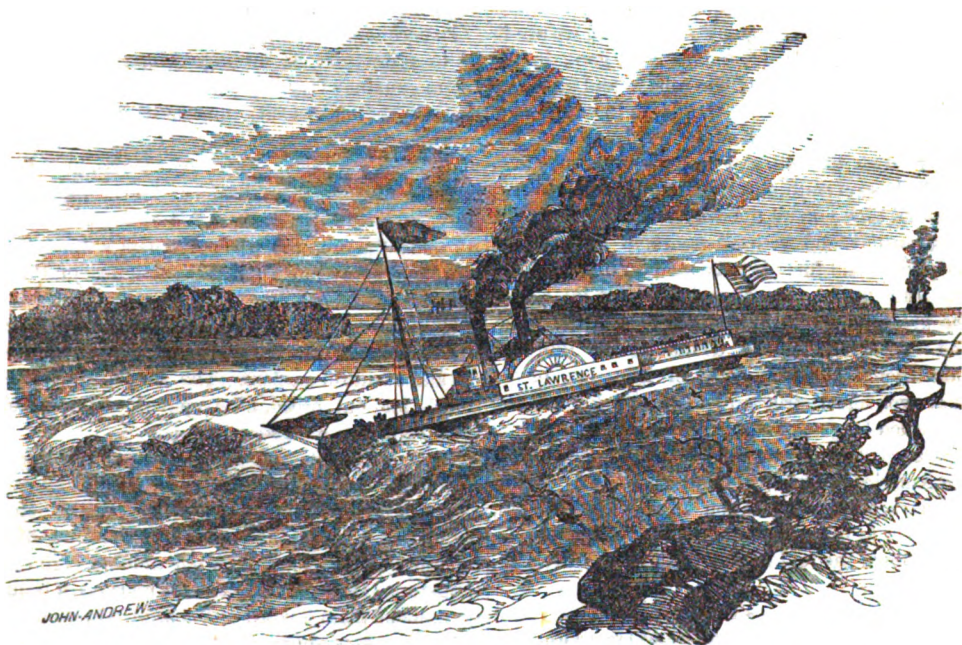


The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 1.

Chicago, February 15, 1868.

No. 12.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THE River St. Lawrence is the outlet by which the waters of the great Lakes find their way to the ocean. It is a stream of great size and grandeur. Its head is usually reckoned from Lake Ontario, from whence to its mouth the length is 750 miles; but should we trace it back through all the chain of great Lakes—Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron, Michigan, and Lake Superior, to its source in the far west, we should find its length to be 1910 miles. It is navigable for the largest ships to Quebec; and for ships of 600 tons to Montreal. Above that city its navigation is impeded by rapids, of which the Cedar and Lachine are the most considerable.

The inclination of these rapids is so regular that steamboats, drawing seven feet of water, can descend the river in perfect safety.

Our picture represents a steamer descending the Lachine rapids. She seems to be plunging into certain destruction; she rolls and plunges fearfully, but there is no danger, for a sharp eye and a steady hand at the helm control all her motions, and guide safely into the smooth waters below.

Let us step on board the St. Lawrence some pleasant day in June, at Oswego, in the State of New York, and take a sail down the great River. For a few hours we sail quietly on the placid waters of Lake Ontario. It is fifty miles, perhaps, before the shores of the Lake begin to close in, and the river becomes visible as a contraction of the Lake, but we creep by the points of land and pass by the Islands until it is apparent that we are going down the River. The surface of the stream is so thickly studded with spots and patches of land, that one part of it is called the Lake of the thousand Islands. The scenery here, so pictur-

esque and beautiful, is noted all over the world as the resort of visitors and tourists. There are few places on the American continent which surpass it in grandeur and sublimity. Thousands of persons come here every year just to have a sail on this magnificent river and among these beautiful green islands, which seem to float upon the surface. We are some hours, and many miles on our way toward Montreal. The river narrows a little, the water seems to be gathering force and power as it rushes swiftly by, a rock projects here and there, the stream rolls and tumbles and foams. The steamer appears to be going down hill; we are in the Lachine Rapids, down, down she goes, in the whirl, among the rocks; she rolls to and fro, knots of passengers gather on the decks to witness the exciting scene. The boat is trying to beat the water down the hill, and beat the water she does, for she is soon sailing in the smooth surface below. I cannot take you all the way to the sea for it is a long journey, and we have no room for a full description of all there is to be seen on the great river. Just noting one or two items of interest as the great tubular bridge which crosses the river, and is a viaduct for the Grand Trunk Railway. Constructed almost wholly of iron, one of the most wonderful structures in the world; and the renowned heights of Abraham at Quebec, where Wolfe was slain in the old French war, and where the American patriot, Richard Montgomery led in the days of the Revolution. I will leave you all, some day to take a sail among the Thousand Islands, down the rapids, and through the River St. Lawrence.

S.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SAN FRANCISCO.

IN the last number of the LYCEUM BANNER, "S." gave you a beautiful illustrated story, entitled "Over the Plains," and a few statistics of California, the goal of the gold hunter.

The overland wagons landed you in a very unpromising country, inhabited mostly by Indians, Spaniards and bears. San Francisco, the great metropolis of California, contained in 1848 a few tents, gambling and drinking houses; a few white, rough, unshaven Americans, scarcely a white woman and no children.

Bears, and other wild animals, had a free and easy way of intruding their society upon the people. Provisions and all the necessaries of life were brought sixteen thousand miles around Cape Horn, and commanded fabulous prices. Where the city now stands was then a mass of huge sand hills, destitute of vegetation, the surrounding coun-

try was supposed to be worthless for agriculture. Business men either washed their own clothes or sent them to the Sandwich Islands, a distance of two thousand miles, to be washed. Permanent homes were not thought of, only a few years of toil and privation, a few thousand dollars of the shining dust, then a return to their native land to enjoy the fruits of so much sacrifice.

But a climate so genial, a country so rich in gold and silver and harbor facilities unequalled in the world, soon attracted other settlers and retained those already there.

Experiments proved the soil to be as well adapted to agriculture as mining. Observation from the mountains of sand convinced the observer that this was a site for a city unsurpassed in beauty, and miners soon pronounced the mines of precious metal, inexhaustible. News of success in a few months reached the friends at home, and other brave men, with their wives and children, followed, some "across the plains," others around the Horn and many more across the Isthmus of Panama.

How different the view presented in 1868! Those barren hills are now covered with palatial residences and beautiful gardens. The streets are handsomely laid out, broad, nicely paved, and many of them furnished with street cars.

Beauty, fashion and intelligence are accorded this young city by strangers. Her public and private buildings are the pride of her people. Her population is more than one hundred and fifty thousand. Her school children number eighteen thousand. Her school houses are marvels of beauty, some of them erected at a cost of \$150,000.

Her markets during the whole year, are supplied with fruit and vegetables which for size and flavor compete with the world.

Her harbor is filled with ships of every nation. Regular lines of steamers run between this city, China and Japan. San Francisco enjoys the precedence of trade with these remarkable foreign nations.

Telegraphs give her all the eastern and foreign news. Her people are as well advised on London and New York finance as the inhabitants of those cities themselves.

Never was a people so justly proud of a city and its capacities, and never did one promise more for its future prosperity and greatness, than this beautiful "Bay City" of the Pacific.

F. M. K.

USE the best language in your common conversation at home, and you will soon acquire the habit of using it on all occasions.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE RED SILK DRESS.

WHAT, my little girl in tears? What cloud has hidden the sunshine of my Rosie's face? Dry your eyes and tell me all about it." And the indulgent father drew his petted child to his side, and in a kind, but decided manner, drew forth the cause of her great grief.

"I do not blame you, my dear child, for wanting to dress as well on your fourteenth birthday as Allie Hobbs; but you must remember Allie's father is a rich man, and yours is not. Your party dress is a plain wool-delaine; hers, a crimson silk. Can you tell, Rosie, why hers is better than yours?"

"Why, Papa, Allie's dress was four dollars a yard in New York, mine only seventy-five cents!"

"Does the amount of money paid for one article make it more valuable?"

"Why, yes, of course; what else gives it value, if it is only useful and pretty?"

"Sometimes the lives that are sacrificed to produce an article, increase its value."

"But you know, papa, I would not wear a dress that cost the life of a living creature, neither would Allie," said the tender-hearted child.

The father smiled as he said: "Listen a few moments, Rosie, and I will show you that thousands of lives, it may be as precious to them as ours are to us, are sacrificed to produce a red silk dress."

"O, papa, how can that be?" and the dimmed eyes looked inquiringly into her father's.

"In the first place, Rosie, the eggs of the silk-worm, which are not much larger than mustard seeds, are kept in a warm room, until a tiny little insect comes out, which would soon die without nourishment. They are then placed upon the leaves of the mulberry tree, and are such voracious eaters that they soon devour them. So that each day fresh leaves are given them, until they reach maturity. They are not very pretty to look at; but it is very interesting to see them spin around themselves a beautiful yellow, glossy house. This covering is called a cocoon, and is somewhat larger than a robin's egg and nearly the same shape. These cocoons are boiled or baked, and the poor creatures who toiled so long to build their houses, are of course killed. The floss of the cocoon is then spun and woven into silk to make garments for fashionable ladies.

"But that is not all the life that is taken to produce red silk. The coloring involves still more. There is a tiny little insect called cochineal found in warm countries on the cacti. They multiply

rapidly, and when gathered are dipped in boiling water. They are then dried and used by dyers to produce various shades of red.

"It is estimated that seventy thousand of these insects weigh only a pound, so you can imagine how many silk-worms and how many of these little creatures are required to produce Allie's beautiful silk.

"Your wool-delaine is made from the coat of the sheep, who enjoy the freedom from so warm a covering in the hot summer days. The blue color is from indigo, the product of a plant that grows in southern latitudes.

"You are but a child, Rosie; your blue-delaine is pretty and more becoming your age and means than Allie's silk, and I see no reason why you cannot wear it until I am able to purchase you a better one."

"I will, papa; oh please don't tell mother I was so foolish as to cry about it. I would a thousand times rather wear delaine all my life than crimson silk, for I am sure every time I put it on I should think of the little helpless creatures that have lost their lives that I might gratify my love of dress."

K.

GOOD DEEDS.

The editor of the *Liberal Christian* says he knows "a young opera singer who supports a decrepid father and three sisters by the exercise of the splendid gifts of voice which the Infinite Musician entrusted her with."

Mrs. M. A. Whitaker, one of our faithful city missionaries, in a private note to us, says that she has met a young gentleman in this city who is working quietly among the sick and poor,—doing all in his power to better the condition of those who need his aid. In one of his visits he found a child sick. Its mother was washing to support her family. The gentleman ordered a load of wood for this family, sawed and split it. When the little one passed away he saw it decently buried.

Deeds like these are but Christian deeds.

Henry Ward Beecher was insulted in New York by a depraved woman. He spoke kindly and very tenderly to the unfortunate, gave her some money and said, "go and sin no more."

If all our Sodoms contained each ten righteous men like Mr. Beecher, "the world would be the better for it."

Dr. J. P. Bryant found a boy poor and sightless. He took him home, gave him a suit of clothes, healed him, and sent him rejoicingly to his widowed mother. Wonder if the Doctor is not one of the apostles of him who opened the eyes of the blind?

For the Lyceum Banner.

THE PALACE AND THE COTTAGE.

Your house is grand, I answer,
 Resplendent with the fair,
 Sightless fawns and voiceless robins,
 Marble nymphs with sea-weed hair;
 Mingled with these harmless creatures,
 Come the iron wolf and bear;
 These, with many other beauties,
 Are accumulated there.

In your grounds and beaded baskets,
 Where the bashful lilies bloom,
 Welcome sunbeams—golden caskets—
 Mingle with the silent gloom,
 And the dust of ancient ages
 Peaceful sleep beneath their tombs;
 In your house, as in your gardens,
 All is beauty—all perfume.

There the mocking-bird and parrot,
 Sing their songs the live-long day;
 There the noble hound and kitten
 Mingle in their simple play.
 There the twining ivy renders
 Quite impossible the way,
 There the turning of the brook,
 Brings you where the violets stray.

But my little humble cottage,
 Is to me worth all the rest,
 There my gentle parents linger,
 With the scenes that I love best.
 Where the gossip of the waters
 Bear their angry, sullen crest;
 Where the sun, in radiant splendor,
 Decks in bridal robes the West.

Now give me your final answer;
 Would you like to live in state,
 Dwell in marble homes as they do,
 Be magnificent and great?
 Have the Palace or the Cottage—
 Have the silver pure—or plate!
 Have a servant, at your beckon,
 Or upon yourself to wait?

Ah! you say, I speak unjustly,
 Home is home, where e'er it be,
 God is God, and He e'en watches
 Man in palace as on lea.
 May-hap a gilded cage, and flowered,
 Is of something worth to thee,
 But the home of which I gossip,
 Is worth everything to me.

CARRIE ELLA BARNBY.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

STORIES OF THE STARS.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

NO. IV.

The Earth.

SOME three hundred years ago, before Copernicus and Gallileo developed the true theory of the planetary system, the Earth on which we live was supposed to be a vast plain of great extent, fixed in the centre of the universe, with the sun, moon and stars revolving about it. There were people in old times who supposed the sun to be a great globe of fire which went down behind a hill every night, and rose from behind another hill every morning, and that the stars kept revolving around the earth every night. And these same people supposed it to be true that Joshua had commanded the sun and moon to stand still for a whole day, which was done accordingly. So when these celebrated astronomers came to tell the world that the Earth was not a flat plain but a round globe: that the sun was not in motion, but was fixed, and that the earth was in motion around it, they were disgraced and punished; for if it were true, they reasoned, that the sun was always fixed and stationary, how could it have been stopped according to the command of Joshua?

On bended knees Gallileo was compelled to renounce the great truth which he had avowed, but when he arose, he exclaimed, "*and yet it moves*," and so it did; the earth moved then, and it moves to-day, in one continuous round, according to the laws of nature.

The Earth is the third planet from the Sun, and although seemingly so large to us, is nevertheless one of the smallest of the globes in the planetary system,—its diameter being a little less than 8,000 miles—and is distant from the Sun about ninety-five million miles, moving around the central luminary in 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 48 seconds, which, of course, is the exact duration of a year. It turns on its axis in 23 hours, 56 minutes and 4 seconds. The former is called the annual motion, and causes the changes of the seasons. The latter is called the diurnal motion, and produces the succession of day and night. The Earth moves on its orbit at the mean rate of 68,000 miles an hour, and turns on its axis at the rate of 1,040 miles an hour.

These motions are not perceptible to us, for the ground on which we stand seems to be a solid and substantial structure, and it may appear strange to learn that we are actually flying through space at a rate many times greater than the velocity

"Why so late?" said a school-master to a little urchin, as he entered the room on a cold slippery morning in February.

"Why, sir," replied the boy, "I would take one step forward and slide back two."

"Indeed!" said the teacher; "how did you get here at all, if that was the case?"

"Oh," said the boy, scratching his head on finding himself caught, "I turned round and walked the other way."

attained by a cannon ball, and should it ever be arrested in its course, the entire globe would be shattered to atoms,—the mere suspension of motion would inevitably tear up “the foundations of the world.” That the Earth is a globe, is found in several ways, two or three of which I will mention.

If standing on the sea shore, in a clear day, we view a ship leaving the coast, in any direction, the hull or body of the vessel first disappears; afterward the rigging, and, lastly, the top of the mast vanishes from sight, showing that the ship is, as it were, sailing down hill or over a convex surface. If the earth were flat the whole ship would disappear at once, and then only when the distance became so remote that the eye could no longer reach the object again; navigators have sailed quite around the earth and thus proved its convexity.

Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese, was the first who carried this enterprise into execution. He embarked from Seville, in Spain, and directed his course toward the West. After a long voyage he came to the continent of America. Not finding an opening to enable him to continue his course in a westerly direction, he sailed along the coast toward the South, till coming to its extremity, he sailed around it, and found himself in the great Southern Ocean. He then resumed his course toward the West. After some time he arrived at the Molucca Islands, in the *Eastern Hemisphere*, and sailing continually toward the West, he made Europe from the East, arriving at the place from which he set out.

The next, who circumnavigated the Earth, was Sir Francis Drake, who sailed from Plymouth, in England, December 13, 1577, with five small vessels, and arrived at the same place, September 26, 1580. Since that time, the circumnavigation of the Earth has been performed by Cavendish, Cordes, Noort, Sharten, Heremites, Dampier, Lord Anson, Byron, Carteret, Wallis, Cook, Van Couver, and many others.

These navigators by sailing in a westerly direction, allowances being made for promontories, &c., arrived at the country they sailed from. Hence the Earth must be either in the form of a cylinder or a globe.

It cannot be cylindrical, for the phenomenon of the gradual disappearance of a vessel is observed in whatever direction the vessel may sail, which would not be the case if the Earth were in the form of a cylinder.

The form of the Earth's shadow, as seen upon the moon in an eclipse, indicates the globular figure of the Earth. This shadow is always round,

and if the earth had any other form or shape, it would be thus shown in the shadow on the moon.

From these facts we may accept it as a truth that the Earth is round, is a sphere or globe, and we may also infer that this shape is uniform with all of the heavenly bodies.

As we know more of the Earth than we do of any of the other planetary or stellar bodies, I find that more space must be occupied in its description. This chapter is already quite long enough for one paper, so must defer the remainder till the next.

SENSIBLE BOYS.

Some ladies called to see Mrs. S——. They talked as fast as blackbirds sing, but their conversation was confined to the styles of dressing the hair and to the latest Paris fashions.

Little Freddie stood at his sister's side listening to the conversation. When the ladies left, Freddie turned to his sister and said, “Susie, why did not those ladies talk sense?”

“Talk sense!” Susie said. “What would you have them talk about?”

“Well, I don't just know, but they could talk about the franchise,” said the little fellow.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton took her little boy to a barber to have his hair cut. The barber, a black man, told Mrs. Stanton of the wrongs inflicted upon his race,—he, a New York tax-payer, had been refused the ballot.

Mrs. Stanton replied, “justice will soon be done you.”

Then remembering, it may be, another disfranchised class, she said: “Women are hoping to go with you to the ballot-box. What do you think of female suffrage?”

Sambo turned from his work, and looking Mrs. Stanton fully in the face, exclaimed, “Women voting! I hope, madam, you have too much good sense to want to vote.”

Charlie, who had been listening to the conversation, turned to the barber and said, “Why, my mother thinks that a woman is just as good as a black man.”

MUSIC MADE EASY.—A new game has been invented in England, intended at once to amuse children and teach them familiarity with music at sight. Children take an interest in the game, and become at the same time acquainted, not merely with the absolute value of the notes, but also their relations to one another on the score.

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MARY SOMERVILLE.

Among the hundreds of noble women whose names have become famous in history, there is none so intimately and honorably connected with the deep and intricate relations of the Sciences, as that of the distinguished woman who is known all over the world as Mary Somerville.

She is the daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir William Fairfax, of the English navy. She was born in 1796. Her first husband was Samuel Gray, from whom she acquired her elementary instruction in mathematical and physical sciences. After his death she married William Somerville, M. D., of Edinburgh, whose name she still bears. She has attracted a wide-spread attention to her scientific attainments. Her first published work is entitled "The Mechanism of the Heavens," in which she displayed a wonderful comprehension of the science of astronomy, and an understanding of the architecture of the universe seldom witnessed, except in those who have devoted a life-time to the study of the stars. Her great work, on the "Connection of Physical Sciences," was published in 1834. It is a very comprehensive treatise on the relation of one science to the other, and a most clear and lucid summary of the laws of creation. Her last and best known work is "Physical Geography," published in 1848. It is a history of the Earth in its whole material organization of animal and vegetable life. Like everything emanating from her pen, it is written with great clearness of style and precision of statement.

Since 1835 Mrs. Somerville has been an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society of England, and she is now in the receipt of a pension of three hundred pounds per annum as a reward for her valuable services to literature. We would not say to our little girl readers; you can all reach the place attained by this eminent woman, but we give you these simple facts in her life, to show you that the ways to distinction and honor are open to all. If you cannot reach the stars,

you may surely aim to some high and honorable position in the world, which is accorded to women as well as men.

CONCERTS.

The Hutchinsons gave two of their entertaining concerts in Chicago on the evenings of Jan. 31st and February 1st. It is refreshing in this age of artificial style, to listen to these sweet, nature-loving singers, from the mountains of New Hampshire. Their songs are simple heart-strains, distinctly uttered, and find an echo in the hearts of their listeners. Their tastes are simple and voices cultivated. Artless in their manners, tasteful in dress, genial and warm-hearted, they are universal favorites wherever they go. Their new song, "The Fatherhood of God, and Brotherhood of Man," is a gem, beautifully sung.

Liberal minded people should patronize them, for every concert is a sermon too, in which the ideas of the present are most happily set forth.

ANNIVERSARY.

The Chicago Children's Progressive Lyceum will celebrate its second anniversary on the evening of February 25th, by a grand Concert and Exhibition, at Crosby's Music Hall. It is expected that both Lyceums will be fully represented, and that the Hall will be full of interested friends.

—Mrs. Wheelock, in a private note writes: We are organizing a Lyceum at Milan, Ohio. Elected officers yesterday. *Thirty-three* children gave in their names, as members. Pretty good beginning for a small town. Henderson Tuttle is Conductor, and Emma Tuttle, Guardian. They have all the elements for an *excellent* Lyceum, and are very united in their efforts; yesterday morning after Mr. Wheelock's lecture, they raised nearly one hundred dollars to buy equipments.

—ANY one sending us ten dollars for the LYCEUM BANNER, shall be entitled to a copy of "Arabula," "Woman's Secret," or Lizzie Doten's Poems.

We allow no commission where we give premiums.

—OUR friends will take notice that our office of publication is removed from our old dingy quarters on Clark street, to the beautiful new block on Madison street. We promise that the paper shall improve as our surroundings have done.

Contributors will please remember that patience is one of the Christian virtues.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

Will those who send Questions and Answers from Lyceums make the answers as short as possible? The art of packing thoughts is one of the fine arts.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock and J. O. Barrett are Missionaries in Ohio and Michigan, preaching the glad gospel which brings health to the body, peace to the mind, and wealth to the poor in spirit.

Who will get the prize offered by our San Francisco correspondent?

Who will follow his example and aid the Lyceums in obtaining the LYCEUM BANNER? Who, like "C. Q." will aid us in scattering our BANNERS?

We will send a copy of Mrs. Green's little book "Playing the Soldier," to every subscriber who will send us one dollar for new subscribers.

Where is H. T. Child, M. D.? Our children miss him.

Moses Hull has obtained one hundred subscribers for the LYCEUM BANNER in five months. He promised the hundred in one year.

Who will send another hundred?

In changing printing offices we lost several articles, among them one from "Starbird."

E. V. Wilson is lecturing in St. Louis.

J. O. Barrett asks shall we have a Lyceum Convention in the West? When? Where?

Subscriptions received at this office for *The Revolution*.

The Banner of Light is for sale at this office.

AMOS LAWRENCE said, when asked for advice: "Young man, base all your actions upon a principle; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon the cost."

CAPTAIN MARRYATT, the delight of boy novel-readers, ran away and went to sea at twelve years of age; and his book education was accordingly, and probably to his benefit, neglected. "The first school I ever went to," he says, "was one kept by an old dame. There was a number of other boys there, but Charles Babbage and I were always the scamps of the school. The old woman used to place us side by side on stools in the middle of the school room, and point to us as a warning to others, and say, 'Look at those two boys! They are bad boys, and they will never get on in the world. Those two boys will come to a bad end.' It is rather funny, but Babbage and I are the only two in all the school who have ever been heard of since."

Questions and Answers in the Philadelphia Lyceum.

[Reported for The Lyceum Banner, by Mrs. Dyott.]

What is Beauty?

LIBERTY GROUP.—Beauty consists of that assemblage of graces or proportion of parts which pleases the eye.

TEMPLE GROUP, No. 1.—Beauty is that in Nature or Art which excites our admiration and affords us pleasure.

TEMPLE GROUP, No. 2.—Beauty is an outward view which pleases the senses and causes love to arise from it.

EXCELSIOR GROUP.—Beauty is a particular grace or excellence which delights the eye of the beholder.

STAR GROUP.—Beauty is the true poetry of Nature, the soul's inspiration, the offspring of love, the medium between God and Humanity.

MOUNTAIN GROUP.—Beauty consists of a certain composition of color and form, causing delight to the beholder.

SYLVAN GROUP.—Beauty in man or woman is where love controls all their actions.

SHORE GROUP.—True Beauty is that either within or without which yields pleasure and awakens gratitude.

OCEAN GROUP.—There is beauty in all the works of God.

GARLAND GROUP.—Beauty is that which causes pleasure.

GLEN GROUP.—Beauty is an element in life without which our progress would be anything but forward. It is a golden bell summoning us to a feast of all that is fair and sweet. It is a key unlocking the portals of a mansion of supernal splendor, through whose rooms we can roam and find unalloyed pleasure.

LAKE GROUP.—Beauty is harmony of form, color and condition.

STREAM GROUP.—Beauty is Love.

FOUNTAIN GROUP.—It is beautiful to have our little hearts filled with love.

DIED.

In Buffalo, N. Y., January 8th, 1868, ARTHUR F. MCGURK was drowned in Erie Basin while skating.

His age was 12 years 10 months; was a member of Banner Group of the Progressive Lyceum.

"Arthur is gone a spirit bright and fair,
As Roses blooming in the Summer air
Round his dear form let weeping willows wave,
Youth could not save him from an early grave."

MAGGIE REED, Sec'y.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SKETCHES OF BRAVE LIVES.

NO. 7.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE was born in Yorkshire, England, April 21, 1816. Her mother, Maria Branwell Bronte, was a delicate, fragile woman, who died when Charlotte was but five years old, leaving five daughters, of whom two were older than little Charlotte. The father of these girls was Rev. Patrick Bronte, an educated Irishman of limited means. For some time he was curate of Thornton Church, and then obtained the rectorship of Haworth. Mr. Bronte was a kind and upright man, devoted to his children, and earnest in his endeavors for their advancement and education. He had one great fault—a violent temper. He was subject to fits of rage, and always made it a point at such times to attack inanimate objects so that his children would not be the physical sufferers; still their mental anguish must have been acute, for they were possessed of the feelings of adults when still mere infants. They were trained to talk of, and take an interest in such topics as ethics, politics, religion and arguments of state, and no subject was too abstruse, no question too deep for these remarkable little Brontes to handle. Very proud and spirited were these self-denying little ones. They never had any real childhood, which was a great misfortune to them, and they were miniature ladies before they were out of their cradles. In 1824 Charlotte, Maria, Elizabeth and Emily were put to school at Cowan's Bridge. This school was endowed as an institution for the daughters of poor clergymen, and the teachers, not being well paid, were neglectful of the health and comfort of their pupils. The situation of the school was unhealthy, and in the spring of 1825 a malignant fever broke out among the students. The Bronte sisters escaped its immediate effects, but the two eldest contracted diseases there which terminated their lives the following summer. Charlotte and Emily left the school in the autumn, and for several years they lived at home, during which time Charlotte continued her studies and imposed upon herself the task of constant and careful writing. Her hand writing was in itself a curiosity, so minute that but few could readily decipher it, but very regular and beautiful. She has left many manuscripts which are still preserved.

In 1831 she was again sent to school, this time at Roe Head, where she remained two years.

There her associations were pleasant, and she was a general favorite with her companions. She would never play, and but seldom talk, except at long intervals, when she would collect a group of school girls around her and hold them spell-bound for hours with the wonderful tales with which her powerful and vivid imagination supplied her. In 1835 she became a teacher in the same school, but did not continue the employment long, for in 1836 we find her at home again for a year. Time hung heavily on her hands, and the next year she accepted a situation as governess, an unfortunate step, as her pupils were willful, and her employers purse-proud. She stayed with them but a short time, and became governess in another and pleasanter family. By this time she longed for something more remunerative, and aimed to prepare herself more completely as an instructress. She took her sister Emily to Brussels, where they studied faithfully, and after two years returned to Haworth, and made arrangements for opening a school. Charlotte's hopes were at their height. The opening of school came, but not a pupil! Heart-sick, but not discouraged, the sisters devoted themselves to writing poems, a volume of which was published in 1846. The young ladies wrote under the name of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. The book, although praised by a few, was on the whole a failure. Then the sisters, convinced that the realm of poetry was not their province, each wrote a prose tale. All found a publisher, but the story of Charlotte's—"The Professor." The pride of its authoress was aroused, and throwing her powerful energy and wonderful talent into "Jane Eyre," she succeeded. This book made her famous. It was translated into other languages, and its sales were enormous. In the zenith of her glory great afflictions overtook Miss Bronte. Her sisters died within six months of each other, but the brave girl covered up her grief, and went on with her duties. "Shirley," and "Vilette," soon followed from her wonderful pen. She was sought out by literary people, and made quite a "lion" of, in London. In 1852, Rev. Mr. Nicholls, her father's curate, made her an offer of marriage. For two years Mr. Bronte objected to his daughter's suitor, but at the end of that time he withdrew his objections, and the wedding took place in June, 1854. Charlotte lived less than a year after her marriage, and thus ended her brave life. She was a devoted daughter, sister and wife. For many years she fought with poverty, and just as her genius was recognized, and life looked a little brighter, she "passed on."

Why do "birds in their little nests agree?" Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

CLYDE, OHIO.

This Lyceum was organized last June, and now numbers over one hundred members. The only hall which they can procure at present is too small for the Lyceum, but although they are crowded for room, they go through with all the exercises admirably; and are much encouraged with the prospect of having a new hall of their own next summer. I was particularly pleased with the manner in which they read their Silver Chain Recitations. There was such a wonderful degree of harmony in their voices, that they all sounded as one voice, without any separation in any part of the reading. One could see plainly that they have received excellent training in that respect, as well as others. The Lyceum was in charge of Mr. Russell, the Assistant Conductor. I cannot speak too highly of his management of it. They cannot but succeed with such excellent officers, and such good children, too.

MRS. A. A. WHELOCK.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I just came from the San Francisco Lyceum. Was delighted with the school. Wonder if your children beat ours in their ready replies to questions and sweet songs.

Mr. Manning is the prince of Conductors. I half believe the children gather in the hall because they love him.

One thing disappointed me. I inquired if the LYCEUM BANNER was taken, and learned that it was not. Are there not rich ones enough among the Spiritualists to see that every Lyceum is furnished with your excellent paper? Do we not know that you deserve to live and must live? Why do not the lovers of children, those who wish to see the new generation educated in the principles of Nature, manifest their love of truth and children by scattering your paper and books?

I enclose ten dollars towards supplying the poor children of some Lyceum with the LYCEUM BANNER. Give ten copies to the first Lyceum that sends you ten yearly subscribers. C. Q.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

Our Lyceum is doing better even than we anticipated. Its numbers are constantly increasing. At present we have about ninety scholars—not counting Liberty Group—with a regular attendance of sixty and upwards. This is not bad, when we remember that we only organized the last Sunday in July, with *fourteen scholars*; and we have

to work our own way, against much opposition. There is a *very strong* Catholic element in Toledo, and Evangelical Churches of nearly every denomination, with their Sunday Schools, of course; and as we were the last organized, the others all had the start of us but we are fast overtaking them, and even now, our Christmas Festival was noticed in connection with other Sunday School Festivals, by the daily papers, and, aside from that, we had quite a flattering notice from one of them (voluntary), whose local editor, Mr. Wheelock, invited to attend the Festival—which, by the way, was free to all; and that reminds me that my husband promised you we would (one of us) give you something of an account of the Festival. We did not have a *regular exhibition*, as it was not considered best, in connection with the "Christmas Tree." We thought it would be too much for the little ones in one evening. In order to draw in outsiders, and give them an idea of what the Lyceum was, we had it free to all, and the large hall was *full*. Very many came who had never attended the Lyceum.

We recited some of the beautiful "Silver Chain Recitations," and practiced the Wing Movements, and after the children had spoken their pieces and sang their songs, we went through with the marching exercise—carrying the banners. I will acknowledge that I felt *proud* that the privilege was *mine*, of leading those eighty children through the wing movements and marching. And the dear little ones did credit to themselves and us,—keeping such good time to the music. The speaking and singing was also *well done*. I would like to give you the names of all who took part in these exercises, but it would not do to use up so much space. I must, however, refer to one little boy—*five years old*—who recited "Nobody's Child" in a manner to call forth rounds of applause from the spectators. After the other exercises the presents were distributed to the little ones, who were highly delighted with them, as were the *larger* ones, for we all had presents. The "Christmas Tree" was beautiful, and the hall was very tastefully trimmed with evergreens, and the following mottoes. On one side of the hall: "The Children's Progressive Lyceum,—Our Father God, and Mother Nature;" and at the head of the hall, "Let no man call God Father, who calls not man Brother."

We all considered it a perfect success, and the Lyceums were highly complimented by the spectators. I was as happy as I could be, and I felt so proud of my children, for I consider them *all mine*. Although I had been nearly sick for three days, I hardly thought of fatigue, till we were all through. I hope we may have many more such pleasant

gatherings in Toledo, and I wish all the Lyceums in the country as much success and happiness as we have in ours.

I would love dearly to be with them every Sunday, but my place is with my husband, and although my heart calls me *there*, it calls me *stronger here*.

We are so far on our "missionary tour," and everything seems prosperous. As usual, we find warm hearts and hospitable homes wherever we go.

MRS. A. A. WHEELLOCK.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LETTER FROM MRS. CONGAR.

Dear readers of the LYCEUM BANNER, you may think that by this long silence I have forgotten you, but I can truly say, that no matter what duties or other thoughts have claimed a portion of my time, the Lyceum enterprise—the friends and children connected therewith, have daily formed welcome subject for thoughts, for bright hopes and kindly remembrances.

I look upon the Lyceum as one of the foundation stones upon which shall be reared a beautiful structure of true education and reform; and just in proportion as the foundation is properly laid is the edifice destined to stand or fall.

To the Lyceum must we look for that reformatory power, which, in a measure, shall right the wrongs and cure the evils which through some of the inharmonious relations of life have been visited upon the children of the present generation.

Last evening I read letters in the LYCEUM BANNER from the little children whose sympathizing hearts had responded to the call of Santa Claus, among whom was my remembered friend Eloise, and I felt that the old and oft repeated saying, "children should be seen, not heard," should never again find utterance from the lips of parents or guardians, for the spontaneous sentiments of the child-heart often contains more love and wisdom than those of older growth.

This spontaneity of feeling and expression only needs to be properly directed and encouraged, but never crushed and annihilated.

Where are my little friends Lillie, Ella, Bertie, Belle and Lottie? Can they not tell us of the prosperity of their different Lyceums? I am sure they could write something that would be interesting and acceptable.

I see no mention of the Evansville, Wisconsin, Lyceum in the register. Why is it? These schools that we helped to organize we feel doubly interested in.

The Lyceum here is prospering finely.

Last Sabbath was their annual election of offi-

cers, and the unanimous vote in favor of their former Conductor and Guardian, Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth, with nearly, or quite, the whole previous board of officers and leaders, was proof that they had been faithful workers and were duly appreciated.

Their leader of gymnastics is a lady whose prompt and self-possessed appearance, together with her accuracy of time, proves her competent for that position.

We hope we may be pardoned for any seemingly undue pride in the West, when we say that as to numbers, and in other respects, our Lyceums of Milwaukee and Chicago can justly claim equality with any we have yet seen.

I have just been thinking what I could say that would be of lasting benefit to the children, and this is my thought: That the little readers of the LYCEUM BANNER should save the pennies given them to buy nuts and candies with, and purchase a small dictionary, which, by a little instruction from a mother or friend, they can learn to find the meaning of all the words they do not understand, and in this way they will be learning what will be useful to them as long as they live.

I know a little girl who practiced this until she became a learned and wise woman.

Now, how many will try the experiment? That which is learned in childhood is more lasting than at any other period of life.

Ever your friend,

L. T. WHITTIER CONGAR, New York.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

OUR MOTHER'S VOICE.

O, many are the glad some sounds
That fall upon the ear,
At which the heart with rapture bounds,
While starts the trembling tear.
Some love-note pure, some cheering call,
To make our souls rejoice;
But dearest, holiest of them all,
Our own sweet Mother's Voice.

When far away from that dear home
Made radiant by her smile,
Her prayers still bless us as we roam,
Her words we hush the while—
And if from other lips there flows
The blessing and the prayer,
Though kindly greetings friends bestow,
We miss her accents there.

Her songs of love, when others sing,
Lose half their magic power,
To her our thoughts will fondly cling
In every passing hour—
Where'er our wandering footsteps stray,
Whatever be our lot,
That Angel Voice our hearts doth sway,
It cannot be forgot.

MARY A. WHITTAKER.

THE EAGLE.



THE WASHINGTON EAGLE, which our cut represents, was first seen and described as a distinct species, by J. J. Audubon, on the Mississippi, in the year 1814. He names it for the Father of our country, because it is a brave majestic bird.—

It resembles other species of the Eagle, and as there are no specimens of this bird preserved in any museum, some would rob Mr. Audubon of the honor of the discovery.

It builds its nest in the cliffs of rocks by the seashore, and dives into the water for fish for its young. When these cannot be procured it feeds upon small seals and sea birds.

It is very shy, and if observed, will remove its young to a more secluded rock.

The female bird is much the larger, and more watchful for its young.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

JUDGE NOT.

WE had been six days out to sea, and were fast nearing the equator. The weather was unusually hot, even for that latitude; yet most of us managed to look clean and fresh. Every morning muslin dresses and gentlemen's linen suits were donned, and, in spite of so many draw-backs, we were a comfortable-looking lot of travelers. One exception, however, annoyed me.

Opposite me at the table sat a care-worn man, whose meals were never concluded without interruption. The cry of a child, or to me some imaginary cause, took him to the lower cabin,—his dinner often untasted. His unruffled linen was wet with perspiration; his coat bespattered with grease; hair uncombed, face unshaved, and boots innocent of polish.

"There is no excuse," said I to my traveling companion, "for one's looking dirty. A few drops of benzine would remove the grease from his coat and a few moments time would put his hair and boots in decent order. And surely no one able to take cabin passage is too poor to have a change of linen. It must annoy others, as well as myself, and by the law of common propriety, one person has no right to shock the delicacy of others."

With a well-meant reproof my friend replied, "I have often heard you say that we could not

always judge from outward appearances. Is your sense of propriety so shocked that your charity can not cover your untidy neighbor? Let us watch circumstances, as it seems our only way to judge aright of his strange habits."

At dinner we commenced our investigations, for we only saw him at meals. We were just seated, soup was being served, when a shrill cry from below caused our hero to drop his spoon and napkin, and take a sudden leave. The cry continued some minutes after he left, and he did not return. Next morning his seat was vacant, and at lunch I felt a little uneasy at his non-appearance. At dinner he was present with a feverish flush on his cheek. He ate sparingly, and drank freely of ice water. There were extra blemishes on his clothing, and his linen had scarcely a dry thread visible. In the evening he came above for a pitcher of water; while he was being waited upon, he sank upon a sofa and fell asleep. Large drops of perspiration rolled down his cheek. A little girl, clad in a limp muslin frock, but with clean face and nicely brushed hair, crept up the stairway. "Come pa," called the childish voice to the sleeping man, "ma says come."

Instantly both disappeared, leaving us to ponder on the new phase our investigations had assumed. "Why don't ma come herself?" I queried. "Sea-sick, perhaps, and throws the burden of the voyage upon her poor husband."

A day passed and I saw nothing of father or child. Next morning, as the cabin-boys commenced their morning tasks, I heard a voice say, in passing my state room, "The sick woman in the lower cabin is dying." I slept no more. The fearful truth that Death's victim was the poor man's wife, made a powerful impression on my mind.

In the afternoon her body was consigned to the deep. I felt more than guilty when I met the exhausted husband and father pacing the deck, with his child in his arms.

"Can't I assist you in taking care of your little girl?" I said.

"She will not stay with strangers," he replied; "my poor, suffering wife is gone and I can easily manage little Mary. I feel that an apology is due you all for my appearance; but I have not slept for nearly a week; Mary and her mother needed all my care so that I forgot myself. I felt that the light of my life was fast going out and I had not a moment to spare on myself."

I never shall forget the lesson, "Judge not from outward appearances."

F. M. K.

AIM high, never fail.

THE REINDEER.



REINDEER are found only in cold countries. In Lapland, where the horse, cow, and sheep cannot exist on account of the extreme cold, the reindeer thrives and assumes the purpose of all these animals. He draws the sledges over the snows, and will travel, it is said, one hundred miles in a day. Their flesh and the milk of the female afford the Laplander nourishing food. Their skins are used for clothing, and when dressed make good leather. Their bones are used in making spoons, their tendons for thread and bow strings. Glue and many other useful articles are made of their horns. They constitute the Laplander's chief wealth, and are but little expense to him, for they subsist on moss which they dig out of the snow with their feet and noses. When attacked by wolves they defend themselves by striking with their fore feet, which they do with great force.

Some tribes of Indians have a curious way of hunting these animals. Two Indians go together, the foremost one concealing himself with the skins and horns of the reindeer, and representing it as nearly as possible.

In this way the hunters go into the midst of a herd, and the man who goes behind, and is concealed by the mock reindeer, kills and captures as many as he likes.

JOHN BANVARD.

JOHAN BANVARD, when fifteen, was fatherless and poor, but he had great love of nature and wonderful perseverance. As he was floating for the first time down the Mississippi River, he was struck with the beauty and majesty of the scenery. He had read the taunt in some foreign journal that America, with all her gloriously grand scenery, had no artist that could represent it so that it should delight those who could not look upon it in person.

He was but a boy, but he said to himself, "This shall not be; I will represent this majestic river on canvass. Having once harbored the thought it would not leave him; his brain fairly whirled with the idea. He longed to begin his work then, but he was not an artist, and he had no friends to help him. So he only dreamed of what he wished to do, and toiled at his daily tasks.

But when he was twenty he could no longer resist the effort to carry out the idea, and begin the work that to him was a work of pure love, for he was not ambitious for fame, neither did he think of making money, but only to exhibit the beauty of the scenes that he so loved to others.

He was entirely self-taught, and dependent on his own exertions. To obtain the means for carrying on the work he had already planned, he must earn money, so he began trading and boating on the river.

After a time he succeeded in laying up money enough to enable him to make all the necessary purchases of canvass, brushes, oils and paints, for he had conceived the idea of making the largest painting in the world.

But first he must have correct drawings. For this purpose he had to travel for thousands of miles alone in a skiff, cross and recross the river and expose himself to all kinds of dangers, but he was resolute and determined. His hands became hardened by constant rowing, and his skin as brown as an Indian's. For weeks at a time he could speak to no human being, and he depended altogether on his rifle for sustenance.

After he had finished what to him was a day's labor, and the shadows were beginning to fall too deeply for his perfect sketch, he rowed his skiff up to the shore, found some secluded spot, and leaving it fastened he went in search of his supper.

Having killed game sufficient, he would prepare it, make a fire and cook it, and eat a lonely meal. He then prepared his couch. He turned over his skiff to protect him from the night air, placed his portfolio for his pillow, wrapped his blanket about him, and thus slept unmolested till morning. He took his breakfast before sunrise, and was ready for another day of sketching.

When his drawings were all made, he proceeded to erect a building for his canvass, for this he had made arrangements to have three miles in length, and no common building was suited for the labor of covering this extent of canvass.

But at last his work was done, and well done. It could not be expected that an untrained hand could give beauty of finish and an artist's touch to this picture. But he received the highest praise

from men of note, and his panorama made him universally known and respected.

When Mr. Calhoun was President of the Senate, he moved a series of resolutions expressing admiration of the work, for its originality and boldness, and for the perseverance and courage of the young man who alone and unaided had achieved this great labor. The resolutions were seconded by the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

His Excellency, Gov. Briggs, talked of it as a "wonderful work," and many others praised and admired it. Thus the young man had a reward for his perseverance and industry.

After this, panoramas became quite the rage. There were panoramas of the Hudson, and the Rhine, and of a voyage round the world. But the idea began in this boy's brain, and to him belongs the honor of the first execution. But a better honor came in the triumph over all obstacles, all loneliness, all selfish ease, and in finding the world glad to see his representation of the majestic scenery of his native land—*Banner of Light*.

If any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself—was the wise remark of an old philosopher.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I consist of 17 letters.

My 12, 9, 7, 15 is an entrance.

My 2, 11, 1 is a part of the body.

My 9, 8, 10, 6, 5 is to speak slowly.

My 17, 2, 6, 18 is to cry out.

My 16, 6, 14 is to be indebted to.

My 6, 10, 5, 12, 16 is a boy's name.

My 1, 4 is a pronoun.

My whole is the name and residence of a correspondent of
THE LYCEUM BANNER.

WALDO F. BATES.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 18, 13, 6, 8, 7, 19 is the name of a river in Alabama.

My 12, 2, 8, 15, 11 is a river in Utah.

My 21, 5, 9, 5, 18, 9, 1, 16, 8 is a mountain in New Mexico.

My 4, 19, 10, 16, 7 is a river in Mississippi.

My 9, 18, 14, 8, 17, 12, 21, 13, 20 is a county in Mississippi.

My 14, 1, 11, 6, 5, 2, 15, 20 is a county in Michigan.

My 14, 8, 19, 17, 11, 10 is a town in the southern part of
Illinois.

My whole is what monarchs hate.

EUGENE WILSON.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 7, 2, 8, 8 is a fish.

My 5, 8, 4, 11 is a bird.

My 10, 8, 18, 6 is a support.

My 1, 2, 9, 5, 8 is a youth.

My 18, 6, 1, 11 is a part of the body.

My 9, 1, 12 is a luxury in summer.

My 14, 6, 8 is a body of water.

My whole is at present engaging public attention.

NELLIE M. LUKENS.

WORD PUZZLE.

My First is in new but not in old.

My Second is in elk, but not in wolf.

My Third is in wrath, but not in anger.

My Fourth is in blue, but not in red.

My Fifth is in boy, but not in girl.

My Sixth is in stem, but not in vine.

My Seventh is in talk, but not in laugh.

My Eighth is in clock, but not in watch.

My Ninth is in many, but not in few.

My whole is the name of a city in Illinois.

MATILDA RISLEY.

PUZZLE.

BY ST. IVES.

I am composed of three parts.

My first is an interesting insect.

My second is what all should become.

My third is, or should be in every house.

My whole, if obeyed, will make you happy.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 11.

Let A represent the 8 gallon jar, B the 5, and C the 3 gallon jar. Fill B out of A; fill C out of B; pour C into A, and empty B into C; fill B out of A; fill up C out of B; transfer C to A.

All this involves seven changes, and gives the following formula:

A contains 8 gallons.....	A	B	C
First change.....	8	5	0
Second ".....	3	5	0
Third ".....	6	2	0
Fourth ".....	6	0	2
Fifth ".....	1	5	2
Sixth ".....	1	4	8
Seventh ".....	4	4	0

WILLIE TURNER.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I am just in from a public exhibition of the Children's Lyceum of Cleveland. It was a most instructive and enjoyable occasion. Recitations, dialogues, solos, duets and marchings with banners, interspersed with tableaux most happily chosen and most tastefully and effectively arranged, made the programme. The selection of the songs, dialogues, tableaux and recitations given by the children was wisely made with a view to their intellectual and spiritual elevation, as well as to their amusement. I see not how any man or woman could object to it. The Conductor (George Rose) and all the managers and teachers of the Lyceum deserve great credit for good taste and energy in arranging the exhibition. Over one hundred children of the Lyceum profited by and enjoyed the performance. Some two hundred parents and friends were present to participate in the enjoyment of the children. Cleveland is famed for its useful and pleasant public entertainments, but there have been few, if any, given here this season so truly instructive and replete with happiness as this. Nothing can be more instructive and ennobling to adult Spiritualists than to blend their lives and their sympathies with the instruction and enjoyments of their children. The one great aim of the efforts of our Local, State and National Circles should be to rescue the children from the benumbing, withering despotism of the insane and idiotic theology of Christendom.

—Banner of Light.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

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. James J. Varris, Conductor; Frances McMahon, Guardian.

Breedsville, Mich.—Lyceum organized May, 1866. Mr. William Knowles, Conductor; Mrs. Wells Brown, Guardian.

Bongor, Maine.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock in Pioneer Chapel. Adolphus G. Chapman, Conductor; Miss M. S. Curtiss, Guardian.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Lyceum organized March 3d, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M. in the Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and DeKalb avenues. John A. Bartlett, Conductor; Mrs. Fannie Cohill, 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. Ohas 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.

Charlestown, Mass.—Lyceum No. 2, organized May 6th, 1866. C. O. York, Conductor; Lucy A. York, Guardian.

Clyde, Ohio.—Lyceum organized June 17, 1867. Meets every Sunday in Willis Hall, at 10 A. M. A. B. French, Conductor; Mrs. E. Whipple, Guardian.

Chester, Mass.—Lyceum organized Dec. 18, 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 10½ 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, N. J.—Lyceum organized August, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Mrs. Julia E. Holt, Guardian.

Havana, Ill.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 8 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 J. yce, 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.

Lohas, 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 Lee Street Church.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Lyceum meets in Bowman Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. J. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Martha A. Wood, Guardian.

New Bos on, 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 9 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 Thirtieth 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.

Osborne's Prairie, Ind.—Lyceum organized May, 1866. Meets every Sunday morning at Progressive Friends' meeting house. Rev. Simon Brown, Conductor; S. A. Crane, 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 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. 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, Webster 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. H. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fillella 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. E. 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. Kilmington, 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. 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; Mrs. Mary Blood, 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. S. J. Finney, 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.

Willimantic, 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. E. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stevens, Guardian.