything, for the purpose of displaying his latest acquisition that Archie said this, but before nightfall the hatchet came into very good use.

From Mr. Lovell's house to the foot of Bald Hill was a direct road, and the distance not more than a quarter of a mile. The hill was high, however, and the ascent of it a rather fatiguing process, but in the course of half an hour the boys had reached an eminence from which they overlooked the whole village, the broad river which flowed below it, and beyond, the line of rough, wooded hills.

Archie had some difficulty in finding the woodchuck hole for which he set out; but the dog, a well trained hunter, soon got on the track of something, and led them a brisk chase over the brow of the hill and quite out of sight of the town. Presently he stopped at the mouth of a curiously shaped pit, about ten feet deep, and giving a few short, sharp barks, indicated that the game, whatever it was, had taken refuge in the pit. The boys were getting quite excited, and Archie, throwing off his coat, scrambled down the rough side of the chasm, and was soon at the bottom of it. Brutus seemed to regard the descent as of doubtful propriety, and contented himself with remaining at the brink of it, and repeating his barks as if in expostulation with his master. But Archie was a fearless, adventurous youth, and if there was a woodchuck in that hole he meant to find it. His imagination, too, had taken wings. It *might* be a fox which Brutus had scented, and if it were, and if he could capture the creature on the spot, or even if he could discover so much about the lair as to lead to its capture by older hunters, Archie felt that it would add a very long feather to his cap.

He commenced, therefore, a very careful observation of the pit. It offered no opening, however, except upon one side, where there was a crack, or chasm, in the solid rock, like a door. This chasm was so narrow that it would, scarcely admit the body of a full-grown man. Indeed Archie, slender and little as he was, found difficulty in pushing himself into it, even in a side-wise position. It was high enough, however, so that he could stand erect in it, and he cautiously pushed his way inward, till, in a moment or two, he was lost to the sight of the boys above, who were watching his movements with the deepest

interest. Presently he shouted in a voice which sounded hollow and sepulchral :

"Boys, run some of you to the woods and get me a pitch-pine light. Hurry now; it is awful dark here, but I'll be hanged if I don't think we've found something."

Half-a-dozen of the boys started at a keen run for the woods, which were only a few rods distant. Only Dick Armstrong staid behind, and he was throwing off his coat and making preparations for the descent. Dick was a boy with a clear head, and he bethought himself that when the boys came back they would all want to go down into the pit, and that a pell-mell descent of a half dozen together might involve greater or less injury to some of the number. He therefore seized Archie's hatchet, which lay upon the ground, and singling out a slender young hemlock which grew among a cluster only a few feet from the edge of the pit, he proceeded valiantly to cut it down, and then trimming off the branches about a foot from the body, and cutting it the right length, he had it ready when the boys came back with their yellow pine knots to drop into the hole. By this means a very good ladder was formed, and the descent made much more safe and easy.

Meanwhile Archie, in the darkness of his retreat, was growing very uneasy. But one of the boys had produced some matches from the multitudinous contents of his pockets, and gathering together some dry hemlock leaves and splinters, a fire was speedily kindled, at which the pine knots could be lighted, and by the time the ladder was lowered, Dick Armstrong had a good light in his hand, and was ready to carry it down to Archie.

"What is in there?" he shouted, a minute after he had handed in the light.

"Can't see anything yet," said Archie, "but a big seam in the rocks. I'm going to follow it out and see what it leads to. Tell the boys to stay there. I'll come back in a moment and report."

But the boys were by this time climbing down the hemlock ladder, each with a lighted torch in his hand, and all exhortations to remain where they were were entirely fruitless. Every one of them who could squeeze himself through the chasm in the rocks was determined to do it, at whatever cost to his outward habiliments, or even to his skin. They were encouraged, too, in their zeal by finding that once through the narrow opening the passage became wider, and that after a few feet progress became a matter of comparative ease.

Thus they followed on the dark and somewhat perilous journey, till, after traversing a space of perhaps a hundred yards, upon a sharply descending grade, a shout from Archie announced a discovery. There was a momentary pause along the line of his followers, but at the cry :

"Jolly, boys, here's a big room, as big as a church. Come on with your lights."

They crowded forward, and in five minutes, by the light of their assembled torches, discovered a chamber in the rocks, with a hard, irregular floor, and a curiously domed ceiling, from which, in places, there was a constant drip of water, whose regular patter upon the rocks below, like the solemn tick of innumerable clocks, struck the astonished boys with a momentary awe.

But Dick Armstrong's cheery voice soon dissipated their gloomy feelings.

"I say, boys," he cried, "this is better than woodehucks, ain't it? There's a door over yonder; let's see what it leads to."

"Ain't you afraid of snakes?" asked little James, who had brought up the rear of the procession, and had just struggled into the lonesome place.

"Snakes at this time of the year!" laughed Archie Lovell; "that is smart."

"By jolly, wouldn't it be gay, though, if we should meet a bear?" said Dick Armstrong.

"There ain't any bears in this part of the country," said Archie. "A wild-cat is the most we've got to be afraid of, and I ain't afraid of that. I'm going to see where that door over there leads to, and if any boy is afraid to go with me, he knows the way back, that's all."

With that they gave a shout which made the solemn spaces echo, and all pressed forward toward the black chasm in the rock, which they had called the door.

[To be Continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PLANCHETTE; OR, THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.
By Epes Sargent, author of "Peculiar."

This book treats of Spiritualism in all its various phases; it is of vast interest as a historical work. It is a closely printed volume of 416 pages, and one of the cheapest books of the day. Price, in cloth, \$1.25; or in paper covers, \$1.00. Postage, 18c. For sale at this office.

—The world wants children that are strong, healthy and happy; children that will make good and beautiful men and women.

For the Lyceum Banner.

THE BEGGAR'S BLESSING.

BY MRS. EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

Oh, mother! I saw in the town to-day,
A beggar, wrinkled, and thin, and old;
The snow-flakes matted his board so grey,
And his face was purple and pinched with cold.

No warm hat covered his poor, bald head,
But only a battered and crownless brim;
And his clothes were scanty, and hung in shreds,
That the cold wind flapped round each palsied limb.

Nothing he said as he walked the street,
To those who carelessly passed him by;
But all could see that his need was great
By his pitiful look and pleading eye.

I watched until he sat him down
On the steps of a mansion, large and grand;
One of the handsomest in the town,
And leaned his cheek on his bony hand.

Presently, out through the great door stepped
The owner, swinging a shining cane;
And a chilling terror over me crept,
For his face with anger was all aflame.

"What do you here?" he roughly said,
To the aged sufferer at his feet;
Who answered, "I've nowhere to lay my head,
No fire to warm me, no food to eat."

"Long I scorned to beg, but at last am driven,
By clamorous famine to your door;
Then, oh! as you hope for rest in Heaven,
Give me a crust—I ask no more."

Oh, mother! I shudder to tell the tale,
How the cruel owner with curses, then
Struck the poor man over his cheek so pale,
And pushed him out in the street again.

I stood a moment in blank amaze,
And then more swift than a bird I flew;
And in the beggar's cold hand placed
The dollar I had this morning from you.

He looked at the silver and looked at me,
While the tear-drops broke from his time-dimmed eyes;
Then touched my forehead, and fervently
Invoked a blessing from yonder skies.

Invoked a blessing on me and mine,
And, mother, I know, that his prayer was heard;
For my sight was crossed with a light divine,
And my soul to its deepest depths was stirred.

We parted. He hastened to purchase food,
While I ran home with a lightened heart;
For, mother, that blessing, so pure, so good,
From my life I feel will never depart.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

—Never give your tongue its full liberty; let it
be always your servant, never your master.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

OUT OF MY WINDOW.

NO. III.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

AS a general rule we should speak no ill of our neighbor, but as all rules are subject to exceptions, I shall venture, for the sake of the moral, to acquaint you with Squire Temple's family. The Squire is a genial, fat, indulgent man, fond of his family, money, and all the good things of life. Mrs. Temple is a thin, weary-looking, meek-eyed woman, who needs a strong arm to lean upon, and feels that her husband is the head of the house, and she a submissive subordinate. There are three daughters,—Octavia, Eloise and Geraldine; high sounding names, truly, but well worn, and matched by their little brother's oppressive name of Marcus Antonius. Octavia being the oldest, is called by her family and acquaintances, Miss Temple. The other girls, Miss Eloise and Miss Geraldine, while the little white-headed boy in embroidered jackets is styled Master Tony. I dislike *Miss*; there is a frigid formal ring to it which suggests insincerity and heartlessuess. When Sarah Tompkins comes in with a hearty "Good morning, Fanny, how goes it?" I feel that there is ten-fold more love in the little woman's unique salutation than in Carrie Mason's formal "Good morning, Miss Lebel; I hope you are quite well to-day."

Squire Temple's daughters' elegant surroundings have developed disease. Disease of body is sure to produce disease of mind, such as ill-temper, nervousness and melancholy. They fret and scold at each other if left to themselves for a day, and I am sorry to say, they sometimes say hard things to Master Tony.

"I don't like Geraldine the least mite of a bit," said he to his mother; "she called me a little rascal, and tried to catch me just because I wouldn't tell Silas to harness up the bays and take her to the Willows. If she'd been good-natured to me I'd done it; but she was so cross I wouldn't, you bet."

"Why, Master Tony," was Mrs. Temple's only rebuke. She is a weak woman, and weak people get along as easily as possible.

"She says she's sick, but I guess sick folks don't get mad, nor eat lobster salad either."

"Why, Master Tony," again ventured poor Mrs. Temple,

"And Miss Temple and Miss Eloise are just as bad. They don't give me one bit of candy, nor

kiss me neither, like Nancy Blake does Bill. I wish I was Bill Blake, then Nancy,—no, Eloise,—would kiss me, and I'd have lots of fun I would.. 't be all the time afraid of getting my ruffles dirty. 'cause I shouldn't have any, and I'd dig in the dirt and make mud pies, and have a good time. you bet. Now I have to be fixed up, and can't run 'cause my curls string out, and can't do anything I want to. I *do* wish I was Bill Blake, anyhow, then Nancy wouldn't be telling me that boys were always in the way. For my part, I don't see why boys haven't as good right as girls to be 'round."

"Why, Master Tony, how you do talk. Bill Blake's pa is a poor man, and has to work, and Bill will have to work when he gets older. Your pa is rich, and you never will have to work."

"Well, what's the use in being rich if you can't have any fun, and folks scold at you, and won't kiss you, nor give you any candy."

"Why, Master Tony, you'll understand when you get older," and thus Tony was left to solve the problem of the advantages of being rich when one cannot have fun, candy nor kisses. Many an older one has tried in vain to unriddle the mystery why wealth does not bring happiness. I can easily see why Squire Temple's family are not happy. It is because they depend on money to make them so. Money pays for servants, and servants must be used. Money buys fine horses and carriages, why then should they walk? Silas is always ready to harness the horses and drive, and so the ladies ride. It is really pitiable to see Miss Temple take her daily rides. A girl, just in the beauty of girlhood, a stranger would mistake her for an old lady of seventy-five at least. When she went to ride, Jenny, her maid, tied on her hat, buttoned her sack, drew on and buttoned her gloves, and her father assisted her down the walk into the carriage. A frown darkened her brow as she settled herself in the costly carriage robes Silas drove very steadily down the street, and as the last echo of the wheels died away, I found my week's mending still untouched and my work-box unopened. Another hour was lost in theorizing on the science of beauty. The art of being beautiful is one of the fine arts, and it is the duty and privilege of all persons to avail themselves of its benefits.

Every one who knows the Porter girls pronounce them "very pretty," yet their features are not regular, their hair is coarse, feet and hands large, and they would be classed neither as brunettes nor blondes. During the pleasant spring and summer mornings, Jennie and Effie Porter are

out before sunrise at work in the garden, training vines, pruning shrubbery, sowing flower seeds, and weeding the young plants. This is healthy exercise, and brings the color to the cheeks and brilliancy to the eye that is superior to all artificial beauty. Their clothing is loose enough for free circulation of the blood; the soles of their boots are thick enough to protect their feet from the damp earth. The pure air inflates their lungs at every breath, and produces a vigor of body and mind that is really charming. At breakfast time the human machinery is in perfect running order, and continues so during the day. Their appetites are keen, heads clear, wits sharp, and they bring a sunlight into the farmer's kitchen that is a stranger to the elegant dining-room across the way. At nine o'clock the rich French lace curtains and shutters at the Temple mansion still exclude the sun, light and air from the sleeping apartments of the feeble inmates. Nature's inevitable laws are constantly transgressed. The summer of life is fast passing without its golden harvest. The wealth of the ignorant is turned into a curse instead of a blessing.



THE DOVE.

THE pigeon family is numerous, and scattered over all parts of the world, except in the very coldest regions. Some are rapid flyers, as the *carrier* pigeon. These birds are generally wild, though the common dove and the turtle dove are easily tamed. They make a low, cooing sound, often tender and sometimes harsh. Pigeons, when wild, live in caverns or holes in rocks, but when domesticated the dove cot is their shelter.

Doves are pretty pets, not for their beauty alone, but for their gentle dispositions.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

A school teacher asked one of his pupils, "What is your father's occupation?" "My father has poor business," the lad replied; "he only gets up Incidents and Accidents' for the newspapers." I have no gift at getting up accidents, or of embellishing incidents, but I may mention, in my way, those already gotten up.

An urgent call Eastward set me to picking up and starting off. A cold morning and a brewing storm do not render a long trip alone the most to be desired event; but I learned many years ago to look Fate fully in the face, and, without wincing, accept the good and ill meted out to me. I took "Les Miserables" for company and profit. Saying good-bye to my good Nettie, I was away. I said "No" to book-venders, shook my head to the candy-boy, and remembered, as I read Victor Hugo, only the good "Bishop," "Jean Valjean" and the forlorn "Fantine." Reading, I wondered why Hugo did not put it into the hearts and heads of the people to deal justly by the step-children of the world. My questionings were broken by the coming in of a young German girl. She dumped down her bags and bundles, and took a seat by my side. I was a little vexed by the intrusion; but the ill-fated "Fantine" was looking me straight in the face. I felt rebuked; so, thinking that perhaps another child of misfortune had need of words of hope and cheer, I closed my book and made some remark to the girl. "Are you reading the Bible?" she asked, turning over the leaves of "Les Miserables," as she spoke.

"No," I said, "I am reading the sad story of a poor girl.

Pointing to a penciled sentence, she asked, "Will you tell me what that says?"

So I read: "Mothers' arms are made of tenderness, and sweet sleep blesses the child who lies therein."

"That is *so good*, and it is n't Bible?"

"No," I replied.

"And did not one of the saints write it, ma'am?"

"Yes; St. Hugo wrote it."

"St. Hugo? I never heard of him in Germany; but he must be a good saint."

The girl told me she could not read English; but wanted to learn. "My mistress would give me an hour in the day," she said, "but no one tells me the letters; I should be so glad and contented if I might go in the parlor, when my work is done, and hear the young ladies play the piano, and hear them read from books. It is so hard to live alone and not know how to read!"

"Ask the girls to teach you," I said.

"If they *only would* I should be so happy!" the girl replied, a little sadness in her tone.

I turned again to "Fantine," saying to my soul, we mourn over the fate of the far-away fallen, and let ignorance plead in vain at our doors. Why will people see these faithful servants dying for lack of knowledge? Girls give their time to dress and idleness when honest Germans beg to be taught the English alphabet.

Cleveland, Ohio, put an end to my musings. The German girl gathered up her bundles, and with a "God bless you, ma'am," went her way, I mine. I spent the Sunday in Cleveland, and never was a day better spent. I went to the Lyceum. It reminded me of a well fed, well disciplined army. The little folks are good singers and good speakers; the officers and leaders are working well and nobly, with the unliking that these little ones are to be sent out into the great world good, strong and able to do the work that they lay down I saw at the Lyceum Mrs. Emma S. Ledsham, one of our singing contributors. Mrs. Tracy Cutler, of Illinois, was at the Lyceum, and by invitation spoke, as sensible souls will speak, to the young people. She has been in Cleveland attending a course of medical lectures.

The Cleveland *Daily News*, in speaking of the graduating class, said: "We were told by a member of the board of examiners that she passed the best examination he ever heard by any person. In saying this we mean no discrimination against the others, for all did better than the average of male students." Well spoken for women, Mr. *News*...

My destination is New York. I know that the LYCEUM BANNER is a small paper, and that long articles are sometimes rejected. I shall therefore defer writing more until I reach the city of Sodom.
B.

PARAGRAPHS.

—L. Belrose, Esq., of Philadelphia, remembers, by a \$10 donation, the many children who would, if they could, read the LYCEUM BANNER. Ten children by this gift, are to have the paper a whole year. Blessings for blessings, brother.

—J. M. Peebles has in press a History of Spiritualism, from the remotest ages to the present time.

—*The Chicagoan*, a weekly journal of literature and science, has taken a straight forward step. It is in favor of universal suffrage; it has spoken bravely in behalf of children; it has taken high ground upon all the vital questions that concern humanity.

—Any one sending us two dollars for two yearly subscription will receive the new drama, "Who is My Neighbor?" by return mail.

—Everybody wants a cheap, convenient and durable Binder for papers, music and magazines. Send for Emerson's—the best in the world. Address LOU. H. KIMBALL, Drawer 5956, Chicago.

THE PRESENT AGE has added a Chicago Department, with F. L. Wadsworth, M. D., as its editor. By this we expect that not only Chicago, but all the West, will be represented.

Dr. Wadsworth is a clear thinker and able writer. He will do his full share toward lifting the shadow-world into the light of truth.

All communications for this department should be addressed to F. L. WADSWORTH, 899 South Morgan street, Chicago, Ill.

NEW MUSIC.—We have just received from the publisher, J. O. Barrett, a beautiful song entitled "Planchette Song;" price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

—The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Dr. Bertle's Tobacco Antidote, on second page. Try it, all lovers of the weed.

—*Convention-Day Journal*, for February, comes to us looking as fresh as spring flowers. The present editors are S. B. Fairchild and Mary A. Fairchild.

—Thanks to Mrs. Carrie Dickerson for a precious bunch of fresh flowers.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—This journal has completed its twenty-fourth volume. It has been

indeed a light-bearer. No paper has fought more bravely for the right, none has taken higher and broader ground in behalf of universal brotherhood. May the *light* continue to shine in the world's dark places; may it go on, blessing-laden, to hearts that hunger, and a helper to those who seek to solve the mystery of life and death.

—Mr. A. A. Wheelock has in press a lecture entitled "Shall the Constitution of the United States be amended to recognize the authority of the Christian's God?"

—*The Principle* is a spicy little paper published by Newman Abbey Brown, Berlin Heights, Ohio. As to terms, the proprietor says: "To those who find it in their hearts to HELP, I will say that anything a poor family can use will not be refused, unless the donor is considered the most needy of the two."

—A new edition of the "Lyceum Manual" is expected. See advertisement.

—We judge from the neat appearance of the *Springfield Lyceum Record* that B. A. Richards is master of the fine art of printing, and that Springfield (Ill.) Lyceum is second to none in the country

PREMIUM STORIES.

It will be remembered that, at the last National Convention, premiums were offered for the best drama and stories that would meet the demand of the children of liberalists. It was stipulated that the articles should be free from sectarianism, and that they should inculcate moral principles.

Dramas and stories have been written. The committee decided that while much credit is due the writers, some sentences need changing and others left out entirely. To give these writers time to revise, and others the opportunity of competing for the prize, it is decided to extend the time till next August.

It is hoped that before the next Convention, Dr. Hallock, the chairman of the committee, will be able to say, "The young people may look out for some splendid books."

SWEET ANSWER.—A little boy and girl, each five years old, were playing by the roadside. As we came up the boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she began to cry. The young rouser stood looking on silently for a minute and then said, "I didn't go to hurt you, Kate; I'm sorry." The little rosy face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said, "Well, if you are sorry, it didn't hurt me."



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

▲ MISSTEP.

CHARLEY GREEN was an unfortunate boy. He was always getting a cut or a fall, a burn or a bruise. If there was a hot iron anywhere in reach, he was sure to find it. His jack-knife wasn't so very sharp, but it left many scars on Charley's hands.

One day Mr. Woodman gave Charley leave to go to his orchard and get half a peck of "baking sweets" for his mother. Mr. Goodman knew Charley was an honest boy, and would do what was right; so he did not take the trouble to go to the orchard with him.

Just as the boy had filled his basket with the luscious fruit, and was stepping from one limb to another, preparatory to going down, he heard a fearful barking and shouting, and looking down, he saw Mike Cramer and his big dog, Bruno, making towards the tree in all possible haste. Mike, seeing a boy in Mr. Goodman's tree, concluded at once that he had no business there, and so he set up a terrible shout, that frightened Charley so that he fell to the ground. This was a most fortunate fall, for it taught him a lesson he remembered all his life—the folly of jumping at conclusions and raising a false alarm, which is simply a false report. Ever after, whenever he found himself suspecting a person of doing some-

thing wrong, a picture of a man, a dog, and a sweet apple tree came up before him, and unjust judgment was suspended. D.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SCENES IN SCOTLAND.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Since you are doubtless, studying Geography and History, you will, perhaps, be interested in the following description, written to me by a dear friend, who sailed, with her husband, for Europe, in October, 1868. I make only a brief extract from her interesting letter:

"We visited Ayr and 'bonnie Doon,' and that day was perfectly charming. The whole Scotch country is one garden, yet retaining the wild beauty of highland scenery. Little, gray stone cottages, looking as though they grew from the hills, diamond-paned and clustered all over with ivy, dot the country, and each little yard is gay with such flowers as do not live out of doors with us. The perfect neatness and picturesque beauty I had not imagined, and the people are piquant, sturdy, and so very kind.

"The Doon is a lovely river. One could wander there for weeks amid the old scenes that Robert Burns loved so well. Then we went on to Stirling Castle, where Mary was crowned Queen of Scots, and the five kings of Scotland, named James, successively lived. It stands on a tall crag, overlooking the loveliest valley in Scotland. Near lies the field of Bannockburn, and afar are Ben Lomond and the Grampian Hills. The nearer eminences are covered with the heather, which has a soft, brownish purple hue, that gleams in the sunlight with a beauty like our dreams of the Spirit World. Here is Mary's garden. I plucked some pansies where she often wandered, and thought of all those scenes she witnessed. Here Roderick Dhu was confined, as described in Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.' From here on, every step is consecrated by early Scottish history.

"Edinboro', as the people call it, is one of the loveliest of cities. The views it overlooks are wonderful, and as dreamy as the most spiritual conception. The castle, on a precipice twelve hundred feet high, gathers the town around her feet, and her lofty, irregular outline suggests volumes of histories. Here, too, poor Mary was a prisoner.

"Thence we went through Melrose and near Abbotsford over the border into England. On our way to London we stopped at Warwick Castle

and at Stratford-on-Avon. Stratford is a quiet, queer old town, but Warwick is a fine, ancient English castle, dating from Cæsar's time. It is of great extent and beauty. The lofty towers are ten feet thick at the top, and overlook the very heart of England and the sweet Avon river "

I will quote no further from my friend's letter, but only add that Stratford-on-Avon was the birthplace and residence of Shakspeare, the great poet. Both Scottish and English history are filled with events of intense and romantic interest, and the above description brings to mind not only the sad, wild, stirring legends of "The Scottish Chiefs," but the more definite life lines of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and a long list of heroes and heroines that appear on the historie page of our motherland.

MARY F. DAVIS.

ORANGE, N. J.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

New Boston, Ill.

R. S. Cramer, under date of Jan. 30, writes: "Last Thursday evening we gave our first "regular" exhibition for this winter. We had a crowded house, and received some fifty-three dollars, which will pay off our indebtedness on the organ. We feel somewhat proud of our success, for it is evident that the patronage was based on *merit*, as the *novelty* of our exhibitions has worn off. When all the opposition elements combine to give an entertainment, we are able to get a house twice as large as they do, and yet we well know that the Lyceum is not popular. People wonder why the Lyceum children speak and play so well. They know but little of the inspiration of the Lyceum. I cannot help but contrast that evening with the Sunday you helped to organize the little squad which we named the N. B. C. P. Lyceum. Sometimes we feel discouraged with the indifference or little petty jealousies of the friends of the Lyceum, and at other times we feel that we are on the mountain top of success."

Milwaukee, Wis.

The third annual anniversary of the *first* Progressive Lyceum took place at Bowman's Hall.

The walls were handsomely decorated with flags, evergreens, cedars, and some very rich paintings, while the twittering of birds added a charm and delight to the scene.

"We welcome you to our Anniversary," were the first words to meet the gaze upon entering. Many mottoes were suspended from the walls and

ceiling, the most prominent being, "Love, Wisdom and Harmony," "Free from Ancient Tradition," etc., etc.

The declamations were excellent, the tableaux amusing and original. The rendering of a soliloquy from Macbeth by "Ida, proved the benefit of Lyceums to children, while the valedictory (original), by our "Bertie," was delivered in a manner that would bear the severest criticism.

The little folks were then marched *a la militaire* to a room below, where a general onslaught was made upon the many goodies provided for the occasion. It is useless to say that in the terrific combat between tables and the little ones, that the latter came out victorious.

After chairs and benches were removed, the bands struck up a lively air, which at once started the fantastic toe, (so the saying goes,) and the music had influence enough to keep the grown folks dancing until late in the night.

Altogether it was a most pleasant, successful and harmonious affair, and no doubt will be long remembered by its participants. Trusting all Lyceums may do as well,

I am, progressively, yours,

A. A. S.

Detroit, Mich.

THE LYCEUM BANNER suits us first rate. We older children find it as interesting to read as the "Banner," *senior*; but our Lyceum was suspended last spring, since which time the numbers received have been *packed away* to be brought out by'm-bye. We will, about the middle of next month, reorganize, as we have a nice hall for the purpose, new, 50x90 feet, high ceiling and, you see, plenty of marching room. Then, I have *no doubt*, we will order the same number of BANNERS, and we hope to double it.

Bro. Peebles' lectures are a success. Our hall, capable of holding from six to seven hundred, is full every Sunday evening.

C. C. RANDALL.

— A Connecticut editor fell on an icy sidewalk recently. He did not use "unparliamentary language," as some would have done, but he bit his lip, and rubbed down his bruises, and while a benevolent smile radiated his countenance, remarked: "We don't cherish any ill-will; but for light reading matter commend us to the obituary of the man who owns that sidewalk."

— A very benevolent old lady has taken the idea into her head of knitting a pair of hose for a fire-engine.

For the Lyceum Banner

LIFE AND ITS OBJECTS.

NO. II.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

WE spoke of the lines of motion, the first of which was irregular; the second in straight lines, forming angles not cubes; and the third, curves and circles, which are only found where life exists.

Fluids, which approach nearer to life than solids, in which life is first manifested and without which it could not exist, assume the globular form, as in the drops of water, rain, and also the drops of lead which, by falling through the air and cooling, present us with round balls or shot.

The first evidence we have of life is in the form of cells or rings, in the centre of which is a little point, called the nucleus, which appears to be the seat of life. These cells are too small to be seen without the aid of the microscope. It will take about one hundred and fifteen of the largest of them to form a line an inch long; the smaller ones may require ten thousand of them, side by side, to make an inch in length, yet each of these little cells is a living plant or animal, living often alone, or, in small numbers, floating in water. When combined together, in large numbers they form plants and animals, the lower forms of which seem to retain the tendency to manifest the crystalline force, so that we have the angles of the star-fish and the sharp spines of plants and animals. These differ from crystals in the fact that they are composed of round cells. In the small animals, called *infusoria*, that float in the water, we find a great variety of beautiful forms, many of which are extremely beautiful and perfect in structure.

Water is a compound which is not only necessary for life in all conditions, but which very often swarms with it. I wish to correct an idea that prevails to a considerable extent, that all water abounds with small animals and that it is only necessary to look at it with a good microscope to find them. I have looked for hours in pure spring or well water, and often in rain water, without seeing anything under the field of the microscope. But if you take stagnant water, especially that which has a scum upon its surface and place a drop of it under the field of a common microscope, you will have a most interesting object of study, some of which I may describe in my next.

—One vice is more expensive than many virtues.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE VELOCIPEDE.

THIS wonderful little thing, about which so much is being said, is really a curiosity and I want to tell the children something about it.

Did any of you ever see a carriage on two wheels, one before the other? No, they couldn't have them so. And why not? Because they would tip over. That is true, and yet velocipedes are made just that way, two wheels, one before the other. Now you wonder why they do not tip over. Don't you know if you take your trundle hoop, and stand it up alone and quite still, it will not stand, but when you start it rolling it keeps up well enough, and that is the way with the velocipede, as long as you can keep it going it will not fall over, but when it stops it must lean against something.

Between the two wheels is an iron brace, which comes above them, and in the middle of this is the saddle; the forward wheel is left free to be turned one way or the other by a handle which comes up in front of the person riding, and which he grasps with both hands, as you would the handle of an auger, and by means of which he steadies himself in his seat, and also guides the two wheeled horse wherever he likes.

Now I suppose you wonder what makes it go. You all know what a grindstone is. Now, suppose you had a small one, and you should have it fixed with a crank on both sides, put in so that when one handle was up, the other would be down, and you have a seat the right distance above it, don't you think you could turn it with your feet? Well, this is the way the velocipede is driven, the stirrups to the saddle are put on the cranks fastened to the forward wheel, and the man sits in the saddle and turns the wheel with his feet.

It requires a good deal of practice and patience to learn to ride them; beginners get turned over and thrown off many times before they can manage them, but, when once learned, the exercise is delightful, and experts, on a good road, can travel ten miles an hour with ease.

There are schools in Chicago where they teach people to ride them, and where they are kept for sale. The best are made after the Paris model, and cost \$125, but there are cheaper styles at \$60, \$70 and \$100.

How strange it will seem when all the men and boys have two-wheeled horses to ride, but then you know,

"Every day brings something new."

"SOMEBODY LOVES ME."

BY MRS. O. M. JOHNSON.

TWO or three years ago, the Superintendent of the Little Wanderer's Home in Boston, received, one morning, a request from the Judge that he would come up to the court room. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty, and forlorn, beyond even what he was accustomed to see. The Judge pointed to them (utterly homeless and friendless,) and said—"Mr. T—, can you take *any* of these?"

"Certainly; I'll take them all," was the prompt reply.

"All! What in the world *can* you do with them all?"

"I'll make women of them."

The Judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again:

"What can you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T— repeated, firmly and hopefully. He took them all home. They were washed and dressed, and provided with a good supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school room with the rest of the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chance for better things the Judge thought was small.

During the forenoon, the teacher said to Mr. T—, in reference to her,—“I never saw a child like that; I have tried for an hour to get a single smile and failed.”

Mr. T— said afterwards, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen, sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl—only five or six years old.

After school he called her into his office and said pleasantly—"Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman adopted her, and she went to live with them. I miss her, and I should like you to take her place, and be my little pet now; will you?"

A gleam of light fitted over the poor child's face, as she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents, and told her that she might go to a store near by, and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned, in a few minutes, he said to her, "Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me; pick up these papers and make it look real nice."

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact, treating her just as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the schoolroom after dinner with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant; and half fearful of some mental wandering, she went up to her, and said, "Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh! I've got *somebody to love me!* somebody to love me," the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth."

That was all the secret. For want of *love* that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was this certainty that some one loved her, and desired her affection, that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face!

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and lives in a beautiful home in New England; but more than all its comfort and beauty, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her father and mother.

Shall we who have many to love, and love us, refuse to be comforted, to see any value and use in life, any work for our hands to do, because one of our treasures may be removed from our sight—from our home and care to a better?

And oh! shall we let any of these little ones go hungering for affection—go up even to God's throne, before they find "one to love them?"

BOYS USING TOBACCO.

A strong and sensible writer says a good, sharp thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco: "It has utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening and weakening of the bones; it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys who want to be anything in the world to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison."—*Peninsular Herald*.

—A little girl in Troy has a pet rat, which comes to her nimbly when she calls "yatty, yatty."

—What is the difference between a young lady and a night cap? One is born to wed, and the other's worn to bed.

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

WATCH FOR THE MORNING.

Watcher, 'tis dark, and thy dwelling is lonely !
 The night-lamp shines dimly, and so does thine eye !
 Thou art thinking thy portion is wretchedness only,
 Disheartened, despairing, and longing to die !
 Watcher, look out where the day-star is dawning ;
 Hope in thy soul let its promise awake ;
 And sleepless, though weary, still wait for the morning ;
 Never a night but its morning shall break.

Wanderer, 'tis dark, and the tempest is roaring
 Wildly above thee, and raging around ;
 Terrors and dangers their vials are pouring
 Right on thy pathway where quicksands abound !
 Wanderer, 'tis better to bow than to bide it ;
 Harmlessly o'er thee the storm-king shall ride ;
 Deep yawns the chasm ; it were death to bestride it ;
 Pass on, where the valley is sloping and wide.

O ye who are suffering, and toiling, and sighing ;
 Who in darkness of spirit are groping your way ;
 Who are weary of hoping, and trusting and trying ;
 Who are sure that your midnight can never be day—
 Look forth where the day-star of promise is dawning ;
 Stand fast by your duty, your God and your right ;
 And patient and faithful, thus watch for the morning,
 Assured it shall bring ye both healing and light.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

The Mountains of Life.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

There's a land far away 'mid the stars we are told,
 Where they know not the sorrows of time ;
 Where the pure waters wander thro' valleys of gold,
 And life is a treasure sublime.
 'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
 Where the ages of splendor eternally roll—
 Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal
 On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to the beautiful land,
 But our visions have told of its bliss.
 And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fann'd ;
 When we faint in the deserts of this.
 And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
 When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
 And we've drank from the tide of the river, that flows
 From the evergreen mountains of life.

O ! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
 But we think where the ransomed have trod,
 And the day never smiles from his palace of light
 But we feel the bright smiles of our God.
 We are traveling homeward through changes and gloom,
 To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
 And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
 From the evergreen mountains of life.

—If we spend our time trying to find out the
 good qualities of our neighbors instead of the bad,
 the world would be the better for it.

STARS.

The silver stars, that shine so bright,
 So soft and gentle is their light,
 I sometimes think they're angel eyes,
 Watching o'er us from the skies ;
 And that the sun is god of day,
 Who smiles upon us while we play,
 Because the stars their vigils keep,
 While all the children are asleep.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

- Fire should burn brightest on one's own
 heath.
- An honest man is none the worse because a
 dog barks at him.
- The good alone are great.
- The ashes of experience enrich the soil of
 wisdom.
- Harbor no ill-will against thine enemy, lest it
 injure thee.
- Wherefore dost thou look upon a friend with
 distrust, if thine own heart be pure ?
- The simplest truths are mightiest in their
 force.
- A noble spirit finds a cure for injustice by
 forgetting.
- Sin is a name for excess.
- Perseverance, to bring a rich reward, must
 have an object worthy of it.
- Always keep good company, and be one of
 the number yourself.
- Better the world should think you a sinner,
 than God should know you are a hypocrite.
- If you cannot speak well of a person, do not
 say anything.
- Our gymnastic exercises are a spiritual way
 of making music visible.
- The best exercise for the memory is to remem-
 ber the poor.
- Never judge a pie by the upper crust.
- Keep a light heart and your burden will be
 light.
- The mind, like the soil, has to be well culti-
 vated to make it bring forth good fruit.
- I speak for progress everywhere,
 Falter who may, follow who dare.
- If the best of us are unfit to die, what an in-
 expressible absurdity to put the worst to death.
- God gives us nuts, but never cracks them for
 us.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 15, 18, 19, is an animal.

my 6, 8, 18, 19, 16, 5, is a blossom.

My 17, 18, 8, 8, 7, 14, is an article of dress.

My 11, 8, 18, 19, is a farming tool.

My 1, 12, 3, 13, 5, is a stream of water.

My 21, 4, 19, all girls can do.

My 20, 10, is a verb.

My 2, 17, 4, is on the ponds in winter.

My whole is the name of the place where I live.

CORA M. KINGSLEY.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 3, 6, 9, causes a good deal of bloodshed.

My 4, 2, 1, 10, 8, is a good thing to have.

My 7, 6, 9, means a state of equality.

My 7, 6, 5, 2, 9, you are looking at.

My 3, 6, 10, 7, is an insect.

My 4, 7, 2, 6, 9, is a weapon.

My whole are of great benefit.

LOUIS R. SCHREDER.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 5, 8, 10, 11, 11, is a border for caps.

My 13, 4, 11, is used to dress the hair.

My 12, 13, 15, is used to punish children.

My 14, 6, 8, we could not live without.

My 9, is an article.

My 7, 2, 8, is used to ride in.

My 3, 9, 1, is worn on the head.

My whole has taken a great deal of time and is not completed yet.

HATTIE M. BRIGGS.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 21, 2, 4, 7, 11, is one of the elements.

My 1, 10, 3, is a covering for the head.

My 3, 10, 11, 6, is a weed that grows among corn.

My 13, 5, 25, is a metal.

My 14, 2, 11, is a household article.

My 9, 10, 11, 26, is a girl's name.

My 8, 5, 4, 3, 12, 16, young gentlemen dislike to get.

My 13, 1, 15, 9, 10, 18, is a boy's name.

My 20, 21, 17, 22, 4, is pleasant to the taste.

My 11, 24, 31, is an act in which only bad persons take part.

My 23, 19, is a command.

My whole is the name and place of residence of a member of the Lyceum.

HATTIE E. JONES.

WORD PUZZLES.

My first is in calf, but not in laugh.

My second is in half, but not in staff.

My third is in size, but not in eyes.

My fourth is in lies, but not in wise.

My fifth is in drink, but not in pink.]

My sixth is in rink, but not in wink.

My seventh is in fle, but not in sty.

My eighth is in nigh, but not in fly.

My whole makes home happy.

E. W. A.

ANSWERS IN NO. 12.

Enigma by Nettle Bushnell—The Siamese Twins.
Enigma by Jennie Brown—Henry Ward Beecher.
Enigma by N. J. Place—The Lyceum Banner.
Answered by Hattie M. Briggs, Nettle Bushnell, Loddy Leeds, Alfaretta Rathburn and Alonzo B. Randall.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

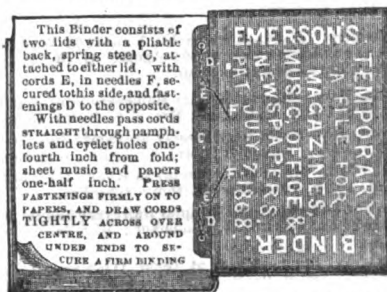
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Progressive Lyceum Register.

Battle Creek, Mich.—Meets at 12 o'clock, in Wakeless Hall. George Chase, Conductor; Mrs. L. O. Bailey, 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. Kipp, Conductor; Mrs. E. M. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

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.

Charlestown, Mass.—Lyceum No. 1 meets in Washington Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. G. W. Bragdon, Conductor; Lizzie Saul, Guardian.

Chelsea, Mass.—Meets at Library Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. James S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian.

Chicago, Ill.—Meets every Sunday at Library Hall, at 12 M. Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian.

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 2 o'clock p. m. Joel P. Davis, Conductor; Mrs. Ellen J. Skinner, Guardian.

Dover and Fowcroft, Ma.—Meets every Sunday morning, at 10 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 A. Leonard, Guardian.

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

Foxboro, Mass.—Meets in the Town Hall, at 11 o'clock. 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. Johnson, Guardian.

Hammonton.—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.

Lowell, Mas.—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.—Progressive Lyceum No. 1, meets in Bowman Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. T. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Bettie Parker, Guardian.

First Spiritualist Lyceum.—Meets each Sunday at Slinger's Hall, 200 Main street, at 2 P. M. C. A. Wright, Conductor; Mrs. Carrie B. Wright, 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.—Meets every Sunday at 2½ o'clock, P. M., in Everett Rooms, corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

Oswego, 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. E. W. Bartlett, Guardian.

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

Providence, R. I.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Prati's Hall, Waybosset 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. E. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fidelity O. Pease, Guardian.

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

Rochester, N. Y.—Lyceum meets regularly at Schifler 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. E. A. Richards, Conductor; Miss Lizzie Porter, Guardian.

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

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

Williamsville, Conn.—Meets at 10½ 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; Mary B. Homer, 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.