

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

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[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

HATTIE'S JEWELS.

BY MARY A. WHITAKER.

CHAPTER I.

NOTHER, did you see what a beautiful necklace Maria Neville wore last evening, and how the gems in her ear-rings sparkled? She looked so handsome."

"Did she, my love? I did not notice her particularly," was Mrs. Elmore's quiet reply to her little daughter, who was living over again, in memory, the great event of the previous evening—a party, given in honor of the birthday of a young friend.

"Why, mother!" Annie raised her eyes with a comical expression of surprise, letting her work fall from her hands as the exclamation fell from

her lips. "Do you mean to say you did not see those brilliant diamonds?"

"I did see them, Annie; and I agree with you that Maria's jewels are really beautiful."

"But—but—you know—" Annie hesitated.

"Well, dear?" said Mrs. Elmore, smiling.

There was a pause. Annie felt disconcerted, for she was enthusiastic in her admiration of Maria's jewels, and disappointed by her mother's coolness. At last she looked up timidly, saying:

"Don't you love Maria, mother? I think she is a sweet girl, at least when she smiles as she did last night, and is so prettily dressed."

"I love all children," answered Mrs. Elmore; but I do not admire Maria as much as I do some of my daughter's young friends."

"But that necklace," persisted Annie; "I almost wish I had one like it, or that I may when I am older. I did so long to try it on, only I know you and father are not rich, and that it is wrong for me to wish for such a thing. Still—" Again Annie hesitated, and

her mother came to her assistance.

"Still, my little girl does think she would look prettier if she wore a set of jewels. Is it not so?"

"Yes—that is, I mean—to—to—Oh, mother, you know everything. You read people's thoughts."

"I read yours, darling, and I hope they will always be as transparent as they are now, so that they may never be hidden from me. Annie, I do not think it right for young girls to wear jewels, and, besides, they do not look well so adorned. Such an exhibition reminds me of old artificial flowers with which you once tried to ornament the moss-rose tree in our garden. Do you remember?"

"I do," replied Annie, laughing; "how fool-

ish I was! But the freshness and beauty of our sweet rose-tree rebuked me, and I soon released it from its rubbish, as father called my handiwork. What fun he did make of me!"

"I wonder what he would think about his daughter wearing jewels," observed Mrs. Elmore; "suppose we—"

"Think about what?" questioned a merry voice, and at the same moment a pair of strong arms made a prisoner of the little girl, and a dear, manly face bent down to kiss her. "No secrets here, ladies; when a man's name is used so unceremoniously, he has a right to know the reason."

"When did you come in, father? I declare, you almost frightened me out of my senses. Why, you made no noise at all."

"Embroidered slippers can explain that," said Dr. Elmore, as he glanced proudly at the handsome pair in which his feet were encased, and which he could not resist telling everybody were his daughter's work. "I have been waiting here some minutes expecting to be recognized; but I find that a set of diamonds has more interest for some people."

"Oh father, please stop!" Annie blushed at the thought that her father had heard at least a part of the conversation, and how silly he must suppose her to be; for she began to have a perception of the folly of her remarks, and she added, very demurely: "I know mother is always right. I suppose you don't admire jewels more than she does?"

"Not admire jewels, indeed!—who says so?" rejoined he, earnestly; "I have some I would not exchange for—"

"Maria's diamonds," hastily interrupted Annie.

"Not for the wealth of the universe, my daughter."

The little girl thought her father had never looked so handsome, or his dark eyes so lustrous, as when they now rested upon her mother and herself, and she felt in the depth of her heart how precious was the pure love that enfolded them.

Dr. Elmore proceeded, in a graver tone: "Annie, I know the daughter of a poor widow who owns brighter and more valuable jewels than Maria Neville. All Mr. Neville's riches could not purchase them."

"Indeed, father!"

"Yes," he continued; "Hattie Linton's ornaments are most beautiful. They are beyond all

price."—"How I should like to see them!" said Annie.

"You shall have your wish, my child. Clara," he said, turning to his wife, "suppose I take our daughter with me on my next visit to Mrs. Linton? Will you consent?"

"With all my heart," replied Mrs. Elmore. "When do you intend to call again?"

"To-morrow morning."

"There is the bell ringing for tea. All ready?"

"All ready," said Annie, taking her father's hand and dancing along the hall as merry as a bird.

"The dear, good woman," resumed Dr. Elmore, when they were seated at the table, "is failing fast. I have done all that is possible for her, and I will continue to do so while she lives. What a blessing she has in such a daughter! That girl is an angel."

Annie listened with deep interest, and turned to hear what answer her mother would make; but a note, summoning Dr. Elmore to the house of one of his patients, was brought in, and so the conversation ended; but the little girl could not help wondering what sort of ornaments they were her father admired so much.

CHAPTER II.

Dr. Elmore, although burdened with the cares and duties of an extensive practice, always brought sunshine to his home, which was never so bright and cheerful as during those hours when he was permitted to enjoy its seclusion and happiness.

A true friend, as well as a skillful physician, he was welcomed with affection wherever called to minister to the sick and afflicted. His very presence had a beneficial influence none could resist.

He did not forget the poor, and many a visit of self-sacrificing benevolence to those who could only reward him with gratitude was entered upon the unseen records of his life, read only by "Him who seeth in secret."

Mrs. Linton's name was on his free list. She had toiled many years at her needle, striving to support herself and her two children. Hers was a hard life-struggle, and her health gave way in the conflict. Her youngest child, a lovely little girl, was called to the home of the angels, suddenly, ere the mother could realize the parting was at hand; then Mrs. Linton grew weaker and weaker, till she was unable to

meet the demands upon her strength for the daily wants of their humble home.

Hattie, her surviving daughter, was not quite thirteen years old. She was a tall, graceful girl, very thoughtful for her age, for she had been called upon to share her mother's griefs and trials; was her helper in every toil, and now proved herself a loving nurse and companion day and night.

The kindness of Dr. Elmore had procured them many friends, and so in this sad season, they were spared the terrible visitation of extreme want and its attendant evils. Their benefactor had long been anxious to introduce Hattie to his daughter, and he was glad of the present favorable opportunity.

Annie waited anxiously for the time appointed for her to accompany her father. She was ready nearly an hour too soon, and went into the garden "to enjoy a think," she said, "all alone." I dare say my young readers can guess more readily than I can, the subject of her thoughts.

At last she saw her father with the carriage. In a few minutes she was seated by his side chatting merrily, and enjoying the sight of the crowds of people, hurrying to and fro.

Mrs. Linton lived out of the city, so they had a long ride. Annie was saying to herself, for perhaps the twentieth time, "I wish we were there," when Dr. Elmore observed, "Now, darling, here we are."

Out they jumped; there was an old quaint looking, brown cot, in the shadow of a tall elm tree; the house and a little flower garden enclosed by a white-washed fence. It was such a wee bit of a house that Annie called it a nut-shell, but she did not call the name aloud, guessing it might give offence if the inmates happened to overhear her.

The door was opened by Hattie Linton herself, who greeted them with undisguised joy.

"How glad I am you are come! walk in, Miss —; take a seat by the window here, it is so pleasant."

But Annie did not look out. She was so charmed with the face of her new acquaintance, who was talking to Dr. Elmore.

"I wonder what makes Hattie Linton's face so beautiful," thought she. "Her features are not shaped like those people generally admire. Her eyes are not large and brilliant like father's; her complexion is not fair; her nose is

just, only just a little turned up; her hair is a common shade of brown, like that of many other girls, and yet I never saw so lovely a countenance."

Annie thought and thought, till her father said, "Wait here, dear, while I go into the next room to see Mrs. Linton. Hattie and you must get acquainted."

While he was engaged with his patient the young girls made the most of the time. It was not difficult to "be friends," for they were both frank, warmhearted and naturally cheerful, only Hattie was, as might be expected, serious and womanly beyond her years.

"How kind in you, Miss Elmore, to bring these flowers to mother," she said, and Annie thought her voice the most musical she had ever heard.

"I love flowers dearly," responded the little girl, as Hattie looked admiringly upon the bouquet she had given to her. "I have a little flower-bed of my own to cultivate which I enjoy very much; you have not time I suppose to attend to such things."

"Not now," replied Hattie, "see how the weeds are growing in our flower-beds. When mother was well, we managed to keep them in order, but now I have more to do in doors than I can sometimes find time for."

"You must have a great deal to do. Do you attend to everything?"

"Almost; for, since mother has been so very weak, she cannot even take up a little sewing without suffering. Sometimes Mrs. Mann, our neighbor, helps me a little, and her boys do errands for us. They are very kind indeed."

Annie could not help contrasting her own life, so tenderly watched over by her excellent parents, with that of the patient girl before her; and she wondered whether she could be content in similar circumstances.

"Do you never go out?" she asked.

"Very seldom;" replied Hattie, "only when Mrs. Mann can stay a short time, or when my aunt, who lives a long way off, happens to visit us. I would not leave mother alone for a moment on any account."

"It must be very lonely for you."

"I try not think of it, Miss Elmore, though I do now and then long for a little change. But mother is so gentle and patient, I love to be with her all the time."

"I wish you would come and see me some

day, Hattie. You would love *my* mother, too, and as for father, you love him already."

"He is the best friend we have. He saved us from being homeless, and he treats us so kindly and is as attentive to mother as to any of the sick people who pay him so much."

"That is just like my own, dear father," said Annie with enthusiasm. "And now, Hattie I want to ask a favor of you. Don't think me rude, please; but father said you—you—had—" Annie faltered, for she felt she was treading upon delicate ground; but Hattie's sweet smile encouraged her, and she went on: "He said you had some of the most beautiful jewels he ever saw, and that I should see them if I came with him."

"Jewels!" cried Hattie in surprise. "Yes, jewels. It seems strange because you say you are poor, but I thought perhaps you had some old family treasures you kept sacred."

Hattie laughed. "We have no treasures, no jewels, nothing of value but an old, cracked china pitcher and plate that were my great grandmother's. I wonder if those are the jewels he meant? We use them sometimes to put flowers in. Perhaps your father called them jewels, because we prize them so highly."

Annie was not satisfied. She looked earnestly at Hattie, who had taken up her sewing, and was stitching diligently. "No," said she to herself, "that is not what father means. When he comes we shall perhaps find out."

The girls sat quietly now, for they were inclined to silence; Hattie thinking anxiously about her mother, Annie trying to solve the mystery of the jewels.

Dr. Elmore, when he came in, was surprised to find them so still. He made no remark about it, however, but said, "Your mother has been carefully nursed, or she would not be so well to-day. She is more comfortable than I expected to find her. Continue the same care, and I will see you again in a few days. She wanted to see Annie, but it is best for her to keep very quiet just now."

He stroked the smooth, glossy, brown hair of his young friend with fatherly tenderness, observing, "Always neat, and fresh, and home-like in person. My child you must possess some secret charm by which you beautify everything around you."

Hattie blushed at these praises, happy tears filled her eyes; for his appreciation of her ef-

forts was most precious to her. He continued with emphasis, and a look of meaning at his daughter, "I see you still wear your jewels, Hattie, and keep them bright as ever."

The girls exchanged glances, and Annie said, "What *do* you mean, father?"

"What I say. The finest gems are not always found in the mansions of the rich. Cheer up, little lonely one. He who watches over his children everywhere and in all trials, is with you now. You are doing your duty nobly."

How pure was the joy, how sweet the reward of that moment! Hattie felt new inspiration and strength flow into her soul; and when her kind friend whispered at parting, "Always wear your jewels and keep them pure and shining as now." She readily divined his meaning.

Annie was very thoughtful during her ride home. She sat beside her parents that evening, musing over the events of the day; and the light of holy love beamed upon her face as she said, "I think I have found out the secret of the jewels. Are they not the sweet Christian graces of character which made Hattie appear so bright and lovely?"

"Right, darling," replied Dr. Elmore. "Now tell me daughter whose ornaments you admire most; Maria Neville's or Hattie Lintons?"

"O father, how can you ask such a question?"

HAPPY BIRD HOMES.

A little boy once saw two nestling birds pecking at each other, and he asked his brother what they were doing.

"They are quarreling," was the answer.

"Oh no, that cannot be," said the boy, "*for they are brothers!*"

What a happy life you might lead, if the little boy's thought of the birds could be a picture of your homes. How many happy bird homes there might be if brothers would not quarrel.

—The railway over the Alps is known as the "Fell Railroad" from its being constructed in accordance with the patents granted to a gentleman of that name.

[Original.]

Beauty may charm the wayward glance,
And set the willing heart on fire;
But goodness will all charms enhance,
And strengthen every pure desire.
Should form be faulty—features plain—
Let mind and heart with goodness glow;
So shall you win the prize, and gain
What outward beauty ne'er shall know.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]
COME DOWN FROM THE SKIES.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Come down from the skies, little girl of mine,
 Come down from the skies so blue ;
 You have not forgotten the shade and vine
 Where the clustering blue grapes grew ;
 You have not forgotten how you and I
 Pressed out the fragrant wine,
 In days when you were not dwelling so high
 In the skies, little girl of mine.

Come down from the fathomless, melting blue,
 For the world is, oh so fair !
 The leaves float down from the place they grew,
 As bright as your golden hair ;
 The sumac glows in the landscape bright,
 More vermilion than your mouth,
 And the great sun sails like a ship of light
 Off in the wooing south.

Come down from the angels to me—to me !
 Who want you so much the most,
 To sit an hour where you used to be
 On this fair but treacherous coast.
 The apples hang on the orchard trees,
 The peaches blush in the sun ;
 The dahlias haughtily nod in the breeze—
 I'll give you the brightest one !

Come down from the skies, little girl of mine,
 Come bringing your love to me ;
 Though I am mortal, and you divine,
 Oh come as you used to be !
 I dream, my love, of the olden days,
 When, praising the gorgeous fall,
 Of all things wrapped in the soft-blue haze,
 I called you sweetest of all.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

THE BONES OF THE TRUNK.

These consist of the spine or vertebral column, the chest, and the hip bones, or pelvis. The spine is a long column of twenty-nine bones, so arranged as to afford very considerable freedom of motion. These are called the vertebra, from the fact that they may be turned in various directions. They form a very strong movable column, having a passage or opening through the entire length, in which the large nerves, called the spinal chord, pass, and from which branches pass off through openings between each of the bones.

The upper seven are called cervical vertebra, or the bones of the neck. The uppermost one is called the atlas, as it bears the scull upon it. There was a fable in olden times that this world was borne upon the shoulders of a man named Atlas. This, we now know, is not true, and now we use the word atlas to mean maps. These bones are nicely fitted together, and have long protuberances, to which the muscles are attached, somewhat like the ropes and rigging of a ship.

Between each one there is an elastic cartilage, forming a cushion, or spring, which breaks the shock from any violent motion, and adds much to the elasticity of the spine.

The next twelve bones of the spine are called the dorsal vertebra. These form the back wall of the chest, in which the lungs are contained. Below these, there are five others called the lumbar vertebra; under these we have the sacrum, which is the largest of the spinal bones, and then there are four small bones which terminate the spinal column.

There are twelve ribs attached by joints between the dorsal vertebra; seven true ribs connected with the breast-bone, and five short, or false ribs, which are attached cartilages.

The front of the chest is made by the sternum, or breast-bone, which, in early life, is composed of three pieces of broad, flat bone; but in after life these become united into one. The chest, thus formed by the twelve dorsal vertebra, the ribs and the breast-bone, is so arranged in its joints that it may be expanded or contracted by the action of various muscles.

The pelvis, which is the lower part of the trunk, is formed by the sacrum and the small bones attached to it, and the two hip bones which spread around in the form of a basin, whence the name pelvis, which means a basin. These bones are very firmly united by strong ligaments, and upon the outside of each hip bone we have a round cavity or cap for the reception of the heads of the thigh bones.

There are twenty-nine bones in the spine, twenty-four ribs, one breast-bone, and two hip bones; making in all fifty-six bones in the trunk.

INNOCENT PLEASURES.—In a sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, is the following paragraph:

"For my own part, I say it in all solemnity, I have lived to become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs, that is always sedate; that has no apparent outlet for those natural springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that Nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins, or horrid crimes spring up in this hotbed of confined air and imprisoned space; and, therefore, it gives me a sincere moral gratification anywhere, and in any community, to see innocent pleasure and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them. Anything is better than dark, dead, unhappy social life—a prey to ennui and morbid excitement."

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A FEW WORDS TO GIRLS.

A young gentleman said to me this morning: "I would like to say a few words to girls through the columns of THE LYCEUM BANNER. What would you say? I asked; "I would say, if they, the young ladies, think we wife-seekers are looking out for soft hands, tiny waists, weak nerves, and a dray-load of dry goods, they greatly mistake."

The gentleman talked right straight to the point. There was no dodging, no mincing matters with him, "I like," he said; "to see fair hands, but not hands that have shunned the broom and dish water. With a little care, one may wash, sweep, or work in the garden without hardening the hands. A pair of old gloves will protect the hands from the sun and dirt.

The gentleman took from his pocket a well-worn scrap of a newspaper, saying: "I have here a little item on the miseries of tight lacing; will you give it to your readers, with the hope that it will save some of them from early graves?" Here is the item, girls; read it, and if it means you, mend your ways by cutting your laces.

MISERIES OF TIGHT LACING.—While we are growing very sensible indeed in the matter of dress, in the way of boots, balmoral skirts, warm stockings, and high necks, we are degenerating in some other matters quite as important. The corset is not a necessary part of a woman's wardrobe; and alas! when a woman does begin to wear corsets, she will wear them too small, and will tug at the laces till the breath becomes short, and she feels it necessary to refrain from anything like a comfortable meal. We say nothing against a well-shaped corset, worn loosely, but there lies the difficulty. A loose corset injures the appearance, instead of improving it, and people wear corsets that they may have small waists. All we can say is don't squeeze, whatever you do. You may have small waists, but you are exposing yourself to a dozen misfortunes which are as bad as a large waist. First, you will surely have dyspepsia,

and grow yellow and cross, and unhappy; secondly, your hands will grow red; thirdly, your nose; fourthly, you will be unable to walk a mile at once; fifthly, dinner will be a misery; sixthly, your shoulder-blade will increase in size and altitude; seventhly, your eyes will grow weak; eighthly, you will break down at thirty, or thereabout, and be a sickly old woman from that time forth. If these truths do not frighten women from tight corsets, perhaps the information that gentlemen do not admire what dressmakers call a "pretty figure," so much as a natural one, may have some influence.

WHICH WAS BEST?

"I seed you kiss a little boy in school to-day, I did," said Eddie to his sister Susie.

"Well so I did; I kissed Jamie Clark when he tumbled down and cried; but you struck Peter Baker, and made him cry; which did best you or I?"

Eddie waited like a boy in a brown study; then, putting his arms about Susie's neck and kissing her, said: "I guess I did the best, for I kissed you when you had your mouth all made up to scold me."

Dr. J. P. Bryant has sent us \$5, to send the LYCEUM BANNER to five families among his acquaintances. When some of the young people in Oregon and California read the LYCEUM BANNER, let them remember that Dr. Bryant, who has been out there healing the sick and opening blind eyes, paid for the papers for *love's own sake*.

A. W. Martin, writing from Fond du Lac, Wis., says: "We have received the donation of ten copies of the LYCEUM BANNER from Miss E. B. Tallmudge. For the generous gift, we beg to express our heartfelt thanks. May the good angels go with her through life."

Will all those whose subscriptions expire in December, and who wish to renew, do so at once that their names may not be erased from our lists? In renewing, please say that the subscription is a renewal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NETTIE—Very good for the first, but it will hardly do for publication.

J. B.—For Lyceum equipments, see advertisement on the second page.

CHARLEY—Your puzzle is accepted.

METTIE—Your story shall have a place.

ANTI-TOBACCO PLEDGE.

Mr. Dyott writes: "We have had prepared a new anti-tobacco pledge at a pretty heavy expense by our Lyceum, and propose to furnish them to other Lyceums at \$5.50 per hundred."

We rejoice that the young people ignore the use of tobacco, and have waged a righteous war against it. Sweet words from clean mouths ought to be a Christian proverb; but as it is not, let it be a Lyceum maxim.

Will not the members of other Lyceums sign the Anti-tobacco Pledge? Send to Mr. M. B. Dyott, Philadelphia, Pa. and obtain the "Pledge," and let every member of the Lyceums be furnished with a copy. Let it be worn as an amulet. The boys need protection from the influence of the wicked weed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Our Young Folks for November is of rare interest. It opens with "Round the World Joe." George Eager is telling a good story. "Jamie Again," by Gail Hamilton, is like all of Gail's stories, well worth reading.

Dr. Hayes' "Cast away in the Cold," and "Good old Times," will amuse and interest old folks.

The publishers present an imposing array of attractions to readers of *Our Young Folks* for 1868. Charles Dickens has written expressly for this magazine "A Holiday Romance," which will appear in early numbers, with illustrations by the greatest of English designers, John Gilbert. The author of "John Halifax" will contribute several articles in prose and verse. Dr. Hayes will finish his capital story, "Cast Away in the Cold." Mrs. Stowe will continue to write sketches like those which have made her so popular with the readers of *Our Young Folks*. Mr. J. H. A. Bone will furnish six historical articles on very interesting subjects, which will be illustrated with historical accuracy. The author of "The Seven Little Sisters," one of the most charming of children's books, will tell "Dame Nature's Stories," explaining many curious facts of animal and vegetable life. And hosts of other good writers will help make *Our Young Folks* constantly attractive and useful. As the publishers say: "It will be seen that *Our Young Folks* for 1868 has something for its patrons in every juvenile department; romance, history, fiction, fact, poetry, prose, fancy, science, music, art and amusement, and it must continue to be, as it now is, a household necessity and delight." It is only \$2.00 a year. Clubs get it at reduced rates, and premiums are offered for new subscribers.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.—The mail brings us no visitor which receives a more hearty greeting than *Oliver Optic's Magazine*. Its continued stories are instructive, fascinating and truthful. The diversity of its other matter makes it all interesting; but the "Letter Bag" is the department we always read first. In that the editor sits down and enjoys such a good-natured, social chat with his thousands of readers, and gives them such plain, common-sense advice that one cannot help realizing that he has not forgotten that he once trod the slippery paths of youth.

The Children's Friend is published monthly in West Chester, Pa. Lydia H. Hall editor; Terms, \$1.50 per year. This is a very instructive and high-toned magazine, just what every lover of children would wish to see in the hands of the young.

THE ANCHOR.

Henry Ward Beecher who knows something about the woman-heart and a good deal about the baby-heart said, in a Sunday sermon: "A babe is a mother's anchor. She cannot swing far from her moorings. A good mother never lives so little in the present as when by the side of the cradle. Her thoughts go into the future with the child. The babe is the boldest of pilots; it guides her thoughts down through coming years. The old ark never made such voyages as the cradle daily makes.

Mr. Beecher might have added, when the child slips out of the cradle into heaven it is a pilot still. Could the mother know this, she would not sit weeping by the empty cradle, but follow the little mariner on to the Rest-haven.

DONATIONS FOR THE LYCEUM BANNER.

C. A. White, \$10; A. H. Worthen \$5; Miss Porter, \$1; Miss M. Hanson 50 cents; Henry Sharp, \$1. Total \$17.50.

To every Lyceum that will send us ten new subscribers, with \$9, we will send five copies of the LYCEUM BANNER one year, just so long as the donations will warrant us in so doing.

"Do the larks give concerts in heaven, mamma?" asked little Ella J.

"No, darling; why do you ask?"

"You said this morning, 'Get, up, Ella; the larks were up in the sky singing long ago,' and so I thought maybe they were going to heaven to sing this evening."

—Better to be alone than in bad company.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

A CHILD AGAIN.

BY E. M. KENTON.

I fain would be a child again,
And roam about at will;
I'd wander on the village green,
And climb the highest hill;
I'd search for flowers among the rocks,
And gather leaves so green,
And make a wreath to twine my brow,
And think myself a queen.
For never queen would happier be
Than I, a free-born maid,
With naught to break the charm of thought
Beneath a friendly shade.
My dreams would be of happiness
Gained by my honest toil,
To help my fellow-men grow wise,
Content to till the soil.
I'd teach them how to work, and grow
Great and good and wise,
That naught they do on earth below
Unfits them for the skies,
If still their hearts are pure and free
From every sinful thought,
And they hold fast a faith in God,
No matter what their lot.
Oh! these should be the dreams I'd have
Beneath a shady tree,
And thoughts of all that's good and pure
Should only visit me.
Then I should be a better child
Than I have ever been;
My heart would then be fresh and pure,
Where now 'tis stained with sin.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

A. B.

A short article in THE LYCEUM BANNER of Oct. 15th, on corporeal punishment, is worth more than a hasty perusal. It contains an idea, that children, as well as older persons, need to understand. The liberal and humane author says: "The abolition of corporeal punishment in our schools is being accomplished through the force of public sentiment." This is truly encouraging. When the public has become so humanized as to demand kind treatment of those having charge of the little ones, we need have no fear that the world is moving backward. Children are sent to school, day after day, during the long years of their young lives, to be educated; but too often educated at the expense of the finer feelings of their natures. For some slight misdemeanor the child is kept in at recess, whipped, or sent home in disgrace. Such punishments do not refine either teacher or scholar. No child was ever made better by whipping.

Moses Hull once said in a public audience, that if it was wrong for a child to strike its

parent, it was equally wrong for the parent to strike a child. Those who believed in baby whipping winced a little at such heresy from the rostrum, but Moses knew what he was saying, and talked on until his hearers were convinced that his theory was all right, and will in time be reduced to practice.

This is a subject in which our children are interested, and as your paper is devoted to the interests of the young, it is proper that they should read of that which most concerns them. Let us awaken the affections of the child by kind words and love deeds, and we abolish corporeal punishment in schools, in families and everywhere. Children have rights as well as adults, but being whipped is not one of them.

Go on, Frances, in the good work you have begun. Angels smile upon your efforts and the children of to-day bless you. ANNIE BARTON.

A. A. W.

Those beautiful songs in the LYCEUM BANNER are worth more than the price of subscription. We learn them in our Lyceum, and the children sing them with great zest and satisfaction. We are prospering finely and the good work goes bravely on, and ever will while the angels, with true men and women are working. Heaven bless you all in your faithful labors, and Miss Tallmadge for her sweet songs. Her heart must be full of them.

Most truly,

A. A. WHEELOCK.

MRS. A. E. S.

Enclosed please find amount of subscription for three copies of the LYCEUM BANNER. I anticipate its arrival, and read it with as much pleasure as do the children. You have my earnest wishes that you may be rewarded, both spiritually and materially.

Sincerely yours,

A. E. SHERMAN.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: In response to your desire, I will send you a report from our Lyceum, which you can print entire, in part, or not at all, as you please.

Lyceum No. 1 of Philadelphia, was organized January 17th, 1864, it meets every Sunday morning at 10. o'clock in Washington Hall, (corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets.)

It commenced its career with about one hundred members, and numbered, when it closed for vacation, seventeen officers, twenty three

leaders, three hundred and twenty one members, including officers and leaders. Its library consists of one hundred and twenty six bound books, seventy paper-covered books and magazines. In consequence of some of our members not having returned from the country, we are not quite so full at present, still, even now, we are cramped. With proper facilities, I think we could easily double our attendance. Since our Lyceum opened we have received, in various ways, \$3,419.44, and have expended \$3,294.67, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$124.77. We have 1,900 anti-tobacco certificates, \$34.75 in our Dorcas fund and \$42.49 in our building fund, which we hope to add to by a fair we are at present preparing for, and would be pleased to receive any donation for it, or for our library. Hoping your LYCEUM BANNER will long wave over us, and wishing it the success it richly deserves, I remain,

Your friend, M. J. DYOTT. *Secretary.*

Philadelphia, Oct. 12.

LYCEUM PICNIC.

The morning of Oct. 5th broke upon us with a cold, chilling rain. It was the day appointed for a picnic excursion to Green Springs, a distance of about five miles. About 9 o'clock it began to clear away. As I went to the hall with my basket, I saw many an anxious face looking the enquiry: "What will be done?" which I answered by saying, If the teams come we will go.

By noon all was pleasant, and we were on our way to the Springs, where is now being erected a large water cure for the healing of the diseased. With flying flags we created quite a sensation in passing through the country. Arriving there about 2 o'clock and finding our stomachs quite empty, the first call was for dinner, which all seemed to enjoy. After dinner, some of the older ones "tripped the light fantastic toe," to merry music, while the children engaged in more juvenile sports. Finally being called together by the Conductor, the "wing movements," and marching were gone through with. Then the order, "*homeward*," was given. We returned about 6 o'clock, having spent a merry afternoon. MRS. B. TUTTLE,
Clyde, Ohio. *Secretary.*

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Our Lyceum was organized the 18th of last November, and has been slowly but steadily im-

proving and increasing in interest, until at the present time we number about sixty children; while our friends of the society generally feel a commendable interest in its exercises, and prosperity. We have taken a lease, and have full control of a pleasant and commodious Hall for the ensuing year, and feel more *settled* and *stronger* than ever before. H. S. WILLIAMS.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

DEAR CHILDREN—The simple matter of speaking the truth may seem so easy and natural to you, that you may think a word of caution, from one who loves you, is unnecessary. But "story telling" is an evil that is world wide; so common is the practice that not one story in ten has any foundation in truth. We all dislike to hear a false report concerning any of our friends, and wonder who could wickedly manufacture the story. But remember that everybody is somebody's friend, and just as dear as our friends are to us.

Falsehoods are not always, and I might say not often, the result of design on the part of those who tell them. They usually start with a conjecture, told for the first time in a whisper. Beware of the whisperer, and never repeat the story he tells; he does not speak the truth. The one who listens to the surmise attempts to repeat it, adds another conjecture; and so it goes on from one to another until no one can tell the author of the report. I have seen New England school boys roll a snow-ball down a hill. One would turn it over, then another and another, until a little mountain of snow had accumulated at the foot of the hill. Now, if you will tell me which boy made the snow-ball, I will tell you who manufactures the false reports we hear. In repeating a story tell each little incident precisely as it occurred; do not add a word, look, or gesture that does not belong in the original. If you cannot remember every particular, do not attempt to supply from your own active little brain some circumstance which never occurred; better leave your story half told than embellish it to the injury of yourself or another. K.

—In twelve years the number of primary schools in Great Britain has increased from 3,825 to 8,753; the number who can be accommodated from 588,000 to 1,724,000; the number who actually attend from 478,000 to 1,287,000.



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

THE LITTLE DREAMER.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

AN emigrant ship was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland. It was one of those disasters that leaves little but desolation in its path. Out of two hundred emigrants but four were spared to tell the story of their misfortune.

Among the rocks, half buried in sea-weed, a little girl was found. She was about three years of age. Her brown curls were thick-matted with sand; her flesh was sadly bruised with the sharp rocks; her large blue eyes were red with weeping, and her once rose-tinted cheeks were cold and white as marble.

"Mamma! Mamma! I want to go to my mamma!" were the first words the child uttered. Who was the child's mother? *Where* was she? Where from? where going? These were questions that none but the mother could answer, and upon her lips the seal of silence was set.

Mrs. Burnes, a kind-hearted widow living near where the ship was wrecked, took the child to her own home. "I have but few of the good things of this world," Mrs. Burnes said; "but this stray lamb shall not lack a shelter while I remember my own son—a lost lamb. I will deal with her, as I pray the dear God to deal with mine own, lovingly and very tenderly."

For a day or two the child was quite ill; she

took but little notice of good Mrs. Burnes, who was her nurse. Some said the child's brain was injured by the bruises she had received in the water; others thought she was only sleeping and dreaming, for she would often smile and whisper, "mamma." One day she opened her eyes; they seemed full of wild joy, and, out-reaching her hands, said: "Mamma! mamma! take Baby Bell! take Baby Bell!" "She does indeed sleep and dream," Mrs. Burnes said; "poor thing, she dreams of her mother, too."

A few days after the storm the sea gave back its dead. An old man, one of the four who were saved, took little Bell in his arms and went down to the beach where the corpses had drifted. The child seemed to understand that her mother was among the dead, so she watched for her among the bodies that were brought up for burial. At last a small, young woman, with long wavy hair, was brought up in the arms of a stout sailor. Little Bell looked a moment as if to be reassured there was no mistake; then, rushing to the spot where the man deposited his burden, she threw herself down beside the body, and, putting back the tangled hair from the fair face, kissed the cold lips again and again, saying: "Wake! mamma, wake! Baby Bell is here, and we must go and find papa." The rough-looking sailor drew his sleeve across his eyes, and said: "No life is there, darling." And he bore the child away; sailor and child weeping together.

Towards evening the dead were buried. Baby Bell and Mrs. Burnes were chief mourners, when the fair young woman was buried.

That night, Mrs. Burnes put her adopted child into a new crib, the gift of a generous-souled gentleman, and rocked her to sleep while she told her of her angel mother—that she was not dead, but, though she did not see her, she was still with her, loving and watching over her.

Mrs. Burnes loved her little charge, and gave her the attention she would wish another to give her own child. "Who knows" Mrs. Burnes would say, "but that Baby Bell's mother has found out my wayward boy—and whether he is on the sea, under the sea, or in the heavens, takes the care of him that I do of her child? somehow I can't help thinking, that as I give to this child, the other mother gives to mine.

Baby Bell used to go out into the field and creep under the branches of some old tree and

go to sleep, when she awoke she always had some sweet dream of her mother, to relate. "Let the little dreamer dream on," Mrs. Burnes would say; "It does us no harm; to her it brings a world of good."

One day the child was gone so long that Mrs. Burnes became alarmed and went in search of her. She found her under the tree where her mother was buried; she was reclining upon a broken branch of the old tree, asleep. Mrs. Burnes waited at a little distance. "I felt just as if the child was talking with her mother, and I did not like to disturb her," Mrs. Burnes said; "so I waited till she had her dream out." When Bell awoke, she saw Mrs. Burnes, and running to her, said: "Oh dear Ma Burnes! I have had just the sweetest dream you ever saw—I saw my mother and your lost Willie. Willie said he *did* go to sea and was *lost*, but I found him right here, didn't I Ma Burnes? My own mamma was so glad and so sweet; and, Ma Burnes, I *must* go to live with her and Willie. Don't cry, for you will go too, soon as you can get ready."

In a few days the little dreamer fell sick of fever. "Now I am going," she said one evening to Mrs. Burnes; "my mamma and your Willie are waiting. Good-night, Ma Burnes—kiss Baby Bell good night; it grows dark."

"Good night, Baby Bell. Pleasant be your dreams," said Mrs. Burnes; she thought the child's mind only wandered. It did wander on to the Morning-Land.

Baby Bell was buried beside her mother. A few loving friends enclosed the old tree, and the two graves. At the head of the small grave a marble slab was placed, on it was this inscription: "GOOD NIGHT, LITTLE DREAMER."

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

SKETCHES OF BRAVE LIVES,—NO. 4.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

JOAN OF ARC.

JEAUNE D'ARC, or, in plain English, Joan of Arc was born in a little village in Lorraine, France, in the year 1410. Her parents were poor, and from infancy she was obliged to perform hard labor. Joan was a thoughtful girl and found but few persons among her associates with whom she cared to converse. She tended sheep upon the hillside and rode the horses to and from the watering place. When engaged in her solitary out-door

duties, she heard, or imagined that she heard, voices from the other world. From the time she was thirteen until she grew to womanhood, these voices were constantly heard by her, counselling and guiding her and directing all her actions.

France was in danger. The English had been victorious, and even Orleans, the stronghold of the French, was besieged. Joan became enthusiastically devoted to the fortunes of the dauphin, Charles, and the "voices" became louder and more frequent. By them she learned that *she* was to prove the truth of the old tradition, (that a maiden was to deliver France from her enemies,) and she believed it. She went to her father confided in him, and begged for his assistance. She told him that voices from Heaven commanded her to go to the relief of Prince Charles. Her father laughed at her, called her a silly child, deluded by her vivid imagination, and told her to go back to her sheep and forget her dream of glory. Joan was determined, however, and made the necessary simple preparations for her journey. She found an unexpected ally in an uncle, who believed her to be divinely inspired, and who offered to accompany her. This offer she gladly accepted, and together they started. Under direction of the "voices," they applied to the Governor of Valcolours for aid. He treated their application with contempt, and advised Joan to return to Lorraine. This she refused to do, and the Governor was equally obstinate. For some time she remained at Valcolours, addressing the people and urging her claims whenever she had opportunity. At last she made a final appeal to the Governor. Her perseverance and innocence overcame his resolutions, for he yielded, and, with a fine horse and mounted escort, and in the garb of a man, Joan turned her face toward the dauphin, and started for his court.

Charles was at Chinon. What was his surprise to learn that a delicate girl, in the uniform of a soldier, and believing herself the deliverer of France, wished to see him. As she had been sent by so important and imperious a personage as Baudicourt he ordered a servant to admit her. When she made her appearance, Charles was in a room with many of his courtiers. No one informed Joan which was the one of whom she was in search, but the "voices" guided her.

She distinguished Charles at once, and addressing him upon the subject nearest her heart, a subject that night or day was never absent from her thoughts. Charles ordered her claims to be tested. She was examined by the most learned men of the day, but no evidence of witch-craft could be found against her. Finally she was pronounced a Holy Virgin whose claims to Heavenly guidance were justly founded. A fine suit of armor was made for her, and she was presented with a sword. The sword did not suit her. She told the donors, that buried in a cathedral at Fierbois was a consecrated one, and that one she must have and no other. The cathedral was searched; the sword was found and given to her. Carrying a white banner at the head of ten thousand troops she marched upon the enemy. Her success was wonderful. The English were obliged to retreat with a heavy loss. Numerous battles were fought, in all of which the maid with the white banner was successful. Several times she was wounded but recovered. The kings of France had always been crowned at Rheims. That Charles, the dauphin, should also there be crowned, was one of the objects of the maiden. She cleared the way to Rheims and there, in the cathedral, Charles, with Joan of Arc standing by his side, was pronounced King of the French. The maid's mission was ended; France saved; her king crowned. She knelt upon the stones at the king's feet, and, with tears implored him to allow her to return to her mother and father.

Her request was denied by the king and his generals. She could yet be of service to them, and they urged her to stay. She did so, and was doomed. Other battles were fought, with Joan at the head of the French troops, but she and her army met with reverse. In May, 1430, she was taken prisoner. After imprisonment and an unsuccessful attempt at escape, she was taken to Rouen, and there tried by the ecclesiastical authorities. She was convicted, and condemned to death. Her persecutors informed her that she must recant or perish at the stake. A written recantation was placed before her, and terrified, she signed it. Again she was put into prison, the "voices" became irregular and indistinct; a hue and cry was raised, and Joan of Arc was hurried from the prison walls to perish at the stake, May 31, 1431. Her ashes were thrown into the river Seine.

Joan of Arc was lovely and amiable, gentle and kind. Blame and infamy rest alike upon England and France for her death. The infamous transaction will be a blot forever upon the escutcheons of both countries.

THE SEA URCHIN.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

The Sea Urchin is a funny little fellow, who lives in a box—a beautiful box, too, no thicker than an egg shell, and, indeed, somewhat like one.

What is still more curious, a baby urchin, who is about as large as a small pea, has his tiny house, just big enough to hold him, and, when he grows too large to be comfortable in it, he is obliged to enlarge it, as he can never have but one box.

How do you suppose he manages to do that? How would you go to work to make an egg shell larger?

Well, I will tell you. This wonderful box is made of six hundred pieces, so nicely fitted together that we can scarcely see where they join, and the cunning little urchin builds it larger at these joints with lime, which he finds in the sea water. And when it is finally done, it is about three inches across, and round in shape.

But this is not all that is curious about this beautiful little creature. The bottom of his stone house has hundreds of little holes, like fine needle holes, and through these Mr. Urchin puts hundreds of tiny feet, and he can walk as well as anybody.

Then the top of his house is covered with green things, called spines, which look like bristles, and are tipped with rosy purple at the ends.

Sometimes he waves these spines in the water, and sometimes he stands them all up stiff, like a porcupine's. And, by the way, he is said to belong to the porcupine family.

His mouth—and that's the funniest thing about him—is hidden somewhere among his hundreds of feet, and when he finds a little crab or shell-fish that he fancies would be nice for dinner, his feet, which seem also to be hands, seize the unfortunate object, and pass it along from one to another, till it reaches his mouth, when they join and cram it in. And in the mouth are plenty of strong teeth to finish the victim in a moment.—*Children's Hour.*

—Happiness is not the end of life; character is. This world is not a platform where you will hear Thalberg-piano-playing. It is a piano manufactory, where are dust, and shavings, and boards, and saws, and files, and rasps, and sand-papers. The perfect instrument and the music will be hereafter.

—Trust thyself only, and another shall not betray thee.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLE.

"Mother, I 3, 8, 25, 7, 33, going 17, 22 school to-day 13, 22 now." 10, 28, 9, 4 little 23, 1, 16, 19, 11 Bell, throwing herself 9, 29, 26, 7, 27, 31, 6 chair 1, 25, 4 rocking violently back 28, 25, 4 forth. "Why 25, 23, 33 my 4, 15, 28, 19." 10, 3, 9, 4 her 8, 23, 16, 27, 18, 21. "Because all 16, 23, 24 girls 9, 25 school but 8, 24 have new hats 3, 25, 4, 9, 3, 8, 29, 7, 17 going 16, 27, 18, 21, 24 looking like a perfect dowdy 16, 23 get laughed 28, 16." "4. 7 you recite your lessons 1, 10 well 28, 10, 16, 27, 11, 23, 26, 27 15, 21 girls?" said Mrs. Bell. "Yes," answered 23, 1, 16, 9, 18, hesitatingly. "16, 15 you 30, 12, 25, 4, 17, 22 your teacher and playmates?" "Yes 8. 1, 8, 8, 1." "4, 23, 15, 10 your teacher love you?" "13, 27, 11, 10, 24, 11, 8, 13 very glad to 10, 11, 15, 8, 18 always." "Do 26, 27, 31, 7, 16, 27, 15, 19 little girls whose 27, 1, 17, 10, 3, 6, 15 new recite 20, 18, 16, 26, 18, 6, behave better, 7, 19 are they 8, 7, 21, 21 generally loved 26, 27, 3, 25 my little 23, 3, 16, 12, 24, with her old-fashioned 27, 3, 26? If 25, 7, 16 you 25, 15, 18, 4, not 20, 15 ashamed 16, 7 go 26, 22 school."

Katie's face lighted up with a smile 3, 10, 18, 27, 18, 10, 1, 13, 4. "I 13, 3, 9, 4. I would 25, 7, 17 go, but 9, 16, 27, 13, 25, 30, I 27, 3, 4, 14, 11, 26, 17, 24, 19 break my bad 5, 19, 7, 8, 12, 10, 18 than 20, 24, 11, 23 it. Katie went to school.

The moral of the above story is an old proverb and a key to the puzzle. K.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 34, 7, 13, 31, 3 is a state.

My 19, 26, 30, 31 is a planet.

My 8, 29, 14, 5 we live on.

My 16, 9, 31, 1, 22 was a poet.

My 2, 33, 10, 11, 24, 6 is a girl's name.

My 25, 15, 17, 20, 13 is an animal.

My 23, 7, 20, 24 is not found in town.

My 23, 18, 30, 3 is a musical instrument.

My 27, 22, 4, 1, 23 is a river.

My whole is the name of an excellent book and its author.

MAGGIE.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 2, 3 is an annoying insect.

My 4, 10, 14, 15 is a verb.

My 3, 13, 14 is a child's toy.

My 9, 5, 14, 15 is made of hemp.

My 4, 5, 6, 15, 7 is sweet.

My 8, 15, 11, 12 was a bold archer.

My 14, 5, 14, 15 is the head of the Catholic Church.

My whole is the name of a prominent British author.

S. W. S.

ANSWERS.

Enigma, by Mary L. Willis—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Enigma, by H. G.—Hannibal Hamlin.

Arithmetical Questions—No. 1—Wheat, \$2.00; rye, 1.00.

Answered by Maggie Holland:

No. 2—26. Answered by Annie Holland.

No. 3—5. Answered by Jennie Brown.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

WHAT I SAW THIS MORNING.

I saw two little bay horses drawing a great, heavy street car. That was nothing very remarkable; such sights are frequent in large cities. But there were as many as sixty men, and I don't know how many women and chil-

dren, crowded into the car. Ladies were standing holding bundles and babies; gentlemen were on the steps clinging to the car, apparently enjoying the ride, and doubtless thinking what a convenience street cars are for poor, tired business men. But what were the poor ponies thinking? They were thinking, perhaps, that those sixty men would average 150 lbs. each, making 9,000 lbs. freight, besides baggage, women, children and the car. They might be thinking, as I was, that those strong men would look better walking—or that the great, rich city of Chicago, the pride of the west, might afford another car and two more little bays, for the comfort of passengers. There is an organized society in New York, for the protection of animals. Will some of the young readers of the LYCEUM BANNER, learn all about that society, and send the particulars to Mrs. Brown, for publication? I am sure it will make an interesting item for the children. And then who knows but Chicago may sometime boast of such a society? K.

MRS. BLUE.

Mrs. Blue is an unhappy woman. Life to her is a barren desert, containing nothing but sands of unhappiness. Out of little troubles she forms mountains of evils, and every moment of happiness is considered a forerunner of some great calamity. I have seen her go into hysterics over a bleeding nose, and cry for hours over a cut finger, fearing it would produce the lockjaw. If Blue attempts a joke she thinks him intoxicated, and forthwith bemoans the manhood of her husband and preaches unto him a sermon of morals, interlarded with her own hardships and trials. Her friends have ceased to visit her, leaving her to brood over her troubles alone and undisturbed. Poor Mrs. Blue! I pity her, but her husband more. Now there are a great many Mrs. Blues in this land of ours, who go through life a dissatisfied, miserable and despised crowd. And, in their eager grasp after the thistles of life, they never observe or think of the beautiful flowers of happiness that grow beneath the thistles' shade. The sweet smile of innocent childhood and the approving words of old age are unknown to them. They "have set their lives upon a cast," and think they "must stand the hazard of the die." The cast is the suppression of all that is good and noble in their nature, and the die is a life of misery and unmourned death.—Selected.

—Every vicious indulgence must be paid for cent by cent.

—Every man thinks his own geese are swans.

—Circumstances alter cases: the straightest stick appears crooked in water.

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. Curdiss, 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 Cobhill, Guardian.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Lyceum organized Dec. 9, 1866. Meets in Music Hall every Sunday afternoon. Mr. S. H. Wertman, Conductor; Miss Sarah Brooks, Guardian.

BELOIT, WIS.—Lyceum organized Aug. 11, 1867. Meets every Sunday in the Spiritualists' Free Church at 2 P. M. Mr. S. U. Hamilton, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Dresser, Guardian.

CORRY, PA.—Lyceum organized Aug. 18, 1867. Meets in Good Templar Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Charles Holt, Conductor; Miss Helen Martin, Guardian.

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

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

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Lyceum organized July, 1867. Dr. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Hooker, Guardian.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOTUS, IND.—Lyceum organized October, 1866. F. A. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Ann H. Gardner, Guardian.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Lyceum No. 1 meets every Sunday at Washington Hall, southwest corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, at 10 a. m., except July and August, in which the summer recess occurs. M. B. Dyott, Conductor; Arabella Ballenger, Guardian.

Lyceum No. 2—Meetings held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock at Thompson Street Church, below Front street. Isaac Rehn, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock. I. Carver, Conductor; Mrs. E. W. Bartlett, Guardian.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street.

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

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

RICHMOND, IND.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. Ell Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Adleman, 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 3 o'clock p. m.

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

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

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

St. Louis, Mo.—Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Mercantile Hall. 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.

WILLMANTIC, CONN.—Organized July 15, 1866. Remus Robinson, Conductor; W. Fuller, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Parinton, 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, 403 Sycamore, corner of Fourth street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. NELLIE SMITH, Sturgis, Mich.
 ANDREW J. DAVIS and MARY F. DAVIS, Orange, N. J.
 ALBERT E. CARPENTER, Putnam, Conn.
 HARRY CLIBBY, M. D., Peterborough, N. H.
 A. A. WHELOCK, 337 Erie street, Ohio.