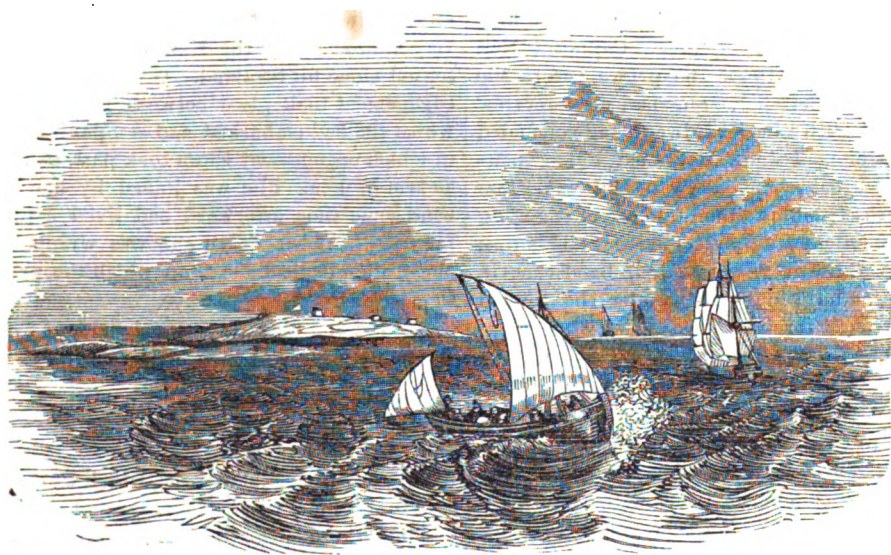


THE LYCEUM BANNER.

VOL. I

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 15, 1867.

No. 4.



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

SKETCHES OF BRAVE LIVES.—No. 3.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

FLORA MACDONALD.

AFTER being defeated at the battle of Culloden, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Pretender" to the throne of England, was a wanderer. The few of his faithful companions who survived were, with one or two exceptions, obliged to leave him. Safety was only to be found in separation. An enormous reward was offered by the English for the capture of the young prince, and soldiers were thickly scattered over the country ready to seize him whenever his place of concealment was discovered. For over five months he wandered among the Highlands. The inhabitants of the country were very poor. They suffered the greatest privations, and had scarcely enough food to save themselves from starvation. Their

devotion to their wandering prince was now nobly shown. He was welcomed to and protected in their humble homes, although they risked their lives by this protection.

At last Charles Edward took refuge on Lewis Island, one of the Hebrides group. It became necessary, after some weeks of concealment, that he should go to Skye, one of the same group of islands. At this juncture a fortunate chance sent to his deliverance a brave young Scottish woman, Flora Macdonald.

She was born on the Isle of South Uist, in 1720. When she was a very small child her father died. Mrs. Macdonald then married for a second husband a gentleman of the same name, living in Skye. Here Flora lived, having strong Jacobite principles from early childhood. The Jacobites were those who claimed the divine and legal right of Prince Charles Edward to the throne of England. Flora's personal ap-

pearance was engaging, and her character amiable. She was a fair, mild little lady, but with a heroic heart beneath that gentle exterior. When she was twenty-six years old, she went to the Island of South Uist to visit a half-brother, who resided there. Time passed very pleasantly for a while, the deeds of the "Young Pretender" being the principal objects of discussion. She became accidentally acquainted with Captain O'Neil, a companion of the hunted prince. This officer asked her to take the prince, disguised as a woman, with her to Skye. Flora refused. Her sympathies were with him, but the danger was very great. Captain O'Neil merely asked her to see the prince before she decided, and left her. She had an interview soon after with Charles Edward, and concluded to assist him. I know not what inducements he offered that changed her resolution. Flora was as susceptible to the influence of engaging young gentlemen as are less brave young ladies; Charles Edward was talented, handsome, in trouble, and a prince—no wonder she yielded to his request for aid.

A difficulty immediately arose. She had no passport, excepting for herself. She made application to her father, who fortunately had power to help her. He furnished her with passports for herself and three attendants, one of whom was described as "Betty Bourke, a stout Irish woman." This one, you will readily guess, was the prince. You can hardly have a full and correct idea of the dangers that Flora and her companions braved. Guards were stationed at all of the ferries, war vessels filled the channel, and citizens as well as soldiers were on the alert to seize the prince and gain the promised reward.

The young lady's resolution was taken, and she hesitated at nothing. In an open boat, she and those accompanying her, set out for Skye. They met with innumerable troubles, but finally safely landed at the island. After the boat landed they had some distance to walk before reaching the house, where the prince was to pass the night. He was very tall, and, looking even taller in female apparel, attracted much attention by the awkwardness of his appearance. He was entertained that night by one of the Macdonalds. The privilege of sleeping on a bed had not been afforded him for several weeks, and he slept soundly.

The next day he parted with Miss Macdonald, the preserver of his life, at Portree, Skye.

The further adventures of the prince I will leave for some future sketch, and now briefly state what happened to Flora after her services to the unfortunate "Pretender." She was arrested for her part in the transaction, imprisoned, and finally discharged from custody. The noise of her brave deed was sounded through the land, and she received innumerable eulogies and distinguished compliments. She married a Macdonald, and removed to America in 1775, settling in North Carolina. The family was very unfortunate in the New World, and Flora set out alone for Scotland. On the voyage an engagement took place between the vessel in which she had embarked and a Spanish ship, in which engagement Flora took part, and had an arm broken. She was joined by her husband some time afterward and lived happily for years. At her death she was wrapped in one of the identical sheets in which the prince slept after his escape to Skye.

So lived and died Flora Macdonald, of whom her countrymen may well be proud.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.
THE FATTY TISSUE.

This, and the cellular tissue, which we considered briefly in our last article, are not confined to animal organisms: both of them are found in plants, and a large amount of fat or oil is obtained from a variety of vegetables. There are some nuts which contain as much as sixty per cent of oil. Almost every one knows that the kernel of a shellbark or walnut will make a spot of grease wherever it is crushed. The olive seeds, from which olive or sweet oil is obtained, yields about 54 per cent.; the cocoa-nut 47 per cent. Palm oil is obtained in very large quantities from the seeds of one of the palms which grows in Africa. Fat may be considered one of the highest tissues of the vegetable kingdom, but is among the lowest of the animal tissues.

In the process of digestion, this is one of the first deposits. Although it may not be correct to speak of all fat meat as being diseased, there are forms of disease in which the nutrition is carried on far enough to result in large deposits of fat. Persons thus constituted, while they may present a large form and a healthy ap-

pearance are often subject to disease and great suffering. A certain quantity of fat seems necessary for the highest condition of health. There have been cases in which there was very little of this tissue. A man was exhibited some years ago as a "living skeleton." On the other hand, there have been fat men and women exhibited. The most remarkable of these was the celebrated Daniel Lambert of Leicester, England, who weighed 736 pounds, just before he died, being then about 40 years old.

The uses of fat in the human system are to fill in the irregularities and give beauty to the form; to aid in keeping a uniform temperature. Persons who have a considerable quantity are not so much influenced by a cold temperature. Fat seems to have been formed chiefly, however, as a deposit of nutritious matter, which may be compared to the money that is deposited in a bank, that may be drawn out and used at any time, when needed. There are certain kinds of animals that hibernate, or sleep for a long period. These are always fat and plump when they go into their nests, and are very thin and lean when they come out after their long sleep. It is said the black bear of our country looks at his condition, and if he is fat he goes into a hole and sleeps all winter; but if not, he travels south where he can find food during that time.

Liebig supposed that fat, when taken as food, or that which is brought into use from the cells in which it is deposited, is only useful in maintaining the heat of the body; but the idea has been questioned, as this tissue, like others under the influence of the vital force, may undergo changes.

The deposits of fat are mainly in the cellular tissue, under the skin and over the intestines, thus affording protection, and not interfering with the movements of the body, or the functions of the different organs. The fat on the intestines is the first to be absorbed, when it is required in the system; but the other is rapidly taken up when persons are deprived of food, or when they are unable to take it from sickness or any other cause.

Sometimes deposits of fat occur in other parts of the body, and form what is called fatty tumors. These may become very inconvenient on account of their size, and the interference either with the appearance, or the motions of the body. In such cases it may be necessary to re-

move them. They are, however, among the most harmless tumors to which the human system is liable, and frequently remain a long period without producing much inconvenience, and occasionally, though rarely disappear.

684 Race Street, Philadelphia.

MEMORANDA.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

Alphabetical arrangement of letters was introduced in Europe fifteen hundred years before the Christian era.

Art was introduced into Rome twenty-one hundred and fifty-eight years ago. The Etrurians, it is said, painted the first pictures.

Agriculture was treated as a science by Tripolemus, sixteen centuries before Christ.

Animal magnetism was discovered by Anthony Mesmer, A. D. 1788. The Orientals practiced it under different names.

Astronomical observations were made B. C. 2284, in the city of Babylon.

Angels were discovered in the morning of creation. They appeared as both masculine and feminine, and as occupying different stations in the spiritual universe.

Animals existed before human nature, and now, since the advent of man, they are generally becoming extinct. But while mankind continues, it is supposed that a proportion of the animal world will survive. Some philosophers go so far as to say that it is difficult to decide where the one ceases and the other begins.

Bayonets, for the purpose of killing men, were invented in Bayonne, about two centuries ago, or sixteen hundred years after Christ.

Bibles were invented about two hundred years after the martyrdom of Jesus, by priests. The Vulgate form of the Bible was established about A. D. 218.

Buildings made of stone were erected first in England A. D. 670.

Broadcloth was first made in the United States by Arthur Schofield, in the year 1808.

Blunders were introduced in the government of the United States when the wings of the Eagle were spread over negro servitude.

Brass was invented B. C. 146. The demand for the article has several times exhausted the supply. It is very much used during presidential campaigns.

—We are all building a soul-house for eternity; yet with what different architecture and what various care.—[H. W. Beecher.

—A generous mind does not feel as belonging to itself alone, but to the whole race.

—Sweet is the music of the flute to him who has never heard the prattle of his own children.



THE PEACOCK.

Come, come, Mister Peacock, you must not be proud,
Although you can boast such a train;
For many a bird, far more highly endowed,
Is not half so conceited and vain.

Let me tell you, gay bird, that a suit of fine clothes
Is a sorry distinction at most,
And seldom much valued, excepting by those
Who such graces only can boast.

The nightingale certainly wears a plain coat,
But she cheers and delights with her song;
While you, though so vain, cannot utter a note
To please by the use of your tongue.

The hawk cannot boast of a plumage so gay,
But piercing and clear is her eye;
And while you are strutting about all the day,
She gallantly soars in the sky.

The dove may be clad in a plainer attire,
But she is not so selfish and cold;
And her love and affection more pleasure inspire,
Than all your fine purple and gold.

So you see, Mister Peacock, you must not be proud,
Although you can boast such a train;
For many a bird is more highly endowed,
And not half so conceited and vain.—*Selected.*

THAT BALL.

EDITOR LYCEUM BANNER—This little paper was written by a rosy school girl, and read for a composition before her schoolmates. Now she is in the school of the angels. But one evening when I longed—oh how much! to see her, I went to her old room, and among the things which were hers while on earth, I drank in a kind of melancholy happiness which I could find nowhere else. I read her old letters—her

girlish thoughts, and among the rest the composition I send you. EMMA TUTTLE.

They said it was to be a nice affair, that ball, and of course we (Nellie and I) wanted to go. Well, who wouldn't?

But as often as we said so, mama said "no," and commenced a lecture on the importance of application to our studies, and always ended by saying "I hope you will oblige me by not going." We replied impatiently that she could not expect us to be forty before we were sixteen, and we must have a little enjoyment now and then. True, our lessons were hard for our small brains, and required all our time and energy to master them, but all such reflections were swept away with a meaningless "don't care," and to make a long story short, we—went!

The rooms were crowded, and somehow, as the evening wore away, a vague suspicion crept through our minds that we were not enjoying ourselves as well as we had expected. Nevertheless we danced and tried to appear pleased, and it was very late when we bent our weary steps homeward, thinking only of the three hours of blessed sleep awaiting us.

Of course we were late to school next morning; and a couple of strangers whom we met on the sidewalk muttered something about sleepy, plain looking girls. We consoled ourselves by calling them impudent fellows and wondering if they ever went to parties; and if they did, if they did not look sleepy next day.

A curious smile ran over the bright faces in the school-room as we entered.

The geography class was called. We were to have reviewed, and I felt quite sure I was not prepared; but thought I'd try and get through the recitation some way. I had begun to think I should make no very serious blunders when "Carrie Willis may bound New York" rang through the school-room.

Faintly I commenced, "On the north by Lake Michigan, on the east by Mississippi River." Shouts of laughter drowned what else I would have said. Oh, 'twas poor consolation to think, "all the result of last night's dissipation!"

This is one of the many ordeals I passed through that day. As I was poring over my books in the evening, resolved on having good lessons next day, Nellie came in and with a

roguish smile slipped a paper in my hand. Unfolding the tiny billet I read:

RESULTS OF LAST NIGHT'S BALL.

Two torn dresses; two pairs split gaiters; one dozen poor lessons, besides a *cold* big enough and bad enough to divide between all the people of Berlin.

"Throw it in the fire, Nellie," I said, softly, and thus may all memory of it perish!

As the little paper was going to ashes, we sagely concluded to attend no more balls until school should close.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

OCTOBER.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

IN the breezy fields of October, dear children, we will go and see what the season has in store for us. Every squirrel is busy gathering nuts, and why not we? What right has the red, gray and the black squirrel to frolic all day, frisking up and down the tall columns of trees, leaping from the branches, and chattering by the hour, when we are confined in the stifling school-room? We will hear it no longer, but away to the wood, and drink the cup, brimming with the very wine of the year!

Now we walk over these hills, and look afar through the veil October throws down—a veil of haze like gossamer—and the air comes back to us like fragrant wine. Softly relieved is the distance, else its high colors would fatigue. Now, softened, how exquisite the flaming maple, the yellow of poplar and walnut; how strong the umber brown of the oak.

The aster, the wild sunflower, the purple gentian, are the best blooms of summer, and are fitting emblems of the fading year. The year is dying. All this glory of purple and gold, is only the change of death, as a dolphin changes its hue when life is destroyed. Only a short time is nature allowed to thus bedizzen herself; and then the gold and scarlet will become brown; the cold rains will beat, and the snows fall; her veins will congeal, and through the long winter she will lie dead. When the sun returns in spring, his warmth will restore her life, and again the fields will be green, and flowers will spread their beauty in the odorous breeze.

The thought is at first melancholy, but afterwards it is beautiful. We are a *part* of nature, and in the revolving seasons, as in a mirror, we see the course of our own lives.

Spring is youth; summer is manhood; autumn is old age; winter is death. But then cometh another spring. As nature is resurrected each year from its winter's death, so are we resurrected from the death of the body to immortal life.

How easy for us to leave talking of nature and speak of ourselves! Well, man is better worth speaking of than nature. The beauties of this world are nothing unless we enjoy and profit by them.

If October is loveable, much more is the October of age. The aged man or woman, in the "sere and yellow leaf;" how many do we know! Their forms are bent, their hair is silvering; they totter on to their winter, perhaps having left their friends, their relatives, all those they love, long ago. They stand alone. Look kindly to such, oh children! As you treat them, children will treat you when you are old. If love and kindness grow in your hearts, they will write themselves on your faces, and when you grow old, they will become as pure gold.

I remember an old man we called grandpa Stein. He was alone in the world. The memories of almost four score years rested with him. He was meagre and bent, and his thin hair was snowy white; and he could remember what happened when he was a boy, much better than the events of yesterday, but he was so good! Goodness was written on every line of his thin face, it spoke in his voice, laughed in his eye, and we never wearied of his oft-told stories. Grandpa had suffered all his life. He had seen himself wrecked and ruined. Though he labored long and hard, his wife and children had often suffered from want. He had seen the great purposes of his life thwarted, and the reward for which he strove, snatched from him; yet he labored on, doing the best he could, and taking what little happiness he could make out of his disappointments. Thus buffeted by fate grandpa came down the four score years to us; stripped of all his high hopes, all his loved friends and relatives, with nothing but a poor, broken heart sighing for rest in the world of spirits.

How many such are there! May we ever speak tenderly to them; may our young lives warm theirs. Sometime we shall meet Grandpa Stein as a radiant immortal, and how our pulse will eventually thrill at the memories of kind words spoken when he was in the shadow of the cloud!

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LETTERS FROM THE CONVENTION—No. 3.

DEAR READERS: This is in truth a letter from the convention, for I am again in the office of the LYCEUM BANNER, looking back among the pleasant nooks that lay along my Cleveland way. A brave army of true souls are in the foreground of the picture of the convention. Their genial smiles, words of cheer, and love-deeds, are very precious links in memory's chain. If I ever "said in my haste, all men are liars;" and "all women bow the knee to Baalam;" they were indeed hasty words, and I promise here, in the presence of ten thousand children, not to repeat the charge, so long as I remember the Cleveland convention.

What put us on such amicable terms with all the world, especially the convention, do you ask?

Now these are the reasons: The resolutions had been the innocent cause of much contention. Mr. Dyott's resolution regarding the Lyceum, this "secret order," "the emblems," etc., met with considerable opposition. In the midst of the confusion the Secretary read our two resolutions commending the LYCEUM BANNER, the smallest, the youngest child of liberalism—to the tender mercies of the great army of free-thinkers. I waited with bated breath, the doom of our darling. A light blow would kill it, and strong sledge-hammers were now umpires.

What did they do? One man, an old watchman on the outer walls, said: "Say it *must*, it *shall* live." When John M. Spear made room, F. L. Wadsworth said: "The children—the Lyceums—need the paper, let them have it." These men spoke well. What would the people say? The resolutions were accepted and adopted; the "aye" "aye" "aye" from the congregation did all that *words* could do. Herod was not there demanding the life of the young pilgrim; but still something more was wanted to

ensure its existence. E. V. Wilson said: "Money will be wanted; I will promise the LYCEUM BANNER one hundred subscribers within a year; E. Wheeler came forward and gave Brother Wilson his hand, which seemed to say: "I will help you." Moses Hull became suddenly inspired and called out: "Put me down for five hundred subscribers!"

Just about this time there was heard the music of many feet, tap, tap, tapping on the floor. Then there came one by one, old men and maidens, young men and mothers, in our modern Israel, with pleasant words and precious dollars. They all remembered some sweet little friend who would be glad of the LYCEUM BANNER.

Nor is it any wonder that, notwithstanding the commotion and discord that characterized the convention, I remember first, and expect to last, the pleasant sounds, the golden deeds, the helping God bless you?

With my friend, Kittie Maynard, I turned Chicago-ward to take my place among the odds and ends of humanity here congregated; to work, and wait the coming of the next National Convention.

B.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT—A CAUTION TO BOYS.

A bridge was damaged by heavy rains, and, while waiting repairs, a board was posted on a tree near the bridge. On this board these words were painted; "Keep to the right; the bridge is broken."

Three boys came along in a lumber wagon, and reading the sign, said that they were not to be "frightened by guide boards;" so they drove on the broken bridge and went through and were drowned.

The man who spoke of the funeral of these boys, said, "All this comes by not keeping to the right."

There are many dangerous places in the world where there is no warning sign out; there are indeed dangerous places where people are invited to go, places that seem fair and pleasant. The three boys who rushed upon the bridge were hopeful and headstrong; some other boys will not be warned nor frightened by "guide boards;" so on and on they rush to ruin.

The boys who play to win, are on the way to the gaming house. There is a broken bridge; beware of it, boys, or you are lost.

Drinking houses are more dangerous than are broken bridges. Let the signs, "Wines, Liquors

Lager-beer," be to you as the sign at the broken bridge, "Keep to the right," or you are lost, lost, lost.

The boys and men who watch at street corners,—who wait for wicked companions,—are on broken bridges and going down. Do not follow, boys; "Keep to the right;" go up to manhood—honest, noble manhood; make your mothers and sisters proud of you; then let all the world have the pleasure of loving you; leave to humanity, the legacy of good deeds, and for an epitaph, "He kept to the right."

THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

A little Indian maiden was once asked what she loved. She replied: "Me loves all the folks; me loves 'em much. Me loves the birds and flowers and trees and rain and wind; the sun, and everything that the Great Spirit makes."

Mrs. Grant was one day scolding her nurse-girl for some little mistake she had made. The girl replied angrily. Mrs. Grant was very indignant, and ordered the girl to leave the house. Little Kittie, who listened to the angry words, and saw her nurse picking up to leave, went to her mother, and putting her arms lovingly about her neck, said: "Please, mamma, be good, and ask Barbara's pardon for talking so wicked to her; if you don't, she will go home; then who will take care of Eddie and me when you and papa go off and stay all night?"

Mrs. Grant felt the reproof, and spoke kindly to Barbara, telling her that she had spoken hastily, and would be more guarded in future.

"And you was not quite good too, Barbara," said Kitty; "now go promise mamma to be better, and then we'll have such nice times again—wont we, mamma?"

Barbara went and knelt down by Mrs. Grant and plead to be forgiven. Little Kittie let the sunshine into that home again.

LITERARY.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton, and Lucy Larcom have proved themselves well adapted to training the young. No other youths' magazine has ever met with the success of their popular journal.

Our Young Folks contains such a compound of useful knowledge, written in such an attractive style, that the young people feel that they can't live without it. If our readers have not seen the number, we would advise them to obtain a copy, and read "Cast Away in the Cold."

MISS TALLMADGE'S DONATION.

Miss E. B. Tallmadge has donated twenty copies of the LYCEUM BANNER, for one year to the Toledo (O) Lyceum; to the Springfield (Ill.) Lyceum, 15 copies; to the Fond du Lac, (Wis.) Lyceum, ten copies; to the Sycamore, (Ill.) Lyceum, ten copies; to the Stoneham (Mass.) Lyceum, ten copies; to the Dundee (Mich.) Lyceum, five copies;

These are the seventy copies that Miss Tallmadge generously donated to the Lyceums. Other Lyceums are calling for donations. Who will heed the call, and send \$70 more for the children in the land? We mistake if Miss Tallmadge is the only person who sees the need of scattering the LYCEUM BANNER among the children.

GOOD WORDS.

Our exchanges have spoken well of our new enterprise.

We hope to merit their approbation and to fulfill the prophesies some of them have made concerning our mission to the rising generation.

The following notice is from Hon. Warren Chase in the *Banner of Light*. It needs no name; it is just such a welcome as we expected from the adversary of tobacco, tea and coffee:

LYCEUM BANNER.—This winged messenger has at last reached us. Numbers 1 and 2 are on the counter, and full of gems from the pen of a ready writer, for such is Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. We are glad this little sheet has gone into her and her sister's hands exclusively, and gladly add our testimony in its recommendation to every household. Save one dollar and send it for the LYCEUM BANNER; better do without tobacco, tea, coffee, meat, almost anything to save enough to get the paper for the children, if you have any; if not, you can afford to take it and give it to some poor family that has more children than money.

PERSONAL.

Moses Hull is speaking in Springfield, Ill.; Elvira Wheelock in Davenport, Iowa; Mrs. H. F. M. Brown in New Boston, Ill.; Mrs. S. E. Warner, in Cambridge, Ill.; Hudson Tuttle, in St Louis, Mo.; E. V. Wilson, in Richmond, Ind.; A. A. Wheelock in Dundee, Mich.

WHO GETS THE PRIZE?

A gentleman in St. Louis offers \$10 to the best behaved little girl in the Lyceum. One of the children, in a note to a friend, says:

"I accept Mr. John Mellen's offer of ten dollars to the best behaved little girl in the Lyceum, and shall try very hard for the prize. So, look out, Mr. Mellen; I am after your greenbacks!"

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

THE OCEAN.

BY CARRIE ELLA BARNET.

I hear the ocean's splash and roar,
I see its sullen frown;
And I think of the forms that are mouldering there,
Of the sightless eyes, of the matted hair,
Of the waxen hands, just clasped in prayer,
On their bed of sea-weed down.
Of the many wrecks that braved the swell,
Now rotting 'neath the ocean's breast;
Of the fond mother, and her child,
Of the earnest prayers, the strugglings wild,
Of the lips, which e'en in dying smiled,—
All sleep beneath the foamy crest.
I think of the drunkard so sinfully vile,
Of the thief, and his ingots, dwelling below;
Of the loyal heart, which has sailed above;
Of the maiden waiting her sailor love,
Of the helpless child—the wingless dove,—
All, all have their tales of woe.
I think of the sailor's last breathed prayer,
As he sinks in the river of death;
Of the little cot, so sadly lone,
Of the grave-yard and the chastened stone,
Of its waves still echoing the dying's moan,
As he drew his gasping breath.
And I turn away with a sickening sigh,
From its loudly-boasting roar;
All the pearls and the rubies plucked from its bed,
All the sea-weed curls, from the mermaid head,
All, all the fairy-like visions have fled,
And I haste from the fearful shore.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

T. G. H.

Children are angelic buds and blossoms, real spiritual flowers, not born to spring up, shed an influence and perish in an hour; but to bloom on and grow more lovely, guided by the light of Truth, through Time and Eternity. A home without children and flowers is a dreary, desolate abode, more suited for the habitation of rats and owls than for intelligent, human beings.

The love which children bring with them makes our lives cheerful and happy, by their innocent prattle, confiding trust and originality. Their contributions should be encouraged. Many interesting and instructive items may often be found in their department. It may encourage others to better perform their part in life. Every one may have thoughts to express, or duties to perform, which may seem to be feeble as individual efforts, but when combined, have a mighty influence by filling their own place in the Great Drama of Life, remembering that,

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,

Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above."

T. G. HUMPHREY.

Health Institute, Galesburg, Ill.

B. S.

I like the LYCEUM BANNER much, and hope its shadow may never be less. The one hundred copies hardly supply our Lyceum now, and if we continue to grow, we will have to increase the number soon.

We make it a rule to give one to each child or member of a group, and then if we have any left, give them to spectators. Yesterday, the groups took all.

We had no meeting of our Lyceum in the month of August, and it would do your heart good to see the rush of joyous faces the first Sunday of this month; they were so glad to get together again. They eagerly watch for the LYCEUM BANNER, and it is doing much good among them. May it also prove a remunerative investment to its publishers.

Truly yours,
Troy, N. Y.

B. STARBUCK.

O. B. U.

Your first copy of the LUCEUM BANNER sent to S. S. Underhill is at hand, meeting with a hearty "goody! goody!" from our other three little ones. All will read it with a good deal of pleasure, and hail other numbers with joy.

O. B. UNDERHILL.

G. L.

We extend to you a hearty welcome, and hope that you will be nobly sustained by willing hearts and liberal hands. You have our deepest heart sympathy in your effort to elevate the condition of our little ones. May guardian angels shower their blessings upon you and make your mission one of peace and pleasure. May the influence of dear departed friends, and the sense of responsibility resting upon us as the educators of the young, inspire you with the conviction that it is no sacrifice to expend money to sustain the cause you advocate.

C. L.

SPEAK KINDLY TO CHILDREN.

They are often sensitive as Eolian harps to each breath of praise or censure, encouragement or discouragement; their heart-strings being carried, as it were in a crystal case, to be alternately wrung or soothed by friend or foe.—J. M. Peebles.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

From the Banner of Light.
LYCEUM CONVENTION.

I am still in favor of having a New England Lyceum Convention. I have heard from the officers of some of the Lyceums, and they express themselves strongly in favor of it. I should be pleased to hear from others who are interested, as early as possible, so (if a Convention seems to be what we all want,) as to issue a call ere long. Those who communicate with me on the subject, will please state their views fully in reference to the matter, and time and place that they consider the most suitable for holding the Convention. I would say that Bro. Fuller, of the Worcester Lyceum, says in a letter to me, that the Worcester people would be pleased to have it there, if desired, or would be equally willing to go anywhere else if the majority thought best. We shall hardly be able to have it much before the middle of October, now. Come, friends of the Lyceum, let us take hold of the work in earnest. Our cause is a worthy one, and we *will make* the world respect it.

A. E. CARPENTER.

Putnam, Conn.

A Children's Lyceum has been established at Corry, Pa.; Charles Holt, Conductor.

[Selected.]
SARA E. PAYSON.

The following, from one whom the children learned to love when she was with us, will be read with a new interest now that she has gone before us to the Summer Land:

DEAR CHILDREN—How many of you wish that you were already men and women? How many of you are wishing time away? Some, I am sure, though not all. You think, do you not? that you will have more liberty—that then you can do more as you wish; but if you miss childhood in your haste to become men and women, you will find, by and by, that for the lack of it you are *not* men and women, although you may be so in number of years; for it is true that all *real* men and women—by which I mean the wise and good—are *children*; that is, they do *not* do as they wish—are not willful—but become obedient to the laws which control their lives and all things. They become very simple in all their actions: and by this I mean truthful—straightforward; they are teachable, desirous to learn from everything, that

they may do good. So, instead of wishing yourselves men and women, you see it would be better to wish to become children in the true sense.

Perhaps you will wonder why it is that I write thus to you. Because I love you. "Why do you love us?" some inquire. I think it is because you are related to me. Every day I meet in the streets great numbers of children with whom I am not personally acquainted, but in whose faces I read thoughts and feelings resembling those which I had at their age, and this all at once establishes a bond between us, which I call relationship; and although I have never seen you, I know many things about you, and love you.

Did you ever think that every boy and girl was related to every other boy and girl? that there is a likeness between them, which shows that they are kindred? If you were to count the number of your faculties and the number of your senses, and compare them with those of other girls and boys, what would be the difference? Having the same faculties and senses both in number and kind, must there not be a resemblance in your thoughts and feelings, and does not the resemblance constitute a very near relationship? The more you think of this the better you will understand why I love you, and the easier it will be for you to love one another. Now this—to *love one another*—is the hardest lesson which any children, either young or old, have to learn; so that you cannot begin too soon.

This resemblance of children, of all ages, to each other, is one of the most beautiful things that exists. I should like to have you think *why* it is that they are so much alike, and write to me about it. The editor of this magazine has very kindly offered us a few pages through which you and I can send each other letters, and in which we may write stories. Besides this he has granted us a column which may be wholly confidential; that is, when you write me a letter containing something which you do not wish any else to know, I will answer it in this column; but you must remember to sign *some* letter or name (anything you like,) so that I may know what signature to prefix to my replies.

Some of you have parents, elder sisters, or brothers, to whom you can confide the desires, perplexities, and hopes, of your awakening natures; but many have no friend whom you can trust with these, and for want of some one to

tell you their meaning, and help you to turn them to the beautiful uses for which every feeling is given, you are made unhappy, or tempted to sin. I would be that true friend to you, if you can trust me, and write freely all that is in your hearts. Address your letters to the office where this magazine is published, with my name written distinctly on the back.

Remember to become *little* children.

Your True Friend, SARA E. PAYSON.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

THE OWL.



ALL the varieties of the owl, and there are many, have some common characteristics; their eyes are formed for seeing better in the dark than in daylight,

though they do not see the best in the darkest night; their bodies are strong; their claws formed for seizing their prey; their stomachs are alike formed for digesting it. The eagle owl is about two feet in length; his eyes are large; his color, a reddish brown above, and yellowish below. It is found in Scotland. The American horned owl is well known throughout the United States, and is considered by some naturalists, the same as the eagle owl of Europe. He sleeps by day and preys at night. Its food consists of squirrels, rats, and birds of various kinds. Sometimes it carries off young chickens. In the northern regions it is found white, but never in the United States.

The white owl, more common in Europe than elsewhere, is known by its fierce cry at night. Its favorite haunts are old decayed buildings, which makes it the terror of superstitious persons.

The little screech-owl may be heard in summer evenings and known by its melancholy, wailing cry. It dozes during the day amid the gloomy boughs of the spruce and pine, but at night it is one of the most active of all the owl kind.

L. H. K.

BE KIND.—How desirable is the presence of one who has ever hanging on his lips, ready for utterance, a word of love! His entrance into any place is like a bright, dancing sunbeam, warming the hearts and reviving the spirits of all.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

CALIFORNIA SKETCHES.

BY FLORA M. KIMBALL.

CHILDREN, old and young, I hope every one of you have read Henry Ward Beecher's beautiful lesson, learned from the little Japanese All-Right. He very clearly shows the possibilities of our natures, physical and mental, when properly trained, as the feet of little All-Right have been. He also reaches forward to the world of spirits with his interesting conclusions, and hints that those faculties given us for development, must be developed there, that no part of the Father's gifts be given in vain. The same thoughts occurred to me on visiting our schools for the deaf, dumb and blind. And I remembered the touching history of Laura Bridgeman, a little girl who lived in Boston, a few years ago, and had only one sense, that of feeling. I wondered we did not become more noble in our lives, with all our faculties keen and bright, when a child deaf, dumb, blind, and without sense of smell or taste, could be taught to distinguish friends, and learn many of the uses and graces of life.

But of these schools of which I spoke, I can hardly give you a faint idea,—they should be visited to be appreciated. I, with a few friends went in, expecting to find a number of children well cared for, but dull in intellect; I came away delighted with what we had witnessed, and glad, too, that we had made the unfortunates happy. After ten years experience in the school room as teacher, and with many pupils of more than ordinary intelligence, I can truly say I never saw children of the same age who evinced greater proficiency in their studies.

Being invited by the teachers, we asked them many questions, some of which we considered rather difficult, which were answered with great readiness; the mutes, by signs or writing upon the blackboards; the blind, verbally. I gave the blind problems in mental arithmetic, over which I had seen older children puzzle a long time, and they were instantly answered with a smile. The teacher explained by saying, "These questions are too simple for them; please give them more difficult ones." I turned to the last of the book, read to them long problems which they repeated after us and readily solved. They read to us from their books, fingering the raised letters with rapidity, while we could not distinguish one letter from another. In their world

of darkness they can read beautiful stories for entertainment, and fill the mind with useful knowledge. Their sense of touch is cultivated and trained as were the feet of little All-Right, hence a great source of pleasure, which otherwise must have left their lives desolate.

One little blind girl, nine years of age, took the map of the United States, which was composed of pieces of wood cut into the shape of the states and different bodies of water, without the names, and in eight minutes picked up the pieces, named them, put them in their proper places and then bounded each state with great facility. How superior is this little blind girl's knowledge of the geography of our own country, to hundreds of men and women who have had all the advantages of education and sight! Here the memory is trained to an almost incredible degree—a useful exercise to which any of us may attain.

Four small boys, perhaps ten years old, took their places at the blackboards for an exercise in composition. We selected various subjects for them to write upon, some of which were Gens. Grant, Farragut, Sherman, the assassination of President Lincoln, and the Rebellion. They wrote very handsomely, correctly and always straight and parallel, short and comprehensive histories of the subjects, which showed a familiarity with our recent national events and our public men, which not one of us possessed. And yet we had mingled to some extent in these important matters while these sightless lads had acquired their extensive knowledge by finger reading.

Some played the piano and sang sweetly, others made ornamental articles of beads of different colors which are kept for sale for the benefit of these children.

The mutes, with their deaf and dumb teachers, are quite as interesting as the blind, and manifest great proficiency in all the branches taught. Their reading and recitations are of course all done by signs, and with a book before us to follow them, it was really amusing to witness their tact and ingenuity in originating new motions. They repeated the "Lord's prayer" very beautifully—a pantomime which even its author might have looked upon with delight.

Queen Emma, during her late visit to San Francisco, visited these schools, and asked the children what they would like from her Islands. The productions of the Sandwich Islands were

readily given, and the next day the little ones had a joyous gala day over the huge baskets of fruit her majesty kindly sent them.

As the pupils left the room they bid their teachers good night by kissing the hand to them. One little, merry faced rogue kissed his hand to a sweet little girl with sunny ringlets and sunnier face, and passed out, while this bit of juvenile gallantry was so quickly and artfully performed as to be unobserved by the teacher, or if it had been I know his heart was too tender to forget that he too was once a little mute, and no harmless act of pleasure needed rebuke.

These children excite our pity and at the same time challenge our admiration. And I believe that God, whose "throne is the heart of a child," has kindly endowed them with quicker perceptions and more than ordinary intelligence to atone for the loss of sight and hearing.

When in the spirit world both sight and hearing will be given them, and then how beautiful they will be!

San Francisco, Cal.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

KEEP IT BEFORE THE CHILDREN.

Seeing in the *Republic*, not long ago, an article from Seth Paine on the propriety of abstaining from the use of animal food, I feel there is no subject, or any practice of our lives that needs so much reform as meat eating; and as we can expect but little from grown persons in this direction, I would say keep it before the children. Let me say to the children, while you can get so many fine berries and delicious fruits and vegetables, try to live without animal food. You have no need of animal food to sustain life. You may have the appetite for it, for it has been created within you; it belongs to a more gross condition than you now live in. You may have a strong desire to eat meats, but you are now young, and by contending against this savage appetite, you may grow out of it. The desire for it will grow less and less as you abstain from it. And then, my little readers, how wrong it is to uphold any practice or sustain what we feel to be wrong, and what we would not be guilty of doing ourselves. Now I would ask: can you kill the animals, that are daily eaten? I do not think there is one of our little Spiritualists that would or could kill any animal to eat; I am sure you have better feelings. Then do you not think it very wrong to encourage others in doing that which you would not

do yourselves? Do you not think you would be doing wrong if you should ask one of your companions to steal anything that you would not steal? Well, then, I feel that we are doing wrong by buying and eating meat, and thereby supporting men to do brutal work, which I feel must make them unkind and unfeeling, at least to animals. But then, too, it sets a bad example to the little children, especially little boys; for we often see them torturing animals and taking great delight in doing so. I am sure this comes from teaching them that animals were made for us to kill and eat; but they have feeling, and everything that has life, has the sense of feeling. We have no right to destroy life. I am very sure that men who kill for the market, take pleasure in doing so, not only in killing the animal, but torturing them before they kill them. I could tell you, if I had the time and space to do so, of many cruel things; but perhaps each one of you may think of some time when you, too, may have seen some cruel things done to animals. It is not altogether what the animals suffer by this treatment that we must look at most, but what men suffer by this practice. It makes them hard-hearted, and very unfeeling, and cultivates in them a bad condition. Now some persons may say to you, as they have to me. "It is right to eat animals; one species throughout nature kills and devours another." I would say to such, what is right under one condition is not right under another. Because a practice has been followed in the past, there is no reason why it should be followed in the future. A certain mode of living for man, in his savage condition would not or does not answer for him in his more enlightened state, for we hold as persons become more conscientious, or more spiritual in their natures, they should live out their better feelings, and not only feel that it is wrong to live bad lives, but act up to what they feel to be right. We would so live that we may benefit society, and always profit by what we see and hear. It is very true that the older members of the Spiritualists have learned and progressed a great deal; but how much faster may their children progress, if they only profit by the experience of their parents. How very often do we hear persons say, "If we could only live our lives over again, how differently we would act!" A better influence is before the rising generation, especially the children of the Spiritualists.

My earnest desire is, that they may be benefited by it and benefit others.

ANNIE LAURIE QUINBY.

Cincinnati O.

A LITTLE INCIDENT.—A bachelor friend of ours was riding a day or two ago through Sand Lake, when he overtook a little girl and boy, apparently on their way to school. The girl appeared to be five or six years of age, and was beautiful as a fairy. Her eyes were lit up with a gleam of intense happiness, and her cheeks glowed with the hues of health. Our bachelor friend looked at her admiringly. She met his glance with a smile, and with an eager voice saluted him with, "Have you got a baby?" He was struck aback by the question, and something like a regret stole over his mind as he looked upon the animated and beautiful little face before him. "No," he answered. "Well," she replied, bringing her tiny form proudly up, "*we have*," and passed on, still smiling, to tell the joyous news to the next she might meet. What a world of happiness to her was concentrated in that one idea—a baby! And in her joy she felt as if all must have the same delight as herself; and it was a matter of affectionate pride to her that lifted her little heart above the reach of envy, for in that baby was her world, and what else had she to crave? Such was the reflection of our friend, and he remembered it long enough to tell it to us yesterday, on State street.—*Albany Knickerbocker*.

The abolition of corporeal punishment in our public schools is being gradually accomplished, more through the force of public sentiment than legislation, however. This is the way, without doubt, that it should be done. It is the only agency that makes reforms effective, of whatever nature. Enlist public sentiment in favor of any movement, and the end is at once more than half gained. Beating education into a child is so palpably inconsistent with reason and common sense—the only true basis of all usages and laws—that the reform spirit of the day has had but little or no opposition to overcome among legislators or the enlightened and progressive masses. We shall doubtless live to see the day that the striking of a child by a school-teacher will be an unheard-of indignity. Children will then kiss the hand that blesses rather than smites them, and receive instruction with pleasure, rather than through fear of punishment.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

WORD PUZZLE.

BY EMMA M. MEAD.

- My 1 is in jug, but not in jar;
 My 2 is in eye, also in ear;
 My 3 is in snow, but not in rain;
 My 4 is in run, but not in walk;
 My 5 is in go, but not in run;
 My 6 is in elm, but not in oak;
 My 7 is in wet, but not in dry;
 My 8 is in ark, but not in bark;
 My 9 is in sod, but not in turf;
 My 10 is in hot, but not in cold;
 My 11 is in itch, but not in smart;
 My 12 is in hand, but not in foot;
 My 13 is in great, but not in small;
 My 14 is in kite, but not in fall;
 My 15 is in short, but not in tall;
 My 16 is in man, but not in boy.

My whole was a great and good man.

TRANSPOSITION.

BY S. FULLER.

Ese! romf eth rabke eth wingher heapsant sigsprn,
 Dan mostun luxetng no umphantri gwins;
 Orths si shi oyl; eh leefs het rifev down,
 Luftters n; loodb, dan tanngin teabs eth roundg.

ENIGMA.

BY CHESTER P. DARLAND.

I am composed of 15 letters.

- My 4, 11, 9, 10 is a timid animal.
 My 10, 11, 1 is an animal that flies.
 My 6, 11, 12, 8 is an article used by gentlemen.
 My 2, 7, 13 is a very useful fowl.
 My 15, 5, 14 is a small grain.
 My 8 is a pronoun.

My whole is something new.

ENIGMA.

BY CORA KINGSLEY.

I am composed of 14 letters.

- My 1, 7, 6, 5, 8 is a girl's name.
 My 3, 2, 4 ladies wear.
 My 5, 14, 4 is a little animal.
 My 11, 12, 13, 10 grows in the Southern States.
 My 9, 14, 3 is of the masculine gender.
 My whole is a portion of North America.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

Enigma, by Maggie, in No. 2—Lucretia Mott.
 Enigma, by S. W. S., in No. 2—Andrew Jackson Davis.
 Enigma, by Lorenzo Crowell, in No. 3—Natural History Department.

Enigma, by S. W. S., in No. 3—The Lyceum Banner.
 Enigma, by Sam Forster—Emma Tuttle's Gazelle.

Answered by S. W. S., Phoebe Dinsmore, Lizzie Avery and Mettie Foster.

F. M. K.'s puzzle, in No. 2, and the arithmetical question in No. 3 remain unanswered.

Think all you say, rather than say all you think.

The verdict of Nature, and not of men, is required.

OCTOBER EVENTS.

OCTOBER 2d, 1780—Major Andre hung as a spy. 4th, 1535—First English Bible issued. 6th, 1810—First Calico printed in America. 24th, 1852—Daniel Webster died, aged 70. 29th, 1781—Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. 31st, 1864—Nevada admitted into the Union as the 36th State.

NOTHING LOST.—Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world, not one single particle of matter has been lost. It may have passed into new shapes; it may have floated away in smoke and vapor, but it was not lost; it will come back again in the dewdrop or the rain; it will spring up in the fibre of the plant, or paint itself on the rose leaf. Through all its transformations, Providence watches over it, and directs it still. Even so it is with every holy thought or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation, we may be unable to follow it, but it is an element of the moral world, and it is not lost.

A little girl who was walking with her mother, was tempted by the sight of oranges exposed for sale in a store, and quickly took one; but afterward, stricken by conscience, returned it. After her return home, she was discovered in tears, and on being asked the cause of her sorrow, replied, sobbing: "Mama, I haven't broken any of the commandments, but I think I've *cracked* one a little." She was forgiven.

Live to do something, and it will be something to live!

Justice weighs atoms in the same scale that it weighs worlds.

Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man? He is above doing a wrong action.

For every one life, has some blessing—some cup that is not mixed with bitterness. At every heart there is some fountain of pure water, and all men at some time taste its sweetness. Who is he that hath not found in his path of life, some fragrant rose-bush, scenting all the air with its sweet perfume, and cheering the heart of the weary traveler with its beauty?

—Virgil was the son of a farmer.

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM REGISTER.

BOSTON, MASS.—Lyceum organized 1867. Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock in Mercantile Hall, No. 16 Summer street. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian.

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

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

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

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

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

CHELSEA, MASS.—Lyceum organized Dec. 13, 1865. Meets at Library Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. James S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian.

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

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. Holt, Guardian.

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

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

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

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

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

OWEGO, 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.

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIMANTIC, CONN.—Organized July 15, 1866. Remus Robinson, Conductor; W. Fuller, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Purinton, Guardian; Mrs. Remus Robinson, Assistant Guardian.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Organized March 1, 1865. Meets in Horticultural Hall every Sunday at 11:30 a. m. Mr. E. 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. WHELOCK, trance and inspirational speaker, St. Johns, Mich.