

FOR A MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT---See Page 157.

THE
Lyceum Banner

(Founded 1890)

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.

VOL. XI., No. 132. [COPYRIGHT.]

DECEMBER, 1901.

[ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL] ONE PENNY.

A Mother's Part.

WHAT THE HEART OF A MOTHER SAID TO HER
CHILD.

I want to understand you and to feel
There is no page in your life's history
That is not read and understood by me—
To teach Life brings no grief Love cannot heal ;
And as time passes by us to reveal
Love's wond'rous treasures, granted ere you ask ;
Until some newer hands take up the task,
When I must sadly, gracefully give way,
Though lips may quiver sadly as I say
" My work is done,—there is no need of me—
Another takes my place." Yet it may be
The winter of my life may bloom as May.
O child, beloved, be it all my art
To act consistently true mother's part.

KATE TAYLOR-ROBINSON.

Tweed Green House, Whalley Range.

Frank Burgoyne: Outcast.

A MANCHESTER STORY.

By JOHN M. STUART-YOUNG.

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

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

" God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."—COWPER.

AT nine o'clock on the day after Frank's arrest Jack
and his father started from their home for the
Police Courts at Minshull Street.

Jack's heart was always ready to respond to the slightest
call for sympathy, but he had taken a special and instinctive
liking to Frank ; and he was anxious that they should be
there to help him in his hour of need.

The Courts he had never seen before. He came to a

standstill when they reached the magnificent building, and
gazed with a feeling akin to awe upon the sculptured work
above.

In the very centre of the grand stone-work which orna-
ments the front, were fair figures and wonderful beasts,
while quaint carvings filled each door-way. Both entrances
were well guarded by policemen, and busy reporters were
constantly passing to and fro. Claspings his father's hand
tightly he ascended the broad steps with him.

After crossing a large hall, a policeman shewed them
the way to the Criminal Court. This was a moderately
large room, with a gallery for the accommodation of visitors.
Several people occupied the place already. Mr. Cooke
and Jack were ushered to a seat below the dock, and again
the boy looked around him.

Opposite was the bench, and as he sat looking at it three
gentlemen bustled in and seated themselves. Then several
more people filed into the seat where he and his father
sat, and in a few minutes the trials had commenced.

Jack listened as the various evidences were given. First
a man was tried for ill-using his wife ; then another man
was charged with burglary ; and it was not until nearly
twelve o'clock that he heard a loud voice cry " Frank
Burgoyne ! " An old gentleman near where he was sitting
started to his feet, then sat down again with a half-
suppressed exclamation.

But Jack scarcely noticed this. He had lifted his eyes
to the prisoners' dock, and there, very pale and ill, stood
Frank.

The stipendary turned over his papers, and then leaned
towards his colleagues and whispered something in a low
voice. They all seemed upset about some mistake, and
Jack wondered what would happen next. Then he saw a
policeman touch the old gentleman, who had appeared to
be surprised when Frank was called, and lead him towards
the witness-box.

There was a loud buzz of voices in the gallery as the
people saw Frank's youthful figure in the dock, but a hard
voice calling : " Silence ! Silence ! " soon restored a com-
parative calm.

The magistrate leaned from his bench towards the old
gentleman in the witness-box.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Frank Burgoyne" came the answer, clear and strong.

Jack started, and he could see his young friend's eyes staring wonderingly at the speaker.

The magistrate nodded to his companions on the bench, and then said quietly:

"We thought, at first, that some mistake had been made. We find that both yourself and the prisoner bear the name of Frank Burgoyne—a remarkable coincidence, a very remarkable coincidence."

The old gentleman seemed rather embarrassed, and gave his evidence in an un-nerved way. On the date named he had been standing at a bookstall on London Road, when he saw the young prisoner beside him. He was interested in the book which he had in his hand; consequently it was only when called upon to pay for his purchases that he had discovered his loss, and remembered that a boy had hovered near his purse. He expressed his wish to withdraw the case. He had been extremely careless in leaving his money lying about, and the prisoner was so young.

The magistrate fixed his eyes keenly and penetratingly on Frank's face. Then he whispered for a few seconds with his comrades, and said: "Frank Burgoyne, we will dismiss the case. But let this be a lesson to you.—The prisoner at the bar may be removed."

A few minutes later Frank found himself in a little room with Mr. Cooke, Jack, and the old gentleman whose purse he had stolen. The first question Mr. Burgoyne put to him was "What is your father's name?" Frank replied, briefly narrating the facts with which my readers are already acquainted. "Boy, I am your grandfather," he exclaimed, when Frank had finished. Mr. Cooke and he had a few minutes earnest talk together, then Mr. Burgoyne approached his grandson, and patted him kindly on the shoulder.

"Frank," he said brokenly "I did not treat your father well, and I feel that I am responsible for all the misery and misunderstanding which has filled your childhood with gloom. This gentleman has proffered to be your friend, and you may accompany him to America, When you return you can come to my house. My poor boy! I little knew that you could ever suffer through my harshness." He stooped and kissed his grandson, then shaking Mr. Cooke and Jack warmly by the hand hurried away.

The strain had been too much for Frank; he leaned heavily against the wall. His face was deadly white, and a cold tremble convulsed his whole frame.

Jack put his arm gently around him, and with Mr. Cooke's assistance led him to the door. Here a cab was obtained, and they all entered.

As they rattled away towards Moss Side, Frank's head fell limply back against the cushions. He had fainted.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HARD FIGHT.

"Arouse thee, Soul!
And let the body do
Some worthy deed for human happiness,
To join, when life is through
Unto thy name, that Angels both may bless.
Arouse thee Soul!"

NICOLL.

For many days Frank remained insensible to his surroundings. Night succeeded night, and the sun rose serenely morning after morning; but still he lay stretched on his bed, wasting away beneath the relentless hand of fever. Jack was ever by his side, and saw that his friend was always comfortably looked after; and everyone united in tending him with kindness and solicitude. Mr. Burgoyne had been recalled from his home in London, and had taken rooms at an hotel near by, so that he too might be near the invalid.

At last, weak and thin, Frank awoke from his delirium. Feebly turning his head towards the window he saw the Salvation Army Captain and the little Jew who had lodged him so long—so very, very long!—ago. He closed his eyes again: this must surely be part of the dream through which he had been passing for so many, many, hours. A soft hand pushed back the hair from his forehead. Perhaps, after all, he was awake, he mused. He raised himself in the bed, and looked eagerly around.

"Where am I?" he asked hoarsely.

He felt very faint and weak, and fell back almost instantly.

"Hush, my poor lad!" he heard Captain Burns say gently. "You must be very quiet. This is your room at Alexandra Road. Jack and Mr. Cooke are at service, so Mr. Polosky, who recognised you in Court that day, has been watching with me. Lie still, for you have been very ill." As he said these words, kindly and softly, Frank placed his worn hand in his, and whispered:

"You are very kind to me, Captain Burns. Thank you very much."

"There, there" said the Salvationist hurriedly smoothing the pillow. His eyes had a slight suspicion of tears in them and he turned to the window to hide his emotion.

The little Jew, who seemed much cleaner and more respectable than he had been some time before, now brought him a glass of lemonade to drink, and then told him to keep very quiet or he would be poorly again.

And so the evening passed on. Frank kept very still; sometimes dozing, sometimes thinking how glad he was to be here; but always remaining still, because of the complete exhaustion of his body. He had been sleeping fitfully, when he heard new voices in the room; and looked up to see his grandfather, and Jack bending over him.

"Do you feel better now?" asked the old gentleman.

"Yes, thank you—grandfather" replied Frank.

"That's right, my boy."

He could feel Jack's lips kissing his cheek, and he dozed again. When he awoke it was nearly midnight. Mr. Cooke was seated by his bedside reading, and Frank watched him sleepily. Anon he would follow with languid eyes the intricate pattern of the wall-paper; or count the tickings of the little clock on the mantelpiece.

About one o'clock he fell into the deep tranquil sleep known only to sufferers: that sweet slumber which refreshes the tired tissues of the body after the hard struggle with Death. He did not awaken until almost noon next day, and when he did so he felt almost buoyant with happiness. The danger was behind now—he would soon be well.

In a few days he was able to sit downstairs before the windows in an easy chair; but he was still too weak to walk, Jack would spend the mornings with him, and many new friends from the mission-room would call in and spend an hour with him in the afternoons. He was never lonely.

On a little table near his chair Mr. Cooke had placed several volumes of poems and the bible. He was particularly fond of Longfellow, and would often turn to "The Psalm of Life" and read the verses which had revealed to him the beauty of existence :

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

Then he would turn to the Gospels, and read with sparkling eyes of Christ's noble work among the poor and afflicted. At these times his heart would burn with enthusiasm, and he would ardently long for health that he might do something to make his "footprint" a lasting one.

His grandfather called often in the evenings and their affection became mutual and lasting. Frank still looked worn and shadowy from weakness, but Mr. Burgoyne always insisted with anxious face that he was looking better every day. Now Mr. Burgoyne's heart was large enough for three ordinary men of gentle disposition, but he had allowed a slight covering of acidity to conceal its value from the world at large. It was delightful to witness his face relaxing when he saw his grandson sitting weakly in his chair. Many and interesting were the stories he dug up from the recesses of his memory for Frank's gratification, and the love between them grew stronger and firmer as the weeks flew along.

Those were very happy days. The Summer was coming with all her flowers. Outside, the air was bright, clear and warm. Inside everything was orderly, neat and clean. After the clangours and turbulences of the past, Frank felt that this was Heaven itself.

About the middle of July Mr. Burgoyne had to return to London. He took an affectionate farewell of our friends, and invited them down to his home for the Christmas after their return from America. Mr. Cooke and Jack had delayed their journey until August 1st on Frank's account ; but he was now almost well. They all looked forward eagerly to the voyage, and Jack's delight knew no bounds when Frank was able to walk with him to town to purchase their tickets a full fortnight before the date of their sailing.

(To be Continued.)

Hospital Life at Christmastide.

A True Story for Boys and Girls.

BY ALBERT ELLIS, PHRENOLOGIST.

"I SHAN'T go inside that place," exclaimed Ernie, as he stood outside a large hospital with his mother, awaiting an interview with the doctors. And then his wondering eyes gazed at the high windows, and his heart beat fast with fear, at the thought that perhaps the doctors would decide for him to become an in-patient. He shuddered, for he did not want to leave home, although his leg was injured.

After the doctors had examined his leg it was pronounced a case of great necessity for indoor treatment, and therefore his fears were realised, and he had to remain in

the hospital much against his will. Little boys do not always know what is best for their welfare, and should therefore obey those who are older and wiser than themselves.

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, beat Ernie's little heart, and great big tears ran down his pale cheeks as his mother fondly kissed him and bade him good-bye, leaving him in charge of a nurse to conduct him upstairs, to the boys ward.

How strange and lonely he felt, as he observed the rows of beds, and noticed the deathlike stillness of the place. It all impressed him with a solemn awe, but he soon grew used to his new surroundings, and within a week was quite at home, romping as best he could with those who were convalescent.

Christmas eve had come. Every boy in the ward was expecting a good time. They were as eager as the nurses that everything should present as cheerful and jolly an appearance as possible to their friends who were coming on the morrow. Accordingly, those who could, assisted in decorating, etc. Ernie, though lame, was as eager as the rest, and as lively ; rather too much so, seeing that while nurse was out of the way for a few minutes, he fought another lad for some trifling offence, which was very unkind on his part, as all boys should love one another, and not fight with their fists to injure each other. What a terrible way for sick boys to begin Christmas. If Ernie had attended the Lyceum, he would have been instructed to return good for evil, and not quarrel.

It is midnight. The gas glimmers faintly in the ward. The snow falls fast but lightly on the ground. Nothing can be heard but an occasional sigh from a restless sufferer, when all at once the silence is broken by the strains of music outside. Ernie was just dosing when the sound reached him. He started up as also did several of the other boys to listen. When the music ceased it was followed by the carollers singing anthems of him whose birthday is kept at Christmas. Then the bells of the grand old cathedral pealed forth their merry tunes, and the familiar sounds, with the recollection of where he was, caused Ernie to weep, for he felt there was no place like home, and he muttered to himself that God was very cruel to let him be ill so long. Ernie did not then properly understand that illness was caused by disobedience to the laws of nature.

When he awoke next morning, to his glad surprise, Ernie found under his pillow an envelope containing a letter and a Christmas card all for himself. Arousing the other lads he enquired if they also had recieved the same benefit. Yes, there under each pillow, for each patient, somebody had tried to bring cheer and gladness to their young hearts this Christmastide. "Who has done it?" was the cry. The younger lads concluded that Father Christmas had come when all were asleep, but the elder boys laughed at that idea, and agreed that nurse had done it,

The morning passed. Dinner had been served, and all the boys were now bright, cheerful and expectant, as the hall bell rang announcing the time for visitors to be admitted. In they came one by one. Ernie waited patiently for someone to visit him, and was rejoiced to hear his mother's footsteps ascending the stairs. In another minute the fond mother was bending lovingly over her suffering boy. How sad she looked, as with tearful eyes she kissed him, and offered him sweetmeats that she had brought, being anxious he should have as much cheer as possible this festive season. When his mother talked of

home, Ernie looking into her face exclaimed, "I wish I was home, I hate this place, and if the doctors do not soon send me out I shall come by myself."

Ah! wilful, impatient boy, you little know what important lessons you have yet to learn through pain and suffering.

A year rolls by, and in the same room on Christmas eve we see a lad lying on a bed. He has large blue eyes, a deadly pale face, thin and wan from weary months of dreadful pain. The face seems familiar, surely we have seen it before: Who is it? Can it be Ernie of twelve months ago? Yes, it is he. But oh, how changed. Five months before this a consultation was held over him, and the doctors decided that he must either die or have his leg taken off. At first Ernie was careless and indifferent about the matter, he was so weary of the constant agony he had to bear. But he reflected that he would perhaps die, and as he did not know much of the spirit world, or the teachings of Spiritualism, he was afraid, and as he laid there, all his naughty words and actions appeared to pass like a panorama before his bewildered mind, and thus day by day he lay struggling with the pains of body, and this dreadful state of mind. Had he known that what is called merely a change to a more perfect spiritual life, his fears would have been set aside.

The day for the operation arrived, and yet Ernie was in a dreadful state of mind about dying. A LYCEUM BANNER would have perhaps helped him in his difficulty, but there seemed nothing of the kind at hand to help him, and he shrank from speaking to anyone about the matter so he struggled on alone. Yet not alone, for his spirit guardians were interesting themselves in his efforts to find peace of mind. He made up his mind if he should recover after the operation, he would be a much better boy and would try to always do unto others as he would like them to do to him. This resolution made him feel much happier, and shortly after making this resolution, the silence which had prevailed in the ward was broken by the hurried steps of nurses and students. The time had come at last, and Ernie was borne to the operating room, or "theatre," as it is called, followed by nurses and students, who took their respective places, either for the purpose of assisting the doctors or instruction.

The sick lad was laid upon a table, chloroform administered, and he soon lost consciousness. When he awoke, he found himself in bed, the nurse bending over him. "I thought they were going to take my leg off" said Ernie "so they have laddie," replied the nurse, but Ernie told her his foot ached so much, that he could not realise his leg was gone until he put his hand where his leg should be, and then he knew the nurse had told him correctly.

Ernie grew worse. The doctors and nurses were in doubt whether his life could be spared. "Little Ernie is dying" was passed from one to another of the nurses, for he had won the affection of all his attendants. The blinds were drawn, screens placed around his bed, carpets laid on the floor to deaden footfalls, friends forbidden to disturb him, for all think he is breathing his last, but with the extraordinary care of the nurses he slowly recovered.

His mother stood once again by his bedside. The lines of anxious care were deepened into furrows on her forehead, and betokened the intense suffering she had undergone

during the long illness of her boy. For who can measure a mother's a mother's love for her child?

"When is my boy coming home?" anxiously enquired his mother, as she tenderly smoothed back the hair that had fallen over his forehead.

"I don't know" he answered, "but I have made a resolution to be a good boy, and always obey you, when I do get home."

Then the hall bell rang intimating that the visitors must retire, and once more mother and parted.

The following day each boy expected a jolly time, for in one of the wards there was a huge Christmas tree, laden with gifts for each patient young and old.

Nurse told Ernie he should be carried to witness the distribution, if he was well enough, and promised not to talk. Ernie was delighted, and when the time came round, and a lady was seen to hand him a share a little larger than the rest, a smile of approval was on every face.

Ernie got well and returned home, and has endeavoured to keep the resolution he made while very ill, and this Christmas is trying to make everybody he knows, as happy as he is himself. Will you please try and do the same.

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 am glad to tell you all that I am ever so much better now, indeed, I really feel quite well, though our doctor says I must not do too much just at present. He is a nice man, is our doctor, I heard him tell mother that I did not want medicine, it was rest and nourishment I needed, he said. So he only gave me three bottles of medicine, he called them 'tonics' and I called them bitters! Never mind, it is over now, and I can eat my meals regularly again. Ted says he does not need any 'tonics' to give him an appetite! I should think not; Why, he eats three times as much as I do, and then often says he is hungry and could eat more! I think if ever I have a family I will have all girls, for I am sure they are cheaper to feed than are boys. Ted says 'humph, they don't cost so much to dress as girls do,' and really I think he is right, too.

Mother says, though, she does not mind what it costs to feed and dress us, so long as we are good and happy, but mother is always saying nice things and that makes us love her so, and be so happy at home. It is lovely to have a happy home, is it not? And it is also lovely to have a lot of friends, as well. I am finding a lot of dear friends among my dear Bluebells', and have been made ever so happy with the letters they have lately sent me, for which I thank them all with my heart!

The first letter I received was from little Elsie May Lambert, of the Armley Lyceum, and she writes—

DEAR FLORA BELLE.—I am pleased to tell you that our Lyceum is going on well at Armley, and I am trying to get on well myself. I am trying to get all the children I can to attend, we all behave nicely. I have got a silver medal and chain for reciting, and I have got my name put on it. I have got a work-box too, for being in a sketch, and a very nice book for reading and good conduct, and I can take the Lyceum through the calisthenics, and I am singing till Christmas for another prize. This is all at present from a lyceum scholar aged eight years.—ELSIE MAY LAMBERT.

Bravo! Elsie,' said Ted, when he read the letter, 'she is smart, isn't she?' Well, yes, she is, and I am delighted to hear from you dear.

Then I got two letters from Ethel Sargent, of the Northgate Lyceum, Blackburn, and altogether she sends me thirty-five more names for the Guild! Ethel says in her letter—

DEAR FLORA BELLE—Just a few lines to say I received the cards all right and I am very pleased with them, and the children are just delighted! I gave them out on the Sunday afternoon and am glad to say it attracted the attention of the elder scholars, and I got those whose names I send you to join the Guild. Dear Flora I am very sorry to read in the BANNER that you have been very ill. I hope and trust that when you receive this you will be much better? I am in the best of health and would like everybody to be the same. I will now close with best love to yourself and all the dear Bluebells'. I remain your loving sister—ETHEL SARGENT.

I am glad to say, Ethel, dear, that I am ever so much better now, and I thank you for so nice a letter and the list of names you sent with it, too. I am sure you must have a splendid lyceum, dear, and I wish it, and you all, every success.

The same post brought me another letter from the Northgate Lyceum, from the Conductor! Just fancy, the Conductor thinking of the guild and me! 'Now, Sis, don't put on airs,' said Ted, but when I gave him Mr. Cooke's letter to read, he said, when he gave it me back, 'Oh! well, he is a nice man, and I like his letter too.' you see he had then seen that his name was in it, so I told him not to put on airs, at which he sniffed, like boys do when they don't want to admit they are pleased! The letter is so nice that I will use it all, it says—

DEAR FLORA—I suppose I am now a fully initiated Bluebell on receiving my certificate of membership? I thank you very much indeed for it, and think it is very beautiful. You may be assured I will try to carry out my pledge, and be a good boy and worthy of your Guild.

I am sorry to read you have been poorly, I trust you will be well again soon, to resume your attentions to your

Bluebells'. The moral of your illness is—if we violate the laws of our physical nature, sickness ensues, so also with our spiritual natures, and your beautiful guild is to build up your Bluebells' Spiritual Health.

Reading of your Ted's as well as your own photographic experiences, amused me very much. I have had a few myself. I was *taking* a nice looking young lady (beg pardon *all ladies* are pretty), but, lo, upon developing, she was without head, next attempt she got 'fogged,' and I could not find her on the plate! The school inspector advised our boys at school to buy dictionaries, they acted upon his good advice, and the first word they looked for was 'photograph,' which is explained as 'a picture developed by light,' our Joe says, wrong, it's developed in the dark! What does your Ted think? Very pleased at so many of our lyceumists joining your guild, hope they will keep their pledge, with best wishes to yourself, mother, and Ted, and all of your dear ones, not forgetting Bob and Bunny. Isn't our November BANNER lovely? I think so, champion Editor—Your's for aye, J. Cooke, Northgate, Lyceum, Conductor.

Ted has just come in with another letter, and he said, 'I think you ought to give the postman a big Christmas box, for he has had a lot more work since you took to writing to the BANNER!' Well, I will ask father about it. My goodness! It is another letter from Northgate! It is awfully good to have a lyceum take so much interest in this page, isn't it? It is sweet of you Evelyn to send me such a nice letter, and you only six years old, too! The letter says—

DEAR FLORA BELLE—I write these few lines telling you how sorry we were to read in the BANNER of your illness, but we hope you will be better by the time this letter reaches you. My teacher tells me to let you know how pleased we are with the Bluebell Guild Cards. I am a scholar in the Fountain Group, and Miss Ethel Sargent is our teacher and she hopes all her scholars will write and let you know how beautiful the cards are, but I thought I would be the first, so with my sisters help I write these few lines. My mamma is very poorly but we expect she will be better soon. Clara, that is my sister, has helped me, for she and I are companions. My hand aches with writing, so do more now from your loving Bluebell, EVELYN NEWALL, No. 191.

Then came another letter, what a lot I received last month, didn't I? This one came from another new friend at Hull, 'Where the ships are,' says Ted, but he has just been to see 'Charles Aunt,' so that's why he tried that lame joke! I hope Mr. Smith will be able to send me some more names, and that my card will please him? This is what he says—

MY DEAR FLORA BELLE—I have read the Bluebell page lately. I have been much interested with it and the Bluebells' Guild. The object of the Guild I admire very much. I wish to become a member so hope you will enroll me, (certainly, FLORA). I intend as soon as I receive my certificate to show it to the Lyceum to which I belong, and I hope thereby to get a good number of recruits. Wishing you success in your undertaking, and sending my pleasure that you are getting better, I remain, yours fraternally, GEORGE SMITH.

I am afraid the Editor will scold me, but I do want to put the pretty story Mr. T. Stubbs sent me some weeks

ago. I hoped to use it last month, but the story I gave you then had waited so long that I felt I must use it first. My dear friend promises to send me another of his pretty stories, 'The Lark, Thrush, and the Peacock,' and I shall be very pleased if he will do so. So I will close my letter this time by inviting you to read the story called—

"ENVY—OR THE SNAIL AND THE SLUG."

One bright Summer's morning, after a gentle night's rain, a Snail set out on a journey with his house on his back, in search of food, for the rain had sharpened his appetite considerably. He had not got far, however, when he met his cousin, the Slug. Now this Slug was of a rather jealous disposition and he began to chaff the Snail: "You appear to be very proud of your house, do you not find it troublesome always carrying it about with you?" The Snail who detected the jealous impulse replied, "My house is my own, I have not only decorated it in the beautiful manner you see, but I have planned it, made the material, and built it myself. I not only find it a protection from many of my enemies, but as the winter comes on I build partitions, sometimes five in number to protect me from the cold until spring again returns. No! I do not find it troublesome, and I am justly proud of my work, and if everyone was to consider such things troublesome there would be little progression, and I think you would do well to consider the importance of protection." Oh! no, said the Slug I can take care of myself, I hibernate by burying myself underground during the winter, and I am free from any burden during the summer." Just at that moment down flew a bird and seeing Mr. Slug unprotected, at once made a meal of him. The Snail quickly withdrew into his house, and reflecting upon the incident, said to himself, "How foolish not to learn all we can, to improve our condition instead of assuming a jealous feeling, for although my house is not impregnable it nevertheless protects me often.

Moral—boys and girls learn to protect yourselves against the vices of selfishness, envy, &c., by building a strong and beautiful character, of love, charity and wisdom.

Well, dears all, I really must leave off now, so with much love to you all, I remain your affectionate sister—
FLORA BELLE.

LIST OF MEMBERS IN THE BLUEBELLS' GUILD.

DECEMBER LIST.

NORTHGATE LYCEUM, BLACKBURN.

208 Mrs. Martin	219 Herbert Smith	230 W. Hollinshead
209 Jane Martin	220 Reginald Weldon	231 R. Matthews
210 Sissy Martin	221 S. L. Weldon	232 Wm. South
211 Annie Howarth	222 Ivy Kay	233 J. Butterworth
212 E. Hollinshead	223 Jessie Kay	234 Jno. Furelough
213 Maggie Harper	224 Robt. Armstrong	235 A. E. Statters
214 William Harper	225 Ada Holden	236 Herbert Slater
215 John Harper	226 John T. Holden	237 Alice Holden
216 Joseph Norman	227 Mr. J. Harper	238 Carrie Holden
217 Sarah A. Files	228 Mrs. J. Harper	239 S. Stephenson
218 Wm. Francis	229 Mr. T. E. Hollinshead	240 E. A. Baxendale
	Lyceum Secretary,	241 Gertrude Holden
		242 O. Hollinshead

HULL—

243 George Smith.

Our Temperance Department.

EDITED BY ERNEST.

SINCE my last letter I have received two nice letters. One from Bury and one from Hull. I thank my two friends for writing me, and hope others will soon follow their example.

The first letter I will include is from Miss Kershaw, of Bury, and I am delighted to read what she says about the Temperance work in her Lyceum. She approves of the Temperance Breakfast, you will see, and the having a Special Temperance Day in every Lyceum once a year, and no doubt if she will agitate the matter in her own Lyceum Band of Hope the idea may take form through her efforts? Evidently she is secretary to a promising Band of Hope, and the plans used for aiding the Temperance cause cannot fail to be of much service. However, Miss Kershaw's letter shall speak for her:—

DEAR ERNEST,—It is with great pleasure that I write to you, as I look forward every month for the BANNER, and the Temperance column. I should have written before, but I must be like all the girls, for I find plenty of work to do. I think your Temperance Breakfast and Special Day every year capital ideas. I am the secretary of the Bury Spiritualists' Lyceum Band of Hope, which held its first committee meeting on November 26th, 1898, and the first public meeting the first Monday in January, 1899. We hold meetings every month, and up to the present time we have about 110 members; we are progressing slowly but surely, as since our last election of officers I have only one month in which no new members joined. We have entertainments every month, and now we are starting a new feature, reading cuttings from papers, etc., which I think will be a success. I think I must now bring my letter to a close, wishing you every success in your work.— I remain, yours fraternally,

MAGGIE M. KERSHAW.

The second letter was from Mr. Geo. Smith, Hull, and I quite agree with him that Temperance is a serious subject, and should not be shelved. I sincerely hope his Lyceum will pull up in membership, and work hard for Temperance, too. If any of our readers will send me any hints as to the methods they have found successful in working our Band's of Hope, I will be pleased to send them on to our good friend. I am sure you will be pleased to read his letter, which is as follows:—

DEAR ERNEST,—I am very pleased to be able to write you on such a subject as Temperance. I am glad there is a page devoted to it in the BANNER, as, to my mind, it is a serious subject as regard the children, and should not be shelved. I have not been a Spiritualist long. I have found out they have Lyceums, so I became a member of one here. Since I joined a lot of members have left, but by God's help we shall come out as strong and stronger than ever. I intend to introduce the BANNER among them when I go back. I have been off three Sundays with sickness, but am about better now, thank God. I was sorry to read you had no answer to your question. This is another subject I intend to bring forward. I have not had much to do with Bands of Hope, so should be

pleased to receive hints. Hoping next time I write I shall be able to report progress, I remain yours in the cause,
G. SMITH.

I again thank my two correspondents, and shall be pleased to hear from any other readers of this page.

Before the next issue of the BANNER appears we shall be in the midst of what is called 'the festive season,' a season of temptation to so many! I can never understand why at Christmas we should eat so much more than is either useful or comfortable. People gorge themselves with rich foods, indigestible puddings, pastry, vegetables and fruits, calling it all 'Good Cheer,' when, as a matter of fact, one sees an exhibition of gluttony that would do credit to a Zulu. But worse is it that this 'good cheer' is too often washed down with heavy beers, inflaming spirits, or heady wines. Excess in feeding leading inevitably to excess in drinking. It is sad to think of the evil seeds sown in the minds and bodies of our young men and women at such times of feasting and drinking. We can surely enjoy the festal times, wish each other love and good will, and rejoice in meeting the united members of our families without drowning our wits in alcohol in the varied forms in which it is imbibed. Feast if you will, be as happy as you may, but let the sweet form of the Angel of Temperance hover over you and guard and guide you along the flowery paths of sobriety for the coming season.

Then, too, there is another terrible evil at this time. Many public officials and private persons solicit of us a Christmas box, and often, too thoughtlessly, just 'a nip of spirits' or a glass of beer is proffered and accepted. In a short time after the first 'nip' the unfortunate man becomes bemused, fuddled, and, finally, unconditionally drunk. Do not lead your brother astray by your mistaken 'kindness,' refrain from giving him the deadly poison, show your appreciation of his services in any other way than that. While when New Year's Day comes, and you follow the foolish and pernicious fashion of 'first footing,' think of the evil example and influence under which you are commencing the New Year. Be brave and strong, refuse the seducing cup, the friendships cemented by drink are worthless, the friends who will not know you unless you drink with them are your enemies; shun them, or set them the example of celebrating the coming of the New Year in kindly sympathy, courteous good wishes, and all fraternal affection. I pray that those of my readers who have not become abstainers yet may mark the New Year by entering the ranks of Temperance workers, and so help to save the bodies as well as the souls of those who are still in bondage to the Drink Demon.

Our Editor addressed meetings during the past month at Portsmouth, Nottingham, Smethwick, Glasgow and Edinburgh. The Smethwick Lyceum was in fine order on the Sunday afternoon when the Bannerman visited it.

Our worthy President, Mr. Albert Wilkinson, gave his wonderful Cinematograph Entertainment at Brighouse, on the 17th and 18th of last month. The visit was to the society, and was a gratifying success all round.

Saddleworth has a lyceum now. It was lately opened by Miss Annie Burton, of Bury. We are glad to learn that this active worker has recovered from her late serious illness.

LIBERTY GROUP

A Lyceum Essay on a Scientific Subject.

WATER! WATER!

By HERBERT E. CLARKE.

PART III.

AFTER three months of one story, I am sure you are thinking I ought to change my theme! We have now arrived at the final stage of this paper, and in every respect it is the most important. Firstly, by the fact that it's the "last grind," and secondly, because this month we are going to look closer into the matter under consideration than ever before; we are going further than oceans, rivers, brooks, vessels of water, and drops, we are going to the minutest particles, that you or I could imagine.

Try to picture in your mind a drop of water ever divided and made smaller. Now it can be seen with the naked eye, now only with the microscope, now with neither. Still water remains in a small quantity. At last you have arrived at a situation so critical, that if you try to subdivide the water again, the parts will not be water. This is the state at which I would ask you to imagine a tiny drop of water. We have now reached the molecule, which, if sub-divided, will give us parts quite different from the original whole. These parts, or atoms, are of oxygen and hydrogen, two gases which occur in the proportion by volume of one of the first to two of the second, and by weight, eight of the first to one of the second.

It might be interesting to explain briefly how the composition of water may be correctly determined, and having gone so far, to discover the proportion of its constituents.

It was the idea of the ancients that water was an element, but the advance of science has overthrown this conception, just as Spiritualism has overthrown antiquated superstition.

Water, when electrolysed (that is, treated with a current of electricity, with an intention to break it up), is separated into the elements, as I previously said, which may be easily identified. But this is not all, for the instrument used, known as the *Voltmeter*, shows the proportion by *volume* in which the oxygen and hydrogen are united. In one of its tubes collects the hydrogen and in the other the oxygen, and the volumes are easily seen to be as two is to one.

A *gravimetric* experiment, which being too involved I may not here describe, proving that water is made up by weight of 8 parts of oxygen and 1 part of hydrogen, only adds more certainty to the first result, since oxygen is known to be sixteen times heavier than hydrogen. We may, therefore rest absolutely certain with regard to the elements to be found in the molecule of water.

In every respect we are examining a wonderful liquid; let us pass one step further and say a few words respecting some remarkable properties it possesses. I have in my mind, first, its irregular conduct with regard to heat. Let us take a piece of ice and put it in a pan on the fire. For a while there is no change, then quite suddenly it begins

Continued on page 154.

The LYCEUM BANNER :

J. J. MORSE, Editor

FLORENCE MORSE, Associate Editor

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THE LYCEUM BANNER

DECEMBER, 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.

The Passing of the Year.

A few days hence and the passing year, 1901, will have gone from us and become history. In many respects it has been a noteworthy year. It witnessed the death of a Queen, and the Accession to the Throne of her successor. It has recorded the continuance of a sad and terrible war, the conclusion of which is not yet in sight. It has gained the unenviable notoriety of seeing bad trade, rising taxes, and much distress. If 'bad beginnings make good endings,' then the close of the twentieth century will indeed be prosperous and happy. Our own movement has seen several notable incidents. Blackpool and Sheffield joined in making a Constitution for the National Federation. The Board of Trade has since ratified the result achieved, and the National is now a legal body. At Burnley our Union Conference dealt with a new Constitution for the B.S.L.U., and passed the one that is to supersede that now in use. Our Pendleton Conference had no time to deal with this matter, nor was the temper of the meeting suitable to calm deliberation, even if time had permitted the discussion of the Constitution thereat. The Permanent Secretary question has reached a working point at last, and Mr. Kitson is now more fully than in the past (if that is possible, which we doubt) at the service of the Union and the Lyceum work. All in all the trend of the Lyceum work is upward and onward. So, the passing year will carry with him a record of things good, and otherwise, associated with Modern Spiritualism in this land, records

that after Ages may peruse with interest, as showing what manner of folk Spiritualists were in 1901, or the year 53, in the history of our cause.

Next Year's Campaign.

The BANNER will commence the work for 1902 by issuing a Special Double Number, full particulars of which will be found in our advertising pages. We only issue such a thing once a year, and, as it is more than double value, we are sure no one will object to pay the price at which it is issued. Our ever valued contributors, Alfred Kitson, J. M. Stuart-Young, T. Tinker, Flora Belle, Ernest, and others, all promise to continue their assistance, and some new friends are promising their support in addition. The BANNER has fully maintained its position during the year; it has even modestly extended its circulation, which shows that it is still as well appreciated as ever. It will continue on its own way, neither encroaching upon the ground of other journals, nor entering into competition with any other effort. We have learned by experience that any effort to undermine the position or usefulness of the BANNER is keenly and instantly resented by our friends, so we feel secure in their regards, and in the place we aim to fill; so long as we do our best for all, we can have no ill-feelings to any.

A Merry Christmas to you All.

The BANNER sends out the old time greetings to all its readers in Great Britain, the United States, Canada, and our Colonies. A 'Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all,' dear and loyal friends. May the Good Angels bless your lives, fill your hearts with love and kindness, and may life have the utmost blessings for you all. This is the twelfth time we have sent you these greetings, and so far as we can now see we shall be able to send them to you for as many other like occasions. The BANNER greets you all.

The End of the Eleventh Volume.

With this issue the eleventh Volume of the LYCEUM BANNER is completed. We venture to say this volume is the superior of any previous one, alike in wide variety of contents, the excellence of the contributions, and the interesting subjects dealt with. So far in the history of the Lyceum movement in this, or any other, country, the BANNER is the only paper that has outlived an existence of two years! To this end the devotion of its friends and the self-sacrifice of its Publisher have largely contributed. That the 'little BANNER' has lived, and keeps on doing so, is evidence of determination and enthusiasm in the children's work that is creditable to all concerned—i.e., the Union, our Lyceums, and our friends everywhere.

Will our correspondents favour us by writing plainly! If only part of a name is given, if wrong initials are written, and if dates and places are left out, do not blame the editor for their non-appearance. And, above all things, do not worry our hard-worked Permanent Secretary with things about the BANNER. You can burden him about the List of Lyceums, but everything else you must send to this office.

Odd Items from Everywhere.

A Merry Christmas to you all!

Good-bye, until next year!

One hundred and thirty-two issues of the LYCEUM BANNER have now been published.

Mr. Kitson's 'Lyceum Notes and Comments' make their one hundred and second appearance in this issue.

Aunt Editha is not dead, but she has been an invalid for quite a while. It is hoped she will have something to say to you next month.

There is no truth in a rumour that reached us last month that the Britten Memorial Fund was dead! It was never more alive. There is a whisper about a windfall, some say thousands, some, hundreds. Rest assured the Memorial will materialize in spite of anything said to the contrary.

The Salford Spiritual Church held a Bazaar last month. It was a gratifying success. They succeeded in capturing a real live Member of Parliament to open it on one day, and a Colonel the next! Mrs. Butterfield opened it on the last of the three days.

Lyceum Notes and Comments.

No. 102.

By ALFRED KITSON.

Here another issue of the LYCEUM BANNER appears the New Year will have made its appearance.

The Christmas festivities, with their train of pleasant memories will be ours. Let each and all try to make as many as possible "happy" during Christmas, and feel there is less sorrow and misery in the world, than there was.

* * *

The closing year has been a memorable one for the Children's Progressive Lyceums, Mr. Alfred Smedley, Belper, and Mr. H. A. Kersey, Newcastle-on-Tyne, have laid the children's cause under a deep obligation by their generous and munificent donations.

* * *

An effort has been made to establish a "permanent secretaryship" for the Union. Whether it will prove a success or not remains to be proved.

* * *

A number of Lyceums have been started, some of which had lapsed. A few have lapsed for want of workers. These it is hoped, may be re-opened in the near future.

* * *

In looking over the contribution book I am very sorry to find some who have overlooked paying their dues. Perhaps such is an oversight caused by change of officers, etc., and will be remedied as soon as it is discovered. If so, the attention of the following Lyceums are respectfully called to this matter: Ash-

ington, Barry Dock, Bradford (Temperance Hall), Cardiff, Hull (Granville Hall), Leigh, Liversedge, Manchester (Collyhurst) and (Harpurhey), Millam, Morley, Patricroft, Rochdale (Penn Street), Rockferry, Sheffield (Hillsboro'), Wisbech and Yeadon.

* * *

The following Lyceums have sent on their Half-penny per member contribution towards clearing off the deficit of the General Fund: Batley Carr, 2/6; Birmingham (Bloomsbury), 5/-; Sheffield (Langsett-road), 2/6; and (Surrey-street), 2/6; Belper, 4/8½; Accrington (China-street), 2/4½; Huddersfield (Brook-street) 2/7; Bradford (Ivy Rooms) 2/6½; Armley, 3/4½; Smethwick, 2/6; Rochdale (Regent Hall), 2/8; Sowerby Bridge, 3/6; Bolton (Knowsley-street), 2/6; Nelson, 4/10; Blackpool, 4/-; Nottingham (Gladstone Hall), 2/6; and (Cobden Hall), 2/2; Bury, 4/4½; Todmorden, 3/-; Warrington, 2/1; Burnley (Ham-merton-street), 4/-; Middleton, 2/6; and Bootle, 5/-.

* * *

Total, £3 13s. 7½d.

Attercliffe Lyceum has formed a Band of Hope and adopted the four-fold pledge, Great Harwood, and Northgate (Blackburn), have got copies. They contain 50 pledges with their duplicates and are supplied at 7½d. post free.

* * *

Morecambe Lyceum is making strenuous efforts to maintain an active existence, but has suffered through the removal of several families, amongst which are Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who have removed to Liverpool. We trust the friends will give them a hearty welcome, and make them useful. Mrs. Parker was the organist.

* * *

Great Harwood Lyceum is well officered, and is in a healthy condition. There is an average attendance of over 70. I was pleased to see friends from Blackburn and Clitheroe present.

* * *

Regent Hall Lyceum had a good time with Mrs. Greenwood on November 17.

* * *

The Spiritualists of Loughboro' are talking of starting a Lyceum.

* * *

Mrs. Roberts, Blackpool, says she visited Rishton Lyceum on Oct. 27th and found it in splendid order. The attention and conduct were good.

* * *

Mr. E. Sykes, Blackpool, says he visited Preston on Nov. 3rd, and had to wander about the streets from 8 a.m. till 10. He found they opened at 10-15 and not at 9-45 as reported. Let us hope the friends will give him a cordial welcome next time. The exercises were good, but a piano is required in place of the organ. The attendance and attention were very good.

* * *

The American National Spiritualists' Association has just been holding its 9th Convention in its own

building at Washington, D.C. The building is three stories high, and contains a number of offices. It is valued at £3,000, and was donated by Mr. Meyer.

The Convention had another offer made to it by Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, of White Waters, Wis., namely:— a large brick building containing two large halls, and numerous rooms. One of the halls is well seated and contains a fine organ. The other hall contains 300 chairs. The whole cost over £6,000. The donor desires to see a fund of £2,000 raised to endow it as a Spiritualists Training School. If this is done he promises "to increase the endowment to the extent of his abilities." I sincerely congratulate our American friends on their good fortune, and trust the necessary funds will be forthcoming to enable them to secure it, and get the Training School established.

The executive will hold propaganda meetings at Accrington, on February 2nd. Invitations are solicited for April.

Liberty Group.

(Continued from page 151.)

to melt. Now it has all melted and is water, but the water does not take up as much room as the ice did. Put it on the fire again; it becomes gradually warmer and takes up more space, until it boils and passes off into steam. What is there strange in this? All things expand when warmed, so what is there remarkable about water expanding under the same circumstances? But, think again. You heat the ice and the water occupies a smaller volume! That is where the peculiarity comes in. The water contracts to a certain point, and then suddenly begins to expand again! This turning-point is known as the *Point of Maximum Density*, and is somewhere about 39° Fahrenheit. Water is never heavier than at this temperature, when the atmospheric pressure is constant.

We must pass rapidly over the ground. All know hot water will dissolve more sugar than cold. We may therefore say that the power of solution in water increases with the temperature. Ice cannot dissolve any substance, ice-water a little, and boiling water a great deal. This is forcibly seen in the case of saltpetre. Ice-water can only dissolve about one-eighteenth of the amount dissolved by boiling water. We see, therefore, that water is a great solvent. In fact, it is the *greatest*. No substance is known which is totally insoluble in water, although hundreds are known which are very nearly so. *Heavy spar* is the most notable of these, but by continued boiling its presence may be detected in the clear solution. We must, therefore, try to grasp the principles underlying the phenomenon of solution.

We notice that salt dissolves in water without any apparent change to the water. Its transparency is not lessened or its physical state altered. I want you to come with me to this case of bottles full of—well, anything. There is a space between each bottle and its neighbour, in which cobwebs, dust and other contamination are to be seen. Yet the—something in the bottles, is not contaminated by

any such dirt, and the honest workman can drink the contents without discomfort. This is intended as an illustration of the way in which bodies are dissolved. Each bottle represents a molecule of water, and the contents the atoms of hydrogen and oxygen, whilst the whole case is a tiny drop of water. The dust will serve to stand for the dissolved salt, which is seen *between* the molecules of water. The atoms of hydrogen and oxygen are not disturbed in their union, and so far as the amount of salt is not excessive, the molecules will not be driven so far apart, but as the salt is crammed into the space the volume will increase. Is there a limit to this stretching? Yes. At last the molecules of water will brook it no longer, and with a tremendous effort they rush together again and throw out the salt as crystals.

Our journey over the water is nearly over, and my pen longs for a short time to rest. We have been over hill and dale, beside the sea, and have watched the clouds heavy with rain. We have marched through the fog and the snow, and halted by some frozen pond, and as the night came on listened to the gentle fall of the dew, as in crystal drops it fell from leaf to earth.

How we should love to view the rainbow, and from flower and fruit squeeze the luscious water; and as we see the fishes swim, how we should delight to tell the story of their life, but no, we may not! We must lay down our pen, and, tasting the delicious nectar, thank God *we* need not cry those words of anguish, "Water! Water!"

Next month, with our kind Editor's permission, I shall speak upon "Prophecy, apart from past and present circumstances."—H.E.C. [Certainly.—EDITOR.]

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

Blackpool—Spiritual Church.

The Lyceum anniversary was held on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 17 and 18. Mr. G. Ormerod, of Rishton, pleaded the children's cause earnestly and eloquently. His subjects were—afternoon, 'Save the Children; evening, 'Constructive Spiritualism.' Large congregations. On Monday tea and entertainment, which was very largely attended. The Chairman's remarks in the evening were received with evident pleasure, that never in the history of the Blackpool Lyceum had a better feeling existed

between the Church and Lyceum than at present existed. Referring to the financial condition of the Lyceum, he said that in addition to paying all expenses in connection with the Lyceum, which he hoped the services would enable them to do, the Lyceum had raised over £10 for the Organ Fund. A splendid programme was gone through by the Lyceum scholars. The financial results were satisfactory, over £6 being raised.

Blackburn—Northgate.

Our Lyceum held their first anniversary on Sunday, October 27th. The speaker was Mr. George Ormerod, of Rishton, a veteran of 30 years' experience, who for 15 years has been a member of the Rishton Urban District Council, and for some time chairman of the same. Being very sympathetic and enthusiastic in the children's cause, he has fought hard for free education and religious liberty in the day schools of that neighbourhood. His addresses were remarkably forcible, the subjects being "The Lyceum the hope of our Movement" and "Why Spiritualism should become universal." In the afternoon the children gave Silver and Golden Chain Recitations, Musical Readings, and Songs, and acquitted themselves very well indeed. Attendances were large and representative, many visitors being present from the various Lyceums in the surrounding neighbourhood. Solos were nicely sung by our Secretary, Mr. Hollinshead, and Assistant Conductor, Miss Sergeant. A very successful day, presided over by Mr. J. Cooke, the Conductor. I am glad to say that the Lyceum is progressing very favourably; we have a good supply of books and 'Songsters,' as also a piano, which the children are working hard to pay for. The register records 76 members, who, I am pleased to say, attend regularly and punctually, which is made a special feature. Plenty of elder scholars, good workers, sympathetic and earnest.—J.C.

Birmingham.

We held our quarterly open session on Sunday, Oct. 6th, at the Masonic Hall, Mrs. Deakin presiding. Miss Louie Hands again acted as pianist, assisted by Mr. Vann on the Clarinet and Preece on the Violin. Recitations were rendered by Violet Webb, Marion Knibb, Edith Clements, Nellie French, and Willie Clements; song by Louie Hands 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.—E.C.

Darwen.

On Saturday, November 2nd, a large gathering assembled to celebrate the opening of a new Library in connection with the Darwen Lyceum and Society. A hearty welcome was given to Mrs. Batie, and Miss Thorpe, who, on rising to open the Library, said she thought it a great honour to have the privilege of performing such a duty, and on turning the key, declared it open. Short addresses were then given by Mrs. Batie, and Mr. H. G. Hey. Mrs. Holgate then presented to Miss Thorpe a silver badge brooch, which contained the following inscription:—"Presented to Mary Thorpe, November 2nd, 1901, by the members of the Darwen Lyceum as a memento of her opening their Library." Songs and solos were then rendered by Mrs. J. Entwistle, Misses B. Holden, I. Pullen, E. Kershaw, and Pearce, and the Gipsy Chorus,

by the Lake group, was conducted by J. Betts. Mr. J. Nuttall played for dancing. On November 3rd the Lyceum anniversary was held, the speaker being Mrs. Batie, of Halifax, who gave two intellectual addresses. On November 10th the yearly election of officers took place, on which we had the pleasure of re-electing our worthy Conductor, Mr. H. Holgate. Mr. C. Pearce was re-elected as Secretary and Miss R. Holden as treasurer.—C. PEARCE.

Lancaster.

We desire to record the valuable services rendered by Miss Burton, the Lyceum Missionary, on her two visits to Lancaster. Each visit being a great success, that of Nov. 24th especially so. Her earnest pleading on behalf of the children was excellent, also her addresses and clairvoyance rendered at the evening services, has made a lasting impression on our large audiences.—J.B.

Manchester—Tipping Street.

On Sunday, Nov. 10th, we had with us Mr. W. Braham, brother of our present Conductor, who gave a very pleasing display of calisthenics, which was greatly appreciated. We also had a very good attendance of scholars, augmented by some friends from South Manchester Lyceum.—G. VERNON, jun.

Manchester—South.

Lyceum sessions for the past four weeks, well conducted; Golden Chain, Silver Chain, Musical Readings, and Calisthenics well accomplished by the whole Lyceum. On Sunday, November 3rd, we had Mr. Braham and other friends of the Tipping Street Lyceum with us, and we are very thankful for the help which they gave to us, also to Miss Cheetwood, of the same Lyceum, for her recitation, "The Fireman's Dog," which was well appreciated. Nov. 10th, we elected Mr. James Hislop to the very important position of Musical Director. Mr. Dabbs concluded with readings on the various forms of creeds and beliefs, treating mainly on the Roman Catholic and Lutheran Churches. Why Spiritualism is scorned and ridiculed was treated with on another occasion.—P. DALY.

Saddleworth—Spiritual Mission.

On Sunday, the 17th November, we commenced a Lyceum in connection with our Society. We are greatly indebted to Miss A. E. Burton for the help she gave us. There was about 40 in attendance, including a few friends from Oldham. We hope that success will attend our efforts, and that we may have a flourishing Lyceum in connection with our Society. We are situated in a scattered district and shall only be too pleased to receive help from Lyceumists in the surrounding districts. We are looking forward to the 15th of next month, when we shall have Miss Burton with us again. At the evening service Miss Burton took the platform, speaking on Lyceums and their work, also giving some excellent clairvoyant descriptions. We had 28 Lyceumists present. John Hurst in the evening presided at the meeting of the Parent Society, when Mr. G. H. Bibbings gave a stirring and convincing address, subject:—"Why I am not converted from Spiritualism."—EMMA F. NORTON,

The 'Lyceum Banner' Letter Box.

TO ALL SPIRITUALISTS. ATTENTION!

SIR,—May I be allowed a little space in your valuable columns on a matter of much importance to all Spiritualists. In accordance with the instructions of Society representatives and associate members of the Spiritualists' National Federation, at their recent Conferences, the legal work has now been completed, and the Spiritualists' National Union is an accomplished fact.

That the accomplishment of the work has been costly from a financial standpoint will surprise no one, and as the firm of solicitors engaged (Messrs. Tallent-Bateman and Thwaites, of Manchester) have now completed their work, I desire on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Federation to appeal to all Societies and associate members to assist us in meeting the heavy costs incurred.

A scheme is in course of development, and will be laid before the movement shortly, for the raising of funds for this and other purposes, but the Treasurer of the Federation (Mr. W. Greenwood, Ashleigh, Fairfield, Hebden Bridge) would be very pleased to acknowledge receipt of donations from Societies or individuals, so that the solicitors bill of costs might be met forthwith.

It is only just to say here that the Executive Committee have felt it their duty to express their gratitude for the very generous spirit in which the solicitors have met them in this matter, and makes them feel that the most satisfactory way in which they can reciprocate will be by a speedy settlement.

As the final decision at the recent Conference at Sheffield in favour of the completed scheme of legalisation was carried without a dissent, they feel justified in making this appeal for the special purpose indicated, and feel sure of a ready response.

On behalf of the Executive Committee, yours fraternally,
W. HARRISON, Sec.
42, Hilary Street, Burnley, Nov. 21st, 1900.

NOW READY. NEW EDITION. TENTH THOUSAND.

CHRIST: THE CORNER-STONE OF SPIRITUALISM

By J. M. PEEBLES, M.D.

CONTENTS—Chapter I, Jewish Evidence of Jesus' existence.—II, Who was Jesus? And what the New Testament says.—III, What the more candid of Freethinkers, and great men generally, think of Jesus of Nazareth.—IV, The estimate that some of the cultured American Spiritualists put upon Jesus.—V, Was Jesus of the Gospels "The Christ"?—VI, The "commands," "gifts," and teachings of Jesus Christ.—VII, The Church of the future.

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A MISERS PRAYER.

If I should die before I wake—
Stop! Let me think awhile;
There's not a cent that I could take
Of all my splendid pile!

If I should die before—oh, dear,
I wonder why 'tis so?
How can I leave my money here
When I am forced to go?

If I should die before I—Lord
Have mercy on me, pray!
Thou knowest well that I have stored
A noble pile away!

If I should—oh, why may I not
Take in each hand some gold
To cling to while I lie and rot
And mingle with the mould?

If I should die before I wake—
O woeful thought—I pray
The Lord of Hosts, since I may take
No part of it away.

That here it may for ever be,
Piled in a heap where I,
Dumb to the glories there, may see
It glitter from the sky! Amen.

—CHICAGO TIMES.

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1902.

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