

The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 1.

Chicago, April 15, 1868.

No. 16.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE REGION OF ICE.

TO explore the Northern Coast of the American Continent, and to discover, if possible, the Northwest passage, or a way by which Europeans could reach China and the East Indies by passing through the frozen region which lie to the northward of North America, has been the object of a great many expeditions fitted out at great expense, both in England and in the United States.

Ross and Perry, Dr. Rae, Capt. Bech, Lieutenant Wrangle, Sir John Franklin, Sir Edward Belcher, Dr. Kane and Dr. Hays, are among the familiar names connected with the researches in the polar regions.

No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigor of the long and weary winters of this land of ice and snow.

Stones crack with the noise of thunder. In a crowded hut the breath of the occupants will fall in flakes like snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; snow burns like caustic; if iron touches the skin it brings the flesh away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burned off before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a board. And heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing.

If these are the effects within an air tight, fire-warmed crowded hut, what must they be to the wanderer in the stormy seas outside?

And yet a noble army of martyrs have voluntarily gone to their ice graves in this forsaken region, for the benefit of man and the advancement of scientific knowledge.

On the 19th of May, 1845, the two stout ships, "Erebus" and "Terror," long tried in Arctic navigation, with crews numbering one hundred and thirty-eight men, amply provided for three years, sailed from England. The "Erebus" was commanded by the celebrated Sir John Franklin, and Richard Crozier was Captain of the "Terror."

On the 26th of July, 1845, the ships were seen

by a whaler near the entrance to Lancaster Sound, in the Arctic Ocean. This is the last that was ever seen or heard of Sir John Franklin and his men. Year after year rolled away, and no tidings came of the lost adventurers. Since this time Arctic explorations were conducted with a main view to relieving Franklin's expedition, or discovering its remains.

Lady Franklin, with a degree of courage and hope almost unparalleled any where in the world's history, has fitted out ship after ship, and sent them one by one, or in pairs, in search of her lost husband, and his heroic men.

On the 23d of August, 1850, the captain of one of these ships came upon the first traces of Franklin and his men; they found a place at Cape Riley where the white men had wintered. A few articles, such as spoons and forks, which had belonged to them, were found in the possession of the Esquimaux. The graves of three men, belonging to the "Erebus" and "Terror," bearing the date of 1845-6, were also found.

In 1853 and in 1855 a few more traces of the explorers were found, but nothing upon which any thing certain as to their terrible fate could be based. Lady Franklin was left to mourn in sorrow and despair the absence of her husband and his men.

Our picture, at the head of this article, illustrates an incident which occurred during the first expedition of Dr. Kane. His ship was jammed in the ice—hard fast—she was unable to go ahead or back out! In this position she remained for many days, anchored to the great block or field of ice; every day some portions of the crew would undertake exploring expeditions on their own account, often wandering for some miles from the ship.

One day two sailors, engaged in hunting seals and walrus, came suddenly upon a large Polar bear. The bear was making his breakfast, or dinner, on the body of a seal which he had caught, and was in no humor to be disturbed. The sailors, anxious to secure so great a prize, fired upon the bear; unfortunately the shots did not take effect, and in a moment bruin turned upon the men, who took to flight for safety. It was a race for the ship; the bear gained upon the men. When just as they began to despair of their lives, one of them threw off his coat, to assist his speed. The bear stopped to vent his rage on the coat. This gave the sailors a trifling advantage, but the bear was soon again under way; but the coat of the other sailor checked his headway again for a few moments. When he had torn that, to pieces, on he came again with ten-fold fury. One garment after another was thrown to the angry beast until the poor men were nearly stripped. When, fortu-

nately, they were seen from the ship, from which a party of sailors, well armed, were dispatched. They soon put an end to the life of the bear, and rescued their companions, who were carried back to the ship more dead than alive. S.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

SELF-DENIAL.

"MAMMA!" exclaimed Lilly Blane, rushing in from school, and tossing aside hood, mittens and satchel, while her rosy cheeks glowed, and bright eyes sparkled with exercise and excitement. "Mamma, can I have a set of furs for Christmas? I do want them so much!"

"Are you not warm, my dear, with your beaver cloak and worsted tippet?"

"Oh, yes, I am warm enough, but furs look nicer, and all the other girls are going to have them, so I want some, too."

"It is quite natural that you should wish to dress like your mates," said Mrs. B——, "but fur is very expensive, and before we spend money, we should consider well how it will procure the most happiness for ourselves and others. Are you quite sure *all* the other girls will have sets of furs Christmas? I fear Lucy Brown will not be able to have such a luxury."

"Oh, no, mamma, I did not mean *all*; but Res and Grace said their mothers had promised them some, and Alice and Kate thought they could *tease* their mothers to buy them some too. But I like to have forgotten to tell you about poor Lucy Brown. I called for her this morning, but she could not go to school, as she had no thick shoes or warm shawl for this cold weather; and her father has been sick so long, they could not afford to buy them. Lucy cried, and wished she was large enough to work for her clothes. I was so sorry for her that I cried too, and wished I could give her half of my dresses, but she is larger than I, and could not wear them if I did."

"That is a generous wish, my child; cultivate such feelings, and much good may come of them. Perhaps we can think of some way to help Lucy. Did you see Mrs. Murphy and tell her I should want her to work to-morrow?"

"Yes, mamma, and she is very glad to get work, and I saw her little lame boy; he has to sit all alone when she is gone, with only some spools and strings to play with. He is learning the letters on a piece of old newspaper, poor fellow! I am so sorry he cannot walk! May I give him some of my toys and picture books?"

"Yes dear, as many as you like, and you may go every Saturday for an hour, and teach him to read."

"Oh, that will be splendid! To be a real teacher is so much better than only playing school."

"Did you call to inquire how old Mrs. Warner is getting on?"

"Yes, mamma, and she thanked you for the liniment and other things, and called me a little angel for bringing them. I told her I was only a little girl, and my mother sent me. She laughed, and said good children would turn into angels before they know it. Will they mamma? Can children be angels before they die, and go to Heaven?"

"Yes, dear, that is, we can all grow like the angels by being unselfish and doing all the good we can. Is Mrs. Warner better of the rheumatism?"

"Yes, mamma, she can sit up now, and she said if she was not too poor to buy flannel underclothes, she wouldn't be sick so much. Why are so many people poor, and why cannot everyone have just all the money they want?"

"That is a hard question, dear. It might not be good for them to have *all* the money they want, and people are poor from many causes that they cannot help; but those who have abundance should take pleasure in helping the unfortunate. But it is nearly tea-time, and my little girl must brush her hair and make herself tidy before papa comes."

"But, mamma," persisted Lilly, returning to her first question, "do you think I can have the furs Christmas?"

"I cannot give you an answer to-day, and my darling will not tease, for she knows mamma loves to make her happy, when she can, so give me a kiss, and run away."

The day before Christmas Mrs. Blane called Lilly, and putting in her hand a roll of bills, said, "Here, my dear, are twenty dollars which you can spend for a set of furs, or anything else you choose. To-morrow morning I will go out with you and help you select what you wish."

Lilly had never been the possessor of so much money, and felt very much elated for awhile; but finally, she began to question herself, if she should be making the best use of it to spend it *all* for a set of furs for herself. Visions of her poor and sick friends came in her mind, and she thought of the many comforts that money would buy for them, until she concluded, as she did not *need* the furs, it would be very selfish to buy them, and she resolved to spend the money for Christmas gifts for others.

Mrs. Blane made no objection, but was much pleased with Lilly's decision. They went on their shopping expedition with happy hearts. Lilly was surprised and delighted with the quantity of articles her twenty dollars purchased.

There were stout boots, a warm shawl, a hood for Lucy; delicate fruit and wine for her sick father; a large roll of flannel for Mrs. Warner; a dress for Mrs. Murphy, and for her lame boy a soft easy chair on castors so he could move about the room, which, with picture books, and some nuts and fruit, made him feel rich as a king.

The thanks and blessings Lilly received for her gifts were full compensation for her unselfish kindness. She declared that that Christmas was the very happiest day she had ever known. The next Sunday her four school mates were dressed in their new furs. They looked curiously at Lilly when they saw she had none. But as she glanced at Lucy's sweet face, peeping out from her soft warm hood, and thought of the comfort she had given the old lady and the lame boy, a glow of happiness went up from her heart, and spread over her face.

Mrs. Blane thought her darling had never looked quite so much like an angel as then. L. M. D.

Watertown, New York.

FROM L. C. H.

I ask no commission for obtaining subscribers. But *if you can afford it*, I would like to send the LYCEUM BANNER to some poor children. I *work* for the *cause*, for the *children*, and for *you*. It costs me nothing but words and a little psychological *will*, and if I require any compensation *it comes* in the sunny smiles and bright faces that respond, while perusing the sketches of fiction and philosophy, and scanning the instructive pictures in the LYCEUM BANNER, and then the thought of these little labors, and these tiny truths, impressing the world that is to be, is shaping the destiny of ages! O, who would not labor for the young?

Little blossoms, bright and tender,
Beaching after hidden light,
Feel the twilight's mystic splendor
Crowning all the azure night;
Mystic tears the shadows weeping,
Hang like jewels on their breast;
While eternal morn is sleeping
In the fragrance of their rest.
So these little lives are reaching
Forward, upward, after God;
While within His love is teaching
Lessons from the jeweled sod.

A cripple upon the right road will beat a racer upon the wrong.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE CHILD'S VISION.

I wandered far across the glade,
And climbed the purple hill;
I sat and watched the sunset fade,
And listened to the rill;
The night wind sighed a sweet refrain
Amid the forest trees,
When suddenly there rose a strain
Of music on the breeze.

The crimson sea then seemed to pale;
An island rose in sight
A paradise of hill and vale,
Of domes and spires so bright;
Its pearly gates were thrown ajar,
I heard a seraph's song,
I saw, and knew her from afar;
Our Mary, mourned so long.

Her amber curls were gemmed with light,
And round her little head
A wreath of roses, red and white,
A heavenly fragrance shed.
Her azure robe was jewelled round
With stars—I see them now,
As, with a smile, a wreath she bound
Upon my wandering brow.

And this the burden of her song;
"Oh, sister, come with me,
I've waited patiently and long
This happy hour to see.
We'll roam the fields, and gather flowers,
And twine bright garlands gay;
No winter's cold, nor sultry hours,
Shall chase our joys away.

She gently took me by the hand,
She gazed upon my face,
One look—one gesture of command—
I rushed to her embrace,
I tried to follow her—'twas late.
The stars were shining through,
No sister near—no heavenly gate—
Oh, mother, was it true?

H. B.

THE LYCEUMS.

J. O. Barret, in a letter to the *R. P. Journal*, writes: "I am more hopeful for the Lyceum than for any other appliance of our educational system. The Lyceum, with its correlative conference and its domestic spiritual circles, in which children will take a part, will give the best simplicity and order to our work. Thus far it has proved itself to be the strongest power. It has lived and flourished when its professionally fostering societies have 'gone under.' What better way to unfold mind than in the Lyceum? What if we could thus enlist adults as well as children in groups for mental improvement, all to have the beneficent influences of the varied exercises, would we not thus be doing the very best thing possible in the true education of our people?"

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE BIRDS.

DEAR CHILDREN: I am glad to see, by the BANNER of March 15th, that you have a friend who has commenced telling you about the birds; and the story of the "Orphan Birds," with which the series commences, I have read, as you doubtless have, with great interest and pleasure.

I love birds dearly, and never weary of watching them among the shade trees, and in the orchards, meadows and groves. To listen to the singing of birds is one of the sweetest enjoyments of my spring and summer rambles. I often think how delightful must be the life of a naturalist who, like Audubon, devotes himself to the study of these darlings of the air.

I await, almost with impatience, the coming of the song birds in the spring. You can imagine, then, how pleased I was, on the morning of March 3d, to hear a sparrow sweetly singing almost under my eastern window. I threw up the sash, and could see the glorious sun rising while listening to that charming music. Perhaps you have heard the ground sparrow, or, as I like to name it, the song-sparrow. It is a little russet bird, and its notes are very sweet and penetrating. It sings one strain; repeating it with but little variation, perhaps, eighteen or twenty times, and then changes to another, repeating that in the same way, until six or eight different strains are completed, it may be more, and all equally liquid, tender and musical. It commences to sing, in this latitude, early in the spring, and carries with us till most of the summer birds have departed.

I should like to tell you how the song of that little sparrow rested and refreshed me, and how I was reminded by it of all the sweetness, beauty and fragrance which lay just under the snow, and which the genial sun would soon bring with the change of the seasons from the dark and silent earth. Even so does some sweet spirit sometimes sing to us, reminding us of the "Summer Land" which blooms for the soul when the winter of earthly life has passed away.

Since that morning when the song-sparrow first sang beside my window, we have heard many other birds as well as that—robins, blue birds, etc., and before long, the wonderful notes of the wood thrush will resound through the groves.

Meantime, I hope that whatever you know, or can discover, about birds, you will write down and send to our dear editress, for do we not want to learn all we can concerning this delightful subject? And how gladly we shall welcome our friend W.'s "Bird-Histories" in the LYCEUM BANNER.

Your loving friend, MARY F. DAVIS.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

STORIES OF THE STARS.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

NO. VIII.

Saturn.

OF all the wonderful objects which beautify the spangled heavens, the planet Saturn is, perhaps, the most remarkable. A little more than nine hundred millions of miles from the sun, this pale wanderer of the skies circles around the parent orb, at the moderate and dignified pace of 22,000 miles per hour, and he consumes twenty-nine and a half years in performing his amazing circuit. Saturn is 82,000 miles in diameter—only a little less than that of Jupiter—and his volume is *eleven hundred times* greater than the earth. He turns on his axis once in ten and a half hours; his year is nearly thirty times the length of ours, but his day is shorter by more than one half. His year contains 25,150 of its own days, which are equal to 10,759 of our days.

To the inhabitants of Saturn the sun appears ninety times less than he appears to us, and they receive only one ninetieth part as much light and heat; but as this quantity of the sun's light exceeds the illuminating power of 3,000 full moons, we can easily conceive that it would be abundantly sufficient for all purposes of life.

Saturn is situated between the orbits of Jupiter and Uranus, and is distinctly visible to the naked eye. It may be easily distinguished from the fixed stars by its pale and steady light. The telescopic appearance of this planet is unparalleled. It is even more interesting than Jupiter, with all of his moons and belts. That which distinguishes this planet from every other in the system is a magnificent zone or ring encircling it with perpetual light. It is almost impossible, without an illustration, to convey to the mind any idea of the singular and beautiful appearance of this body.

The light of the ring is more brilliant than the planet itself.

It turns around its centre of motion in the same time that Saturn turns on its axis. When viewed with a good telescope it is found to consist of *two* rings, divided by a dark band. These rings serve as reflections of the light of the Sun upon his disc, just as our Moon reflects the light to the Earth.

A night scene upon Saturn must be splendid beyond description. The two rings appear like gorgeous arches of light, bright as the full Moon, and spanning the whole heavens like a stupendous rainbow. The two rings united are thirteen times

as wide as the diameter of the Moon, and the nearest is only one-twelfth as far from the planet as the Moon is from us. How magnificent and unconsciously grand, then, must these vast rings appear, with a thousand times the Moon's magnitude, and only one-twelfth part of her distance. Besides these magnificent rings, Saturn has eight Moons, or Satellites, revolving about him, which also add their shares of light to the beauty and grandeur of the scene. Though so remote from us, and so far removed from the centre of the system, there may be much to live for and to enjoy, even in the planet Saturn.

SPIRITUALISM.

The Spiritualists of Chicago and vicinity celebrated, on the 31st ult., the twentieth anniversary of modern Spiritualism.

The meetings were held in Crosby's Music Hall. Milton T. Peters, Esq., was chairman.

The hour from 9 to 10 o'clock was passed in social converse, with a view, as the President suggested, to renewing old acquaintanceships and forming new ones.

At 10 o'clock the meeting resolved itself into a general conference for the relation of experiences and the reporting of the growth and progress of spiritualism throughout the country.

At the termination of the conference, the morning discourse was delivered by Dr. E. C. Dunn, of Rockford, Ill., at the conclusion of which a recess was taken until afternoon.

The meeting reassembled at 1 o'clock, and an hour was passed in a general sociable. From 2 to half past 3 o'clock a conference was held, speeches of fifteen minutes' duration were made by several ladies and gentlemen.

In the evening there was a fine Lyceum exhibition.

At 9 o'clock the floor was cleared, and the day closed with a dance. K.

A little four-year-old girl attended church in Bridgeport, Conn., recently, and upon returning home her mother asked her if she remembered the text? "O yes!" said she; "it was, The Ladies' Sewing Society will meet at Mrs. So-and-so's house on Wednesday next."

Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

—Which is the oldest tree in the world? The elder tree, of course.

—Great hearts, like the ocean, never congeal.—*Bacon.*

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OLIVE PLANTS.

DEAR READER: The first robin song said to me, "Away, to the woods away." So away I went, but like old Mr. Noah's dove, I found the earth so under water that there was no spot of dry ground where I could rest my weary feet. But I have found good shelters from the water-clouds that still overhang this western world. In this respect, then, I am more fortunate than was the dove in the other flood. If I remember the Hebrew flood story, the dove of the ark took to her home an olive branch, which made glad the eight human souls that had been, for some months, drifting about upon the waters. I find no olive leaves, and but few opening buds of any kind; but a wiser man than Noah said that children were olive plants, making glad and bright the world's dark and winter days. Let us just imagine, then, that the little folks we meet are precious plants that have been sent to us from the beautiful mountains of life. If we cannot quite accept this theory we may regard the children as bearers of olive branches, and accept their words and works, knowing that in their hearts there is no guile, and that their young lips have not learned hypocrisy.

I want to tell you about some of the children that I have met on this Western trip;—want to tell you that some of them seem to me like good angels, looping back cloud-curtains to let the glad sunshine into sick hearts; others I call olive plants, because they are so fresh and natural, and because their love-deeds are like oil to bruised spirits.

I saw in the cars, yesterday, a mother and child—a boy six years old. The mother wore a faded black gown, and a rusty black bonnet. They were going to Omaha. The mother seemed to have no object in going, only that distance might come between her and her buried hopes. Poor widow! She did not know that sorrows cling the closer when we try to flee from them. The little boy wanted his mother to buy him a package of candy of the man who was going through the cars.

"It is not good for you," said the mother; "and, besides, I have no money for candy."

"Poor, dear mamma!" the child said, as he reached up to give her a kiss. "I didn't want candy; but I wanted to give you some, so you wouldn't cry so much. Now, mamma, you please be real good, and when I am a big man as papa was I'll work for us like he did." "But if you should die, then what would I do?" the lady asked. Johnny waited a little, not knowing just what to say. At last his black eyes brightened, and a smile, like sunshine, lighted his sweet face. He said, "Guess I wont die; if I do I will find God, and ask him to love you and take care of you, then you wont cry, will you mamma?"

The good mother smiled through her tears. I half believe that I then saw a rainbow hung by the child-hand in the life-sky of mother and child—the bow of promise saying, "The Father will love and care for you."

I was at Mrs. M.'s this morning. She was *alone*—mother, brother and husband, all gone. "Who cheers you in your lone days?" I asked. "Little children," she said. "I love to have them come in; they are so natural, so simple, so loving." Presently a little girl came to the door, and opening it a little, said, "Please may I come to see you a little while?"

"Come in!" we both said.

Lilly told us her mother was going to give a party—a *big* party. Turning to me she said: "Guess you will come?"

"I have no party dress," I said.

"Oh, do not mind that; I guess my mamma will ask all poor folks; won't that be real nice?"

"Would you like to have all the poor children come to your party?" Mrs. M. asked.

"Why, yes," Lilly answered; "so they could have a good time, and be ever so happy."

Mrs. M. forgot her absent friends, feeling that the blessed children were like olive plants, blessing her lone life, and healing her wounded spirit.

"What are you going to do with this large farm?" I asked Mr. —. "Do with it?" he replied. "Do you see that child?" pointing to a girl of twelve years. "I intend to leave it in her charge. She is generous, kind and just. If I do not mistake she will make it a home for the destitute—an asylum for other orphans."

"She is indeed an olive plant," I said. Heaven spare her to do the work that is to be given into her hands.

Nevada, Iowa.

Read Mr. John Knoggs' letter, and see how many mistakes you find in it.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock have just organized a Lyceum in Painesville, Ohio. They commenced with thirty members, and with fifty copies of the LYCEUM BANNER.

Moses Hull is lecturing in the East. In a note to the *Banner of Light* he says:

"I found it almost impossible to print the *Rosstrum* and travel, so I have taken Bro. W. F. Jamieson as partner, and have changed the base of operations from Hobart, Ind., to Chicago, Ill.; have decided to date the first number June instead of April. Address Hull & Jamieson, Hobart, Ind., or Chicago, Ill.

J. M. Peebles looked in upon 'us the other day on his way to the far West. He joined here the Congressional Committee appointed to draft and perfect peace treaties with the Western and Northwestern Indians. He goes with them to Fort Laramie to meet Red Cloud and some of his men for peace treaties. We expect these men will bury the hatchet, smoke the peace-pipe, and return with songs of rejoicing.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy has gone to Sacramento, Cal. She is the Leader of Group No. 12 in the Lyceum, numbering nearly thirty young people. The average number at present attending the Lyceum is from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty-five.

DR. JOHN A. CLARK.—We have many friends who, for their bodily diseases, have been successfully treated by this gifted brother. A large number of cases of chronic asthma, consumption, neuralgia, and other diseases, where the patients were given up to die by other physicians, have been permanently cured. Dr. Clark practices wholly by the direct application of electro magnetism. We can conscientiously commend such of our friends who may need a physician to his fraternal care. His office is at 153 Dearborn street, Chicago.

MR. A. JAMES.—We are often asked, by letters, where is Mr. James, of artesian well fame? What is he doing? Will you ask him to come here?

Mr. James left Chicago more than a year since. In passing through Pleasantville, Pa., he pointed to a spot, and said "there is oil." The land was purchased—a well bored. Mr. James is now engaged in barreling and selling oil from this well.

Mr. James is an earnest, honest soul. His friends everywhere rejoice in his success.

☞ Eva Spencer, of Evansville, Wisconsin, got the premium Dr. Bryant offered for subscribers to the LYCEUM BANNER.

HARMONY.

Mrs. F. M. K.—has been in this city a part of the past winter. In a letter to the *Banner of Progress* (San Francisco, Cal.) she writes of a visit to the Chicago Lyceum. She says:

"I inquired of Dr. Avery the secret of their great success; and what do you think it was? *Harmony*—harmony among both the officers and children. Whenever a matter is voted upon, the majority rule, and the minority submit gracefully, and go to work with willing hands to further any good cause."

Some may doubt the *harmony*; but it is a truth that the members of the Lyceum work together finely. This is, indeed, the secret of our success. Try it!

O-U-T.

Those who subscribed last May for the *Little Bouquet* have received the LYCEUM BANNER instead. With this number their time expires. Mrs. Kimball has furnished them her paper free of charge, hoping—expecting to retain these persons as subscribers for the LYCEUM BANNER.

Those who find a red X on their paper will,—if they wish to continue their papers,—send their names immediately, as we print only what papers may be needed to supply subscribers.

WANTED.

The children in the Chicago Lyceum are asking for more books. Some of our readers may be glad to meet this demand. If so, please send to this office, with donor's name.

☞ Llewellyn W. Arnold was among the first members of the Chicago Lyceum. He has, in the twenty-eight months, been absent from his group but once. Who can say as much?

LYCEUM CONVENTION.—The friends of children in the West will hold a Lyceum Convention in May or June. We hope Chicago will be the place of meeting.

PREMIUMS.

Who will get the books Mrs. Davis has so generously sent to this office for prizes?

MEMORANDA, by A. J. Davis, is for sale at this office.

Read our book list on the second page. Book notices crowded out.

—Why is a person asking a question the strangest of individuals? Because he is the querist.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MYSTERIES OF THE DEEP,

BY MARIA HARROLD.

Why do thy waters madly lash the shore?
 Why is thy voice so full of deep unrest?
 Took ye the loved ones to return no more?
 What hidden passions stir thy heaving breast?
 Why call ye in sad tones, so low and deep,
 From silent midnight, to the early dawn?
 And in the same sad voice ye madly weep,
 Between thy wild, mad, sobbings, whisperings, gone.

What sorrows ever 'neath thy surface lay.
 Why are ye always sobbing, long and loud,
 Pushing the sunbeam's gentle hands away,
 Becking the shadows that around thee crowd?
 Or are ye weeping for the buried dead?
 You keep them safely, 'neath thy rolling wave,
 And over them, thy hidden treasures spread.
 Making a lonely, yet a lovely grave.

Ye need not weep, for they have gone to rest.
 In years gone by they cross'd the lonely sea.
 Though their forms are sleeping now beneath thy breast,
 Upon another shore they wait for me!
 Yet ye do sigh as if from dear ones parted,
 And in thy low deep voice so sadly weep,
 And I do watch thee, sad and broken-hearted,
 And shudder as the night-winds dreary sweep.

Graves, darker, drearier than thine, have been
 Made by the falling of bright, early years,
 Mortals buried 'neath sorrow, want and sin,
 Lives slowly ebbing out, in bitter tears;
 Sighs, sad as those that stir thy heaving breast,
 Souls, darker than thy darkest rolling waves,
 Wretched, tired ones, seeking the weary's rest,
 Casting themselves into forgotten graves!

Is it for these ye weep, so long and loud,
 Dashing so madly up against the shore,
 Then have they drooped, beneath the midnight cloud,
 And do ye say, they will return no more?
 Ah! dark waves, ye need not be so sad,
 For they will come from out their hidden graves
 And you, instead of weeping, should be glad,
 And roll in sunshine, thy now sighing waves.

Why do you weep? we lay no sin to thee.
 And yet thy waves are ever dark and sad,
 Though dark thy waves, from earth's sins they are free.
 Why do ye weep, instead of being glad?
 You answer not, but madly you dash on,
 Calling sadly as you sadly weep.
 Between thy startled sobbings, whispering—gone;
 Oh, what strange mysteries holds the rolling deep.

—Dr. Mackay, in a letter to the *Sunday Times*, writes: "Boston is a very pleasant city, and its inhabitants are refined and educated. They treat every Englishman with hospitality. The city is on the high road from New York to Niagara Falls." Many of the young readers of the LYCEUM BANNER know the "high road" to Niagara Falls better than this English poet knows it.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

To the Spiritualist Society and Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland, Ohio,

AND ALL LIBERALISTS TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Whereas, Our co-worker and brother in the cause of Progress, George W. Cobb, is contemplating a removal from our town to another locality, viz: Cleveland, Ohio—

Resolved, 1. That our Sycamore Lyceum and Conference, with deep regret that circumstances should withdraw from us his personal influence and assistance, do tender him our grateful regards, with sincere wishes for his success in all his future endeavors.

Resolved, 2. That as one of the earliest and most efficient workers in our Liberal Organizations in this place, as Musical Director of the Lyceum, and an earnest, able and genial participant in our free conferences, that we bespeak for him the cordial welcome of the Cleveland Liberalists.

Resolved, 3. That as a member and communicant in high esteem, in a popular orthodox church, Bro. Cobb has given an example of unsectarian usefulness, and a liberal spirit, worthy of universal imitation, and whose influence has been widely felt in this community from his high-toned moral standing as a citizen and true-hearted gentleman. In his own words, his hand did the good work it found to do in the Children's Lyceum, while his words of cheer and candid reasoning will echo long in our weekly reunions, where his presence will be deeply missed.

Resolved, 4. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to each of our Spiritualist journals, and the LYCEUM BANNER, for publication, and a certified copy of the same be tendered to Bro. Cobb.

Signed: C. Ellwood, President of Society; Curtis Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; David Dalby, Chaplain of Conference; Sarah D. P. Jones, Corresponding and Recording Secretary of Society and Lyceum; Harvey A. Jones, Conductor of Lyceum; Louis Dowe, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. H. James, Guardian; Miss Agnes Brown, Assistant Guardian; R. S. Davis, Chaplain of Lyceum.
 S. D. P. JONES, Secretary.

THE ARABULA AND STELLAR KEY PREMIUMS.

ORANGE, N. J., March 17, 1868.

Dear Mrs. Brown:

I send you by to-day's express (paid) four copies each of "Stellar Key" and "Arabula," and six of "Death and the After Life." Please give one copy of "Stellar Key" to any person who will send you the names of three yearly subscribers to the LYCEUM BANNER; one copy of "Arabula" for four yearly subscribers, and one copy of "After Life" for two yearly subscribers.

Fraternally yours, MARY F. DAVIS.

The editor of *Le Salut* says of the LYCEUM BANNER: "All mothers ought to have it, for children want amusement, history, romance, music—they want moral, mental and physical culture, and this paper will aid them in their search for these treasures."



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

JUST IN TIME.

A Story of Early Life in the Green Mountain State.

BY UNCLE WILLMER.

NEW ENGLAND could never boast of a great variety of wild animals that were once denizens of the sturdy forests which covered her rugged hills and mountains, but yet there were some to be found in all parts of New England, and among them none was more dreaded than the wild cat, or as it was sometimes

called, the "American Panther." These two kinds of animals are both to be found in American forests, but they differ so much that they never need be mistaken one for the other. The panther is larger than the wild cat, with a build and movement much like the tiger and leopard, while the wild cat is more like our domestic cat, but much larger, and very ferocious, though cowardly and exceedingly treacherous.

Like the tiger and leopard, the panther attacks its prey in a bold, dashing, and often reckless manner, when driven to great straits by hunger, while the wild cat seeks to decoy and lead its victim into a trap, or where it can attack without fear of being itself made to pay for its rashness.

One of its modes of doing this is to imitate the cry of a child in distress, or as one would cry when lost in the woods. This was not an unfrequent occurrence in the early days of New England life, and before the first settlers learned the tricks of this treacherous animal, many lives were sacrificed. Who could resist the call of a child in distress, away off in the silent, cheerless woods, with no one to protect or shelter the lost darling?

Once, in the early days of the settlement of Vermont, two lads were passing along a road near a wood, when they heard this cry as of a lost child. They stopped, listened, and talked it over for a few minutes, then one of them started for the woods. Just then a hunter came along, swinging his rifle upon his shoulder, and seeing the young lad running towards the wood, calls him back, and says:

"I see what ye would do. It's very kind of ye though; but I don't think you'll find the young 'un if ye go. Just wait here a few minutes, young man, and I'll go in your place."

So, with an earnest look at the young lad, he

turned toward the wood, in the direction from which the cry was heard, muttering to himself something about—"Recon I'm *just in time* for you, young chap;" and turning to stop the two boys who were about to follow him, the hunter bade them stay where they were, and he would bring the *lost child* to them. Then carefully examining his trusty rifle to see that all was right, the hunter started toward the woods.

It was but a few moments after the boys saw the bear skin cap of the hunter disappear in the dark wood before the sharp crack of his rifle was heard, and soon the hunter again made his appearance, bearing something on his shoulder, which proved to be a *wild cat* of the largest size.

"There, young man," said the hunter, as he dropped the burden from his shoulders, "you can tell your mother that "*I* ~~he~~" has killed another of them varmints *She'll know what I mean.*" And we shall now see what he *did* mean.

"Ike" was one of the famous hunters of his time. There was not a ridge or spur of the Green Mountain range that he could not tell you all about—where the best hunting ground was for bear, deer, moose, beaver, or muskrat. Such stories he could tell of hair-breadth escapes and perils of one kind and another, you could listen to him hour after hour, and then ask for more.

"*Just in time*" was a favorite expression of his, and, as in the above instance, its use was found to be very appropriate. So in another instance of which I will tell you, one which occurred some years before the one just related.

Two young ladies—or *girls*, as they were then called—Mary and Alice Goodwin, were returning home one afternoon from a visit to their aunt, who lived about two miles from their own home, the road most of the way passing through a deep, heavy wood. The girls had no other escort than the house-dog "Hero," a noble, brave, intelligent fellow he was indeed, and as these girls had often gone over the same road before, they did not anticipate trouble or danger.

As Mary and Alice were walking briskly along, and Hero jumping and frisking, now plunging into the dark woods and then frisking around the two girls, all at once they were startled by a cry like the one that caused the young lad to shoot off towards the woods when "Ike" called him back.

Neither of the girls had ever heard this cry before, or had heard any one speak of it, and, as usual, they were deceived by it, and following in the direction from which it came, for a few rods, the first thing that arrested their attention was the dog Hero dashing towards them, barking furiously, his hair around his neck and along his back stand-

ing erect, his eyes flashing fire almost; the dog seemed nearly crazy with excitement. But placing himself directly in front of the two girls, Hero stood looking defiantly in the direction from which came the cry of distress, but which had now entirely ceased.

Mary tried to pacify the dog, and quiet him, but to no purpose—"Why, Hero, what is the matter? come here, Hero—come here, poor fellow. Why, Alice, what can he see to make him act so?"

Hearing no response, Mary turned toward Alice, and saw her standing with finger pointing in the same direction Hero was looking, but with a face white as snow, and trembling in every limb. Just then a rustle among the trees called the attention of Mary from her sister, and looking that way, she saw the form of a large wild cat gliding along the limb of a tree, and directly toward where they were standing.

Mary was the eldest of these two girls, and had seen enough of early pioneer life to comprehend and fully realize their extreme danger. With far more nerve and decision than her sister Alice, she at once decided what to do. Quickly turning to Alice, she seized the uplifted arm of the trembling girl and exclaimed, "Quick, quick Alice; let us fly! Hero will grapple with the creature while we gain the open field where father is at work—come, quick, let us run for our lives." But alas! for her well-planned way of escape. The terror-stricken Alice sank upon the ground in a swoon, as helpless as though the soul had left her body.

This was truly a situation to try the strongest nerves. Mary could not leave her helpless sister, but falling on her knees by the side of the almost lifeless form of Alice, she breathed an earnest prayer for succor to the good Father, who alone, it seemed to her, could send the needed help.

By this time the cunning, cautious creature had approached near enough for Mary to see the glare of its eyes, and watch the working of its fearful claws.

Though determined on mischief, the wild cat did not very much relish the defiant aspect which Hero presented. He, too, was in earnest, and the wild cat knew it.

Mary was much encouraged at the noble conduct of Hero. "Courage, Hero—courage, noble fellow," she cried. But the dog needed no word or sign. So far he was "master of the situation," and would not yield without a terrible struggle. But the struggle came at last. The wild cat struck, in one of its bounds, little too near Hero to suit his notions of what was right and proper, and he sprung at the beast in a twinkling, and grappled for life or death.

As may be imagined, Mary watched this terrible struggle with most painful interest. The cries of both were fearful, and, fortunately, could be heard for a long distance. Poor Hero was covered with blood, and it was evident he could not stand the contest much longer. Mary was greatly relieved at last to see that the noble fellow had so forgot the advantage as to fasten his teeth firmly in the side of the wild cat, and holding it upon its back so that it could not stir, while the blood was streaming from many frightful wounds on both. But the poor, noble fellow was terribly lacerated by the claws of the wild cat, for he soon yielded his life, and his teeth loosened their hold, and the wild cat rolled away from the now helpless Hero.

Once again upon its feet, the wounded creature was more ferocious than ever. Its eyes seemed like balls of fire as they glared upon Mary and the still helpless Alice. Digging its long claws into the ground, and scattering the leaves and dirt, it seemed just ready to spring upon them, when Mary heard a stick crack behind her, and a low voice saying, "Stoop a little lower, gall, yer bunnet hides the critter's head." In an instant Mary bent forward, and then came a *whiz-crack*—and a bound of the wild cat into the air, but it fell dead at her feet, and a moment after "Ike" stood by her side, and said, "Just in time, I recon, Miss Mary. I thought something was goin on some where 'bouts, from the noise I heard."

A little cool water from a spring near at hand soon restored Alice to consciousness, and with many thanks to their preserver, the two girls hastened to their home. The body of the faithful dog was carefully and tenderly buried in the orchard near Mr. Goodwin's house.

Now do you ask, why did "Ike" say to the boy, "Tell your mother "Ike" has killed another of them varmits—*she'll know what I mean.*" Well, Mary Goodwin, afterwards Mrs. Mary Johnston, was the mother of the young lad "Ike," the hunter,

Perhaps, in the next number of the LYCEUM BANNER, I will tell you something about this lad—Willie Johnston.

Two little Sabbath School boys in Boston got very heated over a vexed question in their lesson, and startled the teacher, whose back was turned for a moment, with "I tell ye it's Mary Magazine and not Magdalene," and thrusting his hands deep and desperately into his trowsers pockets, sung out, "Now, what'll you bet?"

A little girl being told that the King's and her birth day was on the same day, asked her mamma if the King and she were twins.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

HATTIE DODGE.

"Gone in her childlike purity
Out from life's golden day,
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and sunbeams meet,
Paving a path for her angel feet,
Over the silent way."

THE members of the Oswego, (N. Y.,) and the Chicago Lyceum, will long remember the sweet face of a little lame girl. Her name was Hattie Dodge. She was the only daughter of N. C. and E. G. Dodge.

Hattie was born in Oswego, New York. In some respects she was a remarkable child. She was a good musician, a clear thinker, and a pleasant talker. She was interested in the political questions of the day; but few persons were better informed in matters of public interest than was this girl of fourteen years.

Hattie lived in Oswego when the Lyceum was organized there. She was one of the first and most constant members. She could not walk, but her father and brother were always ready to aid her in going to the Lyceum. She was deeply interested in the Lyceum. "It is just what we most need," she often said. At one of the Christmas celebrations in Oswego, Hattie sent in over fifty articles—the work of her own hands—to be distributed among the members of the Lyceum.

A few months ago Hattie came with her parents to this city. She joined our Lyceum. Her gentle words and loving deeds made her seem to us all very good and beautiful.

The first Sunday in March Hattie was not in her place in Excelsior Group. She was sick. Days passed and the little sufferer neared the Beautiful Land. "I shall not live," she said, as her parents sat down by her bed; "but I don't fear to die. I have seen the Summer Land that Mr. Davis has written about. I have seen the flowers, trees, hills, and so many beautiful children. I think they have a Lyceum there, and I shall join it. May be we will visit the Lyceums here together." The Sunday previous to her death the LYCEUM BANNER was handed her. Turning to her father she said, "I shall not read the paper again, but will you send for Mrs. Brown, the editor of the LYCEUM BANNER? I have seen such beautiful things, and want to tell her of them, so she may repeat what I tell her to the children. I shall go away Tuesday or Thursday, but don't mourn for me for I shall be so happy, and shall still be with you."

On Wednesday evening, the 18th ult., Hattie aroused from a sort of dream, and holding out her pale hands said, "Oh, I see such beautiful things!

and here are angels with sweet flowers—they wait for me. I cannot say much. Ask Mrs. Brown to bid the Lyceum good bye for me. I hope she will tell them of the things I have seen, and that I shall always remember them and her in love. After giving directions how and where to be buried she rested. Again and again she saw the waiting angels, and said, "I am almost ready—wait."

On Thursday, the 19th, Hattie closed her eyes, and turned to the glorious land she had seen while waiting this side the "Silvery Sea."

On the following Sunday there were memorial services at the same hour in the Lyceum Hall in Oswego and Chicago.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown spoke in Chicago, giving the members of the Lyceum the blessing and farewell of one who has joined the Lyceum in the happier land.

GERTIE GRANT.

Chicago.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

P. STONE.

I have been a subscriber and constant reader of your valuable little paper since its first publication, and I most cheerfully endorse its universally recognized usefulness. It fills a long vacant place with just what is needed—a paper for the children of Spiritualists,—one not filled with sectarian dogmas, but teaching the glorious truths of Nature.

Perhaps a few words about our Lyceum will not be uninteresting. We have a finely equipped and flourishing Lyceum, under the able conductorship of Dr. A. H. Richardson, assisted by an efficient corps of officers. We have over one hundred members, and the number is constantly increasing. Much interest is evinced in our meetings, judging by the number of spectators present every Sunday. We have had quite a number of public exhibitions, which yielded us both pleasure and profit. We are to take part in the anniversary exercises at the Music Hall, Boston, March 31st, on which occasion all the Lyceums in this vicinity will be reviewed by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis. It will be a sight well worth seeing.

May your enterprise prosper. May every child in the land be supplied with a copy of the beautiful little LYCEUM BANNER.

Charlestown, Mass.

FROM E—.

Dear Lyceum Banner :

You will, perhaps, think it strange that a stranger to you should address you so familiarly; but you are not a stranger to me, although I have known you but such a short time. You seem like a dear friend, not to me alone, but to every one in

our Lyceum. You can't imagine what a welcome visitor you are here, and how sorry I feel when I see some little faces made bright by your presence—not that I feel sorry that those little faces are bright, but I do feel sorry that every little face in the Lyceum is not made bright by the same cause. But I hope the day is not far distant when I shall see a copy of the LYCEUM BANNER for every Lyceum scholar, and a few copies to spare; for in my mind the LYCEUM BANNER occupies the same position in relation to the Lyceum, as the *Banner of Light* does to the societies; it is doing a good work, and I hope it will succeed.

Buffalo, New York

FROM A WORKER.

Dear Editor of the Lyceum Banner:

Your readers will be gratified to learn that we have just completed the organization of a Progressive Lyceum in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

We commenced four weeks since with three children, but if you could have been in our Lyceum yesterday and heard the clapping of thirty pairs of little hands, and seen as many pairs of little feet keeping step to music—could you have seen the rosy cheeks and bright eyes we had in Mechanic's Hall on that day, you would have rejoiced with us. One little five-year-old says, "I ain't going to any more Methodist Sunday schools; but the Lyceum, I think, is splendid." So we all think down here. Send us twenty-five copies of the LYCEUM BANNER. We shall have to send for more soon.

MOSES HULL.

FROM MRS. LOGAN.

In my goings I have an opportunity of seeing many Lyceums. They remind me of the tiny rose-buds yet to become blooming roses. When I find a well conducted Lyceum, I know the tender buds have genial soil for their growth.

We aimed to have our Lyceum in New York a model school for the whole world. Those in Philadelphia and Chicago are its equal in many respects. I shall trespass upon your columns too far if I mention all the good omens I have witnessed in certain Lyceums; but let me say those of our beautiful prairie land are doing their best.

The one at Belvidere needs age and experience; but it will succeed, for there are earnest souls in that place. The Beloit Lyceum is *alive*. Officers, leaders and groups are active and energetic. I was in attendance yesterday. The children had declamations, and answers to the question (one question was): "What advantage has the Lyceum over the common Sunday school?"

The marching was the best we ever participated in. A portion of the time the flag-staffs were crossed, emblematical of the union of hearts and hands. May the LYCEUM BANNER find its way into the homes and families of which this Lyceum is composed, and continue to wave until every child of our Republic shall rejoice in its beautiful folds.

With much love for the children,

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

Beloit, Wisconsin.

To the Editor of the Lyceum Banner

DEER MISUS:—I se a man hoo kals himself Sam Sassafras is ritin for your papur now i doant bleeve thats his naim, ef it is he doant no how tu Spel it rite fur theyslots of them tres groin righte on mi paps farm an wee always Spels it Sas-a-frax an i no thats rite—fur i went tu Spelin Skool 2 winters and got along syde of the purtiest blu ide miss ever u se an thats the wa i lurned tu spel i shink this Sam mast bee some boi hoo hes bin Studying fonetiks—got a little waze in, an got stuk with too much nolog wont u please tu right to Sam agen an tel him knot tu rite eny more fur the papur until hes bin to Spelin Skool 2 Winters ures trooly

JOHN KNOGGS.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

KINDNESS.

HOW much happier we would be if we would try to help each other. We often neglect the poor, and pass the unfortunate by, without saying a single kind word to them. We little know how much they need kind words. We, too, would be better and happier by little acts of love and words of encouragement to those who need them.

Never treat persons unkindly because they wear tattered clothes, or work hard to earn bread. Those are the very persons we ought to help, and are often the most worthy of our respect. It is much better to associate with those who wear old clothes than with well dressed persons who frequent drinking saloons. But we may do good in either case; in the one we can assist the needy, in the other we can give good advice by pointing out the better way, and by showing the evils resulting from visiting such persons. In doing such acts of kindness we will be respected and loved by all who know us, and be made happier ourselves by doing good. Then let us try and do good to all who need our assistance, whether the act consists in good words or in kind deeds.

JENNIE BROWN.

Sterling, Ill.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 14, 10, 11, is not old.

My 8, 18, 1, 7, is the name of a girl.

My 8, 6, 12, is an animal.

My 2, 5, is a verb.

My 4, is a pronoun.

My 8, 18, 8, 9, is a kind of grain.

My whole is the name of a philosopher.

JENNIE BROWN.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 4, 6, 10, is what we all do.

My 5, 8, 14, 11, is a great part of the body.

My 1, 18, 9, 15, is the name of a fish.

My 7, 16, 2, 10, is a part of speech.

My 18, 8, 8, is the name of a fowl.

My 17, 6, 10, 15, is very useful to vessels.

My 18, 6, 12, is a personal pronoun.

My whole is what we may all expect if we live.

CHARLES PECK.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 2, 4, 22, is used in summer.

My 4, 9, 10, 17, is used by old persons.

My 11, 14, 21, 16, 15, 22, a fortified house.

My 8, 5, 6, is a poison.

My 9, 15, 8, 12, 8, a transitive verb.

My 19, 9, 18, 22, a conveyance.

My 1, 14, 16, an animal.

20, 2, 8, is to take aim.

My 7, 5, 18, 14, 10, is a girls name.

My whole is a common saying.

ELSIE GREEN.

WORD PUZZLES.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My First is in road, but not in way.

My Second is in oak, but not in pine.

My Third is in ice, but not in water.

My Fourth is in lock, but not in key.

My Fifth is in Isaac, but not in John.

My Sixth is in Joy, but not in sad.

My Seventh is in low, but not in high.

My Eighth is in answer, but not in question.

My Ninth is in new, but not in old.

My Tenth is in Ida, but not in May.

My whole is a city in Illinois.

ANNIE HOLLAND.

ANSWERS IN No. 14.

Enigma, by Henry Barrett—Something funny.

Word Puzzle, by George C. Stevens—Ulyses S. Grant.

Answered by Louis B. Schroeder, Emma Murphy, Florence A. Pettigrew, Savilian Fuller, Ada J. Sessions, Ellen M. Bates, Clinton H. Orr, Maggie Carley and Charles E. Kerr.

This beautiful inscription may be found in an Italian grave-yard: "Here lies Stella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

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.

Bangor, 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 Cahill, 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. Chas. 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.

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 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 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 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 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 Lee Street Church.

Milan, Ohio.—Children's Progressive Lyceum of Milan, Ohio. Sessions 10½ A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

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

New Bos on, Ill.—Lyceum organized Oct. 30, 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 Thirtieth street, between Third and Fourth avenues. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

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

Oneego, N. Y.—Organized the third Sunday in October, 1866. J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. Doolittle, Guardian.

Osborne's Pratts, 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, 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. H. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fideila O. Pease, Guardian.

Richmond, Ind.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. E. H. Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addelean, 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. Brewer, 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.

Stonham, Mass.—The Spiritualistic Association hold regular meetings at Harmony Hall, two Sundays in each month, at 9½ and 7 o'clock P. M. Afternoon lectures free. Evening lectures 10 cents admision. 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; Miss Sarah E. Cook, 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.

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.

Wilmington, 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.