

The Lyceum Banner.

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Chicago, August 15, 1869.

No. 24.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MOSIE OAKWOOD;
OR,
LOST AND FOUND.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

CHAPTER V—*continued.*

AUNTIE," exclaimed Mosie, running into the house all out of breath, and throwing herself on the sofa, "I've been to see Grandma Wilder. She lives in the cunningest little house I ever saw. I don't wonder you called her qucer. She was half bent, had on a brown woolen dress, all pinned up round the waist, great coarse shoes, and a real fancy cap.

She was out in the yard feeding a flock of hens of all kinds and colors."

"And did you speak to her?" asked Mrs. Bloomfield."

"Yes. She told me she was 'nigh on to seventy,' and lived there all alone. I asked her if she did not get lonesome, and she looked up from under her great cap with such a curious expression, and said, 'Why, no, child; my hens and birds, cat and crow, are all the company I want.' Under the eaves was a long row of swallows' nests, and some more building in the chimney; and when I spoke to her about them, she said the swallows were not afraid of her as people were, and so she let them stay, and she should not build a fire all summer, for fear of driving them away."

"You have succeeded well in your first attempt to interest her. I have never heard of her saying so much to any one since she came here."

"She did not take her eyes off of me all the time I was there, and when I came away, she took hold of my hand, begged me to come again, and then she turned round and muttered something to herself about eyes like my Laura's. She might have been handsome once, but she looks ugly enough now. What do you suppose makes her live there all alone? Has she no friends?"

"No relations, may-be, but many friends. She is kind to every thing about her. Everybody respects her, and all the dumb creatures in the woods love her. She does not admit everybody to her house; but she has her favorites, and for some reason I happen to be one. So when she is willing to see us, I will go with you and spend an hour in her museum of a house."

"It is not strange that you are her favorite. I guess the old lady isn't so crazy after all," said Darling, laughing.

"I appreciate your good opinion of me, and will try and deserve it, but I was speaking of her

house. The walls are hung with all kinds of fancy articles she has made. Some of them show great skill in their manufacture. There are likenesses of several persons drawn by herself, hung in fancy frames of her own work. Then there is one other picture that she always keeps veiled. No one ever sees it. She says it is the shrine at which she worships."

"What *can* it be?"

"That is impossible to tell, she conceals it so carefully. There are various opinions about it; some say it is a picture of the Blessed Virgin, and others that it is a likeness of her lover, who died many years ago; but no one knows."

"O, I'd give *anything* just to get one peep under that screen. May be I will sometime. But how does she spend her time?"

"She spins and weaves for the people in town; then there is her cow and hens, her cat and dog, that require some care. The wild animals are not afraid of her. There is not a creature in the woods that does not seem to know her step and the sound of her voice. She tames rabbits, squirrels, and all kinds of birds. She does not keep them in cages, but allows them the liberty of the woods. Her garden is filled with all kinds of flowers, fruits and vegetables. Not a weed is allowed to grow to retard the growth of the plants."

"Well, aunty, I don't think it is so very bad to be old and live alone after all; anybody would be happy with so many nice things around them."

"By shutting herself out from all the world, she does not do the good to others that she might otherwise do. But it is at least an innocent way of spending one's life, if not a useful way. She has no word of censure for any one, however bad they may seem. There is no evil in the world she lives in. The law of compensation is to her a reality. She believes that every act of kindness, whether done to persons or animals, is rewarded, and that all vegetation, by the care bestowed upon it, blesses one in a silent way."

* * * * *

Months and years glided swiftly by, and found Mosie always usefully employed. She was unselfish, and never so happy as when doing good to others, and as true to nature as the wild flowers of the fields. One who had known her while in farmer Lyon's family, would not recognize, in the laughing, romping beauty of seventeen, the pale, sad child of ten, who went out in the darkness in search of a home. Mosie never would hear any person spoken evil of without a gentle rebuke. She thought it very wrong to judge any one by

outward appearance, for we cannot know the thousand little trials they may have to endure, and that the one we condemn most strongly may be trying more earnestly to be good and true than the one upon whom we bestow our praise. The only little wickedness she ever delighted to indulge in was in hating yellow-headed Tom, as she declared when a child that she always would.

In vain were Mrs. Bloomfield's entreaties in Tom's behalf. All explanations as to the cause of his mischievous ways had not the weight of a feather with Mosie.

"I know, aunty, I am unjust to Tom; he could not help being what his parents and his low surroundings made him; neither can I help my feelings toward the whole Lyon family. They planted the feeling of hate in my heart, and whose fault was it that it took root?"

This unfortunate boy, the victim of circumstances like herself, was too often the subject of her jokes. "I wonder if his head is as yellow as it used to be, and if mamma Lyon insists on all the little gipsies kissing him now." And Mosie may be pardoned, while making this remark, for casting an admiring glance in the mirror toward a beautiful face and figure very unlike a gipsy. She was indulging in a hearty laugh over her willful babyhood, when the door-bell rang furiously, and Mrs. Bloomfield was summoned to the parlor. It was not long before a message came for Mosie. Dr. Lyon had just arrived from Wheatland, and would be very happy to see his step-sister. He always liked Mosie, so he said. A deuced smart girl she was too. Mosie needn't feel at all bashful because he had arrived to the honors of an M.D.; he didn't feel anyway above nobody any more than when he worked on the farm.

When Mosie received this assurance, she did not know whether to laugh or cry. Her first impulse was not to go to him, and she was about yielding to it, when she heard a well-known voice say, "Never neglect an opportunity to do good, my daughter." It was the voice of her sainted mother, and she obeyed it; and with renewed strength she met face to face Tom Lyon, the hated companion of her baby life.

Tom looked upon this vision of loveliness in amazement. The transformation of the puny, sickly-looking child his memory cherished, to this stately young lady, was to him a miracle. And she could hardly detect in the tall, cadaverous looking student, the chubby farm boy who stole her kitten, and then told a story about it.

After a moment's mutual surprise, she stepped forward and greeted him with a slight degree of cordiality that was quite flattering to his vanity.

"How is mamma Lyon?" asked Mosie.

"My mother died just before I graduated. If she had only lived until I received my diploma she might have been a well woman to-day. Since entering upon my professional duties, I have made a specialty of nervous diseases, and have come to the conclusion that when a female enjoys uninterrupted health, her nervous system is in good condition."

Mosie found it difficult to keep from smiling at this remarkable conclusion of the young physician, although the death of her adopted mother gave her a feeling of sadness.

"Uncle Tony is well and happy, I hope?"

"O, Tony he got old and lame, so he wasn't of much use on the farm, and so father just let him go."

"Dear Uncle Tony! Where is he? Is he well taken care of?"

"Yes; they do pretty well by them on the 'farm.' They have enough to eat, and that is sufficient for people who have passed their usefulness" and Dr. Lyon gave his hands an extra rub of satisfaction, looked owlish, and waited Mosie's next question.

"How can you say that? It is *not* enough that he has food and clothing and shelter. He has served others all his life, has been as faithful to your father's interest as his own sons have been, and now, because he is no longer useful, he finds himself in the county-house, to live and die neglected;" and here Mosie's fortitude quite forsook her, and she burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Don't take on so, Mosie. It was before I received my diploma that his disease got the better of him. If his rheumatiz had held off a few months longer, I could have cured him without doubt. O, I'm death on rheumatiz."

Tom lingered for several days around Dunleith, without the courage to mention the object of his visit. At last, a spasm of bravery came over him, and he told Mosie that he had just heard where she was and had come to Dunleith expressly to take her back to Wheatland. Since the death of his mother, which occurred in the busiest season, before half the crops were gathered, things had been at loose ends in the house, and he thought it would make a good home for Mosie, who might be very glad to accept it, as it isn't every day that girls without any parents in particular, have such an opportunity offered them.

It is needless to say that Mosie rejected his proposal with contempt. The allusion to her parentage roused her indignation, and she offered no thanks for his pretended kindness.

One thing she firmly resolved to do—to make a home for uncle Tony. How she was to do it was far from being clear to her mind, but she felt that it was to be, and that the way would be pointed out to her in due time.

(To be continued.)

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

A NOBLE RESOLUTION.

I HAVE a friend with whom I spend many hours in the interchange of thoughts on all the reformatory movements of the age. One day he related to me some of his life-experience.

At the age of fourteen and fifteen he was very cross and petulant, and would fly into a passion and say all manner of hard things if his brothers and sisters spoke to him in a way that did not exactly suit him. One summer day he was walking alone in the fields, and the beautiful scenes presented to his view filled his mind with pleasant thoughts and a sense of his duties to himself and his associates. After carefully reviewing his past life, he said to himself: "I am acting very wrong in treating my brothers and sisters so unkindly. I am not doing as I like to be done by. Henceforth I will not speak an unkind or cross word to my brothers, sisters or playmates."

Since he formed this noble resolution twenty years have come and gone, but he has faithfully kept his promise. Now he is a noble and true man, kind and forbearing, always speaking pleasantly to his associates.

I hope none of the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER ever lose their temper. Always speak kindly to your brothers, sisters and playmates, and never treat any person rudely. Do all in your power to make others happy, and the angels will fill your hearts with peace and joy, and you will be happy both in this life and that which is "beyond the river." Always do to others as you would like to have them do by you. Never speak a word to any person that you are not willing to have spoken to you. Remember that you have no right to make yourselves happy by making others unhappy. Let love rule all your words and actions in life. GEO. WM. WILSON.

—He who never changes any of his opinions, never corrects any of his mistakes.

BABY PAUL.

Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Driving the sleep from my eyelids,
Pulling the quilts away.
Pinching my cheeks and my forehead,
With his white fingers small,
This is my bright-eyed darling,
This is my Baby Paul.

Down on the floor in the parlor,
Creeping with laugh and shout,
Or, out in the kitchen and pantry,
Tossing the things about ;
Rattling the pans and the kettles,
Scratching the table and wall,
This is my roguish darling,
This is my Baby Paul.

Riding on papa's shoulder,
Trotting on grandpa's knee,
Pulling his hair and whiskers,
Laughing in wildest glee ;
Reaching for grandma's knitting,
Snatching her thimble and ball,
This is our household idol,
This is our Baby Paul.

Playing bo-peep with his brother,
Kissing the little girls,
Romping with aunt and uncles,
Clutching his sister's curls ;
Teasing old puss from his slumbers,
Puttering o'er porch and hall,
This is our bonny wee darling,
This is my Baby Paul.

Nestling up close to my bosom,
Laying his cheek to mine,
Covering my mouth with his kisses,
Sweeter than golden wine ;
Flinging his white arms about me,
Soft as the snow-flakes fall,
This is my cherished darling,
This is my Baby Paul.

Fair is his face as the lilies,
Black are his eyes as the crows',
Sweet is his voice as the robin's,
Red are his lips as the rose ;
Bright is his smile as the sunbeams,
Beaming whene'r I call,
This is my beautiful darling,
This is my Baby Paul.

Dearer, a thousand times dearer,
The wealth in my darling I hold,
Than all this earth's glittering treasure,
Its glory, and honors, and gold ;
If these at my feet were now lying,
I'd gladly renounce them all,
For the sake of my bright-eyed darling,
My dear little Baby Paul.

—Matchless misery is defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

For the Lyceum Banner.

THE MERITS OF THE LYCEUM

BY JOSEPH SINGER.

YOU all well know that everybody boasts of that which belongs to *himself*, considering it superior to things belonging to others ; and in public institutions, particularly, this feeling is manifest ; and none is fitted so well to judge of the merits or failings of a thing than he or she who has no interest in any, (beyond the true cooperation to advance the cause of progression,) and stands by, an impartial observer.

Let a Quaker enter a Lyceum and he will be horrified at the display of music and beautiful colors there exhibited. Let an orthodox minister enter its doors, and his sacred fury will know no bounds at the desecration his Sabbath is subjected to, by introducing marching on that day.

And so on. All who have preconceived ideas and prejudices, will not fail to discover hardly else than wickedness therein.

But let the man who is not tied to any folly so tightly that a new beauty or truth will fail to enter his head, behold the plan that underlies the Lyceum features, and he cannot but realize the fact that it is a nearer approach to a true school for the young than any so far seen.

The education of the childish mind should be based upon this principle,—that we should strive to surround it by every good example, and to instil in it a foretaste of every experience they will necessarily pass through in life.

Now, music is the sunlight of man's nature ; not gloomy psalms, but heart-enlivening and cheering strains. In our Lyceums we have the freest scope for our musical abilities.

Our bodies must also be pleased, and for that purpose we have the pleasant march, and wing movements that serve more than a mere pleasure.

The targets are the emblematical rallying point of the little and big folks, who congregate under them.

But every rose has its thorns, and the best of things will lack in some respect. Of these gains and losses I will speak in my next.

The oak tree's boughs once touched the grass ;
But every year they grew
A little further from the ground,
And nearer to the blue.
So live that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little further from the earth,
And nearer to the sky.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS

Ravenna, Ohio.

The Cleveland, Akron, Alliance and Ravenna Lyceums met at Ravenna, Ohio, July 30th, for a pic-nic. We left Cleveland at half past 8 o'clock a. m. Over one hundred men, women and children were packed in one car, which looked to be full when we started, but, at Euclid station, additions were made to our party. Arriving at Ravenna, we marched to the fair grounds, where everything was in readiness for the day's enjoyment. The Ravenna Brass Band volunteered their services for the day. An hour and a half was devoted to recitations, singing, reading and the wing movements by the children of the different Lyceums.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, State missionaries, were present, and at work as usual. I wish Heaven had made more such faithful workers for the benefit of the rising generation. Mrs. Thompson made a short and appropriate speech. Mr. Hayden favored us with singing. The remainder of the time was spent in dancing, games, getting acquainted, or as each one's fancy dictated. At six o'clock, the packing, which was now reduced to a science, commenced, and with good-byes and blessings on the heads of the good people of Ravenna for their hospitality, and our prettiest bows to the "clerk of the weather" for his good behavior, we were whirled into the dust and smoke of Cleveland at a rapid rate, rejoicing that our first union pic-nic was a grand success.

S E. NORRIS.

Alliance, Ohio.

I will give you a condensed history of our Lyceum. I came to this place from Cleveland, in April, 1868; made inquiries for Spiritualists; found some who claimed to be, but were exceedingly weak-kneed; understood they had a lecture semi-occasionally, but when and where still remained a mystery. I searched for some two months, and finally found some twelve or fourteen assembled in a shoemaker's shop, in a large building where was a small hall, and also Concert Hall, then the largest hall in town, except in the new (Disciples) college.

I urged the importance to the friends of forming a Society and Lyceum, but they shook their heads and doubted the possibility, especially a Lyceum. I told them when the shoe shop was too small to hold the Lyceum we would take the small hall, and when that was not large enough we would

take Concert Hall, and when its bounds were too limited, for us we would take the college; and, my dear sister, we are bound to have that college within a few years. "The angels told me so." After urging the matter for several weeks, I got them to consent to try and see how many we could get together, and on October 11 we held our first Lyceum. There were seven children present. Four were from my own family, and formerly members of the Cleveland Lyceum. Mrs. Bailey and myself were requested to lead in the exercises, and we went at the work with a will, and now we number (with the adult group and officers, about 150. Average attendance from 70 to 80. We have the most bitter opposition, more especially from the professed followers of the lowly Jesus. They advertise us nearly every Sunday, call us by the vile names they know so well how to use. We do not get angry at their abuse; we feel amused, and know that at no distant day the people will see who the false teacher and real unbelievers are.

A. BAILEY.

Chicago, Ill.

Present, Sunday, August 1st, 110 children, 38 officers and leaders, and 75 visitors. This number, though much smaller than usual, was considered good for one of the warmest days of the season. To the question, "What shall we do to derive the most profit from the Lyceum?" were given many appropriate answers, among which were the following:

By forgetting self and remembering others.

By opening our purse-strings and giving all we can.

Varying the programme each Sunday.

Let the officers put their heads together and their shoulders to the wheel.

By overlooking the faults of others.

SMALL PAPERS AND LARGE ONES.

True! the LYCEUM BANNER is not as large as the New York Ledger; that is, it won't do nearly as well to cut cloak and dress patterns out of, but it will do much better to read. It is only the best poems, the choicest stories, and the most delicate little witticisms that appear in small papers, while in most large ones column after column is put in for no other earthly use than to fill up. Examine almost any small paper, and the amount of real sensible reading matter will compare favorably with most of our large sheets. READER.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

If the people who live in the valleys of Colorado are going to Black Hawk, Central, Nevada or Georgetown, they speak of going to the mountains; if they are going to the Parks, they are going to cross the Range. I have been to the mountains, but not yet over the snowy range.

In going to the mountains from Boulder City there is no stage, no direct communication. I was in Boulder and must go to the mountains. My guides, the blessed Fates, made clear my way. Mr. Macky, the postmaster at Boulder, and Mrs. A. B. Dickerson, of Providence, R. I., and myself, started one fine morning for these mountain towns. Our way led us through the wildest and roughest roads in the territory. For miles and miles our road wound around hills, making loops and pot-hooks to save climbing mountains. On one side the hill would rise almost perpendicular, as high as we could see. On the other side some escaped mountain stream would come tumbling and dashing from the snowy range. In this narrow mountain pass the question would come, "If we should meet a team? What then?" But no team gave us trouble.

There is a wild and marvellous beauty on this crooked road. The wild flowers are now in their glory. Every foot of earth, every rock and ruin is arrayed in gorgeous hues. The cactus is very abundant; it is now in blossom. I wish I could give some idea of the many-hued flowers that creep out of rocky crevices, that bloom in rare beauty on the dirt roofs; roofs that spring up everywhere, as if they had a sweet message to all who

pass them by. Of the trees we saw I have but few commendatory words. There are no oaks, elms or maples. The cottonwood is the best, and about the only shade tree in the territory. There is a fine specimen of the silver spruce, and a great abundance of pine trees hereabout.

After a ride of thirty five miles through a winding ravine, we came into Black Hawk, the first place of any size since leaving Boulder. This mountain city is situated on either side of the mountain Black Hawk, Central and Nevada are three little cities of about three miles in length but so nearly connected that one may not know the ending of one or the commencement of the other. I should say the three cities were one long string of houses tucked into the banks or dumped down wherever there was a decent building lot. On the sixth day of June, 1859, Mr. John Gregory, of Georgia, found in Central the first good gold mine. Since then gold and silver have been found in most of the mountains. The thin mountain air was a severe trial to my lungs; in fact, I was about to stop breathing at one time. We went on, through Central to Nevada. We found a home-like welcome with Mrs. Littleton. Two days of lying by and we moved on with Mrs. Littleton and J. K. Jones to the Hot Springs, in Idaho, and found ourselves at home with Mr. and Mrs. Dority, a New England family.

Idaho is a ravine about one-half mile in width. In the middle of this little valley a noisy stream comes tumbling down from the mountain. On either side of this stream—between the water and the hills—there is a single street. The river winds and curves, so do the streets. What better can they do? There is no building or rock-making up the rugged mountain sides. Three mountains rise above the town, gray and grim, like accusing angels. But for their suggestive names, Chief, Squaw and Papoose—I might, perhaps, call them friendly looking mountains. Mrs. Dickerson joins me in making short excursions to the hills about our boarding-house. At an altitude of nine thousand feet above ocean level, one has little tact for going up hill. We manage to go high enough to gather the freshest and finest of mountain flowers. High above us we see the wild roses, harebells, larkspur and a great variety of flowers that are nameless here. In these mountain solitudes

"Nature kneels down, with her children, the flowers,
In the calm, holy silence of prayer."

The hot soda springs of Idaho have a charming influence over one's nerves. The great want, after coming out of the hot water, is sleep. It is

unfortunate that the bath-house and boarding-houses are not connected. Some one, with an eye to money and comfort, would do well to build a commodious bath and boarding-house. Board, at the only hotel, is \$20 per week, \$12 at private houses. This does not include baths. For them we pay \$1 for a single bath, \$6 for a dozen.

I do not complain of prices, remembering the enormous sums these boarding-house keepers pay for provisions. Eggs are low at 75 cents per doz.; butter has been \$1 per pound. I paid twenty-five (25) cents for a lemon about the size of a hickory nut. That was cheap; they have been fifty cents.

I am Georgetown bound, so, adieu. B.
IDAHO, C. T.

PARAGRAPHS.

— Our subscribers will notice that we have added to the premium list two photographs of the Chromo Oleograph, "Mamma is in Heaven." These really beautiful pictures deserve a place in everybody's parlor. Ask your friends to subscribe for the LYCEUM BANNER, and claim your premiums.

— He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

— Those of our subscribers who find Aug. 15 on their papers, will remember that with that number their subscriptions expire, and that we earnestly desire a renewal. Old subscribers are entitled to a premium.

— Wild flowers are the alphabet of angels—whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truth.

— Mrs. H. F. M. Brown may be addressed, "Care Kimball Brothers, San Francisco, Cal." till further notice.

— F. L. H. Willis, M. D., of New York, visited Chicago last week.

— Several Lyceums made arrangements with us to prepay postage. Will those Lyceums remember that the P. O. Department obstinately refuses to trust us for stamps! Please pay at once, and not wait for a more direct appeal.

— J. M. Peebles, editor of *The Universe*, sailed Saturday, July 31st, in the City of Brooklyn, of the Inman Steamship Line, for Liverpool.

— Ohio Lyceums can obtain the Song Bird of A. A. Wheelock, Ohio State missionary, No. 111 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

— The editor's letters from California will continue as interesting as her overland sketches have been. She will visit the Yosemite Valley and many other places of interest.

— Our new volume will be enlarged and improved.

The heights by great men gained and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Went toiling upward through the night.

— A. J. Fishback lectured for the Progressive Lyceum in Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, Sunday Aug. 1. He is one of our best speakers.

HOPE PUFFER.— This charming story will commence with the next volume.

NEW PREMIUM.

For \$100 we will give 100 copies of the LYCEUM BANNER, one year, and a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, price \$60. We offer this as a premium in preference to any other, because we consider it the best machine manufactured. Besides this Company make both the celebrated double lock elastic stitch and the shuttle or lock stitch giving parties the privilege of testing both without prejudice, and selecting as they think best for their interests.

GOT MAD TOO SOON.

WE HAVE, in our neighborhood, a German grocer, who is far better acquainted with lager beer than with the English language.

I was in his store this morning, and seeing a basket of fresh-looking eggs, I said:

"How do you sell eggs?"

"I don't sell dem tings. I keeps 'em for monish."

"I have the money," I replied, "and want some eggs;" at the same time going up to the basket.

The egg owner, about half-drunk, supposed that I had decided to carry off his eggs. Raising his voice to its loftiest pitch, he exclaimed:

"I tell you I keep dem tings for de monish. you go out dis store."

A boy standing by explained to the grocer, in German, that I did not design stealing eggs, but wished to buy them.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" the man of lager beer exclaimed, "dat woman got de monish! den I got mad too soon, oh, dear! I will not get mad too soon again if she will pay mine eggs."

I left the store thinking how often we do get mad too soon. B.

ABOUT SUNSHINE.

"I wish God had never permitted man to invent 'green blinds,'" said a gay and brilliant woman.

Why did she say it?

Because she saw, wherever she went over our fair and sunshiny land, that green blinds were closely shut upon our comfortable houses, secluding the sun's light, which we may be sure God sends down for some blessed purpose. That blessed purpose is to promote growth, to give strength, to impart color, to gild with beauty, to inspire good thoughts, and to insure light hearts and cheerful faces.

It is thoroughly well known that no valuable plant can grow well without being ripened by the direct rays of the sun; no plant can bear seed, no fruit can ripen without it. It is thoroughly well known that no valuable animal can grow and perfect itself unless it enjoys the direct rays of the life-giving sun. The pigs of a friend of mine, which were shut under his barn, and who had everything favorable except the sunlight, failed to grow well; they did not at all equal those which had the ordinary run in the open air. So it is, as we all know, with city-grown children; they are pale weaklings the world over.

The fish of the Mammoth Cave are white; their eyes are not opened, because they have never felt the glorious light; they are weak and imperfect—a kind of idiots, if fish are liable to that wretchedness.

Now, then, can man, can woman thrive if debarred this life-giving light? Can our lovely Americans afford to shut out this light from their houses, and grow idiotic in the dark? Are not green blinds a curse rather than a comfort? We appeal to our fine women, who wish to be strong, who love to be beautiful, who abhor "low spirits," to consider this matter.

Recent discoveries have shown that there is conveyed to animals, by the direct action of the sun's rays, a subtle current of iron. It does not exist in light, or but very slightly if at all, but it is a part of the sun's rays. Therefore, we must enjoy these rays if we would feel their full effect. This iron, it is which is supposed to give color to plants and animals, and to impart strength and beauty. With strength and beauty come health and good spirits, and despondency and fear are banished.

Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst

soporific is laudanum, and the very best, sunshine. Therefore, it is plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours in the day in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade.

Many women are martyrs and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength, and beauty, and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change all this, and so get color and roses in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak backs, and courage in our timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate—they may be blooming and strong, and the sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation. Will they not try it a year or two and oblige thousands of admirers?—*Hearth and Home.*

WARNER, N. H.

I clip the following from a New Hampshire paper:

"We, the undersigned, women of Warner, believing that if the elective franchise be exercised by women their moral influence will be diminished and the best interests of home and society be endangered, without any additional strength to the Government being secured, and preferring to continue under those conditions which have the sanction of usage, of law and of religion, do respectfully remonstrate against any amendment to the Constitution which shall grant the right of suffrage to them."

Signed by Mrs. Daniel Bean and 263 other women.

Now, children, would you like to know where a town can be found that contains 263 women who, not satisfied with being slaves themselves, wish to compel all other women to remain on a level with them? It is in Merrimac county, ten miles from the capital, and is situated on Warner river. It boasts of five little villages: N. village, Waterloo, New Guinea, Lower Village, and Davisville. All together would make a very small Western city. It has the honor of being the birthplace of our own F. M. Lebel. She, believing with Daniel Webster, that it was a good place to go away from, and that the reformation of the world depends entirely upon the education of our boys and girls, sought a more congenial home to work and write for the children. I bless old Warner for being her birthplace, and for that alone.

E. L. H.

—Mrs. Elvira Wheelock Ruggles is spending the summer at her home in Janesville, Wis.



For the Lyceum Banner.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

BY F. M. IEBELLE.

FRANK PAUL was the oldest of the family ; so he took upon himself the responsibility of suggesting any important project. His sisters loved him dearly, and always acquiesced in any thing he might say.

One day, early in June, he called the girls to him in his chamber, and told them to consider themselves a convention, and himself the presi-

dent. Of course the little girls said yes, and told him to go on. He commenced his speech in the following unique manner: "January, February, March, April, May,—five months that mother has been shut up in that dismal sick room. I can't stand it any longer, and I don't believe she can. I asked Miss Stebbins this morning if she couldn't come into the parlor next Wednesday—that's mother's birthday ; and, dear me, girls, you ought to see what a horrid face she put on ! If I hadn't got pretty well used to her, I should have run."

"What did she say," asked the sisters, in concert.

"O, the same old story. 'Little boys don't understand the care of the sick,' 'Mother would catch her death-a-cold,' 'The doctor wouldn't approve of her going out for a month at least,' and all such unreasonable objections. I don't think I am such a dreadful little boy; do you, girls? Fourteen in September, and old enough to begin to know something, at any rate."

"No, Frank," said Ellen, "You know a sight more than Huldah Stebbins, or Dr. Benjamin either, if he says mother can't come down into the parlor for a month."

"You are right, Nell," chimed in Etta, a curly-headed, wilful beauty. "It would drive me crazy to lay there five months, and stare at those great ugly blue dandelions and green poppies on the wall paper, eat gruel after Miss Stebbins had tasted of it out of the same spoon; take horrid bitter medicine, have a boiling hot fire, the curtains down, and every body round whispering loud enough to be heard all over the house."

In spite of the seriousness of the subject, they all laughed at Etta's wit.

"I'll tell you what it is, girls," continued tenderheart Frank, "I never put my skates on once last winter, without thinking of poor, sick mother, who couldn't get a breath of pure, fresh air, and I having so much fun and she so sick."

"Don't you remember," asked Fanny, "what a house full of company we had New Year's day, just before mother was taken sick? At dinner time I thought she looked pale, and who wonders? Guess how many times she reached across the table to pass things before she tasted a mouthful?"

One guessed eight, another eleven and another thirteen times. "I knew you couldn't guess. There were ten at the table, and I counted. She poured out and passed fifteen cups of coffee, two glasses of water; passed the butter twice, dished out the fruit,—ten plates,—passed pickles twice, bread four times, and ten plates of pudding, making in all forty-five times before she had a chance to eat a mouthful. And we thought father waited on the table too. By the time she was ready to eat, every thing was cold, some of the company were through, so she drank a little cold coffee, and left the table with the rest. It is always so too, and it makes me feel bad to think of it."

"O, Fanny, that is cruel," and Nelly began to cry.

"I know it is, and since she has been so sick, I have thought of a nice plan. After she is able to come to the table again, Frank shall dish out the sauce, you Nell shall pour the coffee, I will pass

every thing else, and Etta shall do the jumping up if any thing is needed."

"Capital," said Frank, "we never should have thought of that if mother hadn't been so sick. But I haven't told you what I set out to yet. This morning, when Dr. Benjamin was going out, I managed to speak to him when he got into his carriage. I asked him if mother wouldn't be able to go into the parlor Wednesday, if we would have it all warm, and would wrap her up well."

"What did he say?" impatiently asked the sisters."

"O, he put his glasses down over his eyes, looked at me under them, patted the top of my cap, and said, 'You are a noble boy.'"

Here Frank was obliged to stop and laugh, in which he was joined by the girls, who wanted to know if that was the end of it.

"O, no. He coughed a little, rubbed his hands together, and said if it wasn't cloudy, nor raw; and she didn't have any fever, and the medicine had a good effect, and the parlor wasn't too light and father thought it best, and Miss Stebbins didn't object, and one or two other little things, why he presumed that, perhaps, the change might do her good, if it didn't have any bad effect!"

Another half hour's talk developed other plans. "We will all go to the meadow to-morrow, the white tassel flower is in full bloom, and there are beautiful grasses. We will make bouquets of them, and put in rose buds, and they will look splendidly to mother, who hasn't seen any thing fresh so long."

Ellen said she would take thread, and string the flowers, and make letters of them, as she had seen Mrs. Adams do, and when her mother entered the parlor, the first thing that would meet her eye would be "Mother," of white tassel flowers, surrounded by evergreens, over the piano. She was sure it would make her real happy, and do her more good to know they thought of her than to take medicine.

Such good and loving children could not help being happy themselves, and of making others so.

For long months their patient mother's sweet voice had been hushed to them, and their little hearts longed once more to catch the sunshine of her smile, and live again in the atmosphere of her love.

Wednesday came bright and clear. Miss Stebbins, at first, strongly opposed the wishes of the children. "Things have come to a strange pass," sighed Huldah, "when doctors and experienced nurses don't know as much as children just entering their teens." Frank said slyly he thought so

too, and carried his point. The loving tenderness of her children, the change from the gloomy sick room to one of light, and ornamented with sweet spring flowers, had a wonderful effect on Mrs. Paul. In a few weeks the children had the great pleasure of seeing their mother at the table, and of carrying out their well-laid plans. "Out of darkness cometh light," so out of a long winter of suffering came forth new life and joy in that united household. The lesson learned and resolutions formed, proved the greatest source of happiness to mother and children.

AUNT SARAH'S BABY'S COPPER.

UNCLE TOM was rich and odd, and lived on a great farm on a high hill, and all his brothers, and sisters, and nephews thought he was made of money.

So, when Uncle Tom came to see his first baby niece it was expected he would do something handsome.

But Uncle Tom was so odd one could never tell where to find him; and when he had looked at this lovely niece, and said she was about as pretty as a young puppy, and laughed his loud, jolly laugh, he just tossed her a *copper*; and that was all.

Mamma Sarah was so indignant she just threw it back without saying a word. But Uncle Tom was too good-natured to be ever offended, and he only laughed again; and, putting the copper in his pocket, went whistling off, to look at some cows somewhere.

He bought the cows and paid for them; and while he was putting up his money, a hen flew out of a barn window close by, cackling—a very odd hen, with a high crest, like a peacock's, and white feathers down her legs, as though she had been a Bloomer.

"That is a singular looking bird," said Uncle Tom.

"She is a great layer," replied the hen's owner.

"Got one of her eggs you will sell me?" asked Uncle Tom, taking out Aunt Sarah's baby's copper.

"I guess so. Here, Rad, you run up to the nest in the horse-barn chamber, behind the stalks. That is Pantalet's nest, and I guess by the sound you will find a new-laid egg there."

In a minute Rad ran back with the egg, warm and white; and Uncle Tom paid the copper, and taking it home, put it under a sitting hen, and in due time out popped a chicken. The chicken

grew to be a hen, and the hen proved as great a "layer" as her mother.

So many eggs Uncle Tom saved to pay him for his trouble and his corn, and sold the rest, or turned them into chickens for the benefit of Aunt Sarah's baby, who kept growing along to girl, and then womanhood, and was still as pretty as ever.

At last Uncle Tom sold some of the hens for a lamb. The lamb became a sheep, and the mother of many sheep, until the sheep were sold for a cow.

So year by year, while Aunt Sarah's baby grew older and prettier, her property grew larger and more valuable, until, on her wedding day, Uncle Tom took home to her in a line, like the procession going into the ark, first a flock of hens, then a drove of sheep, and, following after, a herd of cows—a handsome dowry, and only the rightful income from her first copper.

USE OF REMEMBERING.

"What's the use of remembering all this?" pettishly cried a boy, after his father, who had been giving him some instructions, had left the room.

"I'll tell you what, remembering is of great service sometimes," said his cousin. "Let me read this to you":—

"My dog Dash was once stolen from me," said Mr. Kid. "After being absent thirteen months he one day entered my office in town, with a long string tied around his neck. He had broken away from the fellow who held him prisoner. Our meeting was a joyful one. I found out the thief, had him apprehended, and took him before a magistrate. He swore the dog was his."

"Mr. Kid," said the lawyer, addressing me, "can you give any satisfactory proof of this dog being your property?"

Placing my mouth to the dog's ear—and whispering a little communication known only to us two, Dash immediately reared on his hind legs, and went through a series of manœuvres with a stick, guided meanwhile by my eye, which set the whole court in a roar. My evidence needed nothing stronger; the thief stood convicted; Dash was liberated, and among the cheers of the multitude we merrily bounded homeward."

That dog's remembering was of service to him; it was taken as evidence in a court, and it fairly got the case. Yes, he was set free and the thief convicted. Well, if following his master's instructions served a dog so well, how much more likely is it to be important for a boy to treasure up the instructions of his father. No knowing what straight's they may keep him out of.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

[Verses suggested by Prang's Chromo of Whittier's
"Barefoot Boy."]

There hangs on the wall before me,
Where the sunshine loves to dwell,
A picture, a sweet little picture,
That holds me in a spell,—
A boy with sun-browned features,
All dimpled in childish joy;
And I gaze, through the tears that blind me,
On this little "Barefoot Boy."

The eyes are full of brightness,
And the cheeks so rosily red,
That it hardly seems a picture,
But a living child instead,—
A child, with his brown hands hidden
In the pockets where lurks each toy
Which I know brought childish pleasure
To this little "Barefoot Boy."

And I think, while my tears are dropping
Like rain on my open book,
Of my little barefooted darling
That the summoning angels took;
And I sigh for the vanished brightness,
As I see each unused toy
That once belonged to my darling,
To my little "Barefoot Boy."

And I think of one sad June evening,
When the mournful robins sang,
And up from the gathering shadows
The cry of the whippoorwill rang;
And I think of the gloomy shadow
That fell on life's brightest joy,
When the angels came in the twilight
For my little "Barefoot Boy."

I see by some shadowless hearthstones
Glad children at merry play;
And I think of my life's broad shadow,
And I weep, and turn away;
And I look at my little picture,
And the face so bright with joy,
And think that a sinless angel
Is now my "Barefoot Boy."

S. V. STORM.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us:

"Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case."

"Ah," thought I to myself, "there is Joe Simons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and I immediately informed the master.

"Indeed," said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did; and were *your eyes on your book* when you saw him?"

I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again.

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we will have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were unanimously passed by the Illinois State Convention, held at Havana, Ill., June 25, 26 and 27:

Resolved, That the prosperity of this country depends upon the proper education, mental and physical, of the rising generation.

Resolved, That we believe the Children's Progressive Lyceum system, as conceived and taught by A. J. Davis, to be the best system of Sunday school instruction now extant, and that we recommend the organization and support of these Lyceums in every community.

Whereas, THE LYCEUM BANNER, published by Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, of Chicago, is the only juvenile paper now printed in the State of Illinois which is devoted to the Lyceum cause; therefore,

Resolved, That we recognize the LYCEUM BANNER as an excellent advocate of the cause, and heartily recommend it to the Spiritualists and Lyceums of Illinois.

HOW TO KILL A LYCEUM.

Get jealous and envious of every one who can do a certain piece of work better than you.

Attend the Lyceum when you have nothing else to do, and get there fifteen minutes late.

Adjourn during dog days and the winter months.

How to Sustain a Lyceum.

Plant yourselves firmly against any feeling of envy or jealousy.

Do not fear of making each other vain by manifesting your appreciation of work well done.

Avoid all backbiting as you would the plague.

Attend regularly and in season. Nothing creates more confusion than the lax discipline of temporary leaders.

Never adjourn for a single Sunday on account of hot weather or cold weather, thus acknowledging to the children that personal comfort is of more value than a well organized Lyceum.

LEADER.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 14, 15, 6, 18, is felt in summer.

My 8, 4, 12, 3, is a period of time.

My 1, 2, 7, is a month of the year.

My 9, 10, 11, 11, is seen in the cornfield.

My 19, 17, 18, gives us life.

My 16, 21, 22, all do.

My 24, 20, 23, is of the feminine gender.

My whole is a proverb.

PERCY.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 3, 4, 5, 2, 7, 9, 6, is a place of amusement.

My 1, 11, 12, is a fluid.

My 8, 2, 10, is an article of food.

My whole is a beautiful song.

ROSA.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 2, 4, 7, is an article of furniture.

My 3, 6, 9, 10, is a stubborn animal.

My 8, 1, 4, is a beverage.

My 9, 6, 5, 10, is a musical instrument.

My whole is a poetess.

H. J.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 16, 17, 21, 20, 4, 9, 12, 23, is a person devoted to luxury.

My 21, 9, 21, 19, 14, are the most conspicuous characters in the Bible.

My 13, 4, 1, 13, 6, is one of the nine Muses.

My 21, 4, 14, 1, 24, 12, is a part of the flying squirrel.

My 7, 18, 3, 4, 20, is the name of a heathen goddess.

My 15, 1, 10, 8, 9, 23, is a girl's nickname.

My 22, 9, 20, 4, is said to be a person of doubtful veracity.

My 24, 2, 6, 4, is a kind of weapon used by Napoleon.

My whole is a word of nineteen syllables.

COUSIN MAY.

ANSWERS IN NO. 23.

No. 1—Always speak the truth.

No. 2—True courage.

No. 3—The question settled.

Answered by Percy and Annie Casey.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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 Universe* for \$3.00; or the LYCEUM BANNER and *The Present Age*, one year, for \$2.50.

THE WORLD MOVES.

If any one doubts the progressive spirit of Chicago, let him go to the corner of Washington and La Salle streets, and look at the first and only respectable drinking place in the city. If such places were more common, drinking saloons would be less frequented.

TOBACCO—BY A SMALL BOY.—Tobacco grows something like cabbages, but I never saw none of it boiled, although I have eaten boiled cabbage and vinegar on it, and have heard men say that the cigars that was given to them on election day for nothing was cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns who stand at the doors and try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars which is made out of wood, also Hogs do not like tobacco; neither do I. I tried to smoke a cigar once, and it made me feel like epsom salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking, they thought he was a steamboat, and as they never saw a steamboat, they were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy who comes to see her. I guess she likes Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and he said he didn't know as she would like it; and she said "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable. But the next morning, when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said: "Get out of the house, you horrid creature; the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed.

THE LYCEUM SONG BIRD.

Our little songster is winning its way into hearts and homes where music is appreciated. The following, from a letter not intended for publication, is deserving a place in our columns:

"I am on receipt of a copy of the 'Lyceum Song Bird.' I throw up my cap and shout a welcome to the first *Lyceum Tune Book*, from Mrs. Lou H. Kimball. It should be filed away in the corner stone of some Temple of Progress, whose towers should reach the sky, and whose foundations should never crumble. I cannot make music, or read or understand it, but the trill of this little 'Song Bird' has touched a chord in my heart that vibrates to its music—that is in harmony with its heavenly echoes. It is a little prophecy of a great future; a little guide-board with the hand of a living angel upon it; an infant with outstretched hands, 'Lead on, thou fair child, to the kingdom of God.' H. B."



PREMIUM LIST.

A Premium for Every Subscriber!

The only means by which the circulation of any paper can be extended is by individual effort. Could we leave for a while the management of THE LYCEUM BANNER in other hands, we could soon double the present number of subscribers. Well knowing that there are others equally interested, who need only to know that their efforts are appreciated to make the required effort, we offer the following Premiums. The articles offered are all they are represented, and well worth the price at which they are entered.

For one dollar and one yearly subscription, either of Mrs. Greene's Cottage Stories, a Child's Drama, Cabinet-size Photograph (selection from descriptive list), or the Lyceum Song Bird.

For two dollars, a beautifully colored Photograph cabinet size (choice from descriptive list), either of Dickens' Works.

For five dollars, Emerson's Binder, Lyceum banner size; a boxwood Flute, German silver key, ivory-tipped, with box; Stella Key, Planchette, or any one dollar book.

For eight dollars, Robinson Crusoe, a handsomely bound volume of the Lyceum Banner, a Harmonica worth two dollars, best make; Mamma in Heaven, 11x14 inches price \$1.50.

For ten dollars, a Gold Pen, holder and case; Pocket Microscope; Scers of the Ages, by J. M. Peebles, or any other two dollar book; ten copies of the Song Bird, or the new game of Ring Toss.

For fifteen dollars, Holmes Stereoscope (best made) and half a dozen views; a boxwood D Flute, four German silver keys, ivory tipped, with box, or fifteen Song Birds.

For twenty dollars, five one-dollar books for library, fifteen Manuals, Prang's Chromo of Whittier's Barefoot Boy \$5., a companion picture of same size and price, or twenty Song Birds.

For twenty-five dollars, a rosewood Accordion, ten keys, double row, price \$8, or a Gukar with patent head, same price, or twenty-five Song Birds.

For thirty dollars, a Music Box, two airs, with sculptured case, \$10.

For forty dollars, a Piano Stool, iron frame, finely upholstered—\$10, or for y Song Birds.

For fifty dollars, Webster's Dictionary, 3,000 Illustrations; the celebrated chromo olograph of "Mamma in Heaven," a splendid picture for the parlor or Lyceum Hall—\$15, or fifty Song Birds.

For sixty dollars, a silver hunting-case Watch; a splendid Mare Drum, brass hoops, Prussian model, with sticks, or fifty Song Birds.

For seventy-five dollars, Library Books to the amount of \$18, forty-five abridged or twenty-five unabridged Manuals, or seventy-five Song Birds.

For one hundred dollars, a Violin (genuine Glass make) with bow and case—\$25; a rosewood Guitar, fancy inlaid and patent head, with case, same price, or one hundred Song Birds; or—

For one hundred and forty dollars, we will send one hundred copies of the LYCEUM BANNER for one year, and one of Estey's five-octave Melodeons, in portable walnut case—\$100.

For one hundred and seventy-five dollars we will send one hundred and twenty-five copies of the LYCEUM BANNER and a four-octave Estey Cottage Organ, two stops and double reeds, worth \$145.

Persons sending names at different times must be particular and say they are for the Premium List. The names need not all be sent at once, or from one post office. A faithful account will be kept of all money received, and the premium sent as soon as the last dollar is paid. Specimen copies free to canvassers. Address this office.

Progressive Lyceum Register.

- Albion, O.*—Concert Hall, 1½ o'clock.
Bottle Creek, Mich.—Wakeless Hall, 12 o'clock.
Beloit, Wis.—Spiritualists' Free Church at 12 M.
Boston, Mass.—Springfield Hall, at 10½ a. m. Webster Hall—Webster street, East Boston, at 10½ a. m. Mercantile Hall, at 10½ a. m.
Bradley, Maine.
Breedsville, Mich.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sawyer's Hall, at 10½ a. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Lyceum Hall, at 2½ p. m.
Charlestown, Mass.—Lyceum No. 1, Washington Hall, 10½ o'clock.
Chelsea, Mass.—Library Hall, at 10 a. m.
Chicago, Ill.—Meets every Sunday at Music Hall, at 12½ m.
Clyde, Ohio.—Kline's Hall, at 11 a. m.
Corry, Pa.—Good Templar Hall, 10 o'clock.
Des Moines, Iowa.—Good Templar's Hall, at 2 o'clock p. m.
Dover and Worcester, Me.—Merrick Hall, at 10½ o'clock, at Dover.
Evanston, Wis.—Harmony Hall, at 1 o'clock p. m.
Foxboro, Mass.—Town Hall, at 11 o'clock.
Geneseo, Ohio.—Meets at 10 o'clock a. m.
Humburg, Conn.
Hammond, N. J.—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
Hingham, Mass.—Temperance Hall, 2½ o'clock.
Johnson's Creek, N. Y.—Meets at 12 M. every Sunday.
Kirtland, O.—Town Hall, 10½ o'clock.
Lansing, Mich.—Capitol Hall, at 4 p. m.
Lotus, Ind.
Lowell, Mass.—Lee Street Church.
Lynn, Mass.—Cadet Hall, at half-past 10.
Milan, Ohio.—Sessions 10½ a. m.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Lyceum No. 1, meets in Bowman Hall at 2 p. m.
First Spiritualist Lyceum—Singer's Hall.
New Bos on, Ill.—Roberts' Hall, at 2 p. m.
New York City—Everett Rooms, corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, at 2½ o'clock, p. m.
Onwego, N. Y.—Lyceum Hall, at 2 o'clock.
Osborne's Prairie, Ind.—Progressive Friends' meeting house.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lyceum No. 1. Lyceum No. 2—Thompson Street Church.
Painesville, Ohio.—Meets at 10½ a. m. in Child's Hall.
Plymouth, Mass.—Meets at 11 o'clock.
Portland, Me.
Providence, R. I.—Pratt's Hall, Weybosset st., at 10:30 a. m.
Putnam, Conn.—Central Hall, at 10:30 a. m.
Richmond Center, Wis.—Meets at 1 p. m.
Richmond, Ind.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865.
Rochester, N. Y.—Schiltzer Hall, at 2:30 o'clock.
Rock Island, Ill.—Norris Hall, Illinois street, at 10 o'clock.
Springfield, Ill.—Meets at 10 a. m.
Stonah, Mass.—Harmony Hall, at 10½ o'clock a. m.
Springfield, Mass.—Organized Nov. 18, 1866.
St. Johns, Mich.—Clinton Hall, at 11 a. m.
St. Louis, Mo.—Mercantile Hall at 2:30 p. m.
Sturgis, Mich.—Free Church, at 12:30 p. m.
Sycamore, Ill.—Wilkins' new Hall, at 2 p. m.
Toledo, O.—Old Masonic Hall, at 10 o'clock.
Troy, N. Y.—Harmony Hall, 2:00 p. m.
Vine and N. J.
Watsville, Ind.—Meets every Sunday at 11 o'clock.
Williamantic, Conn.—Bassett's Hall, at 10½ a. m.
Washington, D. C.—Harmonial Hall, at 12½ o'clock.
Worcester, Mass.—Horticultural Hall, at 11:20 a. m.

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