

# THE LYCEUM BANNER.

VOL. I.

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No. 10



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]  
A TRIP TO THE MOUNDS.  
BY GERTIE GRANT.

**W**E read of trips to the Alps; the Pyramids of Egypt; to the White Hills; and over the Rocky Mountains. The voyagers may think that they have seen the world under difficulties, but if they will visit the Mounds in Iowa, they may, with propriety, think they have overcome difficulties.

I took a trip to these Mounds, and the only thing worth relating is the mishaps that beset me in a single day's journey.

I was in New Boston, a little city on the east side of the Mississippi river. It was October, the glorious and "ominous month." I had two days to wait for a "long line" steamer: what should I do in the mean time? I had

no friends in the city; there were no daily papers, and the one weekly paper was a disgrace to the enterprising city. Some means must be devised to dispose of the time.

"Have you seen the Mounds?" asked an old preacher from Iowa. "The Mounds," I said "what and where are they?"

"Why," said the man in black, "the Mounds are where our ancestors, of the long ago sleep;" you would not think of a visit to the West and not visit the graves of the inhabitants of old America.

As I happen to belong to a class that kindred do not care to claim; and, as I know not where my father sleeps—if he does sleep—I concluded to visit the Mounds of "our ancestors;" by so doing I should know that I had positively paid my respects to kindred dust.

My hostess, Mrs. Smith, kindly offered her services as guide. Her horse was brought to the door; we, Mrs. Smith; Master Willie, a little bit of a boy, and myself, stowed ourselves snugly into the buggy for a trip to the Mounds.

We drove down to the Mississippi. The ferry-boat was ready to leave for the Iowa side; but our horse was not ready. He absolutely refused to join company with a noisy little ferry-boat. The ferry-man, by dint of coaxing, and leading, got Jack on the boat, and then hired a boy to hold him there.

"We cannot go up to Blackhawk," our pilot said; "the water is too low; we will land you on the Iowa side, then you go through the woods, about three miles to the Iowa river. You will find a man there with a skiff, who will take you over to Blackhawk. Be back here by sundown—that is our last trip."

Three miles through the pathless forest with an ill-tempered horse was not a very pleasant prospect; but the Mounds must be seen, and Mrs. Smith had courage enough for us both; so on we went in the way pointed out. We went round old fallen trees; waded through sloughs; led Jack down into chasms and up hills: we turned right and left to avoid pitfalls and stumps. But the Mounds were to be seen so we went on with the faith and fortitude of a Mohammedan on his way to Mecca. We reached the Iowa river, and saw the skiff on the other side. Our whistle and call brought a man and boy from a small house by the water on the other side. They came with their little craft to a sand-bar near our shore. The man called out, "Come here if you want to go over!"

So on we went into the water. When we reached the skiff, Jack again protested against that way of traveling. With great trouble and vexation we got him on the raft and went over.

Blackhawk, the city of Mounds, was reached. "The babes in the woods," were no nearer starvation than little Willie thought himself. He cared "nothing for Mounds,"—it was dinner he wanted. We fully appreciated the demand of his stomach, and asked for a hotel.

"There is but one hotel," said the man of the skiff. Mrs. Mallory keeps that up yonder by the Mound."

So up, up, and up a long hill we went. Mrs. Mallory, a genial, genuine Yankee, sat about cooking codfish to meet the demands of our empty stomachs.

Dinner ended we made haste to see the wonderful spot—the home of our distant relations.

The Mounds were there; but they were but small sugar-loaf-shaped hills. But for the bones that have been taken from one of the hillocks one would think that Nature had thrown up a handful of dirt, clothed it with verdure, and bid it remain for a look-out upon the two rivers that pass on their way to the gulf. But there was something grand in the thought that we were standing upon the head of some old patriarch and looking about upon the things he saw. The Iowa and Mississippi were, perhaps, his fishing waters; the old forests, stretching away in the distance, his hunting grounds—his Eden. He may have planted the seed of those ancient oaks, and dreamed, as he planted, that his posterity would reap where he was sowing.

From this heap of dust and bones, we took a look at the world about us; there, with a peace to the risen spirits, we turned homeward.

Mrs. Smith led Jack down the long, steep hill to the river. We had engaged the proprietor of the little skiff to take us back; but his wife wanted wood, and so, like a faithful husband, he had gone, with his raft, in search of the commodity. Night was coming on; three miles of woods lay between us and the Mississippi—and our home over that mighty river. We could complain of the man's wrong-doings, but that would not help us over the river; there was no other raft, so we remained in our carriage, watched the going down of the sun and waited the coming of our man. He came at last to take us back to the sand-bar. "Guess you'll have to camp out," were the last comforting words that fell from the lips of the man of the raft.

Our journey through the woods was about as pleasant as could be expected. The codfish that came with us from the dinner table called for water. Master Willie insisted that a well in the woods *must* be found or he "would not take another step." His mother and I both well understood Willie's want of water; but

we knew, too, that Jack must take many steps before we reached a well. On we went and on came the darkness. When we were half through the woods we heard the hiss of escaping steam; we knew that it was our boat—the signal for leaving. We set up a tremendous hallooing, hoping the pilot would hear *our* signal and wait our coming. Poor Jack was alarmed by our outcries and started off at full speed over stumps and stones; at last, running against a tree we were overturned. Little Willie, who was landed in the mud, cried out "oh mamma! I have found some water; but, unfortunately, it was too thick to drink.

We gathered our scattered traps together for another start; but lo! one of the buggy wheels had broken loose and gone. It was now sundown, there was no possibility of reaching the boat; there was no house near, and camping out was now inevitable. The night was clear and warm, for October; from cold we had nothing to fear; but water was indispensable. After a little consultation we concluded to unharness Jack, give him the freedom of the woods, and then find our way to the river. The moon came up just in time to light us over the rough places. But for our sleepy, thirsty, clumsy boy, the walk would have been delightful. My companion, whose name is Hagar, reminded me of another Hagar, whose child was dying of thirst. "But for poor Willie," she would say, "I would not mind the want of water; but I cannot bear to hear his cries."

At last the Mississippi was reached. Every drop of water in that vast stream seemed very precious to us then. With Willie's tin cup we slaked our thirst.

The next need was rest. Spreading our shawls on a smooth spot under a tree we laid ourselves down for the night. About midnight we heard familiar voices.

"That is my papa, so true as I am born," said Willie, springing out of a good nap. "That is our quartette club," Mrs. Smith remarked; "they must be out serenading some one—wonder who."

We got up, and, looking toward the river, we saw a company crossing in a row-boat. When they reached our side, Mrs. Smith joined in the song they were singing. There was a moment of silence, then a grand shout, in which the three rough-boatmen joined. We welcomed our com-

pany by an answering hurrah. What sent the little party over the river, was at first a mystery, but it was soon solved. A boy, who crossed on the ferry-boat, heard our call in the woods, and he reported us to Mr. Smith. The sturdy boatmen volunteered to go for us. The singers, who were among Mrs. Smith's friends, proposed joining the company as pilots. They thought, too, that their voices would be heard, and by this we would know of their coming. Willie gave his father a generous welcome to our lodgings under the tree. After a little rest, our generous-hearted boatmen invited us to join their party for the other side.

#### A LITTLE GIRL'S PETS.

Were you ever on a mountain? I have been; and I know a young lady who lived on the top of a mountain all the time that she was a baby and a little girl. Her name is Fanny; and when she was a child she had large dark eyes, and long curls that reached below her shoulders. When she was quite a little girl, she had a big brown dog called Bess. Fanny and Bess were always together, and were very fond of each other. Sometimes Fanny was naughty, and her mother sent her to her chamber to stay alone. One day she was sent, and she sat and cried: it was warm weather, and the window was open.

By and by Bess was heard running round and round the house; and presently she darted in at the door, and bounded up stairs to little Fanny's door, who heard her, and let her in.

Then Bess looked up at Fanny with her great sober eyes, as if to say, "What *is* the matter?" And Fanny sat on the floor beside her, and put her arms around her neck, and told her all about being sent up stairs for being naughty.

While she was speaking, the dog sat quite still and listened: but when she had finished her story, and began to cry, Bess threw back her head, and whined and howled till she could be heard all over the house.

After that, whenever Fanny was sent to her chamber, she used to open the window so that Bess could hear her cry; and the brown dog was sure to come to pity her.

Fanny had a little fox for a pet: his name was *Foxy*; and very pretty he was, too, with a fresh blue ribbon on his neck every morning. He had a bark that sounded more like a laugh; and, very early in the morning, he would come out in front of the house, and laugh in his queer way, to let them know he was out.

When he was a little fox, he was fed on sponge-cake and milk, and Fanny was careful not to let him taste chicken bones. But by and by he got a taste; and then people in the village at the foot of the mountain began to miss their chickens. Foxy used to be up as early as ever; but at breakfast-time he would be missing, and, when he came home later every morning he had no appetite for breakfast. At last he was caught killing a chicken; and so one of the men had to shoot Foxy.—*The Nursery.*



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

It is mid-winter; the Ice King reigns supreme; the ground is covered with snow; the ponds and the lakes shine like mirrors of silver, in the sun; the merry chime of the bells is heard as the spirited horses go flying over the ground; and though the flowers are dead, and the green carpet of earth is hidden from sight, the days are bright and beautiful, and the sports of winter hold high carnival. Come, buckle on your skates, boys and girls. Come fasten to your tiny feet the strips of shining steel. Skating is a grand, healthful, refreshing exercise; it is real, genuine, sensible sport; it hardens the muscles, brings the gleam of health to the cheeks, and brightens the mind. There is nothing like it; all boys and girls should learn to skate. And then there's coasting too—that's splendid fun. But you do not all know what coasting means; for in our western country, where the broad plains and prairies spread out on every side, we cannot learn to coast, for here we have no hills and valleys. But in New England, in New York and Penn-

sylvania, where the land is broken and where our homes are amid the hills and mountains—there on the crust of the deep snow, or in the beaten track on the roads, the boys and girls go coasting. They draw their little sleds up on the top of the highest hills, and then ride to the bottom. That is coasting. It is true that we have to get our sleds to the top before we can ride down, but the going down is grand fun; and to beat the others the greatest fun of all.

We have seen boys, on the great hill-sides in the East, ride more than a quarter of a mile. When the snow is very hard and icy, they go almost as quick as the wind. And how they guide the sled! A touch of the foot turns it to the one side or the other like a flash, and down, down they go to the bottom.

With skating, coasting and sleigh-riding, with parties of merry boys and girls, hickory-nuts and cider, winter is not such a grim old monster after all, but only a pleasant old gentleman whose company we can all enjoy if we will.  
G. A. S.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

#### STORIES OF THE STARS.

No. II.

BY GEORGE A. SHUFELDT, JR.

#### THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

TOLD you in the last paper that the sun was the center of the planetary system, and that all the other worlds revolved about it. I am going to tell you now what this planetary system is, and the order in which the other bodies move about the sun. There are eight large or primary planets which belong to the solar system, and also ninety-four inferior planets called asteroids; so that altogether there are one hundred and two bodies constantly in motion about the sun. The primary planets are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. To give you an idea of the comparative sizes of these globes, and their distances from each other, I will borrow from Sir John Herschel an illustration which makes it very clear and easily understood. Conceive the sun represented by a globe two feet in diameter; at eighty-two feet



distant put down a *grain of mustard seed* and you have the size and place of the planet Mercury; at one hundred and forty-two feet put down a *pea* and you will have a similitude of Venus—our brilliant morning and evening star.

Two hundred and fifteen feet from the central globe place another pea, only a trifle larger than the other, that is the earth, or the world in which we live, and which, in old times, when men were ignorant of the magnitude of creation, was considered to be the center of the universe, and the mightiest object which the Creator ever made. Mars is smaller still, a good pin's-head being his proper representative, at a distance of three hundred and twenty-seven feet. The small planets, or asteroids, seem as the least possible *grains of sand*, about five hundred feet from the sun. Jupiter as a middle-sized *orange*, distant about a quarter of a mile; Saturn, with his ring, as a *lesser orange*, two-fifths of a mile away. Uranus dwindles into a cherry, three quarters of a mile away; and Neptune is another cherry, a trifle smaller than the other, one mile distant.

Each planet or world as it revolves about the sun, describes a circle, which is called its orbit or the pathway of its motion through space.

You can easily draw around a central point which will represent the sun, a series of eight circles; upon each circle make a dot to represent a planet, but between Mars and Jupiter you will leave double the space of the others for the orbits or the asteroids. From this you will get a pretty good idea of the orbits of all the planets. It is not true that the orbits are exactly round, but they are in the form of an elliptic, which is a figure longer than it is wide, something like the shape of an egg if both ends of the egg were of the same size.

In addition to the motion of the planets around the sun, each one has a rotary motion on its own axis, or centre, that is, it turns over from west to east, once in each day. The time occupied in this revolution constitutes the planet's day, and some of these are much longer than others, owing to the difference in the velocity with which the different bodies move on their axes. The day of Jupiter and Saturn is only about ten hours long, while that of Venus and the Earth are nearly alike and twenty-four hours in length; thus showing that Jupiter and Saturn revolve with much greater

velocity than the Earth and Venus. The particulars and details of all these things, I will give to you when I come to tell you of each particular planet, with its position and various motions. The planet Neptune is the most remote of the bodies connected with and circulating around the sun, being distant from the central orb nearly three thousand million miles; and the other planetary bodies perform their revolutions within the orbit of Neptune. Although this amazing distance is inconceivably great, I hope you will get from the thoughts of it some idea of the magnitude and vastness of the system of which the Earth, on which we live, is a member; for we must understand something at least of the heavenly bodies which immediately surround us, before we can launch our little barque out into the great sea of Infinity, where millions upon millions of suns like ours sparkle and glow, and perform their revolutions in testimony to the grandeur and beauty of the architecture of the heavens.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

#### LEISURE HOURS.

Winter is here. This season is comparatively one of rest and leisure, especially for the farmer. How shall the long winter evenings be spent? This is an important question. The young should consider the importance of improving, to the best advantage, their winter hours. Let the young men and boys avoid all places that are foul with tobacco smoke and whisky. The conversations in these places do not tend to instruction in useful knowledge. Social gatherings may be made very instructive by games, reading, and conversation. I think it would be well to select some interesting book and read it aloud in the family, or in these gatherings. What, perhaps, is better is a "Reading Club" where the readers for the evening are selected. Sketches, poems, &c., are read and commented upon by the members of the Club.

I only make these suggestions, hoping to hear from others upon this subject. Let us know how many "Clubs" have been formed among the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER; what books are read; how many are members of these "Clubs;" and anything else of interest.

METTIE FOSTER.

You may gain knowledge by reading, but you must separate the wheat from the chaff by thinking.

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### DEATH OF LORD ROSSE.

This celebrated astronomer died in England, on the ninth of November last, at the age of sixty-seven. His family name was William Parsons. He succeeded to the Peerage of England at the death of his father, in the year 1841, and became Earl of Rosse. In 1845 he was elected one of the Representative Peers for Ireland. The name of his large estate in Ireland, is Parsonstown, at which place, in 1826, he commenced the construction of the wonderful instrument known as Lord Rosse's Telescope; which has made his name famous in the scientific world.

This telescope, the largest ever constructed, has a speculum or mirror of metal, six feet in diameter and a focal length of fifty-three feet. It was finished in 1844, and cost more than \$100,000. It is the most powerful reflecting telescope in the world, and by its means have been revealed many wonders of the starry heavens. The moon, though distant 240,000 miles from the earth, and 2,000 miles in diameter, is viewed through this instrument at a distance of less than 250 miles, and any object on the surface of the moon 60 or 70 feet high, becomes visible to the eye.

Stars can be plainly seen, the light of which traveling at the rate of twelve millions of miles in a minute, takes more than *two hundred thousand years* to reach the earth. And the light of other systems or clusters has been observed, which left its starting place *millions of ages ago*. While we can see with the naked eye only about four thousand or five thousand stars; yet through this great telescope there can be seen more than one hundred millions of sparkling gems of light. Lord Rosse is entitled to the lasting gratitude of man for thus revealing to his senses the greatness and grandeur of the universe.

### WORKING WOMEN'S HOME.

The working women of New York have established a co-operative Home at No. 45 Elizabeth street, New York. It is said to contain kitchens; bathing-rooms; reception rooms; parlors; dining rooms and well-ventilated sleeping rooms. The trustees of the institution say:

"The Working Women's Home is no *Charity*, but a business establishment, differing from others only in disinterestedness of motive. The Trustees would be the last to injure legitimate business and degrade the laboring classes from their personal independence, by accustoming them to any measure or kind of gratuity in material things. It is their intention, therefore, that the price of board in this establishment shall yield a moderate, living profit, with interest on the investment, but no margin for unpaid board bills, and that every week's board shall be strictly paid in advance. The price of board and washing is \$3.25 per week."

Let the Working Women's home be sustained.

### ITEMS.

—The circulation of the LYCEUM BANNER is fast increasing. This fact reminds us that we are indebted to several lecturers; to some private individuals, and to *The Banner of Progress*, and to *The Banner of Light*, for aiding in extending our circulation. The editors of the two large *Banners* have dealt as tenderly by our little pilgrim, as a good mother deals by her little child.

—A letter has come to us from *The Banner of Light* office, containing \$5 for THE LYCEUM BANNER, to be sent to five children. The writer's name was omitted. Was it by mistake? or did some *modest* person wish to add to our subscription list without our knowing from whose hand the good deed came?

Jennie C—and others ask: "Who has sent you the most subscribers? and where are the most copies of the LYCEUM BANNER taken?"

We are not yet ready to say who has obtained the largest number of subscribers. The Chicago Lyceum takes one hundred and twenty-five copies of the paper.

Middlebury, Ind., has sent us the largest number of subscribers of any place where there is no Lyceum. Mrs. Mary H. Foster, a resident of this little village, sent twenty of the subscribers.

## BOOK NOTICES.

**A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER LAND.** By Andrew Jackson Davis. Part 1 pp. 202.

This is the twentieth volume from the pen of the inspired Seer and Teacher, Andrew Jackson Davis.

He has heretofore explained the wonders of creation, the mysteries of science and philosophy, the order, progress and harmony of nature in thousands of pages of living inspiration; he has solved the mystery of Death, and revealed the connection between the world of matter and the world of spirits.

Mr. Davis opens wide the door of Life, and shows us where we live when we put aside the garments of mortality for the vestments of angels. He says: "The volume is designed to furnish scientific and philosophical evidences of the existence of an inhabitable sphere or zone among the suns and planets of space. These evidences are indispensable, being adapted to all who seek a solid, rational, philosophical foundation on which to rest their hopes of a substantial existence after Death."

The contents of this book are entirely original and direct the mind and thoughts into channels hitherto wholly unexplored.

The account of the spiritual universe; the immortal mind looking into the heavens; the existence of a spiritual zone; its possibility and probability; its formation and scientific certainty; the harmonies of the universe; the constitution of the summer land; its location; and life in the spheres—are new and wonderfully interesting.

This book will have an immense circulation and will be read by hundreds and thousands of persons.

For sale at this office. Price \$1.00; postage 16 cents.

Josiah P. Mendum, No. 84 Washington street Boston, has re-published two pamphlets, by Judge Hertell, of New York, entitled: "AN EXPOSE OF THE CAUSES OF INTEMPERATE DRINKING, and the Means by which it may be obviated," and his remarks in the New York assembly on the bill to restore to married women the "right of property."

These useful and interesting books should be put into the hands of every man and woman in the country.

THE NEW REPUBLIC.—A new, National

Commercial and Industrial Pamphlet, setting forth the political and material changes of the republic, and the concentration of power and wealth in the Mississippi Valley—the consequences of which will necessarily demand the removal of the seat of government to the banks of the Mississippi river.

Published and for sale by Jos. F. Torrey and Co., booksellers, Fourth street, St. Louis.

POWELL'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.—Is published by the proprietor, at 18 South Third street, Philadelphia. Single copies mailed to subscribers, \$2.50 per annum.

All orders, communications, books for review and press notices, may be forwarded to J. H. Powell, 18 South Third street, Philadelphia.

THE INVESTIGATOR. Semi-monthly. O. Whitlock Editor, and Publisher, Wheaton, Illinois.

This paper is full of brave, earnest thoughts. Mr. Whitlock well deserves public patronage. Let us say to the *Investigator*: "Live and work for those who need *such* a worker."

## BOOKS! BOOKS!

We have a good assortment of liberal books among them all the works of A. J. Davis. We will sell at Eastern prices.

We will send the "Stellar Key," post-paid, to any one who will send us \$9 for new subscribers.

## DONATIONS FOR THE POOR.

Mrs. Lizzie Moor, \$2.00; Mrs. John Rae, \$1.00; Mrs. Banfman, 50 cents; Miss H. T. Lawrence, \$1.00; C. K. Marine, \$1.00; From children \$1.85.

These donations have been used as the judgment of the committee directed. Blessings go with the givers.

## PERSONAL.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock are organizing Lyceums in Michigan.

Elvira Wheelock spoke recently by invitation, in the House of Representatives in Springfield, Ill.

—Mrs. S. E. Warner has been invited to settle in Rock Island.

Address Dr. Jas. K. and Sada Baily, Box 265, Adrian, Mich.

Dr. J. P. Bryant has returned from California; he can be addressed, for the present, care of Bryant & Bently, 12 Maiden Lane, New York.

## NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

## CHICAGO LYCEUM.

The members of the Chicago Progressive Lyceum had a grand gathering Christmas eve. At an early hour some two hundred children, with their friends, assembled in Crosby's Music Hall. A fine supper was prepared for all the children. Music and marching were next in order. Dr. Avery called for silence—all was still. Santa Claus walked in, dressed in fantastic style. Little hands gave him a hearty greeting. The curtain rose, displaying a tree loaded with gifts, rich, rare and useful. Skates, furs, drums, books, shawls, hoods, boots, gloves, and two hundred well filled cornucopias ornamented the great pine-tree.

Every child was presented with some gift from the Lyceum. The presents, in all amounted to between four and five hundred dollars.

The older members of the Lyceum worked diligently to prepare this gala-day for their little folks; they, and some who do not belong to the Lyceum, gave generously towards furnishing presents for those who have no means of providing their own.

The children will long bless good Mr. Santa Claus.

## BOSTON, MASS.

A Boston correspondent says: I will report the progress of our Lyceum. The Lyceum now numbers one hundred and eighty members, not including the adult group, which numbers some thirty. Our first Entertainment, which took place on the 4th instant, was a complete success. In fact it went *beyond* our expectations, as we had but three weeks to prepare in. We have not received much aid from the "Rich Spiritualists." But, nevertheless, *we are determined* that our Lyceum shall be second to none. We have had some handsome banners made to hang in the Hall. The one over the platform reads: "Salvation only through Progression." Another, an extract from one of Miss Doten's poems, purporting to come from Shakspeare, reads thus: "The stroke of death is but a kindly frost, which cracks the shell and leaves the kernel room to germinate. What most consummate fools this fear of death doth make us!" Some of the members of the Lyceum live from five to seven miles out of the city; yet they are usually present Sunday mornings.

THOMAS MARSH.

## SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Understanding the interest the LYCEUM BANNER feels in the success of Progressive Lyceums, I am inspired this morning to write a few words about the Lyceums. This Lyceum numbers about 65 regular scholars, as bright and intelligent a little band as I ever saw. The Conductor, Mr. E. A. Richards, is a faithful earnest worker, ever ready to respond to the needs of the Lyceum, and cheerfully giving labor and money whenever required. I know the children love and bless him. Mrs. E. G. Plank is equally zealous in the performance of her duties. Beautiful blessings await her, as well as the efficient corps of leaders, who have resolved the Lyceum should prove a success. The children, bless their little hearts, are brave little girls and boys, cheerfully, and with credit performing the duties required of them. And never was anything more welcome to the children than the LYCEUM BANNER; it is greeted with eager hands and sparkling eyes, which tell plainly how they love their little paper.

Every time a child gives a recitation it receives a beautiful card-picture of some flower; or the one who gives the greatest number of recitations, is to receive the first prize album; thus they are encouraged to work with an aim, for improvement and culture will be the inspirations, that will unfold their beings.

I shall not soon forget the pleasure I enjoyed in visiting the Springfield Lyceum.

ELVIRA WHEELOCK.

## CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF THE HINGHAM, (MASS.) LYCEUM.

We had the pleasure of witnessing and participating in the Festival given by the Children's Progressive Lyceum, at their hall in Hingham, on Christmas night. It was their first festival, and it was a *decided success*. The exercises commenced at half-past 7 o'clock, consisting of music, speaking, singing and dancing; and, of course, Santa Claus, with his "Wonderful Tree," was there to make the hearts of the children glad. And he deserves great credit, for he filled the tree to overflowing. As presents were the order of the evening, we were happy to notice the *presence* of Mrs. Horton, of Lowell, who made some very pleasing remarks pertinent to the occasion. The dancing continued until a late hour, when the exercises were concluded, and the children packed

their gifts and departed for their several homes perhaps a little tired, but much pleased with themselves, and with Santa Claus in particular. The Hingham Lyceum was organized, not quite one year ago; and, though small in numbers, it is not weak. They progress steadily—surely. In fact they believe in *Progression*. The Conductor, Mr. Edwin Wilder, Jr., and the Guardian, Mrs. Susan P. Dow, are both well fitted to fill their respective positions, and we wish them success in their endeavors to educate and train the children for a life of usefulness and pleasure.

G. F. CLARK.

Boston, Dec. 31, 1867.

## WORCESTER, MASS.

I suppose you have lots of little eyes looking for news of "Santa Claus" and for words of cheer. I can tell you he has been here and gave all the children of our Lyceum a present.

We have had our trials as well as others; but I think those who object to carrying the stars and stripes are pretty well done up.

They said our festival would be a failure—and I suppose, if having a first rate time and making ninety-eight dollars clear of expenses can be called a failure—then we failed.

In the first place Bertha Dewey gave us "The Sunny and Shady Side of Christmas." The sunny side was an original greeting—the shady side was "Nobody's Child" from the LYCEUM BANNER. She was changed from a bright, and happy little girl to a ragged, friendless wanderer so quick, you would hardly know who it was.

Then we had a Pantomime Charade, "Biddy Malloy after her Patrick," by Eugene De Witt; Song by the Hubbard Brothers; Charade in three acts.

In came Santa and gave us lots of nice thing, that made us just as happy as we could be.

After he had gone we cleared the floor; the musicians came and played for us to dance.

Now if any one had a better time, we should like to know how they went to work, so we can try it next year.

But we must not ask for too much room, for we want to hear from all, so we will just wish you "a *Happy New Year*"—say good bye and stop. Yours for Lyceums,

A. C.

## MILWAUKEE.

The Milwaukee Children's Progressive Ly-

ceum elected their officers, yesterday, and the following persons were elected for the coming year: Mr. T. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Wood, Guardian; Mrs. Caroline Wright, Musical Director; Mr. Otto Severance, Librarian; Mr. Albert Wright, Guard; Mrs. Lenna Sherman, Critic.

We commence the new year with a list of more than 70 scholars. By getting your valuable LYCEUM BANNER to teach us, by its semi-monthly visits, and such an efficient, intelligent and devoted corps of officers and assistants, we are bound to have one of the most useful and best conducted Lyceums in this country, and make such truthful impressions on the minds of the children that attend it, that they will be distinguished for their virtue, intelligence, and wisdom while they remain on the earth.

Yours truly,

H. S. BROWN, M. D.

## OLYDE, OHIO.

We have a flourishing Lyceum here, which at this time numbers 104 children, with 75 regular attendance. Since our organization, last June, we have been marching along at no very slow pace. Christmas Eve we had an entertainment consisting of essays, recitations, singing, music, tableaux, and gymnastics, followed by the "Queen of Gifts," from whom all children, connected with the Lyceum, received gifts of different kinds, from a small doll to nice warm clothes, made for some of the little ones, whose circumstances loudly called for aid. It was a time never to be forgotten, and one that tells on the popular teachings of the day. Hoping that each little one who reads this, was blessed in giving and receiving, I remain the children's friend. I may at some future time address them again through the LYCEUM BANNER.

MRS. B. TUTTLE.

## BANGOR, ME.

The Bangor Lyceum was organized May 5, 1867. The 1st of November we chose a Committee to draft a Constitution and by-laws, and November 17, 1867, we had an election of officers as follows:

Conductor, A. J. Chapman; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. Letitia Stabbs; Musical Director, G. G. Rice; Librarian and Secretary, Henry Gale; with a full list of Assistants, Guards and Leaders. We are a hundred strong in our association, and have a library of ninety books—such as they are. We don't know the word fail.

HENRY GALE.





Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE TURTLE DOVE.

HIS is also sometimes called the mourner dove. It is one of the most beautiful of the species, and has long been celebrated for its graceful form, its gentle manners, and its mournful, plaintive notes. It is of a brownish drab color, breast pale olive; its flight is quick, vigorous, and accompanied by a peculiar whistling of the wings; it feeds on buckwheat, hemp seed, Indian corn and berries; it devours large quantities of gravel; to obtain this it is often seen in the roads. It visits the North in the spring and spends the winter in the South where it associates in considerable flocks. In New England and the middle states, it is generally seen in pairs. There are but few persons who have not heard the mournful cooing of the Turtle dove; it seems to be the concentration of hopeless woe and settled sorrow, sad, tender, and affecting. Its notes are four; the first, seeming to be uttered with an inspiration of the breath, as if the afflicted creature was just recovering its voice from the last convulsive sob of distress; this is followed by three long, deep and mournful moanings that no person of sensibility can hear without sympathy. A pause of a few minutes ensues. Again the solemn voice of sorrow is resumed as before. There is, however, nothing of real distress in all this, but quite the reverse. The bird that utters it, wants on by the side of his beloved partner, or invites her by his call, to some favorite, retired, and shady retreat. It is the voice of love, of faithful, connubial affection, for which the whole family of doves are so celebrated, and among them none more deservingly so, than the species illustrated in this paper.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

WHY DON'T WE DIE ?

BY MRS. JANE FROHOCK.

"Why don't we die mamma, you say in heaven we shall not want for bread."—From Frances Brown's Sketches from Nature.]

I wish that we could die, mamma—  
And have our home in Heaven ;  
Where landlords claim no rent, mamma,  
And food is freely given.

Your Jennie's not much hungry now,  
So, please, mamma, don't cry ;  
But can we live? Pray tell me how ;  
Mamma, we sure must die.

'Tis very cold and dark, mamma—  
Our landlord's gone, they say ;  
Our hope of fire and wood, mamma,  
He's taken all away.

Good angels do not scorn the poor,  
Nor blessed things deny ;  
Though clad in rags, they know we're pure—  
"Mamma, why don't we die?"

You've labored very hard, mamma—  
The sweat is on your brow ;  
You cannot feed us more, mamma—  
Will God not take us now?

In the blissful land above us,  
There is no orphan's cry ;  
There heavenly bands will love us—  
"Mamma, why can't we die?"

Reported for the Lyceum Banner.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following questions are answered by the members of the Philadelphia Lyceum :

What is true virtue ?

ADULT LIBERTY GROUP.

1. "True Virtue" consists in living above and not yielding to the vices and temptations of the world.

2. "True Virtue" consists in living and being true to all the laws of the Infinite, in the moral, spiritual or physical departments of our being.

3. "True Virtue" procures us the love of good beings; it makes the Infinite Spirit our friend; it assimilates and unites our minds to the great Father Spirit, and engages his power in our defence. Virtue is in every way superior to knowledge; thus, the good man is ranked superior to the great man; so the highest exercise of reason is in the discovery of moral truth. If virtue be thoroughly inculcated during the morning of life, while the youthful mind is free and strong, the evening shades of life will be honored. Oh! the light of virtue is pure and unfading. It has more esteem than the gems, which decay. It will gleam when the chill damps of death are invading, and light thee, and cheer thee along thy pathway.

## LIBERTY GROUP.

"True Virtue" is moral goodness, contributing to our earthly welfare.

## NO. 2 TEMPLE GROUP.

"True Virtue," to be consistent in all things, Holiness, Religion, Charity, Benevolence; all the best principles of our nature. Truly virtuous persons will have so much sympathy in their hearts for the wretched, fallen and down-trodden of humanity, that they will constantly be anxious to assist them into higher developed conditions.

## NO. 3 TEMPLE GROUP.

To be "Truly Virtuous," is to be true to your fellow-man, standing up for truth and right at all hazards.

## EXCELSIOR GROUP.

"True Virtue" is adherence in action to the nature of things.

## EVANGEL GROUP.

1. "True Virtue" is to be not only pure in heart, but to practice purity.  
 2. "True Virtue" is natural to the spirit, but the circumstances surrounding many lead them into different degrees of virtue. One of the greatest aids for the establishment of "true virtue" will be to sign our names to the Anti-Tobacco and Temperance Pledge.

## STAR GROUP.

1. "True Virtue" gives happiness below.  
 2. "True Virtue" is the only point where human bliss stands still, and tastes the good without fear of ill.  
 3. "True Virtue" is where only merit constant pay receives; it is blest in what it takes and what it gives.

## BANNER GROUP.

1. "True Virtue" is a stream of purity and goodness running through every act of our life.  
 2. "True Virtue" is what nothing earthly gives, or can destroy, the souls calm sunshine and heartfelt joy.

## VESPER GROUP.

1. "True Virtue" teaches me to say:  
 Oh! I will treat kindly, with love and protection,  
 Each poor, suffering one that I see;  
 Not a creature that needs my love and affection,  
 Shall ever go wanting from me.  
 2. Where the world needs workers, *be there*;  
 Where there's wrong, there make it right;  
 Where there's need, there is thy mission,  
 Home, or foreign, day or night.

This is true virtue.

## BEACON GROUP.

"True Virtue" is that upon which happiness depends.

## SYLVAN GROUP.

1. "True Virtue" is to character what life is to the body; without life the body becomes corrupt; without virtue the character becomes morally polluted.  
 2. "True Virtue" is the foundation of honor and esteem; it is the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature; there is nothing like virtue to produce happiness and perfect peace of mind.

## GARLAND GROUP.

1. They are "truly virtuous" who do the very best they can under all circumstances.  
 2. To be "truly virtuous" is to be firm and true; at all times and under all circumstances to resist temptation, for only when tempted do we learn the strength of virtue.

## LAKE GROUP.

1. "True Virtue" consists in deeds of kindness, which spring from a pure, loving heart.  
 2. "True Virtue" is the lily blooming in the garden of our lives, instead of the bramble, hollyhock or thistle.  
 3. "True Virtue" causes an air of purity to pervade every act of our lives.

4. "True Virtue" is a foundation of goodness in the heart, which continually springs forth in loving deeds; the widow casting in her two mites performed a noble virtuous action; a little child that dries the tears of its distressed playmate, does a virtuous deed; a child that merely gives a question at our Lyceum, or votes upon a question, shows an interest, it may be to the extent of its ability, thereby doing as much perhaps as the poor but noble widow, whom Jesus highly commended.

## SEA GROUP.

1. "True Virtue" is the natural purity of the heart; it is the grand basis of true culture, both moral and spiritual.  
 2. "True Virtue" is an innate quality of excellence in man that can never die.  
 3. "True Virtue" constitutes value and true merit; it is a principle which pervades all nature.  
 4. "True Virtue" is conformity to the moral and divine laws of God and nature.  
 5. "True Virtue" is true moral goodness.

## A STRANGER IN THE SCHOOL.

On a warm day, a large school of boys and girls were conning over their lessons. The teacher tried hard to keep order, to make all take to their studies, to help those who needed aid, and to make all happy. He opened the doors and windows to give them fresh air, but all would not do. Some felt discouraged with their lessons, some felt sleepy, some felt cross, and everything seemed to drag and linger. By-and-by the heavy tread of a foot on the door-steps was heard, and, without knocking, in walked a hard-faced man, somewhat old in years, but with a firm step. The children at first felt afraid of him, but they soon found that beneath his hard looks, there was a bright eye, a pleasant smile, and a kind heart. But instead of sitting down and staring at the school, he sat down by the side of a little girl who was trying in vain to get her spelling lesson. There were tears of discouragement in her eyes.

"Well, what's the matter with our little one?"

"O, sir! I can't get my lesson! It's so long, and the words are so hard, I can never learn them!"

"Let us see. How many of those words are there in one column?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"And how many columns in your lesson?"

"Three, sir."

"Very well. That makes forty-five words to be learned. How many of these are easy, so that you can spell them at once. Count them."

"Twenty-five, sir."

"Then you have twenty left which you call hard. Now take the first one, look at it sharp, see every letter in it, count the letters, see just how the word looks. Now shut your eyes, and see if you can still see just how the word looks. Spell it over softly to yourself. There now, you spelt it right. "Now do so with the next word, and the next, till you have them all."

"O, sir! that is very easy. I can get my lesson now!"

Then the visitor went to a boy who was puzzling over a sum in arithmetic. He was discouraged and almost cross.

"Let us see. What's the matter here?"

"This sum, sir! I can't do it. Every sum grows harder and harder! It seems as if the man who made the book tried to see how hard sums he could put down."

"I see. Now what's the rule by which this sum is to be done? Repeat it. Very well, only you have not said it *quite* right. Turn to it and see. There now, you have left out one important link. You now understand the rule. Try the sum now, putting in the part you left out."

"Oh sir! It's easy now. I see, and I can now do them all."

"Yes; but you must not be thinking about your ball and kite and play. You must give all your mind to the thing you are studying, and then it will be easy."

The stranger next sat down by a boy who was trying to commit the declension of a noun, in a Latin grammar. Over and over he had repeated it, but alas! he could not make the memory hold it. He was ready to throw down she book.

"Hold there, my boy! Don't look so discouraged. Take your pen and carefully write down that declension. See how every word is written, and what letter ends every case. There now is every word right? Yes? Well, shut your grammar, turn over your paper and on the other side write it all over again from memory. So ho! How many mistakes have you made?"

"Two, sir."

"Very well. Put away that bit of paper, get another and try it again and again till you can write it without a single mistake; you can say it then, for writing will fix it in the memory."

Thus he went from seat to seat and helped all. The scholars forgot the heat. They all had their lessons, and the teacher smiled and praised them, and all were very happy.

Just as he was leaving, the teacher thanked the stranger and hoped he would soon call again.

"Oh!" said he; "just send for me at any time and I will come and give any one a lift."

"Pray sir, by what name shall we ask for you?"

"Mr. Hardstudy, sir, at your service!"

#### DEATHS.

"Though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless Universe  
Is life—there are no dead."

Born into the spirit world from Stoneham Mass., Dec. 20, Mrs. Maria, wife of A. K. Churchill, aged 84 years.

Dec. 21, little Frankie "crossed the river" to join his mother—aged 4 years, 5 months and 17 days.

The corpses were escorted to the Unitarian church, Dec. 23, by the Children's Progressive Lyceum with which the deceased were connected. Services by Mrs. N. J. Willis of Boston. At their meeting on Sunday the Lyceum passed the following resolution;

*Whereas*, Angel Messengers have borne away from us to the Summer Land a mother and child,

*Resolved*, that we offer our tenderest sympathy to all the members of that doubly bereaved family. May the *knowledge* that the dear departed are "not lost" but translated to the companionship of angels, console them in this trial hour, open their hearts to spirit communion, and enable them to look cheerfully forward to a happy reunion in the beautiful hereafter.

Voted, that this resolution be sent to the *Banner of Light* and LYCEUM BANNER for publication.

In Danby, Ill., Mrs. Ruth Tollman, aged thirty-seven years.

Those who loved our sister

"Will miss the clasp of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

But they know that she is not dead,—that she is still a guardian in the *home* she loved so well.

In this city, Dec. 22, Alice Morrow Higgins passed to the home of the angels. Her age was six years.

She was a member of the Progressive Lyceum. Her gentle ways and loving words won for her the love of her teacher and all the members of the class.

"Wait! my little one, wait!  
When you reach the celestial strand,  
For thy mother may be toiling up  
To the heights of the Better Land.  
For the years that fall like molten lead  
On the hearts this side of the sea,  
Will pass like the light of a beautiful dream,  
My little child, o'er thee."

## RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

## RIDDLE.

My first is something good to eat,  
Which little children love to make,  
If not in paste, in cleanly sand,  
Then leave it in the sun to bake.

My second is a queenly name,  
In history it is known full well;  
In days long past the poet sang  
Of her, whose name I dare not tell.

My third and last I soon will tell,  
And leave to be guessed this rhyme by thee.  
The letter which I wish to speak  
Dwells in the neighborhood of P.

My whole is something sending forth  
Sweet melodies to greet the ear.  
Listening, I love to think them tones  
Of angel voices, hovering near.

CARRIE ELLA BARNEY.

## ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 4, 6, 7, 8, 9 is what young folks like to do.

My 2, 17 is an exclamation.

My 1, 9, 3 is a kind of drink.

My 5, 2, 1, 9 is what the women are going to do.

My 10, 6, 7, 12, 14 is a leather worker.

My 1, 14, 15, 16, 11 should be spoken.

My 13, 2, 14, 7, 3, 4, 2 is what they dread in warm, sultry weather, mostly in the West India Islands.

My whole is what all should strive to do.

THOMAS C. CASH.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 6, 8, 9, 3, is the name of a bird;

My 6, 4, 3, 2, is a simple word.

My 7, 2, 6, 6, 5, all boys do wish;

For my 5, 5, 6, some men do fish;

My 7, 11, 6, 6, 5, young men admire;

My 7, 2, 4, 6, prisoners desire.

My 6, 5, 11 a man brave but bad;

My 7, 11, 6, 6 is heard when we are merry or sad.

My 7, 6, 4, 10, 1 may we never be;

My 6, 5, 2, 1 is thrown into the sea.

My 2, 6, 11 boys should never take,

For fear it should them drunkards make.

My whole is the name of an American, bold,  
Who died over 85 years old.

E. WORSLEY.

## WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in wine, but not in beer;  
My second is in walk, but not in run;  
My third is in ash, but not in elm;  
My fourth is in shoe, but not in boot;  
My fifth is in pencil, but not in pen;  
My sixth is in snow, but not in ice;  
My seventh is in girl, but not in boy;  
My eighth is in town, but not in village;  
My ninth is in robin, but not in wren;  
My tenth is in knife, but not in fork;

My whole is the name of a man who, though dead, still  
lives in the hearts of the American people.

LUE MADDEN.

## ANSWERS.

Enigma, by Nellie M. Lukens—A distinguished author.

Word Puzzle, by M. E. L.—Gail Hamilton.

Answered by Wm. H. Bagley, C. P. D., T. C. Cash, L. B. Myers and Ella Pettigrew.

## LETTERS FROM CHILDREN.

LEROY, 1867.

I saw in my LYCEUM BANNER a call for something to give to the poor little children, who were cold, hungry, and homeless. I hasten to give in my mite. I know it is but little, but it is *all* I have now; perhaps some other time I can send more. I am sure it will buy a loaf of bread for some hungry child, but I know *you* will know just what to do with it, and I hope it will make some little face look as bright as the new dime looks. Your little friend,

MARY L. WOODARD.

CALUMET, Wis.

I read, in the LYCEUM BANNER, a letter from Santa Claus asking us to help the poor. I have been real sick so I cannot make anything, but I will send you some money to buy some nice thing for some one who may not have anything.

How I wish I could go to Chicago and see your Lyceum. What nice times we would have. A good time to you and all the little folks.

ELOISE B. TALLMADGE.

WATERFORD, N. J.

I read Santa Claus' letter in your paper. Charley and I send each ten cents,—all the money we have,—wish it was more. May be we will have more money sometime. Truly,

MARY M. BOARDMAN.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis.

Will you please accept 50 cents from us children toward your Christmas present for the poor. JULIA, GEORGE, AND EMMA CAMPBELL.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS: I read your letter and send you one dollar for your poor children. It is all I have, wish I had more.

NATTIE GALLOWAY.

The children may be assured that their donations were very acceptable, and that their money was well invested. With other donations it went toward furnishing useful presents for those who are not rich in gold. The poor have the joy of knowing that they are very kindly remembered by some who have never known want.

Will persons wishing their papers changed say where they have been sent? Mrs. Smith writes: "Send my daughter's paper to Moline—we have moved there." There are ten Smiths on our mailing-books. Which does Mrs. Martha Smith refer to?

## PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM REGISTER.

- ADRIAN, MICH.**—Instituted Nov. 4, 1867. Meets in City Hall every Sunday at 12 M. J. J. Loomis, Conductor; Martha Hunt, Guardian.
- BOSTON, MASS.**—Lyceum organized 1867. 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.**—Lyceum organized May 26, 1867. Jas. J. Varris, Conductor; Frances McMahon, Guardian.
- BREEDSVILLE, MICH.**—Lyceum organized May, 1866. Mr. William Knowles, Conductor; Mrs. Wells Brown, Guardian.
- BANGOR, MAINE.**—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Pioneer Chapel. Adolphus G. Chapman, Conductor; Miss M. S. Curtiss, Guardian.
- BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—Lyceum organized March 3, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M., in the Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and DeKalb avenues. John A. Bartlett, Conductor; Mrs. Fannie Cohlil, Guardian.
- BUFFALO, N. Y.**—Lyceum organized Dec. 9, 1866. Meets in Music Hall every Sunday afternoon. Mr. S. H. Wertman, Conductor; Miss Sarah Brooks, Guardian.
- BELOIT, WIS.**—Lyceum organized Aug. 11, 1867. Meets every Sunday in the Spiritualists' Free Church at 2 P. M. Mr. S. U. Hamilton, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Dresser, Guardian.
- CORRY, PA.**—Lyceum organized Aug. 18, 1867. Meets in Good Templar Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Charles Holt, Conductor; Miss Helen Martin, Guardian.
- CHARLESTOWN, MASS.**—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 meets in Washington Hall every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. W. J. Mayo, Guardian.
- CLYDE, OHIO.**—Lyceum organized June 17, 1867. Meets every Sunday in Willis Hall at 10 A. M. A. B. French, Conductor; Mrs. M. Mosley, Guardian.
- CHARLESTOWN, MASS.**—Lyceum No. 2 organized May 6, 1866. C. C. York, Conductor; Lucy A. York, Guardian.
- CHELSEA, MASS.**—Lyceum organized Dec. 13, 1865. Meets at Library Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. James S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian.
- CHICAGO, ILL.**—Lyceum organized Feb. 25, 1866. Meets every Sunday at Crosby's Music Hall, at 10:30 A. M. Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian and President of the Literary Circle.
- DETROIT, MICH.**—M. J. Mathews, Conductor; Mrs. Rachel L. Doty, Guardian.
- FOND DU LAC, WIS.**—Lyceum organized July, 1867. Dr. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Hooker, Guardian.
- HAMBURG, CONN.**—Lyceum organized May, 1866. John Sterling, Conductor; Mrs. A. B. Anderson, Guardian.
- HAMMONTON.**—Lyceum organized August 1866. Meets Sunday at 1 P. M. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Mrs. Julia E. Holt, Guardian.
- HAVANA, ILL.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 3 P. M. in Andrus' Hall. J. F. Coppel, Conductor; E. J. Shaw, Guardian.
- HAVERHILL, MASS.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in Music Hall.
- JOHNSON'S CREEK, N. Y.**—Lyceum meets at 12 M. every Sunday. Miss Emma Joyce, Conductor; Mrs. H. O. Loper, Guardian.
- JERSEY CITY, N. J.**—Lyceum organized October, 1866. Meets every Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street. Mr. Joseph Dixon, Conductor.
- LANSING, MICH.**—Lyceum organized Feb. 17, 1867. Meets every Sunday in Capitol Hall at 4 p. m. E. H. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. S. D. Coryell, Guardian.
- LOTUS, IND.**—Lyceum organized October, 1866. F. A. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Ann H. Gardner, Guardian.
- LOWELL, MASS.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday in the forenoon, in the Lec Street Church.
- MILWAUKEE.**—Lyceum meets in Bowman Hall every Sunday at 2 p. m. J. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Martha A. Wood, Guardian.
- NEW BOSTON, ILL.**—Lyceum organized Oct. 20, 1867. Meets every Saturday at 2 p. m., at Roberts Hall. R. S. Cramer, Conductor; Mrs. W. P. Myers, Guardian.
- NEWARK, N. J.**—Lyceum organized Jan. 27, 1867. Meets in Music Hall, No. 4 Bank street, every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mr. G. T. Leach, Conductor; Mrs. Harriet Parsons, Guardian.
- NEW YORK CITY.**—The Children's Progressive Lyceum will meet every Sunday at 9½ o'clock, a. m., in Masonic Hall, 114 East Thirteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues. 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.
- OSWEGO, N. Y.**—Organized the third Sunday in October, 1866. J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. Doolittle, Guardian.
- OSBORN'S PRAIRIE, IND.**—Lyceum organized May, 1866. Meets every Sunday morning at Progressive Friends' meeting-house. Rev. Simon Brown, Conductor; S. A. Craze, Guardian.
- PHILADELPHIA, PA.**—Lyceum No. 1 meets every Sunday at Washington Hall, southwest corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, at 10 a. m., except July and August, in which the summer recess occurs. M. B. Dyott, Conductor; Arabella Balenger, Guardian.
- Lyceum No. 2—Meetings held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock at Thompson Street Church, below Front street. Isaac Rehn, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.
- PLYMOUTH, MASS.**—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock. I. Carver, Conductor; Mrs. R. W. Bartlett, Guardian.
- PROVIDENCE, R. I.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street.
- PUTNAM, CONN.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. in Central Hall.
- RICHLAND CENTER, WIS.**—Lyceum organized July, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 1 p. m. Mr. H. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fidelia O. Pease, Guardian.
- RICHMOND, IND.**—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. Eli Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addleman, Guardian.
- ROCHESTER, N. Y.**—Lyceum meets regularly in Black's Musical Institute, (Palmer's Hall.) Sunday afternoons at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. Jonathan Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.
- ROCKFORD, ILL.**—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. in Wood's Hall. E. C. Dunn, Conductor; Mrs. Rockwood, Guardian.
- ROCK ISLAND, ILL.**—Organized March 1, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock in Norris Hall, Illinois street. W. T. Riggs, Conductor; Mrs. W. T. Riggs, Guardian.
- SACRAMENTO, CAL.**—Organized October, 1864. H. Bowman, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian.
- SPRINGFIELD, ILL.**—Regular Spiritualists' Meeting every Sunday in the hall Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday at 10 a. m. B. A. Richards, Conductor; Mrs. R. G. Plank, Guardian.
- STONEHAM, MASS.**—The Spiritualistic Association hold regular meetings at Harmony Hall, two Sundays in each month, at 2½ and 7 o'clock, P. M. Afternoon lectures free. Evening lectures 10 cents admission. W. H. Orne, President.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum 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. H. S. Williams, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Lyman, Guardian.
- ST. JOHNS, MICH.**—Organized July 1, 1866. Meets at Clinton Hall every Sunday at 11 a. m. E. K. Bally, 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; Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian.
- STURGIS, MICH.**—Organized May 24, 1863. Meets every Sunday at 12:30 p. m. in the Free Church. John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.
- STAMFORD, ILL.**—Lyceum organized July, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. in Wilkins' new Hall. Conductor, Harvey A. Jones; Guardian, Mrs. Horatio James.
- 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. S. J. Pinney, Conductor.
- VINLAND, N. J.**—Organized Feb. 11, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock p. m. Hosea Allen, Conductor; Mrs. J. K. Read, Guardian.
- WILLIAMTIC, CONN.**—Organized July 15, 1866. Remus Robinson, Conductor; W. Fuller, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Purinton, Guardian; Mrs. Remus Robinson, Assistant Guardian.
- WORCESTER, MASS.**—Organized March 1, 1865. Meets in Horticultural Hall every Sunday at 11:30 a. m. Mr. E. R. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian.