

# The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 2.

Chicago, October 15, 1868.

No. 4.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.  
**THE LITTLE SCULPTOR.**

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

**C**HARLES and Betsey Smith, the parents of George Washington Fremont Smith, gave him a great name, because they intended to make a great man of him.

Great names do not always make great men, as the record of crime in our police courts will show. For instance, James Wesley Cooms answered this morning to a charge of burglary. A man, giving his name as Benjamin Franklin Reed, was picked up last night, too much under the influence of liquor to walk, and taken to the station house. John Calvin Jones and Marcus Brutus Earle were each fined five dollars for disorderly conduct.

I would not have my readers suppose for a moment that George Washington Fremont Smith had any tendencies that might lead him to the station house, or summon him to answer in Court for his bad behavior. On the contrary, Freem, as he was familiarly called, was a boy of the very best habits and inclinations.

His father was a minister, and designed his son for the same sacred office. He would have named his little representative for some celebrated divine, but the boy's mother, unfortunately, had a warm love for statesmen, especially the two our little hero honored by taking their names, and as mothers are apt to name their babies, he was accordingly christened as aforesaid.

Freem would have made an eminent man, if Nature had not been thwarted. At the age of four he would sit on the floor and amuse himself for hours with scraps of paper and scissors, cutting into life-like forms the miniatures of cats, dogs, goats, horses, cows, and every other animal with which he was familiar. When allowed to play out of doors he soon found the means of manufacturing mud into mimic men and women, boys and girls. Some old men would be leaning over spades and hoes, others smoking mud pipes, and the girls carrying parasols or baskets.

Freem had genius. So his mother said, and so the schoolmaster said. The latter gently hinted to the Rev. Charles Smith that a great future was open to his son if he would allow him to become an artist. The good man scouted the idea as sacrilegious.

"Freem is my only son, and no calling can be

so holy as a dispenser of the Gospel." Mrs. Betsey Smith ventured to oppose her husband's plans by saying she thought a good sculptor of more use in the world than a poor minister.

Might conquers. Freem was early set to study Greek and Latin. Poor boy! his lot was a hard one and the Greek words harder.

One bleak day in autumn his father left him in his study, while he went out to attend to the spiritual wants of some of his parishoners. Freem, with tear-stained cheeks and muttered threats, which he dared not execute, threw down his books and left the house. The chirp of a little bird arrested his attention, and soon the dark cloud left his face.

"Darling birdie, can't I go and live with you and be happy?"

"Chir-r," said Birdie, which, in bird language, means yes.

"I have a nice ball of putty put away in the wood-house, where father can't find it, and I will make a whole flock of birdies just like you."

"Chir-r," replied Birdie.

"Let's see; little, round head, straight from the neck to the end of the tail, full breast, broad feet, short, open bill, and bead eyes."

"Chir-r," said Birdie, and flew away.

Freem's head was now full of putty birds, so away he went to the wood house, to commence the work of modeling.

In a short time a dozen birds, that his new acquaintance might have mistaken for cousins, were arranged on a fine, pretty tree, and laid on a board in the pale sunshine to bake.

But where was his Alpha Beta Gamma lesson which his father had given him? He neither knew nor cared.

Might triumphed. Years passed and Freem filled the pulpit from which Death had taken his father. He preached the sleepest of sermons, and sat down weary, and glad his task was ended. His heart was not in his work. While the choir sang he instinctively took his pencil from his pocket, and drew the heads and faces of his parishoners. He seemed so abstracted at the close of the hymn that members of his church were heard to say, "what devotion!"

His poor old mother once told me, confidentially, that Freem's life had been a failure. His sermons were neglected until Saturday, the whole week being occupied in making plaster of Paris images and toy animals cut from wood, in which he took the greatest pleasure.

His society was neglected on the plea of har

study, while more than one failed to see on what he had bestowed so much thought.

Poor Freem! other lives have proved failures too.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### PETS.

WHEN I was a little girl my father moved West, and made our home on the bank of the great Mississippi river. There were many Indians camped just across the river from us, in what was then called the Iowa Territory. At first I felt very much afraid of them. They would come and want something to eat, and when my mother would set something on the table, they would eat all they could, and then they would put what was left in one corner of their blanket, and take it with them, be it much or little. One day an Indian came to our house with a fawn, which he led by a cord. My brother and sister and I admired it very much—its pretty, bright eyes, its graceful neck, and little, slender limbs. After my mother had given him something to eat, and he was ready to leave, he gave me the little fawn. I was very happy, and could hardly believe in my good fortune. I was almost afraid I should waken and find it all a dream. I called him Charlie. He soon learned to follow me wherever I went, and indeed he was a great pet with all the young folks in the village. I used to let him roam about the street, for I knew no one would hurt him; but one day a man and woman came to the village to trade at the store, and they had two great, ugly dogs, (I can't help thinking they were ugly,) and they saw him, ran after and killed him before my uncle, who saw them, could get to them. I was so grieved that I cried myself sick, to think of my darling Charlie, all mangled and torn, and dead. My mother put me to bed, with the assurance that if she could ever find another she would buy it for me; but that was poor consolation, for I only wanted "Charlie" then. I know that many little girls and boys can sympathize with me, who have loved and lost a pet. My uncle procured a gun and set out to kill the dogs, but the woman got them in the wagon, and sat by them until they were ready to go home. It was just as well, (I did not think so then). The death of the dogs could not bring my pretty pet to life. Remember, dear children, when any one does you an injury, it does not repair the fault for you to do the same to them; it only makes two wrongs instead of one, and "two wrongs can never make a right."

L. B. M.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

**THE CHILDREN AT HOME.***Chap. 6—The Transformed.*

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

**I**T was no remarkable foresight in Jimmy Lane that led him to believe his little sister was nearing the home of the angels. It was hard for the loving mother and devoted brother to give her up. But as day by day the pinched features grew sharper, the pulse quicker, and the failing strength more apparent, they tried to say, but with bleeding hearts, "It's all for the best."

It was a beautiful sunset, in the last days of October, that Nelly went to take a basket of delicacies to the sick girl. As she entered the room a solemn silence prevailed, broken only by low sobs from the pale, weary mother. "O, Nelly, I'm so glad you have come!" and Jimmy took her hand in his, and drew her to the bedside. Ida looked more beautiful than ever before. A sweet smile overspread her features, which told only of peace and happiness. The last rays of the golden sunset tinged her brow, and it was hard to believe the spirit had fled.

"I wish you had been here, Nelly; she talked of angels and papa, and bid us good bye so sweet that it did not seem as if she was going to die. I know you would have believed," said Jimmy, referring to their last conversation.

Nelly went home sorrowful. "How would mother and Henry and I feel if it was dear little Nan? How glad Jimmy must be that he has been so good to Ida,—he's a real good boy anyway. I mean to be always as good to Henry and Nan as I can, for they will die some time, and I should never forget it if I was cross to them."

It was a rainy afternoon when they buried Ida. Rain-clouds and a funeral,—two gloomy companions. A few friends had gathered in Mrs. Lane's "best room" to show their sympathy for the bereaved. Capt. Johnson exhibited the best side of his nature by rendering the family all the assistance needed, and by comforting the mourning mother in his own original manner. "I'm sorry for ye that the little gal's gone, but I s'pose it's all for the best, as the minister says. We who are on the down beat of life need jest such little innocent pioneers through the dark valley. These little ones needn't be afraid of the voyage; but take an old blind captain like me, who can't see through the thick fogs, nor see the light-house, nor hear

a fog bell, why your little Ida is jest the one for a pilot, and I have no doubt may be the means of taking some of us safe across the sand-bars."

Mr. Field, in an off-shoot from his well-worn theology, gave the mourning friends the happy assurance that the life of that little child was long enough to teach us a beautiful lesson of wisdom. The confiding trust with which she put her wasted hand in that of the angels who came to escort her home, and smiled back a sweet good bye to mother and brother, is worth living a life-time to learn. That serene face smiles upon you to-day more sweetly than ever before. The helpless limbs are active now; the pain-racked form is healthy, and to-day may be said to be her first, healthy, happy day on earth. The good man's words were a balm to the crushed spirits, and as they kissed the cold lips for the last time it was with a smile of joy, known only to those who know their loved ones are not lost—only gone up higher.

Old Mrs. Gray had "got in" the carpet. If any of my readers are at a loss to know what that antiquated expression signifies, I refer them to those oracles of the past generation, their grand-mothers. But lest you are not fortunate enough to possess one of these time-worn references, I will just tell you, that the yarn which constitutes the warps of the web is wound around a huge beam of an immense old-fashioned loom, which would nearly fill a modern bed-room. Then each particular thread is drawn through a harness made of twine, then through a reed, and it is ready to be woven. Henry had improvised as many shuttles as there were colors to be woven. Not much mechanical ingenuity was exercised however, for each shuttle was a narrow shingle, with a notch cut in each end, to hold the filling of rags.

The children's patience never tired. Each step in the important work excited them to greater effort. Now on a cool afternoon, in the season when leaves fall, the two children sat on the floor of Mrs. Gray's back room, diligently winding the filling from the balls over the new made shuttles. Each bang of the great, old loom brought new happiness to these young hearts. While Mrs. Gray, withered and wrinkled, looked as if she had never been young and happy. But Nelly knew her lot had been a hard one, and wished to draw her thoughts from disagreeable subjects, so she said:

"Aunty, will you please tell us where you learned to weave."

"La me suz, I allers knew how. The first thing I can remember, my mother used to hold me in her lap and draw in webs. Then I had to take

the soft side of the floor while she wove them. In the good old times that's past and gone, we gals never thought of having anything better for our meetin' gowns in winter than linsey-woolsey that we spun and wove ourselves. And in summer we wore tow and linen, and had no idea but what 'twas good enough. We was plump and rosy then. Not much like the faded-out, wasp-waisted Miss Nancys of this generation. I can tell ye I'm goin' on eighty-two, and wouldn't be afraid to take a five-mile walk with the best of them. Parson Field says the world is growing better and wiser and all that, but dear suz! I don't see what in. I've got most through, and I can't say as I'm much sorry. The *mixed* next, don't wind it quite so tight—the rags ain't tough as sole leather."

"Auntie won't you tell us some stories of old times, it would be so nice to know how you ever got along? Who would ever think now of going to mill horseback, studying evenings by fire-light, or keeping sentinels stationed to give warning of Indians or wild beasts?"

"Wall, wall, Henry, boys don't know everything. Mabby you think you have pretty tough times sometime, but you'll think you are having a play day the year round when I tell you the tight pinches I had afore I was as old as you are. I didn't complain neither. For I had health and a good will to work, and if I'm spared a spell longer, I'll tell ye all about it. Two such young ones as you be, won't scorn an old woman's advice. The red next. There, that's as handsome a stripe as the queen has got in her carpets. And if anybody deserves it, that patient critter, Miss Lane, does."

#### Sayings of Children.

—A little girl, seeking celestial information, asked her mother, "Have angels wings?" The unsuspecting mamma, full of memories of pictures and traditions, answered, "Certainly they have." Straightway Young Inquisitive sprung her trap—then what did they want a ladder for to get down to Jacob?" Mamma's answer is not recorded.

—"I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

—A Sabbath School superintendent asked his scholars if any of them could quote a passage of Scripture which forbade a man's having two wives; whereupon nearly the whole school cried out, "No man can serve two masters."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

#### LITTLE THINGS.

BY MRS. A. E. COOLEY.

First a weeny seed,  
Then a leaf and blossom,  
Like some tiny weed,  
Nestling in earth's bosom;  
Soon the blossom withers  
O'er the little shoot,  
Then in early springtime  
Comes delicious fruit.

First the little raindrops  
Formed a babbling brook,  
Then in rushing rapids  
Down its way it took  
To the mighty river,  
In a foaming tide,  
Thence to yon great ocean,  
Flowing far and wide.

First a glim'ring twinkle  
From a lonely star,  
As the sun, all golden,  
Setteth down afar;  
Then they shine in millions  
O'er the sable sky,  
Lighting all the heavens  
With their brilliancy.

First of light a warning,  
Just a glancing ray,  
Ere the early morning  
Blushes into day;  
Then the sun in splendor  
Climbs its glorious height,  
Crowning all earth's beauty  
With its roseate light.

First a tiny baby  
Claims our love and care,  
Soon a prattling runabout,  
Beautiful and fair;  
Then a youth or maiden,  
With a soul-like eye,  
Beaming with intelligence  
And nobility.

Soon the light of reason  
Fills the inner life,  
Fitting it for struggles  
In its earthly strife;  
Fitted with nature's knowledge,  
Purified the soul,  
Stands the lovely infant,  
Heaven is its goal.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 12, 1868.

—In seeking to do good, we get good; in seeking to make others happy, somehow or other, we are almost sure to become happy ourselves.

—The prettiest design we ever saw on the tombstone of a child, was a lark soaring upward, with a rose-bud in its mouth.





Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

**C**AN any of our little readers of the LYCEUM BANNER imagine how this child, who is totally blind, can read with her fingers? I will tell you something of her history, for I think it a very interesting one.

Her name is Laura Bridgeman. She was born in Hanover, N. H., in 1829. Until she was two years old she was a bright happy little girl, but at that age a severe illness left her entirely blind, deaf, dumb, and without the power of taste or smell. The sense of feeling alone was left.

What a hopeless, gloomy future was before her? Her mother mourned for her as for one dead. At the age of eight years, Dr. Howe, a kind-hearted man, who had done much for the unfortunate blind, took her to Boston, and undertook the almost hopeless task of teaching her to read and write. Pause a moment before reading further, and think how a child, that could neither see, hear, nor speak, could be taught to read,—then I will tell you.

An article in common use, we will suppose a spoon, was given her to hold in her hand, and examine carefully with her fingers. Then the word spoon, in large, raised letters was given her to

examine in the same way. First the article, then its name, was put into her hands, until they were closely associated in her mind. In this way the names of a large number of articles were taught her.

Next, types were put into her hand, with a certain object of which she had learned the name, and by picking up the types with her fingers, she was taught to arrange them into words. This exercise pleased her exceedingly, and she never wearied of her reading and spelling lessons. She would sit for hours arranging her types into words, while children who could see and hear would be enjoying themselves in their sports. In a similar way she was taught to write. Then arithmetic, music and other branches were easily acquired.

After eighteen months' absence her mother went to visit her, but who can tell the anguish of that fond mother's heart in not being recognized by her child? Beads and other articles belonging to Laura which she had worn at home, were given her. A new light flashed upon her mind! Her mother had come! She threw herself into her arms, exhibiting the greatest affection and delight. No urging from her school-mates could induce her to leave her mother.

Laura was a perfect little model of neatness, always taking the utmost pains to keep her clothes in order, and herself neatly dressed. She learned to sew, do housework, and became a skillful player on the piano.

Though the outside world was dark and still, her mind was active and bright. She once asked Dr. Howe the question, "Man has made houses and vessels, but who made the land and the sea?"

Children, when you see how knowledge made this unfortunate child's life bright and beautiful, and her friends proud and happy, cannot you try, with all your faculties perfect, to do much more?

F. M. K.

—A credulous man said to a wag who had a wooden leg, "How came you to have a wooden leg?" "Why," answered the wag, "my father had one, and so had my grandfather. It runs in the blood."

—O I C U R M T was remarked by the housewife as she looked into her pork barrel.

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### RATES OF ADVERTISING PER SINGLE NUMBER.

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Smaller advertisements, 15 cents per line.	
A deduction of 25 per cent. for each subsequent insertion.	

### How Shall we Start a Lyceum?

We often receive letters from persons saying, "We have children; we want a Lyceum, but how shall we raise means to equip the Lyceum? We want the LYCEUM BANNER, but have no means of obtaining it for all our children. How can we get funds?"

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock went to Ravenna, Ohio, and organized a Lyceum. Mr. Wheelock went about among the friends of children, raised, in a single day, \$100. With this money he purchased books and equipments. Then the children wanted, of course, the LYCEUM BANNER, but had no money. Mr. W. P. Hazen hearing the call for the paper, put into our hands \$20, saying, "Send the Ravenna Lyceum your paper."

"How shall we start a Lyceum?" It is easy enough. What Ravenna did others may do. Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock are not the only living workers; Mr. Hazen is not the only man who has money and a good heart, but we pray the fates to bring more like them out into the light.

### THE NATIONAL LYCEUM CONVENTION.

Societies and Lyceums sending delegates to this Convention, to be held in Philadelphia, November 26th and 27th, will oblige the Committee of Arrangements by sending the names and the number of delegates they will send, as early as possible, to M. B. Dyott, Box 2714, Philadelphia post office. This is the most important work of the spiritual movement. Let delegates come from every part of this continent, and it will be a grand success.

### Lyceum Convention.

Our readers will be glad to see a call for a Lyceum Convention. Let there be a gathering from all parts of our land; let us with united hearts and hands build for the rising generation a temple dedicated to the gods Justice, Truth, Love, Harmony.

### BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

The following resolutions were presented to the National Convention:

*Resolved*, That we give for the best twenty stories, \$50; for the second, \$25; for the third, \$20; for the best drama suited to the Lyceum Exhibitions, \$25.

*Resolved*, That these articles shall be submitted to R. T. Hallock, M. D.; Mrs. H. F. M. Brown; Mrs. Mary F. Davis; Mrs. Mary J. Dyott and Col. D. Y. Kilgore.

The resolutions did not pass, but the money was subscribed and most of it has been paid.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown was elected Secretary and Treasurer. The money is in her hands, and will be paid to those to whom the premiums are awarded.

The Committee decided that the stories should be in the hands of the Committee by the 20th of December.

The "twenty stories" are to make a book worth at wholesale about fifty cents. They must be suited to children from ten to fifteen years of age. They must be devoid of sectarianism and contain a moral. It is hoped that those who can furnish these stories will at once set about the work.

Those who subscribed toward the premiums to be paid, and did not pay, will please send their subscription money to the Secretary.

The names of those who pay the premium will appear in the books. Mrs. Louisa Whittier Congar has been appointed on the Adjudging Committee, in place of Mrs. Brown.

All MSS. for the books should be sent to R. T. Hallock, M. D., No. 140 East 15th street, New York.

Business letters may be sent to H. F. M. Brown, P. O. Drawer, 5956, Chicago.

### PREMIUMS.

The fifty-one copies of the LYCEUM BANNER donated to Lyceums that remained Sept. 15th, have been given as follows:

Rochester, N. Y.....	10
A. Morton, subject to the order of Mrs. S. E. Warner.....	5
Westville, Ind.....	10
Troy, N. Y.....	25
A little girl.....	1
Total.....	51

Thirty dollars have since been donated. Of this Stoneham, Mass., has received.....9 copies. Ravenna, Ohio,.....5 "leaving seventeen dollars in our hands to pay for seventeen copies more. Who claims them?

## ITEMS.

"Children at Home" will close with the next number; but Miss Lebelles will not neglect our readers.

Hudson Tuttle has become one of the editors of the *Ohio Spiritualist*. He and Brother Hammond will make a splendid paper.

The Philadelphia Lyceum propose giving a Christmas premium to the members who are present in good time; who answer their questions, and do not miss a Sunday before Christmas. Let us all adopt this or a like plan.

The Lyceum in Rochester, N. Y., is officered principally by women. A woman is Conductor, Assistant Conductor and Musical Director. They managed their large progressive school with grace and dignity. The children, old and young, love these teachers. Pity there are so few such *independent* workers among women.

A. A. Wheelock has renewed his missionary labors in Ohio. Mrs. Wheelock has been employed as State Missionary, to work with her husband. Sensible.

J. M. Peebles and E. V. Wilson have been lecturing in this city. Both had fine congregations, and both did a good work in our city. Mr. Wilson has gone to Kansas; Mr. Peebles to St. Louis.

The *Banner of Light* has commenced its twenty-fourth volume. The paper needs no commendation from us. Its fine corps of editors make it a good and acceptable guest everywhere. The *Banner* is published by William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Room No. 3, up-stairs.

## NEW BOOK.

J. M. Peebles has put into the printer's hands a sketch of the life and medium labors of A. James. It will be a book of much interest.

THE Illinois State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Springfield, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, October 23d, 24th, and 25th. The Association will convene in the Spiritualists' Hall on Friday, at 10 o'clock a. m.

We expect the Lyceums will be represented in this Convention.

LETTERS from the Editor and several other articles are crowded out.

—When is a man compelled to keep his word?  
When no one will take it.

CALL FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION  
OF THE

Friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceums.

At the Fifth National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Rochester, New York, August 25th to 28th, composed of delegates from fifteen States, the District of Columbia and Canada, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That we recommend to the Children's Progressive Lyceums to form State organizations, and from these a national organization, to hold periodical conventions, and that a Committee of five be appointed to carry out this matter.

In pursuance of the objects of the above, the Committee have decided to call

THE FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION  
of the friends of

## THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS

to be held at Horticultural Hall (Broad street, above Spruce), in the city of Philadelphia, to commence on Thursday, the 26th day of November, 1868, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continue in session two days.

We therefore invite each Progressive Lyceum on this Continent to send two delegates, and an additional one for each fractional fifty over the first fifty members, and, in order for a more general representation, we invite each State organization of Spiritualists to send as many delegates as they may have representatives in Congress. And where there are no State organizations we invite each local organization of Spiritualists to send two delegates.

Let us come together and take counsel as brothers and sisters in this the most important and practical work upon which we have entered—a work commenced in the Summer land and destined, in its fruition, to bless the fairest portion of God's family, our children as well as ourselves.

M. B. DYOTT, 114 S. 2nd Street, Phila.

MARY F. DAVIS, Orange, N. J.

WARREN CHASE, 544 Broadway, N. Y.

A. E. CARPENTER, Massachusetts.

H. F. M. BROWN, P. O. D'r 5956, Chicago, Ill.

The days will be devoted to business. The first evening, 26th inst., the Children's Progressive Lyceum will give a grand exhibition, and, upon the evening of the 27th, a Sociable, the proceeds of which are to defray the expenses of the Convention.

Free return tickets will be furnished to all delegates, who pay full fare in coming to this Convention, on the Pennsylvania Central or the Philadelphia & Erie Railroads, good until the 5th of December.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## THE PATTTERING OF THE RAIN.

Patter, patter, clatter, clatter,  
Sings the frolic-loving rain;  
Patter, patter, clatter, clatter,  
What a wild and glad refrain.  
On the windows they are tapping,  
And they peep a-through the glass,  
Looking on our faces happy,  
And our banners as we pass;  
Now upon the door they're pressing,  
And with loud and stormy din,  
Plead within our hall to enter;  
Teacher, shall we let them in?  
Patter, patter, &c.

On the roof they're gaily dancing,  
Tinkling each a castnet;  
'Mid gavotte and brisk fandango,  
They've no time to pout or fret.  
How they're wildly, madly leaping,—  
"Follow your leader," is the play;  
Jumping from the roof or steeple,  
Every rain-drop must obey.  
Patter, patter, &c.

On the trees that bend their branches,  
They are beating rat-tat-too;  
And they kiss the buds and blossoms,  
And the ancient leafage too;  
They have come afar from cloud-land,  
To refresh the fainting earth;  
Blessings on the tiny rain-drops,  
And their songs, so full of mirth.  
Patter, patter, &c.

J. A. FIELD.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

## MENDELSSHOH.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

**I** HOLD in my hand Prof. J. C. Lobe's "Reminiscences of Mendelssohn." I have just finished reading it, and my soul floats in a sea of music—so faint and far off, I can see the wonderful little composer of twelve years only, as he is introduced to a group of musical professors at the house of the German poet, Goethe; "a handsome, brilliant boy, with a decidedly Jewish cast of features, slender and active. Rich, waving black hair fell upon his shoulders, genius and animation sparkled in his eyes." He looked at his visitors a moment inquisitively, then went to them and gave his hand in friendly confidence. Goethe, whose presence was so majestic and mastering, had come in with him, and gently stroking the lad's long glossy locks, said: "My friend," waving his hand toward Zelter, "has brought from Berlin a little gentleman, who has to-day given us a great surprise as a musician, and also as a composer.

Let us hear, my lad, what thy young head has produced," he continued.

Upon the opened piano might have been noticed a bundle of manuscript music, and on all the pieces was the name, "Felix Mendelssohn—Bartholdy." Among them was a "quartette for the piano, violin, violoncello and double-bass." This last composition the boy placed with alacrity on the piano, and seated himself on the stool. He glanced towards the professors who were to play his accompaniments,—they laid their bows upon the strings; he inclined his head, and the performance began. The slender fingers danced like light upon the ivory. Goethe listened silently, with the keenest attention, only occasionally giving a nod of approval. Zelter, the director of the Berlin Musical Academy, a friend of the poet, looked more and more amazed and delighted as he turned the leaves of his notes. The three musicians with the viols labored in amazement. The animated little player held them all spell-bound.

When through with the last composition he jumped up, looked each one in the face inquiringly, as if longing for expression from them. Zelter had cautioned against too high praise. He said "vanity is a great enemy to artistic progress." So, although hearts bounded in ecstasy, little was said, and Felix ran out to play like any other boy, although melodies which were to shake the hearts of millions were floating around and through his soul. He ran among the shrubs and flowers in the garden until his heated face was cool, and he had forgotten his labor. He did not even guess what the gentlemen in-doors were saying of his performance. They were saying he would become greater than Mozart. Goethe was remarking how often those who promise great achievements go astray and disappoint our hopes, but hoped this young student would be well guided by his teacher, Zelter.

The years came and went—seventeen of them. A gentleman of striking face and manners sits in the parlor of Prof. Lobe. Prof. Lobe's face is all sunshine as he talks with him. The household delight to honor him. The man is the celebrated director of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, Mendelssohn. "Let us have some music this evening, but quite by ourselves," he said quietly. How sweet to his friends when for love of them he played for two or three hours the most wonderful compositions—*quite by themselves*. How much sweeter to the heart than when a crazed public thunders applause, and one cannot feel that the precious effort is for him alone! It is selfishness—but oh so sweet to feel that we possess and own

a great deal of what pleases us. An endearing name is sweeter if we feel that it is spoken for us alone; a song is tenderer if breathed earnestly from lips which move for us alone. "Quite by ourselves" is charming, resting, enjoyable.

How divine must have been those evenings when the great master sat at the piano and played his grandest for simple friendship's sake. How sweet to have been his friend!

Alas! why need it have been that in the thirty-eighth year of his age the great musician was borne on a bier from his residence in the Königs-strasse to the Pauline church?

Is it wild for us to dream *and believe* that we yet hear the productions of Mendelssohn and others divinely gifted *upon earth*? Let those who have heard Blind Tom and others less wonderful answer.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### FAMILIAR LETTERS TO CHILDREN.

NO. I.

BY ANNA M. NORTHPROP.

**I** AM a stranger to the children who read the LYCEUM BANNER; very few, if any of them, ever saw me, or even heard my name. But I am very fond of company, and especially of good company; so I am going to try to become acquainted with the children who read the BANNER regularly, then I am sure I shall always have good society. There are a great many of them; and I cannot visit them all, as that would require more time than I expect to pass in this earth-life. For this reason, I propose (with the permission of the editor,) to shake hands with them all at once, through the pages of the LYCEUM BANNER. I love children very much. I love to look at their young, happy faces, shining with the glad light of hope, and nothing pleases me better than to see them enjoying to the utmost all the beautiful things which our loving Father has placed in this world for our happiness. I can never pass a little girl or boy, crying in the street without stopping to look in the tear-stained face, (be it ever so much in need of soap and water,) and ask what is the matter. Not two hours since, I was passing along the street in great haste, when a little girl, with *such* a dirty face, stepped up before me and said, "Did you see my papa up that way? I want him to come, so bad." I never saw the child before, and had no more idea who her "papa" was, or how he looked, than I have how any of you look, dear children, nor half so much; for I know well how some of you look.

But I stopped and wiped off the tears with her little, soiled check-apron, and talked with her a few moments; and when I left her she was laughing. The sun had chased the clouds away. I often think it would be very pleasant to have a great deal of money, so that I could buy shoes and stockings for all the little, cold, bare feet I see on the streets in winter, or Christmas presents for the children of poverty, whose blue, pinched faces are pressed flat against the windows of the toy shops, looking so wishfully at the tempting beauties within, arranged expressly to make children want them so much they can hardly endure to be denied. I cannot do this; but I can give them kind words and pleasant smiles, and cheer their sad hearts with promises of "a good time coming." Did you ever think, children, that there is no one so poor or so humble but has the power to make some one happy? Try it, and see what a pleasant feeling it will give you as you lie down to rest at night to think you have seen one sorrowful face lighted up by a smile to-day; a smile called there by a kind word or act of yours. I assure you it will give you more real happiness than a costly toy, or a dozen holidays.

A man said to me a few weeks since, "Children are to be envied, for they have no trouble—their trials are all imaginary." I think he was not a very thoughtful man, or he would not have made such a remark as that; for I know, and he ought to, that imaginary joys and imaginary sorrows are just as real at the time,—just as pleasant, or just as hard to endure, as those that are real. I wondered if he had forgotten how badly he used to feel when his big brother took the largest piece of cake from their dinner basket at school, and then broke half of the other piece besides, leaving such a tiny bit for him, when he was so hungry. Was that nothing? Was it "no trouble" to see the beautiful kite "Uncle John" made for him torn to pieces by being caught in a tree; and then, when he could not keep the tears back, and John Jones said, "O just look at the 'cry-baby' crying about a kite;" and his cheeks burned because they all laughed at him—was that "no trouble." I know better. I know children have as much trouble as their fathers and mothers and it is quite as hard for them to endure it. It is not such a very long time since I was a child, and I know just how a little girl feels, when her brother washes the paint from her doll's cheeks, and makes the poor thing look as if it had consumption. And when my pet squirrel ran out of his cage, and the cat ate him, my heart ached quite as badly as it has since I became older, and some other loved

and cherished treasures have been taken from me. I have not forgotten either what hard work it was to sew those long seams on a warm afternoon, when my hands perspired and the thread would get in knots. I know it was wrong to get vexed, and jerk at the knot until the thread broke; but how could I help it, when the birds, the bees and the flowers were all beckoning me out in the garden, and I wanted to go so much, but could not until that endless seam was finished. Little girls and boys, I know all your trials, and never feel like laughing at you. But, dear children, this is a beautiful world, and we should all be as happy as possible. There are sweet lessons of patience, and trust and faith, that we should strive to learn. We can do much to fill our own life-path and that of others with fragrant blossoms of joy; or we can, by our acts, cause thorns and thistles to spring up in every direction to wound our own feet, and pierce those who are journeying beside us towards the beautiful Summer-Land.

I am writing too much for one letter, and I must close. I hope to be able to amuse and instruct you by some short stories and poems which I intend to write; and if in this way I can dry a tear upon one child-face, send a joyous thrill to one young heart, or inspire one soul to good and noble deeds, I shall be content.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### THE BEAUTIFUL HEREAFTER.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

**I** WAS reading, the other day, an account of a voyage up the Amoor River, in Western Asia. The writer was describing the manners, customs, and habits of the various tribes of people with whom he came in contact. Among these people were some fur traders, who made yearly voyages to the seaport in little boats made of skins stretched tightly over a framework. These boats were heavily loaded, and being very light and fragile, were often in danger of shipwreck. The crew consisted of six men, who worked at the oars, and when the journey was commenced it was always stipulated that in case of danger to the boat or cargo the men should jump overboard to save the goods, and this, with a contempt of death unknown among Christian nations, they always did. When the danger became imminent these brave pagans would invariably jump into the sea, and meet the "King of Terrors" of the Christian with fortitude and faith in God.

The same characteristic is true of the Chinese.

Many ship-loads of Chinamen have been imported to Cuba and other places for the purposes of cheap labor. Should anything happen which tended to oppose their ideas of right, it was no uncommon thing for ten, fifteen, or twenty of them, in one day, to jump overboard and drown themselves. They took this method of going back to the "Flowery Kingdom," which is the name they give to their native land. They believe that when they die their spirits go directly to their earthly homes. What a contrast these pagans afford to the conduct and teachings of the so-called Christian nations of the world. We hear it preached in the churches and taught in the Sunday-schools, that death is the King of Terrors, the dark, grim, gloomy monster who comes as the common enemy of man to cut short his days, deprive him of life, and consign him to the cold, damp grave forever. Our little children, the darlings of our hearts and homes, are impressed from earliest infancy with the dread of death and the dark hereafter. Their lives are rendered miserable and unhappy; the sunshine of their brightest hours is clouded by these cruel and barbarous teachings of ignorant Christianity. In mercy forbear, oh ye fathers and mothers, ye guardians and friends of our little ones. Teach your little ones that there is nothing lost in the great universe of nature, not even one human soul, but that all are reserved to become in good time angels of beauty and purity in the land of the great hereafter. Death is but the decay of the body, the chemical decomposition of the material frame, a simple process in the wondrous economy of nature, designed to give birth to the immortal spirit, to usher the soul endowed with the life eternal into the realms of beauty which lie on the hither side of life's shining river.

Death can never reach nor affect the human spirit; hence it is no more to be feared or dreaded than is the act of birth to the unconscious babe. Then let me ask my little readers, my children with whom I talk so much, to put aside, now and forever, the dark and gloomy pictures of life and death, which, by the mistakes and ignorance of parents and others, may have been painted for their instruction; they are contrary to nature, and are not true. When our time comes to put aside the body in which we live, and to assume the garments which angels wear, our dear, good, kind mother, our brother, or sister, those who may have gone before us to the other land, will stand beside us, with loving hearts and widespread arms. They will take us to their bosoms and welcome the newborn spirit to its home of beauty and love among the angels. This is death.





For the Lyceum Banner.

## THE LITTLE FISHERMEN.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

**M**OTHER said I might do what I liked to day, as this is my birth-day, and so I chose to go fishing. I did not think of finding *you* down here. How did you happen to come?" said George Brown, looking up into the face of James Reed, which was shaded, not so much by the dense foliage overhead as by a cloudy frame of mind.

"Why, I teased mother so she was glad to get rid of me. She says she shall be glad when vacation is over, and Charley made such a fuss that I let him come just to bait my hook. Children are such a bother,—and James drew his little, puny form to its utmost height, and tried to look a great deal larger than his little brother.

"I can do what I please with my fish, too, if I am so lucky as to catch any—but I haven't got a bite yet—and so I hope to get a nice mess to take to grandmother Hardy. You know she is old and poor, and I don't suppose she's had a taste of fish this year."

"Pshaw! you are always thinking of some sick old woman to help. I would rather eat my fish my own self, and I will too. You can take things to grandma Hardy if you want to; she won't thank you any more than Sally Johnson did when you carried her that basket of apples. Perhaps you'll get called a good, little boy, and when you die, somebody may write a Sunday School book about you as they did about that little, cross Sam Swinn.

"Now, James, you oughn't to talk so. What

would you do if you were sick, and poor, and old, and hadn't anybody in the wide world to do anything for you? I guess you'd be glad of a nice plate of trout once a year. But you may eat yours, yourself, if you'll just go with me when I take mine over to grandma. Now do, won't you?" pleaded George.

"Yes, I'll go, and you'll see what she says, or rather what she won't say."

The two boys fished all day, and Charley worked as busy as a bee, baiting hooks for both; but somehow James was not very successful. He changed from one place to another, but all to no purpose, the big fish seemed to avoid him; he only caught a few small ones

that he was ashamed to carry home. He was displeased at George's good luck, and once or twice he threw something in the water to scare George's fish away. He did not frighten them all away, for, before night, George had a fine string of trout, of which he was justly proud.

The three boys walked together to the cottage of Mrs. Hardy. She answered George's gentle rap at the door, and smiled very kindly on her young visitors.

"See here, I've brought you some nice fish for your supper, Grandma," said George, offering her the result of a hard day's work.

"Yes," said James, "we had good luck—they bite well to-day."

"God bless you my good little boys, and He will, for remembering a poor, lone woman. Dr. Bliven said I could eat anything I wanted, but where was I to get anything I wanted to eat?" and the boys thought she said something about manna—they didn't know what it meant.

"I have nothing to give you but a poor widow's blessing, unless it be a few fall flowers." Saying this, Grandma stepped into the garden much quicker than she had stepped for many a day, and gathered a few German asters, Sweet Williams, violets and sweet clover, and arranged them as well as she could in three bouquets, and offered one to each boy.

George and Charley stepped forward, took the flowers, thanked the good woman, and seemed very happy. James hung down his head, and half refused his bouquet.

"Why, don't my little man like the pretty flowers," said Grandma, coaxingly. "They aren't half as good as the fish you brought to me, I know, but don't be bashful, take them."

"Grandma, I didn't catch a single fish, and I laughed at George for always thinking of a sick, old woman, and so I would rather not take the flowers. I am sorry, real sorry," said the now really penitent James, with his eyes still fixed on the ground, that he was patting with his foot.

"Yes, you must take them," urged all three, and so he did, forgetting to thank her as Sally Johnson had done, but he went home a wiser and better boy

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

### THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

#### A TRUE STORY.

**A** HALF-STARVED little beggar girl, clothed in rags, entered a popular law office in a large city. She told her simple story of poverty and suffering, but no one heeded her. At last she approached a young law student who was deeply interested in reading some legal work. He kindly listened to her sorrowful story. She wanted money to buy bread with. The student had never turned a deaf ear to the cry of the poor and needy. But he was in debt five hundred dollars, and had only ten or fifteen cents in his pocket. So he refused the little girl, and she turned away with a heavy heart. He attempted to pursue his reading, but the picture of the orphan girl would not pass from his mind, and he could not interest himself in his book. He laid aside his book, and walked forth into the great city, and after diligently searching, found the little girl, gave her all the money he had, and returned to his office. He now had no difficulty in concentrating his thoughts on what he was reading. The angels smiled on him, and he was happy. By casting a ray of sunshine across the path of the little sufferer, he filled his own heart with joy and peace.

GEO. WM. WILSON.

—A committee of the Massachusetts Legislature reports that one half of the children engaged in the factory service die before they reach the age of eighteen, in consequence of overwork.

—An urchin crawled into a sugar hog's head at the steamboat landing at Troy. His first exclamation was, "Oh, for a thousand tongues!"

—Sheet music—The cry of children in bed.

MRS. F. BURRITT, M. D.,

(Late of New Orleans.)

**HOMOEOPATHY.** At 92 North Dearborn Street.  
Office Hours from 7 to 9 a. m. and 5 to 8 p. m.  
Special attention given to Acute and Chronic Diseases of Ladies and Children.

## RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

### ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 11, 21, 13, is a domestic animal.

My 2, 12, 8, 22, 3, is a useful animal.

My 2, 6, 3, 5, 14, 8, 3, is a dog used for hunting.

My 23, 6, 5, 10, sleeps with its eyes open.

My 2, 18, 18, is an animal raised more for its profit than for its beauty.

My 18, 21, 6, 27, is an animal adapted to mountainous regions, and considered very useful in some countries.

My 11, 10, 18, 5, is very common in new countries. Its flesh is highly esteemed, and its skin valuable.

My 8, 6, 1, is a small animal of grey color, and a great pest.

My 15, 2, 10, 8, 4, is a very timid but useful animal.

My 2, 30, with one letter prefixed, are very vain, and evidently think they belong to the higher order of animals.

My 19, 81, 6, 15, 29, 23, is a small, sly animal, that sometimes robs our hen-roosts.

My 18, 23, with the letter U annexed, is a species of antelope.

My 16, 24, 30, are H, W, and Y.

My 17, 7, 18, 28, 37, 9, 22, 18, 6, 23, 10, and my 26, 14, 13, 23, 33, 2, 6, 20, 16, are birds, one a sweet singer, the other makes a low, jarring sound.

My 24, 6, 16, resembles the buffalo in the shape of its head. They are fond of mountainous countries.

My 16, 25, 33, 29, is a thievish bird, larger than the common buzzard. He has large eyes.

My whole is a fact in natural history.

CLARA M. WELLS.

### VERBAL SQUARE.

#### BY ALONE.

The first is an animal; the second a volcano; the third small insects; and the fourth a file.

Answer. { BEAR.  
ETNA.  
ANTS.  
RASP.

### ANAGRAM.

Leit em I take eth lowb.

Aeth al a bleef rodw.

I hostel, harob, ym yerv ulos.

Thiw rntso gituds si tredlar.

Eehrw I ese ro ahre ro ellt.

Fo eth rdka everbage fo ellh.

MRS. E. B. COLLINS.

### ANSWERS IN NO. 2.

Enigma by D. M.—Guardian.

Enigma by H. L.—Christmas.

Enigma by Jennie E. Ray. Not answered.

Puzzle by Isett Stephenson: Irvine saw a turkey. He called to Malden Rock, and told her to cook the turkey, and season it with Spice Island and Salt Desert, for he felt hungry, and had invited Christianity to dine with him, when he would have Candia and Orange for dessert, and would give gold region for the trouble of preparing the dinner. Answered by Ida M. Smith and Alice Andrews.

## ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

## THE BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,  
Be sure you don't forget;  
The dear, little, dimple darling,  
She never saw Christmas yet.  
But I told her all about it,  
And she opened her big blue eyes,  
And I'm sure she understood me,  
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear, dear, what a tiny stocking,  
It does not take much to hold  
Such little pink-toes as baby's  
Away from the frost and cold;  
But, then, for the boys' Christmas  
It will never do at all,  
Why Santa would not be looking  
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby,  
I have thought of the very best plan:  
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,  
The longest that ever I can,  
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,  
Right here in the corner so,  
And write a letter to Santa,  
And fasten it on the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking  
That hangs in the corner here;  
You never have seen her, Santa,  
For she only came this year;  
But she's just the blissest baby,  
And now before you go,  
Just cram her stocking with goodies,  
From the top clear down to the toe."

## 'TISN'T ALL IN BRINGING UP.

It isn't all in bringing up,  
Let folks say what they will;  
You silver-waah a pewter cup—  
It will be pewter still.  
E'en he of old, wise Solomon,  
Who said "train up a child,"  
If I mistake not, raised a son  
Gay, rattle-brained and wild.

If it were all in bringing up,  
In counsel and restraint,  
Some rascals had been honest men—  
I'd been, myself, a saint.  
O! 't isn't all in bringing up,  
Let folks say what they will;  
Neglect may dim a silver cup—  
It will be silver still.

—I will not waste my youth in idle dalliance, I  
will plant rich seeds to blossom in my manhood,  
and bear fruit when I am old.

—Truth is one of the rarest gems.

—Profanity is a mark of low breeding.

## MY CREED.

BY ALICE CARY.

I hold that Christian grace abounds  
Where charity is seen; that when  
We climb to Heaven, 'tis on the rounds  
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety  
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;  
Where center is not—can there be  
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare  
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,  
Whatever things be sweet or fair,  
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies  
That charm to rest the nursing bird,  
Or that sweet confidence of sighs  
And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazling and the flush  
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,  
Or by some cabin door, or bush  
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,  
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,  
That make us saints; we judge the tree  
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart  
From works, on theologic trust,  
I know the blood about his heart  
Is dry as dust.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

—To-morrow is the day that lazy men work  
and bad men reform.

—Total depravity can only be true to those who  
believe it.

—Heaven is never far from home.

—One grain of common sense is better than a  
cup-full of wit.

—A contented mind is a continual feast.

—Consult your conscience rather than public  
opinion.

—Every time you avoid doing wrong you in-  
crease your inclination to do that which is right.

—Idleness is the nest in which mischief lays its  
eggs.

—Hypocrisy is the tribute vice pays to virtue.

—'Tis the mind that makes the MAN, the want  
of it the fellow.

This world is full of beauty,  
Like other worlds above;  
And if we did our duty,  
It might be full of love.

## Progressive Lyceum Register.

**Adrian, Mich.**—Meets in City Hall every Sunday at 12 M. J. J. Loomis, Conductor; Martha Hunt, Guardian.

**Battle Creek, Mich.**—James Beamer, Conductor; Mrs. L. C. Snow, Guardian.

**Boston, Mass.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock in Mercantile Hall, No. 16 Summer street. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian.

**Bradley, Maine.**—James J. Varris, Conductor; Frances McMahon, Guardian.

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

**Bangor, Maine.**—Meets every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock in Pioneer Chapel. Adolphus G. Chapman, Conductor; Miss M. S. Curtiss, Guardian.

**Brooklyn, N. Y.**—Meets every Sunday at 10¼ A. M., at Sawyer's Hall, corner of Fulton Avenue and Jay St. Abram G. Klips, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. 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.

**Beloit, Wis.**—Meets every Sunday in the Spiritualists' Free Church at 12 M. Mr. Wm. Wadsworth, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Dresser, Guardian.

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

**Charlestown, Mass.**—Lyceum No. 1 meets in Central Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Murray, Guardian. G. W. Bragdon, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Mary E. Rowell, Asst. Guardian.

**Clyde, Ohio.**—Meets every Sunday in Willis Hall, at 10 A. M. A. B. French, Conductor; Mrs. E. Whipple, Guardian.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Hammonton.**—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Mrs. Julia E. Holt, Guardian.

**Jersey City, N. J.**—Meets every Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street. Mr. Joseph Dixon, Conductor.

**Johnson's Creek, N. Y.**—Lyceum meets at 12 M. every Sunday. Miss Emma Joyce, 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.

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

**Milan, Ohio.**—Sessions 10¼ A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

**Milwaukee, Wis.**—Lyceum meets in Bowman Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. J. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Martha A. Wood, 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 8½ o'clock, A. M., in Masonic Hall, 114 East Thirtieth street. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

**Mokena, Ill.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock in the village school-house. W. Ducker, Conductor; Mrs. James Ducker, Guardian.

**Onego, N. Y.**—J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. Doolittle, Guardian.

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

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

**Lyceum No. 2.**—Meetings held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at Thompson Street Church, below Front street. Isaac Rehn, Conductor; Mrs. Stetson, 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. I. Carver, Conductor; Mrs. R. W. Bartlett, Guardian.

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

**Providence, R. I.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Pratt's Hall, Waybasset street.

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

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

**Richmond, Ind.**—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. Eli Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addleman, Guardian.

**Rocheater, 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.

**Springfield, Ill.**—Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. B. A. Richards, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Plank, Guardian.

**Stonham, Mass.**—Meets every Sunday at Harmony Hall, at 10½ o'clock A. M. E. T. Whittier, Conductor; Mrs. A. M. Kimpton, Guardian.

**Springfield, Mass.**—Organized Nov. 18, 1866. Jas. G. Allbe, Conductor; Mrs. F. O. Coburn, Guardian.

**St. Johns, Mich.**—Organized July 1, 1866. Meets at Clinton Hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. E. K. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Guardian.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. at Mercantile Hall. Myron Colony, Conductor; Miss Sarah E. Cook, Guardian.

**Sturgis, Mich.**—Organized May 24, 1868. Meets every Sunday at 12:30 P. M. in the Free Church. John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.

**Sycamore, Ill.**—Lyceum organized July, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. in Wilkins' new Hall. Harvey A. Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Horatio James, Guardian.

**Toledo, O.**—Lyceum organized July 28, 1867. Meets every Sunday morning at Old Masonic Hall, at 10 o'clock. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, Guardian.

**Troy, N. Y.**—Organized May 6, 1866. Meets in Harmony Hall every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. B. Starbuck, Conductor; Miss Libbie McCoy, Guardian.

**Vineland, N. J.**—D. B. Griffith, Conductor; Mrs. Partia Gage, Guardian.

**Westville, Ind.**—Meets every Sunday at 11 o'clock. Henry Cathcart, Conductor; Esther N. Talmadge, Guardian.

**Williamantic, 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; Anna Denton Cridge, Guardian.

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