

The LYCEUM BANNER

A SPIRITUALIST MAGAZINE FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

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

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TWOPENCE.



MR. HENRY WIGLEY.

HAVING been asked to give a short account to accompany my photo in the LYCEUM BANNER, as to how I first became a Spiritualist, and my connection with the movement, I do so as briefly as possible.

I was born on July 14th, 1850, under not very auspicious circumstances; my school days were few and uneventful enough, for I began work as a half-timer at the Belper Cotton Mills when 8 years old, working from 6 a.m. to 12, and till 2 o'clock on Saturdays one week, and from 1 till 6 o'clock the alternate week, for thirteen pence per week. That was in the good old times!

My first vivid recollection of my Sunday School days was when about 6 years old, when the Crimean War was ended and a general holiday was given us, and a national peace rejoicing took place. When processions, bands of music,

and beer were plentiful. We had a free tea, and were presented with a medal commemorating the event. At that time I attended the Calvinist Chapel and Sunday School (now the Congregationalist). Afterwards I gravitated to the Church, next to the Unitarians, and afterwards to the Primitive Methodists. When about 13 I joined the choir, playing the violin, my step-father played the 'cello.' At the anniversary, he was so pleased with my playing that he took me to the public-house, as a treat, and not knowing the effects of drink I took too much. When I got out into the air things began to go topsy turvy and I felt very curious, so I left the rest of the friends and steered as best I could for home, which I managed to reach, and the moment my mother saw me she burst into tears. I shall never forget that moment, I laid me down on the sofa, and soon became very sick, when up came the vile stuff. I said "mother, I will never do this again," and thank God, by the wise counsel of friends, and a fairly strong will to resist, I have never had any alcoholic drink since, and no doubt have been, and am still, much better in every way without it.

Some time after this, the minister having occasion to speak about the drinking of some members of the choir on Sundays, it caused the choir to break up. I then went to the General Baptist Chapel, where I played the violin until they obtained a harmonium, when I began to sing tenor. It was about this time (I should be about 16) that my first spiritual awakening took place, so was baptized, became a member of the Church and was appointed librarian. We started a Band of Hope, and a young men's improvement class. I shall ever remember the wise counsel and help of my teacher—J. Bates, with whom I have often held sweet communion since his transition. About this time I first became acquainted with Spiritualism, my teacher had some knowledge of it. I was apprenticed to Messrs. Wheeldon Bros., and have been with them over 37 years. They were, about that time, investigating Spiritualism, and I understand they were the first to investigate it in Belper. I heard them talk about it till I wanted to know something about it myself, so was invited to attend a seance at the house of an uncle of the Wheeldon Bros.

Having read Talmage's sermon on Spiritualism, it will easily be imagined how I should approach the subject. I had heard it said, or read somewhere, that if you went to a seance and had a Bible with you, and mentioned the name of Jesus Christ, you would be able to exorcise the spirits and that nothing would happen.

Having accepted the invitation, and believing this, I went prepared with my Bible, but something did happen.

We sat at a small table. It began to move, which made me feel rather creepy. It became very demonstrative and rushed across the room and back with various movements. Eventually I summed up courage to ask some questions, to which answers were correctly given through the table by the alphabet. I came away from that meeting with the conviction that there was something in it that was worth the finding out, and from this commenced my second spiritual awakening. I now began to attend meetings regularly, and tried to persuade my wife to go with me, but being rather timid, she was not willing. However, she ultimately consented, and at the first seance she attended she passed into a state of coma, or semi-trance.

From that time we held regular sittings, every week, for a considerable time, my wife being the medium, and we received many evidences of spirit return. These meetings became so interesting that they were anxiously looked forward to by the members, and the manifestations we had through my dear wife were the means of greatly strengthening my own convictions.

I went about this time with Messrs. Wheeldon Bros. to Derby to hear a lecture by Mr. Wallace, the old pioneer medium, who discoursed on the spheres. He quite disabused my mind of the old notion of hell, though I had always a trustful hope in the universal love of God. The first public speaker we had in Belper was Mrs. Tappan, (now Mrs. Richmond). Most of the earlier mediums and speakers visited Belper, including, Dr. Geo. Sexton, Messrs. Colville, Morse, Wallis, T. M. Brown, Dr. Monk, Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, and Miss Wood, through whom we had the materialized forms so ably recorded in Mr. Smedley's "Reminiscences." Those were stirring times, I would that the same zeal was manifested now. I must not omit to make special reference to Mrs. Hitchcock, through whose medial services here many were convinced of the truth of Spiritualism and heartily embraced it. Eventually, the cause was more permanently established by the forming of a society which for a while held its meetings free of cost in Mr. Adshead's Room. About 19 years ago Mr. H. White invited a few friends to meet together with a view to opening a Lyceum. It was decided to open one, Mr. White being conductor, I being appointed assistant musical conductor, and have been a leader ever since. I was appointed conductor two years in succession—1896-7 and am again conductor this year. The above named room became too small, and through the kindness and generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Smedley, Jubilee Hall was built in 1887 and has been used by the Society and Lyceum free of cost ever since, and a lovely place it is. I have also the honour of being choir master for the Society and have been a Vice-President.

I have always endeavoured to be at the post of duty, which is, I think, the best way to promote the best interests of the movement. I consider the Lyceum to be the foundation of the cause. Too much importance cannot be attached to the training of the young. To imbue their minds with the idea that *they* are responsible for every thought and action, must eventually have its effect, not only on the Lyceumists themselves, but on the movement and the world at large.

Poets say that life is a flower. Why don't they add that love is the honey in it.

❖ The Spirit Spheres! ❖

[Having seen several very clever articles severely criticising, disparaging the Philosophy of Spiritualism, especially that portion which relates to the location of the spirit spheres, I addressed a note to Mrs. Eva Harrison drawing her attention to the said articles, and asked her to kindly submit the matter to her wonderfully gifted daughter, Irene, who is able to visit the spirit spheres and homes, and give me the result of her enquiries. This she has kindly done in the following letter.—Ed. L.B.]

DEAR MR. KITSON,

At last I snatch a little time to give you the information I have received from Irene's spirit guides. She was not entranced at the time, but received the answers clair-audiently to the questions I put to her guides regarding the location of the spirit spheres. Briefly it is this:

Taking our Sun for the centre, Mercury, the nearest planet, revolves within its orbit at a distance of 36,000,000 of miles from the Sun, outside of this again, taking a larger orbit, Venus revolves; still further from the Sun our planet Earth revolves in its orbit; outside the Earth's orbit Mars travels, and so on till we get to the last discovered planet Neptune, where we reach the known limit of planetary worlds connected with our Sun. The distance of this planet from the Sun is so great that even Saturn and Jupiter are utterly invisible, and the Sun himself has sunk to be scarcely greater than a fixed star.

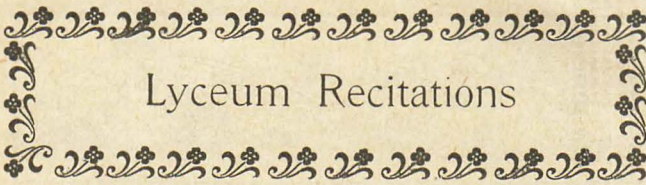
The spirit spheres belonging to each of these planets outline their orbit as belts. The spirit spheres or belts belonging to each planet grow more spiritual and ethereal the farther they are removed from their planets. They are on both sides of the planet as it revolves, both on the outer side and the side nearest the Sun, so that the spirit spheres of each planet interblend at their farthest limits.

Other systems are arranged the same way. Then outside of all these separate systems of Suns, with their attendant planets, there are great belts where dwell spirits too pure and beautiful to communicate with material worlds, except through media on the spiritual as well as the extended planes of life.

The children have no special locality. You spoke of the children's sphere—but they are everywhere in God's universe, mingling with those who love them. Certainly they are gathered together in communities for the purpose of education, but these schools are in every sphere of spirit life. *Little* children, however, are never to be found in the *lower* spheres. Those old enough to know and choose good or evil in the earth-life, go to the condition they have earned, just as do their elders. Irene tells us there are training homes, after the nature of reformatories, for those children who have wilfully and deliberately chosen to do wrong, and where the training, all under the rule of wisdom and love, shows to the wrongdoers the result of the evil they have done, and brings about the remorse which is sufficient punishment to fit the sin. So as I explained to you before, the particular spot where my Grandfather's beautiful home, "Crystal Halls," is located is within 20 miles distance from our planet earth once in the year, as she makes her revolution round the Sun, as the spirit belts are in a fixed position to the Sun.

Trusting I have made clear to you the information I have gathered from the beyond.

EVA HARRISON.



Lyceum Recitations

IF WE WERE SOMEONE ELSE.

Oh! the grand things we would do
 If we were someone else,
 How our loss the world should rue
 If we were someone else,
 If we only had the chances
 Of that one whose whims and dances
 Wastes so much in idle fancies—
 Oh! to be 'someone else.'

Oh! the grand things we would say
 If we were someone else,
 Heroic deeds we'd do each day
 If we were someone else.
 How the folk would stand and gaze
 Spellbound, with a great amaze;
 How they would shout forth our praise—
 If we were someone else.

And the evils we'd subdue
 If we were someone else,
 We would aye be staunch and true
 If we were someone else.
 But the place where we are now
 Gets the chances mixed somehow,
 Things get done just anyhow,
 Oft—by someone else.

And we miss a heap of things
 We could do ourselves,
 Waste the time each glad day brings
 Wanting something else.
 How we let the chances go,
 Wishing we were so-and-so;
 Sad the harvest, full of woe,
 Not for—someone else.

Why! the day is rich with deeds
 We can do ourselves;
 No one else can sow the seeds,
 Only just ourselves.
 Let us then with no half-heart
 Strive to act a better part,
 Now is just the time to start
 To be—just ourselves.

—PAULA CORONA.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

(By William Denton.)

Not masses, nor crosses, nor Catholic creeds,
 Not mumbling of aves, nor counting of beads,
 Not church-going, psalm-singing, paying of priests,
 Attendance on sermons, prayer-meetings or feasts;
 Not wearing a broad brim, and plain "thou" or "thee,"
 Or strait-collared coat, from the world's fashion free.
 It is not to kneel with a long pious face,
 Or sing solemn anthems in some holy place,

In sect to be cradled, or on a creed nursed,
 Believing that every outsider is cursed;
 That God has in heaven ordained us to dwell,
 But left countless millions to drop into hell.
 Religion is love in the heart and the life,
 The soother of sorrow, destroyer of strife;
 The soul's best physician, relieves every pain,
 And in her dark caverns lights hope once again.
 It curses no one who has doubts of its creed;
 It hunts up no martyrs to burn or to bleed;
 It tells of no devil with tortures and chains,
 No hell of unending and horrible pains.
 It seeks not to bless men by force or by fear,
 But draws them with love to a God very near.
 It tells of the right, and it whispers Obey:
 To happiness, virtue alone is the way,
 This world it makes happy, and then, beyond this,
 It points to another all sunny with bliss.
 Bright heaven of beauty, how fair are thy skies!
 Thou home of the good, and thou school of the wise.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

We may go through the world, but 'twill be very slow
 If we listen to all that is said as we go;
 We'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
 For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
 For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, 'twill then be presumed
 That your humble position is only assumed;
 You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool;
 Don't get excited; keep perfectly cool—
 For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
 You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean.
 If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
 They'll call you a rogue, in a sly, sneaking way—
 For people will talk.

Then if you show the least boldness of heart,
 Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
 They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
 But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
 For people will talk.

If threadbare your coat, or old fashioned your dress,
 Some one, of course, will take notice of this,
 And hint rather close that you can't pay your way;
 But don't get excited, whatever they say—
 For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
 For they criticise then in a far different shape;
 You're ahead of your means, or your bills are unpaid,
 But mind your own business, and keep straight ahead—
 For people will talk.

They'll talk fine before you, but then at your back,
 Of venom and spite there is never a lack.
 How kind and polite is all that they say,
 But bitter as gall when you're out of the way—
 For people will talk.

Good friend, take my advice, and do as you please,
 For your mind (if you have one) will then be at ease
 Through life you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
 But don't try to stop them—'twill be of no use—
 For people will talk.

The Adventures of a Coin. . .

. . . BY GERTRUDE GREEN.



CHAPTER I.

I AM old now and my span of life is short, but I remember the time when I was a brand new shining sixpence. My career in the world began in a very dark place in company with various other coins whose names I did not then know. Some were much larger than myself, a few dirty looking brown pieces, and a very small silver coin. I afterwards learned that we were enclosed in a gentleman's pocket. On my advent into this company they seemed greatly offended because of my smart appearance, and all preserved a dignified silence. I was much embarrassed. I had not been there very long however, when I felt myself lifted up and brought to the light of day, to my great relief.

I was in a large pleasant room, in which a sweet faced woman was seated, sewing; laughing rosy-cheeked children played about her, the room re-echoing with their innocent mirth. It was some festive occasion. Bunches of green leaves with red and white berries ornamented the room. It was a pretty scene. My master called to a child,

"See, Lilla, darling, I have brought you a new sixpence fresh from the Mint."

A little girl with golden curls came running with childish glee. "Oh, Papa, how kind of you! Let me see it, please," she cried. My master gave me into a pair of rosy dimpled palms held out to receive me. The little one, possessed of her treasure, took me into a corner and gazed with unbounded admiration at me. She caressed me lovingly and tied me in one corner of her handkerchief, whispering the while, "I must not lose it."

Every day she looked at me, and polished my sides till they shone like glass. She was a pretty creature and I liked to see her bright eyes and cherry mouth, but I was getting tired of this mode of life, when one day an adventure befel me. I felt a violent shock, and realised that my little mistress had dropped me. I called to her but she did not hear me, so I had to resign myself. Presently I felt someone pick up the handkerchief, the knot was untied, and I was discovered.

Glancing up, I gazed into the face of a boy about ten. He was dressed in rags and tatters; his hair was uncut, dishevelled, and dirty; his face was begrimed with dirt, but his eyes twinkled with a merry light. He was a street arab. On seeing me he gave a low whistle, then putting me between his teeth he turned a vigorous somersault. After which he gazed once more at me.

"By golly!" he exclaimed. "It's a tanner! I'll go and tell Dick and we'll 'ave a jollification to-night."

Off he set at a canter, and very shortly I heard him in conversation with another boy.

"I say, Dick, what luck? Trade been bad?"

"I should think so," responded Dick. "The blokes won't stop to buy my matches. I 'spects I'm in for a rough night with the guv'nor. You look blooming anyway. What's up?"

"I should think I oughter look bloomin'! Look 'ere!"

My master put me on his out-stretched hand, where I lay glistening.

"Whew!" whistled Dick. "That's never your own!"

"Is'nt it though! I've just found this 'ere, ee's a beauty, is'nt ee? We're goin' to 'ave a feast to-night, my boy. So look bright at nine o'clock. I'll meet you at the bridge. Ta-ta."

"My! what a spree we'll 'ave" replied Dick. "I'll be there."

My master went to a shop where he exchanged me for two red herrings. The fish-monger gave him some change, and the last I saw of him was his happy face smiling at the anticipation of a coming supper.

What an evil smelling place was that fish shop. I was surrounded by numberless other coins who looked at my new coat with envying glances. One said to me with a sneer,

"You don't need to look so stuck up. You'll soon grow dull." I never answered, but turned away. A whole chorus of voices were raised in a threatening manner, calling me dreadful names. How unutterably thankful I was when the fishmonger picked me up and gave me in change to an old man.

My new master hobbled along till he came to his dwelling. I heard him unlock the door and enter. He went up a long corridor and turned into a room at the end. Then he emptied his pockets and spread the contents on a low wooden table. I saw that I was in a poorly furnished room. The table, a few old chairs, a stool, and a quantity of broken crockery, comprised the whole of this establishment. The old man, its occupant, kept muttering to himself.

"How cold it is these nights. I can't afford more fire. I'm so dreadfully poor."

He came towards the table and counted his money. Catching sight of me he put me on one side with the remark "That goes with the others."

He then glanced cautiously about the room and went softly to a side cupboard, from which he brought a tin box to the table. Opening it he emptied its contents. To my surprise a shower of beautiful golden coins streamed forth, making a pleasant jingle. My master sat on a chair and leaned over the money. He had long white hair and a venerable beard. His forehead was narrow and high; his nose rather long, and his lips thin and compressed. His eyes glistened with an evil light as he looked at the shining heap before him.

He was continually muttering. Now and then he would pick up a handful of coins and let them slowly slip through his fingers. At last he reluctantly got up, put the money back into the box and replaced it in the cupboard. Going to the door he shouted, "Janet, come here."

A moment afterwards a slipshod foot was heard coming down the corridor, and a young girl in miserable attire entered the room.

"Yes, father," she said simply.

"What are you standing there for, gaping like a goose. Get the meal ready and don't be wasteful. I'm poor enough without your extravagance," angrily exclaimed the old man. The girl beat the fire to a small heat, put the kettle on and set the table for the frugal meal. This done she seated herself on a chair and waited for the kettle to boil.

"Has anybody been about?" roughly demanded her father.

"No, father," she responded.

The kettle began to sputter, she took it off the fire and brewed some weak tea, then left the room.

CHAPTER II.

ILL-GOTTEN GAINS.

On the girl's departure the old man came to where I lay on the table. Taking me into his long claw-like fingers, he muttered, "She didn't take this, although I saw her looking this way. I believe that child of mine is dangerous. I'll lock it up. I don't think she would mind taking *all* my beautiful money if she could lay her hands on it."

With these words the miser, for such he was, unlocked his box in the cupboard and put me in very carefully, locked it again, then sat down in his old chair before the dull fire. No sound disturbed the silence of the room, and for an hour the old man sat thus. Presently I heard him go out and fasten all doors, then silence reigned once more. I surmised that the household had retired for the night. I felt very drowsy and soon fell asleep.

I was aroused by a curious noise like a file grating on iron. I heard voices talking in undertones:

"I say, Sam, I wonder if the old bloke sleeps in this 'ere room? I expect we've got a tough job before us." "Sh!" whispered another, "How slow y'are. Bobby 'ull be back before yer 'alf through."

The talking ceased and the only sound heard was the noise of the file.

A few moments afterwards I heard a soft footstep come to the cupboard, the doors were opened and the box lifted. A voice which I recognised as my master's cried, hoarsely, "Who's there? Who's there? I defy you to approach!" A voice answered him saying, "Put that box down and we'll not touch yer, but if yer kicks it'll be worse for yer. Come on now. Arms up." The old man uttered a fearful scream and rushed at the speaker, who had entered the room, dropping the box in his haste. An awful sound followed. The ruffian stooped, lifted the box, and gave the miser a dreadful blow with it on the head. He fell like a log, and lay without a motion. At that moment the door

opened and the girl's voice cried, "Oh, my father! What are you dreadful men doing! Go away! go away!" She flung herself down beside the old man, sobbing and weeping.

"Come on, mate, the sooner we're off the better. 'Ere's the box. Let's clear," said one of the robbers,

"Where's the sack?" asked the other.

It was handed him in silence. The box was thrown into it, and I began a long tiresome journey. How I wondered what had happened—whether the miser was dead or not, and what became of his innocent daughter.

It was very distressing, but I could do nothing, so I tried to dismiss the subject from my mind.

To be continued.

Grandpa's Song.

Come, Grandpa, sing me a nice little song
Said a fair-haired witch to me
As she nestled down lovingly in my lap,
Worn and sleepy as she could be:
Well, I called the sweet old days back again
When her sire was a chubby boy,
How I sung "Bo Peep," and "Jolly King Cole."
And reckoned it but a joy.

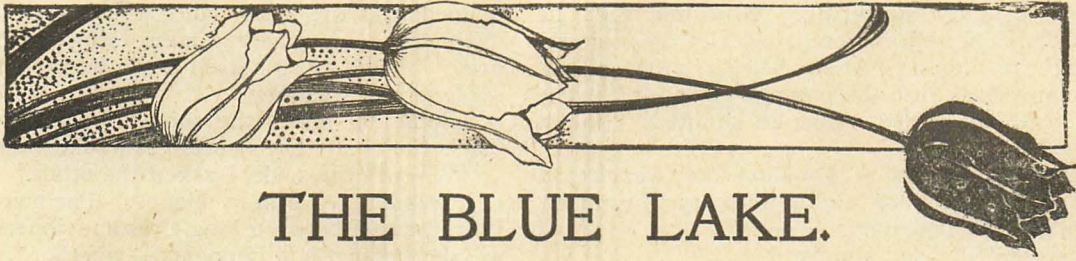
So I sang in the old strain, "Mary's White Lamb,"
And "Say Black Sheep have you some wool?"
How the Three Little Kittens had lost their mittens,
While the sheep had three bags full;
How Gyp chased a chicken about the yard,
Till the old hen heard him peep.
Of "The Little Boy Blue," "Aunt Rhoda's Goose,"
And "Three white pigs asleep."

Of "Rock-a-Bye-baby," your cradle is green.
How the "Cows got into the Corn,"
Of "Old Mother Goose," the "Two Hungry Crows,"
Where the "Three Flying Squirrels were born."
Of "Old Mother Hubbard" her wonderful dog.
And "Blackbirds found baked in a pie,"
Of "Patty Cake, Patty Cake," "Old Dog Tray,"
How "Gossip the Horse came to die."

Still the bright eyes twinkled up in my face,
And Grandpa was well nigh spent,
But he had to rehearse them over once more
Ere the plump hands were unbent;
And the Rag-Doll fell in a shapeless mass
On the floor at Grandpa's feet,
While the winsome soul with its sunny ways
Had sped to the realm of sleep.

So Grandpa sends a kiss to little folks all,
Has a song for their listening ears,
Though the silver may nestle around his head
Still his heart is young in years;
And whene'er a rosebud mouth craves songs,
"Jack Horner," or "Little Boy Blue."
He will lull to sleep dear little dull eyes
Say children, wouldn't you?

FRED L. HILDRETH,



THE BLUE LAKE.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MADAME E. D'ESPERANCE.

THERE was a blue lake, on one side of which there were high mountains,—so high that it seemed as though a man standing on the topmost peak could see all the world beneath him. On the other side of the lake were forests and woods and green valleys, where people lived and ploughed the land, sowed the seed, and reaped the harvest in their seasons.

Among the people were two boys who played together always and were great friends. Once when they were sitting by the edge of the water fishing, and looking out over the lake to where the mountains rose up on the other side,—away above the tops of the trees in the forest that encircled them round about, gleaming golden where the rosy red light of the sun rested on them, there arose a mysterious purple haze with crimson gleams, which seemed to hide yet greater beauty. Above the rosy light, above the purple shadows, the sharp peaks stretched upward, clear, white, and beautiful, till they seemed to pierce the blue sky.

The boys watched the changing lights on the mountains, and forgot their fishing. Then one said "I will cross over the lake, and climb the mountain to the topmost peak, then I shall see the whole world beneath me and be nearer heaven." And the other boy said "I will go with you." So they took a boat and rowed across the lake till they came to the foot of the mountain where the forest grew thick, and the brushwood caught their feet and entangled them, and the fallen trees and branches made it difficult to walk.

There were many others journeying through the forest, all going upwards—at least all the young ones were, some of the old did not, but stayed and worked—some of them went quickly, some slowly, some stopped to play and loiter, and some even lay down and went to sleep; but the two from over the lake hurried on, for there was no time to lose if they would reach the top.

There were many vineyards and gardens on the clear places in the forest, and numbers of people were working in them, cultivating the vines, fruit-trees, and flowers.

They worked hard, and did their best; but there were so many insects that came and destroyed their labour by eating at the roots of the trees, or the heart of the blossom, that instead of rejoicing in the plentitude of the harvest, the workmen were frequently

despairing and sorrowful when the autumn came, and there was no harvest to gather in.

The two boys passed by them and, after a while, emerged from the forests and vineyards, and found themselves on the bare mountain side where there was only hard and cold rock.

Where was the beautiful rose and purple that had enveloped it as a mantle?

The boys grew afraid that they had made some mistake, it all looked so different from what it had done, when they sat fishing on the opposite side of the lake. But, on looking upwards, they saw it lay higher up, just as lovely as ever,—so they climbed on.

After a little time one of the boys stood still; his companion grew impatient.

"Why do you stop to let others get before us?"

And his companion said, "would it not be better to stay awhile among the people, to discover what it is that destroys the vines and the fruit-trees? On our journey we have learned many things of which they know nothing. It may be we can teach them how to clear away the pests, that prevent their fruit coming to maturity."

The other answered angrily, "Go back if you will. I will go on alone. You may think for others and remain in the forest, I will think for myself and reach the heights."

So he turned his back on his friend, who with tears in his eyes and a pain at his heart, stayed among the workers in the vineyard, to help them out of their difficulties. Many times he looked up to the high peaks clothed in purple and gold, and said to himself, "When I have taught them all I know I will continue my journey upwards;" but, when he had told them all, others came forward who had not heard, so his work must be done over again. So it went on, and when night came there were others still pressing forwards, to hear what he had to tell them of their enemies, and how to vanquish them.

At last he was tired and worn out and lay down to sleep, saying—"I have accomplished nothing for myself, but perhaps I have helped them a little." And he smiled as he fell asleep.

His companion, when he had turned angrily away, continued to climb the mountain side. Higher and higher he went, scarcely stopping for breath. His limbs grew very tired, and his hands ached with the constant clutching at the projections by which he raised him-

self. It was very dangerous too, and many times he came near falling headlong over a precipice.

As he proceeded, the travellers grew fewer and less friendly. It seemed as though they positively disliked seeing anyone travelling in the same direction. Strangely enough he met no one, all were going upwards, only very often he saw the crushed, maimed body of someone, who had fallen and died; but nobody minded it, they did not even seem sorry, but said contemptuously, "He was a fool, he could not keep on his feet, but grew dizzy and fell."

So he went higher. The rose and purple went higher too, and was still as far off as ever, still as high above him. It grew colder, and he shivered as he climbed. The travellers he had seen were still toiling on, but he had passed them. Sometimes he grew sick with the constant longing for the beauty that still kept beyond his reach.

It was terribly hard work, and it seemed sometimes that his limbs would not bear him another step. At last he reached the top, and looked around for the world beneath him; but he could see nothing only other mountain peaks, rising one above another. Then the clouds began to settle down on them, and he could see nothing at all. The beautiful light and colours had vanished, and it was cold,—bitterly, cruelly cold. He shivered as he said "It was a mistake to climb so high into the cold and loneliness, better to have stayed in the warm sunshine near the vineyards and the forests, and worked to make them fruitful. I will return." But he found his limbs had grown stiff, and trembled as with palsy, and his hands that had been strong, and firm, and brown, were now knotted, weak and wrinkled with veins that stood up like cords. As he looked at them he suddenly realized that he had grown an old man.

He had spent his boyhood, youth, and manhood trying to reach the purple and gold light that lay on the mountain tops. He had reached the mountain tops, but the light was still higher, still beyond his reach. Round about him were only the snowy peaks half hidden in the clouds. He could see nothing but mist. He was very cold, very lonely, very sorrowful. And as he sat there, thinking of the green forests, and the sunny vineyards, the workmen who laboured in them, and his companion who had stayed behind to help them, and thought of the warm golden sunshine that lay all about, and over them, he shivered again, and drew his mantle closer, but it gave him no warmth.

"I have done much for myself," he said. "I have attained a greater height than my fellows, I have not stayed behind to help others." Then he fell down on the snowy peak and wept in his loneliness till he fell asleep in death, with the tears frozen on his eyelids, a victim of cold and sordid ambition.

As a tribute to Japanese surgery it is estimated that three per cent. will cover all the deaths of wounded who have returned to Japan after having been treated in the field.

JUST TELL THEM SO.

There's much to do the whole way through,
And little use complaining,
For the darkest night will change to light
And the blackest cloud quit raining.
If worth you find in weak mankind,
'Twill do all good to know
That someone thought they nobly wrought,
And frankly told them so.

Enough will remain of bitter pain,
With all the aid you lend;
Some will be sad and others glad,
On down to the journey's end.
As in the throng you pass along,
With rapid strides or slow,
If virtue you see in bond or free,
Just stop and tell them so.

There are many cares in home affairs
That wear the brain and heart,
And many a way 'most every day,
In which to bear a part.
If you love your wife as you do your life,
It will keep your heart aglow,
And make her feel your love is real
To often tell her so.

If on the road you see a load,
Some pilgrim downward pressing,
A willing hand to help him stand
Will bring you back a blessing.
So in the fight 'twixt wrong and right
That's waging here below,
Should praise be said, don't wait till dead
Before you tell them so.

PEARLS.

Piety is a silver chain tied up aloft, which binds heaven and earth, spiritual and temporal, God and man together.

* * *

You can seldom interest others by talking about yourself.

* * *

Live to do good; learn the lessons of life that thou mayest the better shun its evils.

* * *

Nobody keeps a runaway horse, but many keep a runaway temper and think nothing of it.

* * *

Evil was called youth until he was old and then he was called Habit.

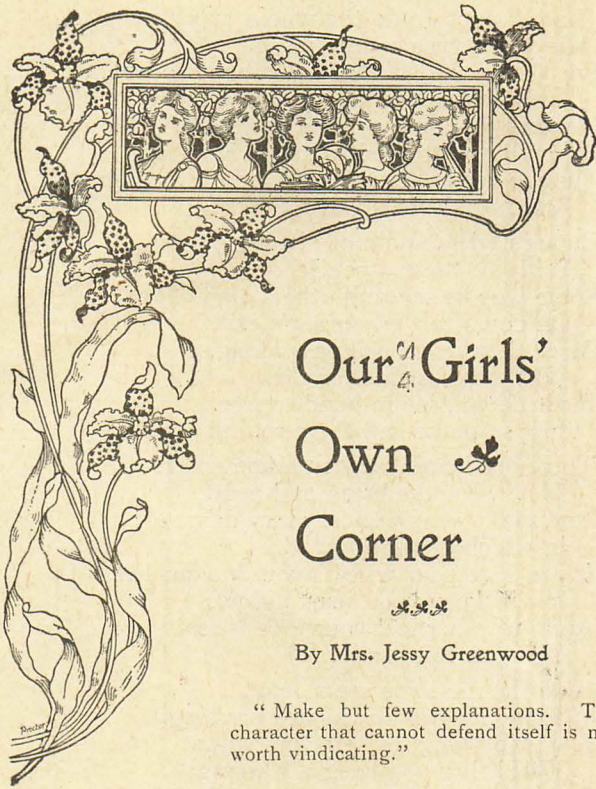
* * *

We cannot all be heroes, and thrill an hemisphere
With some great, daring venture; some deeds
that mock at fear,

But we can fill a lifetime with kindly acts and true.
There's always noble service, for noble souls to do.

* * *

Every failure teaches a man something if he will learn.



Our Girls' Own Corner

By Mrs. Jessie Greenwood

"Make but few explanations. The character that cannot defend itself is not worth vindicating."

THAT is a good thought, but who said it? I don't know, but I think they were not very young. Experience had been a very good schoolmaster. We have all been living a character for another twelve months, and as we reflect we shall feel disposed perhaps to make a few explanations to ourselves as well as to others; but what is the good of it all. If the experiences had not come our way; had we not so miserably failed sometimes, and so gloriously conquered sometimes; had we not been so busy in our thought-world, moulding and making ourselves before the actions came off, we should not need to try to explain away some of life's incidents—we should at once say it is a waste of time—instead of crying over the past, set about building for the future. Jowett says, "First make your arrangements, then trust in providence; and in no case worry."

We are commencing another year's work. The good old year, so cram full of recollections, bids us good-bye, and the new year shows us a beautiful vista of golden opportunities for useful work. As Dickens says, "The world is before you, and it is most probable that as you enter it, so it will receive you. Trust in nothing but providence and your own efforts."

"Farewell, old year, with thy joys and thy sorrows,
Thy frowning to-days and thy smiling to-morrows;
Thy mission is ended and empty thy throne,
We'll crown the New Year with its future unknown."

To all, my good wishes fly on gossamer wings of thought, bidding all renew the love song in your hearts until it bubbles over for others, causing happiness to flow from heart to heart. Let it touch those you have deemed your enemies, for is not 'Love' the sweetest and best of all things? Your New Year is sure to be a happy one.



OUR P.S.F.

WHAT is that? says someone, not as familiar with the letters as its secretary. Well, it is a fund for maintaining the secretary's permanency, which the Conference in its wisdom deemed fit to establish for the purpose of helping to pay the secretary a decent salary for the work which has to be done for the B.S.L.U. For a considerable time the present secretary devoted a *part* of his time *only* to the keeping of books, despatching Manuals, Songsters and other publications, according to orders, as well as editing the LYCEUM BANNER, attending E.C meetings and recording the minutes, etc.

The business of the Union grew rapidly, and at last it was felt necessary that the secretary should relinquish his daily employment and give his whole time to the interests of the children's cause. A formal agreement was entered into between the secretary and the E.C. for the Union, and the Secretary—Mr. Kitson—made a great sacrifice, of which I can say no more here, because of being a purely personal matter, and he entered on his duties as a permanent official in November last.

All parties concerned have had but one motive, the welfare of the B.S.L.U., and that means of every Lyceum connected with it; therefore a Lyceum is helping the Union to maintain itself when it gives any support to the P.S.F.

The question has been asked, "Where does this money go to?" After reading the little bit of history before mentioned, no one will ever ask such a question again, but rather feel a pride in assisting the fund both by pocket and influence.

Many friends have acknowledged the good work being done by the B.S.L.U., and do not hesitate to place the credit of it to the man who has seen it grow from its infancy to its present status. Various sums of money have come from these well-wishers to which I have replied for the E.C. Any one with half-an-eye must see that this means another branch of the work entailing considerable time and labour; and what I want is, that my readers shall be willing to give me a little more to do. The object deserves it.

A list of all contributions is given in the BANNER every month, besides being privately acknowledged. It is not too late to subscribe for 1904.

Sincerely yours,

JESSY GREENWOOD,

Hon. Sec. to P.S.F.

PERMANENT SECRETARY FUND.

Donations up-to-date are as follows:—Mrs. S. Longbottom 2/-; Mrs. Record 5/-; Gladstone Hall Lyceum, Nottingham 10/-; Glasgow Lyceum 7/6; Saddleworth Lyceum 5/-; "Starnos" £1 os. 10d.;

Brighthouse Lyceum £1; Mr. H. Longbottom 2/6; Mr. T. F. Smedley £1; Mr. F. B. Smedley 10/-; Mr. White 10/-; Mr. Geo. Wheeldon 10/-; Mr. Wm. Wheeldon Mr. H. Wigley 2/6; Mr. Geo. White 2/6; Mr. Jno. Hawkins 2/6; Mr. A. Riley 2/6; Mr. Geo. Bodell (sen.) 2/6; Mr. and Mrs. A. Wigley 2/6; Mr. and Mrs. Gull 2/6; Mrs. and Miss Bodell 2/6; Mrs. Adshead 2/6; Belper Children's Lyceum Effort (second) 5/-; A friend per Mr. Kitson 2/6; Slaithwaithe Lyceum 10/-; Raven Street Lyceum, Halifax 10/-; Mr. T. H. Wright 5/-; Mr. Chiswell £1; Warrington Lyceum 10/-; Mrs. Griffin 2/6 and books (value 7/6); Keighley Lyceum 10/-; Skipton Lyceum 5/-; Wigan Lyceum 10/-; Mr. Kitson's services at Leeds Psycho 5/-; and Slaithwaithe 5/-; St. Paul's, Laisterdyke Lyceum, 6/6; Mr. W. Walker, Buxton 2/6.

The Lyceums have come up splendidly this month, and I trust before December 31st is here nearly all on the BANNER list will have signified their intention to do so either by promise or postal orders.

I am delighted with the results of the beautiful little cards, so kindly given us by an interested friend, and their effect has been to secure some new subscribers. Thanking all who have helped to make such a respectable list (one particular I must mention, viz., Mr. White, of Belper, who forwarded £4 7s. 6d. from a list of 27 names, I said "Hurrah Belper,") and wishing all my friends good wishes for the New Year.

JESSY GREENWOOD,

Ashleigh, Fairfield,
Hebden Bridge.

Hon Sec.

A Right-away Boy.

"WHERE is George, I wonder?" said Mrs. Mayhew. "Have you seen him, Carrie?"

"I think I heard him pounding up back of the wood-house a few minutes ago," replied Carrie.

"Well, get yourself ready as soon as you can, Carrie, while I call him. You know, Uncle Silas is in a great hurry."

Mrs. Mayhew stepped out into the sloping backyard, and on hearing the pounding above the wood-house she called, "George!" "George!"

"What do you want, mother?" George answered without stopping his work.

"Come at once, George; don't wait to be called again," said his mother.

"Yes, I'll be there in a minute," he replied; and then, when he heard the door close and knew that his mother had gone back to the house, he muttered to himself a little crossly: "I wonder what she wants me for? Wants me to bring a bucket o' water, or carry in an armful o' wood, or hoe in the garden, or do something else I don't like to. That's always the way. Well, I'll go pretty soon—as soon as I've finished this rabbit-hutch; it's nearly done."

And so, as it was his habit, he put off obeying his mother's call until he should finish his own work. Pound, pound, pound went the hammer above the wood-house, waking the echoes in the large bank barn some distance away; and fully ten minutes had pass-

ed when Mrs. Mayhew's voice again rang in George's ears, urging him to come quickly.

"What do you want, mother?" he responded, and there was a note of impatience in his tone.

"I want you to come at once," she urged; "I'll tell you why as soon as you come."

"Why can't you tell me now?" he scolded.

"Come, come, George," she repeated, still more urgently.

"Yes, in a minute"—and pound, pound, pound the hammer echoed in the barn as before. He soon became so absorbed in his rabbit-hutch that it was fully half an hour before he decided to heed his mother's call. Then he flung his hammer to the ground, ran down the path as fast as his feet could carry him to make up for lost time, and dashed into the sitting-room like a small cyclone.

"What do you want, mother?" he asked breathlessly.

His mother looked at him reproachfully for a moment, and that made his eyes drop to the floor and a vivid flush leap to his fresh, round cheeks. He wished then that he had obeyed his mother.

"George, why didn't you come when I called you?" she asked.

"I—I—wanted to finish my—"

"Yes, that is a very bad habit you have fallen into—you always have something else to do when I want you. Well, George, you don't know what you have missed by your disobedience."

"What have I missed, mother?" he asked, glancing up with a half-frightened look.

"Why, your Uncle Silas Weston was here. You know you and Carrie were going with him on a visit the first time he drove over this way—"

"Where is he, mamma—where is he?" exclaimed George, running toward the door.

"He has gone, George," the lad's mother replied.

"He was in a hurry, and couldn't wait; and as you didn't come when I called you he had to take Carrie alone, and go away without you."

George burst into tears, and then ran down to the gate and looked intently up the road, thinking Uncle Silas might still be in sight, so that he could hail him; but Uncle Silas had been gone for at least a quarter of an hour, and must have been two miles away. Then the weeping and angry lad rushed back to the house, and said in a bitter tone:

"Why didn't you tell me Uncle Silas was here, mother?"

"Because I wanted to teach you a lesson that you will never forget," she replied, kindly. "I was sorry to disappoint you, George, but this punishment will teach you to come at once when I call you, whether I have some work for you to do or not."

COUSIN KATE.

Marriage.

Mr. Ernest Spencer and Miss M. J. Rayner of Regent Hall, Rochdale, were happily married amidst a good number of their friends, on Sat. Nov. 26th 1904. Both are old scholars and good workers.

Mr. Spencer is auditor and Miss Rayner has been a Lyceumist since the commencement of our Lyceum.

Gleanings by Uncle Amos.

NEW YEAR.

As the old year sinks down in Time's ocean,
Stand ready to launch with the new,
And waste no regrets, no emotion,
As the masts and the spars pass from view.
Weep not if some treasures go under,
And sink in the rotten ship's hold,
That blithe, bonny barque sailing yonder,
May bring you more wealth than the old.

For the world is for ever improving,
All the past is not worth one to-day,
And whatever deserves our true loving,
Is stronger than death or decay.
Old love, was it wasted devotion?
Old friends, were they weak or untrue?
Well, let them sink there in mid ocean,
And gaily sail on to the new.

Throw overboard toil misdirected,
Throw overboard ill-advised hope;
With aims which your soul has detected
Have self as their centre and scope.
Throw overboard useless regretting
For deeds which you cannot undo,
And learn the great art of forgetting
Old things which embitter the new.

Sing who will of dead years departed,
I shroud them and bid them adieu,
And the song that I sing, happy-hearted,
Is a song of the glorious new.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

* * *

"Now, Uncle Amos, Christmas and New Year are close upon us, so you ought to give something in your Gleanings for us little ones," was whispered in my ear by a little, bright-eyed girl of the Fountain Group—or I thought it was. Well, here is one from "The Children's Corner" in the *Daily News*, which I feel sure will please you, for it was written specially for children. You should ask your fathers to take in the *Daily News*, you could then read "The Children's Corner" every Saturday.

THE RETIREMENT OF SANTA CLAUS.

(A PROBLEM SOLVED FOR THE LITTLE ONES.)

Oh! what becomes of Santa Claus
When Christmas Day is over?
Does he go back to Fairy Hall,
Or is he still a rover?

And climbs he still o'er starlit roofs,
Adown the chimneys peeping?
And of his visits leaves he proofs,
Where little tots are sleeping?

No; vain they hang their stockings now,
And list for sign or token
Of stealthy footsteps, whispers low,
With midnight slumbers broken.

Perhaps he's met with some mishap—
The thought itself is shocking—
Or gone to take a twelve months' nap
In some tall fir-tree rocking.

But don't you know he has a shop
Within the fairies' palace,
And there for months to come he'll stop,
And work for you and Alice.

And all deserving girls and boys
He surely will remember,
And manufacture lots of toys
To bring them next December.

And don't you know he does repairs,
And when your things want mending
He fetches them quite unawares,
When you are not attending?

But, Oh! I fear he shakes his head
When all about him strewing
He sees your ill-used dollies dead,
And horses past renewing.

And so, if thus you give him pain
(Mind, this is just between us),
Old Santa may not come again,
But take his toys to Venus.

F. T. READ.

Erdington, Birmingham, Dec., 1903.

* * *

"When I was young," said an old Scotch lady, "folk we're unco' feared at water-deevils, caaled kelpies, but noo I've lived to see them a' dead, an' I think if I were to live another generation I might outlive the vara auld deevil himsel."

* * *

YEAR'S THRESHOLD.

The year is closed, the record made,
The last deed done, the last word said;
The memory alone remains
Of all its joys, its griefs, its gains;
And now with purpose full and clear
I turn to meet another year.

LYCEUM RECITATION.

THE THREE P'S.

If you've a task to do, my boy,
That's hard, don't try to shirk;
Just do the very best you can—
They only win who work.

If on the first attempt you fail,
Don't say, "It can't be done."
But think of those who've won success,
And how success was won.

Pluck, patience, perseverance, boys,
O'er hardest tasks prevail.
For those who really mean to win
There's no such word as fail.

EBEN E. REXFORD

AN ALLEGORY OF LIFE.

BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS,
NEW YORK, U. S. AMERICA.

THE OAK.

AN old experienced gardener had been watching a tree for many days, whose branches and foliage did not seem to repay him for his care, "I see," he said a little sadly; "the roots are not striking deep enough; they must have a firmer hold in the earth, and only the wind and the fierce blast will do it."

It was now sunset, and the faithful gardener put away his tools, closed the garden gates, and went into his cottage. Soon a mass of dark clouds began to gather on the horizon, "I am sorry to use such harsh means," he said, waving his hand in the direction of the wind clouds; "but the tree needs to be more firmly rooted, and naught but a violent wind will aid it."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the tree, "Oh, the cruel gardener, to send this wind! It will surely uproot me!"

The tree reached forth its branches like arms for help, and implored the gardener to come and save it from the fearful blasts. The flowers at its feet bowed their heads, while the winds wafted their fragrance over the struggling, tempest-tost tree.

"They do not moan, as I do, they cannot be suffering as I am," said the tree, catching its breath at every word.

"They do not need the tempest, the rain and the dew are all they want," said a vine, which had been running many years over an old dead oak, once the pride of the garden. "I heard the gardener say this very afternoon," continued the vine, "that you must be rooted more firmly; and he has sent this wind for that purpose."

"I wonder if I am the only thing in this garden that needs shaking," spoke the oak, somewhat indignantly. "There's a poor willow over by the pond that is always weeping and"—

"But," interrupted the vine, "that's what keeps the beautiful sheet of water full to the brim, and always sparkling,—the constant dropping of her tears; and we ought to render her gratitude. Besides, she is so graceful."—

"Oh, yes; all the trees are lovely but me. I heard the gardener's praise, the other day, of the elms and the maples, and even the pines; but not one word did he say about the oaks. I didn't care for myself in particular, but for my family, which has always been looked up to. Well, I shall die, like my brother, and soon we shall all pass away; but, unlike my brother oak, no one will cling to me as you do, vine, to his old body."

"You're mistaken, sir. The gardener said, but a few days ago, that he should plant a vine just like myself at your trunk if your foliage was not better, so that you might present a finer appearance by the mingling of the vine's soft leaves, and be more ornamental to the garden."

"I'll save him that trouble if my life is spared. I have no desire to be decked in borrowed leaves, the

oaks have always kept up a good appearance; but oh, dear me, vine, didn't that blast take your breath away? I fear I *shall* die; but, if I do live, I'll show the gardener what I can do. But, vine," and the voice of the oak trembled, "tell the gardener, when he comes in the morning, if—if I am dead—that—that—the dreadful tempest killed instead of helped me."

The wind made such a roaring sound that the oak could not hear her reply, and he tried now to become reconciled to death. He thought much in that brief space of time, and resolved, if his life was spared him, that he would try and put forth his protecting branches over the beds of flowers at his feet, to shield them from the blazing sun, and try to be more kind and friendly to all. Deeper and deeper struck the roots into the earth, till a new life-thrill shot through its veins, was it death?

The oak raised its head. The clouds were drifting to the south. All was calm, and the stars shone like friendly eyes in the heavens above him.

"That oak would have surely died but for that tempest which passed over us," said the gardener, a few weeks later, as he was showing his garden to a friend. The gardener stood beneath the branches, and saw with pleasure new leaves coming forth and the texture of the old ones already finer and softer.

"It only needed a firmer hold on the earth, the poor thing could not draw moisture enough from the ground before the storm shook its roots and embedded them deeper. If I had known the philosophy of storms before, I need not have lost the other oak."

Here the old gardener sat beneath the branches of the oak, and they seemed to rise and fall as if bestowing blessings on his head. That spot became his favourite resting-place amid his labours for many years. The oak lived to a good old age, and was the gardener's pride. Maidens gathered its leaves and wove garlands for their lovers. Children sported under its boughs. It was blessed and happy in making others so. It had learned the lesson of the storm, and was often heard to say to the young oaks growing up about it, sunshine and balmy breezes have their part in our growth, but they are not all that is needful for our true development."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Our next issue will be ready on February 4th. 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, so that we may make enquiries with a view to finding them.

READERS of THE LYCEUM BANNER who write to any of our advertisers, either in ordering, or asking about the Goods offered, will do us a kindness by stating that they saw the Advertisement in this paper.



Our

Bluebells' Page

Conducted by **FLORA BELLE.**

*
The Object of the Guild is to promote Gentleness, Kindness, and Good Behaviour.
Membership is open to Children of Spiritualists all over the World.

MY DEAR BLUEBELLS,—

A Bright and Happy New Year to you all. The day you read this will be the first day of a New Year. How many new resolutions have you made? I fancy I can hear some of you say, "Oh! I made a good many last year, and I didn't keep them long, so I am not going to make any more this time." Those who say this will make a great mistake, because if you only keep them for a few weeks you must be the better for it.

Oh! I forgot, Ted told me not to begin the New Year by "preaching," and I promised not to, and here I am wandering off as bad as ever. Now I must tell you about the letters I have received during the past month. The first is from Annie Paton, who lives right away in distant South Africa, and writes as follows:—

Dear Flora Belle,—I am not going to apologise for not writing you before now, as I really have no excuse to offer, but at the same time I trust you will forgive me for not doing so. I hope all the members of the Guild don't serve you the same as I have done. It is just twelve months since you heard from me last, and at that time I was living in Ceres, in the Western Province of the Colony. Now we are living in the Eastern Province. We have travelled a great deal in the Colony since last Christmas, about two thousand miles. When we left Ceres we went to a place called Komgha, a journey of three days and three nights in the train, the last few hours we had to travel in an open truck, as the railway wasn't open, and of course no trains running. We were living on an old Dutch farm, and our nearest neighbour lived three miles away, and Komgha village six miles away. We scarcely ever saw a white person. Round about the farm were about a dozen Kaffir kraals, so you see we had plenty of dusky neighbours if we hadn't white ones. However, we were only there a short time. Mr. Mackenzie was sent to Kokstad, near Natal, to survey another part of the country for a new railway, and as there were no good schools for the children to attend, Mrs. Mackenzie decided to come to East London, the nearest town to Komgha, a journey of twenty-one hours. Mr. Mackenzie had to go alone, and we shall not see him again until February; he left us last July. I like living in East London very much, but oh, we do get some wind. I suppose it is with living so near the sea. I suppose you will know by now that Mr. Kersey

is Conductor again of the Newcastle Lyceum. I think Mr. Kersey works very hard for the Lyceum and its cause, don't you? I trust all the members will appreciate the work he has done, and do their best to uphold it. The late Conductor, Mr. Gerald Martin, sent me a photograph of the Lyceum, taken on August Bank Holiday when they were off on their annual picnic. I am glad to have it as it will help me to remember all the old faces in case I am apt to forget them, but I don't think there is any likelihood of that happening, as I spent many and many a happy hour in the Lyceum. I see a letter written by Mr. J. J. Morse in the BANNER stating there is no Bluebell Guild in several parts of the world in which he has travelled. I'm sure there is none here in the Colony, and no Lyceum either. I'm afraid we don't possess such luxuries. Well, we must have patience, and perhaps by-and-bye some kind people will start a Lyceum here. Now I must bring this letter to a close. Wishing you every success in your good work, the best of health, and trusting you will have a very Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year. With kindest love from yours affectionately,

ANNIE PATON.

As you may all be sure, I was very pleased to receive the above letter. Fancy anyone so far away remembering Flora Belle. I wish, Annie, that all my Bluebells would write, if even only once a year.

The following is a very nice letter from a member of the Guild belonging to the Gateshead Lyceum:—

Dear Flora Belle,—I have much pleasure in writing to you to tell you of the very pleasant ceremony which was held in our Lyceum (which is the Gateshead Lyceum) on Sunday December 4th. It was the distribution of prizes. They were distributed by Mr. F. Hepworth, of Keighley, who presented them to the children in a very encouraging manner. About 25 per cent. of the prizes were *Lyceum Manuals*, which are very instructive books indeed. Several of our Lyceumists said recitations and sung, which made our meeting very interesting. After the prizes were given to the children, a *Manual* was presented to our musical conductor, Miss E. Hunter. The *Manual* was bound with morocco leather and gilt letters on the back. The following words were inscribed in gilt:—

"Presented to Miss E. Hunter, by the Leaders and

Officers of the Gateshead Children's Progressive Lyceum as a token of respect for services rendered.—P. HERD, Secretary. December, 1904."

After the prize had been given to her, she thanked the givers for their present, but as she had been taken by surprise, she had not much to say. I must now close, wishing you every success, your loving Bluebell,

MAGGIE HERD.

The above letter pleased me very much. I hope my other Bluebells will write and tell me about any similar ceremony which takes place at the Lyceum they attend.

I must not forget, in closing, to thank Annie for the pretty card she sent, and which reached me quite safely.

I must end my letter now, and in doing so wish the Editor, Contributors, Readers and Publishers of the BANNER, a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

Your loving sister,

FLORA BELLE.

HUNSLET LYCEUM.

1612 Elizabeth Render	1625 John William Harrison
1613 Annie Render	1626 Fred Warburton
1614 Charlotte Render	1627 Cyril Warburton
1615 Margaret A. Warburton	1628 William Warburton
1616 Grace Warburton	1629 Samuel Warburton
1617 Evaline Hunter	1630 Walter Wainwright
1618 Gladys Neal	1631 John William Kay
1619 Miriam Muffitt	1632 Horace Polkey
1620 Annie Hill	1633 Thomas Polkey
1621 Lotty Hill	1634 Wilfred Muffitt
1622 Edith Hill	1635 Herbert Warburton
1623 Elia Megson	1636 Samuel Jones
1624 Elsie Hallas	

PRESTON LYCEUM.

1637 Violet Howarth	1642 Fred Fisher
1638 Beatrice Pask	1643 William Rhodes
1639 Evelyn Freeman	1644 Irving Pask
1640 Robert Freeman	1645 Vincent Pask
1641 Peter Gregson	1646 Harold Stephenson

GIRLINGTON LYCEUM (BRADFORD).

1647 Mr. Stead	1656 Jennie Shackleton
1648 Mr. Shackleton	1657 John Shackleton
1649 Mr. Jackson	1658 Charlie Downey
1650 Miss Ashworth	1659 Leonard Nicholson
1651 Miss Tobin	1660 Horace Bates
1652 Miss Boddy	1661 Flsie Burchell
1653 Mrs. Jackson	1662 Julia Burchell
1654 Clara Bown	1663 Anne Brotherton
1655 Amy Bown	

SOUTH MANCHESTER LYCEUM.

1664 Helena Forrest	1670 Polly Brazendale
1665 Alethea Fuga	1671 Vernon Roberts
1666 Nellie Fuga	1672 Arthur Cridland
1667 Harold Grainge	1673 Frank Henderson
1668 Albert Grainge	1674 Donald Townsley
1669 Donald Townsley	

Flora Belle requests that when secretaries send names for the Guild, that they kindly send the full name of each member, and not Mr., Mrs., and Miss, for the sake of the names being entered on Membership Card.

How Best to make a Successful Lyceum.

AN ESSAY: By G. G. W.

First of all, what is a Lyceum? It is a place of learning, where teachers or leaders are responsible for the

training of the children. To my mind they should be persons with sound judgment, and they ought to have received a fair amount of education, morally, physically, and spiritually, and above all the conductor should be a person well trained on these lines. To my mind he should be the centre of attraction of the whole Lyceum, and be able to draw the scholars in the sense as a magnet draws steel unto itself. It is also essential that the scholars should come to the Lyceum with the full intention of obeying the Conductor in every best possible way, for the success of a Lyceum does not depend on any one individual, but on the whole Lyceum working together in harmony and love for the betterment of each other. They should not rest satisfied with the teachings they receive on a Sunday, but put those teachings into practice during the week, so that people may see there is some good to be got from a spiritual Lyceum. There is also another item concerning the Lyceum which I think is a most important one, that is the music, which should be provided while the marching and calisthenics are being performed. I think it is largely due to the musicians that makes the Lyceum in this respect a success. In my opinion we have a splendid example of this in our own Lyceum at Darwen. There is also another thing which goes a long way towards making a successful Lyceum, that is, that all the scholars (leaders and conductor as well) should attend as regularly as possible, so that the teachings may be brought to a more successful issue. There is also another thing I would like to mention, when the Conductor is going to be away from a session he ought to notify his assistants, also every one who holds a responsible position should make some preparation for his or her absence from the Lyceum, so that the work can go on without any inconvenience being caused. So you see how important it is that all play their parts well to make a successful Lyceum. The Lyceum has many beautiful teachings, and if we try to live up to them they will make us fit to take our places in life as good citizens. Shakespeare says, "All the world's a stage; men and women merely players." So as we walk on life's stage and play our parts in the great drama of life, we should play it well as a result of the training we have received in the Lyceum. I think a good motto for a Lyceum would be, "Whatsoever thou findest thyself called upon to do, do it with all thy might." Thomas Paine gave out a grand idea when he said, "The world is my country; to do good is my religion." This is also one of the teachings of the Lyceum: that irrespective of sect, party, or creed, it is our duty to help and sympathise with those who are in need. There is one of our beautiful hymns which says:—

Be kind to each other,
The night's coming on
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

Let us, then, put the lessons we have learned in the Lyceum to a practical use when we have the opportunity, then we shall feel satisfied that we have been of some use in the world. Let us work shoulder to shoulder for the cause of the Lyceum, never having room for envy or strife, so that our union may grow in one mighty bond of brotherhood and love.

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THE LYCEUM BANNER:

ALFRED KITSON, *Editor.*

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Terms to Lyceums and Societies.

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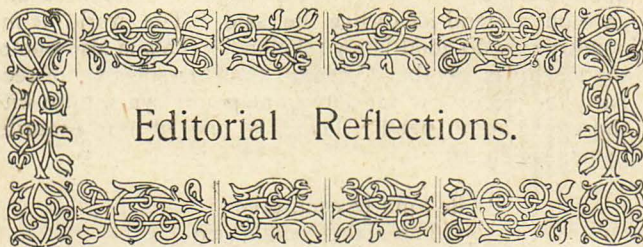
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THE LYCEUM BANNER.



Editorial Reflections.

THE New Year has dawned on us once more, and we feel inclined to take a brief survey of the work done during the past year, to "count our blessings," and see if we have not cause to be thankful for the past, and hopeful for the future.

Quite a number of Lyceums have been opened, more than have been officially reported, rumour has been our informant. Yet we have been pleased to learn even by that means, only we are unable to learn anything definite about them.

Our ranks have been increased by 22 Lyceums being enrolled members of the Union, while 5 have lapsed, namely Birkdale, Bradford (Tong Street and Spicer Street) Cleckheaton and Patricroft, leaving us with a net gain of 17. All, with the exception of two, are financial members, having paid their contributions.

The sales of the Union's official organ, THE LYCEUM BANNER, are 500 copies monthly better at the close of 1904 than they were at the close of 1903! Thanks to the talents of our staff, the untiring energies of our local Secretaries, and The Rydal Press printing firm.

The brief sketches of "Our Calendar of Saints," which were commenced at the earnest solicitation of Lyceum officers, have proved both interesting and edifying to many of our readers. The adventures of Nita Roslyn, by Miss Gertrude Green, have been followed with deep interest to their close.

The Bluebells' Guild has offered a ready opening for our young folks to write their first letters for the LYCEUM BANNER, through the ready aid of Miss Flora Belle, who has enrolled and issued cards of membership during the past year to 167. We trust these will be greatly increased before another year closes.

The Temperance Page has provided more solid food for thought, and has a most difficult task in combating the habits and prejudices of adults. But its able conductor, Mr. Herbert E. Clarke, has proved himself a worthy champion of our Four-fold Pledge, combating the errors of a thousand years, and winning new adherents to his cause, having enrolled 180 members during the past year.

Our Girls' Corner has been a source of pleasure and edification to our young women (and young men too!) the word in due season has touched the heart and affections, and awakened new ideas and aspirations in the bosoms of many of its readers. They feel that its able conductor, Mrs. Jessie Greenwood, has their best interest and welfare at heart. If our young people can be led to feel that no young woman ought to allow herself to be led to the altar, and thereafter to manage the home of her husband, unless she is able to bake, cook, and sew; and that no young man ought to seek the affections of a young woman unless he has learned a trade whereby to maintain his wife and home, the foundation to many a happy home will have been laid, and happy wives and husbands will rise to bless her name.

The quaint wit and wisdom contained in the Gleanings by Uncle Amos have formed a spicy change for our readers who love witty sayings and enjoy a hearty laugh thereby, which proves a good tonic for the blues of despondency.

The articles and essays that have graced our pages show how much our thoughtful readers are alive to the problems of the day, and thoughts of the hour.

The reports of "What our Lyceums are Doing," bear excellent testimony of the untiring energy and devotion of our Lyceum officers, who work faithfully, and with marvellous devotion, and often at great inconvenience, for the up-building of the Lyceum movement. We wish we could grasp each one by the hand and thank them personally. This being impossible we say:—

Good luck to you, and happiness too,

We wish with hearts sincere,

May grand success your efforts bless

Right thro' this glad New Year!



Lyceum Notes and Comments.

BY ALFRED KITSON.

ALL Hail! to the New Year, with new hopes, new aspirations, and new experiences, "each having a lesson, and they alone read it rightly, who take it and make it their guide."

One of our aspirations for the New Year is to learn where the Lyceums of Shipley and Leamington are held, times of their sessions, and the names and addresses of their respective Secretaries.

We are informed that another Lyceum has been started at Barrow-in-Furness. We are pleased to learn it is not a split from the old and faithful one, but an entirely new and independent effort, and that their scholars are quite new to the work. This is a good start.

The Lyceum lately opened at Edinburgh is making good progress, its staff is enthusiastic, its scholars are delighted with the new teachings, and have ordered a good parcel of LYCEUM BANNERS to be sent them! Bravo, friends, your enthusiasm is catching!

The same remarks apply to the new Lyceums at Crewe, and Hebden Bridge. The latter has also invited the Executive Council to pay it a visit, see the official announcement.

Don't forget that the Lyceum Conference will be held at York, the Provincial stronghold of Orthodoxy. It is a city of churches, and boasts an Archbishop, and a Minster. Prepare to invade this stronghold, by sending your full quota of delegates to help to wake up the old city to a more spiritual life, and a greater amount of religious freedom.

Forms for the Annual Returns, containing the returns made to the Union last year, so as to enable Lyceums to see what increase they have made have been sent out to all Lyceum Secretaries, as published in the LYCEUM BANNER LISTS. Any Secretary having failed to receive one making the fact known will be immediately attended to.

We again cordially invite all non-Federated Lyceums to join us as early as possible, and thus present to the world a united organization. The Annual contributions are only one penny per name on the Register. This entitles you to full benefits: cheaper *Lyceum Manuals*, *Outlines of Spiritualism*, etc., besides the moral and spiritual satisfaction of being a united body of reformers.

The following lines aptly describe the value of each doing our duty here and now.

Here in the heart of this world,
 Here in the noise and din,
 Here where our spirits were hurled
 To battle with sorrow and sin ;
 THIS is the place and the spot
 For knowledge of infinite things,
 This is the kingdom where Thought
 Can conquer the prowess of Kings.
 Wait for no heavenly life,
 Seek for no temple alone ;
 Here in the midst of the strife
 Know what the sages have known.
 Stand not aloof nor apart ;
 Plunge in the thick of the fight ;
 There in the street and the mart—
 There is the place to do right.
 Not in some cloister or cave,
 Not in SOME KINGDOM ABOVE—
 HERE on this side of the grave,
 Here we should labor and love.

Mr. J. J. Morse called on us just prior to leaving for America, there to take up his duties as editor in chief of the *Banner of Light*. We were glad to learn he had successfully disposed of their business in London. Perhaps the worry and anxiety consequent on the same will account for the weary look on his otherwise cheerful features. We wish him and his family every success in his new sphere of labour.

Great praise is due to the officers of the Leeds District Council for the able manner in which they are assisting weak Lyceums in the District to recover their normal strength by supplying them with experienced Conductors.

Here are a few popular similes that will delight our boys to rhyme off:—

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone,
 As live as a bird—as dead as a stone ;
 As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat,
 As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat ;
 As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole,
 As white as a lily—as black as a coal ;
 As plain as a pikestaff—as rough as a bear,
 As tight as a drum—as free as the air ;
 As heavy as lead—as light as a feather,
 As steady as time—uncertain as weather ;
 As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog,
 As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog ;
 As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind,
 As true as the Gospel—as false as mankind ;
 As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig,
 As proud as a peacock—as gay as a prig,
 As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove,
 As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove ;
 As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post,
 As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast.

Our good friend Mr. W. Walker, of Buxton, in renewing his subscription says, "Once more the season's

greeting period of time has come for our gratification, and may we hope also for our own realisation that one more tick has been placed on time's list, against us. May your readers of the BANNER all so live that their tick is one of—pass, with honours for good conduct, high moral tone, and love to fellowman.”

* * *

The following resolution does credit to the National Spiritualists Association of America. We sincerely trust the members thereof will give force to it by putting it into immediate effect: “Resolved, that as Spiritualism seems to us the best religion in the world, we should make every effort to teach it to our children; and that to accomplish this we should establish and sustain a Sunday School, called a Children's Progressive Lyceum.”

* * *

We were pleased to find the Leeds Psychological Hall Lyceum recruiting so well after its recent hour of trial. Its present staff of officers are new to the work, but are full of zeal for the Lyceum cause, and are anxious to master its routine and build up an effective Lyceum. They very wisely decided to keep in touch with the movement by reading the BANNER regularly.

* * *

Councillor John Venables, of Walsall, who is also a member of the Lyceum Union's Executive Council, has again shown his deep love for suffering humanity by generously supplying, at his own cost, a complete outfit of the Röntgen X-Rays for their local hospital. Hitherto serious cases had to be sent to the Birmingham hospital, thereby causing much suffering to the patients. Circulars were issued to local gentlemen soliciting ten donors of £5 each in order to purchase the apparatus, but they appealed in vain. Then it was that our good friend stepped forward and said in the most practical manner possible that this needless suffering should cease, and bought the much needed X-rays apparatus. This generous act has elicited several letters of gratitude from the pens of working men to the local press. Peace on earth, help for the suffering, is brother John Venables' gospel.

Water impregnated with oil of cinnamon, a few drops of the oil to a quart of water, is a cheap and efficient liquid antiseptic.

* * *

In some parts of Africa, dates form the main food of the natives, their huts are composed chiefly of the leaves, the fibre of the leaf-stalks is employed in rope making, and from the sap is obtained an intoxicating drink.

* * *

“Nose corsets” are in demand in Paris. The ladies wear them—at night, of course. It is stated that by their use a snub nose can be so changed in three months as to appear a graceful aquiline.

* * *

A saturated solution of Epsom salts is an excellent remedy for burns. Apply as soon as possible, and keep wet constantly until pain ceases.

THE GREAT SHOW IN THE SKY!

UNNUMBERED WONDERS!!

COUNTLESS MARVELS!!

ADMISSION FREE! ROLL UP, ROLL UP!

JUST GOING TO COMMENCE!

THERE is no sell about this; it's the real genuine article this time. Crowds of eager boys and girls will spend a penny to see a miserable little show with flaring lights and a babel of discordant and head-distracting sounds, etc., while all the time there is a glorious show in the heavens of marvels unspeakable and wonders untold.

Ring up the curtain. There you are! 3,000 sparkling jewels—real gems, no French paste. See how they twinkle and scintillate in their beautiful deep purple setting. These gems are suns that are shining and blazing away yonder in the great unfathomable depths of space.

Now, my young friends, did you ever learn that our own beautiful sun is a star, the nearest star to our earth? If not, then let me assure you that such is the case. Its distance from us is 92,700,000 of miles. At that distance it requires a ball of fire 1,330,000 of times as great as our earth to look as big and give as much light as it does. Now don't lose your breath, my young friends, when I assure you that it is 1,330,000 of times as great as our earth. Marvellous, isn't it? Didn't think the sun was as big as our earth, eh? Just wait a bit while you learn that those 3,000 stars are suns similar to the one I have just told you of, only some of them are larger, and much hotter than our sun is.

You wonder why they look so little, do you? I will tell you. It is because they are so very much further away from us than our sun is. Indeed, if our sun was as far away as some of them are we should not be able to see it at all.

How long do you think it would take you, my young friends, to reach the nearest star in the constellation, called Centaur, supposing you travelled at the rate of sixty miles an hour, day and night without stopping? “A month,” do I hear one of you whisper? “A year,” “ten years,” do you say? Get your note books ready, and don't scream when I whisper it loud enough for you all to hear me assure you it would take you 48,663,000 years—*forty-eight million, six hundred and sixty-three thousand years!* And the price of each ticket, supposing they only charged you a penny for every 100 miles, would be £1,100,000—*one million, one hundred thousand pounds!*

You think that 3,000 suns, so very large, and so very, very far away are sufficient for one show. But you are mistaken. Keep your seats while I just touch this bell and ring up this second curtain. There! is it not marvellous. Our 3,000 suns have changed into hundreds of thousands, nay millions, as you are able to gaze into the unspeakable depths and mystery of space through our very large magnifying glass, called

a telescope. You see these are scattered, as it were at random throughout the mighty heavens. Suns, suns, suns, light and heat, look where you will.

Among some of the 3,000 stars we saw what looked like a little ball of mist. We will now turn our magnifying glass towards it and see what we can make out of it. There! that is the little thing we could scarcely see. Beautiful! is it not. You see, instead of it being the thin misty stuff we thought, it is a cluster of suns whose distance is so very, very great that it takes all their united light to give us a faint misty appearance in the heavens. If you will take your pepper caster, and dreg a little heap of it on to a piece of white paper, and then imagine that each bit of pepper is a sun as big as ours, you will have a faint idea of the number there are in that ball or cluster of stars.

There is another appearance in the heavens which some of my young friends have often seen and wondered about, namely, that wave of light which stretches across the sky called the "milkyway." We will now try to find out by looking at it through our telescope. There you are, my young people! You see we have repeated here on a much larger scale the wonders of our little friend, the star cluster, or in other words it is a tremendous belt of stars—suns, whose distances are so great that it takes all their united light to produce this "milky" appearance across the star-studded sky.

There, my young friends, that is the show I invited you to see. When you have pondered it over in your young heads, you may feel curious to learn of more marvels. If so, I can heartily recommend you to have a peep at that other chap who has got something to tell you about "DOUBLE STARS."

Drop the curtains. The show is closed for to-night. I may invite you on some other evening to step inside again, when I will show you some of the marvels of our neighbours, the planets, which move round our sun. In the meantime, my young friends, let me advise you to save your pennies, instead of spending them on cigarettes, and buy a book on Astronomy, which will teach you many wonderful things of the heavens. And then buy another one on Geology, which will tell you of the wonderful history of our earth; how it was once a globe of fire, and the wonderful changes it has undergone to fit it to sustain the great human family which now peoples it in every inhabitable part.

I have now the pleasure to declare our show is over, to thank you for your presence, and wish you pleasant dreams of the marvellous show in the sky.

THE EDITOR.

Some Marvels of the Heavens.

DOUBLE STARS.

SOME time ago M. Camille Flammarion contributed a valuable paper on the above subject to the "Bulletin" of the French Astronomical Society. He said:—So far there had been discovered about 115,000 double stars, of which the orbits of but twenty-five have been calculated. The length of these orbits varies greatly. One of them takes but a little more than five of our years to complete its sidereal revolution. From this the orbits run up to nearly two centuries. There is in the constellation Andromeda,

however, a star visible to the naked eye which the smallest telescopes show to be double. Seen through a powerful instrument, it is found to be triple. One of these suns turns round another in fifty-four years, and these two turn about the third. This last revolution it has as yet been impossible to calculate, but if it proceeds at the same rate at which it has gone on since 1777, when the third sun was observed for the first time, the revolution must extend to 360 centuries! It would be a mistake to classify all double stars under one head and to consider them as a separate class of heavenly bodies. They are of various kinds. Some are two suns of the same mass, the same light, the same temperature, the same relative age, as, for instance, Sirius. In other cases we have a sun with an obscure star, the existence of which is known only by it eclipsing its companion, thus making the latter a variable star. One of the most remarkable characteristics of the double stars is the admirable colours which a number of them disclose through the telescope. It is next to impossible to give any idea of the beauty of these colours by any process of painting. To do that you would have to dip your brush in the rainbow and have for the canvas the celestial azure itself. It is to be remarked that the stars whose orbits are smallest do not present the same fine complementary colours as those whose orbits are longer. In general, both of the stars of those which make the most rapid revolution are yellow. Astronomers have inferred that in the systems with pale and analogous colours, the masses are the strongest. They have, as a general thing, a light of the same order as that of our sun. In the star in Andromeda to which allusion has been made as being revealed by the most powerful telescopes into three stars, one of these is orange, another green, while the third is blue. What a splendid jewel is the celestial universe, an orange, emerald, and sapphire diamond! Another very beautiful coloured double star is in the constellation Cygnus or the swan—a star which the smallest instruments show to be double. The colours here are golden yellow and lucid sapphire. If the worlds of Mars, Venus, Jupiter, or Saturn differ so considerably from the world we inhabit, although they are enlightened and fertilised by the same sun, how much more must these distant worlds in the depths of the sky differ from anything with which we are acquainted? In regard to these we can repeat, with even more truth than in any other case, the words of Shakspeare: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

A coloured preacher announced one Sunday morning: "Breddern an' sistern, I shall discourse dis mornin' on de power of de miracle, an' I am gwine ter take as example de chillern of Israel acrossin' of de Red Sea. Der wus Moses on de brink of de sea, and right behin' him wus de army of Pharoh. An' all at once't, breddern, de sea froze over es solid es a rock, an' de chillern an' Moses walked across." In the congregation were some young negroes who had been to school, and whose orthodoxy had been slightly warped. One of them arose, and said: "Why, parson, that can't be possible, 'cause the geographies tell us that water don't freeze at the equator." The old man hesitated a moment, and then replied, scornfully: "I jest knowed one of you young niggers wus gwine ter dispute de work of de Lawd. Young man, when de Red Sea froze de warn't no geography, an' der warn't no equator."



THE
TEMPERANCE PAGE

The Four-Fold Pledge is against (1) Intoxicants ;
(2) Smoking ; (3) Gambling ; and (4) Swearing.

Conducted by HERBERT E. CLARKE.

As old years pass away and give place to new, and the new rise to summer meridian and in their turn sink to wintry old age and death, and as new scenes of life reveal to us still a little more of this mingled drama of joys and sorrows, successes and failures, we are perhaps tempted to ask ourselves the question whether the tide of progress is still rolling with the unwearied tide of time, or whether the pessimism which has settled on such a large mass of the world's inhabitants is the grey herald of retrogression. Not for many years has the new year's sun risen on a more tearful England than at the present dawn of 1905. Our streets are full of the sad, homeless, and unemployed, and while the bells are cheering in a new year, the muffled voice of discontent at home, the ghastly clatter of arms in the East, and the rumours of civil disturbances in Europe, strike our ears and chill our hearts.

I believe I am most particularly addressing those whom the present depression will not reach very closely, but I hope at the same time that that security does not also imply lack of compassion and interest. We cannot all be great philanthropists and peace-makers, nor can we bear the responsibility of bridging the gulf which separates employer from employed. But there is one labour of love in which even the humblest of us can lend a helping hand. Into the very heart of our distress we may trace the fangs of the drink demon, which is changing poverty to misery and sorrow to wild despair. I would not imply that the sum total of England's distress to-day is the sum total of the evil influences of the drink curse, for everyone will admit that other factors are contained in the present sad circumstances, factors which go down to the very roots of our national constitution. Nevertheless it will not need very deep search to find the traces of intemperance, (that blemish that is always with us, growing and flourishing most vigorously in times of depression,) and we shall be compelled to agree that this unnoticed but insidious enemy is aggravating the wound to an extent no other possibly could. What is a nation whose citizens squander to-day all they have, and starve to-morrow ; whose workers incapacitate mind and body for a struggle where clearness of mind and fitness of body determine success or defeat ? What can our religious life be when even those who teach the lessons of God's goodness and omniscience, in their daily lives cherish the mocker which is deceiving them and their flock ? How can we decry our national traditions

and institutions, and groan against their oppression, and cry aloud for liberty and equality, when we ourselves satisfy an indulgence which is binding us down still closer and widening the breach between rich and poor ?

Of a truth national despondency has no more potent henchman than strong drink, and one's heart lightens as one pictures what the words *Temperate England* would imply—happier firesides, healthier men and women, the speedier development of our national character and genius, the raising of our religious ideals. True Socialism is not the firing of the mind to outbreaks and communism, discontent and open hatred ; it is the steady growth which can only accompany the enlightening of humanity. In such a cause every reader of these lines can bear a part ; each can help in the removal of a great barrier which for so long has resisted the impacts of the battering rams of progress, nay more, has sent its antagonists reeling backwards into the darkness they have already succeeded in piercing.

And so, dear reader, as I greet you this new year and heartily wish you prosperity in the months which this nineteen hundred and fifth year of grace claims for its own, I would also plead for a still more intense fidelity to the banner of total abstinence, and an active co-operation with the soldiers who are guarding that banner and leading it on to victory. Throughout Wales a great revival of religious enthusiasm has sprung up, and the Celtic heart is glowing like a great fire with the faith of the last century. The cry has gone out for a revival in England, whose quiet and uneventful religious life, it is said, spells listlessness and even insincerity. But we hope that rest is to be distinguished from stupor, and noisy outbursts from that sincerity of prayer and worship which needs no words for its full expression. And the same I would hope for the cause of social reform to which our little band has allied itself. I would confidently hope that, silent as some have remained in the past, fighting a campaign as it seems cut off from the main army, fervour is only growing with the strength they are gaining, and success is attending the efforts they are putting forward.

If I could only succeed by these few words this month in reaching those souls who, unknown to myself, are labouring unceasingly in this vineyard, I should feel richly rewarded. But to get in touch with these friends, and to receive their support in our common pledge, would be still greater pleasures to me, as outward signs of the spiritual union

which at present binds us. If this falls into the hands of secretaries of Bands of Hope who have not yet actively interested themselves in the pledge, I would ask that the matter may be brought before their committees and some decisive action taken. In any case, could the feelings of the members be reported to me, and news as to the welfare of such Bands of Hope? South of Birmingham no news has hithertoreachd me, but as the BANNER circulates in the southern midlands and London, I do not despair of learning in the near future of good work in these parts of the country. I should also be delighted to hear from our Welsh friends, for I am sure there is great strength in the principality. My greetings and welcome also go over-sea to all such as read this magazine, and news from them would be particularly cheering.

Looking back over the year which has gone, no doubt all of us see where mistakes have been made, and where improvements are possible in every branch of life. Let us remember that unless we benefit by the lessons which disappointment and failure have taught us, this new time will present its opportunities in vain, and experience will be a wasteful and cruel mistress for us. I wonder whether some poor soul, smarting under her scourge, has learnt one sad lesson as the old year ran out its last short days, and that even a cross has brought him nearer to his God. How his heart will rejoice in the coming months, as he returns, a wiser man to a smiling family circle, because a trial by fire has consumed the dross of his nature and left the gold unalloyed; because his soul is free from a curse which bound him in the past, but which now has left him and his! O, if only in England the spirits of many such have been stirred to a new aspect of life and its duties, to an aversion of strong drink that is raging, to a kinder sympathy with their fellows, and to a prayer for peace, this year, which has been heralded in with tears, will pass away in smiles and fond recollections.

WORK.

Work for the truth, work for the right,
 Work in the darkness, work in the light
 Work ever for goodness, work ever for love
 Work ever to dwell with angels above.

Waste not your time, work while you're young
 Let *now* your praises be loudly sung,
 Work for a brother you see in need
 Work ever with angels, you'll surely succeed.

Work ever to strengthen our noble cause,
 Work ever to mend God's broken laws,
 Work ever for knowledge, work ever for proof
 Work *now* while you're in the blossom of youth.

Work then for ever, rest not a day
 Work—for with workers the angels will stay
 Work, or you'll never get on in this world,
 Work *well* and keep our banner unfurled.

Work and when working, think ever of God,
 Walk in the path the angels have trod
 Work not for praise, work not for fame,
 But work for the good of the Spiritualists' name.

Then up and be doing, work with a will
 Let angels work with you, their mission to fill
 Work,—for by working, you make your home bright,
 In heaven t'will be full of beauty and light.

(MRS.) E. MAULT, Stockport.

DAN AND DIMPLE, AND HOW THEY QUARRELLED.

By ALICE CARY.

To begin in things quite simple,
 Quarrels scarcely ever fail;
 And they fell out, Dan and Dimple,
 All about a horse's tail!

So that bye-and-bye their quarrel
 Quite broke up and spoiled their play.
 Danny said the tail was sorrel,
 Dimple said that it was gray.

"Gray!" said Danny, "you are simple!
 Just as gray as mother's shawl,"
 "And that's red," said saucy Dimple.
 "You're a fool and that is all."

Then the sister and the brother—
 As indeed they scarce could fail
 In such anger—struck each other,
 All about the horse's tail!

"Red," cried Dimple, speaking loudly,
 "How you play at fast and loose."
 "Yes," cried Danny, still more proudly,
 "When I'm playing with a goose!"

In between them came the mother—
 "What is all this fuss about?"
 Then the sister and the brother
 Told the story out and out.

And she answered, "I must label
 Each of you a little dunce.
 Since to look into the stable
 Would have settled it at once."

Forth ran Dan, with Dimple after,
 And full soon came hurrying back,
 Shouting, all aglee with laughter,
 That the horse's tail was black.

So they both agreed to profit
 By the lesson they had learned,
 And to tell each other of it,
 Often as the fit returned.

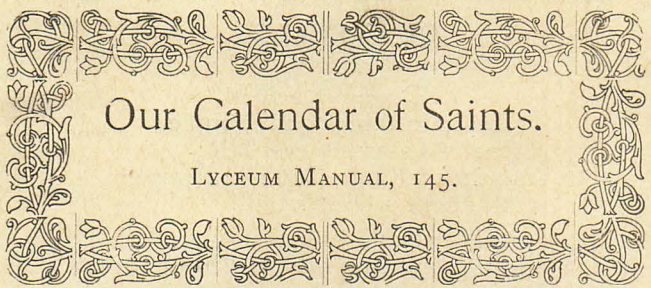
The British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union.

Propaganda Meetings will be held in the Victoria Hall, Crown St., Hebdon Bridge, on Jan. 22nd, 1905, at 2-45 and 6-30 p.m., to be addressed by the President, Wm. Johnson; Vice-President, Mrs. Law; Mrs. Jessie Greenwood, Hon. Sec. P.S.F.; Messrs. Councillor J. Venables, S. S. Chiswell, R. Latham, and E. A. Keeling. Come early to secure good seats. Collections in aid of the General Fund.

A Lyceum Open Session will be held in the above Hall at 10-30, in which members of the Executive Council will take part.

A cordial invitation is given to all friends of Reform, and liberal religious thought.

ALFRED KITSON, Gen. Sec.,
 Bromley Road,
 Hanging Heaton,
 Dewsbury.



Our Calendar of Saints.

LYCEUM MANUAL, 145.

ZOROASTER.

ZOROASTER, or more correctly Zarathustra, is another of the religious reformers mentioned in our Golden Chain recitation 145. The incidents of his life are not so easy to obtain as those of Buddha, Jesus, or Mohammed, owing to the well-established fact that in point of time he lived long years before either Jesus or Buddha. So early, in fact, that some scholars have doubted if he was more than a myth. But it requires very strong proof to upset the unanimous voice of classical antiquity, which speaks of Zoroaster as a real person and the founder of the Persian religion, whose sacred writings, or Bible is called the Avesta, which is so very old that it does not mention any town which was famous in the Median and Achemenian period except Raghā; nor does it mention the names of later nations or empires. It only knows Aryans, not Persians, Parthians, or Medes as such. It does not even contain any reference to the battles between the Medes and the Babylonians, still less to the conquests of Alexander the Great. And this is the more significant as it alludes to many external events, battles, inroads of foreigners, the hostility of the Aryans to the non-Aryans, and of the settled agriculturalists to the nomad tribes. The tribal groupings were in full force, and only specially powerful kings were able to unite the tribes into kingdoms. It is much more natural to regard all this as a sign of great antiquity, especially when coupled with the primitive type of the Avesta language. . . . Herodotus' statement that the Medes were anciently called Aryans, supports this view of the antiquity of the Avesta, which deals solely with Aryans, before the Medes had become a distinct people." This being so we need not be surprised to learn that when Cyrus reigned, in 600 B.C., the religion of Zoroaster was firmly established in Western Iran (Persia is called by the natives Iran). Various authorities assign his life to periods varying between 1,000 and 1,400 years B.C., or near the time of Moses.

Although his birthplace is uncertain it is thought, judging from his active life and teachings, that it was in Eastern Iran, possibly in Bactria.

In order to fully understand the teachings of Zoroaster it is necessary to point out that he raised a new religion against the ancient Vedic religion, and sought to bring discredit on its gods by using their names by which to designate the evil spirits and the powers of darkness, and *vice versa*, that is, the names of the Vedic evil spirits and powers of darkness to represent the god of light, truth and brightness. Thus in the Reg-Veda, the word "Deva" meant bright spirits: but in the Avesta it is used to represent evil spirits. In the Reg-Veda evil spirits are called "asura." In the Avesta this same word is used with the "s" changed to "h," as "ahura," to designate the good spirits.

This disparaging of rival gods was practised by the Jews, who in the days of Jesus called Beelzebub the "prince of devils." Now Beelzebub is derived from Baal, bel, belus, etc, which was the name given to the sun by Phœnicians, Babylonians, Assyrians and Carthaginians, and as such meant the Lord of the heavens; or bright and shining.

It appears that the people of Iran, or Persia, in the time of Zoroaster were divided into two distinct classes, one class leading a nomadic, or wandering life; the other those who had settled to an agricultural life. The nomads ill-treated their cattle, and believed in the old Aryan "devas," while the others believed in "ahuras," the patrons of cattle, and elevated the care of cattle into a sacred function.

Zoroaster met with much persecution and fierce opposition, and was occasionally crippled in his mission by the faint-heartedness of his followers. But he derived much aid from his relations and followers. He gave the name of Mazda to the God of the universe, concerning whom he spoke as follows:—"I venerate the Creator, Ahura Mazda, the brilliant, radiant, greatest, best, most beautiful, mightiest, wisest, best-formed, most exalted through holiness, giving profusely, granting much bliss, who created us, the most blissful spirit." Dr. Geiger lays stress on the spiritual view which is given Ormuzd, and says, "that he is not represented as having any visible form except where the sun, "Mithra," is spoken of as the body and eye of Mazda."

His early life was blameless, and it was not till he attained the age of 30 years that his mission commenced. During his early life a whole series of marvels occurred, mostly protecting his life from danger. He appears to have emigrated from his native country to Iran proper, with a few followers, and miracles were worked during the journey. The spirit Vohu-mano (the good mind) introduced him to Ormuzd, the supreme Being, and he enquired of Him which of His creatures was the best, and was told that "He is best who is pure of heart." He thus received instruction as to the names and duties of angels, and the nature of the evil spirit, Ahriman (the Devil). Various miraculous signs were shown to him. He saw a fiery mountain and was commanded to pass through it, and was not hurt. Molten metal was poured into his breast without him feeling any pain. These wonders were explained to him as having a mystic meaning. In this way he received the Avesta, the Persian sacred Bible, from Ormuzd, or God, and was commanded to proclaim it at the court of King Vistaspa.

This belief in the communication between Zoroaster and Ormuzd, or God, runs through the whole Avesta. In every important matter he questions God and receives a precise answer. It also appears that these revelations took place on a mountain which afterwards burst out into flames. When he at last presented himself at court, the king's wise men endeavoured to refute him, but they were compelled to own that he had beaten them in argument; and finally, the King accepted the Avesta, after the prophet had been accused of being a sorcerer, and had proved his mission by his miracles. The king in time did nothing without consulting Zoroaster, and erected the first fire temple.

The Avesta teaches the dualistic doctrine, namely, that there are two powers in the world, Ahura Mazda (Ormuzd) who dwells in eternal light, from whom all blessings and happiness proceed, and Ahriman, the evil spirit, who is the

author of pain, suffering, want, famine, cold and death. He dwells in eternal darkness. These two powers, assisted by six angels each, are continually opposing and warring against each other, first one getting the advantage and then the other, and so the contest goes on continually, with this redeeming assurance, that the good will ultimately conquer, and that it is the duty of every one to assist the good by doing good at all times in thought, word and deed.

This dualistic doctrine has led many to the idea that it is but the symbolism of nature that is portrayed. Ormuzd, who dwells in eternal light, and is the author of all the blessings of life, is but the sun, who with his six good angels (six good months, from March 21st to September 23rd), during which the earth is clothed in all her beauty and grandeur, flowers, vegetation, fruit and a plentiful harvest, is given to the children of earth, and the frost, snows, darkness, and death of winter is redeemed; while Ahriman and his six angels of evil but represent the sun after the 23rd of September, when the cold, frosts, snows, and darkness gradually get the mastery until the shortest day arrives, when Ahriman, the darkness of winter, gradually loses his power, and is said to be conquered on the 21st of March, when the sun gains the ascendancy, and will in its turn be conquered in September. They honour the birth of the sun (Mithra) on the 25th of Dec., when the priests emerge from a grotto, chanting his praises, as the redeemer of the world from the powers of the Devil, evil, darkness, frosts, snows, and barrenness. Our Christmas is in honour of this sun-god, whose power increases daily after December 25th. The sun is the redeemer of the earth. He turns water into wine (grape juice); he feeds the hungry multitudes from the wheat that would make but a few loaves, were it ground into flour instead of being sown. The blind are made to see; the lame are made to jump for joy by the mighty beneficent powers of this sun of righteousness.

There is also a beautiful spiritual symbol contained in this allegory of the sun. By it we are taught that righteousness is the source of all that is good, kind and beneficent. And though we may for a time be surrounded with the darkness and cold of adverse conditions, the power of goodness will ultimately break through the grief and pain of adversity, and right and truth will triumph!

THOUGHTS OF A LYCEUMIST.

By G. F. KNOTT.

Busy is the world, short is the time, and age comes quickly. If success must be yours you must prepare, and with rigid perseverance ever hold a command over your being, and with an iron discipline governing your morals, generate a quick intuition of right from wrong.

What work shall you do? What religion shall you follow? What scientific study shall you pursue? Is there anything which will help you to choose a vocation in life whereby you shall succeed? Will the religion of our country help you? Let us see what this Christianity is formed upon. Will it stand the test of criticism? Is its foundation the rock of truth? What does history reveal? Research has brought many fallacies and contradictions to light. At present we have over two hundred forms of this religion, and ministers of the same denomination are

interpreting the scriptures differently, both in articles and speeches. Scientific theories and stubborn facts are opposed to many of its teachings, though the clergy struggle to harmonise them. Education has done much to elevate the people, and they will no longer follow blindly unreasonable and false principles. Knowledge has brought the commoners a rational mind, and the wave of materialism is to be expected as the result of the preaching of a doctrine considered to be infallible, yet containing so many imperfections.

Materialism must pass away. It is not natural, for when we look through nature and see the radiant glory of the earth, resplendent with its beautiful fruits and flowers, our hearts fill with joy and love. Who can gaze on summer scenes and watch the seasons come and go, and think of earth, and stars, and suns, and worlds as yet unknown, without a thought of happy tasks yet unaccomplished?

If happiness be heaven, do we not feel that to the angels, who, through honoured Andrew Jackson Davis, brought us the Lyceum Movement, gave us happiness, gave us heaven, found us a light to shine along our path and cheer us through the darkest hours, we owe a debt no mortal can repay? Are not Lyceum teachings worthy of the angels and of God? Does not our souls go out in prayer and praise to the Animator and Sustainer of our being? No matter how rapid our lives, how different our natures, here we find inspiration if only our thoughts and aims be good, for the teachings of the Lyceum are the Science of Life. There is no subject for the aggrandisement of the human race which does not come within its folds. God is love, and man sees in fellow-man his brother. There is the blissful knowledge of eternal life through the immortality of a life in the spheres, where the tomb does not sever his friendship and love for mortals. Glorious is the thought that even in the spheres a fallen soul may learn a life of truth is best, and happiness is the glory thereof. Lyceumists, live to your religion, exemplify its teachings, strengthen your love, and your reward shall be the peace of happiness which is the joy of heaven.

TWO SCHOOLS.

I put my heart to school
In the world where men grow wise;
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule:
Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again,
"And where is the prize?" I cried,
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school
In the woods where wild birds sing,
In the fields where flowers spring,
Where brooks run cool and clear,
And the blue of heaven bends near.
"Go out," I said, "you are only a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song—
"I find the school is home."

The Puzzled Dutchman.

A Methodist minister who did not believe in immersion for baptism as practised by the Baptists, the Mormons, etc., was holding a meeting at which he spoke on the subject of baptism.

In the course of his remarks he said:— "Some believe it necessary to go down *into* the water and come out of it to be baptised. Now, the scripture meaning of the word 'into' does not mean 'into' at all times."

"Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into a high mountain, and the Saviour was taken up into a high mountain. Now, we do not suppose that either went 'into' a high mountain, but unto it. So with going down 'into' the water it only means going down close by, or near to the water, and being baptised in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring?"

He carried this idea out fully, and in due reason and style closed his discourse. An invitation was then given to any one so disposed to arise and give his thoughts on the subject. Quite a number of the brethren arose, and said they were glad they were present on the occasion; they were pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed.

Finally, a corpulent Dutchman, a stranger to all, broke the silence as follows:—

"Mr. Breacher, I ish so glad I vash here to-night, for I has had explained to my mint some dings I could never pelieve pefore. We read, Mr. Breacher, dat Taniel vas cast 'into' de den of lions, and came out alive! Now I never could pelief dat, for de wildt peast would shust eat him right up; but now it is fery clear to my mindt. He vas shust close py, or near to, and tid not get 'into' de ten at all. Oh, I ish so glad I vas here to-night."

"Again, we reat dat de Hebrew children vas cast 'into' de firish furnace, and dat vas always looking like a peeg story too, for dey would be shust all burnt up; but it is all plain to my mindt now, for dey were shust cast py, or close to de firish furnace. Oh, I vas so glad I vash here to-night!"

And, dear Mr. Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah vas cast 'into' de sea, and taken 'into' a vale'sh pelly. Now I never could pelief dat. It always seemed to me to pe a peeg feesh story, but it ish all plain to my mindt now. He vash not taken 'into' de vale'sh pelly, put shust shumpt onto ish back and rode ashore. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night!"

"And now, Mr. Breacher, if you vill shust explain a bassage of scripture dat always trouble me, I shall be, oh, so happy dat I vash here to-night! It saith de vicked shall pe cast 'into' a lake dat purns with fire and primstone alwaysh. Oh, Mr. Breacher, shall I be cast 'into' dat firish lake if I pe vicked, or shust close py, or near to—shust near enough to be comfortable? Oh, I hopes you tell me I shall pe cast only shust close py,—a good vay off, and I vill pe so glad I vash here to-night!"

The fellow who intends to succeed works without a time-table.

When Opportunity knocks at your door, Responsibility stands behind her.

Not one man in ten thousand leaves his impress upon his fellows, which probably is fortunate for his fellows.

In Memoriam.

I deeply regret to have to record the passing on, on November 22nd, of Fred, the beloved son of Mrs. Hurst, a member of the Hollinwood, Bower Lane, Lyceum; and whose mortal remains were interred by Mr. Newby at Chadderton Church on November 26th. Many wreaths and flowers bore evidence of love towards the little fellow. Still we may walk with him and keep unbroken that bond which nature gives, knowing that our remembrance, though unspoken, will reach him where he lives.

A. WORRALL, Sec.

* * *

It is with regret I record the passing on of Mrs. Emma Muffitt; aged 66, on December 15th, who was not only a member of the Hunslet Society, but was the oldest Lyceum member, attending regularly and bringing her grandchildren with her, thus showing a worthy example. Her mortal remains were interred at Middleton Church. The Lyceumists sung, by request, at her home, "Lead kindly light," and at the grave side "There is no death." We shall all miss a good friend, and the family a good mother. We know she will often be with us in spirit to cheer us on. On December 18th, Miss Balm, of Bramley, paid a high tribute to our arisen sister. Mr. Crabtree, Conductor, selected the Musical Reading 234, "Waiting on the other side."

B. WARBURTON, Sec.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Spiritualism: Is it True? Price 6d., paper covers. Being a verbatim report of a two-nights' debate (October 17th and 18th, 1904) between W. T. Lee, lecturer to the Christian Evidence Society, London, and Mr. Ernest Marklew, editor of the *Medium*, and resident lecturer to the Preston Spiritualist Society.

The report makes a pamphlet, crown 8vo, 64 pages, and will well repay a careful perusal by Spiritualist and Christian alike, as the contents show a masterly handling of the facts for their respective parties. We fully endorse the comments of the *Preston Guardian*, which says, "In thrust and parry both disputants showed remarkable dexterity. Both showed considerable eloquence and ability in their arguments, and both were equally ready with replies to the questions and assertions of each other."

While we very much prefer a verbatim report to a one-sided reprint, we must correct an assumption of Mr. E. Marklew's, which is that his "is *the only verbatim report* of a debate on the subject that has been published in this country during the last thirty years." Evidently he is not aware that Mr. E. W. Wallis published a verbatim report of a two nights' debate he held with the Rev. T. Grinstead, of Dewsbury, on June 5th and 6th, 1889, in the People's Hall, Albion Street, Leeds.

The letterpress leaves much to be desired, which no doubt will be remedied if a second edition is called for, and it is certainly deserving of a large sale.

The Emperor and the School Girl.

The old Emperor William of Germany, a few years before his death, paid a visit to a large orphan school in his dominions for the purpose of inspecting the children. After listening to the recitations of several of the classes, he called to him a bright, flaxen-haired little girl of nine or ten years, and said to her, "Now, my little Fraulein, to what kingdom does this belong?" and taking from his pocket an orange, he held it up to her. The little girl, looking timidly up in the Emperor's face, replied, "To the vegetable kingdom." "Very good, my little Fraulein; and now, what kingdom does this belong to?" and he drew out of his pocket a gold piece and placed it near the orange. "To the mineral kingdom." "Better and better," said the Emperor. "Now, look at me, and tell me to what kingdom do I belong?" At this question there was an ominous silence. Could she make any other reply than "To the animal kingdom?" The child hesitated long, as if perplexed as to what answer she would give. Was the Emperor an animal? Then she looked up to the face of the aged Emperor, and with a half-startled, half-frightened look, as if she were evading the question, replied, "To the kingdom of heaven." The unexpected graceful answer completely upset the equanimity of the delighted old gentleman.

John D. Rockefeller on Success.

"Seek success and it will be found." This was the heading, set in bold type, which appeared in an issue of the *New York Herald* the other day, and prefaced the report of the Bible-class which Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., is in the habit of conducting every Sunday morning. Mr. Rockefeller, we read, "regarded determination, persistence, and intelligence as the three things essential in seeking the pearls of life, and character, friendship, health, and success as the things worth having, purposely placing success last, as he considered that less important than the rest." He advocated the pursuit of success—a Rockefeller could hardly do otherwise; and he believed this pursuit to be "a perfectly legitimate occupation." In conclusion, he said:—"Success simply means the development of one's power in the best way—making the most of our lives. We are all seeking to succeed in different lines; but let us remember that we must not confound apparent success, worldly success, with the real success. The success which is best is that of which we have spoken this morning—success based on character. The success which is obtainable without character you and I have no use for. Why be satisfied, men, with anything but the best? We can have the best if we will but seek it earnestly with determination, persistence, and intelligence."

It is a man's consciousness of a weakness, not the weakness itself, which makes it conspicuous.

MY COUNTRY.

My country is the world; I count
No son of man my foe,
Whether the warm life currents mount
And mantle brows like snow,
Or red, or yellow, brown or black
The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,
And all men are my kin,
Whether of rude or gentle birth,
However steeped in sin;
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
I count them brothers, one and all.

My birthplace is not spot apart,
I claim no town or state,
Love hath a shrine in every heart,
And wheresoe'er men mate
To do the right, and say the truth
Love evermore renews her youth.

My flag is the star-spangled sky,
Woven without a seam,
Where dawn and sunset colours lie,
Fair as an angel's dream,
The flag that still, unstained, untorn,
Floats over all of mortal born.

My party is all human-kind,
My platform, brotherhood;
I count all men of honest mind
Who work for human good,
And for the hope that gleams afar,
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good
Of every age and clime,
Too often mocked, misunderstood,
And murdered in their time,
But spite of ignorance and hate
Known and exalted soon or late.

My country is the world; I scorn
No lesser love than mine,
But calmly wait that happy morn
When all shall own this sign,
And love of country, as of clan,
Shall yield to world-wide love of man.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

The wolves in Russia devour about 200 people every year.

* * *

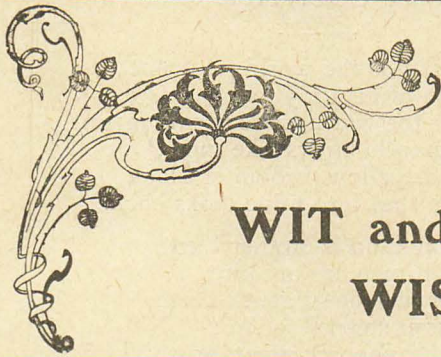
A full-grown elephant can carry three tons on its back.

* * *

Silver money 250 years old is still in circulation in some parts of Spain.

* * *

Opals, when taken from the mines, are quite soft, and can be picked to pieces with the finger nails.



WIT and WISDOM.

Widower: "Nothing can mend a broken heart."
Widow: Nothing except re-pairing."

"I like your cheek," said the indignant maiden to a youth who kissed her. "And I like yours," said he, as he kissed her again.

W: "Well, how are things in Boston? Have they named any new pie 'Aristotle' yet?" B: "No, but I heard a man there ask for a 'Plato' soup."

Mamma: "You've got your stockings on inside out."
"Yes, I know, mamma," replied Bessie; "I put them on that way because there's a hole on the other side."

"Well, Mary, you chose a hymn very appropriate to the lesson. But what made you choose that particular one?" "Please, miss, it's the same number as my policeman."

Mamma: "You don't mean to say you took a second piece of pie when you were visiting, do you?" Tommy: "Yes, mamma, I wanted to show 'em I was used to having plenty at home."

Governess: "Yes, children, the eyes enable us to see. Now, Emerson, tell me what the nose is for?" Little Emerson: "It's for holding eye-glasses on."

Barnum, the American millionaire showman, when asked in his old age the secret of getting rich, replied that it was quite a simple matter; all one had to do was to spend less than one earned and shun strong drink and tobacco.

No amount of duty can remove from us the obligation of duty. A man's first duty is to do right, and properly considered, that is his only duty. Do that simply and sincerely, and half the problems which perplex and sting you will recede into the background, and be solved of themselves—
W. J. Dawson.

A man stepped up to the window of the post-office and asked if there were any letters for him. "What is the name?" asked the postmaster. "Louder," replied the man. "What is the name?" shouted the postmaster, "Louder" again shouted the patron. "Your name?" roared the postmaster, until he rattled the windows. "Louder—J. H. Louder" meekly replied the man.

Food for thought is to be found in empty cupboards. Next-door neighbours can pick flaws in the perfect man. No woman looks as good to others as she does to her self.

There are no game laws to handicap the man who hunts for trouble.

It is hard work for a man to find another man who is easy to work.

Ian MacLaren recounts this story in his lecture on Scottish humour: In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbour called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued was thus: "Cauld?" "Ay." "Guan to be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'." "Ay." "Is John in?" "Ou, ay! he's in." "Can I see him?" "Na" "But a winted tae see him." "Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid." "Deid?" "Ay." "Sudden?" "Ay." "Verra sudden?" "Ay, verra sudden." "Did he say onything about a pot o' green pent afore he deed?"

An Oxford don recently visited the country school which as a boy he had attended. He was asked at the school to make a few remarks. He assented, and began to talk to the children in a direct fashion, trying to interest them from the beginning. "Did any of you," he said, "ever see an elephant's skin?" A boy held out his hand and wriggled excitedly. "Well?" said the don to him. "I have," said the boy. "Where did you see it?" the don asked. "On a elephant," was the reply.

HOW TO WIN.

John G. Shedd, millionaire and partner of Marshal Field in the dry goods business, talked recently to 500 young men in his employ, and gave them these keys to success:

The man who is not polite is, ninety-nine times out of one hundred, a failure.

High moral character is the best commodity a business man can keep in stock.

You can't be a good salesman and be a liar.

Breathe pure air. Associate with good companions. Drink plenty of pure water, and nothing that will intoxicate. Take plenty of wholesome exercise. By a little training you will have an outfit which will take you far on the road to success in business.

The big head is the worst disease that ever attacked a young man.

The fellow who only thinks ordinarily, and lives ordinarily, and doesn't much care, will never do anything.

Don't lose your temper. Let the other fellow lose his.

Those who in their youth have found themselves really in need of earning their daily bread have been those who have made the successes in life.

Not one man in ten thousand leaves his impress upon his fellows, which probably is fortunate for his fellows.

The nest embodies all that is greatest in a bird's life; and as most men are a good deal like birds the same ought to be said of the home.

When Opportunity knocks at your door, Responsibility stands behind her.

What our Lyceums are Doing.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—On Saturday, Dec. 3rd, 1904, we had a social gathering of Lyceumists and friends, presided over by Mrs. Cropper, and supported by our conductor, Miss S. J. Dransfield. Mrs. Cropper, in welcoming the friends, said it gave her very much pleasure to be there to welcome them all, as the object was to raise funds for the purchasing of prizes for the Lyceum scholars. They deserved encouragement, as a considerable number of prizes were required this year, and more than half of them were first prizes, which spoke very well both for the children and the officers, and they who believe in the teachings of the Lyceum should help them. She was pleased to see that by the numbers there help was forthcoming. Some of them regretted that they had not the opportunity of being taught at a Lyceum, but Lyceums were not very much in evidence in their Sunday School days. The Lyceum work was a grand work, and the officers would be encouraged by the help they had given them that night. The following took part in a lengthy programme:—Songs: Mrs. Ashworth, Miss M. E. Eastwood, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. A. Simpson. Recitations: Mabel Simpson, Mr. Mortin, Mr. W. Dransfield. Duet: Messrs. T. Dixon and Ashworth. Quartettes: Mrs. Ashworth, Miss M. E. Eastwood, Mr. Eastwood, Mr. Ashworth, and Messrs. T. Dixon, Ashworth, Howard, and Hodgson. Glee and Anthem by the Ashton Spiritualist Prize Choir, conductor, Mr. R. W. Walker. Accompanists: Messrs. R. W. Walker and Alfred Hodgson, Lyceum Musical Director. During the evening Mr. Lorenzo Dixon, of Oldham, gave a very pleasing mystifying conjuring entertainment, his feat of apparently extracting money out of the air was grand. We are 6/- the richer through his brilliant performance. His new game of "Have you seen a mouse" was very much enjoyed, especially by those who were closely watching the experiment. We should very much like the "Oldham Wizard" to come again. During the evening a halt was called while refreshments were handed round. There were coffee, tea and cakes of every description, all very generously given by friends. What with provisions and donations given, we had the agreeable surprise of totaling up a profit of £3 5s. for the social. A hearty vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. T. Dixon and seconded by Mr. Hibbert, were accorded to all those who had so generously given and helped to make the social a success. Then, after a vote of thanks proposed by Alf. Simpson and seconded by Mrs. Dixon, had been heartily accorded to Mrs. Cropper for presiding, we bid each other good-night, promising to turn up early on Sunday morning to make our Open Session a success, which we did accordingly.—ALF. SIMPSON, Sec.

BARNOLDSWICK (Market Street).—On Sunday afternoon, December 18th, I had the pleasure of assisting in the conducting of an open session, my object in arranging for the same being to bring the work of the Lyceum more to the notice of the adults attending here. The conductor, Mr. C. Wilcox, shows much earnestness in coming some distance every Sunday. Hymns, silver and golden chain recitations and musical readings were very creditably gone through. Recitations were given by Tom and Cis. Ashley.

The calisthenics were ably conducted by Miss Pickering. More vigour and neatness is needed. At the conclusion I made an appeal for more interest in Lyceum work.

R. A. WEBB.

BLACKBURN (St. Peter Street).—On Sunday, December 4th, we held our usual open session, when about 150 Lyceumists took part in the marching and calisthenics, which were well rendered; the wand movement caused special comment, it being admitted to be the best exercise in the Lyceum movement. A few solos were rendered in capital style; also recitations. Mrs. Place-Veary, of Leicester, made a few remarks on the excellent condition of the Lyceum and the pleasure it gave her to see the children leading the marching. Mr. George Edwards, in a few remarks, brought to our mind the fact that it will be 21 years come next April since our Lyceum was opened by Mr. John Pemberton, when we hope to suitably commemorate the same.—A. ROBINSON, Sec.

[All reports should be written with ink.—Editor, L.B.]

BOLTON (Bradford Street).—On Sunday, Dec. 11th, we held our half-yearly election of officers with the following results:—Conductor, Mr. Billsborough; assistant, Mr. Jenkinson; secretary, Mr. E. Pilkington; guardian, Miss F. Greenhalgh; leaders, Messrs. Garnett and Pilkington, and Misses Webster and Horrocks. On Saturday, Dec. 17th, we held our first Lyceum gymnasium competition and social, when two medals were competed for. Friends from Bury were present, and we had a most enjoyable evening. Songs were sung by Messrs. Billsborough and Blake Bros. A recitation was nicely rendered by little Miss Lowe. The successful competitors were Master R. Roston, 1st prize, gold medal, and Master F. Beardsall, 2nd prize, silver medal, gold centre. Mr. Gibbons occupied the chair, and Mr. Pilkington, sen., made the presentation. A special medal was awarded to Master E. Greenhalgh as third prize.—HENRY WILLIAMS, Sec.

[Will the newly-elected secretary please send his address on to this office at once?—Ed. L.B.]

BRADFORD SPIRITUAL ALLIANCE.—On Sunday, Dec. 4th, we had a visit from the popular and enthusiastic Lyceum worker, Miss A. E. Burton, when we were granted both morning and afternoon sessions in honour of her visit, and a fair number of scholars were present to welcome her. After the usual exercises and chain recitations, Miss Burton invited scholars to ask questions, and the answers given proved both instructive and helpful. Songs and recitations were given by the children. In the afternoon Miss Burton again took charge, a number of parents being present to see our methods of instruction. It was a most enjoyable time, the latter portion being devoted to clairvoyance, when some of the children's guides were described, the same being recognised by their parents. It was indeed a revelation to many to learn of their beautiful surroundings, and to realise they are never alone in the trials and temptations of daily life. It was a great day, and we hope it has given a stimulus to our beloved cause. We look forward to her next visit.—A. JACKSON, Sec.

BRADFORD ST. PAUL'S.—On Sunday, December 4th, we held our usual monthly open session, and one which proved to be the best of the year. Both young and old, male and female, joined in making a most successful morning, and our outlook on such is extremely bright in the coming year. Recitations were given by Mrs. Raw, Misses

L. Raw, A. A. Wooller, S. Houldsworth, Emily Gledhill, Mr. Raw, and Master Myers Pitts; readings by Messrs. Northrop, Hargreaves and W. Barnes; songs by Miss Houldsworth, Mrs. Seed, Mr. Stansfield and Mr. Manchester; addresses by Messrs. Seed and Manchester.

HY. BARNES, Sec.

BRIGHOUSE.—On Saturday, December 10th, the young ladies held a soiree, which was attended by 150 persons. The refreshment and flower stalls were well catered for by the ladies. Songs were rendered by Mr. Little, of Wyke, Misses Alice Schofield and S. A. Crowther; games, &c., gave pleasure to many. Dancing was played for by our Lyceum band, of which we are justly proud. Commencing at 6 and closing at 11-30, it was one of the most successful gatherings ever held at our church. The proceeds realised £5, which were in aid of the young ladies. Sunday, December 11th, was our annual Lyceum reception day. The afternoon session was thoroughly enjoyed. Recitations were given by Misses G. Hoyle and Mabel Stott; song by Miss S. A. Crowther. The recitations, singing, marching and calisthenics were a credit to the Lyceum. We had a good audience. The evening service was conducted by Mr. Murry, of Windy Bank, and Mr. S. Thornton. The duet, "Excelsior," was given by Mr. S. Thornton and Miss S. A. Crowther. Great credit is due to our worthy conductor, Mr. Skitmore. The music all the day was supplied by our own band. Collections were in aid of the society's fund.—G. CROWTHER, Hon. Sec.

CREWE.—I think it was the Greeks who had a saying to the effect that "Whom the Gods love die young." Now, Mr. Editor, I hope that this will not apply to the youngest Lyceum in the movement affiliated to the B.S.L.U., for Leeds has already lost that honour; also Hebden Bridge if they are affiliated. [And so has Crewe!—Ed. L.B.] For did not Mrs. Norton, of Burton-on-Trent, open our Lyceum on December 4th, when 20 sturdy lads and pretty lasses put in an appearance, with faces beaming as they tripped the marches on the light fantastic toe, and cheerfully responded in the silver chain recitations? We felt proud of our little friends, whose faculties were all alert, and their interest intense. I hope it will be a red-letter day in their lives, and be the means of much good to them in every way. We all experienced a happy time, and, in contrast to the ordinary droll and monotonous Sunday school, our young friends were sorry when it was time to go home. To slightly alter a well-known saying, "Bliss was it on that day to be alive, but to be young was very heaven!"—G. H. BAGULEY, Sec.

GATESHEAD—Presentation of Prizes.—The presentation of prizes of the Gateshead Children's Progressive Lyceum took place on the afternoon of Sunday, December 4th, when an Open Session was held, about 50 books being distributed among the various scholars. The presentations were made by Mr. F. Hepworth, of Keighley, who with kind words of encouragement, mingled with humour, impressed the children with the necessity of regular and punctual attendance at the Lyceum Session, and also gave some practical advice to parents and friends present. After the scholars had received their prizes Mr. Hepworth asked our musical conductor, Miss E. Hunter, to accept as a slight token of esteem from the leaders and officers a first-class Manual. Miss Hunter replied suitably. A vote of thanks was awarded to Mr. Hepworth for his services,

and thus ended a memorable session of the Gateshead Lyceum.—P. HERD, Sec.

LIVERPOOL (Farnworth Hall).—On Sunday, December 18th, we held our annual election of officers for the ensuing year, when the following were elected:—Conductor, Mr. E. A. Keeling; Assistant Conductor, Mrs. Bennett; Guardian and Secretary, Mr. H. H. Longley; Treasurer, Mr. J. Thompson; D.V., Mrs. Bennett; Captain of Guards, Mr. J. Sealby; Guards, Messrs. A. H. Langley, W. Hopley and Albert Halloway.—ARTHUR H. LANGLEY, Assist. Sec.

LIVERPOOL (Bootle)—On Sunday, November 27th we celebrated our anniversary service in connection with the above Lyceum. The usual session at 11 a.m. was conducted by Mr. J. J. Parr, and in the evening at 6-30 p.m. Miss E. Norton presided, about 40 scholars being present. The children were arranged on the platform and sang special hymns and solos, being ably led by Miss A. S. Owen. The programme was somewhat lengthy and varied. Recitations were given by two of our junior Lyceumists, Miss Ivy Walsh and Miss E. Henley, a solo by Miss H. Irvine, and a duet by Miss Edith Parr and Susie Hanschildt, which were all excellently rendered and much appreciated. Three adult members each favoured us with a short address. Mr. Robt. A. Owen dealt with his subject, "The Lyceum," in a masterly manner, and the remarks of Mr. J. Bradshaw and Mr. S. Thomson on their respective subjects, "Our Duties," and "Our Rights," were also to the point and highly interesting. The attendance was only poor, and the efforts of the Lyceumists were worthy of a much larger audience.—J. R. WALSH, Sec.

LEICESTER (Queen-street).—On Sunday morning, Dec. 18th, a pleasant ceremony was performed in our Lyceum, after the election of officers for the ensuing year, when Mr. W. Wright, our late conductor, was presented with a fine set of carvers, as a token of our esteem for his fifteen years service to the cause, his position being now occupied by a Mr. Shackshaft, in whom we place every confidence. I am pleased to say there are two Lyceums in Leicester now, because there is room for even more. And also our Hall was really overcrowded. Therefore we are a little diminished at present, but we shall soon make our members as per original.—A. BOULTON, Sec.

LEICESTER (Silver-street).—On Sunday, December 11th, we had our first christening, which was performed by Mrs. Veary, of Leicester, and also some recitations and solos by Lyceum members, many visitors being present. Mrs. Veary, and Mr. Sibson, the conductor, addressed the children for a short time. On Tuesday, December 13th, we held our first social, which consisted of recitations, solos, games, etc., which were highly enjoyed by all. The effort realised £1 4s. 4d.—PERCY TIMSON, Sec.

MANCHESTER, MASKELL ST.—Sunday, December 18th, we held our quarterly Open Session. In the afternoon Marching, Calisthenics, Silver and Golden Chain Recitations were gone through very well. Recitations by Misses E. Wardle; D. Treherne; Masters C. Wardle; A. Sims, and a friend. Violin solo by Mr. Watts, accompanied on the piano by Miss Watts, who also played another piece in the evening. Solo by Mr. Gordon "The Lost Chord." In the evening Mr. Jones gave a very interesting address on "Why Spiritualists in general, and parents in particular,

should support our Lyceums," followed by recitations. Mr. Gordon again kindly sang "The Star of Bethlehem." Clairvoyance by Mrs. Holden, Miss Cheetwood, and Mr. Jepson.—MISS L. SIMS, Sec.

ROCHDALE (Penn Street).—We held our Annual Tea and distribution of Prizes, on Dec. 17th, when a most enjoyable time was spent. Songs were sung by J. E. Hicks; Miss Benson; Miss Pollard and Miss Whiteley. Recitations by Doris Dixon, Ida Benson; R. Dixon and C. Hicks. Also Mr. Smith of Blackpool gave us a song. Mr. J. J. Howarth distributed the prizes, Mr. Wm. Brown presiding.

WM BROWN, Sec.

SHIPLEY (Windhill).—We are very busy making preparations for the festivities, which have prevented our election of officers. Our attendance for the past month is as follows: average, 5 officers and 32 scholars.—F. Stoyles, Sec.

North-East Lancashire Lyceum District Council.

The choir contest will be held at Burnley on March 25th, 1905. The E.C. of the above Council held a meeting at the Weavers' Hall, Preston, on November 27th, conducting both sessions, which were an all-round success. Every credit is due to Mr. C. E. Jones and his small band of willing workers. The Misses Mason and Salisbury rendered solos in a very pleasing manner. Each member of the E.C. vied with each other in trying to infuse a little more enthusiasm into the work, the result being they have joined our ranks.

We visited Blackpool on December 11th, which, owing to certain disadvantages, is somewhat weaker. The Misses Catlow, Greenwood, and C. Eaton gave great promise for our choir contest in their selections. The following three Lyceums have joined the Council during the quarter:—Preston, Barnoldswick and Oswaldtwistle, bringing the total membership up to 19.

The quarterly meeting at Every Street Lyceum, Nelson, was held on December 17th, Mr. Mansfield in the chair. There were 26 delegates present, besides associates and friends, the business being mainly the choir contest. A hearty welcome was given to the two friends from the Halifax and Huddersfield District Council, who addressed the meeting in a very able manner.

C. N. S. MOOREY, Hon. Sec.

[All reports should be written with ink.—Editor, L.B.]

Halifax and Huddersfield Lyceum District Council.

The monthly teachers' meeting was held at Elland Rooms on Saturday, December 10th, when Mrs. Jessie Greenwood, of Hebden Bridge, read a paper entitled, "The Sunday School of the Future," before an audience of between 60 and 70. After the reading of the paper, a very good discussion followed.

The next meeting will be held on Saturday, January 14th, at 7-30 p.m., when a paper will be read by Mr. Shaw, of Huddersfield, entitled "The Relation of Social Reform to Spiritual Life." A collection will be taken up to defray expenses.—GEORGE HOWARTH, Sec.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHAIN MARCH.

To the Editor of the Lyceum Banner.

SIR,—Kindly allow me a small space in reply to my friend, Mr. Barnes, *re* the chain march. Mr. Barnes is perfectly correct in his statement that the outer ring should *left* turn in commencing the chain. If I, in explaining the chain march, gave it as *right* turn, I made a mistake, as we always have turned left. I may here say that nearly all Lyceums in N.E. Lancashire district are adopting the march, as they think it a great improvement on the old one. An easy way to learn a Lyceum how to do the chain is to let the Lyceumists stand in couples round the room in a circle; give the order for the outer ring to left turn; take their partner's right hand with their right, and extend the left hand to the lady who has been behind him, but is now in front; the chain is then complete; this to be done without marching, and then every one can see what is required of them; the order to march can be given afterwards.—Fraternally yours,

T. E. HOLLINSHEAD.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE CIRCULATION OF THE LYCEUM BANNER.

To the Editor of the Lyceum Banner.

SIR,—In last month's BANNER, you request us to give you an account of the system we adopt in disposing of six dozen BANNERS monthly. I herewith comply with your request, and trust that our system may prove beneficial to other Lyceums who have not got a better one.

Soon after the inauguration of our Lyceum we decided that we must try to let each child have the official Lyceum paper. How were we to do it? The children could not afford to buy one. After due consideration, we decided to take up a collection in the Liberty Group every Sunday afternoon, the proceeds of which should go to pay for as many BANNERS as were necessary to present a representative of each family at least with a copy, any surplus to go to Lyceum General Fund. We have always had a surplus, and, moreover, we now take up a collection during morning session as well. We found that no member of the Liberty Group objected to giving at least one penny every Sunday so that the children could have their BANNER, and it has never affected the attendance in the least.

I have recommended the system of a collection each Sunday in all Lyceums I have visited where I found they did not take them up, and explained our experience and object (buying BANNERS) in so doing. Some Lyceums I know will only take about a dozen BANNERS; they try to sell them, but find a difficulty in doing so. Yet ask those to give to a collection who refuse to buy a BANNER, and they will willingly do so. Rather peculiar, is it not? But it is a fact, nevertheless.

With best wishes for the BANNER's future success, fraternally yours,

T. E. HOLLINSHEAD, No. 2 Conductor.

The British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union.

INSTITUTED AT OLDHAM, MAY, 1890.

Secretary: Mr. Alfred Kitson, Bromley Road, Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury.

List of Lyceums and Lyceum Secretaries in the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union.

- Acerington**, Argyle st., 10-30 a.m., Miss Eliza Cubitt, 10, Marlborough-st.
" China-st., at 10-30 a.m., Mr. U. Greenwood, 28, Barnes-st, Church
" Carter St., 10-30, Mr. H. Hadcroft, 28, Crown-st.
Armley, Theaker lane, 10 a.m., Mrs. Smith, 1, Greenland St, Wellington-rd., Leeds.
Ashton - under - Lyne, Burlington street Mr. Alfred Simpson, 2, Clifton-st.
Bacup, Princess street, 10 a.m. Mr. John Kershaw, 182, Rochdale-rd
Barnoldswick, Market-st, 10-30, Mr. Chas. Wilcock, 56, Prospect view, Green End rd., Earby
Barrow-in-Furness, Lyceum Hall, Mr John Huddleston, 25, Slater st.
Batley Carr, Town st, 10 and 2, Mr. Bowers Hartley, 7, Mount Terrace, Batley.
Belper, Jubilee hall, 10 and 2, Mr. J. Hawkins, Marsh lane.
Birmingham, Saltley, Spiritualists' Society 2-45 p.m., Miss L. Wells, 9, Ashted Row
" B.S.U., 11 a.m., County Chambers, Martineau Street. Mrs. F. H. Knibb 146, Bristol-st. 2-45
" Smethwick, Central hall, cape hill 2-5, p.m., Mr. Fred Purcell, 1, Iiverton-road
Blackburn, St. Peter st, 9-30 and 1-45, Mr. A. Robinson 3 Percival-st.
" Northgate, 9-30, 1-45 Mr. R. Armstrong, 25, Wm. Hopwood-st.
Blackpool, Albert rd, 9-30., Mr. T. Vane, 59, Albert-st. South Shore.
Bolton, Bradford st., 10 a.m. Mr. H. Williams, 23, Brandon-st., Daubhill.
Bolton, Wood st, 10 and 2-30, Mr. James Hibbert, 44, Bullock st.
Bootle, Liverpool, Stanley hall, 11 a.m., Mr J. R. Walsh, 13, Peter-rd., Walton.
Bradford, Ivy Rooms, 10 a.m., Mr. W. West, 33, Great Russell-st., Listerhills.
" Otley rd., 10-30 a.m., Mr. D. W. Hall, 5, Exeter-st
" Westgate New hall, 10 a.m., Mr. A. Jackson, 90, Kensington-st., Girlington.
" St Paul's spiritual church, Laisterdyke, 10 a m Mr. Henry Barnes, 137, Lonsdale st.
" West bowling, Boynton st., 10 a.m., & 1-45 p.m., J. Lightowler, 13, Chellow st., Manchester rd
Brighouse, Martin st, 10 a.m., Mr. George Crowther, 10 Piggot-st.,
Burnley, Hammerton st, 10 a.m., Mr. James Heys, 3, Magdalene st.
" North st, 9-30, Mr. Herbert E. Laycock, 16, Kenshaw street.
Burnley, Fulledege, Richard st, 10 a.m., Mr. Geo. Ed. Bradley, 69, Brunshaw-rd.
Burton-on-Trent, Hurninglow Wharf, 10 & 2-45, Mr. G. E. Brownhall, 27, Derby-rd.
Bury, Georgiana st., 10 a.m. and 1-45. Mr. Albert E. Kershaw, 92, Devon-st., Fishpool
Castleford, Mr. J. Rollins, 3, Albert-st.
Colne, Cloth hall, 9-30, C. W. Bean, 5, Ivegate
Crewe, Baker-st., 10-30. G. H. Baguley, 20 Richard Moon-st.
Crompton, near Oldham, Rochdale-rd., 10 a.m., Mr. Eli Fielding, 10, Gordon-st., Shaw & Crompton
Darwen, Church bank-st, 9-30, & 1-5 Mr. W. Thompson, 162, Houghton-terrace, Olive-lane
Dearnley near Rochdale, 10-30, Mr. B. Butterworth, 5, Grove, Todmorden rd., Littleboro'
Derby, Traffic st., 10-30 Mr. E. W. Stanton, 80, Yates st.
" 27, Burton-rd, 10-30. Miss Neville, 12, Roe-st.
Dewsbury, Bond st, 10 and 1-45, Mr. C. Auty, Elizabeth place, Battye st, Eastborough, Dewsbury
Doncaster, 104, St. Sepulchre Gate, 10-30 a.m. Miss Hilda Helson, 34, Childer's-st.
" Nether Hall Road, 10-30. Mr. Walter Jefferies, 69, Hexthorpe-rd.
Dukinfield, Astley st. off Crescent rd, 10, Mr. H. Whyatt, 54, St. Marks st.
Dundee, Foresters' Hall, Mr. Wm. A. Jackson, 47, Dens-road.
Elland, Newcombe st., 10, Mr. G. H. Newton, 12, Park View Terrace, Exley lane
Gateshead, St Cuthbert's hall, Bensham, 2-30, Mr. P. Herd, 96, Rodsley-st.
Glasgow, Assembly Rooms, 136, Bath st., Mr J. R. Hutchison, 85, Evelyn-st.
Great Harwood, nr., Blackburn, Cambridge st., 10, Mr. Jas. Smith, 35, Park rd.
Greenock, Cathcart-st., 4 p.m. Mr. Ford, 3, Melville-st.
Hadfield, Albert-st., Station-road, 10-30 a.m., and 1-45. Mr. Harry Chorley, 5, Marlow-street.
Halifax, St. Paul's, Alma st., 10 and 1-45, Mr. Fred Townsend, Melville Place, Pellon Lane.
" Raven-st., 10 and 1-30, Mr. Edward Lumb, 31, Plum-st., Parkinson lane
Hebden Bridge, Co-op. Hall, 10 a.m. Mrs. J. Greenwood, Ashleigh, Fairfield.
Heekmondwike, Church st., 10 and 1-30, Miss France, High st.
Heywood, William st., 10 a.m., Mr. Geo. E. Taylor, 23, Clay Bank-st.
Higher Broughton, Salford, Hilton st, 10-30 and 2, Mr. H. Norcott, 33, Clarendon-rd., Crumpsall
Hollinwood, Mr. Ernest Suape, 91, Chapel-rd., near Oldham.
Hollinwood, Labour Hall, 10-30, Mr. A. Worrall, 2, Norman st., Falsworth.
Horwich. nr. Bolton, Beatrice st, 10-30, Mr. D. Emsall, 8, Abraham st.
Huddersfield, Brook st., 10, Mr. H. L. Westerby, 26, Dale-st.
" St. Peter st., 10-15, Miss Mary Gee, 26, Bankfield-rd
Hull, Lime-st, 10 a.m. Miss F. Southwell, 7, Vermont Villas, Vermont-st.
Hyde Clarendon-st. 10 a.m., Miss E. E. Blackshaw, 110, Ridling lane
Keighley, Heber st., 10 and 1-30, Mr. Walter A. Kay, Cavendish street.
Lancaster, Athenaeum st. St Leonard's gate 10-30 Mrs. Townley, 13, Sun st.
Leeds, Bethel st, 10 a.m., Mr. A. Ainger, 13, Moor Crescent, Dewsbury-rd.
Leeds, Psychological hall, Grove house lane, 10. Mr. Dan Nevison, 17, New Camp rd.
" Camp rd. 10 a.m. G. H. Walters, Spencer place
" Hunslet, Jack-lane, 10-30. B. Warburton, 2, Brandley-st, Jack-lane.
Leicester, Queen st., 10-30, Mr. T. Walker, 74, St. Saviour's-rd. East, North Evington, Leicester
" Silver-st, 10-30 and 2-30. Mr. Percy Timson, 3, Museum-square.
Liverpool, John Lamont Lyceum, Farnsworth st., Everton. 11 a.m., Mr. John Thompson, 60, Harewood st., Everton.
" Dauby hall, Dauby st., 2-30 p.m., Miss Millicent Clark, 18, Canton-st., Everton
London, Battersea park, Miss G. Dent, 40, Ellesley-road, Lavender Hill, N.W.
London, W. Chiswick, 2-45, Mr. H. A. Phipps, 300, High rd, Chiswick
Loughboro', Sparrow Hill, 10-45 Mr. A. Bentley 103, Storer road.
Macclesfield, Cumberland street, 10 a.m., Mr. W. Brown, 31, Brook-st.
Manchester, Junction St. Hulme, 10-30 and 2-30, Mr. Geo. Vernon, 73, Mytton st Hulme
Manchester, Harpurhey, 10 a.m., Mr. T. Edmondson, 9, Conran-st., Queen's Park.
" Higher Openshaw, Beaulah st., 2-30 p.m., Mr. Geo. Myers, 11, Old Hall st.
" Openshaw, Granville Hall, George st., 1-46. Mr. H. Green, 46, Ogdene-lane, Openshaw
" Longstich, Chell-st., Miss Eva Stringer, 16, Ellesmere-place, Halbury-st., Stockport-rd.
" 38, Maskell-st., C. on M. 10-30 Miss L. Simms, 96, Cranworth-st, C. on M.
Manchester South, Princess Hall, Bradshaw st, 2-30 p.m., Mr. Herbert Porter, 32, Higher Chatham-st, C. on M.
Mexboro, Lees Arcade, 10 a.m., Mr. George Chattell, 133, Tickhill-st., Denaby Main, near Rotherham.
Middleton, nr. Manchester, gilmour st., 10-15, Mr. James Jagger, 210, Grimshaw lane, Middleton Junction
Middlesboro' Newport rd, 10 a.m., Mr. W. L. Roeder, 51, Russell st.
Millom 10 and 2, Mr. R. Tyson, 5, Moor terrace.
Morecambe, New Queen st., 10-30, David Ditchfield, Victoria Cottage
Morley Zoar st., 10 a.m., Mr. John Hy. Dews, 17, Victoria-st., Churchwell, pr. Leeds
Nelson Every st, 10 a.m. Miss Ada Reed, 38, Elizabeth st.
" Pendle st., 10 a.m., Master J. D. Butterworth, 33, George-st.
- Newcastle** Northumberland hall, High Friar-st. 2-30, Mr. Alfred C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill
" Heaton Spiritual Institute, Miss Grey, 277, Station-rd., Wallsend
New Hirst, Ashington, Miners Hall, 2 p.m., Mr. Wm. Ince, 158, Severn-st, Northumberland
Normanton Queen st, 10 a.m. Miss E. Mosby, 34, Goodhope row, Pontefract road
Nottingham Gladston hall 2-30, Miss E H Yates, 75, Brighton st.
" Mechanics' hall, 2-30 Mr. Lewis Cooke, 195, Wolloton-st street, Carlton-road.
Oldham, Coronation st, Mr. H. Burns, 16, Dickin son-st
Oldham, Elliott st, Lower Moor, Mr. John Frost, 203, Rochdale road
Oldham, Waterhead, Hague st, Miss J. Hodson
Oswaldtwistle, James st, 10-45, Mr. T. Smith 31, Ernest st, Church, nr Accrington
Padiham, 10 a.m. and 1-30 p.m., Miss Alice A. Hargreaves, 33, Gordon st.
" E. Bentley, 552, Liverpool rd, Peel Green
Pendleton, Broad-st, 10-30 Miss E. Edge, 26 Frampton-st. Cross lane Salford.
Pendleton, Cook st., 10-30. John Jackson, 18 Allan-st
Preston, Walker-st., 10 a.m., Mr. C. E. Jones, 90, Peel Hall-st.
Rawtenstall Back ormerod st., 10-15 to 11-45, Mr. Isaac Pinchbeck, 11, Rosenvale-st., Cloughfold
Rishton Near Blackburn, 10 a.m., Mr. Ben Eastwood, 78, Hermitage st., nr Blackburn
Rochdale Regent hall, Regent st., 9-45, Mr. G. F. Knott, 39, Whitehall-st.
" Penn st, 10 a.m. Wm Brown, 7 Grafton st, Newbold
Rotherham, Howard-st., 1-45 p.m. Mr. Foster, Junr., 119, Eastwood-lane
Rothwell nr. Leeds 10 a.m., Miss Naylor, Church st.
Royton, Union st., 10 a.m., Mr. Ralph Hirst, 29, Oldham rd, nr Oldham
Saddleworth, 1-45 p.m., Mr. J. Shaw, Moor-gate-st, Uppermill, near Oldham.
Salford, Chapel st., 10-30, Mr. A. H. Rocke, 21, George-st., Pendleton.
Scarborough, North st., 10-30, Mr. Geo. R. Inch, 10, Rothbury st.
Sheffield Attercliffe, 10 a.m. Miss S. Whiteley 152 Attercliffe Common.
Sheffield Heeley Herchell rd, 10 a.m. Mr. Ernest Wooller, 166, Valley rd.
" Cross Addy st. Upperthorpe, 10-30. 2-30 Mr Robert E. Green 55 Fowler-st.
Skipton Temperance hall, 10 a.m. Miss Alice Scott, Old Grammar School
Slaithwaite Laith lane. 10-30. Mr. John Sutcliffe, 45, Carr lane.
Sowerby Bridge, The Lyceum, Hollins lane, 10 a.m., Mr. Booth, Lyceum Buildings, Hollins lane
Spennymoor, High st, 11 a.m., Mr. R. Christopher, 72, Durham rd, Co. Durham
Stalybridge, Bennett street, 10-30, Mr. J. Croasdale, 43, Melbourne street.
" Trinity-st., 10-30, Mr. W. Blain, 14, Croft-st.
Stockport Spiritual hall, wellington rd. Mr. Oldham, 1 Duchy-st. Edgeley.
Stockton-on-Tees, Silver-st, 10 a.m. Mr. Charles Harrison, 25, Herbert-st.
Todmorden, Dale st., 10 a.m., Mr. Edwin B. Hollis, 34, Cambridge st.
Walsall Central hall, 2-30, Mr. W. H. Tompkins, Hagley, Lyswags-st
Warrington, Bewsey st., Miss Lily Gallop 32, Scott st., Battersbary ane
Wolverhampton, Temple-st., 10-45 a.m., Mrs F. Heyes, 73, Dartmouth-st.
Wigan, Miners Hall, 10 a.m., Mr. Thomas Forshaw, 51, Oxford-st.
Yeadon, Town side, 9-30, Mr. J. H. Hardaker, 20, Town st.
York, 10-30 a.m., 2 p.m., High Ousegate, Mr. F. Leeman, 4, West View terrace.
York, 17, St. Martin's Crescent, Micklegate. E. Dickenson, 7, St. Martin's Crescent, Micklegate.
York, St. Saviour-gate, 10-15, and 1-30, Mr. T. Chapman, 60, Lower Eaton-st.