

THE
Lyceum Banner

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A MONTHLY RECORD

OF LYCEUM WORK AND PROGRESS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. A PAPER FOR THE
LYCEUM, SOCIETY, AND THE HOME.

Official Organ of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union.

Issued for the First Sunday in the Month.

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NOVEMBER, 1901.

[ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL] ONE PENNY.

Frank Burgoyne: Outcast.

A MANCHESTER STORY.

By JOHN M. STUART-YOUNG.

Author of "Minor Melodies," "Through a Mind
Bemused," etc.

CHAPTER V.

CONFESSION AND ATONEMENT.

"I'm sadder now, I have had cause ;
But oh ! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore,
I yet delight to drink." MOTHERWELL.

THE fingers of dawn were drawing aside the dark draperies of the night ; and the sun was shining serenely on the little suburb where our friends were quietly sleeping.

At an early hour Jack Cooke, the young preacher, was in the front room which overlooked the picturesque main road, and was peering lovingly through the blinds at the faint blue of the morning sky.

This was the best room,—the large room where all the great local potentates were entertained,—where the little sect of thinkers met together to commune on Spiritual things. The floor was covered with a gay little carpet. In one corner stood the piano, and on the fringed mantle were several pretty vases and figures. The walls were tastefully decorated, and the whole room gave forth a sense of artistic sympathy.

From between the blinds Jack had a view of the road as it wended its way towards the Alexandra Park. The tram lines were gleaming in the light, and from the trees across the way came the twittering of the awakening birds.

Soon he turned round with a little sigh of supreme happiness, and left the room. He stood at the foot of the stairs ; and cried cheerily—"Father, breakfast-time !" A voice from above answered him, and he returned to the room.

A few minutes later Mr. Cooke entered, accompanied by Frank, who appeared much refreshed by his night's rest, and from whose face some of the sorrow had been soothed away.

The local preacher drew up the blinds, and the bright morning sun shone warmly into the room.

From below came the bass humming of the kettle, and the frequent spluttering of the frying eggs which were being prepared by Nan, their old servant. These sounds were very inviting, and Mr. Cooke led the way briskly towards the doorway.

Over breakfast Jack and his father talked about their mission and its results. Frank discovered that they had a mission room in Nelson Street open to all comers. Jews, Christians, and Atheists were alike made welcome, and by pure spiritual knowledge from the best sources, the father and son endeavoured to teach them a nobler mode of living.

Frank listened attentively, and ever and anon his heart would give a great throb as he recalled the fact that he had not told these two earnest workers the whole truth. He determined, however, to take advantage of the first opportunity, and confess his sin to his new friends.

Mr. Cooke turned to him before the conclusion of the meal, and said, kindly : "Jack and I am going to America on a twelve months' mission shortly ; you shall go with us, Frank, and there, please God, you can help us in our work."

After breakfast they returned to the front room, and here Jack settled down to his morning lessons, for his young brain had to carry a great deal of information.

Mr. Cooke took Frank to another corner of the apartment, and talked to him quietly about various things. Under his kindly influence Frank's heart grew quieter, but soon he could stand his trouble no longer, and he said, abruptly,—

"Mr. Cooke, there is something I haven't told you. I—"

He hesitated ashamedly, and as he sat vainly endeavouring to master his emotions, a footstep was heard on the stairs. He turned to the new-comer, and started as he recognised the Salvation Army Captain who had given him the coppers three weeks before.

Mr. Cooke shook him heartily by the hand, and the man sat down as comfortably and as easily as though he were at home. It was evident to Frank that he was an intimate friend, and he looked away, fearing and almost dreading recognition.

"Mr. Burns," said Frank's new guardian. "This is a young boy whom I have taken in hand. He was homeless, and Jack asked me to bring him to our house last night. And, of course," laughingly, "Jack's wishes are always gratified."

Frank raised his eyes and said, falteringly, "This gentleman helped me a few weeks ago."

Captain Burns smiled as kindly as his melancholy face would allow him, and extended his hand to him.

"You cannot fail to succeed now," he said, "for Mr. Cooke always turns out the finished article."

The local preacher laughed. "Frank was just going to tell me more of his history when you arrived. You can go on, Frank. Mr. Burns is a great friend of ours."

Jack approached and sat near them after greeting the salvationist. Our hero felt decidedly uncomfortable under the three pairs of eyes, but soon he faltered:

"Mr. Burns helped me, and it was the very next day that I did wrong, so I owe an account to him too. I—I stole a gentleman's purse."

Then, with occasional pauses, he told his story, and Jack listened with wondering and pained face.

"Poor Frank!" he said gently, as he concluded his narrative.

"Oh, no!" sobbed Frank, burying his face in his hands, "I am a wicked boy—a thief—and you are so kind to me."

"Frank," said Mr. Cooke, in a voice that was full of pity, "listen to these verses from the Bible." He lifted one from a table near him, and opened it at St. Luke, XXIII, 39-43.

Then he read impressively—

"And one of the thieves which were hanged railed on him, saying, 'If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us.'

"But the other answering rebuked him saying:—'Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?'

"'And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.'

"And he said unto Jesus, 'Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.'

"And Jesus said unto him, 'Verily I say unto thee, to-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.'"

He closed the book and placed his hand on Frank's bowed head.

"We can none of us do good unless we realise our own faults, Frank. As long as we think God a hard master, we cannot serve Him, for we rebel against his authority. But when we feel that He is our Father, our Mother, our King, *not* our Judge, we have power to overcome our sins. You have confessed to us, but you now owe a duty to the gentleman whose purse you stole."

For a few minutes there was silence in the room, while Frank sat thinking, his hands clasping those of Jack, and a new hope brightening on his face. His

eyes were filled with tears, and there was a sob in his voice when he spoke.

"I was afraid of God. He always seemed angry with me, and I felt that day after I heard Mr. Burns speak about punishment that I had no heart to serve Him. But Jesus was kind to that thief when he repented, and God will be kind to me if I repay the gentleman."

"You must be brave, Frank," Mr. Cooke said. "We will go to the Town Hall, and see if the old gentleman has reported his loss. If necessary you must be tried, but I will repay the sum stolen. I have sufficient confidence in you to know that you will live honestly in future, and as we are soon going to America you will have a chance of amendment. Jack pray for us."

They all knelt down, reverently, and Jack's voice, tremulous, but clear, said softly—

"Oh, God! Be with Frank in his trouble. Fill his heart with Thy holy love, and strengthen him in his resolve to be a noble son of Thine. Amen."

And Frank felt that he could face his atonement with a sure confidence in his Father's love.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRESTED.

"My ear is pained, my heart is sick,
When all beside is silent round,
To hear the clock's unvaried click
Repeat its melancholy sound."

BARTON.

Frank was very quiet and subdued as he walked along the streets that afternoon with Mr. Cooke; his offence had been committed in the centre of the city so they were now on their way to the Town Hall Police Department.

After half-an-hour's brisk walking they reached Albert Square and crossed towards the imposing-looking building. Frank began to feel a trifle afraid, but he murmured a prayer for strength, and grasped his benefactor's hand more closely.

They turned down Cooper street, and entered a small paved yard; here they encountered a policeman who carried a bunch of keys in his hand attached to a stout chain, which in its turn was fastened to his belt.

"What is the matter?" he asked, stopping before them.

"I would like to have a short interview with the Superintendent," Mr. Cooke replied quietly.

"Come this way, sir."

He led our friends through a labyrinth of courts, and finally entered a door. Ascending a broad flight of carpeted stairs, they halted. The policeman motioned Mr. Cooke to a seat.

"Inspector Hargreaves will be at liberty in a few minutes," he said civilly. When the lady comes out who is with him now you might go in."

Mr. Cooke thanked him, and he descended the stairs. Then turning to Frank, the local preacher bade him be of good cheer. Five minutes elapsed; a lady came from inside the office, and Mr. Cooke tapped at the door. A voice bade him enter, so taking Frank's hand in his he passed into the apartment. The

Inspector of Police sat behind a desk at the upper end. He raised his head from the papers before him as our two friends approached, and pointed to a couple of chairs.

"I have called upon a very delicate matter, sir," Mr. Cooke began, "I wish to know whether three weeks ago you received a complaint from an old gentleman, whose purse was stolen while standing at a bookstall near the London Road Station?"

Inspector Hargreaves was a portly middle-sized man, with small, searching eyes, and a stern dark face.

"What is your name, sir?" he asked curtly.

Mr. Cooke drew his card-case from his pocket, and bowing respectfully, placed one before him.

"My name is Cooke. I have a personal interest in this affair, but will not proceed further in the matter if you have had no complaint. I can find the gentleman by advertising if he has not made his loss known to you."

The Inspector knitted his brows in a frown.

"I can easily ascertain whether we have had such a complaint; but I cannot give you any particulars unless you state your interest in the matter."

Mr. Cooke looked rather perplexed. He wished to save Frank from trouble, but he could not possibly avoid disclosing the truth. He looked down at him, and the boy's lips framed a brave "tell him everything,"

With several interruptions and searching questions the local preacher was allowed to state the case, and the Inspector's eyes were turned heavily on Frank's flushed face as his friend proceeded.

"I am sorry, Mr. Cooke, but the matter is an important one. We have received a full account from the gentleman whose purse was stolen, and we have further, a description of the boy here: for it appears that he was seen before he stole the purse. You must leave him here. Please be at Minshull Street to-morrow, and no doubt this case will be tried."

He bowed a courteous farewell and rung a bell at his side. A policeman appeared at the door.

Mr. Cooke was greatly disturbed, but Frank appeared prepared now that the worst had happened.

"Spencer," said Inspector Hargreaves, addressing the policeman, "take this boy down to the cells, and shew this gentleman out."

At the foot of the stairs Mr. Cooke had to bid adieu of our hero. He clasped him by the hand, telling him that to-morrow would clear all the clouds away. Frank looked after his retreating form with tear-dimmed eyes, for try as he would, he could not keep them back.

"Now, my lad," said the officer briskly.

This was a summons for Frank to enter through a door which he unlocked as he spoke. He searched his pockets closely, then pushed him through and locked him up. It was a long corridor that Frank found himself in, with half-a-dozen cells on the right. He entered one of these, and sat down.

At eight o'clock a policeman brought him a mug of tea, and a piece of bread and butter. He could not eat, but he drank the liquid gratefully, and soon fell asleep: a rough wooden bench for his bed.

When he awakened the sun was shining strongly through the barred windows, and soon afterwards the clock

above him began to chime the hour. He counted the strokes as they reverberated over his head. Ten o'clock! Would he be left here all day? At last he heard the key grate in the lock, and a policeman beckoned to him. He was led quickly through the arches towards the street.

Here a cab was waiting, and entering with the officer he was driven quickly away.

(To be Continued.)

LITTLE LOST ELSA

A TRUE STORY FROM THE TYROL.

BY MADAME D'ESPERANCE.

(Continued from last month.)

"**H**ERE is water, Hansli! In my shoe." He grasped the little wooden shoe and raising it to his lips emptied it, then she gave him the other.

"More!" he said. So she ran away again and filled them and gave him to drink.

"What is the matter, Hansli? Are you very sick? Can't you come home now? I'm lost, and don't know where the Alm is."

"Can't you see the light in the window," he asked in a weak voice.

"No, the fog has come down, I can't see anything but the stars. Can't you get up now Hansli? Shall I bring you more water? Is it the fever again Hansli?"

"No! My Elsali, it was the gun, I slipped and it went off and shot me."

"The gun! The beautiful new gun!" Elsa could hardly believe such a thing.

She would have asked a dozen questions, but with a groan and attempt to raise himself Hansli's head sank on her knee again and his eyes closed.

The lamb crouched close beside them, and its warm little body was very grateful to Elsa sitting there so still and frightened. She must be very quiet so as not to awaken Hansli. The doctor had said sleep was best for sick people. She had heard him say that, so if it was fever or if it was the gun that made him sick he would be better when he awakened.

Only it was very cold and very lonely. There was no sound but the trickling water, and now and then a slight rustling of wind in the low stunted trees or bushes.

Just over the snow peaks, high over head, there came into view the loveliest little new moon, a clear sharply cut silvery little crescent, sailing away among the stars like a beautiful little boat.

Elsa watched it admiringly. How nice it would be to sit in that dear little hollow of the moon and sail about among the stars, and gather them into her apron as she gathered the Alproses. She could fasten them up in the room at the Alm, and they would look so pretty. Rasl and Borgl could put some in the wreath they had put round the crucifix, then they would shine at night and look so lovely amid the green leaves. Somewhere she had seen a Holy Virgin with

the little Jesus in her arms, standing on just such a dear little new moon. She wondered if she was standing up there now looking down at them—poor sick Hansl and little tired lost Elsa. She wondered if the Holy Mother would be sorry for them and would have helped them to come home if she had not been so very far away.

It was very far. Even the peak of the Three Towers that seemed so near, was very far, farther than a hunter could walk in a day; and the Holy Mother, if she was standing on the dear little silver moon was much farther off than the peak, more than double as far.

It was a great pity. Then another thought flashed into her busy little brain and she laughed a little gleefully. "Thoughts are so funny" she said to herself; "they jump in and out of one's head, and this is the same as the thought to get water in the shoes."

(To be Continued.)

OUR BLUEBELLS' PAGE

Conducted by FLORA BELLE.

THE OBJECT OF THE BLUEBELL' GUILD.

The object of the Bluebells' Guild is to promote gentleness, kindness, and good behaviour among its members. Membership is open to all Spiritualists, young or old. There is no charge of any sort, and a certificate of membership will be sent free of cost to all who join.

In sending names give full names, and address your letter to Miss Flora Belle, care of the editor of this journal. All names will be published in the LYCEUM BANNER immediately after certificates have been issued.

FLORA BELLE'S LETTER.

MY DEAR BLUEBELLS—

I have been ill! But I am getting better! Indeed, I am sitting up in bed, trying to write this letter; so, if it is rather shaky, you won't mind will you? Don't, Bob, don't, I can't write, if you do. Oh, you will not understand! Bob is our dog, and he comes up to my room every day, and insists on poking his nose into my hand. He wants to do so now, but he joggles my hand so, that I cannot write. Well, Bob has settled down, so I will try what I can do. But, oh! my, I have been badly. The doctor calls it influenza, I called it an awful cold! Do you know I think it was all my own fault, too? I went out of doors one wet day, and had a very thin pair of slippers on my feet. Mother said, 'I am sure you will catch cold, Flora,' but I thought I knew better! When I went to bed that night I did feel ill. I was full of pains and burn-

ing all over me, and my head—oh! it was heavy!

I was like that—only worse—for a whole week! I didn't eat, or want to eat. And at one time I did not care whether I got better or not!

Ted was ever so kind, though. And once he made me laugh to hard, when my poor nose was so bad, by calling me his 'sweet little snuffler,' for I did snuffle badly. He came to see me every time he went out or came in, and when I got better he came and read to me, indeed I did not see my letter in the BANNER last month until he brought it, and read it to me.

One afternoon Ted brought up one of his rabbits for me to see. It was a new one, a pretty little white one. He let it run about the room, which it did in the funniest fashion! Just then Bob came in, and for a moment he was too much astonished to do anything. But he soon recovered, and trotted after bunny, but Ted said 'oh, no, Master Bob, the rabbit isn't for you,' and picked him up just as Bob made a bite at the rabbits hind leg. Since then Ted has not brought the rabbit to see me.

It is no use, dears, I can't write any more. It makes my eyes water, and my head swim, so I must, really leave off, and instead of writing any more will put in here for you a little story which a friend in far away Hong Kong sends me for you.

THE CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.

Once upon a time there lived a very old man and his wife, and they were very happy, but one day the old man died. Of course his family at once prepared to put on mourning robes, and his poor wife was heart broken.

The old man in spirit life saw all this and prayed to his ancestors that he might go back and make his wife happy. The ancestors and the Gods conferred, and said they would allow him to go back for only a short time, and that only to bring his wife back with him. The family one day suddenly heard knocks on the coffin and the old man cry out. Rushing up to the coffin, they found he had come to life again; and began, full of joy, to ask him all about it. But the old man replied only to his wife, 'When I passed to the other world your sorrow grieved me, yet I did not expect to come back, but I have been permitted to return to take you away with me.' His hearers thought this only the disconnected talk of a man that had just regained consciousness and smiled at him; but the old man repeated what he had said; his wife said 'Its all very well, but you have only just come back to life, how can you die again directly?' 'Its very simple, you go and pack your things up,' replied the husband. His wife went to her room and came back pretending she had done as he wanted, 'Then you had better dress,' said he, and bye and bye she got fully equipped for travelling.

The other ladies of the family were laughing on the sly when the old man laid his head upon the pillows and told his wife to do the same. She would not do so at first, saying it was ridiculous, but the family told her to gratify his stupid whim. His wife then lay down beside him to the great amusement of the

spectators; but it was soon noticed that the woman ceased to smile, and by and by her eyes closed. Then they thought husband and wife were fast asleep, but when some present approached and touched them they were found to be ice cold, and no longer breathing.—*Chinese Legend.*

Just as I was writing the above sentences, Ted came in with a letter for me! when I opened it I said 'oh, Ted, I have got twenty-four more brothers and sisters, and they all live at Blackburn! 'There was a nice letter with them from Ethel Sargent, and I have copied it out so that you can all read it. She says—

DEAR FLORA BELLE—Just a few lines hoping to find you in the best of health, as it leaves me at present. I am the Assistant Conductor of the Northgate Lyceum, Blackburn, and it gives me much pleasure to forward a few more names for the Bluebells' Guild. I must here tell you that on Sunday, October 27th, it is our first anniversary, as we only commenced our Lyceum on October 28th of last year. I am very pleased to tell you we are progressing splendidly; so, as I thought it would be nice to have the children on the platform in white, with Bluebells' across their breasts, I asked if there was any that would join the Bluebells' Guild, and I am very pleased to say I got twenty-four to give me their names. Dear Flora Belle, this is all for this time, so I will now conclude with love, hoping to be from now your loving sister—ETHEL SARGENT.

I hope some of my Bluebells' will write me a letter, just to cheer me up a bit.

FLORA BELLE.

LIST OF MEMBERS IN THE BLUEBELLS' GUILD.

NOVEMBER LIST.

NORTHGATE LYCEUM, BLACKBURN.

| | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 184 Ruth Ellen Miller | 192 Jimmy Newell | 200 Wm. Derbyshire |
| 185 Willie Miller | 193 Nelly Haworth | 201 Ada Derbyshire |
| 186 John Southworth | 194 Lizzie Haworth | 202 Nathan Derbyshire |
| 187 Clara Newell | 195 Ann J. Wilson | 203 Eva Crossley |
| 188 Lottie Newall | 196 Lucy Wilson | 204 Gardy Crossley |
| 189 Richard Newell | 197 Nellie Hollinghead | 205 Arnold Crossley |
| 190 Maggie Newell | 198 Mabel Hollinghead | 206 Ethel Sargent |
| 191 Evelyn Newell | 199 Joseph Cook | 207 John Cook, Lyceum Conductor |

Our Temperance Department.

EDITED BY ERNEST.

I suppose my readers have all been so busy doing Temperance work, during the past month, that they have not had any time to send me the particulars I asked for in the BANNER for October? The editor tells me he has not received a single post card! Again, then, let me ask, that the Lyceum secretary of every Lyceum, where a Band of Hope is at work, will send me the name of the Lyceum, and the secretary of the Band, so that I can regularly publish them in my Department. This will, in a measure, serve to show how much temperance work is being done in our Lyceums.

In a recent public letter from Mr. Justice Bruce, arising out of some remarks his lordship made at the

recent Leeds Assizes, he says: 'Your league (The Licensed Victuallers' National Defence League) will not, I think, question the statement that no considerable number of crimes spring from the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors! No doubt there are many crimes wholly unconnected with the use of intoxicating liquors, but the qualified statement made in my "Charge" is, I believe, strictly accurate.' I should think not! No one with the least atom of intelligence would deny a very close connection between drink, vice, and crime! Judges, philanthropists, ministers, and reformers, all agree that drunkenness is a sure demoraliser of manhood, integrity and virtue.

The U.K.A. held its annual meeting at Manchester, on Tuesday, the 22nd of last month. Sir Wilfred Lawson, the 'Grand Old Man' of the temperance cause, presiding. In his speech he emphasised the fact that the Alliance was formed to promote the prohibition of the liquor traffic, as their root doctrine was, that drink was a disturbing element in the body politic, just as it was in the human body. He was against compensation, or a time limit for the extinction of licenses, or any plan that may weaken the agitation against the liquor traffic. The public meeting at night was held in the Free Trade Hall, a vast audience being present. Sir Robt. T. Reed occupied the chair, and made a capital fighting speech, largely devoted to the upholding of the principle of the Local Veto, and its paramount necessity. While the following extract from a press report, indicates the kind of speech made by Sir Wilfred Lawson, who in referring to Lord Grey's public-house scheme, said that his Lordship was going to enter into an alliance with the Bishops. Bishops were going into the drink trade. (Laughter.) Whether they would succeed equally well in spirituous things he did not know. (Laughter.) This public-house trust was to be a scheme of principle and profit, conscience and cash, liquor and lucre. (Laughter.) When a Bishop went into a district with his goods people would say—"My Lord, what have you in that vessel? Is it holy water? (Laughter.) His Lordship would have to reply—"No; it is the devil in solution." (Roars of laughter.) Then the people would reply—"My Lord, you and the devil may go about your duties." (Much laughter.)

A Lyceum Lecture.

Spiritualism and Progress.

By ROBERT LEWIS.

The ennobling principles of Spiritualism, the sublime truths of immortality, have suffered injustice from many opponents whose bigotry has been somewhat opposed by unjust criticism and uncourteous remarks. The press have endeavoured to make us appear credulous, and many preachers have been strong in their denunciation of truths they were unable to refute. Each individual possesses the consciousness that their earthly existence must terminate, and diligent researches into the Spiritualistic phenomena

has demonstrated the fact of our after life. The exceptional fact relative to this inquiry is that the uncultured and intellectual may both become the recipients of these mysterious truths, but should the result of the inquiry be an assurance of a continuity of life, it behoves the illiterate to develop their mental capacities, and should stimulate the more intellectual to continue their search for knowledge amongst the innumerable avenues of thought that occasion so many perplexities. We reflect upon our past, we meditate upon the present, and contemplate upon our ideals, but insufficient consideration is devoted to the future life, and it is towards this realisation that efforts of spiritual movements are promulgated. Why should this indifference exist? Through man's intelligence savage states have been superseded by civilisation, commercialism between other nations has been the outcome of man's reasoning, and the wonderful inventions, the result of inquiry, are but the attributes of possibilities that are yet to be fathomed. The insatiable thirst for wealth and knowledge has accorded gratification to man for his researches into the mineral world, the beauties of nature have instituted a desire to know more concerning the laws of evolution, the wondrous solar systems have been an object of his inquiry, also the varied forms of animal life, from the almost imperceptible insect to the greatest of the animal kingdom, irrespective of the various sciences, proving undoubtedly that man is an intellectual and progressive being. Through acquisition and ingenuity, invaluable knowledge has been derived from the material world, therefore, who can procure the possibilities of intelligence that may be acquired from the Spiritual realms.

The scientific revelations of the past century unparalleled in the pages of history as an era of educational progress may even be surpassed by the present century. Progress is essential, but let it be material and spiritual alike. Happiness would supersede misery and the spiritual qualities innate within the individual would assert its authenticity. What is required is the combination of morality with religion. The morals to guide the conduct of the individual and religion to spiritualise the mind. But what religion? It must be from the traditions and superstitions of the past, it must be one of practicability. Religion is designed to make its adherents more virtuous and the virtues of a person win the respect and admiration of the people. This fact is not unobserved by the hypocrite who assumes the garb of virtue because it possesses advantages that vice cannot command. Let religion be free from the trammels of hypocrisy, and may our lives be quitted by the noblest aspirations so that our virtues may be appreciated. What wonderful transformations would be enacted if the appalling but pitiable conditions of our slum dwellers could be transformed into thinking communities. The disregarding of conscience is responsible for the degradation of the masses, therefore, had the conscience been the guidance of the individual this degradation would have been impossible.

The mission of Spiritualism is to exalt humanity, to teach us of a higher life, and to assure us of reunion with those whom we love so dearly. Spiritualism contains amongst its ranks innumerable idealists

but comparatively few practitioners. If the adherents of our cause aspire to place Spiritualism foremost, stability of character must be maintained. The accomplishment of an ideal depends upon the determinedness of the idealist, therefore, let us who prefer to be Spiritualists cultivate our spiritual natures so that our movement may be recognised as a spiritualising force, and also as a cause endeavouring to place humanity upon the altitudes of perfection.

The contentions of our opponents are insufficient to destroy the happiness that we have realised concerning immortality. The unspeakable joy of the grief stricken mother, who realises that the child which she has adored still lives, cannot be shattered by the opposition of our opponents. The inestimable value of the indispensable facts pertaining to a hereafter, obtained by Sir W. Crookes, and other diligent researchers into the phenomenal phases of mediumship are insufficient for our critics. What they require is a personal experience. To attempt to criticise something of which a person is ignorant, would be as ridiculous as a schoolmaster's efforts to instil a knowledge of mathematics into a child before the rudimentary lessons of arithmetic have been overcome. We can only appeal for a just, a careful, and a patient investigation of our cause before criticism (that has on many occasions been so uncourteous and valueless), be exercised against us. What was the theme of Longfellow's reveries when he expressed that

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

It reminds us of Confucius, Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Milton, and others, whose ennobling principles tend to exalt humanity. It behoves us to cultivate our spiritual natures, to become harbingers of truth, ambassadors of peace, and the benefactors of our kindred. Such are the teachings of Spiritualism, the religion that is despised owing to the charlatanism that is practised by persons who assume to be Spiritualists. May the time speedily arrive when the utility of our philosophy will be recognised and the mysteries of mediumship better understood, then the conviction of an immortality will be more popular, and the charlatanism, so prevalent, will be doomed.

Bradford.

Lyceum Notes and Comments, No. 101.

BY ALFRED KITSON.

Rawtenstall Lyceum celebrated its 16th Anniversary on October 6th. There was a good gathering at the evening service. The Hall is too small to accommodate all the scholars. Where were the scholars in the afternoon?

Halifax Lyceum celebrated its 15th Anniversary on October 13th. The new Hall in Alma street is a large stone building. It was gratifying to see it full at the evening service. The children ought to have been

present in the afternoon. Anniversaries are or should be the Children's Day. They have a large room in the basement for the Lyceum Sessions. Its usefulness is marred by three pillars across the centre, which interferes with the marching evolutiong. The Town Council are to blame for these obstacles, as they were the party to insist on them.

Great Harwood Lyceum will celebrate its Anniversary on November 17th and Todmorden Lyceum on December 1st. I hope to have the presence of the children, and good audiences to hear them sing.

Enquiries concerning the Lyceum work have been received from the Spiritualist's Society at Dundee, with a view to opening one there. I hope it will be an accomplished fact by the next time I write.

A Lyceum has been successfully started at Heeley near Sheffield. I am glad there is so much robust life in the Sheffield District. Mr. Ernest Wooller, with the help of Mr. Jonah Clarke, is to be congratulated on the success of their efforts to awaken interest in the Lyceum Cause.

A Lyceum is being formed at Plaistow, London, Mr. Walter Wade has the management of it. We wish his efforts hearty success.

The opening of Saddleworth Lyceum is postponed till November 17th, on account of Miss Burtons illness.

The Sheffield, Surrey Street, Society and Lyceum have removed to the Temperance Hall, Townhead Street.

The Lyceum at Heaton and Byker is making rapid progress under its new management. They have 72 children's names on the register.

Mr. J. H. Smith, 227, Leeds Road, Bradford, has consented to act as District Visitor. Mr. Smith is the oldest Lyceum worker in Bradford, his connection dating from September, 1884. Bradford has ever been a progressive District.

AN APPEAL.

FELLOW SPIRITUALISTS,—The widow of an old pioneer, the late Edward Foster (Preston), is very ill, and her medical adviser recommends a change of air and surroundings.

We, the officers and members of the Preston Spiritualist Society (Weavers' Hall), appeal to our fellow Spiritualists for help in her hour of need.

Trusting our appeal made on behalf of the widow of the man who, during the past 30 years, has so valiantly fought with tongue and pen for Spiritualism, will not be in vain.

The following gentlemen have consented to receive donations, which will be forwarded on to me, and duly acknowledged, viz. :—

Mr. J. J. MORSE, 26, Osnaburgh street, Euston rd, London, N.W.

Mr. A. SMEDLEY, Park Mount, Belper.

Mr. PETER LEE, 63, Mill street, Rochdale.

Mr. THOS. COUPE, 60, Regent street, Blackpool.

Mr. T. L. BANKS, 3, Waverley road, Preston.

Mr. G. H. BIBBINGS, 88, King's road, Bootle.

JAMES PARK, Secretary.

169, Fletcher's Road, Preston, Oct. 28th, 1901.

Odd Items from Everywhere.

The BANNER is eleven years old this month.

Of all the previous attempts to cater for the children, and our Lyceums, the BANNER is now the oldest effort. It has lived four times longer than any of its predecessors.

The wide publicity it has given the Union and its work, and the unstinted support it has accorded that body, we are glad to learn has been of incalculable service to the Lyceum cause in Great Britain. We would gladly do more, and reduce the price to all lyceums, but not having a printing plant at our service we cannot do either, unless our circulation is still further enlarged.

'This paper is regularly on sale' at our Lyceums, and from the office of publication, 26, Osnaburgh Street, London.

Brother Alfred Kitson recently contributed an excellent letter to *The Progressive Thinker*, Chicago, dealing with lyceum matters in this country.

During the past month the editor of the BANNER has addressed large audiences, at Leicester, Keighley, Glasgow, Dundee, and Birmingham. In Dundee he was delighted to learn that the Society there are busy arranging to open a Lyceum. They are in communication with our Union Secretary on the matter.

On Thursday and Friday next Mr. J. J. Morse delivers lectures at Portsmouth. On the first evening it will be his lantern lecture, when, while showing some Lyceum pictures, he will urge the friends to open a lyceum in that historic seaport.

In response to a general demand we have reverted to our former date of publication, i.e., the first Sunday of the month. The alteration was not decided upon in time to announce it in last month's issue.

Read Mr. Kitson's Notes this month, and learn therefrom how the work is progressing. Mr. Kitson's contributions are always full of information, and our readers and ourselves are under many obligations for important news supplied by our indefatigable co-worker.

Northampton.

I am pleased to say we had the Lyceum District Visitor with us on September 22nd, who advised us to adopt the calisthenics, and we find it a great improvement. Sorry to say we have a big falling off in the children attending. We ask all members and friends interested in Spiritualism wishing the children to be taught the truths of Spiritualism, to send their children to the Lyceum.—F. SMITH.

The LYCEUM BANNER:

J. J. MORSE, *Editor*
FLORENCE MORSE, *Associate Editor*

Assisted by Lyceum Workers in all parts of the world.

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**Office--Florence Huse, Osnaburgh Street, Euston
Road, N.W.**

THE LYCEUM BANNER

NOVEMBER, 1901.

*A Lyceum for the children should be started
whenever there are 10 who could be persuaded
to attend. To let the children's minds be filled
with error in the orthodox schools is a sin and
a shame.—The Philosophical Journal, San
Francisco.*

OUR MONTHLY CHAT.

Eleven Years Ago. This issue marks the eleventh anniversary of the establishment of the LYCEUM BANNER, the first issue of which appeared in November, 1890. In the following year the Conference adopted it as the official organ of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union. We are pleased to know that the progress of the Lyceum work in this country has been greatly facilitated through the continued existence of the BANNER, and that no small part of the success of our Union is attributable to the same cause, in conjunction with the indefatigable labours of our honoured permanent secretary. The BANNER has pursued an honest course, and while consistently—and upon conviction—it has steadily supported the Union, it has never denied the slightest privilege to the few Lyceums not on the roll of the Union. We believe we have always had the loyal support of our Executive, and we are grateful for it, as well as the confidence and support extended to us by the Lyceums at large. None can command success, but we have honestly tried to deserve it.

* * *

The Present. For the present we are content to go on in our work doing our best. The BANNER is the only Lyceum paper published in this land,—or any other so far as we know. It will steadily pursue the even tenour of its way and do all the good possible for its friends, and foes also, if it has any of the latter.

Our Union. What are the noble dozen doing that they are not inside the Union? Is the persuasive eloquence of our amiable permanent Secretary incapable of wooing them into the Charmed Circle? Or, are they indifferent to the solid advantages they can reap by joining the Union; or, do they think that the Union is dangerous? The Lyceums to-day owe much to the Union, which is a better thing now than in the past. Lyceumists know this to be true, as the 140 odd Lyceums in the Union clearly testifies. Surely the Union works for all, would stand for all, and is willing to share the advantages it offers with all. May we ask the noble twelve Apostles of Isolation to come in and join the Lyceum family! Help us, next conference, with your advice and counsel. Let it be said next May that every Lyceum in the kingdom is affiliated with the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union. Amen.

A LETTER FROM MRS. M. E. CADWALLADER.

S.S. Southwark,

Atlantic Ocean,

Oct. 1st, 1901.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—

Our faces are turned homeward, and soon we will be with our own loved ones in the land of our birth, and though we are living in happy anticipation of meeting them all again, we by no means forget those who have made our visit to England such a host of pleasant days to remember, and out of the many who so contributed to our happiness there are none who stand out more clearly than all the members of the Morse family. We know that a visit to England would be sadly incomplete if a portion of it were not spent with you all whom we have learned to love. How short our stay was anyhow. It seemed like a dream, the coming and the departing, We have had a most stormy passage, the worst we ever experienced. The equinoctial gales descended upon us with crushing force, tipping and tossing from morn till night, and from night to morn, our good ship steadily ploughed the deep as if she could have more stormy weather.

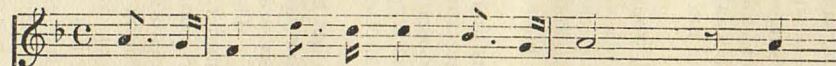
Rain storms and even a hail storm was our portion. We are now two days overdue, and we fear that many will be the anxious ones who do not know how safe we are. We had a pathetic service on board on Sunday evening last. When I saw how many Americans were on board, I suggested getting up a patriotic memorial service at which leading Americans should deliver short addresses, when I was pleased to find that we had on board the pastor of the church the President had attended. Also two personal friends of the President; so I arranged for the service, and Dr. Bristol kindly consented to talk to us on personal reminiscences of the President. Enclosed find a souvenir program of the services, which were intensely interesting. Of course, the religious part was tacked on by the presiding minister, who was a Presbyterian; however, when that was over, the address by Dr. Bristol was so human. He told of the personal character of the President as he knew him, of his love for the children, and his determination to follow the path of duty. Dr. Bristol was very pleasant when I made the request that he gave us something personal about the President. I had quite a chat with him, and told him

Continued on page 140.

In the Bright Summer-land.

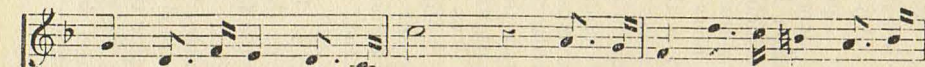
Words and Music by ROBERT COOPER.

VOICE.



1. There's a world that is bright - er than this, Sur -
 2. O the prais - es of love we shall sing, For
 3. To the In - fi - nite Fa - ther we'll yield A

PIANO.



- pass - ing - ly beau - teous and fair, And the oft - told - of man - sions of
 all the en - dear - ments of life, And the joy - bells of hea - ven will
 grate - ful as - crip - tion of praise, And we'll trust to His ne'er - fail - ing



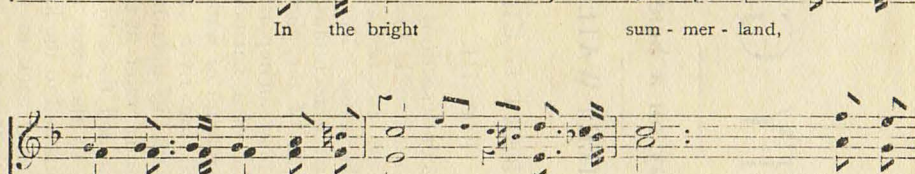
bliss Are pre - pared for the blest o - ver there.
 ring, In the ab - sence of tur - moil and strife.
 shield To pro - tect us in life's de - vious ways.



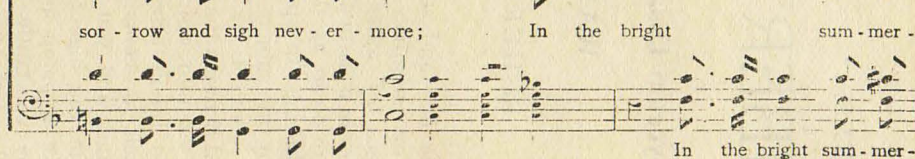
CHORUS.



In the bright sum - mer - land, We shall



In the bright sum - mer - land,



sor - row and sigh nev - er - more; In the bright sum - mer -

In the bright sum - mer -



- land, We shall sor - row and sigh nev - er - more.

- land, sum - mer - land,

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about our Lyceums, and showed him the copy of the resolution passed in Bootle, also the letter to Mrs. McKinley. I told him of my visit to Bootle, and how the Lyceum members were interested in hearing about our President and his wife, how deeply the Spiritualists of England sympathised with us in our great calamity. He listened with the closest attention, and when I ventured to say that I wished it had not been turned into a semi-religious service, he replied, "You will be satisfied, I am sure." So I was, for he confined his remarks to relating such instances of his intimacy with the President as to make us feel that it was indeed an honour to be present at the service, so with all the other speakers. There was no perfunctory duty to perform, but a heartfelt love that radiated to us with the words that fell from each speakers' lips.

Dr. Bristol, Dr. Radcliffe, as well as many others of the passengers, came to thank me for giving them the opportunity of being participators in the meeting. Oh, I was so glad, for the thought of being away from home at such a time grieved me, yet, as I look back, I feel that the evidences I received of fraternal love and sympathy have bound me more closely to England and its people.

I was hoping to do a great deal of writing on board the steamer, but it was so rough that writing was almost impossible. We are both well, and are going home very much the better for our visit. I was so tired when we got on board that I did nothing but rest. We were hoping to get in on Wednesday night, but the sea was so rough that the log shows only a run of 281 miles to-day, so Thursday will be the earliest we can hope to get in.

May all the good things of earth and the spirit world come your way is our united wish. Father is writing you also, and hopes you will continue your good work for a long time to come. Among the many things which have helped to make our passage pleasant were the letters which were handed to me from time to time by the Steward and purser. They will serve as pleasant reminders of those left on England's shores.

Well, I must close. Remember me to all the friends who congregate at 26, and believe me to be always,

Yours sincerely,

M. E. CADWALLADER.

P.S.—Arrived safely almost three days overdue.

IN MEMORIAM.

BRIGHOUSE—WALTER CRAWSHAW,

It is with deep regret I report the passing to the higher life of Walter Crawshaw, one of our Lyceum's best workers, and its treasurer, also a member of the choir. He passed away on Friday night, October 4th, aged 22 years, after a very brief illness. The interment took place at Brighouse Cemetery, on Tuesday afternoon, October 8th, and was conducted by Mr. Joseph Armitage, of Batley Carr. A number of friends attended, amongst those present being the choir, Lyceumists, and work mates. Amongst the floral wreaths sent, was one 'With deepest sympathy,' from the Lyceum scholars, and a very beautiful one, as a token from the workmates. The choir beautifully rendered two of his favourite hymns, 'O God, who fill'st immensity,' in the cemetery church; and 'Blessed be the ties that bind,' at the graveside.—ANNIE CROWTHER.

LIBERTY GROUP

A Lyceum Essay on a Scientific Subject.

WATER! WATER!

BY HERBERT E. CLARKE.

PART III.

In the first and second sections of this paper I have called your attention exclusively to the appearance and occurrence of water in nature, and have made no references in a particular sense. Nor is it my intention at present to do so, as that branch must conclude the essay. I wish this time to speak of the phenomena of nature in which my title subject plays an important part.

Last month I spoke of a balance which is constantly sustained between the amount of water in a river and that in the sea into which the river empties itself. I now intend to briefly explain this phenomenon. If you had two vessels for containing water at different heights from the ground, and you joined these by a tube, water would flow from the higher to the lower level. Now suppose you have a pump attached to the lower vessel by which you may constantly send back to the higher vessel the same volume of water in the same time as flows from high to low. You would then always retain the same level of water in each vessel although there would be an incessant flow. You might even hide the apparatus whereby the water is pumped back, and all that would then be seen would be a constant flow downwards of the water without alteration in the level of either the vessel into which, or from which, it is running.

Now the vessel at high level is the hill, from which the river flows to the sea level, or low level vessel, while the pump is the sun, and the hidden tube the clouds. The sun causes the sea to constantly evaporate, and the water vapour on cooling forms clouds which fall again in rain on the mountains.

The most superficial thought will tell us that practically the balance is not perfect. Some of the rain percolates through the soil, and some is evaporated again before it finds its way to the ocean. But by far the largest part of rain flows to the sea in some way or another, and the cycle continues on and on.

We see then that rain is water which has been on the earth before, perhaps close to where it now falls, perhaps thousands of miles away, but it has every drop been on the earth on some previous occasion. The question naturally follows as to the conditions under which rain falls to the earth. The solution is far from easy, and while the facts are known the explanation is doubtful. We are living in an electrical age, and everything mysterious nowadays is explained by a new mode of 'vibration' or 'electrical undulation.' However, it has become an accepted theory that primarily we obtain the effect of rain from an electrical cause. All know that wet weather is presaged by a low barometer—*i.e.*, by a low atmospheric pressure; and there is good reason to suppose that atmos-

pheric fluctuations are the outcome of differences in electrical states on the earth.

The clouds are held up by the atmospheric pressure, but when that pressure is diminished to a certain point the 'clouds fall' in the form of rain.

It is, however, a remarkable phenomenon that before the rain falls it has a great tendency to form itself into large drops. Hence black clouds. If the water fell as it is in the sky we should have drops only the size of the water drops in fog. Why the water has the property of so joining is a point I should not like to speak about, as I do not know of any explanation which has a better standing than another. So much for rain.

Now let us examine into fogs and mists. In England our winters are invariably charmed by the presence of thick, muggy, damp fogs, whilst in better climates this is uncommon. Why is this?

Our atmosphere is always laden with a large amount of water vapour, and the hotter the day the more capable is the air of holding water in this form. At night, after sunset, the temperature of the air gradually falls, until a point is reached when the air is unable to hold water any longer in the vapourous form. This is known as the *dew-point*, at which temperature drops of water begin to fall on the earth. When the sun rises again the atmosphere again becomes able to hold water vapour. The moisture from the earth, therefore, rises, and a morning mist is formed.

But this is only in summer. What about a cold day? Under these circumstances the dew-point is quickly reached, and the air becomes much dryer. But there is a change in the air, for the same space is filled by a smaller volume of air. This lessens the atmospheric pressure, and the clouds, now unsupported, gradually fall in the form of fog. This occurs generally in the morning and evening, when the earth and its envelope of air are cold, but when the sun warms the 'place beneath' the fog is converted into water vapour and the atmospheric pressure restored, with the result that the clouds rise, and the air is clear again.

Some nations of the world are privileged in possessing an atmosphere not, as ours, drenched with watery vapour, but dry and pure, and these climates are not varied by fogs and mists. The fogs which tend to gather over manufacturing towns would require a somewhat different explanation, which would lead us from our subject.

Snow, hail and frost are only frozen forms of water, and their production deserves a few words, as I know many people do not understand the difference between them. Snow is the solidified crystal of water as it existed in the cloud, and its production is momentary. Existing one second as a vapour, it is a white, feathery solid the next, and the liquid state has not been a transition stage. In the case of hail the cold has not been so intense, as the vapour is first cooled to a drop of water and lastly solidified. Frost is analogous to snow, except that the solidified vapour is that of the air near to the earth which soonest receives its cold from the ground. Last of all, ice is analogous to hail, being frozen water, and we may class earth-ice and cloud-ice together in the pairs:—(1) Frost and snow; (2) Ice and hail.

(To be Continued.)

What our Lyceums are Doing.

NOTICES TO SECRETARIES.

Secretaries are cordially invited to supply reports of the doings of their Lyceums for the Monthly Record. The same must reach us NOT LATER than the 23rd of each Month to ensure insertion in the ensuing number. Short reports have preference

Announcements of forthcoming events will be inserted free in the Itemettes column, but if specially displayed or containing detailed particulars, they will be charged as advertisements

All alterations of orders, or addresses for parcels, must reach us on the FIRST TUESDAY of the month to receive attention. Failure in this matter often causes annoyances and delays that we cannot avoid

Bradford—ivy Rooms.

At the Ivy Rooms Lyceum, Bradford, on Sunday, Oct. 6th, we held an open session, when we had a splendid meeting. We had nine visitors, who were greatly pleased with our marching and calisthenics. We had solos by Mr. Bates and Miss Binns, recitals by Mr. A. Beardsworth, Mr. Burchell, the Misses Burchell; also a mandoline and pianoforte duett by the Misses A. Messenger and Miss A. Moore, violin solo by Master W. Pickles, all of which were greatly appreciated. We are progressing splendidly in our new rooms.—W. E. MAGSON, Secretary.

Birmingham.

We held our quarterly open session on Sunday, Oct. 6th, at the Masonic Hall, Mrs. Deakin presiding. Miss Louie again acted as pianist, assisted by Mr. Vam on the clarionet and Mr. Pruce on the violin. Recitations were rendered by Violet Webb, Marion Krubb, Edith Clements, Nellie French, and Willie Clements; song by Louie Hand, entitled "Not a sparrow falleth." Mr. Wall gave a very interesting address on "Things we do not teach in the Lyceum," which was very much appreciated.—M.C.

Blackburn—Freckleton Street.

On Tuesday evening, October 15th, Mr. W. E. Moss, Secretary to Mrs. Lewis (Blackburn), the well-known temperance worker, addressed the members of our Lyceum. Mr. Moss related very pathetic incidents of his work in the temperance movement, and no doubt the moral of his stories will prove of service in later years. Mr. J. T. Ward, president of the parent Society, presided, and though the attendance was small, a very pleasant evening was spent.—The annual election of officers and leaders for 1902 took place on Sunday, October 13th, Mr. J. W. Moss and Mr. G. Edwards were appointed conductors, and Mr. James Hargreaves re-elected as secretary. Mr. Will Lord was also re-elected Guardian of the Order, having held this office for 15 years.

Bury.

On Sunday, September 29th, we held our Harvest Festival. In the morning we had an open session, conducted by Mr. J. R. Charnley, when Golden and Silver Chain Recitations and Musical Readings were given by the Lyceumists. Marching and calisthenics were conducted by Mr. H. Jackson; solos by Master Burton and Mr. T. Carter; recitation and clairvoyance by Mr. H. Fowler. There was the largest number of Lyceum scholars and visitors that has ever been present since the

opening of the Lyceum. In the afternoon, at 2 30, the choir rendered the service of song, entitled "The Roll Call," conducted by Mr J. Fletcher. The Reader, Miss L. Burton, performed her task in a very able manner. The hall was crowded. In the evening, at six o'clock, we had service, the medium being Mr. H. Fowler, of Bury, who kindly took the place of Miss Schofield, of Rochdale, who was absent through sickness. Mr. Lowler gave a very instructive address, and excellent clairvoyance. The hall was again crowded, many being unable to gain admittance. The day will ever be remembered as the whole proceedings were a success in every respect. The collections for the day amounted to £10 os. 4½d. The annual election resulted as follows:—President of the Society, Mr. H. Golding; Lyceum Conductor, Mr. H. Jackson; Assistant Lyceum Conductor, Mr. J. Swarbrick.—THOS. CARTER, Lyceum Sec.—An entertainment was given by the Lyceum Dramatic Society, at the Spiritualist Hall, on Tuesday evening. There was a moderate attendance. The proceeds were in aid of the building fund. Mr. J. E. Crompton presided. The programme included the song, "Dream of Paradise," by Miss A. A. Golding, and a song by Miss A. Taylor; recitation, "Over there," by Miss M. Kershaw; Lancashire recitation, "Hauve-past five at neet," Mr. E. J. Barnes; Lancashire reading, "Th' chaps as are wanted to manage the heause," Mr. J. E. Crompton; mandoline solo, Miss C. Roscoe; pianoforte solo and song, "Stilling the tempest," Miss M. E. Clough; dialogue, "Handy Andy," by Miss M. Kershaw, Messrs. J. R. Charnley, W. Howarth, J. E. Crompton, and E. J. Barnes; and a number of tableaux, including "Snow Queen," "Dirty Boy," "Good-bye, Daddy," "Saved from the fire," and "Aunt Janes' troubles."—The *Bury Times*.

Huddersfield—Brook Street.

Our Lyceum is progressing. The attendance has somewhat improved, and the general tone of the Lyceum is healthy. We have formed a Guild, and we meet one night each week, when papers are read and discussed. Some evenings are devoted to music, others to games, etc. We have a membership of 40, and considering that our 'Guild' has only been in work a month, the results are highly satisfactory. The 'Guild' was opened with eighty persons present. Our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Everitt were present, and Mr. Everitt gave a short address, and formally declared the Guild open. The following ladies and gentlemen contributed to the success of the evening: The Misses C. Entwistle, E. Entwistle, Dyson, and Rastall; and the Messrs. H. Westerby, K. Beaumont, M. Copley, and Mrs. Briggs. Our second meeting was a sewing evening. The lady members of the 'Guild' brought their work, and the gentlemen read selections from various magazines. At our third meeting Mrs. Wainwright, a lady friend, gave a lecture, entitled "A Trip to Algiers," which was enjoyed very much, some interesting photographs were shown. A hearty vote of thanks was awarded the lecturer.—HARRY L. WESTERLY, Lyceum Sec.

Manchester—South.

We are, in our opinion, taking into consideration the short existence of the Forward Lyceum, making very favourable progress. Golden Chain and Silver Chain Recitations are well rendered. There are also very good recitations each session by members of the Lyceum. Then

we have the usual marching. On October 13th we started with the calisthenics, under the direction of Mrs. Jackson. Mr. Dabbs read to us a short account of the conditions under which mediums in the early days of the movement laboured, and how they were insulted and despised, but yet remained firm, and maintained the principles of that truth which is now spreading all over the land. Sunday, October 20th, we listened to a very instructive and interesting reading on the "Naturalness of Mediumship" by Mrs. Dabbs.—PAUL DALY.

Manchester—Tipping Street.

The Manchester Society of Spiritualists, Lyceum Report. At the half-yearly meeting, held Sunday, October 6th, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing half-year:—Conductor, Mr. Braham; Assistant Conductors, Mr. Rougsedge and Mr. Wright; Treasurer, Mr. John Jones; Secretary, Mr. George Vernon, jun.; Guardians, Miss A. Cheetwood and Mr. G. Vernon, jun.; Musical Directors, Mr. John Read and Miss Bessie Shawcross; Librarian, Miss F. Sims; Sick Visitors, Mr. W. Hall and Mr. Wright.—G. VERNON, jun., Sec.

Newcastle-on-Tyne—Heaton.

We feel sorry we have lost an ardent worker in the Lyceum movement in Miss Lottie Kell, who has departed from England to take up her home with some friends in South Africa. On October 10th, the night prior to her departure, Mr. H. A. Kersey, on behalf of a few friends, presented to her a handsome umbrella. The presentation was accompanied with many pleasing and encouraging remarks and good wishes. Miss Lottie Kell was also the recipient of another elaborate present. The Lyceum wish her every success and happiness in her new sphere.—G.M.M.

Oldham.

Sunday, October 20th, we held our Lyceum open session. The Misses Monks and Kershaw obliged us with solos, and we had three receptions from the girls' side; sorry we had none from the boys. The marching and calisthenics were gone through exceedingly well, and the hall was crowded. Please note that we are removing from Bartlam Place to Nile Street, off Belmont Street, and are opening it with a grand tea party and entertainment, and the opening services on Sunday will be conducted by Mr. George Smith, of Manchester. Silver collections to defray expenses.—HIRAM MONKS. [All remittances to be sent to this office.—ED. L.B.]

B.S.L.U. District Visitors' Reports.

Manchester District.

TO THE SECRETARY.—Dear Mr. Kitson, I send the following report of my labours in the Manchester District, for the past quarter, during which period I visited the following Lyceums in the order, and on the dates, enumerated as follows:—

Hyde.

Sunday, July 14th, I was received most cordially, and regrets were expressed that it had been so long since a

D.V. had visited them. The attendance and order were exceptionally good. The Lyceum opened prompt to time.

Bolton.

Sunday, July 21st, I visited the Knowsley Street Lyceum. At their special request I conducted the session. Taught them some new marches, in which great interest was manifested. Good conduct and harmony, and much interest expressed for our work at the services, in the course of which I pleaded the children's cause.

Salford.

Sunday, August 4th, I attended the Regent Road Lyceum. Room very much too small for the work. Owing to the planned speaker having disappointed the society I was invited to take the services, and in so doing utilised the opportunity to plead for the children.

Batley Carr.

Sunday, August 11th, I visited Batley Carr, at the joint invitation of Lyceum and Society. I was pleased to find the new marches I had taught them on a previous visit gave entire satisfaction, as did my services on the occasion in question. In the evening I had the pleasure of naming an infant.

Burnley.

Sunday, August 8th, I attended the Interim conference, at North Street, Burnley.

Morecambe.

Sunday, August 25th, I visited Morecambe at the special request of the Society, and with the permission of E. C. of our union, for the purpose of opening a Lyceum. The proceedings were most successful. I received excellent assistance from Messrs. Knight & Nield, of Bolton. At the close of the meetings Mr. J. Hirst, president of the Saddleworth Society, invited me to open a Lyceum for that body.

Pendleton.

Sunday, September 1st, I visited the Milton Place Lyceum. My visit was unexpected, but I found an excellent attendance present. The session was well conducted and orderly. A special system of calisthenics, composed by one of their officers, was used. This, I pointed out, would make it very difficult for visitors to join in them, and for their own members to join in them, when visiting other Lyceums. I strongly urged them to use the official series issued by the B.S.L.U.

Salford.

Sunday, September 8th, I attended the united Lyceums Session at the Spiritual church, conducting the exercises. The meetings were in honour of Mrs. Mellon. A capital session.

Morecambe.

Sunday, September 15th, I paid a second visit to this Society and Lyceum, and was much pleased to note the progress made. At the request of the members I appointed the necessary officers for the working of the Lyceum, and each one asked to act, responded readily to the invitation. I am sure Lyceum will soon grow large, and become a healthy and vigorous body.

ANNIE E. BURTON, U.D.V.

Rochdale District.

On July 14th, I visited Heywood and found that though few in numbers they had a good Lyceum. At 10-30 about

20 Lyceumists from Regent Hall, Rochdale, arrived, and had an excellent time. The responses to the silver and golden chain recitations were good. And so were the exercises.

On July 21st, I visited Regent Hall, Rochdale, and found about 50 present. The responses were very good. I taught them the diamond march, and also advised them to adopt the New Series of Calisthenics, so that they would be more at home when visiting other Lyceums.

On August 4th, I visited Bury Lyceum. The responses and exercises were good, but the conduct could be greatly improved.

On September 15th, I visited the Bolton Bradford Street Lyceum, and found them a little late in starting. At the invitation of the Conductor I took his place. The responses were fairly good, but would be improved if rendered a little slower. The physical exercises were good. Liberty Group selected as a subject—"What has Christianity done for woman?" for the following Sunday's discussion.

On September 22nd I visited Higher Broughton and found them a little late at starting. The responses were good, but would be improved if taken a little slower. The singing was the best I have heard. Solos and part-songs were excellently rendered. The exercises were very good when we consider they were cramped for room. They have a good number of willing workers.—

A. E. KERSHAW, D.V.

NORTH-EAST LANCASHIRE LYCEUM UNION DISTRICT COUNCIL.—The above council will hold a Lyceum Choir Contest at Blackpool Albert Road Spiritual Church, on Saturday, December 7th. To commence at 4 p.m. prompt. Contest open to all Lyceums in the N.E.L.L.U. D.C. Conditions of contest: maximum number of voices 20, minimum 12, conductor excepted. Conductor to be a member of local lyceum or society. The test piece No. 41, Spiritual Songster (Floral Sunday) and one from Spiritual Songster of choirs' own selection. Both selections to be sung without accompaniment. No applauding will be allowed during contest. All choirs in the council who intend to compete must forward such notice to the secretary on or before the 9th of November, also the names of choir and conductor. All members of choirs must be bona-fide lyceum scholars: 1st prize, gold mounted baton, 2nd, silver mounted baton. Successful choirs will be called upon to sing at after meeting. The Council Executive earnestly desires all lyceums to be represented in the contest, in order to make it a thorough success.

KEUBEN LATHAM, Hon. Secretary.

WHERE IS THE SPIRIT WORLD?

The above topic is being discussed in the pages of the SPIRITUAL REVIEW for this month. Contributions bearing on the subject are given from Rev. C. Ware, John Kinsman, Editor of *Psyche*, A. W. Orr, Peter Lee, E. S. G. Mayo, with quotations from the works of several eminent American writers. Next month there will be an article specially written upon the above question by our honoured founder, Andrew Jackson Davis. The REVIEW is published at 3d., and can be had, post free for 4d., from 26, Osnaburgh Street, London, N.W.

Pendieton—Cobden Street.

On September 29th, Floral Sunday. The session at 2-30 p.m. was devoted to the usual routine, which was gone through in a creditable manner, with Effie Bagnall as leader. Miss Rotherham, of Broughton, and Mr. Brace Girdle, of Salford, with many representatives from other Lyceums readily responded to our Conductor's call, and addressed the children and friends. Mr. Bagnall read a paper on the Spiritualists 'Heaven.' At 6-30 p.m. the children rendered a service of song entitled "What the flowers say." With Mrs. O'Neil as reader. A stage was erected to seat all the lyceumists who wore their medals, also buttonholes of lillies for the girls, and red carnations for the boys, seated alternately; twelve of the Bluebells' girls dressed in pretty white dresses and blue sashes represented the twelve flowers mentioned in the service of song. Each one had their dresses artistically trimmed with the flowers they represented. Master Gamble gave a violin solo, and an anthem was sung entitled 'Come unto me.' Little Amy Meakin recited "A wife's sacrifice," in fine style. The platform was profusely decorated, and with the sweet blending of youthful voices the whole effect was delightful to eye and ear. The whole of the musical part was carried out by the Conductor, Mr. Moulding, the audiences were good and they contributed liberally to the collection.

W. BAGNALL, Secretary.

Royton.

Our Band of Hope in connection with our Lyceum is in a flourishing condition. We had as many as eighty at one of our meetings. On October 5th we had a Lantern Entertainment, consisting of views of Staffordshire and Wales, also Illustrated Readings. There were about 200 children and adults present. The proceeds were for the Band of Hope. In connection with the Lyceum the young men have a Cricket Club called the Royton Progressive C.C. On Saturday, Oct. 19th, we had a Social. During the evening a presentation of medals was made to Messrs. W. H. Holland and T. Collinge for batting and bowling. After the presentation a potato-pie supper was given by friends. The evening was very enjoyable.—A. W. SMITH.

Rochdale—Regent Hall.

On Saturday, October 5th, we had a most enjoyable tea-party and miscellaneous entertainment, which was held in the interests of the Rochdale District Council. This was the first real meeting and we were very proud to have the first visit of the newly-formed Council, which appears to be stepping in the right direction. With the help of the Heywood Lyceum, a capital programme was gone through, consisting of songs by Mr. Hilton, Miss Howarth, Miss Gray, Miss Cumberbirch, Mrs. Yates, a duet by Misses Pollitt and Dnckworth, banjo solo by Mr. Diggles, violin solo by Miss Pollitt, recitations by Miss Dearden and Mrs. Yates, a reading by Mr. Hesketh, and a Scotch dance by Miss Cumberbirch. The Lyceum also went through the marching and calisthenics to the enjoyment of the delegates. The entertainment was under the chairmanship of Mr. J. B. Tetlow, president of the Rochdale Council. The Lyceum is advancing, and things look bright with us.

We have had many pleasant and enjoyable rambles and picnics in connection with the Lyceum during the past summer months. Now we have started an afternoon session on a three months trial, which bids fair to be continued. Our society has found out the good work the Lyceum cause is doing, and have granted an Open Session to us every two months. These are well attended, and we all look forward to them very much, taking this opportunity of showing our friends and the public the good work we are doing by trying to teach the children a pure religion.—F. KNOTT, Secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallis celebrate their 'Golden Wedding' on the 14th inst. A large number of invitations have been issued, and no doubt a very numerous company will meet them on the occasion. Hard workers, and faithful servants of the Spirits, we felicitate them in advance on attaining so important a mile-stone on their earthly pathway. We shall congratulate them in person on the above-mentioned date.

The Editor of the BANNER will address meetings during this month as follows:—London, Cavendish Rooms, Sunday, 3rd; Portsmouth, Thursday and Friday, 7th and 8th; Nottingham, Cobden Hall, Sunday, 10th, Smethwick, Sunday, 17th; Leicester, Queen Street, Monday, 18th; Glasgow, Bath Street, Sunday, 24th, and Edinburgh, Monday, 25th.

The *Spiritual Review* for this month will contain the first portion of the contributions to the Symposium upon the question of 'Where is the Spirit-world?' Every Lyceum Conductor should read this issue. In the December issue will appear an original article on the subject from Andrew Jackson Davis, specially contributed by our honoured Founder. Look out for it.

The Third Part of Mr. and Mrs. Wallis' 'A Guide to Mediumship,' called 'Psychic Culture' is now ready. Compact, excellent, it is full of good things, it is a worthy completion of an admirable and much needed work. It can be obtained from this office post free 1s. 1½d.

ATTENTION! The Spiritualists' National Union was legally incorporated on Tuesday, October 22nd, which brings to a satisfactory termination the long effort to legalise our National body. The Executive have in hand the formation of a Ten Thousand Shillings Fund, for the purpose of financially strengthening the finances of that body. It has been suggested by Mr. Wm. Johnson, and every body is invited to subscribe to it. We shall be glad to receive contributions and forward them to the proper quarter. Mr. Johnson's idea is a happy one, and we wish it every success.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY offer to assist inquirers into Spiritualism, and to send free literature and list of members upon receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Information of prospective events, meetings, lectures, &c., to be had from Mr. Percy Smyth, Registrar S.I.C.S. 66, Thornton Avenue, Chiswick, W.—Advt.

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- SHEFFIELD.—Secretary, Mr. W. E. Bennett, 576, Attercliffe-road, Sheffield; D.V., Mr. J. F. Haywood, 135, Langsett-road, Hillsboro, Sheffield.

List of Lyceum Union Districts.

Their Visitors.

- BRADFORD.—Mr. J. H. Smith, Leeds-road.
- LONDON.—Forest Gate and Dalton; Mr. and Mrs. M. Clegg, 29, Ramsey-road, Forest Gate, London, E.
- MANCHESTER.—Miss A. Burton, 53, Stanley-street, Bury
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