

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

VOL. I.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 15, 1867.

No. 8.



NOBODY'S CHILD.

Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare, cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go;
The night is coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty and all things bright;
Beautiful children in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering, and nothing to eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down,
In its terrible blackness, over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold, hard pavement-stone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And their mammas have tucked them up snugly in bed,
No dear mother ever upon me smiled;
Why is it, I wonder? I'm nobody's child!

No father, no mother, no sister—not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them; 'tis wondrous to see
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white-robed, nameless things
Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair;
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that ever was heard—
Calls me many a dear, pet name,
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame.

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above;
They look at me with their soft, blue eyes,
As calm and bright as the summer skies;
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,
I'm going up to that world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so wild;
I am sure I will then be somebody's child.

THE CHRIST CHILD.

BY SARA E. PAYSON.

CHRISTMAS holidays came once more, ushered in the by merry Christmas eve, children had talked about and waited for so long, that it began to seem to them a fabulous time, and even when it arrived, was not real, though the hand on the year's dial *almost* touched "*Dec. 25th.*" Still, they agreed it was just such an evening as they would have chosen, had it been left to them to make Christmas weather. So clear that they could look millions of miles into the sky, and yet millions of mile farther off, see groups of stars blinking at the groups of eyes which looked curiously up at them. The new moon, too, they thought, shone brighter than all the moons which had sped round the earth since last Christmas.

Outside the cities, the ground was covered with snow, and the branches of the trees were hoar with frost. Icicles hung from the roofs, and everything, like them, looked brittle with cold. The snow cracked underneath the foot, the pavement in the towns gave back a short, sharp ring to the horse-hoofs clattering over it. Christmas was all the better for being so "crispy cold," the merry children said; for they wore soft, woolen garments; bright fires burned in their homes, and the keen air entered only when some package was put in at the door, with the "best wishes of Santa Claus," who did not like to tell them of naked little feet which had pattered beside him here and there, numb with the "crispy cold," because he feared it would dampen their mirth, and he has a tender heart towards all children. Now he sighed for pity of some homeless little wanderer, and at the same moment joined in a peal of laughter which broke from under a Christmas tree just across the street, or perhaps thousands of miles away; for to-night Santa Claus was in search of the Christ-child whose birth the world celebrates by gifts to children, and it was needful he should be in many places at once, and assume many forms.

He was a king and queen, choosing jewels for young princes and princesses; a street-sweeper hurrying home with a penny toy for the baby in the cradle; a smiling maiden weaving crowns of flowers for little sisters; a weary seamstress taking her day's hard earned shilling to the little blind boy who shared her attic. He trod the halls of the rich, where children were danc-

ing between the lights of many colored candles festooned with evergreen and red berries; penetrating also the dim abodes of the poor. Now, with the swift step of the mountaineer, he bounded along, scarce heeding the sweet appeal of the brooks for freedom to babble yet a while longer, nor the marvelous crystal prisms building to hold them, though the gates glowed in the moonlight as if being from diamonds wrought, so eager he hastened to fill with dark brown nuts the stockings of his little friends.

Or, with the light foot of a village girl, he carried—wrapped in a snow-white napkin—the Christmas plum-pudding, and a basket of apples, to "the little roadside strangers," whose wondering eyes asked, "How come you to know that we were here?" At the same time he was threading the thoroughfares of great cities, in many lands, bearing gilded books and rare pictures; and groping in dark alleys, which no moonbeam or lamp illumines by night, or sunbeam by day, leaving behind him bread for the famishing mouths of children who were unable to discern in the darkness who had fed them.

Never resting, faithfully he sought to fulfill the mission given him to find the Christ-child. Many times he retraced his way at the call of some childish voice; for, "perchance 'tis the Christ-child calling," he would say, and again and again he asked, "Where is the Christ-child found? Not wth the children of kings and queens; for they are proud of their exalted station, and the Christ-child is meek. Not in the street-sweeper's cradle; for already upon the face of his babe has fallen want's shadow, and the Christ-child's beams with health. Not crowned with the little sister's flowers; for they are unwilling to crown in return the beggar-girl in the porch, who asks, 'Please give me a flower!' and the Christ-child gladly shares with the humblest. Nor sitting with veiled eyes in the seamstress's attic; for no wrong can have darkened the sight of the child, who is light to the blind. Radiant wth joy, beautiful with love, will be the child I am sent to find."

When the night was far spent, and he had yet found no counterpart of that which his imagination pictured, Santa Claus turned away and wept. "If there be no Christ-child, why this rejoicing? and why am I the dispenser of gifts?" he questioned again; when from every

city, and town, and village, and hamlet, came a call for his return.

Reluctant, he said, "I will go though I shall find all sleeping; for the moon has set." He did not look for the Christ-child now among the little sleepers before him; but while his eyes rested sadly upon them, he was astonished to behold hovering by the pillow of each the image he had pictured, only fairer a hundred-fold.

Smiling at his surprise, these Christ-children pointed to the gifts which waited the awakening of the slumberers, and spoke thus:

"It was you, kind Santa Claus, who by your loving remembrance of us, helped us while we were on earth, to grow beautiful enough for heaven. "Look?" and now they pointed to the hearts of all the child-sleepers all over the world.

What must have been the joy of good Santa Claus to find in each heart—as he looked—a resemblance to its angelic guardian, and thus to learn that in each heart is "The Christ child" waiting to be born.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LYCEUM CONVENTION.

Agreeably to the call published in the Banner of Light, the officers and friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceums in New England met at Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., on Tuesday, Oct. 29th, 1867. The assembly was called to order by Mr. E. R. Fuller, of Worcester, who made an appropriate welcome address.

Mr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, was elected President *pro tem.* and Mr. Leander Dustin, of Chelsea, Secretary *pro tem.*

Mr. Richardson on taking the Chair made a few remarks, setting forth some of the objects of the convention, and spoke favorably of organizing permanently.

Mr. A. E. Carpenter, of Putnam, Conn., the originator of the Convention, then spoke of the objects contemplated in the Call, setting forth the idea that by meeting together from time to time and becoming better acquainted with each other; letting each other know of the manner of conducting their respective Lyceums; the most successful plans adopted: the difficulties under which all labor, &c., we shall be able to make our Lyceums more interesting, and consequently more instructive.

On motion of E. R. Fuller, it was voted to call upon the different Lyceums represented, for a list of representatives present, and the following Lyceums were found to be represented: Worcester, Boston, Charlestown, Chelsea, East Boston, Lowell, Stoneham, Springfield, Haverhill, Providence, R. I., Putnam, Hartford, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. Williams, of Springfield, spoke on the subject of Organization, and of the sympathy that the Lyceums should receive from Spiritualists in general, and closed by asking: "Of what use is Spiritualism, if it does not result in a practical good?" He was earnestly answered by Mr. Carpenter.

On motion of Mr. Carpenter, a committee of five was appointed as a business committee, and Mr. Carpenter, of Putnam, Mr. Fuller, of Worcester, and Mrs. Lyman, of Springfield, were appointed. Adjourned till the afternoon.

The convention was called to order at a quarter-past two p. m. The Business Committee made a report, recommending the appointment of a Committee on Permanent Organization, which was adopted, and a committee of five was appointed by the Chair, as follows: Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Stearns, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Fuller, and Mrs. Dodge. This Committee was empowered to draft a Preamble and Constitution.

During the absence of the Committee, remarks were made by Rev. J. O. Barrett, of Sycamore, Ill., who was followed by several others, among whom was Mr. J. B. Morrison, a young man from Haverhill, Mass., who stated that their Lyceum had gone to the ground, and was about to give the reasons therefor when he was taken possession of by his controlling spirits, who thought that they would tell the story themselves, which was done in a very earnest manner.

Mr. Fuller, Chairman of the Committee on Organization, reported the following names for permanent officers: For President, A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, Mass. For Vice Presidents, E. R. Averill, of Dover, Me., J. W. Lewis, of Providence, R. I., and Miss Eliza May, of Putnam, Conn. For Secretary, Leander Dustin, of Chelsea, Mass. The Committee also recommended the appointment of a separate Committee on resolutions. The Chairman then made a few remarks pertinent to the occasion. He was followed by Messrs. Carpenter, Carter, of Lowell, Dustin, Freeman of East Boston, Lewis, of Providence, Harris, of Stoneham, Williams, of Springfield, Barrett of Illinois, Howe, of Worcester, Chandler, of Putnam, and Mrs. Mowry, of Providence.

A Committee on resolutions was appointed as follows: Carter, of Lowell, Carpenter, of Putnam, Fuller, of Worcester, Lewis, of Providence, Williams, of Springfield, Mrs. Stearns, of Worcester, and Mrs. Evans, of Lowell. Adjourned.

The Convention was called to order at 7 p. m. and the members present enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing the exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Worcester, after which the President read a letter from Mr. John T. Freeman, Conductor of the East Boston Lyceum. Mr. Moses, of Worcester, made a few remarks in relation to the musical department of the Lyceum. He thought that the songs at present used by them were inadequate to the wants of the children, and urged the necessity of having

a larger assortment of hymns and tunes. Mr. Barrett stated that we should be in part relieved, by the publication of a new singing-book, designed for the use of Societies and Lyceums, upon which work he and Mr. Peebles were making fair progress, and hoped soon to have ready.—Adjourned to next day.

Second Day, Oct. 30.—The Convention was called to order at 8:30 A. M. Mr. L. P. Freeman, of East Boston, was appointed Assistant Secretary. The Chairman of the committee on Resolutions, reported the following, which were acted upon separately and adopted :

Preamble. Believing that occasional meetings of the friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum movement will be productive of great good ; therefore,

Resolved, That the New England Lyceum Convention shall hold annual meetings at such times and places as the President, Vice Presidents and Secretary shall designate ; and that all other Children's Progressive Lyceums be invited to meet with us.

Resolved, That the objects of this Convention are, mutual acquaintance, harmony of feeling and unity of action on the part of Children's Progressive Lyceums. Also, of devising ways and means that will most successfully unfold the spiritual idea of a true education.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention, one of the greatest difficulties the Lyceum movement has to encounter is the want of interest and co-operation on the part of parents who profess to be Spiritualists, as well as liberal reformers ; therefore we deem it our duty to earnestly urge all such to lend us their hearty co-operation by sending their children to the Lyceum, and by their own presence aid and encourage the Lyceum movement. By these means, and these alone, can the highest hopes and expectations for the future of the Lyceum be realized.

Resolved, That, recognizing the fact that Children's Progressive Lyceums are the outgrowth of Spiritualism, we are pained to know that in some places there seems to be a conflict of interest between the Lyceums and the Spiritualist Societies ; therefore we would earnestly urge upon all Societies of Spiritualists to foster the Lyceums, as being the greatest means by which we hope to advance the true interest of Spiritualism, by giving to the world and future generations a class of men and women untrammelled by the superstitions of false theology.

Resolved, That we, as officers and members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, deem it of the utmost importance to sustain and promote the interest of the Lyceum, and that we will do all in our power to accomplish this most noble work ; and,

Whereas, We feel that we are in harmony with the angel world in this grand effort ; therefore,

Resolved, That we will endeavor to take such action in this Convention as shall further and

develop the objects of the Lyceum movement.

Resolved, That we heartily recommend the "Lyceum Banner" to the liberal patronage of the Children's Progressive Lyceums throughout the country, as a well conducted and attractive organ, true to their interests.

Resolved, That the Banner of Light is a long tried friend, faithful in every respect to the cause of Spiritualism in all its outgrowing reforms, and therefore is entitled to our warmest gratitude and support.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to transmit a copy of the proceedings of this Convention to the Banner of Light and to the Lyceum Banner for publication.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention are hereby tendered to the kind people of Worcester, for the very hospitable manner in which we have been entertained by them ; and we beg to assure them that the pleasant memories of their kindness shall always be with us.

Voted that this Convention close at 2:30 P. M. Adjourned.

Met at 1:30 P. M. Opened by singing the song from the Lyceum Manual, called "The Band of Liberty." Letters were read from Mrs. Mary F. Davis, of New Jersey, and Mr. W. E. Smith of Portland, Me. Remarks were continued by several concerning the manner in which their Lyceums were conducted.

During the entire session the utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed. The delegates were admirably entertained by our Worcester friends. On Tuesday at 5 o'clock P. M., a bountiful collation was served in the hall.

The general tenor of the remarks made in respect to the different Lyceums, shows a lack of sympathy for the Lyceums on the part of Spiritualists, which is much to be regretted ; for in the Lyceum its friends are confident that they see the germ of a mighty influence which will be felt in the generations yet to come—for the child of the present is to be the man of the future, and if their young minds are developed up to that high standard, of which we talk so much, they will become a mighty power in eradicating the superstitious bigotries of the past. But on the other hand, if Spiritualists (as many of them do,) continue to send their children to the old theological schools to be educated in the quintessence of superstition, then are the mighty developments for which we are laboring in a great measure a failure.

Thus closed the first Lyceum Convention in New England. Its deliberations were marked by harmony and good will, and we trust that the facts and suggestions brought before the Convention will be duly weighed, and all imperfections remedied before the next meeting of the same.

—The noblest hero is he who successfully battles with himself!

LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS.

DEAR READERS OF THE LYCEUM BANNER:

Christmas is coming, so am I coming. What without me would the day be to you? and but for Christmas I should remain in the Northwest corner of Nowhere. But this fact is nothing here or there. That I am coming—that I have a large half-filled sack to bring is a settled point. But what I now want is to send by the advance train—not George Francis Train—a few hints and suggestions; I want to send some of you, watching, helping, fearing hearts, joy, by hinting that I have in my hands bundles, great and small, waiting Christmas eve. "Uncle Jacob" has a sled for Charlie; a pair of dolls for Jessie and Jennie, and a watch for Eliza. Carrie Ella Barney will throw her faithful crutches to the wind and dance for joy when I tuck into her stocking a charming—"oh no I'll never mention" what it is. Guess there will not be much room left for a pair of feet. Maria Harrold sung a sweet song about an "old man" (wonder if she meant me.) Another old man put into my sack a fine set of—well she will know when she gets them. I have a "Club" for May Turner, and for little Jennie Thompson, who lives on a "bit of country," such a nice pair of boots for her precious little feet! For Charlie Riggs I have something prettier than a "Pin Fair;" a "Puzzle" for Myron Myers; a prize-book for Eddie Drury. I have cups, knives, books, and a host of good and useful things stowed away in my sack for the Lyceum children—small and large. Wish I dared tell what I have for Mrs. Dye and Mrs. Dyott. I am not going to, but then photograph albums with a hundred sweet faces looking out from the pages would be quite a pleasant surprise, but I have no idea these worthy ladies will ever get them. Wont you, some of you, bless me so long as you live? But do you know that to some people—to many children—Christmas has no charms, and that I am regarded as an old covey lurking about rich men's houses? Dear me! I would love to be generous; I wish I could creep down old rickety chimneys, make fires, roast turkeys, warm freezing feet, feed hungry mouths and leave a big bundle of blessings and sunshine. But, to tell the whole truth, I am as poor as a church mouse; I am a bundle-bearer—"simply this and nothing more." But I have hints to give, so please listen. You can add a few things to my sack, things that I may

leave in the blessed *Christ* name, in Love's sweet name or in any other name; I care little for the name; it is the things I am hinting at. I have room for a few tons of coal, turkeys, chickens, loads of wood, bags of flour, outgrown and new garments, boots for bare feet, and bread for empty stomachs. By the way, I know a good *Child* who has a big oven and a large heart; wonder if he will not tuck an oven of bread into my sack. A few dollars will be very acceptable, if I can get them. If I cannot get a dollar I will take a dime, a half dime, a penny. A little girl (so a newspaper said) gave a penny for a tract. It was sent over the sea to the heathen, and it converted seventeen thousand souls. I don't think that over sixteen thousand nine hundred and ninety nine were converted, but if the other soul was saved, all the better. It was a good penny if it saved but one soul. But give me a penny for the home heathen or for hungry Christians. I will take it to them without a dime to pay transportation.

You don't know where to send your dimes, pennies and goods. Let me tell you one place. A few Chicago women have been looking about—peering into cellars and garrets. They have found honest poverty in rags, empty larders; no fuel, no money. They find widows working, as *mothers will work*, to educate, clothe feed, *homs* their little ones. I have hinted to these ladies the propriety of surprising these families by sending them Christmas gifts of fuel, edibles and wearables. They say "yes" to my suggestions; but whence the means? they have not the ability to meet the demands of cold, hunger, and nakedness; then I thought to write you this note and ask you to send them the means of making glad some few of God's poor, as I pray you may. Will you do it? If you send to Chicago you may direct to Lou H. Kimball No. 167 South Clark street or to Miss E. B. Tallmadge and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, No 16 North Green street; these women will pay express charges, and distribute any gifts.

The Secretary will keep a faithful record of contributions, and contributors. I hope to hear from you, and expect on Christmas morning to listen rejoicingly to this little prayer:

"God bess brodder, God bess moder, God bess sister, and God bess good old Santa Claus."

Very Truly,
Chicago, Ill.

SANTA CLAUS.

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

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

Single Copies, Five Cents.

All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Lou H. KIMBALL, P. O. Drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill.

OHIOAGO.

Chicago's history is brief. From the time when two families constituted its entire white population, to the time when that population had increased to a quarter of a million souls—but a short period of thirty-five years has elapsed. There is no fairy tale; no story of the Arabian Nights, so wonderful as the rise and growth of Chicago. From an Indian trading post, garrisoned by two companies of United States soldiers and possessing twelve log houses, occupied by about one hundred persons, Chicago has grown, in the third part of a century, to be the fourth city on the Continent. Her broad well-paved avenues, her blocks of splendid structures of iron and of marble, public buildings, churches, schools, colleges, universities, and all the evidences of a high and refined cultivation to-day are here; yesterday they were not.

The twenty-six square miles now embraced within the limits of the city, were but a barren waste of prairie, and the Chicago river, which now floats the largest inland commerce in the world—was a dead and sluggish stream, its banks covered with rushes and wild rice, and its friendly waters the harbor only, for great flocks of geese and other wild fowl, which gathered here for food and shelter.

In 1838, the sum total of the grain trade of Chicago was 78 bushels of wheat. The amount of grain now annually shipped from here is nearly sixty millions of bushels, and this is but a tithe of the product of the great and fertile valley of the Mississippi, whose forty eight thousand miles of navigable waters penetrate every nook and corner of the great west, and fetch the products of the land to the great central mart at the head of Lake Michigan. Last year the state of Illinois raised corn enough to load four thousand five hundred miles of teams; more than one half the distance around the globe; of

this vast quantity]but a comparatively small portion finds its way to the seaboard in its native state, the great majority of it being consumed in fattening cattle and swine for market. Of neat cattle there are slaughtered here every year one hundred thousand head, and of hogs nearly one million.

There are fifteen railroads centering in Chicago, which, like great veins and arteries, reach out to every town and hamlet in the land, and on these roads are four thousand seven hundred freight cars used to carry in the products of the soil, and to take back the silks and velvets, the tea, coffee, spices, and sugar, the merinoes, prints and other manufactured goods from the seaport cities. Chicago is now pushing the iron horse onward to the Pacific. Already the shriek and tramp of the monster can be heard for a thousand miles westward of Lake Michigan, and ere many months his voice will be heard thunder at the Golden Gates of San Francisco, and then the rock-bound shores of the Atlantic will be united in one unbroken chain, with the green sunny slopes of the Pacific.

No one to-day can comprehend the amazing strides of civilization on the American continent and we only get a glimpse of the future by reading the record of the past.

Thirty-five years ago when Chicago was just born to the world, the city of New York had a population of but two hundred and fifty thousand; to-day, with her suburbs and surroundings, she numbers more than one and a half millions. It does not require a very wild flight of the imagination to see Chicago, within the next quarter of a century, occupying the place which New York holds to-day.

Its location in the center of the great grain-growing, and food-producing region of the west; its commanding position on the banks of Lake Michigan; the wonderful enterprise, spirit, and energy of its people, will, before the end of this century, make Chicago the central city and Capital of this continent, the greatest in population and wealth, of any city in America. We do not except New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, for these will be but the seaports, through which the west will ship her food and provisions to other lands, and other nations, and Chicago will be to this country, what London is to England, and Paris is to France, the central Capital of the New world.

BOOK NOTICE.

ARABULA; OR, THE DIVINE GUEST. Containing a new collection of Gospels. By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Boston: Wm. White & Co., 158 Washington street. Price \$1.50; postage 20 cents.

The young folks, who are so fortunate as to be members of a "Progressive Lyceum," are all familiar with the name of Andrew Jackson Davis to whom they are so much indebted for the rich inheritance he has bequeathed them in that blessed institution, so well adapted to their culture and amusement—"the Children's Progressive Lyceum."

"ARABULA," a new work just from the pen of this gifted man, is more especially adapted to the wants of children of a larger growth, although there is much in it within the compass of the youthful mind. But the many friends of Mr. Davis will welcome this new work and study its pages with eagerness and satisfaction.

Our limited space will not admit of as an extended notice as we should like to give it, and we can only say to our readers, be sure to read *Arabula* and then listen to the voice which will say to every sincere, earnest soul—"I am *Arabula*; I am the *light* of the world; he that followeth me shall have *light* and life; he that loveth me keepeth my commandments."

Arabula is for sale at this office No. 167 South Clark street.

SIXTH MONTHLY CONCERT.

The sixth regular monthly concert of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, at Crosby's Music Hall, in this city, Sunday evening, Dec. 1, was, like the preceding concerts, a success. The members of the Lyceum, old and young, deserve great credit for their energy and perseverance, in carrying on their juvenile entertainments. Aside from the pecuniary benefit derived therefrom the development of mind and muscle is far greater. In the "wing movement" one sees the benefit they are to limbs and lungs.

Master Harris, the young orator, will remember in the coming years that his first lesson was given at the Chicago Lyceum. The dear little Kopps, from here started fame-ward; here Lizzie Avery took her first prize for good speaking. Others will live to bless the good officers of the Chicago Progressive Lyceum.

Dr. J. P. Bryant has subscribed for eight copies of the **LYCEUM BANNER** for eight little friends.

ITEMS.

Mrs. Dyott has sent us some of the Questions and Answers given in the Philadelphia Lyceum. Will other Guardians do the same? The various Lyceums are as one family, and all like to know what is said and done by the other family members.

Mrs. Dyott writes that our types made her say that they had one hundred and twenty six bound books. Read thousand instead of hundred.

George A. Shufeldt, Esq. has promised our readers "Stories of the Stars." No. 1 commences Jan. 1st.

Mr. Shufeldt is quite at home with the Stars—the *Stellar Stars*. We therefore expect to read these winter evenings, his stories in the **LYCEUM BANNER** and in the *Starry Blue*.

The *Toledo Blade* says that a few of the Toledo people surprised Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock a few evenings since by going to their home and leaving nearly \$50 in provisions and money. The *Blade* adds "A Children's Progressive Lyceum, which commenced under Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock's supervision, with only *fourteen*, and now numbers over sixty children, in regular attendance, and is constantly attracting increased interest and attention. And thus it is—the *worker* ever wins."

Well done Toledo folks, and well done good and faithful servant's of the rising generation.

Read Santa Claus letter. He proposes writing the result of his letter. He wants to tell how many homes and how many hearts he makes glad on one day of the year.

DONATIONS.

O. H. Congar, M. D., \$3.00; for New Boston (Ill.) Lyceum. "A Friend," \$10.

Five copies have been sent to Hingham (Mass.) Lyceum; five copies for the "little friends," of A. A. Wheelock. The New Boston Lyceum will receive five instead of three copies of the paper.

WHY DO BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE?

This question was asked in the Chicago Lyceum. The following are some of the answers from the little folks. "If they did not agree they would fall out. "Because they love each other." The birds agree because they are not civilized. The birds do not agree; my mother has birds and they fight like Christians."

Read the new book advertisement on the second page. Any one sending us \$10 for new subscribers, before January, shall receive either "*Arabula*," or "*A Woman's Secret*."

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

THE SNOW-FLAKES.

BY S. WILLEY SPELLMAN.

Snow-flakes! snow-flakes! see them as they fly,
In circling eddies whirling downward from the sky;
See them! mimic dancers! up and down they go,
Troops of merry snow-flakes driven to and fro.
Why, I think they look like, in their giddy whirrs,
Bands of little fairies or merry boys and girls,
Playing hide and seek or racing for a prize,
Or dancing spirit-music as they hurry from the skies.

Snow-flakes! snow-flakes! many thoughts you bring,
Of the joys and sorrows you bear upon your wing—
Merry bells and voices in jolly chorus chime,
And hail the sports that wait them throughout the winter
time;

While many little children, with faces pale with woe,
Think only of the bitter cold that come with winter's snow.
Your joys and sorrows blended a wondrous medley make,
That makes us sad, then joyous, with every falling flake.

Snow-flakes! snow-flakes! so chilly and so white,
The winding-sheet that covers all the flowers from our
sight—

They all faded at the touch of Autumn's biting frost,
And neath your folds all traces of their fragrant life is lost;
But spring-time will release them from the graves wherein
they lie,

For flowers, like our spirits, can never, never die;
Then, children, cease repining, for the flowers are not dead,
Although their tender petals may be withered, faded, fled.

They will wake to life and beauty when spring-time's
gentler away

Shall clothe the earth with verdure in a panoply more gay,
When the snow-flakes, touched with sunlight, shall water
with their tears

The shrubs within their sepulchres and on their frozen biers.
Then shout and sing, ye little ones! let gladness fill each
heart,

And in the sports of winter let each one take a part,
For frost will only quicken the warm blood in each vein,
And make you love the flowers more when they shall come
again.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

MRS. J. F.

Your favor of the 5th inst. is before me. In answer I assure you, I am most willing to aid you in your inestimable efforts, to lead the young minds of our future citizens, into a clearer conception of life's great mission; and as to reward, if any be merited, I am more than paid by the privilege of giving my thoughts to the dear little ones.

To educate them in the pure principles of a natural religion, is the true, rational policy; because consonant to the best instincts of the human heart. Everybody's God is a counterpart of each one's self; consequently, their Gods improve as they themselves improve; no higher conceptions are possible until higher ideals are awakened. In this lies the beauty and uses

of Lyceum movements. Be assured I am heart and soul in it, and shall take pleasure in contributing my mite towards the up-building of a true, spiritual church. Truly Yours,

JANE FROHOCK.

J. M. A.

I am interested in the success of the Lyceum movement, and in anything which promises to bear healthfully upon the education of the young. I am contemplating the opening of a seminary for the young of both sexes—to be conducted upon Spiritualistic principles, in a month or two, at the new and promising progressive settlement at Blue Anchor, N. J.

With kind wishes for the success of your worthy enterprise, I am, Yours fraternally,

J. MADISON ALLYN.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RICHMOND LYCEUM.

Sunday, the 10th ult., was the anniversary of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, at Richmond, Indiana. On Saturday evening preceding the anniversary, the children, leaders, officers, and all the friends of the Lyceum met at their hall to celebrate the event. The hall was soon filled, and the whole audience were first entertained for almost an hour with scenes from the magic lantern, which were exceedingly interesting. Then followed a short time given to playing and enjoyment of any kind suitable for children. The distribution of presents then took place. This was a time of high expectations to all children, for every child was to receive a gift, the value of which was determined by the number of rewards of merit that he or she had received during the past year. A committee had been appointed to procure the great number of gifts, which consisted of dolls, games, toys of all kinds, and little articles made by the older persons, all together making a display of children's presents, which, when arranged on a low table, filled every little heart with joy. The committee stood by the gifts, and as the conductor called each one out, he or she was allowed to choose whatever pleased the fancy most.

The evening being spent, all went gladly home, and on the next day, Sunday, the newly elected officers took charge of the Lyceum, and a new year was commenced under the most favorable prospects.

O. H.

I am happy to be enabled to assure you that we are constantly increasing in strength and numbers. We have established a library for the children, mostly by contributions of books. Last Sunday was the first day we distributed books to the children. It was pleasant to see their happy faces light with joy as this new pleasure was announced to them.

Corry, Penn.

CHARLES HOLT.

T. M.

Our Lyceum now meets at Mercantile Hall, instead of at No. 544 Washington street. We have thus far met with very good success. The Lyceum now numbers over a hundred children. We have quite a commodious hall. It will hold about six hundred persons. Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, in connection with the Lyceum. Hoping that the LYCEUM BANNER may be a success,

I am, most respectfully, THOMAS MARSH.
Boston, Mass.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

LETTERS TO MY JUVENILE FRIENDS—No. 2.
BY MOSES HULL.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—You will remember that in a former letter, I told you the whole world was yours. Now what you want, above all things else, is to know how to use it wisely.

First I would urge you to cultivate habits of *industry*. You do not realize now, as you will by and by, how easily good, steady habits are formed in youth, and how hard it is in riper years to correct bad ones which are now formed. Habit gains in strength every day, and habits of some kind are now settling on you. If they are good, sober, useful ones there will be no need of conquering them in the future; if not, prepare to be slaves all your life time, or *fight them now*.

Now you have the vantage ground. Don't let unsteady habits enter, then you are all right. The wise farmer roots out the first thistle he sees starting in his garden; if he did not, his garden would produce nothing but thistles, what a job then to root out the naughty seeds, and make the good ones grow.

No person was ever led into temptation and sin all at once. All great sins come from negligence, or forming bad habits in youth.

To-day I was riding in the cars, they were crowded, and the floor was literally covered with tobacco spit. As a gentleman took his

seat beside me, said he; "I never see such a sight as this but that I resolve to quit the use of tobacco; but the habit is too strong for me, I can't overcome it." I ventured to ask: "How did you get into such a *filthy* habit?" "Oh," said he, "I was foolish enough to think *tobacco* would make a man of me; I commenced its use when but a small boy because it looked big. Now I would give a farm for the power to quit."

I pitied the man, but could not say a word. I only resolved to write his words down for a warning to other boys.

I knew a man who died of *delirium tremens*, who commenced his drunken career by just tasting a little whisky—just a little for fun. The habit fastened upon him, and long before he died his poor wife was compelled to put an old hat in one window where a pane of glass was gone, a pair of pantaloons in another, and an old pillow in another, to keep from freezing to death. Whisky made such a fiend of him that, though he was a loving father when he was sober, his little girls—bright, and beautiful girls, used to hide from him, to save their lives when he was drunk. All this came from forming a bad habit in his youth.

I will close this, by urging you once more to *start in life right*. Do all you do from *principle*.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

WHIPPING.

DEAR CHILDREN: The subject nearest my heart, at the present time is anti-child whipping. One would have supposed that this relic of barbarism was entirely done away, and, thank Heaven, it is, with intelligent and cultivated people; but many persons still persist in corporeal punishment, expecting, it may be, to *beat* love and kindness into dear little hearts. Now, children, what would you think to see a woman, one of your own mothers, or sisters, or aunts, or *any* one, having power over you, going through the streets, like an enraged tigress, looking for an offending child? Now, my little friends, I know you all with one accord will say it is real unkind to whip a child, and I think so too. If you cannot be good without whipping, you certainly cannot with. I know that the children of intelligent and refined people do not believe in the old fashioned way of training the young; but rather in overcoming evil with good. Promising that you shall hear from me, from week to week, I subscribe myself the friend of children,

L. O. TURNER.



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]
 SKETCHES OF BRAVE LIVES.—NO. 5.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

ROGER Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was born in Wales 1606. As a youth he was always a studious and earnest seeker after wisdom. His parents were pious people and reared Roger strictly in "the way he should go." He was familiar with all religious topics, and while a young lad, could, with the utmost ease, converse with learned men upon scientific and religious subjects. He had a natural gift for stenography, and, when very young, amused himself by taking short-hand notes of sermons preached by clergymen in London. In this manner, he greatly increased his stock of clerical knowledge. Young Roger was educated at Oxford and became one of the bright and shining lights of that famous institution. He understood the modern languages, besides having a good knowledge of Hebrew, Latin and Greek. After leaving the university he devoted himself to the study of law, but after a short time he abandoned the idea of making that his profession, and became a clergyman of the church of England. In spite of his energy of mind and character, he was fickle, for he did not long remain a minister. His heart and soul were devoted to the Puritan's

cause, and in 1631 he joined them at Boston, Mass. For a while he was well thought of and admired by those who had preceded him, but one by one, they became his enemies. Some of the laws made by the Puritans he pronounced unjust and cruel. He declared that magistrates had no rights to punish those who violated the Sabbath; and found fault with many other Puritan regulations.

This created a fierce indignation, and the general court made a remonstrance to his settlement, (Salem) against what they termed his "heresy."

Mr. Williams went to Plymouth, where he was treated with the utmost kindness. There he stayed but a short time. As soon as he thought it probable that the bitter feeling against him was at an end, he returned to Salem. From that place, and from all Massachusetts, he was at once banished. It may be interesting to know his sentence, and I give it in full.

"Whereas, Mr. Roger Williams, one of the elders of the Church of Salem hath broached and divulged new and dangerous opinions against the doctrines of magistrates, as also writ letters of defamation against both of the magistrates and that before any conviction, and yet maintaineth the same without any retraction; it is therefore ordered that the said Mr. Williams shall depart out of this jurisdiction within six

weeks now next ensuing which, if he neglect to perform, it shall be lawful for the governer and two of the magistrates to send him to some place out of this jurisdiction, not to return any more without license from the court."

Mr. Williams was surprised; his few friends enraged, but he said he was ready to be banished. After some discussion, the authorities concluded to send him back to England. The vessel arrived which was to take him to his mother country, but Mr. Williams was no where to be found. He had eluded his persecutors and joined the Indians. This was in midwinter, and his sufferings in that severe climate may be imagined. In a few months he left his dusky friends and, with five associates, went to the place where Providence now stands, and there made himself a home. This he called *Providence* on account of "God's merciful providence to him in his distress." In one year eighteen more were banished from Massachusetts, who gladly joined Williams at his new settlement. At this time he was a young man. His hair was long and fell in wavy masses over his shoulders. He wore a high-crowned Puritan hat and carried a staff. The settlers of Rhode Island founded a Church and government at once. In 1642 Williams went to England for a charter, with which he returned in two years. He published several brief religious works and held the office of President of the colony for two years and a half. His liberal views were always adhered to. He refused to persecute the Quakers at a time when Quakers were condemned to death for thinking as they pleased. After a brave and useful life, Roger Williams died in Rhode Island, in 1683, and was buried but a short distance from the spot where he first landed.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

STORIES OF THE STARS.

BY GEORGE A. SHUFELDT, JR.

Our good sister, who, twice in every month, sends through these pages to you so many kindly words, and so many pleasant stories, has asked me to write something for her children—something which will amuse, instruct and interest them; and at the same time be of a character which will prove permanently beneficial. I have promised that I would do so; and as a subject, upon which to write, have selected that which appears at the head of this chapter, viz: "Stories of the Stars." So for

the next few months, you may expect to find in your paper such things as I may be enabled to tell you of the great and wonderful universe in which we live; the design, the order, the harmony of the starry Heavens; the mystery and splendor of the sun, to us, the mighty monarch of the skies. Of Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune—our planetary system—or those bodies like our Earth which revolve around the sun. And then I shall tell you what I can of the suns and systems, of stars, comets and meteors, which circle in amazing numbers "through the dome of nature's grand cathedral."

A little girl once said that stars "were gimlet holes to let the glory through," and I sometimes think they are, and that the great light of God's heaven lies behind them. And so I shall endeavor in what I say to give you some idea of the power and greatness of the Infinite Being, whom we call God, and whose magnificent architecture is nowhere so grandly displayed as in the bright and beautiful stars, set like diamonds in the deep blue sky.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

THE BONES OF THE HEAD.

These are divided into the bones of the cranium and face. The face consists of eight bones, which combine to form a body somewhat round in shape. These bones are each distinct and separate in early life. They are formed to each other by sutures and in after life become firmly united, so that in mature age the skull appears to be composed of a single bone.

The first of these bones is called the *Front bone*. It extends across the face, forming the margin of the eye-brows, and thence upward to constitute the forehead. On the side of the head are two bones, called the *Wall bones*, which join the front bone, and extend over the top to meet the central line or suture.

Lower down, upon the side of the head, we have the temporal bones, so called because the gray hairs, which mark the passage of time usually appear first on the temples, in front of the ear.

The back bone of the head joining with the four bones last described, completes the cavity of the brain.

The bones of the nose and face, will be more properly described, when we speak of the

functions of smelling and digestion with which they are closely connected.

The bones of the skull are flat, and very hard upon the external and internal surface, with a kind of spongy cone called diplæ, in the interior, between these plates, a means of producing the greatest strength combined with lightness.

The form of the skull varies in different individuals, and there are certain National Characteristics which have been noted in these forms. It is universally conceded, that size is an element of power, and that a person with a large head, other things being equal, will manifest more mental power.

We will close this article with a quotation from Byron, it is said that in walking over a field, he saw an old broken skull, and wrote thus:

"Look at its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate and portals foul;
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.
Behold through each lacklustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And Passion's host that never brook'd control;
Can all, saint, sage, or sophist ever writ
People this lonely tower, this tenement reft?"

PERSEVERE.

DEAR READERS OF THE LYCEUM BANNER:

Do disappointments and trials come to you while you are making great and earnest efforts to do good? while you are trying hard to conquer some evil? Persevere. I know it is hard to meet with opposition from those around you; it is hard when there is no kind friend to give an encouraging word, but when you feel that you are doing right, then persevere. True, the clouds may for a while o'ershadow your path way, there may be times when you will grow weak and feel like giving up in despair, but toil on, struggle on, brave heart, and trust in God. By and by the clouds will begin to clear away, and the sun will shine again, and then how happy will you feel to know that you persevered in doing right.

I remember once of hearing a celebrated lady lecturer relate an anecdote of a man, who many years ago in some eastern country, thought of a plan to make a pass through a mountain, by which people could go instead of the long way around as they were then obliged to: others had thought of and tried the plan before him, but soon gave it up as an impossibility.

This man set to work with a determination to

succeed. He labored hard and faithfully for many years. People laughed at, and ridiculed him; he minded them not, but still labored on. It was a long and weary task and he often grew faint and weak, and felt like sinking by the wayside; as he toiled on alone in that rugged mountain. Twenty five years passed and still found him at his work. He knew that if a pass could be made through the mountain it would be a benefit to all future generations. So with a brave heart and an earnest desire to do good to humanity, he persevered. Another twenty five years passed; the last rock to be blasted was finally reached, the powder was turned on, the match applied, a great, thundering noise was heard, the smoke was seen, but when this passed off, lo! the way was clear, the work was finished.

The old man raised his eyes to heaven, clasped his hands together, offered up a prayer of thankfulness and fell back dead. That noble soul had persevered, and people of the present day are enjoying the fruits of his labors.

Many other souls, too, all over the country are laboring for the good of humanity. They meet with trials and disappointments, but still they persevere. Then, my young friends, may you and I, all of us unite with them in doing good. All can do something. We are here that we might do good to those around us. So let us be faithful to our duty.

"Be firm, be strong, be brave, be true,
And dare to stand alone,
Strive for the right whate'er you do,
Though helpers there are none.

LIZZIE MOORE.

Rochelle, Ill.

THE NERVOUS MAN.—The nervous man iz the original harp ov one thousand strings.

He iz a fiddle, past finding out.

The tred ov an elephant don't skare him; but he wilteth when the mouse nibbles in the wain-scot.

He turneth pale at the coming ov the spider.

He laffeth when the whirlwind is on a bender; but shudreth when the striped snake walks out for an airing.

He gazeth at the red lightning with joy, when it gasheth the heavens; but the scales ov hiz back lift up in horror when old Baxter flies up hiz wood saw.

The nervous man iz a very singular critter—he might more properly be called a plural critter.

My advice tew the nervous man is tew drink milk for a living, and for excitement chaw spruce gum.—Josh Billings.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

ACROSTIC.

BY SADA BAILEY.

Listen, children, one and all;
 Y ou will heed our earnest call:
 C ome, rich and poor; come, sad and gay—
 E very one must learn the way;
 U nited hearts all o'er our land,
 M ingled in one Lyceum band.
 B rothers, sisters all are we;
 A men! responds the true and free.
 N ow, children, you should live in love,
 N earer to the spheres above;
 E ver let our BANNER wave,
 R ound it rally all the brave.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 20 letters.

- My 20, 9, 19 is twenty hundred weight.
- My 17, 2, 10 are a part of the human race.
- My 13, 6, 15, 7 is a fraction.
- My 11, 5, 14, 4 is a term of endearment.
- My 3, 1, 12, 6, 16, 8, 9, 19 is the beginning.
- My 10, 18, 12, 11 is want.

My whole will be found in the LYCEUM BANNER, of December 1. PICKET.

I am composed of 31 letters.

- My 1, 11, 23, 29, 21, 7 is a boy's name.
- My 4, 19, 5 is used for catching fish.
- My 6, 25, 9, 14, 30, 17, 2, 15 is a well-known poem.
- My 5, 18, 23 is an article.
- My 13, 23, 28, 29, 23 is a fruit.
- My 20, 9, 5 is often found where there is a door.
- My 12, 24, 21, 27, 29 is a wash given to swine.
- My 31, 7, 29, 26 is to cry out with pain.
- My 16, 3, 15, 12, 10 is used in making bread.
- My 22, 18, 13, 4, 10 is to sing.
- My whole is an old proverb. PICKET.

I am composed of 15 letters.

- My 15, 5, 3 is a kind of grain.
- My 6, 11, 13, 3 is used by old persons.
- My 15, 8, 9 is a spirituous liquor.
- My 12, 7, 1 is used in fishing.
- My 10, 11, 10, 5 is in most families.
- My 15, 11, 1 is a troublesome little animal.
- My 4, 7, 1, 1, 14, 15 is what we all love to get.
- My 2, 7, 11, 4, 1, 2, 5 is what we would all like to be.
- My 3, 11, 15 is a part of the body.
- My 8, 9, 10, 15, 7, 4, 4, 11 is useful in a wet day.
- My whole should be in the hands of every girl and boy in the land. LOUISA B. MYERS.

QUESTION.

I have a flock of ducks. When they stand in a row, there are two ducks before a duck, two ducks behind a duck, and a duck in the middle. How many ducks have I? S. W. S.

ANSWERS.

- Enigma, by S. W. S., in No. 6—Anthony Trollope.
- Enigma, by M. J. Gale, in No. 7—The 26 letters of the alphabet.
- Enigma, by Lue Madden—James G. Allbee, Chickopee, Mass.
- Answered by Picket, M. J. Gale, Louisa B. Myers and C. E. Kerr.

NUGGETS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Munny has dun one thing for the world that nothing else could have did so well—it has developed the phools.

Although mankind worship wealth, I will give them credit for one thing—they seldom mistake it for brains.

Most of the grate things has been did by taking the chances. Prudence has but one eye, while fortune has a thousand.

If a man has got to be poor aul his life I aint sure but it would be some munny in his pocket to be ignorant.

Fust class virtue is always anxious to avoid temptation.

You kant transplant a Yankee successfully without taking up a good deal of the sile with the roots.

It is easy enuff to get religion, but to hold it is what bothers a fellow. A good grip is better than rubiez—yes! than much fine clothes.

I enjoy a good laff—one that rushes out of a man's soul like the breaking up of a Sunday School. but a laff that comes to the surface as the hickups cum, or backs out ov a man like the struggles ov a chicken choked with a chunk of half-wet doe, I utterly lament.

There aint no poetry in poverty, but enny number of feet of blank verse.

I am called a "broad humorist," and I am glad ov it; there is plenty of narrow humorists in the country without me.

Anny man who kin compell a woman to make a shirt for 20 cents, ought to be filled full of fish hooks, and be used for bait to ketch other sharks with.

An individual to be a gentleman, has either got to be born so, or brought up so from infancy. He can't learn it sudden, any more than he can learn to talk injin correctly by practicing on a tomahawk.

A puppy plays with every dog he meets, but old dorgs have but few associates.

Ther is few men who hev karakter enuff to leed a life of idleness.

Tru luv is spelt the same in Choctaw as in English.

Those who retire from the world on account of his sins and peskishness, must not forgit tha hev got to keep kumpany with a person who wants as mutch watching as any-body else,

When a man loses his health, then he fust begins to take good care of it. This is good judgment, this is!

Why is a forged note like a whisper? Because it is uttered, but not allowed (aloud.)

"Won't that boa constructor bite me?" said a little boy to a showman. Oh, no, boy; he never bites—he swallows his vittles whole."

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.

BRADLET, 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 8 P. M., in the Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and DeKalb avenues. John A. Bartlett, Conductor; Mrs. Fannie Cohill, Guardian.

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

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

CORRY, PA.—Lyceum organized Aug. 18, 1867. Meets in Good Templar Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. 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. 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.

DETROIT, MICH.—M. J. Mathews, Conductor; Mrs. Rachel L. Doty, Guardian.

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

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

HAWMONTON.—Lyceum organized August 1866. Meets Sunday at 8 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; 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.

NEW BOSTON, ILL.—Lyceum organized Oct. 30, 1867. Meets every Saturday at 2 p. m., at Roberts Hall. R. S. Cramer, Conductor; Mrs. W. P. Myers, Guardian.

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

NEW YORK CITY.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum will meet every Sunday at 9½ o'clock, a. m., in Masonic Hall, 114 East 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; Mrs. 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. 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. Fidelia O. Pease, Guardian.

RICHMOND, IND.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. Eli Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addleman, Guardian.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Lyceum meets regularly in Black's Musical Institute, (Palmer's Hall) Sunday afternoons at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. Jonathan Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.

ROCKFORD, ILL.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. in Wood's Hall. E. C. Dunn, Conductor; Mrs. Rockwood, Guardian.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—Organized March 1, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock in Norris Hall, Illinois street. W. T. Riggs, Conductor; Mrs. W. T. Riggs, Guardian.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Organized October, 1864. H. Bowman, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian.

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

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Organized Nov. 13, 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. Baily, Conductor; Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Guardian.

St. LOUIS, Mo.—Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Mercantile Hall. Myron Colony, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian.

STURGIS, MICH.—Organized May 24, 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. 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 LECTUREES.

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. WHITTEN, 402 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. WHEELOCK, 337 Erie street, Toledo, Ohio.