

The Lyceum Banner.

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No. 18.



"I can climb a little higher than you, Bertie," said Rosamond; "but it is you who have taught me how to reach the height I have gained." Page 277

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

ROSIE'S REFORMATION.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

ROSAMOND DRAKE stood before a large mirror in her elegantly furnished chamber. She was arranging a curl of golden hair that was a little stubborn, and *would* twist the wrong way in spite of all she could do. Her usually sweet face wore a dark scowl as she said, half aloud, "I declare it is too bad; if ever I want to look better than usual, my hair always gets on a contrary fit. The Major will be here before I get half dressed;" and the glossy tress got another decided twist, which gave its mistress entire satisfaction. Then Rosamond turned round and round, looked first over one shoulder, then over the other, to admire her really faultless figure, and adjust her rich drapery to the best advantage.

Mrs. Drake, missing her daughter a long time from the parlor, went up to her room, and rapped softly at her door.

"Come in," came an impatient answer from within.

"Well, Rosie, you are looking sweetly to-night. Major Allison will soon be here; it is lonely in the parlor without you; will you come down?"

"No, mother, I wouldn't care to see the king to night, for if I cannot look to please myself, how can I expect to please Major Allison."

"But it isn't the Major I came for you to see, only a poor little girl, so thinly clothed that I thought perhaps you would like to select some of your outgrown dresses to give her."

"What; I go down to see a beggar? You know very well, mother, that I have no sympathy with that class of people. Why don't they find some employment? I am sure there is work enough to do in the world."

"This little girl is a cripple, and cannot work; and I am sure she needs sympathy and help from somebody—her sweet, pale face tells that"

"But, mother, *you* give her some of my old clothes; I don't want to bother with beggars; I can't bear to see them 'round."

"Neither can I, Rosie; and that is the reason I wish everybody would do all they can for their relief; then we should not have to see them about."

"You may help that class of people if you want to, but I am sure you never will get any thanks for your trouble."

"I am sure I shall. I did help a poor child

once,—many years ago; and I believe she is grateful to this day.

"A grateful beggar would be a curiosity, I must say," and Rosamond laughed a heartless laugh and went on surveying her beautiful figure in the tall mirror.

"*Will* you go down Rosie and see that poor child; you will never regret it. I am strongly impressed that whatever is done for her will be 'bread cast upon the waters;' that she is no ordinary child you cannot fail to see."

"I tell you, mother, I am too sensitive, too nervous to come in contact with such pitiable objects, and I *will not* go near them if I can help it."

Mrs. Drake had always been a good mother to Rosie but she had never been blind to her faults; now she saw more plainly than ever that she had a greater work to do for her daughter than for the poor child in the kitchen, and so she sat silent awhile, thinking what arguments she could use next, to soften the proud heart of Rosie towards the children of misfortune.

Rosie's quick eye discerned the shadow on her mother's face, and she said gaily, "dear mother, what *are* you thinking about?"

"I am thinking how sorry I am that my daughter has no sympathy for the poor and unfortunate like herself."

"Like myself! why, I thought I was the envy of half the town and you call me poor and unfortunate. My mirror tells me a different story."

"Sit down here, Rosie, by the fire, take the easy chair, darling, and while Margaret is warming and feeding the little stranger in the kitchen, I will tell you the story of another child that once claimed my protection, and you will see that all persons who are dependent upon the cold charities of the world are not always ungrateful for favors bestowed upon them.

Rosamond, faint and languid, sank into the soft-cushioned chair, with such a martyr-like look upon her face, that she seemed to be doing penance by listening to the story of a beggar girl.

Mrs. Drake began: "Sixteen years ago, this very day, a sweet little girl came to me in a very mysterious way. I had been out to a meeting one evening for the relief of the poor, and returned quite late and went to bed. In the morning I was awakened by the moan of an infant under my window. I raised the sash and looked out straight into the eyes of a beautiful baby about three months old. She was lying in a willow basket, suspended from the window sill by a cord. Your father was not long in taking the half frozen

child in. She was wrapped in a piece of an old patchwork quilt, and very scantily clothed. After giving her some milk, a warm bath, and wrapping her in flannel, she brightened up, and began crowing and laughing equal to the happiest baby in the world. Our first thought was to send her to the almshouse, but after thinking and talking the matter over we decided to keep the child and treat her like our own. She grew strong and beautiful, and oh, how we loved her. Our devotion taught her that *her* wishes were a law to all about her, and as they were always granted, she became exacting and selfish to such a degree that she was not willing to make the least sacrifice for others. This, I see, was our own fault, though we never suspected the great wrong we were doing the child. Tears interrupted the kind mother's story, and Rosie not observing her emotion, asked gaily :

"What became of the baby?"

"The last I saw of her she was a handsome young lady, so vain and selfish that I doubt if she could be induced to take a homeless orphan to her heart and home and give it clothes and food and love."

"Just what I have been trying to make you believe. You never saw a child of charity that would remember a kindness. They are always forgetful of their duties to others. But who is the young lady?"

"That is the secret of my life."

"Did I ever see her?"

"Yes."

"Do I see her often?"

"Quite too often for your own good. You admire her dazzling beauty,—you love her more than any one else, and yet you do not love her well enough to help her correct this great fault."

"When did I see her last, mother?"

"An hour ago, when I came into the room I saw you gazing straight into her beautiful eyes, and twining your fingers in her hair."

"O mother, mother, you do not, cannot mean *me*. You are joking. You do not mean that I am not your own child?" and Rosa exhausted and nervous with excitement, sank back in her chair and wept hysterically.

"It is true, you are not our child; but no child was ever dearer to a parent's heart than you are to ours, and nothing but this serious fault of yours could have induced me to reveal to you this story of your life. If you have learned a lesson of charity I shall be paid for the pain it has cost me, but if you continue selfish and vain as now,

it would be better if the baby-girl had been left in the cold world alone. These hard words may sound strangely to you, but you must realize how long and patiently I have borne with this fault which promises to be your ruin."

Mrs. Drake's story had the desired effect upon her daughter; from that day she began to improve. She went down stairs and turned pleader for the little stranger. She begged her mother to adopt her, and she promised to be a sister to her, and a better daughter all her life.

Bertie Brittan was adopted. She gained rapidly in health and strength under the fostering care of Mrs. Drake. The sharp, pinched features gradually rounded and wore the glow of health. Her amiable disposition won the love of all who knew her, but no one was so ready to serve her as the proud Rosamond. For every little service Bertie rendered her she was doubly rewarded, for now Rosa's study was how she could best serve her young friend, and so in a measure make amends for her past conduct, and atone as far as possible for the harsh judgment passed upon the child.

Instead of idling her time away in her own room and devising ways and means to gratify herself, she now engages with a whole heart in whatever pleases Bertie, and has even brought her proudest lady friend, Susan Lee, to participate in their childish pleasures. I saw the three girls one summer afternoon from my window. Rosamond and Susie carried a long ladder from Mr. Drake's barn and leaned it against the old cherry-tree. Rosamond climbed the ladder, picked the ripest fruit from the tree and dropped it into Susie's hand for Bertie.

"I can climb a little higher than you Bertie," said Rosamond, "but it is you who have taught me how to reach the height I have gained. When the good angels sent you to me, I was more destitute than you; you have helped me to a better life and are indeed my saviour."

A NUT FOR THE SCHOOL-BOYS AND GIRLS TO CRACK.—EDITOR BULLETIN.—Can any of our school-boys, or girls, or "children of larger growth," solve the following apparently simple problem, and give the arithmetical rule or algebraic formula for working the same: Q. Invest \$100 in 100 head of stock. Cows at \$10 each; sheep at three dollars each; pigs at 50 cents each. How many of each? and the rule for working.

WHITTINGTON.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Beloit, Wis.

What is the use of flowers?

There is a great variety of flowers growing side by side without injury or interfering with each other, which teaches many useful and inspiring truths to guide us in earth life.

ELLA STONE.

To make honey, to adorn nature, and for fragrance and beauty.

ADDIE HOWARD.

What is the use of living and dying?

To me there is no use of living unless it is to help others and enjoy ourselves, and in so developing our minds that after the change called death we shall be able to enjoy the beauties of spirit life, and I believe the more good we do to our fellow beings, and the better we obey the laws of nature, the better we shall understand the laws of our spiritual being, and thereby be happier in the spirit or summer land.

WALD STONE, Shore Group.

Sacramento, Cal.

If you could have any one gift you could ask for, what would it be?

Ocean Group—(1) God's love. (2) Happiness.

Shore—(1) A clear conscience. (2) To be always good.

Beacon—(1) Truth. (2) I would be a good boy. (3) Have the world think well of me.

Banner—Health.

Star—(1) A pure heart. (2) Contentment. (3) A good education.

Excelsior—I would choose but one even if I could choose more, and that one would be *wisdom, or the knowledge of all things.*

Conductor—I would not ask for fame, or for power, or for knowledge, or for health, or for long life; but I would ask for wisdom; for that wisdom that would enable me to profit by all the experiences of life, to see the right and to follow it, to know my duty and to do it. If I had wisdom I would have the key to all the rest.

The prize was awarded to Excelsior Group.

Philadelphia, Pa.

What shall we do to make our Lyceum more prosperous?

Temple Group—Work with zeal and so demonstrate to the world that we are sincere in our endeavors to make progression a fact. With harmony, perseverance and patience we can claim Excelsior. Live in love, friendship and perfect harmony.

Star—By giving it our hearty support and liv-

ing harmonious lives, our cause shall be above reproach.

Ocean—If we have the good of the Lyceum at heart we will always be punctual in our attendance, prompt with our answers and recitations, true and faithful to all our duties.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

Flymouth, Mass.

Lyceum organized in 1865, with sixty members, which gradually increased to one hundred and twenty. Adverse winds, such as inharmony and change of hall, has decreased the number to sixty, including officers and leaders. We are small in numbers but harmonious among ourselves. We meet at 11 o'clock, in Lyceum Hall. I. Carver, Conductor; Miss R. W. Bartlett, Guardian; Miss Priscilla S. Bartlett, Librarian. I. CARVER.

Lynn, Mass.

Our Lyceum averages about fifty children. We meet in Cadet Hall, Market Street, at 10½ o'clock. W. Greenleaf, Conductor; Mrs. L. Booth, Guardian. W. GREENLEAF.

Terra Haute, Ind.

On the 17th of January, 1869, we organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum Association, and incorporated under the laws of the State, and became a legal body, with L. B. Denahee as President, J. H. Stanly, Vice-President, Allen Pence, Treasurer, and James Hook, Secretary. Procured the use of Pence's Hall for a year. On the 21st of February we organized a Lyceum, having procured a full set of equipments for working the same. T. A. Madison, Conductor; Mrs. D. R. Gould, Guardian. The Lyceum started with about thirty scholars, and have doubled the number, having over sixty as an average attendance. Our Lyceum bids fair to be a success.

JAMES HOOK.

Seville, Ohio.

We organized a Lyceum a year ago last February, with about twelve or thirteen scholars, and now we have about thirty-eight, and a happier set you cannot imagine, and they are progressing so rapidly, too. A gentleman from Clyde told us today that we beat their Lyceum in some respects. That flattered us, I assure you, for when we organized we could scarcely count half a dozen liberal-minded people in town. We cannot help but thrive under the guardianship of Mrs. Andrews. Mr. Andrews, Conductor; Mrs. Gonise, Corresponding Secretary. I am but a scholar.

THE LYCEUM BANNER comes to us, and we hail it with joy and gladness. I think it the best child's paper I ever read.

C. M. ELLIS.

YANKEE CUTENESS.

MR. ELY used to tell a little story of a brother clergyman, Rev. Mr. Gay, of Suffield, which story was a good illustration of Yankee "cuteness." Several similar anecdotes have appeared in print; but this is a genuine "Simon Pure," I believe.

Among Mr. Gray's parishioners was a well to do farmer, named, we will say, Brown, who was especially generous in his free will tithes to the good minister. This farmer's errand and "chore" boy getting big enough to take his place at the plow, a new boy was taken into service—a rough, untrained little fellow, I think from the poor-house. To him the promoted boy discoursed quite condescendingly: "You hev got into a pretty nice place, I tell you; and if you behave they'll use you well, give you plenty of good victuals, a suit of Sunday clothes, winter scoollin', and not work you tew hard. But one thing—you'll have to go to the minister's pretty often, and lug big baskets of things; and the worst of it is that you'll never get nothing but thanks from the parson and his folks—not so much as a shillin', for your pains."

Johnny heard and pondered; and it happened that the very next morning he was sent to the minister's with a heavy quarter of veal, about as much as he could carry. The way was long and the weather was warm, and when he reached the parsonage he was not in the sweetest of tempers. He marched into the breakfast room, without knocking or removing his hat; and setting down his basket, said rather gruffly: "Mr. Gay, Mr. Brown has sent you this here quarter of veal."

"Ah! indeed," said the minister, blandly, "I am much obliged to him. Are you Mr. Brown's new boy?"

"Yes."

"Well, my lad, when you have been in his family a while longer your manners will doubtless improve."

"Why, what's the matter with my manners?" asked the boy, with a look of stupid astonishment.

"Why, my son, they are a little abrupt and discourteous. Now your way of presenting Mr. Brown's present was not just what it should have been. I think I can show you, so that you will know just how to do next time. I will personate you, and you may pretend you are *me*, for a few minutes."

Saying this, the minister took up the basket, went with it into the entry and closed the door. n he knocked gently.

The boy, having seated himself in the minister's chair, and put on a grave and reverend aspect, called out, "Come in."

Entering very quietly and deferentially, though with difficulty preserving his gravity, holding his hat in one hand and the basket in the other, the minister approached his small proxy, and said, with a low bow: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments, and begs you will accept this quarter of veal, Mr. Gay."

"I am very much obliged to Mr. Brown, and to you, too, my fine boy," said Johnny, with the air of the utmost seriousness; "but it seems to me that's a big load for so small a lad to carry. Just take it into the kitchen and ask Mrs. Gay to give you a quarter of a dollar."

Nobody ever enjoyed this story better than Mr. Gay himself; except, perhaps, Mrs. Gay, who promptly paid over the quarter to the clever little actor.

He ought to have made a great lawyer. Perhaps he did, and ended his days on the bench.—*The Independent.*

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE IN MILAN, OHIO.—The Progressive Lyceum, conducted by Hudson and Emma Tuttle, with a corps of efficient officers, is one of the best worked Lyceums in the country. Hudson—farmer, editor, author and *philosopher* as he is—sufficiently understands the law of adaptation to interest even *Mountain Group*. Emma, housekeeper, artist and poet, is the Guardian. Presiding at the melodeon, the observer perceives in every lineament of her face the mother, sister, friend. All that *know* her love her. Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle ride from their home—"Walnut Grove Farm"—each Sunday morning, six miles, to exercise the supervision of the Lyceum. Furthermore, Hudson has lectured to this Society of Spiritualists a good portion of the time since its organization *free* of charge. The statement of such facts is praise enough. Those who love the truth, delight to sacrifice for its advancement. The work done is the test of its sincerity.—*J. M. Peabody in Banner of Light.*

GOOD BOY—New York has a second Peter the Great in the person of a young man, sole heir to a large fortune, who leaves his father's splendid mansion every morning for the yard of a famous shipbuilder, where he joins a busy throng of workmen in their labors, "nooning" it at the yard and eating his dinner from a little tin pail. When night comes he washes off the trace of work and takes his position in society.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

DEAR READER:—I told you of my intention of leaving Chicago for the Pacific coast, but I had no thought of the host of kind words and tokens of genuine friendship that waited me. Several good souls have written me, saying "the journey is long and expensive, should you need money call upon us." Others have looked to my present needs. So thoughtful have these large-hearted ones been, that nothing remains to be purchased. The last gifts came from Lilly and Gussie Kopp. Lilly, with her good bye kiss, put a precious little parcel into my hands, saying "All this is for you." Gussie gave me what he said would make my trunk of clothes sweet all the way to California. Then the little fellow, with the thoughtfulness of his sex, began to count the cost of the journey. After counting his fingers, he said, "I think you better go to California through Germany; my mamma and Lilly are going there, and you can go with them for \$400. So little Lilly and I are going different ways. My blessing will go with her over the sea, and her sweet face will forever hang upon memory's wall. All the little folks in the Lyceum remind me that "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

The Chicago Lyceum has added to many gifts a series of resolutions commending me to the care of those I may meet, and expressing thanks for the services I have rendered the Lyceum. Of course these expressions give me a vast amount of pleasure; but they remind me of a little incident; it is this: A boy once had charge of my fires, but he was so shockingly indolent it was hard work for him to build and bring coal for one fire. I tried hiring and scolding, but to no purpose. At last I hit upon a new plan; I praised him. "Are you in sober earnest?" he

one day asked, "Do you think me downright smart?" "I think the *smart* is in you, I said. The boy waited a moment, then brightening as if a new thought struck him, said, "I know just how I hate to work, and how little I have done for you, but if you are not joking I will work right hard next winter." Now I know how little I have done to merit these resolutions, but if I have the opportunity next winter I will make amends for my past neglect of duty.

It is a little strange that—so far as I know—but one voice has cursed me in going, but one hand been uplifted to smite. If the proverb "Only fools are without foes" be true, I fear my chance among the weak-brained is too good.

But my trunk is packed; it is gone. I am going—*gone*. Adieu. H. F. M. BROWN.

PERSONAL.

Thanks to A. Morton, S. G. Wagoner, L. K. Coonley, Mrs. F. O. Pease and Stella Hallock for obtaining new subscribers. Will each old subscriber send one new one? That would double our list, and give you an enlarged paper or a weekly.

James G. Clark, the sweet ballad singer, has been in our city. The members of the Lyceum had the pleasure of listening to his songs.

Dean Clark and Edwin Whipple gave us a call the other day. They are good and faithful servants in humanity's vineyard.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown is going toward California. She will be in Omaha, Nebraska, the last week in May. Letters will reach her there.

Madame Emily De Lesdernier will give a reading in Library Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 26th inst. Mrs. De Lesdernier has a strong, clear, musical voice. Go and listen to her.

NOTICE.

All mail matter intended for the LYCEUM BANNER, its publisher and editor, may hereafter be sent to 137½ Madison Street, Room 84, Pope's Block, and not to the drawer as formerly.

—In prosperity, prepare for a change, in adversity hope for one.

—Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so will he act.

Small service is true service while it lasts,
Of friends, however humble, spurn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts
Protects the lingering dewdrops from the sun.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

To the officers of Progressive Lyceums and the friends of children everywhere :

I have something to ask of you, not that I have any claim upon your attention or services, and yet I almost feel that I have. For two years nearly, THE LYCEUM BANNER, the first-born and only child of our Lyceums, has been struggling for an existence. All my time and strength have been cheerfully given, not to my children but to our children. My faith in the Lyceum movement and in the LYCEUM BANNER, still remains unshaken, but you will not wonder, dear friends, that I sometimes "weary in well doing," and earnestly desire the co-operation of those who believe in our enterprise, but have as yet done nothing by way of aid or encouragement.

We older children are surfeited, almost, with progressive literature. Are we so much more needy or deserving than the youth among us that we should deny them one paper they can call their own? I think not.

Among the Lyceums that are now working with us, I will mention, first, those of Ohio, which State is at this time taking the lead in furnishing our paper to their Lyceums.

Akron, Andover, Milan, Cleveland, Clyde, Geneva, Kirtland, Monroe, Painesville, Ravenna, Seville and Toledo. Twelve Lyceums in one State that believe in the LYCEUM BANNER! I have another State in my mind, not far from Massachusetts, that I hope to report as favorably in our next number.

Other States will be reported hereafter.

Will all who approve of our paper lend a helping hand in giving it a wider circulation. Anything you may do for the children will be "bread cast upon the waters." L. H. K.

PREMIUMS.

We will send either of the following books and nine copies of our paper, for nine dollars:

Little Foxes, by Mrs. Stowe.....	\$1.75
A Child's Book of Religion, by Frothingham	1.25
Joan of Arc.....	1.25
Snow Berries, by Alice Cary.....	1.00
True Stories, by Hawthorne.....	1.50
Tanglewood Tales, by Hawthorne.....	1.50

For \$2 00, two copies of the paper and

A Child's Drama.....	.25
Harry's Wish.....	.15
Little Angel.....	.15
Ralph and Tommy.....	.15
Sequel to Dr. Kane's Love Life.....	.25

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW SONG BOOK—In press, and will be issued in a few days. a song book for the use of Lyceums. This work is intended to supply a want long felt for music adapted to the wants of the children, and one that shall come within the reach of all. Any person sending us five names, and \$5.00 will receive a copy free. Clubs of ten or more will get the usual discount of ten per cent., and a book for every five names. What Lyceum will get the largest number of books?

TABLEAUX.—A convenient book of reference, describing positions, characters and costumes.

For sale at this office Price, 25 cents, postage, 2 cents.

EVERY MONTH—Devoted to literature, fun, fact and fancy, and advertising interests. Rich and racy short stories, poetry, wit and humor. Fifty cents per annum. Address EVERY MONTH, Moravia, Pa.

COMPLIMENTARY.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at the regular meeting of the officers and leaders of the Chicago Lyceum, held April 27th :

WHEREAS, Mrs H. F. M. Brown is on the eve of her departure for the Pacific coast, there to continue her labors in the cause of justice and humanity; therefore,

Resolved, That we fully appreciate the aid rendered by her to the Lyceum and Society in this city, and that we tender her our thanks and good will.

Resolved, That while we regret the necessity of her leaving us, we will remember that, by so doing, she will widen her sphere of usefulness, and contribute largely to the cause of progress.

Resolved, That we commend our sister to the kind care and sympathy of the friends wherever she may go, fully believing that blessings bestowed upon her will make the giver doubly blessed.

QUESTIONS.

What are the most beautiful things in the world?

What is a leaf and its uses?

What are angels?

What is evil?

What is good?

What are dewdrops?

—A little three year old youngster saw a drunken man "tacking" through the street. "Mother," said he, "did God make that man?" She replied in the affirmative. The little fellow reflected a moment, and then exclaimed: "I wouldn't have done it."

AFRAID IN THE DARK; OR WHAT HAPPENED TO MARK.

The night was stormy and very dark ;
Alone in his little bed lay Mark ;
"What is that at the window? Hark!

"Something seems to rustle and quiver—
Can it be the rushes by the river?
I am so frightened, it makes me shiver."

Conscience whispered: "Get up Mark;
Why should you be afraid in the dark?
Open the shutter; look out on the park."

"No fire," said Mark; "not even a spark.
I wish old spot would begin to bark,
I feel so lonely all in the dark."

Conscience whi-pered, soft and clear:
"Get up Mark; there's nothing to fear.
Why do you like a coward here?"

Slowly, fearfully Mark arose;
From between the curtains peeped out his nose,
And two little feet from under the clothes.

"There again—I heard it quite plain;
Something tapped at the window pane"
Mark could no longer h's terror restrain.

He jumped back to bed in a terrible fright,
Stopped his ears with his pillows quite,
And rolled himself up in the bedclothes tight.

Mark fell quickly asleep again.
And that faint little noise at the window pane
Still rustled on, but all in vain.

Next day the sun shone, and in its beam
All the fears of the last night seem
Passed away like a painful dream.

Ice on the river, snow on the mead—
A glorious day for sliding, indeed;
Mark started up, and dressed with speed.

"What was it last night frightened me?
I can't imagine what it could be.
I had better open the window and see.

A little white pigeon for warmth had fled
To his window-sill, and there lay—dead!
Close to the glass was its poor little head.

The cold night blast had frozen it fast;
It had struggled and fluttered, and died at last;
Its poor little life and its pain were past.

Mark did not speak; the tiny pink beak
He gently pressed to his own warm cheek,
Then ran with the pigeon his mother to seek.

"Oh, mother, it might have lived!" he said,
"If I had only jumped out of bed;
And now, you see, it is quite, quite dead."

Mark resolved, as he dug the white pigeon's grave,
No longer of fear to be the slave,
But always strive to succeed and save;
And now he's a man, and a sailor brave.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

[Read by the author, Mrs. C. M. PUTNAM, before the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Washington, D. C.]

A question of such scope, in its application to the race of man, is one of no small significance. It affects each individual, and each one must, according to his own promptings, be his own interpreter of what yields to him the happiness he seeks. Therefore, the question, individually, must rest here; unless, indeed, we could enter the inner sanctuary of the human heart, and there behold what it most earnestly desires.

We might see the sordid monster of avarice sitting there enthroned, and the answer would be gold. We might see the Goddess of Fashion, and the answer is obvious. Ambition might be there, and that heart would find happiness only in its gratification, amid the applaud of his fellow men. Appetite might be the controlling power, and its votary would be found seeking his happiness in the cup and at the festive board. Each would find that particular happiness to which his tastes led him.

But these belong rather to the lower order of our nature. There is a happiness which the world knoweth not of. It is found in the cloister and in the closet; it "leadeth in green pastures and by the still waters;" it is the comforter in distress; our consoler when friends no longer extend their sympathy; it is the sweet voices of the angels cheering us on our pathway. This is, indeed, happiness, whose full position is on the other side of the shining river. In the attainment of knowledge, in the increase of wisdom, in the greater ability to do good to our brothers and sisters struggling here, is to be found that "pearl of great price" which all are seeking.

The satisfaction of having done our duty, of having lived not wholly in vain, will give us a glimpse of what is true happiness.

—In order to amuse the children on a Sabbath, a lady was engaged in reading from the Bible the story of David and Goliath, and, coming to that passage in which Goliath so boastingly and defiantly dared the young stripling, a little chap, almost in his first trousers, said: "Sister, skip that, skip that! he's blowing! I want to know who licked!"

—Somebody has given utterance to the following scrap of philosophy, which, if it be not good is, at least, cool: "The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset and silver in the moon as anybody."



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

FORTUNE WITHOUT GENIUS.

CHAPTER II.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

GONE to California! If that don't beat everything! It can't be possible! Aunt Ruth adjusted her spectacles, and held the soiled letter to the light again, to assure herself she was not dreaming.

"The lad's crazy, or I am, that's sure. What's an ignorant, stupid ragged fellow like him to do in that awful country but learn all manner of wickedness and come to some bad end at last. He hasn't an iota of talent, and no one ever gets on among strangers who is commonplace and bashful. Sister Jane always said there were few boys like him, and I hope she was right, poor woman, for the sake of their aunts. It's the last ever will be seen of John McCoy by any of his kin Roaming off, just like his father, to be eaten by cannibals, thrown overboard or scalped by Indians." The poor woman wept bitterly. Tom tried to comfort her by saying John would be back in a week and bring a stocking basket full of gold, and a yellow parrot that could talk like a preacher. "Poor children, moaned aunt Ruth "father, mother, and John all gone, and I left to stand in the place of them all. A nice load for my shoulders that lack a little of being as strong as they were once."

She had placed John's letter in her pocket and taken it out again at least half a dozen times, at last she read aloud, "dear aunt ruth i am gon to Californy take good care of tom and jane and maggy and I will pay you when i come back. Mr. moss will tell you about fathers life insurens munny. dont scold about me for i dreamed that mother came to me and sed i must go to Californy and ant ruth was comig. so when you come i knew i ought to go. good by, John."

"Dreamed he must go to California! Silly little gooling! What if everybody followed their dreams, the world would be turned bottom side up in a hurry. Just like his mother. She was always dreaming, poor sister! But her dreams amounted to something. It's a morsel of comfort to know William got his life insured. The little I brought over that belonged to Jane won't last us always, and the hundred pounds I've got laid away for old age or sickness must lay where it is for the present. But then the Insurance Company will be pretty sure the starlight has gone down, and the latitude and longitude where she went down, and if William McCoy was seen to go down with her and if he ever came up again, before they will pay a cent." Aunt Ruth had a vein of humor which run through her grief, and after expressing her sentiments in regard to insurance companies, burst into a hysterical fit of weeping. Tom observing the state of affairs and wishing to draw her attention from her trouble, gravely inquired if she was ever married or drowned. "No neither, I hope, I'd as soon be one as the other Now go to sleep and let me take a bit of peace. and have a chance to think what is best to be done."

While John is securely stowed away in an unoccupied berth on board the Ariel, we will look after the fortunes of Peter whom we would not lose sight of in the new life on which he has entered. In a few days after he trudged for the last time down Canal street with John, and bade him good-bye with an aching heart, he was duly installed as boy of all work on the farm of Henry Clifford in the western part of the State. His first duty, early next morning after his arrival was to drive the cows to pasture. Nick, the faithful house dog, had taken a striking fancy to his new friend, and seemed determined to share his labors. Any boy who reads this who has ever suffered from that uncomfortable disease, home sickness, can appreciate the forlorn and desolate condition of Peter. The sweet birds sang around him, but it was discord to his ear; spring flowers blossomed in his path, but their beauty and fragrance were quite lost to him; thrift and luxury were visible in every part of Mr. Clifford's princely homestead, yet he longed for the rude fireside at home surrounded by those who loved him. He thought of John who had gone out into the world alone, he might never see him again, and he stopped, leaned his chin on his stick while tears of relief rained down his cheeks.

"There's that cross old grandsir" mused he, "I wonder what he keeps talking to me for, I don't like him, nor that stuck up boy with the white shirt on, nor them girls with their great long curls dangling, nor I don't like nobody here! I wish I had gone with John and got drowned with him if he gets drowned."

Old Brindle not quite comprehending the state of affairs, quietly lay down to finish her night's rest. Farmer Clifford was a stirring man, and neither man, child nor beast could waste the morning in sleep. "Remember the early bird catches the worm, was his motto for his boys and girls.

Peter's breakfast was taken with little relish, and more than once he turned his head away to hide his tears. As soon as the meal was over Mr. Clifford's voice was heard:

"Come, young man, it's high time you and Reuben were in the cornfield. The sun is crawling up over the tool house, you and Reuben must try to-day and see who is the best man." Two hoys were brought and Peter and Reuben, the "boy with the white shirt," were soon on their way to the cornfield. "Here, you boy," called the old gentleman whom Peter had designated as "grandsir," "I want to speak to you. Take this jug of water, you are younger and stronger than I am; did you ever hire out before?"

"No, sir, not very much, none on a farm, sir."

"What's your idea coming here? Do you calculate to make a farmer?"

"I don't know, sir. I come because father has such a hard time to get victuals for us all."

"Have you a genius?"

Peter looked puzzled a moment, then replied, "No, sir, I never see one."

A low laugh from Reuben and his father who were walking near them, caused Peter to redden, and the tears which he had so nearly conquered, started to his eyes again. His ragged sleeve was drawn across his face, and the old gentleman continued.

"I mean, are you clever? can you paint pictures, sing, or make gimcracks that don't amount to anything? Have you got your ideas raised above the sile, or do you think the land that God has made for man will do to work on?"

"O, no, sir, I ain't cute at nothing. I think I should like to be a farmer best of anything if I could have my folks and John McCoy with me."

"You are my boy forever," said old Mr. Clifford, patting Peter on the shoulder, "that is, if

you only hold out. These chaps who know more at fifteen than their grandfathers do at seventy-five, ain't of much account. You can't learn them anything, they've got so many new fangled ideas, and if I say a word that ain't just according to grammar, I get laughed at. I have been looking for a boy for a good many years that haint got a genius, and I'm thankful I've found one at last. May be I can learn *you* something."

"I should be very glad to learn, sir, I never had no chance at home."

Reuben knew his grand-father's thrusts were intended for him, but forbore making any reply.

Hoing corn was new work for Peter. "Look here, young man," said Henry Clifford, "see that you dig up all the weeds around the hill, then take your hoe, this way, and turn them over, and place the fine dirt around the corn. Reuben understands, do just as he does Grandpa and I will go down to the Dutch lot, and you boys must hoe this piece over before the next term of school begins. Not that way, don't cut off the weeds but dig them up root and all."

"That boy will learn, Henry, no trouble with him, he ain't *talented*. Folks whose heads are full of Greek and Latin don't have room for common things."

He cast a significant glance at Reuben, which was readily understood, for he turned to his last hill, dug a little deeper, and was rewarded for his pains by his grand-father's parting words "that's better, that's better."

When the boys were left to themselves, Reuben began to cultivate Peter's acquaintance.

"Do you thiuk you will like this work, Peter?"

"I should, if I could only do it like you can," said Peter.

"Never mind, you will soon learn."

"How long have you hoed corn, Reuben?"

"Ever since I was a little boy, that is in the season of it, which usually happens at vacation."

"Do you go to school" asked Peter, "and do you know lots?" Though he had neither genius nor learning, he had a thirst for knowledge, equal to the most favored scholar.

Reuben laughed. "I go to school and know little, but grandpa thinks what I know isn't of of much account."

"I wish I knew something. I wonder if you could learn me the multiplication table."

"Yes, Peter, I shall be very glad to, after you get used to the work so you can do it nicely. I must teach you that first, or may be father won't feel satisfied with you."

The weeks in the cornfield passed far more pleasantly than Peter had anticipated. During the first two weeks the multiplication table was learned in a very novel way, "I know it all up to the sixes," said Peter, when Reuben proposed commencing his lessons.

"I think you can hoe corn quite as well and as fast as I can, and father thinks so too. Now I can give you lessons, and it will take no time from the work."

"Then I haint got no lesson to study?" asked Peter.

"No, there is no need of that, but I will tell you what I want to do. Your grammar is very bad, Peter."

"I haint got none," said Peter, leaving it quite uncertain in Reuben's mind whether he comprehended his meaning.

"You do not talk properly, Peter. If you will allow the girls and me to correct you when you use bad language, just as we do each other, it will be just as well as studying grammar."

"That's tip top," shouted Peter, and dug away diligently at a deeply rooted weed.

"Now for arithmetic. We will begin our rows together,—there are thirty-six hills in a row."

"Six times one are six, both together at three hills. Six times two are twelve, at the next three. When we get to six times twelve we shall have our rows hoed. When we turn to come back we will commence at six times twelve, and I think by the time we have hoed two rows apiece you will have the sixes perfect."

"Ain't that cute?" said Peter exultingly.

"Isn't that nice?" would sound much better, Peter. By the time we get this piece done, you will have learned a good deal of grammer and arithmetic."

"Isn't that nice?" said Peter, proudly.

John McCoy is hungry and tired of his berth on board the Ariel, and we will go back to him and help him out

(To be continued.)

—"Martha, do you say your prayers every night?"

"No ma'm."

"Why, my child, aren't you afraid to go to bed in the dark without asking God to take care of you?"

"No ma'm, 'cause I sleep in the middle."

—Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself

—Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 15, 11, 6, 3, is often seen at a county fair.

My 4, 11, 8, 15, 11, is a girl's name.

My 2, 7, 12, 15, 5, is a boy's name.

My 9, 3, is a pronoun of the first person,

My 10, 14, 11, 12, is a vegetable, and used for food,

My 1, 2, 7, is an adjective.

My whole every boy and girl should have.

S. C. H.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 5, 16, 2, 19, 14, 17, 4, is a boy's name.

My 18, 6, 10, 15, 12, 3, is a city in Massachusetts.

My 22, 20, 21, is what is in summer.

My 1, 7, 20, 3, is a heavenly body.

My 9, 11, 13, 8, 17, is a large nail.

My whole is an old proverb.

C. E. L.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 9, 11, is a metal.

My 4, 11, 6, is an insect.

My 2, 7, 10, 5, some persons cannot do.

My 8, 13, 12, most women can do.

My 1, 3, 14, 15, was the surname of a brave Swiss.

My whole many people visit.

NETTIE BUSHNELL.

WORD PUZZLES.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My first is in Gin, but not in Ale;

My second is in Beer, but not in Pail;

My third is in Cld, but not in New;

My fourth is in More, but not in Few;

My fifth is in Gone, but not in Come;

My sixth is in Cider, but not in Rum;

My seventh is in Water, but not in Air;

My eighth is in What, but not in Where;

My ninth is in Dome, but not in Floor;

My tenth is in Shop, but not in Store;

My eleventh is in I, but not in you;

My twelfth is in One, but not in Two;

My thirteenth is in Young, but not in Old;

My fourteenth is in Bought, but not in Sold;

My fifteenth is in Love, but not in Hate;

My sixteenth is in Net, but not in Bait.

My whole, one of the Presidents of the United States.

M. H. C.

I am composed of 5 letters.

My first is in Corn, but not in Rye;

My second is in Laugh, but not in Sigh;

My third is in Day, but not in Night;

My fourth is in Darkness, but not in Light;

My fifth is in Sauce, but not in Pie;

For my whole I write the pronoun I.

C. M. W.

—Birds are the poor man's piano.

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

For the Lyceum Banner.
KATIE'S LOGIC.

BY MRS. NELLIE HALE LUCE.

How cold the wind blows through the lattice to night;
Close the shutters and draw near the grate.
How snugly ensconced,—oh, how ruddy and bright
Glews the firelight, my dear little Kate.

Darling, think of the poor, suffering heathen, away
Where the light of the gospel's not known;
Did you give, my dear Kate, of your pennies to-day,
For those ignorant, destitute ones?

Our minister talked so divinely, and prayed
With such eloquence, pathos and zeal;
He showed us our duty, and pointed the way
The woes of the wretched to heal.

There's a knock at the door; pray who can it be,
Venturing forth on an evening so bleak?
"Please ma'am, it is I, the wash-woman, to see
If ye'd give me the pay for last week."

"Ah, me, I regret I've no change, but it's true;
So you'll have but your walk for your pains."
"But lady, kind lady, my month's rent is due,
And my cupboard is empty again."

"Betty, close the hall door, I am getting a chill,—
'Tis quite shocking such creatures to see,—
Ah, here is our pastor, descending the hill,
Pray, what can have sent him to me?"

"Dear madam, I've come to solicit your aid
In behalf of the missions abroad."

"Ah, yes, you may say that one hundred is paid,
As my share in the treasury of God."

Curly Kate, who sat listening, with cheeks all aglow,
To fathom the mystery tried;
Her brain had been puzzled most sorely to know
Why the heathen at home were denied.

For she knew that poor Nell, who their clothing brought
home,
Could not read, or attend Sunday school,
And she knew other children that gladly would come,
And obey every precept and rule.

Till at length to this natural conclusion she'd come,
For what better, in truth, could she do,
That as *foreign productions* were dearer than home,
Foreign souls might be more precious too.

—The world is a volume where every individual
is a letter, and every day a new page.

—The good we do lives after us.

'T's beautiful to live on earth,
To work, to watch and pray;
The while the links of love and hope
Grow brighter every day.

—Never meet trouble half way, but let him
have the whole walk for his pains.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

Labor.

BY FRANCIS E. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the ro-e heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is risen.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from Nature's great heart;
From the dark cloud flows the life giving shower;
From the rough sod come the soft breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plain, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water falleth;
Indolence ever despalreth, bewalleth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assalleth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future heightens!
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from the petty vexat ons that meet us;
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-ayrens that lure us to lil.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied, 'neath woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not though shame, sin and arguiah are round thee
Bravely fling off the cold of chains that hath bound thee;
Look on yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a cled.
Work for some good—be it ever so lowly,
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

CHARADE OF THREE WORDS.

My first is an herb much used in this day;
My second is a pronoun, so grammarians say;
My third, if we attend, will make us grow wise;
My fourth of some kind each nation does prize.
My whole is a blessing I'll not try to compare—
Please, parents, see that each child has a share.

QUESTION.

One half the sum of two numbers is 600, and one half
the difference of the same numbers is 200. What are the
numbers?

M. J. G.

For the Lyceum Banner.

"EVERY HAIR CASTS A SHADOW."

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

A French writer thus poetically tells us that all evil actions, however small, cast their darkness over somebody. I wish we all sensed this fact more fully, and were as fearful of the little sins which beset our path as we are of the great ones which we tremble to think may come roaring down the roads we travel and devour us, but which seldom come. These hairs which check us with shadows are more to be dreaded than the mountain behind which the sun sinks, standing afar off. Let us see how the net of shadows is cast which makes some days seem so dark that we sit with sad hearts and long for rest and Heaven. Somebody's voice is so unloving and harsh that it falls on our ears only with sharp twangings. The little words hit us like cutting pieces of ice. They are *hairs*, but they cast shadows which often shut a beautiful world away from our seeing. Cross looks and impatient gestures can do a great deal of mischief, as well as words. They are pantomime players, which make themselves well understood. We turn sadly from eyes which look hate and cruelty and malice at us. A toss of the head may say "begone!" and a shrug of the shoulders "Come not near me!"

The petty selfishness which runs through the lives of so many of us is felt painfully enough, and is most pitiable in the home circle. It seeks its own ease in all things. If there is any labor to be performed, it sees a score of reasons why some one else should do it. It makes little girls hate to wash the dishes, even when their mam'mas are pale and tired. It makes their brothers whine that "it's cold," and "I'm tired," when they are asked to get an armful of wood for their mothers. It always wants the largest piece of pie, the easiest chair, the lightest window. It never forgets itself in making sacrifices for the pleasure of others. Do these little hairs of selfishness cast their shadows over those who are going life's journey with you, dear readers?

Keep a vigilant watch over little sins and the large ones will not be apt to molest you.

It is not probable that you will ever commit murder. I hope you will not wear away the lives of those who are most dear to you by a slow and more cruel process of daily irritation, and never ending trouble.

It is not probable that you will ever steal your

neighbor's horse, nor his gold. I hope you will never rob him of rights which yield happiness, and are more valued than heaps of gold or rolls of bank bills. You will most likely *never go to jail*; see that you do not lock your spirit in a prison of darkness more to be dreaded than stone walls or iron gratings.

Every hair casts a shadow, but if the lights of love and truth burn in our hearts the shadows cannot fall upon us, but will be lost on empty air.

OBITUARY.

George W. Bailey, aged twenty five years, one of our noble Lyceum workers, and a member since its organization, left the mortal for the higher form of life, in Beloit, Wis., April 3, 1869.

The funeral was held in the Free church, and the discourse was delivered by Joseph Baker, of Janesville, upon the theme of life, death and immortality. Many unlearned in the heavenly gospel heard their first lesson on harmonial progression, and went away rejoicing.

Bro. Bailey was four years a faithful Union soldier.

The firemen took charge of the burial, and the choir sang his favorite melodies—"He Sleeps his Last Sleep," and "Shall we Meet Beyond the River?"

—A Scotch minister in a strange parish, wishing to know what his people thought of his preaching, questioned the Beadle. "What do they say of Mr. —?" (his predecessor.) "Oh," said the Beadle, "they say he's not sound." "What do they say of the new minister?" (himself.) "Oh, they say he's all sound!"

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- Battle Creek, Mich.**—Meets at 12 o'clock, in Wakeless Hall. George Chase, Conductor; Mrs. L. E. Salley, 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. John W. Maguire, 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. Norris, Conductor; France McMahon, Guardian.
- Breedsville, Mich.**—Mr. William Knowles, Conductor; Mrs. Wells Brown, Guardian.
- Brooklyn, N. Y.**—Meets every Sunday at 10½ A. M., at Sawyer's Hall, corner of Fulton Avenue and Jay St. Abram G. Kipps, Conductor; Mrs. E. M. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.
- Buffalo, N. Y.**—Meets in Lyceum Hall, corner Court and Pearl street, every Sunday at 2½ p. m. Paul Josef, Conductor Mrs. J. Lane, Guardian.
- Charlestown, Mass.**—Lyceum No. 1 meets in Washington Hall every Sunday morning at 10½ 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. Svey, 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, 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., ; Harmony Hall. Dr. E. W. Beebe, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah M. Leonard, Guardian.
- Fond du Lac, Wis.**—Dr. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Hooker, Guardian.
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- Hammoncton.**—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Mrs. Julia E. Holt, Guardian.
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- 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 Cadet Hall, at half-past 10. W. Greenleaf, Conductor; M. L. Booth, Guardian.
- Milan, Ind.**—Sessions 10½ A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.
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- 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, Weybosset 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. Flicella O. Pease, Guardian.
- Richmond, Ind.**—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. EH Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Adleman, Guardian.
- Rochester, N. Y.**—Lyceum meets regularly at Schiltzer Hall, Sunday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock. Emily P. Collins, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.
- Rock Island, Ill.**—Organized March 1, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock in Norris Hall, Illinois street. Henry Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Wilson, Guardian.
- Sacramento, Cal.**—H. Bowman, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian; Mrs. H. Bowman, Musical Director.
- Springfield, Ill.**—Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. E. A. Lechards, 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 Hersam, Guardian.
- Springfield, Miss.**—Organized Nov. 18, 1866. Jas. G. Albe, Conductor; Mrs. F. C. Coburn, Guardian.
- St. Johns, Mich.**—Organized July 1, 1866. Meets at Clinton Hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. E. K. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Guardian.
- St. Louis, Mo.**—Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. in Mercantile Hall. Myron Colony, Conductor; Miss Sarah E. Cook, Guardian.
- Sturgis, Mich.**—Organized May 24, 1863. Meets every Sunday at 12:30 P. M. in the Free Church. John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.
- Sycamore, Ill.**—Lyceum organized July, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. in Wilkins' new Hall. Harvey A. Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Horatio James, Guardian.
- Toledo, O.**—Lyceum organized July 28, 1867. Meets every Sunday morning at Old Masonic Hall, at 10 o'clock. O. E. Fells, Conductor; Ella Knight, Guardian.
- Troy, N. Y.**—Organized May 6, 1866 Meets in Harmony Hall every Sunday at 2:00 P. M. B. Starbuck, Conductor Miss Lizzie McCoy, Guardian.
- Vineland N. J.**—Dr. David Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Julia Brigham, Guardian; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. L. K. Coonly.
- Westville, Ind.**—Meets every Sunday at 11 o'clock. James Livingston, Conductor; Esther N. Talmadge, Guardian.
- Williamsantic, Conn.**—Meets at 10½ A. M., at Bassett's Hall. Theodore A. Hunt, Conductor; Mrs. Geo. Furlington, Guardian.
- Washington, D. C.**—Meets at Harmonial Hall, Pennsylvania avenue, Sunday, at 12½ o'clock. G. B. Davis, Conductor; Mrs. B. Hosmer, 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.