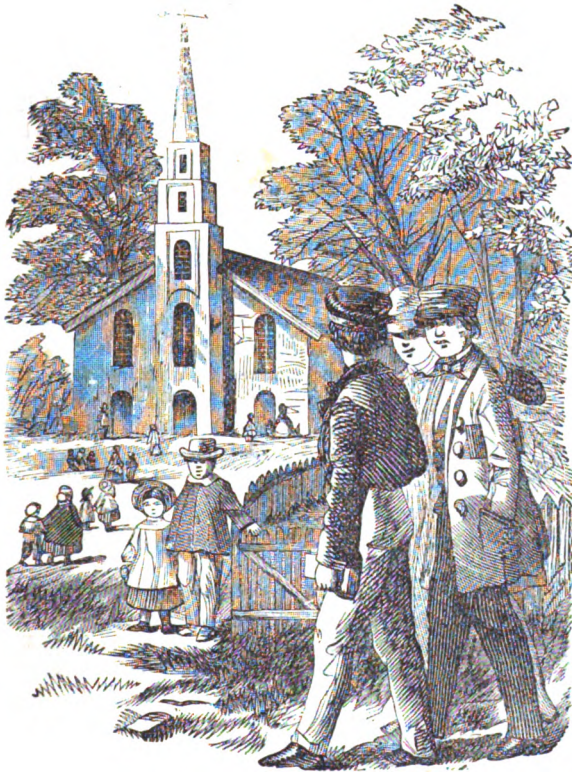


The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 2.

Chicago, June 15, 1869.

No. 20.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

FORTUNE WITHOUT GENIUS.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

CHAPTER IV.

LET us look in upon Aunt Ruth and the little ones, and see how they prosper in John's absence. A decided improvement is observed in and around the house; for womanly hands, prompted by a really kind woman's heart, have been busily at work.

"Boys ain't fit for housekeepers, anybody might know, to see how things go at loose ends here,"

said Aunt Ruth, after she had sufficiently recovered from her angry grief, caused by John's impulsive course.

A general "clearing-up" followed her installment as mistress of the cottage. The pine kitchen-floor, which might have been taken for wood of another color, was washed, scoured, scrubbed, and rinsed until not a spot or stain could be seen. The dingy walls were covered with a cheap, bright paper. The bed was removed to the little room beyond, which seemed hardly large enough for a closet; yet, with packing and shelving, had been converted into a tidy, comfortable bedroom. The children are equally improved in appearance. Soiled clothing has been brought to light from boxes, drawers, and baskets—washed, mended, and made to look quite inviting.

Aunt Ruth is an old-school philosopher, who believes that coarse manners come with untidy surroundings; and, as soon as the outside was made clean, she set diligently about cultivating the manners and morals of the household.

The children were taught the old-fashioned nightly prayer,

"Now I lay me down to sleep;"

but Tom, whose heart yearned for his absent brother, changed the form somewhat after this fashion,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord John's soul to keep."

"We'd all better be looking after our own souls," interrupted Aunt Ruth in the middle of the prayer, "and let them that run away from a Christian country look out for theirs."

"John never rind away, aunty," said Tom, defiantly. "He only goed to Californy to get me some chunks of gold and a yellow parrot."

"When you see him or his gold, either, you'll.

know it. The little I brought over that belonged to your poor mother that's dead and gone, won't last always; and if the Lord, in his providence, don't find some way to take care of you, I suppose New York will."

"Is New York bigger than the Lord, aunty?" queried Tom.

Aunt Ruth was no theologian. She considered time wasted which was spent in looking into the "mysteries that are past finding out," and wisely dismissed the subject by telling Tom not to torment her life out with his foolish questions.

The children often wondered why Peter never came to see them since John went away, and, at last, concluded that he had gone with John to help bring home the parrot and gold.

Peter, in the short time he had been at Mr. Clifford's, had accomplished a great deal. He soon, through the genial influence of the family, recovered from his homesickness and became quite happy. He soon learned to hoe corn as well as Reuben; and through his and his sister's influence, readily acquired the proper use of language and committed to memory the multiplication table. Reuben was again sent away to school, and Peter was put in the corn-field for the second hoeing with old Mr. Clifford.

"What think, Peter? Will they make a shallow-pate of you, or not? Will they make out to stuff your head with ideas that don't belong to a boy of your age?" Grandpa was childish, and had become a little irritated that morning on overhearing Lottie explain to Peter the reason why two negatives should not be used in the same sentence, and the evidence we have that the planets may be inhabited.

"No, grandpa; I don't think they want to make a shallow-pate of me. I went to the barn after eggs, and when I told Mrs. Clifford there wan't none, and Lottie said there *were* none, I couldn't understand it exactly, and so she explained it to me."

"You are a good boy, Peter. I hain't a word of fault to find, only hear to me. I am nigh onto eighty years old, and I reckon I can tell you more in one day than that pert Reuben and the gals can in a month. There's many a thing for a boy to know that ain't laid down in the books. I never studied grammar nor Latin, and dop't know much about the stars, and don't want to; but I know what it takes to make an upright, honest man."

Peter then explained how Reuben had taught him the multiplication table, and asked if he did not consider that useful.

"That's all right, all right; but I can tell you something better to go with it."

"I would like to learn it, if you please," answered Peter, politely.

"Then begin at this row, cut up your weeds, and say, 'I never'll drink any liquor.' Say it to a dozen hills, you can't say it too often. Then, 'I'll never smoke or chew.' Keep that up to a dozen hills more. Then, 'I'll always speak the truth; I'll be honest in all my dealings.' And now mind, at the last row say, 'I'll be a farmer.' You hain't got a genus, and can't be a doctor, nor lawyer, nor minister, nor none o' th em suckers that get their living out of honest folks. Live up to the rules I've given you, and you won't need any of that sort of folks around you. I told Reuben if he'd farm it instead of learning to be a lawyer, I'd give him that forty-acre lot with the birches on it over yonder, and what do you think the boy said?"

"I don't know, sir; but I should think he would promise anything for forty acres of land. I'm sure I would—that is, anything that's fair."

"Well, he said Professor Silver up there to the Academy told him he had a talent for law, and he had made up his mind to be a lawyer. He's got too high notions for his old grandsir, most boys have. Now, Peter, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you won't smoke, nor chew, nor drink liquor, and will promise to be an honest farmer, I'll give it to you."

Peter doubted the old man's sanity, but promised.

"None of your new-fangled notions, such as lazy folks are all the time getting up; but good, old fashioned farming such as I used to do in Vermont when I was a boy. Good old times! It's worth while to live in such a country. Henry has got the thing down a little too fine for me; but then, 'tain't much matter now, I'm most done farming. Will you do any better, Peter, if I promise you the lot with the birches?"

"No, sir," answered he. "I do the best I know now, and can do no better than that."

"Spoke like an honest boy. I'll speak to mother about the lot, and have it all fixed up. I'm getting old and liable to drop off at any time."

Peter tried to express his gratitude, but said he thought the lot belonged to Reuben, as he was his own grandson, while he was a stranger, and had been with him but a few weeks.

"Henry and Reuben won't miss that patch; they've got enough; and Lottie and Lou, they don't want land. I want you to make a man."

You hain't had much chance, but it's in you. Live a good life, and you'll come out all right."

"Dear grandpa; nobody ever talked to me like you do, and I shall always remember what you say."

The summer passed rapidly away. Peter proved faithful, honest, and industrious, and gained the confidence of every member of the family. He outgrew his bashful shyness, and became more cheerful and happy each day. If Mrs. Clifford or the girls wished to ride, Peter was chosen for the driver. If they indulged in the pleasure of boating, his careful hand must assist in rowing. If a party went berrying, and Peter was at leisure, he was always ready to carry the baskets and assist others in climbing hills and filling their baskets. When Mr. Clifford's man was away, Peter could milk the cows and take care of the horses and cattle. On busy days in the kitchen, Peter lent a helping hand. Butter and cheese making, washing and scrubbing, were cheerfully done. Lottie and Lou depended on him to take them to school in rainy days, and, as a reward, gave him lessons in penmanship in the evening.

The only trouble that weighed heavily on his mind was that he might not be needed after harvesting, and sent away.

One day in autumn, Mr. Clifford relieved his anxiety by calling him to the garden and making arrangements for the winter. Peter was to remain through the winter, attend the public school, and take care of the stock as an equivalent for his board. This pleased Peter greatly; but he was far more pleased when Mr. Clifford proposed to him to stay on the farm until he was eighteen years of age. His terms were cheerfully acceded to by Peter, who, each winter, was to have the privilege of attending school.

He was very proud when school commenced to be clad in a new, warm suit of clothes, winter cap and boots, and with books which Reuben had finished studying, and set out for school with two new-made friends.

Happy faces and merry voices greeted the "new scholar" on every side. Though very dull in books at first, and much behind his class, he was soon a favorite with all his schoolmates.

Julia Russ declared that Peter Bennett was the best and dullest boy in school. He was fourteen years old and couldn't do half the sums in division; and when she slipped off a frosty board into the brook, all the rest of the boys clapped their hands and laughed, while Peter ran quickly and helped her out. Two conclusive proofs, she thought, of Peter's goodness and stupidity.

Henceforth Peter became a great man in little Julia's eyes.

"He don't know everything," said she, and her bright eyes sparkled as she spoke; "but my pa says that old Mr. Clifford says he's the best boy they ever had on the farm. He's smart to work, too, and is going to be a farmer, and live on that piece of land down on the birch flat; and I shouldn't wonder, when he was old enough, if he married Lottie Clifford. She thinks *everything* of him."

Wide-awake Julia laughed merrily at her own fun, and asked Lottie if she wouldn't feel proud of a beau that would help her out of the brook, instead of standing by and laughing until she was wet through. Peter was gallant enough to wade in and save her from drowning, and then wiped the mud off her shoes like a born lord. "I wouldn't wonder if he turned out to be a duke or prince—who knows?"

"Lords don't clean muddy boots, nor risk their precious lives for green schoolgirls," said Lottie. "Peter is good enough to be a prince. He's better in some things than Reuben. Ask Reuben to fix up a flower-bed, or saddle the ponies, and he will sometime, but he's got a hard problem in algebra, or some other useless thing on hand. Peter isn't a bookworm. His head is full of cattle and horses, farming and sleighing, with just a little spice of reading and study; not enough to hurt him, though. Grandma calls him a jewel, because he brings in her wood and does chores for her; and grandpa says he is a 'sensible boy, which means much more to grandpa than a lord or prince."

Thus these two little girls, just entering their teens, chatted and gossiped of things possible and uncertain, probable and doubtful, as older girls have done in all past time, and will continue to do in all coming time.

(To be continued.)

— A little girl, excited by the brilliant display of her aunt's gold-plugged front teeth, exclaimed "Oh, Aunt Mary, how I do wish I had copper-toed teeth like you."

— "Tilly," said a mother to a daughter who had seen but four summers, "what should you do without your mother?"

"I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted to," was the prompt reply.

— He who seeks to increase the quantity of lands by unjust suits at law, will soon find himself as groundless as his suits.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.
HOMELESS.

No home! I wander through the busy street,
 'Mid sound of voices like some distant song,
 I watch the smiles of welcome, as they greet
 The dear old faces in the passing throng;
 I almost feel the pressure and the thrill
 Of hands that linger in each fond embrace,
 When eyes are eloquent with looks, that fill
 The heart with longings that no pen can trace.
 And yet no home.

No home! 'mid dwellings, crowding street and lane,
 I watch this cottage with its creeping vines,
 Whose tinted curtains hung before the pane,
 Make household pictures of the shadow-lines;
 I hear the music of the little feet,
 That patter softly o'er the parlor floor,
 And catch the sound of voices low and sweet,
 That breathe contentment through the open door,
 And yet no home.

No home! yet in this wilderness of life,
 Whatever paths my wayworn feet are in,
 Through all the days of darkness and of strife,
 My soul has glimpses of what *might have been*;
 And through the watches of the weary night,
 I wait the dawning of a brighter day;
 My soul, prophetic, throbs with wild delight.
 The morning breaks! and I no longer say,
 "I have no home."

CHICAGO.

EARNEST.

For the Lyceum Banner.

EARLY MEMORIES.—No. 5.**MY UNCLE RICHARD.**

BY GERTIE GRANT.

UNCLE RICHARD WILMOT was the queerest combination of oddities I ever met. I verily believe he was made up, body and soul, of the odds and ends of a whole nation of queer people. He was jolly and genial one day, and, without cause or provocation, he would storm half the next day. He was generous to a fault, but woe to him who attempted to take a farthing too much in a trade. He loved truth, justice, and children. My uncle was lamentably lacking in charity for old offenders, but when a child sinned he was sure to hunt up some excuse for the wrong done. He usually charged the child's sins to the parents. "The fathers have been eating sour grapes," was a favorite expression when any mischief was done by the boys in the town. I well remember when Peter Morgan set fire to our barn. Uncle Richard came over, looked at the ruins, and turning to my mother, said: "What can one expect of the young rascal? The fire was in his blood; his mother put the fire-brand into his hand, he only

threw it into the hay-loft. Great pity that mothers will insist upon sending such fragments of souls out into the world."

Uncle Richard was abrupt in speech. There was no beating about the bush with him. His words were few, but they were full of meaning. No matter to him who was hit or who helped. "A lie is a mean thing," he would say, "it shall find no quarter in my house; but the plain truth is always welcome."

My uncle was not what the world calls a Christian; I am sorry to say that he was shockingly lacking in charity for those claiming to be the followers of Jesus. "Where is the proof of your claim?" he would say to those calling themselves Christians. "Do you feed the hungry, heal the sick, open blind eyes? Do you rebuke those who return a blow for a blow, those who build miserable prisons and ungodly gibbets? Let no man claim the Christ-name, that casts his vote in favor of the gallows; let no woman say she is a Christian, who beats her child. He gave no money to ministers, none to build the churches, but he gave freely to build school houses, and and to help the town poor.

There was once a revival meeting in town. On Sunday the large, new church was packed with people from all the towns about. Uncle Richard hired some men on that day and set them to drawing wood for some poor widows in the vicinity of the church, and he worked with them. One of the ministers prayed for the "infidel" on that day. When uncle Richard heard of it he remarked, that prayers were good enough for those who were too indolent to be drawing wood.

The last time I saw my uncle he was an old man, but as straight and strong as a Norway pine. He said to me, as I bade him good by: "My four-score years remind me that my stay on earth is not long. When I am gone, you remember, Gertie, that I have borne my testimony against all the fashionable follies, that are killing the young girls of to-day. "I will remember," I said. Kissing the old man I turned toward the house; the next hour he turned toward the Eternal hills. He was buried, as he wished to be, without ceremony; but Mr. Osgood said from the pulpit, the next Sunday: "A strange man has gone; but I am sure it will be well with him, for in all his long life he did the best he knew and did much good."

— A lady was dreadfully affronted the other day because a gentleman accosted her as old friend.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

MUNCIE, INDIANA.—Your note of the 12th, came to hand, and the BANNERS shortly after; we can readily excuse you for the mistake you made in the direction, and the consequent delay. I learned one thing in consequence of the BANNER being behind time, and that was, it was some account in the estimation of the children, not the little ones only, but all the children ranging in age from 5 to 50. It is really a desirable little visitor and I think we shall be able to become regular subscribers for 25 copies. We are doing the best we can, and doing very well too I believe, considering the small number we have to depend upon for pecuniary assistance.

WM. LYNN.

TROY, N. Y.

The LYCEUM BANNER is always a welcome visitant to our groups, and I hope you make it a *paying* concern to yourself; for it would be a great loss to our Lyceums to have it discontinued.

Our Lyceum is now preparing for a public exhibition. We call it our anniversary, though it will occur one month or more later than the anniversary of the establishment of our Lyceum.

On the first Sunday of May, we were three years old, and we think we are a pretty strong child for one of that age.

We yesterday received an invitation from the veterans to unite with them, next Sunday, in decorating the graves of their fallen comrades, and by a unanimous vote we resolved to accept the same and march with them in procession.

Wishing you success equal to the merit of your paper.

I remain truly yours,

B. STARBUCK.

CHICAGO.

"News from Lyceums" I always read with interest, for it tells me that the Lyceum movement is a grand success—and that our highest expectations will in time be realized if we only persevere. I have never seen in that department anything special from this city, and so I propose to tell the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER, in a few words of the progress we are making.

The charge, so often brought against us that we are discordant, does not apply to the Lyceum. A more happy, united, harmonious organization never existed. From the inharmony of the societies we are fortunately free, and wish our friends to separate in their minds Chicago Progressive

Lyceum from the societies. We have entered upon our fourth year and in all the time since our organization there has never been a word of discord among us. There is no jealousy, slandering or fault finding. If one can do a certain piece of work better than another, that one is chosen and the others give their unqualified approval.

At our last leader's meeting a change of Hall was proposed. The proposition fell like a wet blanket upon some who were there; and was earnestly objected to by those who preferred to remain in Library Hall; but when the vote was taken, and it was decided by a small majority to go, they said then let us hire Music Hall for one year and it was carried unanimously, for every leader and officer said, we will go with the Lyceum, no matter where. We take 145 copies of the LYCEUM BANNER—what other Lyceums will say as much?

LEADER.

LETTER FROM E. A. BUCK.

Your *red cross* reminds me not of a bleeding, dying Saviour, but of a few noble, self-sacrificing souls, who, listening to the "still, small voice," and guided by angel inspiration, have begun to build the Temple of God aright, even at the foundation which is childhood. Being a teacher in a *town* school, and having been so engaged ever since arriving at years of discretion, I have a great regard and an undying sympathy for those, who, in any way, are laboring for humanity, and more especially those that are trying to make the rising generation self-reliant, self-sustaining, and, *best of all, self-saving*, by teaching them that absolute purity must govern our every thought and deed; that temperance, in its broadest sense, comprehends everything necessary for the physical, mental, and moral development of mankind. Of course, we need aids, "guide boards," to explain and point out the beautiful, flower-bordered highway of temperance, and who better than you, "Lyceum Banner," can guide the little feet along the broad road which should long ere this—have been trodden smooth and level by those of stronger muscle and riper years. Let the enclosed slip remove *one cross* from your shoulders, while I continue to hope that, in a year or two, I may in like manner remove many!

LYCEUM SONG BIRD.—This new music book for the children is now ready. Lyceums wishing copies should send in their orders at once. Single copy, 25c.; twelve copies, \$2.50; 100 copies, \$20. Address this office.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

FINISHED my last note to the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER, in "Uncle Jacob's" new mansion. In leaving the house of my friends I left my last Illinois home and the last of *old* friends. Other hearts as good may welcome me, and new homes may give me shelter and the blessings that peace and comfort bring. At any rate, I go westward in faith, trust, and in firm confidence that the Fates will do all things well. We often find what we seek—thorns or flowers. I am looking for fair and precious things. I may find a vast amount of chaff, but am sure to find the wheat therewith.

I left Sterling fearing the berths were engaged, and that the long night would bring weariness ; but, to my surprise, the old conductor, J. Denison, was at his post and had secured me a desirable sleeping-place. These fragments of good luck let the sunshine through the clouds that good-byes often bring. So I came westward without a shadow of distrust. I was, however, just a bit disturbed by my next berth neighbor, who wished to learn by *my* watch the time of night without breaking my nap. Of course the young *gentleman* was not a pickpocket!

The Mississippi river divides Illinois and Iowa. As we neared the "father of waters" all were on tiptoe to see the splendid bridge that is more than a mile in length. The river crossed, we were in Iowa—Clinton.

According to Turner's Guide to the Rocky Mountains, Iowa is a part of the Louisiana purchase. It is the sixteenth State admitted under the Federal Constitution. Its extent is two hundred and eight miles north and south, and three hundred east and west. Its area is fifty-five thousand and forty-five square miles. My native New Hampshire is but little larger than some of the

counties of Iowa. The Indians called this State the land of peace ; but at this season it may well be called the land of flowers. In some places we see but one vast plain completely covered with flowers of every hue. All along the roadside little flowers crop up as if to greet and gladden the weary traveler.

My first stopping-place in Iowa was Nevada, the county-seat of Story county, three hundred and twenty miles west of Chicago. I met at the station a little fellow who had sky-blue eyes, auburn hair, and he was as freckled as a field-lily. Jamie knew all about me from the LYCEUM BANNER. He had come to the station, while other children were taking their morning naps, to give me a welcome to Nevada, and to direct the omnibus-man to his father's house. I learned long ago to prize the love and companionship of children. There is in their fresh young souls, native grace, simplicity, and a commendable outspokenness that reminds one of the primitive time, when Nature was man's law-giver.

Nevada is a fine, outspread prairie town of about twelve hundred inhabitants. There are three churches, three hotels, but no saloon, no place where whiskey is publicly sold in Nevada. Had "Tommy's" father lived there, the old gentleman would not have said to his son, "To whiskey shops, billiards, and cards, bid adieu!"

The sober and intelligent thereabout are mostly free thinkers, not all spiritualists but ready to "prove all things." The spirit of freedom induced some of the leading minds to organize a Progressive Lyceum. On Sunday morning, May 23d, there was a meeting in Briggs' Hall to see what could be done, I gave some idea of what a Lyceum was, and what one could be there. All seemed interested and hopeful. The proprietor of the hall, with his family, was there, ready to join in the work of organization. I took the place of conductor, and made awkward work of it too ; but the congregation did well. We had no books, so read the Silver Chains from the Lyceum Banner. The best singers in town were heart-and-hand in the enterprise, so there was no lack of good music. With two or three exceptions every one present, old and young, had a word of wisdom and took part in the discussion of the question : "What will contribute most to our happiness."

In choosing officers, there were no aspirants for office, and none who seemed unwilling to be counted in. Fitness was the question. The gentlemen decided that Mrs. Hattie J. Robinson should be the conductor and her good husband

musical director. T. C. Davis Esq., the county treasurer, was chosen secretary, and Perry McKee treasurer.

The commencement is good, and I am but a poor seer if the time does not put the Nevada Progressive Lyceum in the front ranks of good workers. Their creed—"Union gives strength and truth is triumphant"—lived up to will be their salvation.

This bit of a creed reminds me of *disunion*. Some of the once prosperous Lyceums are on the wane, others *dead*. The reason in every instance (so far as we have learned) is inharmony among the older members. The children, will "pull altogether," but they are not the power, so the dear young souls are scattered.

Well I will not turn from the pleasant Lyceum picture in Nevada to the wreck and ruins in other places, "onward and sunward" is for me. With a blessing for those I love and leave, with bright hopes of the beyond, I am going toward the Rocky mountains. Look out for news from Mount Lincoln. B.

Omaha, Nebraska.

HEROISM AMONG CHILDREN.

SOME people will insist that children are naturally evil beings; but, in my goings, I find so many noble specimens of childhood, I conclude that the depravity comes with maturer years. I will give a few instances of nobleness, of heroism, and let them testify in behalf of the little folks.

I was at the Railroad station the other day on my way to the house of a friend, at a little distance. Two rough-looking boys were there "looking for jobs." Both wanted to take my shawl and basket to the house of my friend. I looked at the little fellows, trying to decide which to take, but, as both seemed determined to go, I concluded to let them decide the matter.

"I will give either of you a quarter," I said, "but I would like to have the one go that needs the money most; so, boys, you decide for me." For a little time the boys were silent. They looked at me and then at each other. Presently a pair of black eyes brightened and the owner of them said "I guess Tom better go for he is trying to get some summer clothes." "Yes, Ed," said the other boy, "but then your father is sick and mine isn't, so you go and I'll look for another job" and away the black eyes went whistling. Eddie took my basket and as we passed some shanties, he pointed out one as his home, the other as Tom's.

When I gave the boy a silver piece, he looked at it wonderingly and asked, "Is this gold or tin? I never seen the like afore." When I said "it is twenty-five cents" he exclaimed "goody goody!! What will pap say to so much money?"

JENNIE B.—was telling me how many old ladies she hoped would live in the new house with them. "You havn't room for so many," I said. After counting the rooms and her hoped-for women, she said, "Why there is my room, and I will gladly sleep anywhere to make room for old ladies."

"Your grand parents, may want a room" I hinted, yes, replied Jennie; but they are well provided for and it is better that we look-out for people who have no rooms. A number of the juveniles of the family were present and all believed with Jennie in giving the best rooms to those who were roomless.

Mrs. Y—, wished one day to excuse herself from seeing company. So, she told Peter, her nine years old boy to go over and say to Mrs. Smith, that mother could not be at home in the afternoon.

"Where will you be mam?" Peter asked. I shall be home to-day; but not to see Mrs. Smith and her country relatives." Peter thought a moment and then said, "What becomes of liars?" "Come, Peter! go quick and I'll give you a cake Mrs. Y.— said, trying to evade the question. "Give the cake then and I'll be off" Peter went, eating his cake and thinking, it may be, how to get round the falsehood.

When he returned he said, "well I didn't tell Mrs. Smith lies; Guess you can't buy me, with a sugar-cake. I just to'd the folks that you never wanted to see um again. Isn't that the truth mother?"

Poor Mrs. Y— was in a peck of trouble. I left her wondering how much twisting and turning it would take to get her out of the net she set for a pair of young feet.

JAMIE R—, is a brave little boy of eight years. He is a hero, because he wins his way despite all opposition. With him there is no fail, no giving up the ship. Jamie is a little frail fellow, so what he does is done by the *will*-power. If he wants candy he does not ask for money, but goes about when the sweets are sold and makes himself useful by going of errands. The merchants know that he is faithful, and he knows they will pay him in candy for his labor.

But Jamie excels as a musician. He loves music, but does not like the labor of learning the notes. When the spirit of song comes over the

boy he pitches his tune with anything he chances to have in his hand, fork, spoon, stick, or the poker. The words and tunes are improvised for the occasion, but he cannot repeat words or tune ten minutes after the song is ended.

I saw him this morning, lying flat on the floor humming and beating time with a stick. After going over his new tune a few times, he broke out singing in a mournful strain about a girl who died heartbroken. I caught this couplet:

"She died and went away one even,
She died and went away to heaven;

It was a long, long time ago;
And my Mary died because she loved me so."

The little fellow has seen so few years, it is not supposable that he was singing of himself.

May the Fates deal very gently with these Angels of the future. B.

PARAGRAPHS.

— The Spiritualists of Chicago resumed their meetings at Crosby's Music Hall, Sunday, June 6th. The Progressive Lyceum meets at the same Hall immediately after the morning lecture. The great metropolis of the west ought to support such meetings, and by the energetic management of those who have the matter in hand, we see no chance for failure.

— Mrs. E. P. De Les Dernier gave an evening among the poets at Library Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 26th. Her readings were good and her audience appreciative.

— We have a few numbers left of our paper containing Mrs. Corbin's story "Lost in the Woods." It runs through six numbers, we will send them for 25 cts. postage paid.

— Cheap Music. We will send any of Hitchcock's Half Dime series for 5 cts. and one stamp for postage.

— Mrs. A. H. Colby will speak in Crosby's Music Hall, Sunday June 13th, morning and evening.

— Send for a copy of The Lyceum Song Bird.

— Persons receiving specimen copies of this paper, will please consider it an invitation to aid in extending its circulation.

— All mail matter for the LYCEUM BANNER, must be addressed 137½ Madison St., Room 84. Exchanges take notice.

— To secure the Lyceum Song Bird for premiums, subscriptions *must be paid in Advance.*

— Will all persons and Lyceums indebted to the LYCEUM BANNER, pay as soon as possible? Remember if it is hard to raise a few dollars in a Lyceum, it is much more difficult for one woman to pay a much larger amount without even asking printers, binders and paper dealers for more time.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, lectured in Burlington, Colorado June 6th.

— A few packages of No. 19 were overtaken somewhere in a storm, soaked thoroughly and returned to this office minus the wrappers. As soon as we learn to whom they belong, they shall be forwarded.

NEW BOOKS.

POEMS—By J. William Van Namee. A book of 96 pages.

Many of the poems are written, as the author states, "at the dictation of friends in the Summer Land." Address J. William Van Namee, Kalamazoo, Mich.

ROSE AND LILY—The Twin Sisters, and their testimony to the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy.

By L. E. Waterman. Published by Wm. White & Co., 158 Washington St. Price, 15c. Postage, 2c. Photographs of the Spirit Picture of Lily, of Rose and of the father and mother. Price, 25c. each, postage, 3c.; or the five sent together for \$1.00 and three 3 cents stamps.

Address, Mrs. S. A. R. Waterman, Box 4,193, Boston.

PREMIUMS.

For \$1.00 we will give one copy Lyceum Banner one year and either of Mrs. Greene's Cottage Stories.

For \$4.50, five copies, and A Child's Drama; or, Lyceum Song Bird.

For \$9.00, ten copies, and Emerson's Self Binder, Lyceum Banner size, 60c.; or two copies Song Bird.

Clubs of ten or more will receive one copy of the Lyceum Song Bird for every five subscribers, the usual discount of ten per cent. being allowed.

— What joint of meat is most appropriate for an empty larder? A fillet. (Fill it.)

— We like a black eye; we like a blue one. We don't like a black and blue one.

— A cotemporary thinks that the public singer that "draws" best is the musquito.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

My Father's Two Dogs.

BY MRS. EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

DEAR CHILDREN: I am going to tell you a true story; for, being truthful yourselves, I know that you love to have the truth given you in small things as well as great. My father, now nearly seventy years of age, lives in the country on his pretty little farm. His only companion is my mother, who has walked with him along the rugged pathway of life for upwards of forty years. Nine little ones came to them at different points of their journey. One of these never saw the light of our sun; five did not stay long enough to learn to utter a word of our language; and only three lingered to take the sweet and bitter fruits of this material existence. Of these three the eldest and the youngest passed away nearly together to the unseen shores, some years ago. The first fell a victim to consumption; the last threw himself with boyish ardor into the great struggle betwixt right and wrong, known as the Rebellion, and became one of the martyrs of freedom.

A short time before he enlisted in the 1st Ohio regiment, he purchased a young dog, of the Newfoundland species, whose puppyish gambols used to delight him exceedingly. Dear Fred! After

he had left home he made many inquiries in reference to his dog; and the last words in the last letter mother received from him were, "Take care of Neptune for me."

Well, Neptune soon grew to be a monstrous great fellow, and very handsome. His color is black and white, and his hair curls all over his body so nicely. His tail is a mammoth plume, which sweeps the ground when he walks. He has become a respected member of the family, and is valued not only for his late master's sake, but his own, also. For Neptune is very useful. He not only guards the homestead, but he fetches the cows, keeps the cats and chickens in order, and, by the aid of a machine made expressly for him, churns the butter and saws all the firewood. How many little boys are there in the world—and big boys, too, for that matter—who are not half so serviceable!

After a time father brought Neptune a companion and plaything, in the shape of a little white poodle named Lionne. The contrast between the two is truly laughable, not only in appearance, but disposition. Neptune is slow, calm, and dignified, while little Miss Lionne is quick, nervous, and passionate; but however, they usually get along very well together. Sometimes, when Lionne becomes unbearably insulting, Neptune will seize her by the nape of the neck, as he does the cats, and, after carrying her around awhile, lay her down gently, and gaze at her with a comical expression, as much as to say, "There, you see what I could do if I saw fit to exert my power. Now, you little impotence, behave yourself!"

It must be confessed that Lionne is more accomplished than useful. She knows how to recline gracefully on the sofa, and she can dance quite well when father whistles tunes to her. She can also shake hands, but has not yet learned to do that stylishly; for she gives you her whole hand, instead of the tips of her fingers.

She sings, too, either in solos, or duets with Neptune. Father, in his leisure hours, often amuses himself with playing the harp. He may play tune after tune, as long and as loud as he pleases, and the dogs appear to take no notice whatever; but let him begin playing what he calls Neptune's tune, which is done simply by drawing his finger rapidly from the highest to the lowest string on the instrument, and both dogs are on their feet in an instant, ready to join in the music. A few short, sharp barks are given as prelude, and then their voices rise and fall in

the most ludicrous discord imaginable. Only think of it, children! Lionne's sharp, ear-piercing treble mingling with Neptune's heavy bass, and the combined sound of all the harp-strings struck in rapid succession!

Nearly two years ago I made a visit theré with my nephew, Frank, then in his sixth year. Frank had never heard the dogs sing, and so one day he teased his grandpa to make them sing. They were all down in the woods at the time, and father, not wishing to leave the work he was then engaged in, told Frank to call the dogs up home with him.

"Go into the shed that stands at the back of the house," said he, "and you will see some sleigh-bells hanging up in one corner. Coax the dogs in there, and shake the sleigh-bells, and they will probably sing for you alone, my boy."

My mother and I were chatting together in the house, when we suddenly heard a jingle of bells followed by some dirge-like howls, and then a piteous voice calling,

"Grandma! grandma!"

Grandma hastened to the shed from whence the sounds issued, and there beheld little Frank, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, shrunk up into the smallest possible space in a corner, while Neptune stood before him, with mouth up in air, sending forth his most powerful and expressive strains. The terrified prisoner was at once released; and then, wiping the tears from his eyes, he said,

"Oh, grandma! I didn't expect to hear that kind of singing. I thought Neptune would sing like other folks."

My dear little nephew did not take upon himself the responsibility of making Neptune sing again during our stay.

My young friends, all of you who have dogs, or cats, or animals of any description under your care, I pray you to treat them kindly; for, believe me, although they may not be able to *reason* so deeply as you, they can *feel* as keenly. Poor, dumb creatures! They have no language to plead their cause; then let your good hearts plead for them, children! Let your tender feelings prompt you to protect them from cruelty!

Cleveland, Ohio.

A RIDDLE.—A carpenter being asked for a riddle, propounded the following, "I picked it up; I couldn't find it; I put it down, and went along with it." No one could guess it. It was a splinter of wood in his foot.

NEWSBOYS AND BOOTBLACKS.

The fraternity number, in the city of Chicago, about five hundred. As the boys leave the ranks, by reason of growing too old, or in going from this to other cities—their places are supplied by others who are allowed to enter the profession. We say *allowed*, for it is not generally known that there exists among the newsboys and bootblacks an association as firmly bound together as any Trades Union or Protective Society in existence; and they are exceedingly jealous of their rights. They have systematized their labor, and there is a strongly marked professional pride among them. The city is divided into districts, and almost every district is a complete organization of itself, under the leadership of some one who takes the place by virtue of physical or mental superiority. Should any new boy infringe upon the territory of an old one, it is the signal for immediate hostilities, and the intruder, generally, is glad to decamp; and should the boy upon whose station he has posted himself be unable to master him, those in his district at once join and give him a sound "punching." The novice is destined to pass through an ordeal that would discourage most boys before he secures a complete initiation to the membership of the craft, and it is only completed when he "pays his footing," or stands treat around.

While the boys are of the most belligerent nature, and glory in a fight, they have a high sense of honor among themselves, and rarely infringe on the rights of one another; but they visit the violation of any established rule with summary vengeance. Should one of their number be found working under the rate, he is at once pounded upon and furnished with a first class thrashing, as a punishment to himself and a warning to others. Another peculiarity is their antipathy to the colored race, and woe to any negro boy who enters the business of bootblacking and paper selling. But as in all rules there are exceptions, so is there to this, for they have allowed one African to enter the ranks, but not until after decisive steps had been taken by the Superintendent of the Newsboys and Bootblack's Home who introduced him to that institution. At first there was a decided opposition, which at one time seemed likely to culminate in an open outbreak. But the Superintendent informed the refractory urchins that he must come in, and he did. On the boys listening to the recital of his experiences in the South they became interested in him and at once took him into the ring. But there was war when he undertook his work on the streets; for

the "outsiders" at once attacked him. The Home boys rallied to the rescue, and after a fight at the Tremont House, the latter were victorious, and the contraband dispenses shines and news undisturbed.

The boys are, in their mode of living, thorough Bohemians. A small portion of their number lodge in the Home, some live with their parents, while many are content to take for a night's lodging the first dry goods box or out of the way place they can find. They live cheaply—that is, they buy pies, cakes or bread at cheap restaurants, but their surplus earnings are generally expended in cigars, tobacco, and in many cases liquors. They are extremely fond of theatrical amusements, and never allow their presence to go unnoticed, as, from their entrance to their departure they keep in a constant turmoil, whistling, cat-calling and stamping. Many an actor owes an *encore* to these boys; and, generally they are clever critics. The boys are remarkably shrewd, and occasionally play upon countrymen the following trick: When a verdant man engages a bootblack, the boy winks at his partner, who watches him until one boot is finished, when he slings his box around and shouts, "Black ye'r boots; only twenty-five cents!" This naturally impels the man to inquire if that is not a large price, when he is informed of the fact that boys have to pay a license now, and can't afford it; and rather than appear mean, he pays the price, while the scamps dodge around the corner and divide the amount over the regular charge—ten cents.

They are also great speculators, in the news line. Whenever any great event is to transpire they save their money, calculate on the extra number of papers to take out, and discuss the "market" some time before. In politics they are mostly Democratic, and their discussions are often vastly amusing.

There has been for some time organized in this city a Newsboys and Bootblacks' Home. The building, originally the Trinity Church Mission, is situated on Quincy, between Wells and Franklin streets, and is under the supervision of Mr. W. B. Sherrard. The boys are given their board, lodging, and washing for twenty five cents per day—this nominal charge being assessed only to instill a principle of independence into their minds. There are but thirty five to forty "boarders" daily. The managers have bought the lot on which the Home stands, but owe a considerable amount for it yet, which they hope to be able, through contributions of the benevolent, to pay.

Mr. Sherrard furnishes the supplies by personal solicitations from the citizens. It is but justice to him to say that he is indefatigable in his labors for the good of his almost friendless charges. The boys have, each evening, the benefit of a school, where they are carefully taught. The enterprise should be encouraged and pecuniarily assisted, as it will save many of the youths from lives of crime to which their street education naturally tends.—*Chicago Post.*

For the Lyceum Banner.

APPLAUDING.

It is customary in many Lyceums to cheer members who are particularly successful in declamations. This of course is pleasing to those who are cheered, but it is not to those who are not. The expression of applause by clapping of hands and stamping of feet is far from refined under any circumstances, but in the Lyceum it is particularly objectionable. The Lyceum does not hold its sessions for the purpose of exhibition, but for the pleasure and improvement of its members. They all declaim, or write or sing and do as well as they can. One may have more self-confidence than another and execute his part better; or nature may have endowed one with an organization superior to another. It is not the part of the spiritual philosophy to applaud the possessor of the ten talents, and pass the one with five or three or one in silence. It takes the hand of the owner of a single talent, just as warmly as the owner of ten.

I well remember when a stammering child the pain I felt on leaving the stage in silence, after my companion had been loudly applauded.

It is wholly wrong. It flatters the vanity of one, and deeply pains another. The order of the Lyceum is seriously impaired by the rude spirit habitual cheering provokes.
H. TUTTLE.

NEW BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

"Seers of the ages," by J. M. Peebles. Price \$1.75. Postage, 32c.

"Tale of a Physician," by A. J. Davis. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 16c.

"Planchette; or, The Despair of Science." Cloth, \$1.25. Paper, \$1.00.

"Lyceum Song Bird." Price, 25c.

"Tableaux," a convenient book of reference, describing positions, characters and costumes. Price, 25c. Postage, 2c.

— How much does a fool weigh generally? A simple ton.

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

For the Lyceum Banner

MOTHER'S KISSES.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma is full of kisses,
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair,
She covered me over with kisses,
The day I fell from the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mama's kisses
To her own little baby boy.

THE ROBINS HAVE COME BACK AGAIN.

There's a call upon the housetop, an answer from the plain,
There's a warble in the sunshine, a twitter in the rain,
And through my heart, at sound of these,
There comes a nameless thrill,
As sweet as odor to the rose,
Or verdure to the hill;
And all these joyous mornings
My heart pours forth this strain:
"God bless the dear old robins,
Who have come back again."

For they bring a thought of summer, of dreamy, luscious days,
Of kingcups in the meadow, making a golden haze.

A longing for the clover blooms.
For roses all aglow,
For fragrant blossoms, where the bees
With droning murmers go;
I dream of all the beauties
Of summer's golden reign,
And sing, "God keep the robins,
Who have come back again."

—The greatest tyrant is ignorance.

—The first right is liberty; the first duty culture; the only good, progress.

—There are some men whose enemies are to be pitied much, and their *friends* more.

—Silent gratitude was well exemplified by the little boy who, when asked whether he thanked the lady for the stick of candy she had given him, replied, "Yes, but I didn't tell her so."

—A sweetness of soul and a fixedness of purpose are the two great essentials to success in life.

—Yield not to misfortunes, but on the contrary, resist them with increasing firmness.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

Nothing is Lost.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's gentle shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

The little drift of common dust,
By passing winds disturbed and tossed,
Though scattered by the fitful gust,
Is changed but never lost;
It yet may bear some sturdy stem,
Some proud oak battling with the blast,
Or crown with emerald diadem,
Some ruin of the past.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
The breathings of the mournful flute,
Which we have heard with listening heart,
Are not extinct when mute;
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.

So with our words, if harsh, or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot,
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not;
As they are spoken, so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to,
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
Or soothe like honey dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will,
To make them rife with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay;
Oh, that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless always!

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—I am not going to wait to see if my other letter is printed. I don't think it will be, for I don't know how to fix a letter up with big words, and I don't like such ones either.

Here is a puzzle, written in "mountain latin." That is what Bessie and I call it, and we talk it together a great deal. If any of the little girls and boys can find it out, I will try and make a better one. We don't have as much fun up here as they do in the city, so we invent our own amusements.

TO THE LYCEUM BANNER.

It hinkit agre att reat togety out or eadon lly oud ono tce
me hal fas ten ten a siwis hy oudt dnl cest or tes a rebett ert
hanf in edres ses an duple as an tcha twit hyo nls morea gre
abet hang os slip wit hne igh bors.

DELL DOVER.

—What is worse than raining cats and dogs?
Hailing cabs and omnibusses.



RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 2, 7, 8, we all like to do.

My 10, 9, 12, 13, 14, we all enjoy at present.

My 6, 11, is a pronoun.

My 2, 7, 5, 9, we all like.

My 1, 7, 13, 11, is worn by ladies.

My 6, 4, 3, is a small house.

My 8, 12, 3, is used by tanners.

My whole is a worthy wish of one of our greatest men.

R. J. PLACE.

My 7, 3, 2, is a lady's name.

My 9, 5, 9, 1, is a mythological god.

My 4, 8, 9, 6, is an island.

My whole is the name of a palace.

C. G. DYOTT.

WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in truth, but not in love.

My second is in earth, but not in above.

My third is in angels, but not in man.

My fourth you'll always find in lamb.

My fifth is in young, but not in old.

My sixth is in crowns, but not in gold.

My seventh is in doves, but not in birds.

My eighth is in all unspoken words.

My ninth is in music, but not in notes.

My tenth is not in ships but boats.

My eleventh is not in good but grand.

My twelfth is in the summerland.

My thirteenth is in heaven, but not in truth.

My fourteenth is in age, but not in youth.

My fifteenth is in purity, but not in defiled.

My whole should be owned by every child.

MARA.

— Mrs. Partington thinks the pillars of liberty are stuffed with the feathers of the American Eagle.

— Carpets are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

TAKING DOWN A PEDDLER.

A pompous, well-dressed individual entered a bank in Boston, and, addressing the teller, inquired :

"Is the cashier in?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well; I will wait."

The pen-peddler took a chair and sat composedly for a full hour waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but after twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and seeing no prospect for a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon he would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, you may stay if you wish," said the teller, very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the day time, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

— There's no harm in a glass of whisky—if you let it remain in the glass.

— We may always joke when we please, if we are always careful to please when we joke.

— There are fools who persist in being quite miserable because they cannot be quite happy.

— "Biddy, did you put an egg in the coffee?"
"Yes, mam, I put in four; they were so bad I had to use the more of them."

— If we lack the sagacity to discriminate nicely between our acquaintances and our friends, misfortune will readily do it for us.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Spiritual and Reform Books.

We keep constantly for sale all kinds of Spiritualistic and Reform Books at publishers' prices, at 137 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

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

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

Progressive Lyceum Register.

Appleton, Wis.—Meets at Bank Hall. Dr. A. B. Randall, Conductor.

Belle Creek, Mich.—Meets at 12 o'clock, in Wakeless Hall. George Chase, Conductor; Mrs. L. E. 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. 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; Erance McMahon, Guardian.

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

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Meets every Sunday at 10¼ A. M., at Lawyer's Hall, corner of Fulton Avenue and Jay St. Abram G. Kipps, Conductor; Mrs. R. M. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Meets in Lyceum Hall, corner Court and Perl Street, every Sunday at 2¼ 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. vly, 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 Fawcroft, Me.—Meets every Sunday morning, at 10½ o'clock, at Merrick Hall, Dover. E. B. Averill, Conductor; Mrs. K. Thompson, Guardian.

Keonaville 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.

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

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

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Meets every Sunday in Empire Hall at 12 A. M. A. B. Swan, Conductor; Mrs. E. W. Barnes, Guardian.

Hamburg, Conn.—John Sterling, Conductor; Mrs. A. B. Anderson, 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 J'yece, Conductor; Mrs. H. O. Loperl Guardian.

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

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

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, Ohio.—Sessions 10¼ 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 Singer's Hall, 900 Main street, at 2 P. M. C. A. Wright, Conductor; Mrs. Carle 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.

Onwego, N. Y.—J. L. Pool, Conductor Mrs. Doolittle Guardian.

Osborne's Prairie, Ind.—Meets every Sunday morning at Progressive Friends' meeting house. Rev. Simon Brown, Conductor; S. A. Crane, Guardian.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lyceum No. 1. M. E. Dyott, Conductor; Arabella Ballenger, Guardian.

Lyceum No. 2—Meetings held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at Thompson Street Church, below Front street. Mr. Languin, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

Painesville, Ohio.—Meets at 10¼ A. M. in Child's Hall. A. G. Smith, Conductor; Mary E. Dewey, Guardian.

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

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

Providence, R. I.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Pratt's Hall, Wayboss't street.

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

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

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

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

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

Springfield, Mass.—Organized Nov. 18, 1866. Jas. G. Albe, 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 P. M. at Mercantile Hall. Myron Colony, Conductor; 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. C. E. Kelle, Conductor; Ella Knight, Guardian.

Troy, N. Y.—Organized May 6, 1866. Meets in Harmony Hall every Sunday at 8:00 P. M. B. Starbuck, Conductor Miss Libbie McCoy, Guardian.

Torre Haute, Ind.—Meets in Pence's Hall. T. A. Madison, Conductor; Mrs. D. R. Gould, Guardian.

Vineand N. J.—Dr. David Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Julia Brigham, Guardian; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. L. K. Cooley.

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

Willimantic, Conn.—Meets at 10¼ 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 12¼ o'clock. G. B. Davis, Conductor; Mary B. Hosmer, Guardian.