

The LYCEUM BANNER

A SPIRITUALIST MAGAZINE FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

"In things Essential, Unity—In things Doubtful, Liberty—In all things, Charity."

VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 155.

LYCEUM NOTES AND COMMENTS.

By ALFRED KITSON.

Our present issue completes the 13th vol. of THE LYCEUM BANNER! Our readers will send their seasonable 'good wishes' to its founder and late publisher, Mr. J. J. Morse, who is at present filling an engagement in Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A. Letters addressed to him, c/o General Delivery Post Office, as above, will duly reach him, and add rays of joy to his merry Christmas!

We beg to draw our readers' attention to the special announcement of our New Year's Double Number. It will surpass all previous efforts. We beg to suggest that all New Year's greetings for the Editor take the form of increased orders for this special number. Let all Lyceum officers do themselves the honour of presenting a copy to each family of Lyceumists, that they may possess the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis as a New Year's gift. Decide promptly, and send in your orders, so that none may be disappointed.

The Temperance Page was unavoidably crowded out last month, which we deeply regret.

During the past month we have visited the Lyceums at China Street, Accrington; and Blackpool. The former held open sessions morning and afternoon, which were a decided improvement on our last visit. Messrs. Holmes, Shuttleworth, Fish, etc., make a sturdy band of workers, whose efforts are meeting with well-merited success. Our old friend Mr. Terry, of Blackburn, made a capital chairman over the evening meeting. The *Accrington Gazette* of Nov. 7th gave a good report of the service.

At Blackpool the morning session was brief owing to the choir having to practice a service of song, to be rendered in the afternoon. The evening service was well attended. There is the making of a good Lyceum here. We were glad to see some 20 adults present in the Liberty Group. A deep spirit of enquiry was manifested, which caused the time to pass on all too quickly.

The following lines are brimful of cheerfulness, and may be helpful to many:—

"The inner side of every cloud
Is always bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show their silver lining!"

We are pleased to announce that a few of the non-federated Lyceums have already intimated their intention of joining the Union in the New Year. We give a hearty invitation to all of them. It is the friend and benefactor of all. It treats all Lyceums on strictly business lines, and at the same time allows its members an extra discount on goods. Unity is not only strength, but absolutely necessary for the welfare of the movement. Its publishing is growing rapidly, and supplying Lyceums not only in England, Scotland and Wales, but America, New Zealand and Australia. No other Spiritualistic Union in the world does the business it is doing, and offers so many advantages. So send your applications for membership in good time, and so stand shoulder to shoulder with the ever-increasing army of Lyceumists.

In order to help Lyceum officers in their selection of suitable presents, we will send samples of the better bindings of the *Lyceum Manual*, *The Spiritual Songster*, *Reminiscences*, and *Outlines of Spiritualism* at wholesale prices, carriage paid. We have a good stock. All orders supplied per return.

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., has sent us another order for *Lyceum Manuals*, half-bound, and adds that their members are highly delighted with them and *The Spiritual Songster*. She also sends her warmest greetings to her English and Scottish friends, in which her father heartily joins.

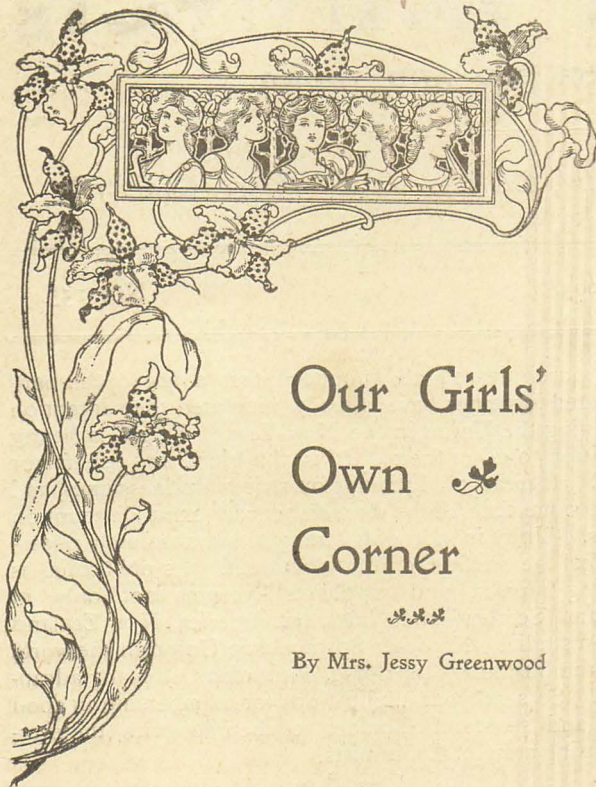
We quote the following from a letter sent us by Mr. Ainger, of Alpha Street Lyceum, Leeds:—

What a vast amount of good
Each day we could perform,
If we would only try to help
The needy and forlorn.
What aching hearts and troubled minds
We all could set at ease,
If we would only tread the path
Of gentle love and peace.

We deeply regret to announce that the Bluebell Guild is crowded out again this month. We require an additional four pages to do justice to our increased staff.

We have received several letters thanking us for our help in the proper pronunciation of the names appearing in the Calendar of Saints, and suggestions of short articles concerning the lives of these illustrious individuals. This we hope to do, commencing with the new year.

TO EACH AND ALL WE MOST
HEARTILY WISH
A MERRY CHRISTMAS.



Our Girls' Own Corner

By Mrs. Jessie Greenwood

NELLIE MILFORD'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

By L. A. GRIFFIN.

PART II.

I DO not remember ever feeling so queer in my life before, possibly I am getting sleepy. I feel dreadfully inclined to yawn. I suppose I ought to return, but I will rest a short time longer, for I would like to see the Fairies if they come. With this she settled herself more comfortably upon the grassy slope where she was reclining. After a long pause Nellie started and leaned up upon her elbow, with flaming cheeks and shining eyes, excitedly exclaiming, "Oh my! here are the Fairies, what dainty sylph-like beings they are to be sure. I am so glad I waited. Listen! I can hear clearly delicious strains of music, that sound so weird and afar off yet near. Possibly it is the sweet tones of æolian harps, instruments that are played by the blowing and puffing of the wind, and Fairies possess them I am told. See! here comes a number of tiny people mounted upon grasshoppers, they are the advance guard, I presume, for now comes a long procession of charming little fays, their golden ringlets falling to their waists, and they are so gracefully attired in lovely gossamer robes all colours of the rainbow, it is just delightful to watch them pass, but I am quite puzzled to know how they manufacture such charming material. Well I never! there are actually Fairy knights, dressed in silver and gold coats of mail, they go prancing past on their fiery steeds, that is, large fire-flies, glow-worms, gnats, etc. Now comes the King and Queen seated in such a handsome coach, attended by liveried servants. I can tell they are the Royal pair, because they are wearing sparkling jewelled crowns

upon their heads, and the carriage is preceded by heralds, who blow loud blasts upon their silver trumpets to give the Fairies warning of their approach. It is just lovely! I am so pleased I have not missed witnessing such a scene. I am so glad to know all the Fairy stories that are printed in books are true. I will tell all my friends about it when I go home. Where are they making to I wonder? I will follow them. Oh! I see, they are entering a little tent and they have a splendid throne, covered with crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold lace on it. The King and Queen are seated upon it, with the knights on bended knees before them, who rise up when the beautiful fair-haired little Queen waves her golden wand, and they commence to lance with each other with long spears, I believe it is termed tilting, just fancy! The mimic battle ended the fays and knights begin to dance, oh! how beautifully they waltz, it is a treat to watch them. The lookers on are eating sweets, and drinking nectar from bluebell cups. So! the scene has changed; the fairies are altering into insects; and dewdrops into sparkling diamonds, and actually little field mice into ponies; and now they are changing a large pumpkin into a pretty carriage just by waving their hands. Oh! my! I can hear them say, "now we require a nice little Cinderella for we have a kind Prince waiting, and the sweetest pair of glass slippers you ever saw; but it must be a good little girl to whom we present these things; one who never idles her time or becomes disobedient, one who helps mother in the home, and be really good all the way round." Dear me! they are looking this way. I really do believe they have seen me. Yes, they have, for there are two armoured knights coming for me. Oh, dear! I do not want to go right away into fairy-land, I cannot leave my dear mother, no, I would rather not. Here they are quite close to me now. I will beseech them on my knees not to take me away. Please Mr. Fairy let me stay, I will do without the beautiful things you have shown me, I don't want them really! I have no desire to marry a Prince, I assure you; I do not want anything at all in fact, only to be allowed to go to my own home, I do believe I have a lot of bad faults, I have been very disobedient to-day, so let me stay and return to my home and mother, won't you?"

"It is quite time you thought of home, you naughty little girl, we have been walking miles seeking you," were the words that greeted Nellie's waking senses, who looked up bewildered to find herself confronted by Miss Wilson, the Sunday school teacher (who appeared very angry), and a number of class mates. "A nice chase we have had, young lady, to at last discover you snugly esconced here in this nook, fast asleep and babbling wildly about Fairies," continued the teacher in slightly irritated tones. "I am very sorry, Miss Wilson, to have given you so much trouble." "But was I really asleep and dreaming?" "I thought I had been conversing with real live fairies," confusingly ejaculated the humble child, blushing crimson at the shout of derisive laughter that greeted her statement from her school companions, as she sprang to her feet thoroughly surprised. "Don't be rude to each other, girls," admonished the teacher, whose temper had improved, catching a number of derogatory expressions respecting Nellie's dream. "Come, let us put our right legs forward and hurry back to the waiting classes, who I am sure by this time are ready for marching home."

"I am really surprised at Nellie Milford's conduct, especially after my issued commands," was her parting shot.

So quite crestfallen the little culprit had to bear the brunt of her misdeeds alone, and endeavour to make the best of the situation, and trudge along as cheerfully as possible, whilst striving not to hear the vexing remarks levelled at her by high-spirited and delighted tormentors, who had not missed one word of the sentences they had heard which Nellie had shouted aloud in her sleep, and who were able to cleverly embellish them and turn them against her in a cruel fashion.

Poor child, her fairy dream had passed; she had only its pleasant recollections to console her for all the scolding and annoyance she suffered. The spell was broken, never to be mended, as the old song truly says: "Memory is the only friend that grief can call her own."

So ended Nellie Milford's first visit to Fairyland.

Gleanings by Uncle Amos.

A LEADING MEMBER of a coloured church in Virginia, U.S.A., was noted for expressing on all occasions in the meetings, his desire to leave this wicked world. It was to him a waste howling wilderness, from which he was constantly praying, "De good Lord to send his white winged angels to fetch Sambo home to glory, so as he might be for ebber with de Lord." One night when he had been more earnest in this kind of prayer than usual, a member of the meeting who had often heard him, thought he would try whether he was really in earnest or not. At midnight, when all had retired to rest, he wrapped himself up in a white sheet, went and knocked at Sambo's door. Sambo woke up, and putting his head through the open window called out, "Who's dar?" The visitor, in sombre tones, replied, "The good Lord has sent His white angel to fetch Sambo home to glory." "Sambo no live here; he live down de street, Sambo do," cried he, and shut the window.

A NEGRO EXHORTER.

who was reported to be addicted to helping himself to his neighbour's chickens, was one day met by his Minister, who had been made acquainted with his infirmity. The Minister addressing him, said,—"I am sorry to hear George that you are accustomed to meddle with your neighbour's fowls; this is very wrong George, and I hope you will not do anything of the kind in the future. It is really a very shocking thing for a member of a Christian church to do. Now I want you to promise me here and now, that you will never do anything of the kind again. Do you hear me George?" "Yes Massa, me hear," said George, "an' me promise nebber to do noffin again, no nebber Massa." Some time after, the Minister met George with a darky companion, and after bidding him 'good morning,' said, "well George, you remember the promise you made to me some time ago don't you: Havè you kept it?" "Yes Massa I've kept it," said George. The Minister looking him in the face said, "Now George, answer me. Have you ever taken a hen?" "No Massa," "or a goose," "No Massa," "or a turkey," "No Massa," "nor even a chicken?" "No Massa, nebber a one on em," answered darkey with a victorious air.

The Minister, bidding the two darkies 'good morning,' said—"I am very glad to hear it, and trust you will continue to guard against your easily besetting sin." George and his companion went on their way, and when they had got to a safe distance from the Minister, George, putting one hand on his companion's shoulder, exclaimed, "Yah! ha! ha!! If he'd said ducks he'd ov had me!"

And that darkie in the Camp ground,
Who can loudest sing and shout,
Is a'goin' to rob some hen-roost
Before the week is out.

De Lord, He lub de nigger well,
He know de nigger by de smell,
And when de nigger's baby cry,
De Lord, he gib him posh and pie.

"Ye're sleepin, John," said a Scotch preacher to one of his hearers, in the midst of a hum drum sermon. "Tak a snuff John." "Put the snuff i' yer sarmon" grunted John, by way of retort.

SOME OF MY VISITS TO LYCEUMS.

IT is always a pleasure to visit different Lyceums, and whenever I receive a call from them I try to be present at their session. Blackburn (North Gate) have a good Lyceum, well conducted, and altogether a happy useful company of people. Two genial friends stand out from among the many in my memory to whom the Lyceumists' look for guidance—Mr. Hollinhead and Mr. Cook. Then Keighley comes before me as an energetic band. They have a number of earnest workers, and so the cause cannot help but flourish, Miss Jessy Hepworth did the honours, and right well did the company respond to her endeavours. They are foremost in all kinds of good work in various directions, apart from their own Temple and school, so that the aim of a good spiritualist—help others—is both taught and practiced by these Lyceums.

Nelson next on my list is a strong band where the mothers and fathers take an active part—a most pleasant sight. One wonders sometimes where all the energy comes from in our Lancashire Lyceums. They do everything so thoroughly. The day was a happy one amongst them, and I have happy recollections of a number of good friends there.

Darwen is the best Lyceum I have seen. I cannot say more than that. It is proficiency itself in all departments. There is a sweet tolerance ruling all, hence differences of opinion never become irksome. It is a happy family.

Laisterdyke are a company of hard workers, and a good Lyceum is the result. It was a change to participate in a Bible lesson in Liberty Group.

Armley is another splendid fraternity. Both Society and Lyceum work amicably. Liberty-Group is exceptionally energetic, and debate, prolific of thought on exceeding intricate and deep subjects. The whole lyceum works well. Is "all alive"! Good singing, good officers, good Lyceumists, what can you expect but a place too small to contain them. A most enjoyable and profitable day I spent amongst the Armley friends.

JESSY GREENWOOD.



Our Boy's Special

WE once more make our "bow" to the month of frost and feasting. Not that December is by any means the only month when frost may be entertained, and feasting indulged in; there is no special "corner" held by this month, in either of the exhilarating influences named, and yet there seems to be a fitting association of these things during the month of December which is thoroughly acceptable. With what happy anticipations we look forward to skimming over the ice-covered ponds, and during the long evenings, when the severity of the frost drives us indoor, we watch with unspeakable pleasure the consumption of the great log, yielding its glowing heat to us, as we cheerily pass the time in song or story,—that is those of us who are fortunate enough to have a log to be consumed, or in the second case, those of us who possess a voice whose exercise in song does not outrage the feelings of those within hearing. And then with what pleasure we look forward to our Christmas dinner, and a dance round the Christmas tree afterwards. All these things happen in December, and therefore, in spite of the cold-sounding name of the month it offers us some compensating joys. Talking of Christmas dinners reminds me that I have written a story for the boy's page, which I expect will commence in the next issue of the Banner. Those who have been in the habit of reading my little chat month by month, for the past 14 months, will most likely read the story without any special invitation, but to the casual reader who only now and then casts his eye over the page, I would ask him to be kind enough to read the story through, as I feel sure that—if it does not possess much literary merit it does convey a lesson of genuine kindness, which any of us can ill afford to neglect. I expect "our Alfred" will have announced the story in the columns of this issue.

I do not know of course, whether you will like the change, but if you do NOT, send me word, and I will do my best to meet the wishes of my readers. As a matter of fact, I do not know whether you have liked the present system, or not. The dearth of responses to my invitations for "essays" month by month, has not given me very great assurance—but then, one never knows. However, the alteration to a serial story has been decided upon, and as it is positively to appear, I suppose that for the next few months, at all events, you will read at the bottom of the boys page the ominous words "TO BE CONTINUED."

Now boys, last month I chose a word beginning with the letter N for our essay. My bold henchman, Frank, from Slaithwaite, in his usual generous spirit, has sent me his contribution concerning "negligence," which you will find on this page.

Negligence I consider to be one of the most dangerous influences that can attack a boy. It is one of those evils that grow on you, and if allowed to become habitual with you, very often means disgrace and ruin. I remember, when a very little boy at school, we used very frequently to read a lesson, about a man who set out on horseback to journey over a rough road to market. He noticed before he started that one of the fore shoes was slightly loose, but as he was in a bit of a hurry, he would not call at the "farrier's" that it might be attended to. Oh! he said, it'll do to day, I'll have it looked to to-morrow. He got to market all right, got through his business, and was making the return journey along the rough road in the darkness, when the horse stumbled and fell, breaking a leg, and running the now very loose shoe into its body; at the same time throwing the rider on to his head, causing concussion on the brain. The man was for a long time dangerously ill, and the horse had to be destroyed, and all because he had neglected to have a nail driven into the shoe "at the proper time." This little story is illustrative of the painful and terrible consequences of negligence, when such pain, trouble and sadness, may be avoided by a careful observance to do our duty, as circumstances call upon us. Let us remember this, and when we are threatened with the spirit of negligence insidiously growing into our lives and habits, let us think of the man who suffered through long and weary months, and who also lost a valuable horse, and all for the want of a single horse-shoe nail.

Yours lovingly,

UNCLE BEN.

NEGLECTANCE.

The subject we have to write about this month reminds us of many events in our past lives where we neglected our duty and failed to rise and catch the true meaning of the lesson God would have us learn. Is not that lesson written in nature, displayed in all its loveliness and goodness ever active in noble service for life. Let us all try to learn this lesson God through nature and life ever holds out to us. Active in God's service, and progressive in the work of raising the standard of human brotherhood. Child of the Lyceum, let thy beautiful soul take hold of God that his love may unfold the angelic of thy life. His mighty power shall inspire and strengthen the great army of Lyceumists that they may take hold of the newer lessons of life, the grander truths, the nobler aspirations, and the holier longings for a nobler and truer life.

Can we expect to realize the joys of life if we neglect it, can we gain happiness, or realize anything beautiful in the natural and spiritual if we neglect it? No. Then for ever bid adieu to habitual neglect. Let us play with the pebbles on the shore, let us read the lives of great men

handed down in history. Ah! and let each one say I will be a man. I will find new interest in life by following their example, I will take up life and weave in the golden filling. I will realize the beautiful and sublime in nature, by nature's study. Alone with sweet nature, in the beauty spots of earth, we can almost feel the touch of Gods divine hand: the breeze-laden perfume bringing harmony and peace. Let us not then pride ourselves over moments spent in habitual neglect, for the boy who desires to reach beautiful manhood, and write his name on the page of history, must be active in noble service, dutiful to parents, eager to acquire knowledge, and all that is beautiful and good, and ever strive to lead the children on to the noblest truest, purest, manhood and womanhood, ever rising and living true to God.

Slraithwaite.

FRANK COCKS.

Review.

FROM ORTHODOXY TO SPIRITUALISM—by Eva Harrison, Psychic Press, Erdington, Birmingham, 1/2 post free: is an honest record of the author's search for truth. Trained in the Church of England; her early dissatisfaction with its teachings; her connection with several dissenting bodies with no satisfaction to either mind or heart; and her ultimate investigation of Spiritualism forms a most interesting record which bears the impress of honesty and sincerity of purpose. Her search for truth is further rewarded with the discovery that her little daughter is a splendid medium, seeing and hearing spirit children and adults as naturally as she does her parents. This child appears to be the embodiment of what we have intuitively sensed and affirmed for over 15 years, viz., that angels in disguise were being born and parents entertain them unawares. Finding the truth of spirit-communion led to the discovery of this one. We hope to make a few extracts concerning the wonderful powers of this child medium in our Double Number. But the reader would do well to read the book. It will well repay perusal, it consists of about 100 pages, and is nicely printed by MESSRS. WADSWORTH & Co., "The Rydal Press," Keighley. (Please mention this paper, Ed. L. B.)

Permanent Secretary Fund.

List of contributions:—Mr. and Mrs. Burchell, 5/-; Mr. Cook, 2/-; Mrs. Stair, 2/6; Oldham Spiritual Church, (Elliott-st.) 21/-; Keighley Lyceum 10/-; Mr. and Mrs. Davis, (Cardiff,) 2/6; Rochdale, Regent Hall Lyceum, 5/7 (coll): Bury Lyceum, 1/- (monthly); Mr. Kitson's services at Accrington, 5/-, Blackpool, 5/-; Mrs. Greenwood's services at Armley, 5/-. A few friends have taken ticket books which I hope will be an encouragement to others to do likewise. I should be glad of volunteer 'Helpers' in any Lyceum. All communications concerning this Fund to be sent to Mrs. Jessy Greenwood, Ashleigh, Fairfield, Hebden Bridge.

Mr. Robert Cooper has sent me 100 copies of hymns and music, bound in cloth, all excellent music suitable for congregational singing. The books are marked 1/- each. I shall be glad to hear from choirmasters and others interested in singing classes.—Address: Mrs. Greenwood, Ashleigh, Fairfield, Hebden Bridge.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

The dwellers of PARK MOUNT, BELPER, heartily wish all friends (and enemies too, if any exist,) a truly Merry Christmas, with all material and spiritual blessings sufficient for ensuring perfect health and pure enjoyment "in the evening," such as will give no regrets, aches or pains in the morning, but supply perfect happiness and peace of mind all the day throughout the coming festive Season.—
NO CARDS. [ADVT.]

IMPORTANT NOTICE

THE

New Year's Double Number

OF THE

LYCEUM BANNER

On January 2nd. will appear our

New Year's Double Number, Double Size and Double Price.

2d. by post 2½d, 12 copies by post for 1/9, 12 copies by train 1/7.

The Double Number will contain, among other interesting items, the opening chapters of a new and thrilling story, specially written for **The Lyceum Banner**, by Miss Gertrude Green, entitled, '**Rita Roslyn: The Story of Her Fame!**' and also **The Marriage Feast**, by Madame de Esperance **Teddy's New Year's Gift**, by "Uncle Ben." Biographical Sketches—Mrs. Della and Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, The Founder of the **Children's Progressive Lyceum**. Uncle Amos will contribute special Gleanings for the occasion. The Bluebells' Guild, The Girls' Corner and the Temperance Page will be specially entertaining and seasonable.

To each reader will be presented **free, a Beautiful Supplement** containing the **portraits of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis**, suitable for framing. This **Double Number** will make an acceptable and pleasing **New Year's Gift** to the friends of all Lyceumists, and should be extensively circulated.

Lyceumists should give their orders for extra copies to their Lyceum Secretaries in good time, to save disappointment, as the number printed will be limited to the orders received. Send all orders to

ALFRED KITSON, Editor,

Bromley Road, Hanging Heaton, Dewsbury.

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 Adopted as the Official Organ of the British Spiritualists'
 Lyceum Union, May 1891.

Transferred to the above Union, May, 1902.

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

BY MISS GERTRUDE GREEN.

At Christmas, play and make good cheer.
 For Christmas comes but once a year.

TUSSEY.

A merry Christmas! such is the greeting one hears on all sides, accompanied with vigorous handshakes and beaming smiles. Every one feels on good terms with his neighbour except such people as "Old Scrooge" in Dickens' delightful "Christmas Carol."

What a time of heartfelt thanksgiving, of reunion with long parted friends, of gatherings of families, of pleasure, gaiety and frolic. How the majority of us look forward to Christmas as the event of the year, and in the minds of our younger generation it is *the* time of all times; for does not Father Christmas with his long hoary beard, pay us his yearly visit? leaving behind him so many pleasant surprises to be eagerly sought in the morning, with shouts of laughter and glee. Ah! we look back on those happy, innocent days, and half wish we might be children again.

The Christmas of to-day is altogether different from the Christmas of half a century ago, both in weather and everything else. There are many who remember what is now termed "A real old-fashioned Christmas" when the snow lay thick and white on the ground like a beautiful glistening garment, covering all the hedges and trees with a delicate tracery, with icicles hanging like crystal pendants; when Jack Frost was exceedingly busy, painting his lovely landscapes and exquisite foliage on our windows. The children would be in their element, delighting in the clear atmosphere where everything sparkled in the light of the wintry sun. Snow men and maidens met you at all corners dressed grotesquely, and sundry luckless pedestrians knew to their sorrow the delights (?) of the snow battles organised. Endless skating parties could be seen tramping along to the rendezvous, skates in hand, quite confident of days of frost; sleighing picnics were indulged in to the delight of all; the air resounded with merriment, and rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and kindly words made one feel glad one lived, longing for it all to come over again.

But the nowadays Christmas is vastly different. We have to think ourselves lucky for two or three days of frost and very little snow. It will snow hard for a day or so, the boys and girls hailing it with glee, then

comes, not "a biting frost," but a thaw, and we tramp about ankle deep in a miserable slush, trying both temper and pleasure. However, our happiness at Christmas depends chiefly on meeting our loved ones and having merry parties; decking our rooms with the gay holly and mistletoe, under which the love-sick swains are apt to take advantage; and the giving and accepting of presents amid a general whirl of excitement and bustle.

How we love at this season to tell weird tales in the twilight, sitting round a blazing fire, burning our fingers cooking chestnuts.

"Let us sit upon the ground
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

We do not wish to sit upon the ground, neither do we desire to talk of dead kings, but we certainly are fond of listening to stories of ghosts, phantoms, hobgoblins, and the like. Listening with awful shivers and uncanny eerie feelings, ever glancing with fear-some looks into all shadowy corners, as though expecting some departed shade to issue therefrom. In many of our homes it is a pleasure to look at the family group thus seated round the fire. We mark how the sisters are becoming womanly and gentle; how the brothers are growing more manly and courteous. The mother will gaze with her loving eyes at her children, and perchance her children's children, noticing with a sad smile, not unmixed with tears, if any of the loved ones be missing.

Ah me! such times as these revive old memories and re-open many old wounds. But the sighs must be dismissed and the smiles take their place, for is not this a time of rejoicing?

There is a psychological influence about Christmas. We feel that we must give, give, give. If some of us but knew the awful suffering, hunger, and privation, prevailing among a certain class of people at this time, it would make ones heart bleed. Their distress seems to be accentuated when brought into contrast with our life at Christmas-tide. See the ragged little waif, scantily clad, shivering with the cold: how she looks longingly in the gaily trimmed shops all glare and prosperity. She notices an anxious mother buying dainties for her warmly-clad well-fed little girl, and vaguely contrasts her own dreadful condition, unloved, unfed, and homeless. The crowds pass by, unheeding of her little pinched face and attenuated form, and were it not that we know all this is the outcome of natural laws, violated, we should wonder why God could allow such to be.

I think Christmas morning has a most holy influence, a sense of calm and devotion fills the atmosphere. When you hear the bells ringing and see the people all wending their way to attend divine service, it is a most beautiful picture, whatever their religion may be. Christian religion in any form tends to uplift the mind.

Let us all pray earnestly that we may become Christ-like, scattering along our path good deeds and kindly words, and assuredly as we sow so shall we reap. Christmas—that season of rejoicing is here, and I wish you from the bottom of my heart, a right good Lancashire "Merry Christmas."

Mr. and Mrs. John Venables, of Walsall.**Mr. John Venables.****Mrs. Venables.**

THE subjects of our sketch this month are two workers who are well known in connection with the Lyceum and Societary work in Walsall, and also in the national organisations of both branches of the movement.

The Walsall Spiritualist Association was founded on May 27th, 1877, and among its first 19 members were Mr. and Mrs. J. Venables, and since the formation of the association, nearly 27 years ago, they have continued in active membership thereof.

The association continued as a semi-public body until February, 1879, when, following the funeral of one of its founders and early mediums (Mr. Daniel Holmes), it was definitely decided to endeavour to hold regular public services, and a room was taken for the Sunday following.

Since that date the association has never closed its doors for a single Sunday, a record of which any spiritualistic body has good cause to be proud. The association continued to progress, and in a few years a Lyceum was commenced, and the enthusiasm of the members was such that on December 16th, 1889, the foundation stones of the Central Hall were laid, and on Sunday, August 17th, 1890, the building was formally opened by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, who conducted the services morning and evening, and also assisted at a Lyceum Session in the afternoon.

During all these years Mr. and Mrs. J. Venables have ever devoted their energies and financial assistance to the movement in Walsall, Mr. Venables having held almost every office in connection with the association and Lyceum from organist to president, and Mrs. Venables having for many years been treasurer. At present Mr. J. Venables is president of the association and Lyceum, treasurer of the Lyceum, and chairman of the Building Committee (who are responsible for the administration of the Central Hall), and Mrs. Venables continues a member of the committee of the association. Mrs. Venables was for several years a member of the Executive of the Spiritualists' National Federation, but was forced to retire on account of ill health, she passing under two serious operations in the year 1899.

During her married life she has ever been active in the spiritualistic cause, in addition to many other local movements of a social and philanthropic nature. Visitors to the Lyceum Union Conferences at Walsall in 1898 and 1902 will remember the efforts she put forth in tending to their comforts.

Mr. Venables was, on the retirement of his wife, elected to the Executive of the Spiritualists' National Federation, but did not seek re-election at this year's conference at Keighley. He was chairman of the Jubilee Bazaar, held in Manchester in 1898, towards the success of which the members of the Lyceum movement throughout the country contributed so handsomely.

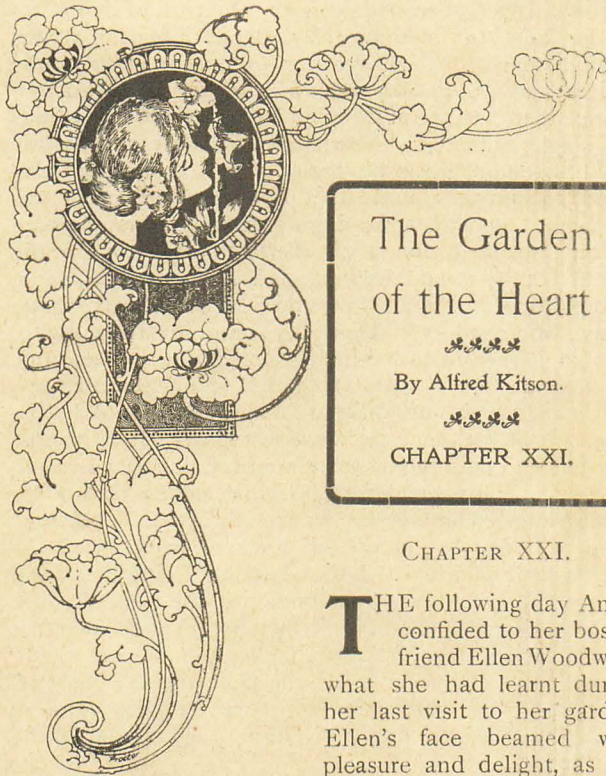
He has occupied the presidential chair of the National Spiritualists' Federation Conference, and was in 1898 elected to the presidential chair of the B.S.L.U., and has since continued an active member of its Executive.

During a very active business life he has always taken a great interest, not only in the spiritualistic and Lyceum movements, but has been connected with many public bodies in Walsall, and his influence has done much to keep the cause of spiritualism where it is to-day.

He was for some years a member of the Walsall Board of Guardians, during which time he was a prominent

opponent of vaccination. In January of 1902 he was, without opposition, elected to a seat on the Walsall Town Council, and in November of the same year, on the expiration of the term for which he was elected, he was again re-elected without opposition for a further term of three years.

[We learn with regret that Mrs. Venables' mother passed on to spirit life on November 25th, at the residence of Mrs. Venables, and was interred at Wood Green Cemetery, near Wednesbury, on November 28th, Mr. E. W. Wallis, of London, officiating. Our sympathies go out to the bereaved family.—Editor L.B.]



The Garden of the Heart

By Alfred Kitson.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE following day Annie confided to her bosom friend Ellen Woodward what she had learnt during her last visit to her garden. Ellen's face beamed with pleasure and delight, as she listened to Annie's description

of the beautiful changes that had taken place in it, which caused many an exclamation of surprise. She was very grateful to her friend, not only on account of the pleasure she derived, but because it was an incentive to further effort on her part, as she felt sure there was just the same way open for herself, to cultivate her own heart's garden. And she meant to try.

The impression made on Mr. Woodward, by the counsel of his loving and ever affectionate mother, was such that it confirmed him in every good resolution he had made since signing the pledge. He was a changed man—more kind and considerate at home, and regular at his work, so that his employers could depend upon him. The money he had formerly spent in drink, tobacco and gambling—and when he won it meant more drink, and more broken time, and so more misery at home—was now used to clothe and feed his family, and gradually re-furnish his poverty-stricken home.

The children, being better dressed and fed, had no longer to bear the taunts, jeers and sneers of the more

fortunate, but careless passers by. But Ellen could never fully master the reserve and desire for solitude, with the exception of one or two congenial souls she had learnt to love, she had cultivated when she was the object of scorn. Her sympathy would go out to all she saw in need. But she had no desire to mix with promiscuous company.

The care-worn, dejected look which had settled on her mother's features, by the great load of care she had to bear night and day, caused by her husband's dissolute habits, and the increasing demands and needs of her family, was gradually being displayed by one of hope for better and happier days.

Mr. Woodward found his home more cheerful and pleasant as the means of making it so were utilized instead of being squandered in sensual gratifications.

He formed a circle at home, in the hope of realising the blessings of spirit communion promised him by his mother, in which he was greatly helped by Mr. Goodwin, who attended to advise in the conducting of the same, until it became fully established, and communion was effected. Thus the whole family began to live a new life, and realised that they were in the presence of a cloud of witnesses, whose mission is the work of love.

CHAPTER XXII.

Our heroine and Ellen became such fast friends, that they often found mutual sympathy and consolation in each other's company, in the hour of trial. One day, when Annie was paying a visit to the Woodward's, she sustained a severe injury, which was caused by little Johnny in the following way.

His sister Clara had broken one of his toys, which he set much store by. This she had done wilfully, and made light of his grief and tears. He was determined to be revenged, and for that purpose had stationed himself behind the door, with a large stick upraised ready to strike Clara on the head when she entered. The mother, busy with her house work, was taking no notice of the quarrel, as Johnnie's tears had ceased to flow. Unfortunately for Annie, she was the first to enter, and Johnny, feeling sure it was his sister, brought down his cudgel with all the power his little arms could muster on to Annie's head, who, with a scream, fell, stunned and bleeding, on the floor. When the little culprit saw the serious mistake he had made—the prostrate form and bleeding head of his "dood Miss Annie," he too set up a scream, more shrill and terrible, and fell to the floor unconscious.

When he came to himself he was in his little bed, with his mother and Annie by his side, quite concerned about the little fellow. When he saw the latter's pale face and bandaged head he looked quite dismayed. But when she assured him she would soon be alright, and was glad to see him open his eyes, he lifted up his little hands and took her pale face between them, saying, "dood Annie; poor Miss Doodwin; I didn't know it was you; naughty Clara broke my pipe." So she learned it was an old pipe he had found and set great store on that all the trouble had arisen from.

She told him pipes were nasty playthings, at which he looked up and answered, "Dada have 'em to smoke with." She informed him that his father had thrown both tobacco and pipe away, and she hoped he would never have them again for his toys. Then she added, "Johnny,

would you like to be blind?" to which he answered, "Me blind? no, no! me want to see everything!"

"And don't you know your passion made you blind, and the result might have been far more serious than it is?"

The little fellow could scarcely comprehend the force of her meaning at first, but in a few seconds he said, "Me won't do so again, Miss Annie; me won't be blind if me can help it"—a promise which, with the incidents attending it, he never forgot.

The circle that had been established was a successful one, and Annie was always pleased to hear of Ellen's progress, and that she too was gradually gaining a more vivid consciousness of her own spiritual state; which in time developed into full consciousness. Mr. Woodward proved to have a strong healing power, and was assisted by a band of powerful spirits in relieving the sick and infirm; and many lived to bless his powers, and cherish his name, for the timely benefit they had derived from him when their own physician had failed, or in acute cases, when his powers never failed to assuage, if not totally cure the sufferer.

Annie and Ellen were ardent workers on the benevolent committee, and were looked upon as twin sisters of mercy in visiting the sick, the aged, and infirm. They were never afraid of soiling their hands in helping to tidy up the homes they visited, or in making the sick room more cheerful with a handful of flowers, both wild and cultivated; and would take dainty morsels to tempt the appetite of the invalid. So that, on leaving, the house would have undergone a wonderful transformation, and look as if some kind angel had been there. Often would they be assisted in their mission of love by Annie being impressed what remedies to get to restore the sufferer, which never failed to relieve, if not effect a cure. While to the old members, who had grown infirm with rheumatics, and so unable to attend the services, they would leave a few copies of recent spiritualistic papers, and occasionally read a few short, pithy extracts. To say that they were beloved by the children, and that many blessings were invoked on their devoted heads, but poorly describes the esteem in which they were held. Truly had they consecrated their lives to the work of the angels.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE next time our heroine was allowed to visit the Summer-Land, she saw that a marked improvement had been effected by her ever widening experiences and quickening aspirations—for she had grown out of her girlish ways and notions, and was entering the new world of maidenhood, which had a marked influence on her life.

Her ever loving guardian greeted her most affectionately, then away they sped as if on the wings of light, onward and upward, higher and higher, until they came to a more exalted world than the one she had previously visited. Everything Annie saw looked to be of a more delicate and spiritual nature; the flowers more lovely, their colours richer and more harmoniously blended; the hills and dales stretching far away into the dim blue distance were more transcendently beautiful, and clothed in richer verdure; so that all nature appeared to breathe forth praises unto their creator and sustainer—God.

Annie noticed all this as she sped on her journey, until they reached her Garden, which now looked as if it had

been transplanted from a lower to a higher world, so beautiful was it. In the midst of the garden she was surprised to find a splendid and capacious mansion, partly erected. The various compartments promised to be such as would satisfy all the needs of her aspiring soul.

She also saw many more, separated from each other by their gardens; some in a more advanced state of completion than others, and yet others completed. All were composed of a material that was nearly transparent, and of the best workmanship.

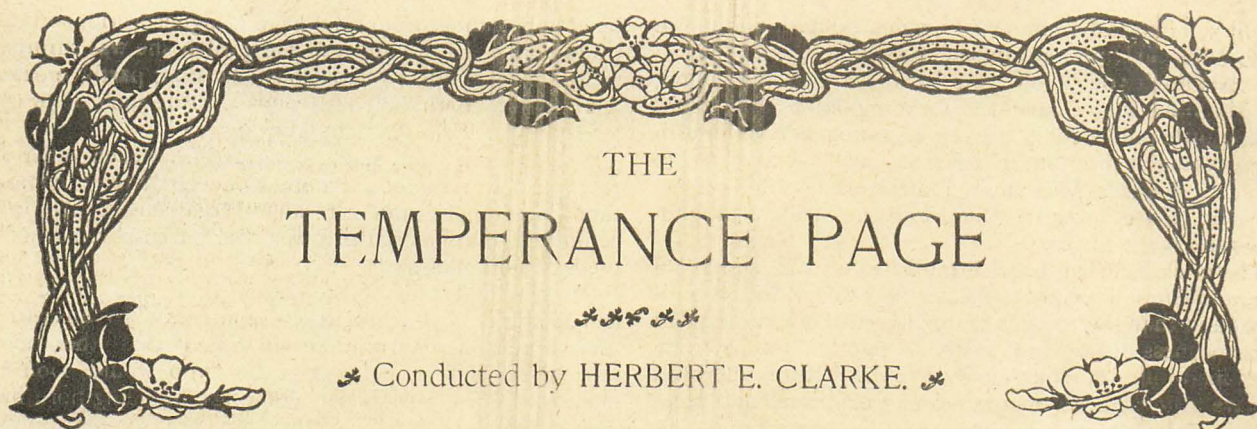
They visited one of the latter kind, and found two female spirits busy arranging its contents. In answer to their questions, they were informed that the home was for a dearly beloved sister who would soon be released from her physical sufferings, by being born into the higher life; that her relations were sorely troubled about her soul's eternal welfare, as she was not a member of any place of worship; that she never could tolerate their teachings, because they outraged her better nature. So she had lived outside the pale of the Church, and quietly followed the dictates of her intuitive promptings; and now, instead of being a lost soul, as her friends thought, she had earned this beautiful home, by her good works and ready sympathy.

They also visited the little children, who had left their earthly homes, and found them happy and joyous in their homes and Lyceums in the ever-verdant Summer-land. She saw the language of colours carried out to a degree of perfection which defies imitation in our Lyceums; for they had badges, sashes, and dresses of every hue and shade; while the sweet harmony of their voices, as they marched along, was simply indescribable. She felt the joy and pleasure of such a visit to be worth a lifetime of patient endeavour.

"Be thou in truthfulness arrayed,
Hold up to earth thy torch divine!
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let steps of charity be thine.
Fill up the hours with what will last.
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is passed,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.
Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap;
Who sows the false, shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow truth, and reap its harvest bright.
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light."

We hope our young readers, and old ones too, will have profited by the experiences of our heroine, of whom we must now reluctantly take our leave. And although you may not be able to visit your gardens, we wish you to remember they are in existence.

Strive to cultivate your gardens—plant therein the flowers of charity, love and goodwill. And in it build a beautiful spirit home, founded on rectitude, constructed by the hand of duty, graced with virtue, and toned with kindness. Kind thoughts and good actions are spiritual treasures in which all may become princely rich. Do not live and die a spiritual pauper, but ever strive to cultivate
THE GARDEN OF THE HEART.



THE
TEMPERANCE PAGE

Conducted by HERBERT E. CLARKE.

AS I look through the correspondence which has reached me since the publication of the October number of the "Banner," I am encouraged to think that my task this month will be a light one.

Almost immediately after I had sent the October notes to press, I received, together with a kind letter from Miss Lilian George, the Conductor of the Smethwick Lyceum, the very interesting notes of an address delivered to that Lyceum by Mr. D. Findlay, who besides being a loyal and steadfast worker in Lyceum and societary matters, is at the same time a warrior in the army of Temperance reform. Both to him, for the assistance which he has on various occasions afforded me, and to Miss George, for the pains she has expended in the collection of the following notes, my heartiest thanks are due.

"PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE."

Delivered before the Smethwick Progressive Lyceum.

It is an important duty of those who help to train the young, to point out to them the dangers of intemperance. Sir George Williams points to the fact that if the difficulties are too great to be overcome in the way of habitual inebriates becoming temperate men and women, there is nothing to prevent us from doing our utmost for the little ones. He also gives the following reasons for trying to persuade the children to be total abstainers:—

1—If they take *no* drink they will be safe from ever becoming drunkards. If they do take drink they *may* be safe; but if they do not take it, they *must* be safe.

2—They will be all the better in health, and may be saved many doctors' bills, to say nothing of escaping loss of time, pain and danger.

3—They will not waste their money in time to come, on drink, but will have more to spend on making home happy and comfortable.

4—They will be more likely to keep out of bad company, (whereby so many are ruined,) and will probably make friends who will give them real help.

5—No parents have ever had cause to be sorry that their children signed the pledge; but countless parents are miserable to-day, because their children, who ought to be a help and comfort, are a hindrance and disgrace, *through drink*.

These different points were commented on, and the following were brought forward as illustrating the subject. Canon Wilberforce tells the story of a little boy who once heard his father say: "I had a dreadful dream last

night. All night long there seemed to be three rats sitting on my chest. One rat was fat, one thin, and one blind." "Father," exclaimed the boy, "I know what that means!" "You do?" "Yes, I do—the fat rat is the publican, the blind rat, father, was *yourself*, and the thin rat was mother, and me."

Speaking about the influence which a child may exert, Mr. Findlay said:—Perhaps you have heard the story of the little girl, who hearing that her father was in the habit of calling at public houses to get something to "keep him warm," set her wits to work to devise some other and better means of keeping father warm. At last she hit upon the bright idea of knitting a woollen "comforter" for him. Her mother approved of the plan, and the little girl's loving thoughts and busy fingers began their work.

The scarf was finished, and one morning her father went off to work with it round his neck, feeling warm and comfortable. How far the influence of that child's thought and work extended it would be impossible to say; but again and again her father was able to resist temptation, almost fancying that his scarf was prompting him to turn away from the places where the poisonous drink was sold, helped also by the thought of the little one at home, of whom it might be truly said, "She hath done what she could."

We desire all our children to learn to keep on the right side of the public house—it is hardly necessary to say that in this instance the right side is the outside.

In conclusion, one word to those who have never felt tempted to join the ranks of the beer drinkers—who have never had to battle with this terrible desire which makes so many its slaves—let me ask those who are strong and who have never had their strength tried in this direction, to sympathise with, and protect as far as possible, their weaker brothers and sisters, until homes shall be made brighter, hearts lighter, and the lives of men, women and children happier than ever in the past, pointing to the glorious future when all God's children will be ready and willing to tread the right pathway which leads to freedom and happiness.

Mr. Findlay's address will provide interesting reading for all. The anecdotes are striking and intensely natural, and my adult readers will do well to ponder over Sir George Williams' remarks.

Towards the end of September our dear Mr. Alfred

Smedley, of Belper, wrote me an encouraging letter, and enclosed a cutting from the "Daily News," of Sept. 17th. He says:—

"My Dear Sir,—I enclose a cutting from the "Daily News," which contains facts worth repeating in your column of the "Banner." If there were more such self-sacrificing men among the "upper ten," (and the rest of the community for the matter of that), the *mended world* would soon appear.—Yours sincerely,
ALFRED SMEDLEY."

The self-sacrificing man referred to is Mr. Frank N. Charrington, son of the wealthy brewer of the firm of Charrington, Head & Co, who recognising the vast amount of harm which the drink trade is doing, sacrificed his wealth on the altar of humanity. By his efforts a mission was instituted, reared, and raised to perfection, and after 10,000 nights' work, this is the result:—A great assembly-hall in Mile End Road holding over 5000. A membership of 5000 and 2000 children. Average number of pledges 2500 a year, or over 100,000 for the twenty-eight years of effort. And what is over and above all this, the true happiness and blessings which follow right doing. I should like to speak at greater length on this topic, but space will not permit this month.

Mr. Hawkins of Belper, explains to me that 186 and 196 in the pledge book are Misses Letha and Lilly Ford. His kind wishes are fully reciprocated.

I am obliged to Mr. A Pitts of Armley for the following corrections and for two further, additions to their record list. Numbers 223 and 275 should be Francis and Rose Horley, not Heeley. Mr. Frank Pinder signed also for the first, third, and fourth parts of the pledge.

The following list of names from Bootle, Liverpool, is due to the prompt assistance of my good friend Mr. Robert Owen, one of a family of spirited workers in the cause, with whom I am proud to have some intimate acquaintance.

ARMLEY.

289 Sam Lee, senr. 1 2 3 4 290 William Howard 1 2 3 4

BOOTLE.

291 Sarah Powell	1 2 3 4	302 Florence Murray	1 2 3 4
292 Ellen Powell	1 2 3 4	303 Willie Murray	1 2 3 4
293 Louisa Dibble	1 2 3 4	304 Harold Upton	1 2 3 4
294 Annie Dibble	1 2 3 4	305 Harold Parr	1 2 3 4
295 Maggie Scanlan	1 2 3 4	306 James Mackarel	1 2 2 4
296 Jane Milner	1 2 3 4	307 Herbert Owen	1 2 3 4
297 Maggie Oakes	1 2 3 4	308 John Dibble	1 2 3 4
298 Alice Oakes	1 2 3 4	309 Harry Yonds	1 2 3 4
299 Hilda Irvine	1 2 3 4	310 Miss A. S. Owen	1 2 3 4
300 Nellie Scanlan	1 2 3 4	311 Miss P. Bradshaw	1 2 3 4
301 Jennie Irvine	1 2 3 4		

All the above are over 8 years of age.

We are deeply grateful to all who have responded to our appeal to help us reduce the cost of postage on the "Lyceum Banner," by having their parcels at Newspaper Rates. The plan enables us to supply the "Lyceum Banner" at 9½d. per doz. Our next issue will be ready on Jan. 2nd, Will Secretaries please note and call for their parcels, and report to us not later than the following Monday, if they fail to receive them.

REPORTS.

OLDHAM (Elliot Street).—On Saturday, Oct. 31st, we had our annual Lyceum tea party. After tea our Conductor presided, and we had recitations, solos, "Six little nurses" by the young Lyceumists, "The Floral Circle" by 12 young ladies, etc., and I must say the entertainment was a credit to all who took part. I am sorry to say that we did not get much help from other Lyceums round about. We shall have a sandwich tea on Christmas Day, and a Lyceum tea party on the first Saturday in the New Year, when prizes will be distributed to those who have attended regularly during the year.—H. MONKS, Sec.

DEARNLEY.—It gives me great pleasure to send you a few words about our Lyceum. We have just had our half-yearly meeting, which was very successful. We should like to see a larger number of our Lyceumists attending on a Sunday morning. We have decided to join the Rochdale and District Council of Lyceums.

B. BUTTERWORTH, Sec.

RISHTON.—On Sunday, Nov. 8th, we held our Open Session, when our Silver and Golden Chain Recitations were well responded to, about 80 being present. We also had recitations from Miss Lilly Mason ("Better than Gold"), Master Herbert Lofthouse ("The Sponge"), and Miss Emily Mason ("Helping Mother"), and a duet by Mr. Mason and Miss Emily Mason ("What will the old folks say?"), which were very heartily applauded.—JAMES EDWARDS, Sec.

LEEDS LYCEUM DISTRICT COUNCIL.—The half-yearly meeting of the above Council was held at Armley on the 24th and 25th of Oct. I am sorry to say that from the various reports given, one or two of the Lyceums are in need of help. Wakefield seems to have fallen through. I have written to one of their Lyceum scholars offering our help, but have not received a reply as yet. Will some of the Wakefield friends let me know particulars and how best we can help them? On the Sunday we commenced with our first propaganda meeting, which proved a success. In the morning Mr. Zoe, the Armley Conductor, conducted the Lyceum, while the deputation took their places as Lyceumists. In the afternoon our President, Mr. Colbeck, conducted. Short addresses were given by Miss Mortimer (Batley Carr), Mr. Colbeck (Batley Carr), Mr. Pitts (Armley), and Mr. J. Kitson (Dewsbury), which were enjoyed by the whole Lyceum. In the evening a grand mass meeting was held, with Mr. Colbeck again in the chair. Invocation was offered by Mrs. Colbeck, and addresses were given by Mrs. Binns (Halifax), Mrs. Colbeck (Batley Carr) and Mr. J. Kitson (Dewsbury). During the evening the Armley Lyceum children rendered a musical reading. The total proceeds due to the Council from the Saturday tea and Sunday half collections amounted to 19s. 11d.—A. PINDER, Sec.

[Please write on one side of the paper only.—ED. L.B.]

BOLTON (Bradford Street).—We held our tea party and entertainment on Monday, Nov. 14th. It was got up and carried through by the members of the Lyceum, under the generalship of Mr. Bilsborough, our Lyceum conductor. We expected about 100, but there would be about 300, including 30 of our comrades from Horwich Society. However, everyone seemed satisfied with the spread, and appeared in the best of spirits, and we promise to do better next time if they will only procure their tickets beforehand, and thereby give us a little warning. The entertainment was presided over by Mr. Ormerod, and consisted of piano and vocal solos, gramophone selections by Mr. Turner, of Horwich, and an operetta, entitled "The Fairy Ring," by the children, a sketch, entitled "The Outcast," and two comic songs by Mr. Bilsborough. The whole programme was highly enjoyed by an appreciative audience. Please repeat the order for LYCEUM BANNERS, viz., 4 dozen, and oblige, yours fraternally, JOHN PRESTON.

ACCRINGTON (China Street).—On Sunday, Nov. 1st, we held a Lyceum day. We had Open Session morning and afternoon, and service at night, our conductor, Mr. J. Holmes, in the chair. Mr. Alfred Kitson was the speaker for the day, and he pourtrayed some grand teachings before the Lyceumists. He also gave sound addresses dealing with the past and present of the movement, which were very interesting and much appreciated. Silver and Golden Chain Recitations, musical readings, etc., formed a portion of the programme, the connective readings by some of the Lyceumists being done in a splendid manner, and were morally enjoyed. Mr. Arthur Greenwood conducted marching and calisthenics in an able manner. The Lyceum song, "Sweet golden age," was sung by six Lyceumists, each of them taking a verse, and the whole Lyceum and audience joining in the chorus. The day was much enjoyed, though the attendance was only moderate. The collections for the day amounted to £1 4s. 7d.

JAMES F. SHUTTLEWORTH, Sec.

YORK, St. Saviourgate.—On November 12th, we gave the Lyceumists a Tea and Concert, after the tea illustrated songs were given by Messrs. E. and J. Dickenson, J. Baldwin, and Miss Mansfield; Mr. C. Hall gave an amusing sketch, called "The Village Convert," he also gave some gramophone selections. At the close sweets and apples were distributed to all the children. A pleasant time was spent.—J. CHAPMAN, Sec.

BURY.—On Sunday, October 25th, Miss A. E. Burton performed the pleasing ceremony of naming the daughter of two of our Lyceumists, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Charley. Miss Burton made reference to having known the father almost from childhood, and also remembered having taught him the words of the hymn "Happy days of childhood." Strange to say this was one of the hymns chosen by the Conductor at the same service. A unique, though none the less pleasing incident next took place in the presentation to the infant (through her mother) of a real old English silver spoon which bore the date of Queen Anne's reign. The presentation was made in a graceful manner by Miss Lena Burton. On Sunday, November 1st, we held our usual monthly Open Sessions, solos and recitations were plentiful, but Mr. Kershaw's complaining remarks had a depressing effect upon what would otherwise have been a pleasant session. The Conductor truly remarked that it was unfair to the Lyceum to only speak of the faulty side, but he felt sure they would try to remedy the defects which had been pointed out. Miss E. Agnes Kershaw conducted the marching and calisthenics in an efficient manner, and Miss E. Clough again proved herself a capable accompanist.—E. J. BARNES, Sec.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—We held our Open Session on October 25th Miss Nichol conducted, Mrs. Green, of Manchester was with us and gave a beautiful address, assuring us it was the first Open Session she had ever attended. Fifty adults and upwards of sixty children were present; marching and calisthenics were conducted by Mr. Goodwin and Miss J. Walker. The following gave recitations, Misses M. Robinson, A. Walker, M. Jones, and E. Wilson; Masters H. Clarke, Harold Hogg, J. Collinson, H. Jones, and W. Hogg; Misses Hopson gave a dialogue, and songs by Mrs. Walker, and Miss J. Walker.—(Miss) PHOEBE WHITTON.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—Our Open Session was held on November 1st, when the silver and golden chain recitations were very good, and our programme was about the best I have ever known. The following gave recitations, Messrs. Harry Hall, Alick Plenderleith, Tom Hall; Misses Jessie Plenderleith, Ada Jackson, Nina Jones, Lena Tonge; and solos by Miss Bracegirdle, and Mr. P. Howard.—JAMES SMITH, Sec.

BRADFORD, (St. Pauls).—I am pleased to report that we are making steady progress with our Lyceum work. We held our Open Session on November 1st. The following scholars gave recitations and solos out of the *Lyceum Mannal*, Misses L. and S. Holdsworth, Alice Ann Wooles, and Clara Kneeshaw; Masters F. Lightowler, W. Thresh, J. W. Sonden, and F. Bates.—ABM. RODHAM, Sec.

GATESHEAD, (Cuthbert-st.).—I am glad to say that we are still progressing, as a Lyceum should. We shall be pleased to welcome visitors to hear our children sing and recite, who are undoubtedly encouraged by our two Leaders, Messrs. Elliott and Hall joining in the same. Our presentation of prizes will take place on December 7th, when our old friend Mr. Thomas O. Todd will be with us. We hope that as many friends as can make it convenient will be with us on that occasion.—JOSEPH ARCHBOLD, Sec.

HOLLINWOOD, (Byron-st.).—On Sunday, November 15th, we had our annual Election of Officers, when the following were elected: Conductor, Mr. F. Snape; Assistant, Miss E. Chadwick; Musical Director, Miss Ivy Barnes; Leaders, Miss Sarah Nuttall and Mr. Harry Shelmerdine; Guards, Messrs. W. Burns, H. Norbury, Misses M. J. Tomlinson, and F. Nuttall; Treasurer, Mr. J. Tomlinson; Auditors, Messrs. W. Burns, and J. Tomlinson; Delegates, Messrs. T. Jagger, and W. A. Bates.—WM. ASHTON BATES, Sec.

DARWEN.—On Sunday, November 8th, we had our yearly meeting. After the Balance Sheet had been read and accepted the following persons were elected to the important offices: Conductor, Mr. H. Holgate; Secretary, J. Nightingale; Assistant Secretary, W. C. Thompson; Treasurer, Miss E. Holden; Musical Directors, Mr. W. Jenkinson, and Mr. J. Betts; Calisthenic Leader, A. Holgate; Librarian, Miss M. Holden; Guardian, G. Leaver. The Lyceum during the past year has stood out as a good Lyceum but it is expected that it will improve on its past work.—J. NIGHTINGALE, Sec.

LONDON, (Chiswick).—On Sunday, September 27th, 1903, we opened the first Lyceum held in Chiswick. Mr. J. Imison was appointed Conductor. A Secretary, Treasurer and Committee was also

appointed; and we are progressing favourably considering the parent society was only formed in February of this year, under the able Presidency of Mr. Percy Smyth, and an earnest staff of Officers. The Open Sessions are made very interesting both to young and old by the short and instructive lessons given by Mr. Imison on Nature, the Creator, and Physical Geography, and other subjects. The silver and golden chain recitations, and musical readings are enjoyed by all. Owing to the lack of space we are unable to have any calisthenics or marching, but we hope to overcome that difficulty before long. Will you kindly forward us all the particulars regarding THE BRITISH LYCEUM UNION, as we are desirous of joining the same early in the New Year.—H. A. PHIPPS, Sec. [The Secretary of the B.S.L.U. has duly sent on the information asked for, and he will also be happy to hear from other Lyceums who are not members of the Union, with a view of their joining the Union, early in the New Year. In unity there is strength, Ed. L.B.]

TESTIMONIAL.—Dear friend, Herbert Buckley, Royton, England, We (also many others) thank you for your earnest and successful effort to interest the young and old persons in the children's Progressive Lyceum. The beautiful star badges are here, and they will be given to those who will appreciate the meaning of the gift.—Cordially, ever truly, A. J. DAVIS, Boston, U.S.A., Oct., 17th, 1903.

MANCHESTER (Maskell Street).—The society opened its new hall on Saturday, Oct. 31st, with a grand tea party, which brought a lot of old members, and every one was pleased with the hall. On Nov. 1st we held our first Lyceum, and had a very good number present. We were very pleased to see several friends from other Lyceums. Marching and calisthenics were very good, and Golden and Silver Chain Recitations well responded to.—MISS L. SIMS, Sec.

LANCASTER.—On Nov. 8th a very pleasant and instructive morning was spent with Mr. Bilsborough, of Bolton (Bradford Street Society), as conductor. The ordinary Lyceum routine was varied by the giving of "pearls" and recitations, and there was a ready response from both the boys and the girls. 136—"The Teachings of Spiritualism," was taken as the Golden Chain reading, and I do not think there is any better or more concise definition of Spiritualism in the whole range of spiritualistic literature. More young men and women are needed at this Lyceum to give life, strength and intellect to the school. Ways and means will have to be studied and put into practice for obtaining and retaining elder scholars. This is the direction in which our Lancaster friends can improve their Lyceum, and we wish them all success.—REUBEN A. WEBB.

SHEFFIELD (Heeley).—On Sunday evening, Nov. 8th, the Service of Song, by Mrs. L. A. Griffin, entitled "Spirit Return," was given by our Lyceumists and leaders to a large and appreciative audience, who listened very attentively. Mr. Oliver read the connective readings, and Miss and Master Norris sang a solo and duet, and the Lyceumists sang the choruses and other hymns, under the baton of Mr. Skelton, who had kindly undertaken to lead the singing on this occasion. We trust that the story of "Spirit Return" may have the effect of bringing others to investigate for themselves the glorious truth that our loved ones still live. On Sunday, Oct. 25th, we had our annual election of Lyceum officers, &c., as follows:—Conductor, Mr. Oliver; Secretary, Mr. Wooler; Treasurer, Master Brace Magnes; Mus. Director, Miss Olive Norris; Captain of Guards, Mr. Norris; Guards, Masters Roland Oliver, Wilfred Norris, and Percy France.—E. WOOLLER, Sec.

WARRINGTON.—On Sunday, Oct. 25th, we held our first anniversary services in connection with our Lyceum. In the afternoon Mrs. Crompton gave an address on "What shall we teach the children?" Both the officers and the children had plenty of good advice given them. The speaker explained how we might improve our Lyceum by teaching the children from object lessons; and how the children might gain knowledge by asking Why? How? and the Wherefore of the information given them. At the evening meeting, with Mr. Stout in the chair, Mrs. Crompton spoke on "The invisible world." Before going into the part in connection with the spirit side, she dealt with the study of human physiology. Then, when we had found out all we could about the material, we should try to solve what appears to be the invisible. And so, during the evening, we received a very instructive address. During the day special hymns and anthems were sung by the choir and Lyceum children, the soloists being Miss Furness, Mr. H. Foster, and Master Arthur Foster. Mr. Jackson gave a cello solo, and Mr. J. Foster officiated at the organ, assisted by several instrumentalists. On the Monday following, a tea and social was held, which was highly enjoyed by all. Although this was our first anniversary, we are hoping to hold another next year.—WM. MASSEY, Conductor.