

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

VOL. I

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1867.

No. 2.



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

The May Family;

OR,

BEING GOOD AND DOING GOOD.

BY UNCLE WILLMER.

MOTHER, mother! here is a poor woman with a wee bit of a baby, who wants something to eat. She lives in that old rickety, dismal-looking place, where I went with you one day, to carry some things. But, mama, she says that little boy we saw there, who was so sick with the scarlet fever, is much worse, and the doctor thinks he will never get well."

This was said by little Flora May, who came running up stairs to her mother, her face all aglow, and her little heart full to overflowing with kindly sympathy for the poor woman she saw at the door. As Flora stood looking wistfully and earnestly into her mother's face, her hat hanging on her shoulders by the strings

around her neck, her large, blue eyes suffused and moist with tender emotion, her hair falling in golden curls upon her neck and shoulders, little Flora made a beautiful picture. But yet, Flora May was not called handsome; her features were too irregular, and apparently not on very good terms with each other.

The mouth was too large for the nose, and the chin did not seem to belong to either; yet Flora May was called beautiful, because she was *so good*. She never was so happy as when doing something for others, to make them happier.

Mrs. May was a very kind, benevolent woman, and never missed an opportunity to make a

practical use of the little or abundant means she might have; so she took Flora by the hand and went to see about the new applicant whom Flora had seen at the door.

While Flora and her mother are attending to the wants of this woman and her "wee bit of a baby," I must tell my young readers something about this family and where they live.

Mr. May was a merchant, living in New York city; the family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. May, the father of Mr. May—"Grandpa May," as he was called—Flora, eight years old, and Arthur, a bright, cunning little fellow, three years old. These, with the house maid, Nora, who had lived with Mrs. May for many years, composed the May family of No.—Eighth street New York city; and a more genial, harmonious, and happy family, it would be difficult to find in any town or country.

While Mrs. May and little Flora were attending to their charitable work, Mr. May came home from his store, and after the joyful greetings were bestowed upon him, which his arrival always called forth, Flora, whose tender heart had been touched anew by what she had learned of the woman asking alms, besought her father to take her to the place where there was so much suffering. Mr. May sat with both his children, one on each knee, and heard with earnest attention all his dear child had to tell him. Little Arthur also had a word to say, "Me go see tick boy too, papa—we want to go, papa—we torry, ittle boy so tick." It was a pleasant sight to see this happy group: not happy because some sport or fun and frolic was going on, or because some great pleasure was in anticipation; but because each one found real pleasure in doing good to others.

After talking the matter over, it was decided that Mr. May should go and see what could be done to make the little sick boy more comfortable, and render any other needed assistance; but it was not deemed prudent for Flora to accompany her father, as there was much sickness in that neighborhood that was contagious. So, soon after tea, Mr. May, started on his mission of mercy, while Flora and Arthur had a little play in the yard before going to bed.

Let us accompany Mr. May, and see what lessons we can learn from the experience he meets with.

Wending our way along the narrow, dirty streets, we soon stand before a wretched frame

building, and begin to ascend a flight of stairs which creak and rattle under our feet, until we fear for our safety. But we reach the object of our search; a sad and pitiful sight it is indeed.

"O, you have come!" said the woman, as she arose from the bed of her little boy who, we could see at a glance, was fast passing away. "But you cannot save my darling boy!" she continued, "He is going—he is going!"—was all she could say. But Mr. May, taking her kindly by the hand, said; "To a beautiful home with the angels, my dear friend; they are even now here waiting to bear your child to a home far more beautiful than any home can be here on earth."

"Do you believe it, Mr. May?" said the woman, as she looked with intense earnestness into his face. "Oh! is it so?—can you satisfy me that what you say is true?"

"Yes," said Mr. May; "You shall be fully convinced of the truth of all I tell you; be patient, and try to be calm."

"Your darling child is now free from his weary, diseased body, and his beautiful spirit at rest with dear, loving friends in his new home; and you will contribute much, *very* much, to the happiness of your child by feeling resigned, and thinking of him as being, as he most surely is, in the kind keeping of those who will tenderly care for every want and need."

"You talk so differently from others, who come to see me," said the woman, "I will try and do as you tell me."

There was much to be *done*, as well as said, and Mr. May was one of the *doing* kind. So, after making the necessary arrangements, and doing whatever was needed, not forgetting to again assure the woman that she should, in due time, be fully convinced that what he had told her about her darling boy was true, we returned to the home of Mr. May.

In the morning Mr. May told Flora the result of his visit the evening before. He found the little sufferer gradually sinking; and, "while I was there," said Mr. May, "the angels came and took him away with them to the bright *Summer Land*, where there is no sickness or pain, and where all the children of our good Father are treated alike. I can but feel thankful that the little sufferer is at rest, and in the keeping of those who know no difference between the high or low, and rich and poor of this world. And

now,—there is the breakfast bell, and I have some pleasant news for you which all of us are interested in, which I will tell you while at the table.”

After all were in their places, Mr. May continued: “It is now about our usual time for going into the country for a few weeks, and tomorrow we will all go to our summer home in New Jersey.

Every one was delighted, from “Grandpa” down to little Arthur.

Mr. May had purchased an old farm-house with a few acres of land, about twenty miles from New York, in a quiet, lovely spot sheltered and shaded with trees, the old stone house being completely covered with a rich growth of vines and moss.

No alterations or changes were made except some repairs inside, to give the rooms a more cheerful appearance.

I would like to tell you what a splendid time Flora and little Arthur have in this beautiful country home with the chickens and ducks, pigs and cow, and a ride every pleasant day with ma and old “Dobbin” in the “carryall;” but I must leave that for another time. So, while “Grandpa” is sitting in his easy chair in the shade at the door, waiting for the “carryall” to come back from its evening drive with its precious load, we will say good bye to the MAY FAMILY for the present, and in the mean time, let us all see how we can succeed in “DOING GOOD AND BEING GOOD.”

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

THE VIOLET AND THE DEW-DROP.

BY MRS. E. W. ADDLEMAN.

A LITTLE violet was nestling in the shade of its broad leaves, timidly peeping forth, and lifting its blue eyes to gaze on the golden tinged clouds and the setting sun, admiring the gorgeous hues of evening, when plump came a dew-drop right in her eye, and drew her attention to itself; then the following conversation took place:

“What in the world are you gazing at, pretty one?” affectionately asked the dew-drop; “I could not bear to see you straining your eyes, and forgetting everything else, to look after—I know not what, so down I came plump into your sweet, blue eyes, for I thought they needed moistening, after gazing so long; and now, if you will tell me what absorbed so much of your attention, I’ll tell you my tale. I, too, have a long story, so proceed with yours.”

Gently sighing, the modest little violet, blushing at its own attempt to describe its feelings and thoughts, thus began:

“I was thinking how I would love to be away up in the sky amid those golden clouds, where I could look down upon all below, and see away off in the dim distance, and count the stars as they come twinkling forth, and O! I thought it would be so delightful to be a star or a rainbow, or some beautiful thing that everybody would admire.”

“Oh!” said the little dew-drop, “you did not wish to be me; you thought there was no beauty in poor, little me, and nobody admired me any more than your own little self. Now, Vio., I’ll tell you what it is. You have too much modesty, and not enough self-esteem. I have less modesty and more self-esteem than you have. Now, you think no one admires you or me. You are mistaken, for why is it, that whenever people come this way, they invariably bend their eyes to the ground, and as soon as they spy a broad leaf of a peculiar shape which they immediately recognize, down they stoop, with an exclamation of delight, and a dozen or more of you grace the hands, bosom, or head of some lover of the beautiful; and how closely inspected are you! every little petal is admired separately, and your color, form, fragrance, even your touch gives delight. “How smooth!” your friends will say, “so soft and silky!” as they press you to their lips. And how often are you imitated in painting, embroidery, in fancy work of all kinds! you can scarcely think of any kind of ornamental work on which you are not found. In poetry and prose your praise is sung. In comparison, you are the emblem of the beautiful and pure. Then, think not so little of yourself. Humility is a charming trait, but too much of it makes us hide ourselves, and then we neither give nor receive the pleasure we might; so raise up your little head, and do not forever hide it under that great, green fan, which every one knows is your body guard.”

The violet listened, and thought there was much truth in what the dew-drop had said; she, therefore, concluded she would leave the shade of the woods, and take up her residence in some garden, where she might be of more use by giving pleasure to a greater number of friends, for she disliked anything which looked like selfishness.

The next time the dewdrop visited the violet, it did not feel the timid, shrinking thing of former days, but one who, while still modest and unassuming, yet allowed herself to be seen and admired for her beauty, and for the pleasure she gave, through the care and attention bestowed upon violet, she gradually unfolded into a beautiful pansy, and the dew-drop rejoiced that it had been able by its advice to aid in producing this beneficial result.

HINTS TO ROVERS.

BY MRS. L. O. TURNER.

A pretty pair of martins
 We caused, with crumbs of bread,
 To build their summer nursery
 Within our winter shed,
 Where Willie kept his playthings,
 And kitty made her bed.
 We named them Pet and Peter,
 And with especial care
 We watched our feathered songsters—
 This newly-wedded pair;
 And built fine, towering castles,
 Alas! too high, in air.

Unto their cage a stranger
 Was taken home to dine;
 But Mistress Pet disproved him—
 His motives could divine,
 Although his songs were sweetest,
 And plumage very fine.

"I do not like him, Peter;
 He's leading you astray;
 Did I not hear him ask you
 To leave and go away?"
 And Peter, with a twitter,
 Responded, sharply, "Yes!"

"We'll go, and you will follow,
 Whene'er you hear us sing;
 He's best of all the songsters—
 In truth, a very king;
 And right away, my lady,
 I must be on the wing."

Now Pet was strangely human,
 And followed where he led—
 Forsook her summer quarters
 Within our humble shed,
 And made, alas! in sorrow,
 That night her lonely bed.

Our simple-hearted hero
 Had fallen in a snare,
 Though little Pet so often
 Implored him to beware
 Of birds of finer feathers
 Than he could hope to wear.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

ELIZUR WRIGHT'S WORD ON SPELLING.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR:—Let me take advantage of the present spelling excitement to fatten a grudge I bear against the literary world. Most fully do I acknowledge that a decent respect for mankind should compel every one who addresses them in print to spell according to the best standard or usage. English "orthography" is at best a chaotic labyrinth, provoking enough to the wayfarer when its fortuitous elements are congealed into immobility; but when they have no adhesion or continuity, moving constantly on each other like broken,

floating ice, it becomes an insult. A schoolmaster who does not spell correctly, by somebody's system, should go abroad and stay there. But just here it is that my indignation kindles. Why do we have these illiterate schoolmasters? I do not stop to blame weak and careless committees. The trouble lies higher.

The great masters of English literature, the law-givers of our language, are such bunglers or charlatans in their own profession, that they ought to be ashamed to fling a pebble at the worst of spellers, or even the inventor of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Why, in the name of honesty, mechanical skill, and common sense, do they impose upon the world, age after age, this imperfect, unreasonable, stupid, false plan of visualizing the vocal tongue? Are they not gifted with brains to understand that if alphabets were made true to the principle on which they profess to rest, and used simply for the purpose of conveying to the mind of the reader the sound of the writer's voice when speaking the words, schoolmasters would not be needed to teach anybody to spell? A child would then, as soon as he had learned his letters, know how to spell as well as to speak, and on being taught to speak properly, he would, of course, spell correctly. More than this, if the press addressed the world with a true phonetic alphabet, giving distinctly the vocalism of the best usage, the humblest reader would thereby be effectually taught the right pronunciation of words. Thus our common schools might begin where now, for the most part, they are obliged to leave off.

The misery of the matter is, that it is so difficult to get any but blockheads to teach such a blockhead system. We do uncommonly well when we get hold of pedantic dunces, who can teach spelling with a vengeance, and perhaps the shell of grammar. Of course I do not deny that there are *some* literary saints, of unquestionable genius, who devote or doom themselves to a painful inculcation into the memories of reluctant or rebellious youth, of all the incongruities, contradictions, riddles, and Sphinx-puzzles of English orthography, hoping only for the heavenly pleasure of introducing the dear souls to the sweet fields that lie beyond the confounded chaparral. (If I don't spell the last word as I ought, please correct me, and then tell me how it is

pronounced, for correct spelling gives no mere English mind any certainty on that point.) But the people of genius who teach spelling are few, and soon cease from their labors, by death or otherwise. English orthography is congenial only to stupidity; and, after thirty or forty years of occasional observation in regard to it, I am of opinion that good and successful teachers of spelling can seldom write a page without misspelling several words.

Of another thing I have no doubt at all, to wit: that learning to spell is a discipline pernicious to good mental habits. The minds of unschooled children are eager for facts and the reasons of them, and they are not satisfied with a reason till they see its force. But after they have been schooled through the inconsequential mysteries of the spelling-book, where a reason has less chance of living than a mouse in a vacuum, they are ready to swallow any thing the book or the teacher says with a leaden quietude. No thanks to the portico of our literature, if they do not continue to take things on trust, as long as there is any thing to be so taken.

Of course, nobody will contradict what I have said, for I have spoken with exceeding moderation of a monstrosity and deformity, which is barefaced, chronic, and deplorable. But what can be done? I shall be asked. Nothing can be done by the mere million. They are imposed upon, and must submit. But the men who have achieved immortality, the demigods of literature, who have the world's ear and adoration, might, if they so pleased, deliver us from this *cripple alphabet*, which is too costly and stale for a joke, and, like the Cherokee inventor, Guess, give us one which mankind could use as well as their tongues, without the aid of schoolmasters.

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

THE SKIN—PERSPIRATION CONTINUED.

We have seen that the perspiration was an important means of eliminating from the system certain substances which have ceased to be proper parts of it.

The necessity for cleanliness, in order that this function may be properly carried on, is so apparent that little need be said about it. There

is a system of medical treatment, which has recently been introduced, known as the Water Cure, in which the principal aim is to reach and modify the cutaneous exhalations, by the application of water in various manners.

There is, perhaps, no more powerful means of influencing the system, and it is evident that so potent a means must necessarily require considerable judgment in its application. And some of those who have felt very much opposed to the use of drugs have placed themselves under influences more powerful than many of these, and by the continued use of water have produced disease of the skin as the result of reduced vitality, which have, strangely enough, been called the *crises* of their disease, when in reality they were a disease induced by too frequent application of this powerful remedy. That many diseases are influenced by the condition of the skin, is very evident, and in all forms of disease the attention of the physician is properly directed to the condition of the skin.

In pulmonary diseases the intimate relation between the lungs and the skin is manifested, and the copious night sweats, which are so unpleasant an accompaniment of some of these diseases, show this clearly. There are many other diseases in which, from weakness, the perspiratory apparatus pours out large quantities of fluid. Another system of medicine, which was in vogue a few years ago, directed its remedies mainly through the skin. I refer to the Thomsonian system, as it was called after its founder, Samuel Thomson. By the application of it, the patients were made to perspire very freely, and there are many diseases in which this produces immediate relief.

Almost every person feels better when he perspires freely; but there is a great difference in different persons about this. Some persons seem to require a great deal more food than others, and those would naturally perspire more freely.

Habit, however, has considerable to do with the amount of fluid taken, and there have been persons who have attempted to avoid all fluids except those which were contained in the solid food which they have taken into their systems.

In this case, as in all others, a medium course is the best. Persons who take stimulants freely, require a greater amount of fluids, and it has been observed, that the free use of fluids tends to produce corpulency, a condition which is not at all desirable.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

IS PUBLISHED AT

167 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Subscribers in Canada must pay 20 cents per year, in addition, for pre-payment of American postage.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed must always state the name of the Town, County and State to which it has been sent.

Money can be sent by Post Office Orders; but where Drafts on New York or Boston can be procured, we prefer to have them.

All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Specimen Copies, Free.

All communications should be addressed to Mrs. LOU H. KIMBALL, P. O. Drawer 5466, Chicago, Ill.

LETTERS FROM THE CONVENTION.—No. 1.

DEAR READERS, young and old, you all know, perhaps, that the Fourth National Convention is now in session in this city. You, who are not here, may like a few pen-sketches of the men, women and children here assembled; and you may like, too, my version of the speeches here made. Of the sayings I will only say—taking A. B. Child for authority—they are good so far; but, leaving the All-Right doctor out of the question, I will add, some of them are made in the wrong places. But, to begin my story: I left Chicago Saturday, the 31st ult. A German boy, the son of my laundress, went with me to the station, to carry my valise. On the way he told me that his father was dead; he had three young brothers, one of them lame; that he and his mother supported the family; "but," said he, "next year I am going to get thirty dollars a month; then I am going to take care of *us all*. I don't like my mother to go out and work."

"You are a brave boy, and your mother has good grounds for hope in you," I said.

Otto did not quite comprehend my words; so he said, "That's right," and we walked on to the station.

Fifteen hours later, I found myself in Cleveland. The night was dark and stormy. A gentleman, seeing me alone, said, "Can I aid you?"

"Yes," I said, "by finding Henri."

"Who is Henri?" he asked.

"A German hackman—I know no other name."

"Why do you want him?" said the gentleman; "will not some other man serve you as well?"

"I want Henri," I said, "because he is honest, temperate, trusty."

"Three good reasons; I will find him." Out into the rain the man rushed. He soon returned, bringing the good-natured German.

"I am so sorry," Henri said; "for another lady wants me to take her home; but I can fetch a boy as good as I."

The other boy came, and took me to my sister's home.

Sunday, the 1st inst., I went to Temperance Hall to hear J. M. Peebles speak.

It is useless to say that Mr. Peebles is a good and popular speaker; we all know these facts; but he will say the severest things—say them right to one's face—of any mortal man. We may scowl and cringe, but he talks on, unmindful of the wounds he has made. One thing is a little strange: no one charges him with misrepresentation. He unmask his hearers and then leaves them to themselves;—that is the complaint we make.

A fine congregation, from the center and from the four corners of the nation, are here, talking and listening. There is a storm in prospect; but the bow hangs above the cloud; in it we see the promise that God will not forget us sinners.—But I remember that the printer wants but a short letter *now*. In my next I will give you some idea of the meeting. Adieu. B.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 5.

HATTIE MAUD.

Mrs. A. P. Denison, one of the officers in the Chicago Lyceum, had a precious, little child, whose name was Hattie Maud. Her eyes were as blue as the sky; her face was as fair as the lily; her gentle ways and baby talk made her very dear to all the household.

Father and mother watched and tended their only child as loving hearts will watch and work. All their future was connected with little Maud. Her growth, education and welfare were first to be considered. They did not dream that she would go first to the Morning Land. But she is gone, gone in her beauty, her purity, in babyhood, to the school of the angels. We, a few of us, gathered about her little bed the other day, and watched the going out of Life's taper. She died as peacefully as if she were going to her evening dreams.

Sad hearts and tearful eyes were there, but we knew that the blessed angels waited to welcome the child to its home in the summer land.

"'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel, with the amarantine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with a voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin:
And softly from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in."

LYCEUM CONCERT.

The members of the Chicago Lyceum held their Third Monthly Concert in Crosby's Music Hall on Sunday evening, the 8th instant.

The opening song, by the choir, "Friends, we Comt., with Hearts of Gladness," made all hearts glad.

The Salutatory, by Charlie W. Bowron, is well worthy a place in the LYCEUM BANNER. Here it is:

DEAR FRIENDS: In behalf of our little band, I salute you with a cordial welcome, and sincerely thank you for the substantial token your presence here this evening affords us. Your cheering words and encouraging smiles stimulate and incite us to still greater diligence. But it is not merely to encourage and cheer us on that brings you here this evening, but that you may also lend a helping hand to our faithful Conductor, Guardian and Teachers, to whom we owe so much; a debt we can never pay, except by following their most worthy example, when age and experience have fitted us for so great and good a work.

Your presence here, kind friends, does even more than this; for it gives countenance and aid to one of the most blessed institutions ever bestowed upon the sons and daughters of earth—THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM—the corner-stone of the new Spiritual Temple, where all the children of earth can meet on terms of perfect equality; where all with one accord shall say: "God is our Father, and every man our Brother." Surely a cause so worthy, so beneficent, so exalted in aim and purpose, cannot fail to enlist your earnest and hearty co-operation.

We will not forget that very much depends upon ourselves as scholars in this great progressive school, and we shall strive to not disappoint you.

Thus, hand in hand, patrons, teachers and scholars, we will journey onward and upward, working willingly and waiting patiently, believing that to *do* good and *be* good is the only way to secure true happiness here on earth, and the fellowship and communion of angels in heaven.

The songs and recitations were all well received by a good audience. A number of the speakers, however, spoke too low, and one or two of them too fast.

Mr. G. A. Bacon, of Boston, was in the audience, taking notes on the margin of his pro-

gramme. We pocketed his notes—and copy the following:

Lucy Christian speaks well; "Kitty Clyde," sung by Jennie and Lillie Kopp,—charmingly; "Song of the Leaves," by Gussie Kopp—very good; "The Four Questions," recitation, by Jennie Kopp—splendid! "Pleyell's Hymn," (variations,) by Sarah Ford—finely done; "Nobody's Child," recitation, by Lizzie Avery—very natural and distinct.

These concerts are doing a good work for the little folks in the Lyceum.

DONATIONS.

A friend sends us \$5, with the names of four little girls, as subscribers, he writes, send:

"One copy to one of H. F. M. B's. little folks. Among her large family of wee ones she will know a little girl whose eyes will brighten twice a month, on receipt of her paper,

Will little Louisa Douglass accept the LYCEUM BANNER one year, and when her sweet, blue eyes run over its pages, will she remember, with blessing, that it is the gift of Mr. Albert Morton?

Mr. H. M. Richards put into our hands \$4, with the names of two of his little lady friends, \$2 remain; if the good man does not object, we will send the LYCEUM BANNER to a brace of boys.

ITEMS.

We, editor and publisher, have just returned from the Cleveland convention, to find the drawer full of unopened letters, and the printer waiting for copy. The paper may be a little late and correspondents may wonder at our seeming neglect; but as the National Convention comes, but once a year, we expect pardon for deeds undone.

Exchanges and Correspondents, please remember that the LYCEUM BANNER is not printed at the Central Publishing House, and that our drawer is 5956.

—Those who wish to organize Lyceums will send us their address.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H.—Your articles are not suited to our paper. They are too long, too heavy.

L. M.—We have not the papers you order. Write to the publisher.

FELIX E. S.—You shall appear in print. Wait in patience. Some articles need so much revising that they have to be laid by till we have the time.

F. S.—Thank you for the suggestion. Where can we obtain the book?

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

SEPTEMBER.

BY FRANK A. MARSH.

O merry Morn, with sparkling eye,
That loves to gaze on Nature's scene;
Thine hours are passing sweetly by,
The glittering fields of summer green.
From bending depths that smile above,
The tender light falls on the earth
Like gladness from the eyes of love,
With sunny smiles and joyous mirth.

The flowers are going darksome ways,
And Autumn winds will shake the trees;
Fair Summer, with her golden days,
Lies dying on the emerald leas.

The clasping vines, that hang so mute,
And drink the dews of blissful morn,
Hang out the sweetest golden fruit
Which gods nor mortals ever scorn.

Milan, O.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

The following is an extract from a private letter. The writer, John Mayhew, M. D., is an honest and earnest worker. He asks aid for Washington. That wicked city needs missionaries; let those who send men to Washington to look after the political interests of the nation, send Dr. Mayhew money to turn some of these men from the error of their ways, and to aid in establishing a Progressive Lyceum.—Ed. LYCEUM BANNER.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 3, 1867.

I have, with my good brother T. G. Foster, labored hard and faithfully to establish a good Society and I feel that that work is accomplished.

Hitherto we have occupied a miserable barn of a hall, with a bad odor; now we have hired a handsome hall on the principal avenue of the city at \$600 a year—and six persons have assumed the responsibility. We shall raise about a thousand dollars, to pay our lecturer the coming season, and we shall have a Lyceum, when Br. Davis can come to organize it. The cash is already subscribed to pay for a full outfit.

We have all pulled hard, and done all we can, and now look outside for help. The letter you lost was to ask you to interest the Chicago friends to raise us some help, toward the necessary fitting, which will require six hundred dollars, more or less.

I do feel that this is a matter of national interest and should secure it sympathy and aid from abroad. Spiritualism should occupy a position here in the national capital, such as

will command the respect of its citizens, and its unceasing tide of visitors.

Your Brother,

JOHN MAYHEW.

BATAVIA Sept., 2.

Editor Lyceum Banner

I noticed some critical correspondent in California suggested the *Nursery* as a model; but he forgets that that charming little monthly costs \$1,50 per year, and *only* a monthly, and adapted to young children. It is very easy to criticise and make suggestions, but to do *the work* is quite another thing.

OCTAVIA J. GRISWOLD.

BELOIT LYCEUM.

The friends of reform and education in Beloit, Wis., have commenced at the *foundation* by organizing a Progressive Lyceum, under the instruction of Miss L. T. Whittier. Mr. L. W. Hamilton, Conductor, and H. W. Calvert, Assistant; Mrs. A. C. Spaulding, Guardian; Mrs. Sarah Mack, Assistant; Musical Director, Mr. Pickard; Assistant, Miss Julia Darrow.

August 11, the day of organizing, there were thirty scholars, and on the following Sabbath, fifty. They meet at Free Church every Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

FOND DU LAC, Aug. 11.

We have just been organizing a Lyceum. This is the fifth meeting, and we have fifty scholars, and are creating a good deal of excitement. Our officers are: Conductor, Dr. Coleman; Guardian, Mrs. Hooker; Librarian and Corresponding Secretary, A. W. Martin, box 673; Treasurer, L. Hilderbrand; Assistant Conductor, F. Swain; Musical Director, Mrs. P. B. Bonnell. Yours, Fraternally, A. W. MARTIN.

THE Children's Lyceum in Toledo, Ohio, organized a few weeks since with a dozen children, now numbers fifty, who attend regularly, and the interest is increasing.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

George D. Gleason, Esq., Assistant Librarian of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Philadelphia, has recently visited the Brooklyn Lyceum, and under date of Aug. 15th writes:

This Lyceum was organized last March by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis, and is progressing finely. It now numbers one-hundred bright children,

with an efficient corps of officers and leaders, and meets every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock in a neat hall, on the first floor, in Cumberland street near De Kalb avenue. It possesses a "Banner chest" and a complete set of equipments, including a library case, (which they are now endeavoring to fill by soliciting donations in money and books.)

The writer having had the pleasure of meeting with the Lyceum three consecutive Sundays, was astonished at the proficiency they had acquired in the various exercises. Their convention of groups was a perfect success, their marching excellent, and their singing, with piano, violin and flute accompaniment, was very fine.

The musical director, (who is a professional musician and understands all instruments,) intends organizing a full band of instrumental performers out of the Lyceum, this fall.

A professor of calisthenics gives the children gratuitous lessons in the light gymnastics and marching at his academy every Wednesday afternoon.

Last Sunday, a medical gentleman requested the Conductor to announce that when any of the Lyceum children should need medical attendance, he would give them his professional services free of charge, and also if desired he would give a ten minutes' lecture every Sunday on the Laws of Health.

The officers and leaders all fill their respective stations admirably, and enter upon their duties with a will, which if persevered in and seconded by the efforts of the children until their anniversary day arrives, they will rank with the first Lyceums in the country.—*Banner of Light.*

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM AT STONEHAM.

A few months ago our friends in the suburban town of Stoneham determined to start a Children's Progressive Lyceum, and took action accordingly. The project has met with astonishing success. They began *right*, by procuring a complete set of equipments throughout, and then chose competent officers to take the management of the Lyceum. There are now enrolled on the records of the Lyceum the names of one hundred and eighty children, and the interest is increasing.

Last Sunday, August 18th, the officers of the Lyceum of the First Society of Spiritualists in Charlestown, headed by Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor, paid a visit to the Stoneham Lyceum. The occasion was a very pleasant one. After

witnessing the usual Lyceum exercises, Dr. Richardson pronounced the Stoneham Lyceum the best in New England—particularly so when the short time it has been inaugurated is taken into consideration. In the afternoon the party reassembled in the woods near by and worshipped in Nature's temple for awhile. A happier time is rarely experienced than was enjoyed on that occasion.—*Banner of Light.*

MERITED.

Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Avery visited Sycamore recently and aided in organizing a Lyceum in that progressive town. The Lyceum, in consideration of their services, unanimously passed the following resolutions at its last session:

Resolved, That the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Sycamore, Ill., is greatly indebted for a happy and promising beginning to Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor of the Chicago Progressive Lyceum; and that we most heartily recommend him to the public as a thorough and well-skilled organizer and manager of such Sunday institutions.

Resolved, That the efficient assistance of his esteemed wife, so earnestly given on that occasion, will also be remembered with lasting gratitude and pleasant associations.

Resolved, That the Anniversary of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Sycamore, Ill., shall date with the visit of Dr. Avery, the 21st of July, 1867. J. O. BARRETT, Conductor.

THE REASON WHY.—The Buffalo *Express* says: "One of our printers, who used to set type in the *Tribune* office, smiled audibly, yesterday, when somebody wondered that Horace Greeley could be willing to let his name go down to posterity affixed to Davis's bail bond. 'Horace knows,' he says, 'that posterity can't read the signature.'"

—"PAPA," said a terrible infant at the breakfast table, "can fishes run?"

"No my son," said papa, with due dignity, "fishes do not run, they swim by using their fins and tails."

"Well, then, what did cousin Sophia mean when she said you looked in the morning like the last run of shad?"

It is believed that when cousin Sophia caught that "terrible infant" alone, her conduct toward him was not caressing.

—An English paper advertises "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the channel in an oak case with carved legs."



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

SKETCHES OF BRAVE LIVES.—No. 2.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

SIR THOMAS MOORE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

SIR Thomas More was born in London in the year 1480. He came of a good family. His father was a Justice of the Court of the King's Bench. Sir Thomas was highly educated at the finest institutions of learning in England, and, when still quite young, was acknowledged as one of the most brilliant and intelligent men of his day; indeed he was universally called the "boy-sage." When his education was completed he wavered between the church and matrimony. If he became a monk, as his inclination seemed to have prompted him to do, according to the rules of the church, he must remain unmarried. He finally gave up his priestly ideas and wedded Miss Colt of Essex. He attained great eminence in his

chosen profession—that of the law—and his practice yielded him a large income.

His wife died at an early age, leaving him with four children, one son and three daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cicely. All were brave, dutiful girls; but it is of Margaret, or "Meg", as her father loved to call her, that we wish particularly to speak. Sir Thomas deemed it wise to marry a second time, and a widow, Mrs. Alice Middleton, was the object of his second choice. She had a daughter named Margaret, and he adopted an orphan named Margaret Griggs; so there were three *Margarets* in the family. This made sad confusion, so Margaret More was called "Meg"; Margaret Middleton, "Daisy"; and Margaret Griggs, "Mercy."

John, the son, seems to have been a dull scholar and wayward boy, from all accounts we have of him. There were in the family, two

other young men, Will Roper, and Rupert Allington. The latter, was, as Margaret More expressed it, "a pillaged, portionless client" of Sir Thomas, more fond of pleasure than of study. Will Roper was of an entirely different character, always interested and earnest in the religious and political questions of the day.

Sir Thomas and his pleasant family lived in an elegant, roomy mansion at Chelsea, on the banks of the Thames river. For years they lived very happily, enjoying visits from the most cultivated people. The house was a favorite resort for great men; even the King, Henry VIII, often visited there. He would saunter with Sir Thomas, up and down the walks with his arm thrown around the neck of his faithful statesman.

Contrary to the manner of those times, Sir Thomas made companions of his children, and enjoyed and prized their society above all earthly things. He was always cheerful, ever having a witty response for all; his daughters were accomplished and amiable. Margaret was his favorite, although, as she herself said, "I have neither Bess's wit nor white teeth, nor Daisy's dark eyes, nor Mercy's dimple. A plain-favored girl, with changeful spirits—that's all." She had great literary attainments. She attempted a higher order of composition, but gave up the idea, at her father's kind yet decided advice.

Sir Thomas seemed to have a presentiment of the last day of his life. We will let Margaret relate one incident in her own simple manner:

"Father was reclining on the hay with his head on my lap and his eyes shut. Bess asked if he were asleep. He made answer, 'Yes and dreaming.' I asked—'of what?' 'Of a far-off future day, Meg; when thou and I shall look back on this hour, and this hay field and my head on thy lap.'"

The great scholar, Erasmus, was one of the most frequent visitors of this estimable family.

Once, at parting with Margaret, he gave her a Testament with this advice: "You are an elegant Latinist, Margaret, but if you would drink deeply of the well-springs of wisdom, apply to Greek. The Latins have only shallow rivulets; the Greeks copious rivers, running over sands of gold. Read Plato; he wrote on marble with a diamond; but above all read the New Testament; 'tis the key to the Kingdom of Heaven."

Margaret was charitable, and established, with the aid of her father, what she called a "house of refuge," where the poor were cared for.

Margaret and her sisters married young, Will Roper choosing Meg for a wife and Rupert Allington wedding Daisy.

One would wish that such pleasant days would never end; but, "as all things human change," so there came sad times to the More family. In 1759, Sir Thomas was made Lord Chancellor. This was a happy event to his wife; but I think that Margaret would rather have kept him simple Sir Thomas than to have him wear a kingly crown. By this time, King Henry had become tired of his wife, Katharine of Arragon, and set about finding a suitable excuse for a divorce. He ordered the Pope to declare that his marriage with Katharine was not legal; but the Pope refused to do so, and lost his office by the means. King Henry then called upon Sir Thomas More to give an opinion concerning the legality of the marriage. Sir Thomas evaded an answer; and, finding the King obstinate, resigned his office of Lord Chancellor. Margaret was glad of this. She thought that peace would reign in the More household again. For a little while there was a calm in the political storm; but it was brief. The King had resolved to marry Anne Boleyn, a lady of great beauty and vivacity. Sir Thomas was invited to the wedding, and money was sent to him for the purpose of buying the wedding finery. He refused to go, and returned the money.

Soon after this, false accusations were raised against him. He was accused of living in league with a woman, called the Nun of Kent, in order to plot against the King. The family of Sir Thomas did not realize his danger. He knew this, and so had a sham summons to court brought to him. It was received while all were at dinner, and caused a great fright. When this alarm passed away, they were apparently secure again; but the evil day was not a far off. The real summons came not long after. It was accompanied by an order from the King to go to Lambeth to take the oath of supremacy, acknowledging the King to be the real head of the church. This was the 13th of April, 1534. Sir Thomas let no one but his son-in-law, William Roper, know of the summons, and secretly stole away from his family, to save all the pain possible. Accompanied by Roper, he went to Lambeth. When

asked to take the oath, he took a portion of it, but refused to acknowledge the King to be higher than the Pope. King Henry would have been satisfied with even this, but Anne Boleyn advised him otherwise, and Sir Thomas was sent to prison. Then it was that his daughter, Margaret, proved her devotion. She visited her father often, and brought him books and papers until that was forbidden. When she paid him the last visit, he said to her at parting:

"Often, in spirit, I am with you all; in the chapel, in the hall, in the garden; now in the hay-field with my head on your lap; now on the river, with Will and Rupert at the oar. You see me not about your path—you won't see my disembodied spirit about you hereafter; but it may be close upon you once and again for all that; may be at times when you have prayed with most passion, or suffered with most patience, or performed my behests with most exactness, or remembered my care of you with most affection. * * * Keep dry eyes and a hopeful heart, and reflect that nought but unpardoned sin should make us weep forever."

He was tried the 1st of July, in Westminster Hall, found guilty, and sentenced to death. As the guards were taking him from the hall, Meg rushed to him and threw her arms around his neck. He tried to console her, entirely forgetting his own sorrow, while the soldiers wept like little children at the sight. Meg could not bear to lose sight of her father, and broke through the line of guards to him again. Sir Thomas, with tears in his eyes, whispered: "Meg, for Christ's sake, don't unman me; thou'lt not deny my last request?"

"Oh, no," said Margaret, and loosened her hold upon him. "God's blessing be with you," he said, and kissed her for the last time. Crying, "My father! my father!" Margaret fainted, and did not revive until she found herself at home surrounded by her family.

The very last thing that Sir Thomas wrote was a note to Meg, written with a coal. It said: "I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last."

He was beheaded at the appointed time. His body was given to his family, but the authorities refused to surrender his head. It was placed upon a pole on London Bridge. Margaret resolved to have the precious relic. With the help of a faithful servant, she went one morning before daylight to accomplish her purpose. The

servant climbed up to where the head—beautiful even in its ghastliness—was placed. Meg murmured: "Alas, alas! that head hath lain full many a time in my lap; would God, would God it lay there now!"

Just then she saw the pole tremble; and, holding out her apron, caught the dear head as it fell.

The King heard of this, and Margaret was arrested and brought before the council. She confessed to having taken the head from the bridge. From some reason, (an unaccountable reason, considering the atrocious character of Henry VIII.) she was allowed to depart and retain possession of her treasure. It was embalmed, and Margaret kept it constantly with her through life—yea, and through *death* also; for it was placed in her coffin when she died, nine years after the death of her father.

PEN AND SOISSONS.

—We find in the St. Louis MONTHLY RECORD the following questions. They were given to the children of the Lyceum to be answered. The members of some other Lyceums may answer them:

Why do you like play?

Why do you grow taller?

What is a "home"?

Is it right to hate your enemies?

What is true enjoyment?

What kind of labor do you like best?

What is courage?

How does rain benefit us, and do you love it?

Have you faith in the power of friends to conquer enmity?

What are the advantages of a Children's Progressive Lyceum over a Sunday School?

—The use of tobacco has been proscribed by the Vermont Methodist Conference. Hereafter no person addicted to the habit will be admitted to membership.

We like this idea vastly. Let us have a law that no persons shall be admitted into *full fellowship* in our Progressive Lyceums who have not progressed beyond the use of the ugly weed.

—PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH. The children of to-day are growing strangely old. There must be some reason for this misfortune. Fanny Fern has been solving the problem. She is fifty-five years old, and she says:

"I don't eat pastry, nor candy, nor ice cream. I don't drink tea—bah! I *walk*, not ride. I own stout boots—pretty ones too! I have a water-proof, and no diamonds. . . . I go to bed at ten and get up at six. I dash out in the rain because it feels good on my face. I don't care for clothes; but I *will* be well; and after I am buried I warn you, don't let the fresh air or sunlight down on my coffin, if you don't want me to get up."

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLE.

BY F. M. K.

An 3, 17, 5 miner 26, 26, 30 lived in a cabin in the 28, 37, 17, 36, 8, 13, 2, 10, 18, 24, 11 of 9, 37, 22, 1, 29 35, and had no companion but a 26, 7, 38, 23, black 5, 37, 38. He had taught this 29, 4, 38 a great many tricks, and was so 38, 34, 37, 29 to him, that 26, 15, 8, 30 had become so fond of him that 26, 23 did many 20, 26, 10, 23, 2, 19 for his amusement as well as 17, 10, 20, 33, 17, 21, 30, 27, 32, 36, 11, of 17, 30, 23 15 for his happiness.

One day 22, 25, 24 coarse, 8, 18, 7, 38 26 Mexicans entered the cabin, and in a 26, 33, 8, 19, 36 voice demanded his 2, 18, 17, 36, 5, 7, 11, 33, which the miner refused. 26, 21, 8, 34 eyed them an 10, 12, 19, 6, 1, 31, 6, then went quickly out to the 26, 3, 37, 5 pile, and in his 26, 7, 38, 21 jaws, brought the axe and 17, 35, 10, 29 it at his muster's feet.

The 28, 8, 15, 35, 19, 27, 8, 19, seeing the axe, became alarmed, and 16, 1, 33 as fast as possible.

The above is a true story, related to me by the miner himself, and the moral to the story is also a key to the puzzle.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

BY S. W. S.

I am composed of 18 letters.

- My 1, 4, 10 is a kind of vessel.
- My 2, 12, 13, 18, 5, 13, 11, 5 is not reasonable.
- My 3, 5, 6 sparkles in the morning sun.
- My 4, 1, 17, 13 is refreshing in the summer.
- My 5, 2, 15, 5, 8, 16, 12, 4 is a good watchword.
- My 6, 4, 5, 2 is a small bird.
- My 7, 15, 9, 10, 11, 12, 2 was a President of the United States.
- My 8, 2, 14, 5, 18, 11, 12, 2 defended Fort Sumter.
- My 9, 12, 4, 10 is a city in Ireland.
- My 10, 13, 12, 6, is a verb to understand.
- My 11, 5, 8, 18, 12, 2 is when all things should be done.
- My 12, 14, 3 is always odd.
- My 13, 12, 18, 5 is a feature of the face.
- My 14, 1, 18, 17, 3 was a Hebrew King.
- My 15, 17, 8 is an element.
- My 16, 17, 2, 5 bears grapes.
- My 17, 13, 10 is used in writing.
- My 18, 1, 13, 3, is found on the sea-shore.

My whole is the name of a prominent writer and lecturer, and the initial letters to each word spell the same name.

ENIGMA.

BY MAGGIE.

I am composed of 12 letters.

- My 8, 12 is a preposition.
- My 3, 2, 6 is a verb.
- My 7, 11 is a pronoun.
- My 1, 10 is an interjection.
- My 9, 5, 12 is a verb.
- My 4, 10, 10, 9 is a noun.

My whole is a woman who has worked hard and faithfully in behalf of the slave.

Answers to Enigmas, etc., in Last Number.

ENIGMA, from Bangor Lyceum, Star Group—Love M. Willie.

TRANSMISSION—

May God by whom is seen and heard
 Departing man and wandering bird,
 In mercy mark us for His own,
 And guide us to the land unknown.

ENIGMA, by Mettie—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WORD PUZZLE—Time.

CHARADE—Nightingale.

Answered by Phoebe Dinsmore and Mettie Foster.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

EDDIE'S MICROSCOPE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: It has been said "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." If this be true, and I think it is, may it not be a perpetual joy to find a *thing* by which you can see far more beauty in many things around you than you would otherwise discover.

In order to show you just what I mean, I will tell you a story—a true story.

A few days since, little Eddie came running in, saying, "Mother, a pedlar is coming! Do buy me a singing top!" His mother replied: "You have one, my son, which your brother gave you for a New Year's present."

But, mother, that is broken, it will not sing half as long as it did when new."

"Then, darling," replied his mother, "it would be wise to put no more money in a toy that is so easily damaged. I will tell you of something that will be quite as entertaining and at the same time instructive and useful. A microscope can be bought for the price of two singing tops; had you not rather have a microscope, my son?"

Little Eddie silently assented to his mother's decision, seeming but half convinced that any thing else could be as charming as a singing top.

To-day is Eddie's first day with his microscope.

I think I have never seen him so happy a day before.

Flies, crickets, spiders, and many smaller insects, for which I never heard a name, have been examined under the microscope.

All the garden flowers, and many others have been gathered from the way side to contribute to his happiness.

His little song is often interspersed with exclamations of "Wonderful! Look, look! I want some one to see the beautiful things with me. O how pretty!"

He says he does not wish to swap it for a singing top, unless he can have the use of the microscope too.

Now, my young friends, the best thing I can do for you is: save all your pennies until you have one dollar, then send it to Mr. O. N. Chase, 81 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and he will send you a microscope by mail. H. J. NOYES.

—Blind Tom sees his way clear to a fortune in England—for his agent.

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM REGISTER.

BOSTON, MASS.—Lyceum organized 1867. Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at Hall No 544 Washington street.

BRADLEY, MAINE.—Lyceum organized May 26, 1867. Jas. J. Varris, Conductor; Frances McMahon, Guardian.

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

BANGOR, MAINE.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Pioneer Chapel. Adolphus G. Chapman, Conductor; Miss M. S. Curtiss, Guardian.

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

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 meets in Washington Hall every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. W. J. Mayo, Guardian.

CLYDE, OHIO.—Lyceum organized June 17, 1867. Meets every Sunday in Willis Hall at 10 A. M. A. B. French, Conductor; Mrs. M. Mosley, Guardian.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—Lyceum No. 2 organized May 6, 1866. C. C. York, Conductor; Lucy A. York, Guardian.

CHELSEA, MASS.—Lyceum organized Dec. 12, 1865. Meets at Library Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. James S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Lyceum organized Feb. 25, 1866. Meets every Sunday at Crosby's Music Hall, at 10:30 A. M. Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian and President of the Literary Circle.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Lyceum meets at Greenwood Hall, corner of Sixth and Vine streets, at 9 A. M. A. W. Pugh, Conductor; Mrs. Lydia Beck, Guardian.

HAMBURG, CONN.—Lyceum organized May, 1866. John Sterling, Conductor; Mrs. A. B. Anderson, Guardian.

HAMMONTON.—Lyceum organized August 1866. Meets Sunday at 1 P. M. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Mrs. Julia E. Hoyt, Guardian.

HAVANA, ILL.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 3 P. M. in Andrus' Hall. J. F. Coppel, Conductor; E. J. Shaw, Guardian.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in Music Hall.

JOHNSON'S CREEK, N. Y.—Lyceum meets at 12 M. every Sunday. Miss Emma Joyce, Conductor; Mrs. H. O. Loper, Guardian.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Lyceum organized October, 1866. Meets every Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street. Mr. Joseph Dixon, Conductor.

LANSING, MICH.—Lyceum organized Feb. 17, 1867. Meets every Sunday in Capitol Hall at 4 p. m. E. H. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. S. D. Coryell, Guardian.

LOTUS, IND.—Lyceum organized October, 1866. F. A. Coleman, Conductor; Eliza M. Huddleton, Guardian.

LOWELL, MASS.—Lyceum meets every Sunday in the forenoon, in the Lee Street Church.

MILWAUKEE.—Lyceum meets in Bowman Hall every Sunday at 2 p. m. G. A. Libbey, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Wood, Guardian.

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

NEWARK, N. J.—Lyceum organized Jan. 27, 1867. Meets in Music Hall, No. 4 Bank street, every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mr. G. T. Leach, Conductor; Mrs. Harriet Parsons, Guardian.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum will meet every Sunday at 9½ o'clock, a. m., in Masonic Hall, 114 East Thirteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

OSBORN'S PRAIRIE, IND.—Lyceum organized May, 1866. Meets every Sunday morning at Progressive Friends' meeting-house. Rev. Simon Brown, Conductor; S. A. Crane, Guardian.

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

POTNAM, CONN.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. in Central Hall.

RICHLAND CENTER, Wis.—Lyceum organized July, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 1 p. m. Mr. H. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fidella 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.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Meets in the Hall of the Friends of Progress every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Regular Spiritualists' Meeting every Sunday in the hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday at 10 a. m. Wm. H. Plank, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Plank, Guardian.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Organized Nov. 18, 1866. G. S. Williams, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Lyman, Guardian.

ST. JOHNS, Mich.—Organized July 1, 1866. Meets at Clinton Hall every Sunday at 11 a. m. E. K. Bally, Conductor; Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Guardian.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Mercantile Hall. Col. Wm. E. Moberly, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian.

STURGIS, MICH.—Organized May 24, 1863. Meets every Sunday at 12:30 p. m. in the Free Church. John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.

TROY, N. Y.—Organized May 6, 1866. Meets in Harmony Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. S. J. Finney, Conductor.

VINELAND, N. J.—Organized Feb. 11, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock p. m. Hosea Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Deborah Butler, Guardian.

WILLMANTIC, CONN.—Organized July 15, 1866. Remus Robinson, Conductor; W. Fuller, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Purlinton, 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.

LYCEUM LECTURERS.

We give below, as far as we know, the names of speakers who organize Lyceums. Those who are engaged in this work will please add their names to the list.

Miss L. T. WHITTIER, 402 Sycamore, corner of Fourth street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. NELLIE SMITH, Sturgis, Mich., will lecture and organize Lyceums.

ANDREW J. DAVIS and MARY F. DAVIS, Orange, N. J.

ALBERT E. CARPENTER, Putnam, Conn.

HARRY CLISBY, M.D., Peterborough, N. H.

A. A. WHEELOCK, trance and inspirational speaker, St. Johns, Mich.