

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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MR. HARRY A. KERSEY.

MR. H. A. KERSEY, the newly-elected President, is a familiar name to all Lyceumists. He was the founder of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Lyceum in 1886, in which he was ably assisted by Mrs. Hammerbom now Mrs. Kersey. She filled the office of Guardian of Groups for a number of years, and led the children in the marching evolutions. She also painted and presented the beautiful floral bannerettes which headed each group, and which were borne at the head of their respective groups during the marching.

Mr. Kersey took up the Lyceum work at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten. At that time there was no LYCEUM MANUAL, or any other book to place in the hands of enquirers concerning Lyceum work. Hymns were used for silver chain recitations. Golden chain recitations had to be transcribed and memorised. Musical readings had to be composed and inserted in *The Medium* and *Daybreak*, and then carefully preserved. No one could be found to print a LYCEUM MANUAL, notwithstanding our repeated solicitations and promises of assistance. They had no hope of there being any demand to warrant it. The whole movement was thus languishing for a hand, and a practical LYCEUM MANUAL.



Mrs. Britten also felt the need of a Manual, and so in her zeal and love for the young movement she compiled what would make a 16-page Manual, and presented it to Mr. Kersey to have copies printed for the Newcastle Lyceum. This was shown to the writer when, in company with Mrs. Kitson, he visited Newcastle in September, 1886, to open the Lyceum.

The opportunity to secure a Lyceum Manual for the whole movement thus placed in my way was too good to be lost. I briefly placed the situation before Mr. Kersey, and urged him to enlarge the pamphlet, promising all the assistance in my power.

Mr. Kersey, while desirous to help on the movement, was reluctant to assume the responsibilities of editor and publisher of such a book. But after further consultations with Mrs. Britten he finally consented.

The first edition made its appearance in 1887, and contained 75 silver chain recitations, 33 golden chain recitations, 11

musical readings, and 13 Lyceum songs. It met with a rapid sale, and other editions followed with frequent additions to its four sections, and in this way it has grown to its present size.

The *Lyceum Manual* meeting with such signal success, and Lyceums appearing all over the country, there was a cry for a music book. Mr. John Pemberton,

of Blackburn, declared at the Conference held at Halifax in May, 1888, that the question of finding suitable music for the *Lyceum Manual* was a serious one, as he himself had purchased 30/- worth of music books in order to obtain suitable tunes. Mr. Kersey promised to see what he could do in the matter of printing and publishing a suitable collection of tunes. He accordingly set about collecting all the pretty tunes he could find, writing to their authors and publishers for permission to use, and, when successful, submitting them to his talented sister, Miss S. M. Kersey, who kindly undertook to edit and arrange the *Spiritual Songster*. The admirable arrangement of the pieces in both notations bears splendid testimony to her musical abilities and taste. It was published in 1896, and met with a hearty reception, supplying a great need.

The Lyceum movement grew rapidly, and assembled annually to confer together as to the best means of carrying on the good work. They decided that unity was of the first importance, and so in 1890, when assembled at the Spiritual Temple, Oldham, they formed themselves into a Federal Union. Nearly all the Lyceums joined the Union, Rawtenstall being the first to apply.

But we could not stand still. The needs of the Lyceums grew from year to year, and in order to meet those needs it was further resolved at the Conference held at Daulby Hall, Liverpool, in 1892, to establish a publishing fund to enable the Union to ultimately become its own publishers. £100 was raised by private donations, and the copyrights of the first text book written for the use of Lyceums, *Spiritualism for the Young* (since changed to *Outlines of Spiritualism*) was presented to the Publishing Department. Mr. H. A. Kersey also promised to present the copyright of the *Lyceum Manual* and *Spiritual Songster* in due course. This he generously carried out on Sept. 14th, 1901, at the Executive meeting held at Nelson, also adding the stereo plates of the *Spiritual Songster*, and a large book press, which is now at the Union's Office, Bromley Road, Hanging Heaton. The total value of this handsome present to the B.S.L.U. was estimated at £250, which fully testifies to his love and devotion to the Lyceum cause.

Mr. H. A. Kersey filled the presidential chair from the year 1886 to 1894 inclusive, when at the Conference held at Dewsbury he gently but firmly declined nomination until other worthy workers in the movement had filled the presidential chair. Mr. S. S. Chiswell, of Liverpool, was his worthy and able successor.

It is now our great pleasure to welcome him back to the presidential chair after the lapse of eleven years, during which time the Lyceum Union has made great progress, and developed its powers and resources. But its course is ever onward and upward, to still further achievements. And we promise Bro. Harry A. Kersey our hearty support in making his presidential year a record in the annals of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union. In this worthy object we earnestly solicit the hearty co-operation of all Lyceumists.

ALFRED KITSON.

HERE AND NOW.

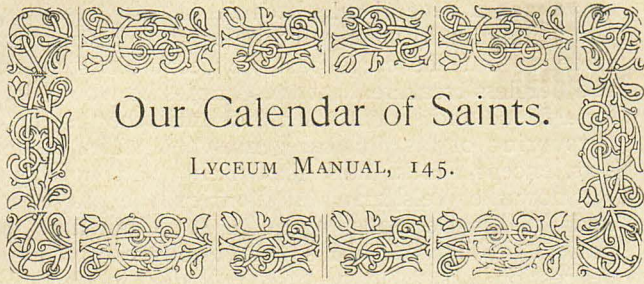
Here in the heart of the world,
 Here in the noise and the din,
 Here where our spirits are hurled
 To battle with sorrow and sin ;
 This is the place and the spot
 For knowledge of infinite things ;
 This is the kingdom where thought
 Can conquer the prowess of kings.
 Earth is one chamber of heaven ;
 Death is no grander than birth ;
 Joy was the life that was given,
 Strive for perfection on earth.
 Here in the tumult and roar,
 Show what it is to be calm ;
 Show how the spirit can soar
 And bring back its healing and balm.
 Stand not aloft nor apart ;
 Plunge in the thick of the fight.
 There in the street and the mart,
 That 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 labour and love.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

(Benjamin B. Keech in *Leslie's Weekly*.)

Have you any plan or notion
 As to how this world should run ?
 Have you made a great commotion
 Showing how it may be done ?
 Do you live as you've directed
 In the good things that you teach ?
 And (to questions you're subjected)
 Do you practice what you preach ?
 It is laudable, I'm sure,
 If you've any worthy plan
 That, in time, may help secure
 Future happiness for man.
 But if you belie your teaching
 (Please believe it, I beseech)
 You would better give up preaching
 Till you practice what you preach.
 Any one can talk religion,
 Any one can talk reform ;
 But that person's name is legion
 Who can stand and face the storm ;
 You will find in every instance
 That your arguments will reach
 To a somewhat greater distance
 If you practice what you preach.
 Many things are advocated
 That will keep the world from sin ;
 If you feel quite agitated
 O'er the subject, then begin
 To explain the situation
 To your friends, and unto each
 Be a living illustration
 That you practice what you preach.



Our Calendar of Saints.

LYCEUM MANUAL, 145.

PLATO.

BY ALFRED KITSON.

PLATO is the second on the list of "Saints of Philosophy." He was born at Athens, or in the neighbouring island of Ægina, 429 B.C., and died at Athens 347 B.C. He was a celebrated Greek philosopher, the descendant of a noble family, and the follower and friend of Socrates during the last ten years of the life of Socrates.

In his fortieth year he taught philosophy in the Gymnasium and the Academy, whence his school was subsequently called the *Academic*. He is reported to have placed over the vestibule of his house the inscription, "Let none but geometricians enter here!"

Plato's writings are in the form of dialogue, and profess to give throughout the sentiments or sayings of Socrates, whose teachings come down to us only in this form, and are distinguished by purity of language and elegance of style. The best translations of these are Prof. Jowett's *Dialogues in English*, published in 1871; and *The Trial and Death of Socrates*, by Dean Church, published in 1880.

Plato looked upon the physical body as an evil, the grave of the higher life. Seeing that the earthly life can never be free from evil we must flee away from it as quickly as possible to God, by making ourselves like Him through virtue and wisdom. He taught that every man must seek the highest good, which is virtue. That virtue is its own reward, as vice is its own punishment. But virtue is further rewarded in the life to come, and vice is also punished there. The just man must do good and act justly at all times, even to his enemies.

He taught the importance of the elevation of women, both physically, mentally, and morally, by making them share the training and pursuits of men to a great extent. He recognised one eternal and invisible God, who is perfectly good, unchangeable and perfect, the Maker and Father of all. He was opposed to all mythological stories of the Gods which fell below this ideal. God being pure and good can produce no evil; God does everything for the best; He has wisely adopted means to ends; He knows everything, cares and provides for all in the best way, rewarding virtue and punishing vice.

He uses the term 'Zeus' for the Soul of the Universe, and frequently, when he speaks of gods he evidently means the Supreme Deity. God looks after all, the small things as well as the great ones, and all things conduce to the true welfare of those whom He

loves. He taught that the Gods or God is above pleasure or pain, and cannot be bribed nor persuaded by prayers and sacrificial offerings. That true worship consists in a desire to be good and do good, and the strenuous endeavour to attain the highest ideal, or at-one-ment with God. God is good, and man must strive to be good like Him, was one of his sayings.

Plato also recognised other gods, who represent or are symbolical of the universe and the heavenly bodies. He did not seek to do away with the old forms of worship, but to purify them and make them morally elevating, instead of ministering to some of the baser passions. He taught reverence for dæmons, or guardian spirits, and would have distinguished men revered as dæmons after their death, and looked upon as guardian spirits.

Religion and morals with Plato were one and the same. He was opposed to atheism as being an offence against true religion, but would allow the young to be taught by myths and stories which he himself did not believe, but regarded them as useful stages towards attaining the truth.

It is to Plato that the world owes the teachings of Socrates, whose disciple he was.

SHEFFIELD (HEELEY) SALE OF WORK.—On Monday, May 22nd, we held our first Sale of Work as a Lyceum effort in connection with our Society. We did not look for an elaborate show, but a simple effort on the children's part, and, coupled with the work, etc., kindly given by a few friends, it has quite come up to our expectations, and our thanks are due to all who helped to make it a success. Prof. Timson, of the Hydro, Leicester, being our speaker a few weeks ago, and giving a lecture followed by phrenological examinations to benefit society funds, very readily acceded to the Lyceum Secretary's request to give the Lyceum a turn on his next visit, which was Sunday, May 21st. At our afternoon session he gave an interesting address to the children, and in the evening lectured from the subject "The greater revivalism." Monday afternoon, in conjunction with our Sale of Work, the Professor and his assistant, Mr. Cooper, entertained the children by giving a lantern entertainment. At the evening lecture at 8, illustrations were thrown on the screen bearing on the subject of the lecture, "The structure of the physical body, its development, and relations to mediumship." A very instructive lecture, and much appreciated by the audience, and was followed by public examinations at a small charge, the proceeds of which were given in aid of the Lyceum funds. Selections on the Phonograph were given by Mr. Middleton, and sale continued until 10-30 p.m.

E. WOOLLER, Sec.

Our next issue will be ready on July 1st, 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.

THE NIGHT OF HIS FAME.

By HERBERT E. CLARKE.

PART I.—A VAIN HOPE.

“Welcome light
Dawns from the East, but dawns to disappear
And mock me with a sky that ripens not
Into a steady morning.”

—Wordsworth.

CHRISTMAS was not far distant, and dwellers in London were confidently anticipating a merry and regular old English Yule-tide, for the snow lay crisp on the ground, and the East wind howled and blew keen to-night. The comfortable sitting-room at 26, Barclay Avenue, W., on the evening in question (a Sunday) was cheerfully lighted, while two men sat by the fire in a frame of mind hardly in accord with their immediate surroundings, as will be seen from the sequel.

Nature, triumphing so often in the creation of powerful attractions between natures of opposite types, might in this respect well congratulate herself upon the remarkable friendship which had sprung up between Philip Mander and Andrew Flackland. Comparison is easier than description in such cases as the present. Mander was only some thirty years of age, Flackland might be ten or fifteen years his senior. Tall, rather slender, with clear-cut features, and wavy fair hair and beard, already touched with grey, Mander presented a really remarkable contrast to the vivacious little Welshman who sat in his company. Enthusiastic to the very ends of his bristly moustache, a little too corpulent perhaps, with shining ruddy complexion, intensely musical, with sympathies extended by a wide knowledge of the world and its inhabitants, Flackland was just Mander's complement, a friend in his hours of depression (frequent, be it well understood, for Mander was a pessimist of the most intense type), and a genial participator in his rarer triumphs and moments of jubilation. For in good truth those grey hairs were not untruthful records of a short life whose darkness and sadness might have driven more hopeful spirits than his headlong to despair. At his birth the Muses wreathed his brow with a promise of greatness, and his father stripped it rudely off again, for Phil was to be “a man, like his father, and keep up the firm, not a dreaming musician.” He might love the organ and play truant from school because from the bottom of his heart he detested figures and declensions, but he must be thrashed into book-keeping and flogged into the mires of *mensa* and *logos*.

What wonder then he ran away and was lost for a time in the obscurity of his first musical efforts? And so the years passed, and Mander's name was at length a name well-known if not distinguished. His father, though enraged at the conduct of his only son, had not fostered that hate to the end, and recently Philip had been relieved of all pecuniary difficulties by the inheritance of a considerable portion of his father's wealth. But what is wealth where happiness and health are not, and unfortunately Philip was not blest with either. His was a frame capable of considerable strain, but incapable of natural recovery. He met misfortune

bravely as a general rule, because he saw its image (much magnified) some time before its presence was evident; but the crisis past, he became a shattered and helpless creature. At these times he would long for a friend and sympathiser, and until the last sweet outpouring of his musical genius had fallen on deaf ears, except Flackland's, that friend had not come. But now the Welshman was the friend he prayed for, and on this December night he sat “nursing” his patient through one of his most serious reactive fits of depression, not an easy task to-night, for his own spirits were none too jovial.

“Just have one more try, old fellow,” he began, “and take my word for it, the next will repay you for all your trouble.” Here he patted Mander's shoulder encouragingly.

Mander sat despondently, his face in his hands and his elbows propped on his knees. He did not raise his head as he spoke. “I'm getting about tired of it, my friend; yes, I'm getting just sick of trying and trying again. All that I've got to do now is to shut up shop or send some trashy musical comedy to Cameron for the Olympian, on the spec. of its being accepted, if trashy enough. But I won't do it, Flackland.” There was a gleam of determination in his eye as he raised himself straight in his chair. “I'm too desperately near breaking-point to be sentimental now, but God knows I've too much respect for my art to degrade it, and if,” he continued looking across at the sympathetic face of the band-master, “if all the reward I'm going to get consists in scathing newspaper critiques and polite sneers from my friends, ah well—,” and he completed the sentence with a sigh and a shrug of the shoulders. “Tell me, my dear fellow, do you really and truly think I shall get anything better than failure? Tell me straight, without reserve, if you please.”

“Very well then, this is what I think, Mander. You are childish in fretting, and foolish in stopping for a moment to listen to what your enemies have got to say. Is that straight enough?”

Mander smiled and nodded assent.

“Further, when I first met you (four years ago, how time flies), I didn't want ten minutes to discover you were a genius, Mander. Oh no,” he continued as his friend shuffled uneasily, and a smile of incredulity spread over his face, “I mean what I say. I conducted at Strassey's for five seasons before I joined you, and long before that, in poor old Renny's days, I'd read a great deal of music, but not even Beethoven thrilled me as your “Farewell Sonata” did when I heard it here the other week; I'm blest if it isn't the—the most wonderful thing I ever heard!”

“Humph, rapture, rapture, and put the cork on a bit,” grunted Mander ironically, but not without a flash of pleasure in his eye and a rise of colour in his cheek. “If I could only get other people to thrill a bit over it, the game might be worth the candle. But I've got a last card to play which will decide everything. If it happens to win the trick, I shall rise, Flackland, to quite a new sphere, if it fails, I shan't try any more.”

“Hello, here are disclosures. I want to hear about

this," said Flackland enthusiastically rubbing the palms of his hands together.

"Well," replied Mander with some uncertainty, "you are perhaps too courteous to laugh at me here. but what will happen to the cultured musical taste on the "Daily Herald" when they learn "on good authority" that that exploded fellow Mander has lately composed, and intends to produce in a few weeks, a symphony on a strict Haydn model? Their roars of derision almost choke me now; I have a ghastly dread of failure again."

"Have you begun a symphony then?" asked Flackland, too much astonished at the news to meet the note of pessimism which crowned it.

"I have," the composer replied, "and two movements are already framed, and I've got an idea for the *menuetto* in my mind. This is the last attempt I shall ever make for a night of fame."

"Rubbish, you said that before, man."

"Of course I did, but as one grows older optimism has a trick of growing smaller."

"There was once a Scotsman named Robert Bruce, and a spider is said to have consoled him in his time of distress. The moral's better than the story, so read the moral, old fellow."

"Yes, yes," retorted Mander with a sickly smile and a nervous pull of his beard, "I was early drilled in that lesson. There's another spider one comes across later in life;" he bit his lip and added:—"that's when you're the fly safely stowed in your friend's "little parlour"—a real modern spider that!"

Flackland laughed heartily.

"Good! Now just go in a third time, my dear Mander, and you'll win your—what shall we say, Bannockburn? Write up that menuetto as quick as you can. I feel that your star's in the ascendent, and if there's any truth in me (and the old folks at Aberdele used to tell me I was a fair weather-prophet), you'll be too high and mighty this time next year to—well—you'll be looked up to. But you must *not* worry. Do you hear, Mander," he continued dogmatically, rising and making for his hat and overcoat, "I don't believe in worrying. Audley says you'd be as sound as a bell if you'd only keep cheerful, but you'll just go and hurt yourself one of these days if you *will* encourage this depression." Flackland put on his hat, gave his stick a preliminary whirl, and then finding his companion still inclined to quietly accept his sermonising, he took another long breath and started anew. "Here you are in a comfortable house, unmarried, young, and good heavens, without money troubles. Now look at me, I'm out six evenings a week, have all the worries of a home and family, and a hundred and forty a year for my pains. Why, my good fellow, you"—and he struck the floor with his stick expressively.

"I often blame myself," answered Mander slowly, "and I'd give a lot to escape from my eternal tendency to look at the black side of everything. There's nothing I despise so much as a spiritless man, so you must understand I hate my own weakness, Flackland. I'll do my best to keep this wretched state of mind out of my work; you shall have a merry little menuetto, and if the symphony comes to anything—at any rate we can wait and see, I suppose. Just shut the outer

door as you go, will you please, it's unusually sharp to-night."

A moment later the hall door was opened and shut, and Flackland found himself in a drifting snow-storm. With his departure went also Mander's reviving spirits. Seated in his chair in the stillness, the whole course of his life presented itself to him, and he inwardly chafed that even the joys of childhood, those early rays of sunshine in life's day-dawn, had been forbidden him. Now he was a boy, now a man, now it was yesterday, and now it was a confused flood of sorrow, widened and deepened by each phase of life, that surged and throbbed through his mind and drowned his better self in bitter and aimless warfare with his unfortunate fate. O! why would not time blot it out from memory or fortune turn her wheel just once in his favour? O! why, cruel memory, will you sing your saddest songs in his brain, and while you hide your fairer parts, remind him of his failures and mistakes? Why do you make him cry in agony as he rises suddenly from his chair, and the drums of a phantom orchestra are thudding and rumbling in the depths of his soul:—"How badly everything is going! What a noise the drums are making! Softer I say! What is the matter, I can hear nothing; but drums! O! quietly please, for mercy's sake! I'm tired, I'm tired of it all, my God if this goes on, it will break my heart!"

O! why, cruel memory, do his eyes glisten, why does he grow so pale and wildly grasp his shock of hair with its tell-tale grey?

He is falling now; look, dire mistress, he lies unconcious at your feet!

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM CANADA.

TORONTO PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM REPORT.

I am pleased to report a steady increase in our numbers. The Lyceumists are very interested in their work. Our Canadian friends are making splendid progress in learning the marches and calisthenics. On Sunday, May 14th, we had a short lesson, the subject being "What the microscope reveals in a drop of water," with illustrations. It was given by Mr. Wallace, one of our Society's members. I can assure you we were all pleased with the lesson, showing us as it did the wonderful intelligence shown by even the lowest forms of life in their own sphere. There were tiny forms illustrated, each trying to reach out to something higher than it had yet attained. It seems to me to teach a beautiful lesson of the sympathy we should all have for all life, whatever its condition. We hope to have more lessons in the near future from our good friend. On the 24th of May, which is a general holiday in Canada, we hold a united picnic in High Park. We are expecting to have a real good time and to welcome friends from every part of the city, also some of the Hamilton people are hoping to be with us. With all good wishes to the Lyceums in dear old England from the Canadian Lyceum, and a fervent hope that we may always be able to extend the hand of love and friendship to each other.

(Mrs.) R. HOBSON, Secretary.

The Knight's Toast.

Lyceum Recitation.

THE feast is o'er. Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
 Before each eager guest.
While silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
 Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried, "A toast! a toast!
 To all the ladies fair!
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Stanton's proud and beauteous dame,
 The Lady Gundamore."

Then to his feet each gallant sprang,
And joyous was the shout that rang
 As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
 Till Stanton's voice was heard.

"Enough! enough!" he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head,
 "That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
 Like gallant knight and true."

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
 And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
 Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those countless eyes—
 A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in lady's bower and hall—
 The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high;
 "I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
 Till memory is dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed—
 So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
 Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
 With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanton said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
 Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
 Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
 And gently said "My mother!"

The Golden Age.

BY MARY F. TUCKER.

The far-fetched superstition dies,
Truth is no longer counted treason;
The air is full of prophecies,
 Foreshadowing a reign of reason.
No more the old time caste or clan
 Shall bar and bind with frown and fetter;
Upon the brotherhood of man
 There dawns a wiser age and better.
When love of pow'r and greed of gain
 Shall tempt no more to wrong our brother,
When right shall rule and peace shall reign,
 And all the world love one another.

Too long have myth and mystery nursed
 Traditions false, distinctions cruel.
Too long have ancient customs cursed,
 Too long the bigot's fire had fuel.
Too long the weak have served the strong,
 And might in pride hath crushed the nations,
Injustice, tyranny and wrong
 Enslaved and bound the generations.
To-day the patient prophets wait
 A kindling flame no doubt can smother,
For Love shall triumph over Hate,
When all the world love one another.

The world moves! Galileo said;
 Did persecution stop or stay it?
It moves—to grander destiny led!
 Shall scoffs retard—shall sneers delay it?
The car of Progress hurries on—
 In vain man's puny arm is lifted;
The battles of the right are won;
 The chaff from out the wheat is sifted.
So perish selfishness and sin
 That spoils the earth, our common mother!
The joyful era usher in,
 When all the world love one another.

The Golden Age is drawing nigh;
 Its heralds shout! its beacons glisten!
Its signals flash along the sky,
 And men and angels look and listen;
The inhumanities go down
 To graves dishonoured with dark error;
Usurpers tremble while they frown,
 And hide their coward heads in terror.
Let all the continents clasp hands!
 Good will and peace to man, our brother,
Shall span the seas, and gird the lands,
 When all the world love one another!

A REMARKABLE YANKEE SERMON.

About thirty years ago there appeared in the New Orleans "Picayune" a sermon which attracted immediate attention and secured wide currency. It was at once recognised as a genuine transcription. It purported to have been delivered by a volunteer preacher, who, making his livelihood as captain of a flat-boat, happened to "lay up" over Sunday by a Mississippi landing. An idle crowd being collected, he organised an impromptu congregation, and produced a discourse which has obtained a standard place in American comic literature. He began:—

"I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an edicated man, an' I am not one o' them as believes an education is necessary in a minister of the Gospel; for I believe the Lord edicates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edicated; and although I says it as ought not to say it, in the state of Alabamy, where I live, there's no man what gits bigger congregashuns nor what I gits.

"There may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you that I am a Hard-shell Baptist. Thar is some folks as don't like the Hard-shell Baptists, but, as fur as I sees, it's better to have a hard shell than no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethering, dressed up in fine clothes; you mout think I was proud. But I am not proud, my brethering. For, although I've been a preacher of the gospel for nighly twenty year, an' am captin' of that flat-boat at your landing, I am not proud, my brethering. I am not a-gwine to tell you adxactly whar my tex is to be found; suffice it to say it's in the led's of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere between the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revolution; and ef you'll go an' sarch the scripters, you'll not only find my tex thar but a good many other texes as will do you good to read, and when you shall find my tex you shall find it read thus:—'An' he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"But I'll tell you what kind of sperrits as are meant in the tex, my brethering. It's FIRE. That's the kind of sperrits as is meant in the tex, my brethering. Now, of course ther is a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, there's the common sort of fire you light your pipe with, and there's fox-fire and camphire, fire afore you're ready and fire-an'-fall-back, and many other kinds of fire; for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is meant in the tex, my brethering. It is Hell-fire! An' that's the kind of fire a good many of you are coming to ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin', for 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"Now, the different sorts o' fire in the world may be likened to the different persuasions af Christians in the world. In the fust place, we have the 'Piscopalians. And they are a high-sailin' an' a hifalutin set, and may be likened onto a turkey buzzard a-flyin' up in the

air, an' he goes up, an' up, an' up, ontill he looks no bigger'n your finger-nail, an' the fust thing you know he comes down and down, and is a-fillin' hissself on the carcass of a dead hoss by the side of a road, for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"Then thar is the Methodists, and they may be likened unto a squirrel a-climbin' up into a tree, for the Methodist believes in gwine on from grace to grace till they gits to perfection; an so the squirrel goes up and up, an' jumps from limb to limb and from branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, an' down he comes, kerflumix, for they is always fallin' from grace; for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"An' then, my brethering, thar's the Baptists, ah. An' they have been likened to a 'possum on a 'simmon-tree; and thunders may roll and the yearth may quake; but the 'possum clings thar still, ah; and you may shake one foot loose, an' the other's thar, ah! and you may shake all feet loose, and he wraps his tail around the limb, an' clings, an' clings forever, for 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

Irreligious as this may seem, grotesque and preposterous, it is not overstated. In the old time, and on the borders of civilisation, such sermons were by no means uncommon. They are still to be heard in the "back settlements," as they are called; and while those who make them pass for what they are worth as preachers, their sincerity goes unchallenged and unquestioned.

A Curious Indian Tradition.

Far away in the interior of Texas is a spring which, gushing from a broad fissure in the rocky base of a hill, falls into a deep natural basin almost like a well. No water could be more cool and refreshing than this. Surrounded on all sides by rocks and lofty trees, it does not feel the effect of the sun's rays excepting at a certain short period during the afternoon. Then, through a large opening between certain lofty and stately cedars, the beams of the sun fall upon the spring and gild its sparkling waters with every tint of the rainbow. This beautiful sight lasts for about three-quarters of an hour, during a part of which time, owing to the sinking of the sun, its rays are hidden from the fall. This has given rise to a curious superstition among the many tribes of Indians who at different times have camped near the spring.

In ages long past, they say, during a terrible storm, a more than usually gorgeous rainbow was driven with such force against the base of the hill whence the stream gushes, as to shiver the rocks and give place to the water which immediately welled forth. The tradition goes on to say that the rainbow also was damaged by the blow, and the fragments mingled with the fountain, causing the rich tints which appear for that one brief space in the day. The colours are always present in the water, but it needs the action of the sun's rays to show them. Such is the legend of this Texan fountain.

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE EARLY LIFE OF MR. A. J. DAVIS.

Quoted from the "Magic Staff," by kind permission.

MR. J. A. DAVIS was born on the 11th of August, 1824, and was the first boy in a family of six, the oldest being Eliza, who, when her little brother was able to run about, had the care of looking after him, and used her superior years and authority to make him do what she was afraid to do.

HIS FIRST TEMPTATION.

There were some apples stored in a small place built in the hill side, just on the edge of the woods. Like most children he was fond of apples. So was his sister, who sent him to the place where they were stored to bring her some. This he promised to do. But on being told not to tell any one, "or she would knock the day lights out of him," a fear of there being something wrong about the act seized him, and he asked, "Ain't them apples yourn?"

"No, you little goose," she snappishly replied, "them's John Myers' apples, so mind, don't let him see you go nor come." "I guess I can't go at all," said he, attempting to run past her into the house, "I'm so afraid he'll see me."

"No, you don't, nuther," she exclaimed angrily, as she caught hold of him; "now you go, as I tell you, or I'll pound you—see if I don't." So with fear in his heart, and trembling in his little legs, he went, pushed open the unlocked door, filled his little pinafore with the much-coveted apples, and began to retrace his steps to his waiting sister. But, oh! horrors, there was John Myers watching him from the road, who called lustily on the little culprit to stop. But it was no use, for little Jackson, as he was familiarly called, ran as fast as his little feet could carry him, dropping the precious apples by the way, and never stopped till he reached home, and, burying his face in his mother's lap, he sobbed out a full confession of his sin, notwithstanding the severe threats of his sister to "pound" and "knock the day lights out of him."

His mother heard his confession, told him to dry his tears and never do so again, and then went out to find and settle accounts with Eliza. And so ended his first and last attempt to steal.

THE DUTCHMAN'S GHOST!

In the course of time, a farmer's man called Dave began to pay attentions to Eliza. His visits were frequent and long. When about to return home late one night, Jackson's father asked him if he were not afraid; to which Dave boastfully declared he was not, and added, "he'd walked through the woods in more'n one dark night."

As soon as Dave had taken his leave the family at once retired to bed, and just as they were going to sleep all were startled with Dave's voice crying out, "Hello! hello! I say Mr. Davis, come out quick."

When the door was opened there stood Dave quaking and trembling with fright.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Davis. "I've seen a thundering spook-or-a-something white," he

stammered. "Where d'ye see it?" was the next question.

"By the big oak tree, up in the corner of the woods, where the little slab bridge is," he stammered.

"What does it look like?" was the next question.

"Like a thundering big man, dressed in grave clothes. Can't you go with me till I get past the thundering thing, Mr. Davis?"

"Well, I'll see," was the answer. "Let's hunt up a lantern. I guess we've got one."

By this time the family had arisen and dressed. The lantern being found, they all set off to see the spook, young Jackson trotting by the side of his mother, to whom he was deeply attached. During the journey his little mind was at work asking his mother what a "spook" was.

"Oh! 'taint nothin' to hurt us," was her reassuring reply, "'Tis somethin' that means somethin', if one knows how to take it right."

Not satisfied with this answer, he wanted to know what it looked like.

"Hush! hark, keep still, hold yer tongue, can't you!" snapped Eliza; "a body can't hear nothin' for yer everlastin' clackin'."

But, he was not to be silenced. Lowering his voice he asked, "Mother, what did Dave mean by a *thundering* spook?"

"Oh! never mind," answered his mother, "Dave's a wicked man. I'll tell you to-morrow."

So on they went, Mr. Davis saying he didn't believe in ghosts; and boastful Dave said "he wouldn't run now, even if left alone. He didn't care for the thundering thing when he first saw it. He only came back to tell them out of good nature, to have some fun!" So saying he began to whistle.

Just at this moment out popped the moon from behind the clouds, and there, just by the slab bridge, right against the oak tree, towering up in the darkness, stood a monstrous form clad in a snow-white sheet, with a hat on its head, its arms flying and flapping frantically in the howling tempest.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed boastful Dave, as he suddenly stepped backwards, knocking over several of the family who were bringing up the rear, "D'yer see that?"

Scrambling to their feet they ran away, headed by the more than ever terrified Dave.

"Stop! Hold on there," cried Mr. Davis. "What are you running away for? Come back. Let's ask the spook what it wants!"

So saying, Mr. Davis called out to the spook, "Hallo, there—what's wanted?" No answer.

He called out again, "Hallo, I say. Who are you? What d'yer want?" Still no answer.

"Pooh! nonsense! If yer don't answer I'll knock yer brains out with this 'ere stone." Still no answer came from the ghostly visitor, and true to his word away flew the stone, and down came the ghostly hat. More stones followed, until the white spook was completely demolished. And upon examination it was found to be a *bundle of straw* and an old sheet, with a broad-brimmed hat fixed on the top, which had been placed there to frighten Dave.

This incident made a lasting impression on young Jackson's mind, which often gave a ridiculous turn to all religious instructions in which the "Holy Ghost" was mentioned. He always associated the "Holy Ghost" with Dave's Spook, and wondered if it, too, was made of straw.

But Dave's boastful language about the *thundering spook* had its effect on the boy's mind in a harmful way, as the following incident will show.

HIS TEMPTATION TO SWEAR.

When will fathers and mothers learn the harm they do by making false promises, and making promises lightly with no serious intention of trying to keep them. Such practices tend to kill children's natural and implicit faith in the words of their parents, and often leads them to practice deceit and duplicity in return. Young Jackson was the victim of an unfulfilled promise which came about as follows:—

His father was about to visit a distant town on business, and told his son that if he would gather a pile of fire-wood from the woods he would bring him a jews-harp. The little fellow was delighted at the prospect of possessing a jews-harp, and worked with all a child's ardour to gather a large pile of wood, which he placed in the centre of the yard so that his father should see the result of his efforts. He also induced his mother to inspect the result. He then stood against the outside doorpost to wait the return of his father, and secure his much desired harp. As soon as he saw his father drawing near he ran to meet him, and asked for his harp. He was told to wait till he got home. As the father passed the garden gate, and saw the heap of brush-wood, he remarked, "Why, you've been very smart!" which caused his son's ears to tingle with delight. But imagine the keenness of his disappointment when a moment later he was quietly told by his father that he had *entirely* forgotten to bring the jewsharp. The disappointment was so great that he went out to the wood-pile determined to swear an awful oath as a relief to his inward emotions of vexation. Arriving at the pile of brush-wood he deliberately proceeded to concentrate in one burning, awful sentence all the ugly swear-words he could remember as follows: "*I'll be dod darn to dod darnation if that hain't too thunderin' darn bad, any how.*"

The evening twilight was deepening into darkness. A great oppressive stillness seemed to reign around him, and he heard a voice which thrilled him through with the intensity of its reproachfulness, utter these words: "Why, Jackson!" He thought it was his mother, and he felt ashamed of himself, and filled with astonishment and grief at the rebuke they contained.

"Oh! pshaw! what's the use being 'fraid of mother," he thought, "she can't blame me, no how." So going into the house he poutingly exclaimed, "Don't care if you did hear me swear. 'Twas too bad, anyhow."

Before going to bed his mother called him to her, saying, "Now, Jackson, me and you must have a talk. What I wants to know is, be you becoming a bad boy? Be I to be disappointed in everything in my life? Is you a-going to act just like other folks' bad

children, an' bring sorrow to your poor mother everlastingly?"

"Don't you think 'twas too bad?" he blurted out. "Wasn't father to blame for not getting the jewsharp?"

"Oh, 'taint no use talkin' that 'are way," said his mother, "everybody does wrong sometimes. An' if you're wicked 'cause other folks is bad, then there's no use for to live no more. Now tell me jest what you said out doors there."

Sobbingly and regretfully he repeated the string of wicked words, and asked wonderingly, "Didn't you hear me?"

"Mercy save us!" she exclaimed. "No, I didn't hear you; and I'm thankful I didn't. Providence know'd I couldn't bear to hear my boy use such bad words."

This greatly perplexed him, and he asked, "Then, who called me? Who hollered so loud, and said, 'Why, Jackson?' I thought 'twas you; but bein' so dark, I couldn't see. Must be 'twas Julia Ann."

"No, 'twasn't nuther," replied his listening sister. "This is the fust I've heard of your swearing, an' I hope to mercy 'twill be the last."

And so, dear readers, it has proved to be. His mother gave him a long talking to on the proverbial lot of the bad, swearing boy that he ultimately promised her *he would never swear again*; a promise he has faithfully kept.

We want all our Lyceum boys and girls to make a similar promise, and sign the pledge, and keep it.

HE WANTED TO BE A SMOKER.

On the following morning he had a severe headache, which caused him to lie awake, and looking about him he saw his mother smoking by the fire, which she was in the habit of doing. And as he smelled the tobacco smoke he thought, "Oh, how I'd like to use a pipe and tobacco! Why not? Old folks do. Big folks who allus know what's good do, then why not he himself?" So thinking he asked, "Can't I have one of your old pipes, mother? I want to smoke as well as you. Father chaws terbacker, yer know; but I don't like the taste; only smokin' like you is what I wants."

"Mercy on us," exclaimed his surprised mother, "what'll you want next?"

"I don't know," he replied, "I want to be good like you, mother, an' I'm goin' to foller you, and do jest as you does, then I know I'll be what you allus wants of me."

At these words a look of grief spread itself over her features, and she said, "Don't 'spose, Bub (Bub was her pet name for him), that I'm good. I tries to be so allus, and I want you to be better than me, an' so you mustn't smoke, *never*."

"My head aches so, mother," he pleaded, "I don't know what to do. I guess smokin' would make me feel better. If 'taint good to smoke, what makes you smoke?" he asked, with child-like reasoning.

"Why, Bub," she replied, "didn't I tell you once? Two years afore you was born, when we lived in the Jarseys, I had the dropsy dreadfully. No doctor

couldn't do me no good, and I came near to the brink o' my grave, when an old woman happened in. Ses she to me, ses she, 'I kno' what'll cure you.' Ses I to her, ses I, 'What is it?' Then ses she, 'Yer must thraw the watter off o' yer stummic by smokin' terbacker?' I followed her remidee, an' I got well agin. But somehow or ruther, I can't leave off the pipe now; if I does I feel bad at me stummic, an' I can't do nothin' 'bout the house, which you kno' I must keep a doin'."

This brief, confidential chat with her Bub took from him all desire to follow his mother's example. Indeed, elsewhere he speaks of tobacco as being a dirty, filthy, and useless habit.

Boys, don't follow the example of men who smoke.

HIS FIRST AND LAST THEFT.

One day while playing in the woodshed of the landlord's father, young Jackson's eye caught sight of a bit of bent iron in the tool box, which had once formed a portion of a saddle. It was a funny looking bit of iron, and he wanted it very much. At first he thought he would go and ask the owner if he could have it. Then he remembered that the owner was of a cross disposition, and his courage failed him. He then thought, "Oh! what's the use? He'll ne'er want that there old piece of iron, he'll ne'er miss it; and I want it every minute to play with." So thinking, he picked it up and hastened home with it.

On entering he must have looked guilty of wrongdoing, which his father's quick eye noticed, and he instantly exclaimed, "Look a-here, you sir, wher'ev' yer been? What have yer been doin'. What d'yer get over there?" So without hesitation, but amidst many tears, he freely confessed what he had done.

"Stop that bawling," exclaimed his father, angrily, "or I'll give yer something to bawl for."

"Can't I keep the plaything, father?" he asked amidst his sobs. "Don't you think I can keep it?"

"Don't dare to ask me again," said the father in a severe tone, "or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

His mother looked on with a troubled face, but wisely refrained from interfering.

So his father, putting on his coat and hat said, "Now, you sir, keep that 'ere iron in yer hand, and come along with me." So saying, he walked briskly to the woodshed, and direct to the tool-box, from which the toy had been taken, and there the honest father made him replace it, and promise, on penalty of a great thrashing, that he would never again take what did not belong to him.

It was a severe trial, but he felt very happy after it, and the lesson of honesty then taught to him was a lasting one.

THE GAMBLER'S FIERY FATE.

When he was between eight and nine years old, people used to assemble at their home and spend many happy evenings. On one occasion there was what his mother called "a quiltin-party," at their house, which was followed by such amusements as "blind man's buff," guessing riddles, telling stories, and card-playing. Among all this young Jackson noticed that

his mother was reserved. He also noticed that those who played cards were full of wit and humour, and he thought there must be something funny and bewitching about the cards which none but the players could understand and enjoy. So he took it into his little head to visit a number of young men in the neighbourhood and invite them to a card party at their house that very night.

Many of them accepted the invitation, and arrived at the appointed time.

His parents were astonished at the gathering, until they learned how it had come about. Finally the party separated, and the next morning his mother said to him, "Now me and you must settle. What did you ask all them folks to come here for?" "'Cause I wanted to see 'em play," was his ready answer.

"What did yer get by 'em playing?" was her next question.

"Nothin' mother, but to see 'em playin' high, low, jack, and the game," he answered.

"What is *that* to you?"

"Nothin', mother, only I wants to see 'em when they saves their *Jack*."

"Oh, *that's* it, is it," she remarked, meaningly.

"Yes, mother, 'taint nothin' else," he said reassuringly.

"Well, I'll tell yer how I'm a-goin' to save *my Jack*!" she replied quite calmly, and held the pack of cards in her right hand. "I'll let yer see what's sure to happen to them what loves to play cards," so saying she placed them in the fire! Holding his hand firmly, and drawing his attention to them she exclaimed, "See that! In that burning pile is pictures of many grandees! There's the king an' queen o' spades; an' there's the king an' queen o' clubs; an' there's the king and queen o' diamonds; an' there's the king an' queen o' hearts— an' there's the ace-spot, an' there's the dreadful *Jack*! Now, child, save 'em if you can!"

The majestic dignity of her whole mode, and the awful realistic meaning of the object lesson she was teaching him went through him like lightning, and caused him to tremble, and feel sick at heart, and at her command to *save the Jack*, he could only exclaim, "Mother, I can't; 'tis almost out o' sight."

"Oh, it is, is it?" she remarked, then see in *that Jack* what'll become o' every man what lives by gamblin'. The good Providence can't do 'im no good; so the Evil One takes and puts 'im in the fire of destruction." As the fire consumed the cards, it seemed to him as if great men and beautiful women were really going through the gambler's fiery ordeal, and he cried out, "Mother, don't scold so, I won't never play cards, I won't never do so any more!" A promise which he has faithfully kept.

HIS TEMPTATION TO DRINK.

Years passed on and brought many changes to the Davis household. It was New Year's Day, and he went out for a skate, which he greatly enjoyed, until the cold felt too great for him to bear. When returning home he passed by the house of a friendly neighbour who was a dram-drinker. Being New Year's Day, he stepped in to wish him a Happy New Year, and was at once invited to be seated, was served with some

brandy sweetened with treacle, which felt to warm and refresh him. The invitation to "taste," was repeated to the unsuspecting lad until he became intoxicated. He did not realise his condition until he arose to go home, then, alas, the room spun round like a top! Stove, table, chairs, window, door, and the old man—all appeared to be going round and round in one mad canter. He made an effort to catch the door, but it eluded him, and shot off to the other side of the room. Then, to make matters worse, the floor on which he stood began to heave and fall like billows on the sea. What was he to do to get out of such a dangerous house?

A lucky thought struck him, he would spring upon the door-latch the next time it came round! He caught it at last. Then he reeled and staggered along the narrow passage, and fell into a great bank of snow, where he lay helpless, and would have frozen to death, had not timely help arrived, and carried him home. The brandy and treacle—"black strap," as it is called—flowed out of his mouth and gave his loving and anxious mother the idea that he had broken a blood vessel while skating. But the sickening smell soon convinced her that it was a more deadly evil that would work his ruin if not checked.

Mr. Davis' remarks on this great evil are so much to the point, and of such importance to all Officers and Leaders in our Lyceums—are such a strong appeal to all thoughtful fathers and mothers, that we quote them in full, as follows:—

"Dear reader! do you vote in favour of distilleries? Do you put in office men who treat and traffic with the ruffian-monster, Alcohol? Do you believe in granting a licence to your neighbour? Will you put one man's pecuniary interest at deadly strife with the health, prosperity, and happiness of hundreds of families? Are you a friend of riots? Do you wish to increase the number of fatal accidents? Do you desire to build an express train from every man's door to asylums, poor-houses, prisons, gambling dens, and the scaffold? Do you cry "Down with virtue, up with vice? Down with happiness, up with misery?" "Do you work to diminish the comforts, demolish the characters, destroy the health and shorten the lives of people about you? Do you mean to sow the seeds of sorrow in the blood of myriads of children yet unborn? If not, then vote for a harmonial government, if not, then work for the Era of Harmony on the earth. Will you do so? We shall see; for no individual act, however private, is lost to the vast FUTURE!

"Gladly and gratefully do I record the fact, that the demon serpent, Alcohol, never got me fixed within its deadly embrace, save in this one instance, when the seductive hospitality of an inebriated old man was added to the larger freedom and unguarded liberty of a New Year's Day. Twenty years have elapsed since that disgusting experience, but this fiendish foe of man has not found the least refuge in my affection or judgment. And I verily believe that my prophetic mother perceived that it would not, for she manifested less anxiety and grief at this circumstance than at either of those trials already chronicled."—THE MAGIC STAFF pages, 131 and 132.

TWO SIDES.

It is easy to keep from fretting
When things are all smooth and bright,
And our choice of the best we are getting,
Whilst all that we touch goes right;
But when all alone and in trouble,
'Tis harder to watch and wait
For help that is slow in coming,
And often just comes too late.

It is easy to smile when one's happy,
'Tis easy to sing a sweet song
When we feel just as well as we can be,
And nothing goes crooked or wrong;
But it isn't the same kind of smiling
We do with an ache in the heart,
When friends leave us fretting and lonely,
Nor offer to play a friend's part.

It is easy—we all know 'tis easy
To paddle along with the stream,
To gaze with delight at the flowers
That grow on the banks, and to dream.
It is not quite so easy to struggle
And pull 'gainst the wind and the tide,—
We have not the time to be dreaming,
For this is the serious side.

Then let us be more sympathetic
In lightening other folks' woes;
More ready to help to the utmost
Till the burden much easier grows.
For if we give hope to a brother
And cheerfully help with his load,
'Twill return to us some time or other
To bless, as we travel "Life's road."

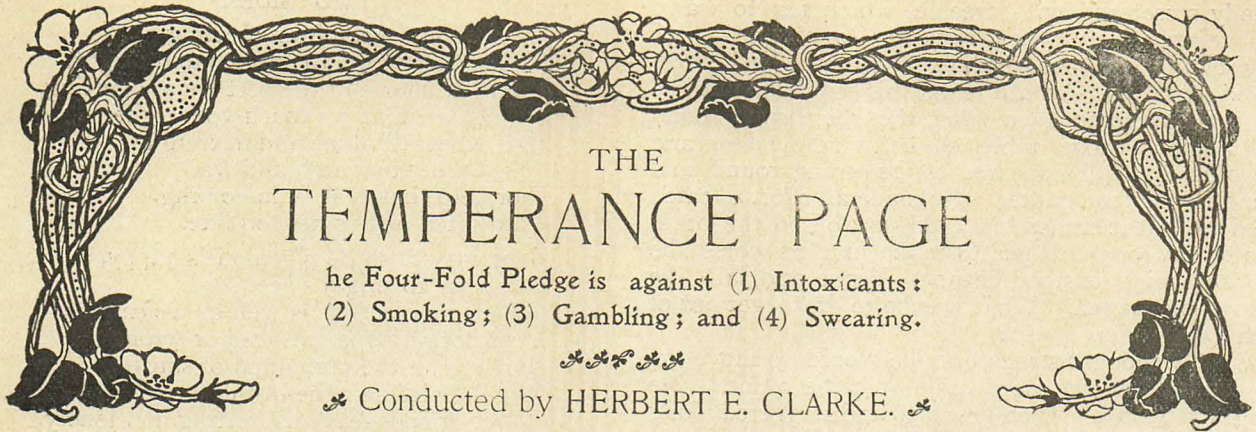
PAULA CORONA.

**HALIFAX AND HUDDERSFIELD LYCEUM
DISTRICT COUNCIL.**

THE ANNUAL DEMONSTRATION of the above Council will be held at Elland, on Saturday, June 24th. The Lyceums, numbering ten, will form in procession at Elland Rooms, at 3-15, and then march to the field at the bottom of the Ainleys, where a massed demonstration of Marching and Calisthenics will be held, to be followed by the Competition for the Council's Prize Banner. Admission, Adults 4d., including Tea. Children under 12 years of age, half-price. After tea, 2d., no half-price. See Posters.

Girls! Help your Mother!

It is, or should be, every girl's desire, even ambition, to be as useful as she can to her mother in household affairs. Real usefulness does not consist in doing only what one is asked, but in anticipating things to be done and relieving mother of the necessity of asking for help. But the most important part of the service is willingness and cheerfulness. A mother would much rather do a thing herself than beg or make some one else do it, or even ask anyone who is not cheerful; but the real daughter should be helpful and try to make her mother wonder what she would do without her assistance.



THE TEMPERANCE PAGE

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



Conducted by HERBERT E. CLARKE.

(Continued from last month.)

THE real Temperance reformer is not waging a fierce and spiteful warfare against the *brewer and publican*, his animosity is directed against the *trade* they are engaged in. We do not wish to witness the ruin of any man who is fighting honestly against misfortune, but we do disprove of the selfish and inhuman acquirement of gain at the expense of our fellow-men.

It is, then, in no spirit of hatred to the more generous of those in the drink trade that we rejoice at the account which they have recently published with such anxious forebodings in the *Brewers' Record*. That report announces an unusually marked fall in the sale and consumption of the lower alcoholic drinks, and beer in particular, during the last six months, and in spite of the improving conditions in all branches of industry, a comparison with the corresponding period of last year, months of great want and depression, gives evidence of a most remarkable falling off.

We must rejoice at this news, because we know well what it implies. English men and women have awakened to the fuller understanding of their responsibilities both to themselves and to the nation. They are beginning to find in that which is bright and cheering to the eye and ear, a substitute for their patronage of the drink-shop, and although the change is not ideal, it marks a great social advance, proceeding with that steadiness and consistency which can only mean permanence.

I read sometimes of the complaints of publicans in districts where trade is plentiful. The trains and excursions, they say, are full; the theatres and places of amusement are crowded to excess, while the public houses are empty. Let me quote Mr. F. F. Blackwell, President of the London Chamber of Commerce. He says: "During the last twenty years there has been a very great improvement in the habits of the people; in every class—whether the working man, the city clerk or the great millionaire—all alike drink very much less than was the case years ago, and one can now go from one end of London to the other without seeing a drunken man."

The spirit of revival is permeating our people, and I trust that Spiritualists will be the last to attempt to minimise the importance and value of spiritual as well as social revivals. Temperance has been stimulated in no inconsiderable degree by the purifying fire which is sweeping Wales, and the good

example of abstinence is at last being set by those in high places whose ideas and habits are so likely to be copied.

It is a little difficult to compute with anything like accuracy the extent to which the decline in alcoholic consumption during the last few years has contributed to a decline in crime and lunacy, but it must be considerable, as casual indications lead us to believe, and I have no doubt that this year's criminal and lunacy lists will, if the present conditions persist, be much below the average.

But there still remains a sore place, rudely opened by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget this year. It is that the income from tobacco has risen by £600,000, which in view of the reduction in prices last year shows a large increase in consumption.

It is indeed high time that something should be done to reduce the tobacco bill, which, like the drink bill, shews a very extravagant expense on luxuries on the part of the poor and middle classes. We do not desire to be despotic in any way, but we do hold to our convictions that tobacco is a useless, seductive and poisonous drug, and does not merit the enormous and apparently growing trade in it.

A strong movement is of course on foot for the suppression of smoking among boys, but the machinery of legislation is so slow and the evasion of law so simple as a common rule, that we need not expect much support from that quarter yet. The matter is one for the serious consideration and co-operation of parents and elders; better and more lasting lessons would be taught by showing boys the folly and danger of the use of tobacco, than any law-making over the heads and understanding of the youthful offenders. I venture to once more plead with any who may read these notes, if they have authority and years to aid in the abolition of this unclean and disastrous habit among the young. I should not like to think that any Lyceumist boy had been seen in the streets with a cigarette between his lips. Boys, refrain from this unmanly practice for your own and the Lyceum's sake!

In strength of arms and supremacy of industry we are constantly endeavouring to rival or excel our neighbours oversea. Should any politician propose a course of action which will lead to disaster, or even sanction its continuance, there is a storm of patriotic and popular condemnation. And yet our legislators are tenderly fostering and encouraging the first enemy

of progress, strong drink, and offering it strength and support taken from the very vital energies of the nation. The Commission on Physical Degeneration declared alcoholism to be the deadliest foe to physical greatness, and the cause of a great deal of the nation's weakness, sickness and death. And this same curse which thwarts our advance in bodily strength and endurance will sap our mental freshness and drag us behind in the race of commerce, art and literature. We are, as it were, voluntarily handicapping ourselves in a race where our previous experience and natural aptitude should serve rather as a good start.

This is what Mr. Felix Schuster, speaking on April 8th last, said concerning this matter:—"There can be no two opinions that the use of alcohol interferes largely with efficiency. A man is decidedly better, and can undoubtedly work better, without alcohol. However small a quantity a man takes in business hours, it *does* to some extent interfere with his work."—*Financial Times*.

The issue is clear, then; it is either that we must retain the old deceiver, suffer bodily pain, intellectual staleness, and loss of national prestige, or turning into a brighter and purer way, grow strong, great, and I venture to say also, good. The choice must be made soon; England shows an inclination to choose well!

The following names gratefully received from Leicester (Silver Street), are held over from last month:—

LEICESTER.

542 Jessie Harris.....	1 2 3 4	550 A. May Barton...	1 2 3 4
543 Alice Russell.....	1 2 3 4	551 Harry Allen	1 2 3 4
544 Gladys Bent	1 2 3 4	552 Hezekiah Wain...	1 2 3 4
545 Harriet Ashby ...	1 2 3 4	553 Lillian Reynolds..	1 2 3 4
546 Emma Barton ...	1 2 3 4	554 Wm. Wheatley...	1 2 3 4
547 Flora G. Scaman	1 2 3 4	555 Pet. Watts.....	1 2 3 4
548 Ethel Draycot ...	1 2 3 4	556 Mr. Jas. Barton.	1 - 3 4
549 Daniel E. Barton	1 2 3 4		

(Cards of Membership will be sent on as early as possible).

PERMANENT SECRETARY FUND.

Mr. P. Greenwood 1/-, Morley Lyceum 10/-, Armley Lyceum 20/-, Mrs. K. T. Robinson 5/-, Johannesburg Lyceum 2/-, Mrs. Law's services at Smethwick 5/-, Miss Hodge 10/-, Mrs. Naylor, collecting book 5/-, Bury Lyceum 3/-, Bethel Spiritual Lyceum, Holbeck 10/-, Mr. Kitson's services at Barrow 5/-, and Preston 5/-, Mr. Griffiths, collecting book 8/-, Mrs. Taylor, collecting book 2/6, Mr. Johnson 10/-, Mr. Spriggs 13/6, Mr. Birkett 2/6, Mr. George 10/-.

To my many friends in the Lyceum movement who have lavished such great sympathy on me in my distress, I want to say how grateful I am for all such expressions. I cannot reply to all the letters which have reached me, except in this way. I trust the Lyceums who sent letters of condolence, and also personal friends, will accept my heartfelt gratitude, and excuse this meagre way of expressing it. Words fail at such times to convey what is felt. I treasure these symbols of love and affection more than I can tell. My two girls join me in thanking you.

JESSY GREENWOOD, Hon. Sec.,
Ash Leigh, Hebden Bridge.

NORTH-EAST LANCASHIRE LYCEUM
DISTRICT COUNCIL.

In connection with the above Council, the second annual marching and calisthenic competition was held on Saturday, May 27th, at Accrington, and proved a great success in every way. The adjudicators were Mr. T. Wilson, of Huddersfield, and Mr. G. E. Baker, of Greetland, D.V. for the Halifax and Huddersfield District Council.

Darwen Lyceum, as usual, were to the front, their splendid performance gaining for them the first prize, an enlarged and mounted photograph of that sterling worker, Mr. Hanson Hey, of Halifax.

Blackburn, St. Peter Street, secured the second prize an enlarged and mounted photograph of another worker in the children's cause, Mr. Alfred Kitson.

Rawtenstall gained the third prize, a photograph of the late Mr. James Swindlehurst, of Preston.

Councillor J. T. Ward distributed the prizes to the fortunate recipients in a most felicitous manner, and the thanks of the Council are earnestly tendered him for his services so gracefully rendered.

Subjoined is report of the adjudicators:—

No. 1—	Marching	Calisthenics	Total
Darwen	83	86	169
2—Blackburn, Northgate	76	75	151
3—Accrington, China-st.	73	72	145
4—Rawtenstall	72	83	155
5—Blackburn, St. Peter-st.	81	84	165

Signed—T. WILSON,
G. E. BAKER, } Adjudicators,

The quarterly meeting of the above Council will take place at Accrington, China-st., on Saturday, June 17th, to commence at 3 o'clock prompt.

Business:—Balance Sheet *re* competition; Visitors' reports; Delegate's report *re* Conference at York, etc.

Associates will be specially welcomed. Tea will be served after business, after which a convivial evening will be spent.

On Sunday, June 18th, in the same rooms, Special Propaganda Services will be held, under the auspices of the E. C. of the above Council. Speakers: President, Mr. T. E. Hollinshead and Messrs. Latham, Edwards, Moorey and Stott.

Accrington friends rally round us please.

W. S. Stott, Hon. Sec.,
384, Leeds Road, Nelson.

CROMPTON.—We are sorry to have to report the loss of our Conductor, Miss F. Horley, of Armley. As a recognition of the good work she has done while with us, the Lyceumists had their photographs taken and framed, and Mr. R. Prince, of Milnrow, presented them to her on May 20th, when the delegates of Rochdale District were present. W. Jagger has been elected Conductor in Miss Horley's place. Our Lyceum is doing well, and we are hoping to be able to go to the Demonstration next year. All are welcome.

W. JAGGER, Hon. Sec.

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 Union, May, 1891.

Transferred to the above Union, May, 1902.

THE LYCEUM BANNER:

ALFRED KITSON, Editor.

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Office--Bromley Road, Hanging Heaton, near
 Dewsbury.

JUNE, 1905.

Lyceum Notes and Comments.

The name of the little girl who answered so readily at the united session, Bradford, on the occasion of the Executive Council's visit is Miss Clara Bown, who belongs to the Westgate Hall Lyceum. We have sent Miss Bown a copy of the *Lyceum Manual*, suitably inscribed, as per promise. We trust it will act as an incentive to her companions to do likewise.

A number of the Lyceum reports appearing this month were sent for our last issue, but were crowded out, as were many articles of deep interest.

Some incidents in the early life of A. J. Davis appearing in this issue will be read with deep interest.

Mr. Herbert E. Clarke makes his appearance this month in a new role. His articles on the Temperance questions have been well spoken of and we anticipate a similar reception of his story "The Night of his Fame."

"The Beautiful White City," from the pen of Madam Paula Corona, will be read with delight by all. We can imagine 'tears of sympathy' being dropped for the bereaved mother. We have other stories in hand from the same facile pen, which will delight both young and old.

The 'bit of history' concerning 'Uncle Harry,' (Mr. H. A. Kersey), will be treasured by all as showing his devotion to the Lyceum cause in its early days. Much more remains to be told about the early struggles, when the history of the Lyceum movement comes to be written.

The Lyceum badge is having a rapid sale, over one gross were sold at the Conference. They were conspicuous all over the ancient city. Wherever a delegate was met, whether male or female, there was the Badge, clearly showing they were "one of us." This will soon become general over this 'tight little island' of ours.

The members of the Keighley Lyceum Cricket Club have adopted the Lyceum Badge. No doubt other clubs will speedily follow their example.

We learn with pleasure that the Conference at York is already having a marked effect on the inhabitants, who seemed to be unable to realize there was such a progressive spirit abroad in the land as the one holding its Conference within their walls.

The Yorkshire Herald of the following Monday, gave a fair report of the Sunday evening's meeting.

The Two Worlds, Manchester, sent a special reporter, and gave two and a half pages of proceedings.

We are sorry to lose the faithful services of two members of the Executive, namely, Mr. S. S. Chiswell, and Mrs. M. Law, we may expect the latter with us again shortly, as the representative of a Lyceum at Coventry. We also hope that time, the great healer, will work a similar change for Bro. Chiswell, and his colleagues may have the pleasure of a happy re-union.

We deeply regret to learn of the passing on of Mr. Alonzo Danforth, of America, who has been connected with the Lyceum cause for 38 years. His 'lesson cards' for Lyceums used to appear in the *LYCEUM BANNER*. The cause in America has lost a splendid worker, a zealous teacher, and an ardent champion of the C.P.L.

Manchester Lyceums have formed a District Council. The following have been elected its first officers:—President, Mr. Kay; Treasurer, Mr. Roughsedge; District Visitor, Mrs. Annie E. Bentley, and Secretary, Mr. J. C. Chappell, 2a, Clopton Street, City Road, Hulme. There is a fine field of labour before them, and we wish their efforts every success.

GOOD ADVICE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, writing to a friend who had obtained a situation, gave this excellent advice:

You must be aware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you, from not having your time fully employed. I mean what the women very expressively call *dawdling*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily, and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray, mind this: this is a habit of mind which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, and is left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well, to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologise for it, but expect to hear you are become as regular as a Dutch clock—hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated.—*Lockhart's "Life of Scott."*

THE BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.

THE sixteenth Annual Conference of the above was held at the Victoria Hall, St. Andrewgate, York, on the 13th and 14th of May, 1905.

The President, Mr. Wm. Johnson, Hyde, was supported by Mrs. Jessie Greenwood, Mrs. Law, Mr. A. E. Sutcliffe, treasurer; Mr. A. Kitson, secretary; Coun. cillor J. Venables, Messrs. S. S. Chiswell and R. Latham. After the opening exercises, the President appointed as tellers, Mr. J. J. Parr (Bootle) and Mr. J. Knight (Bolton); and Mr. J. E. Barnes (Bury) as messenger. It was resolved to adjourn at 9 p.m.

Mr. J. Baldwin, York, in extending a cordial greeting to the conference, said that an opportunity would be given to those staying till Monday of inspecting Messrs. Rowntree's chocolate works.

The minutes of the previous conference were read, and their adoption was moved by Mr. J. Clarke (Nottingham), seconded by Mr. Musgrove (Blackpool), and were duly carried after some clerical errors had been corrected.

In order to avoid the possibility of errors relating to the transactions of the present conference, the President ruled that all motions and amendments must be submitted to the chair in writing and signed by the mover.

In answer to a question why the nominations had not been published in the April BANNER, the Secretary replied that the constitution allowed notices of motions to be sent in up to 28 days of the conference assembling, or the 13th of April. And, therefore, he could not publish a full agenda in the April BANNER.

Letters were read from Mr. J. J. Morse and Dr. A. J. Davis, both of Boston, U.S.A., expressing good wishes and greetings to the conference.

Resolved—That replies be sent heartily reciprocating the sentiments expressed.

Mr. J. J. Ashworth, Nottingham, deeply regretted inability to be present on account of sickness.

The Credential Committee reported that there were present 4 officers, 5 members of the E.C., 2 auditors, 11 Union D.V.'s, 3 District Council D.V.'s, and 87 delegates, total 112. It was resolved that the secretary's general report, the LYCEUM BANNER Report, and the treasurer's report be taken as read.

Mr. Frank Chiswell read the auditor's report, which was received with applause.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President, Executive Council and Delegates of the B.S.L.U., in session assembled at York, May 13th and 14th, 1905:—In presenting our report for the year ended 31st December, 1904, we have pleasure in stating that we have carefully examined the books and vouchers of the B.S.L.U. and certify that they contain a correct record of the financial affairs, as appear in the printed statement of accounts before you.

The General Fund shows a loss on the year's working of 9s. 9½d., but in our opinion this is superior to the 1903 account; the contributions from Lyceums have increased £5 4s., denoting the growth of the

Lyceum movement, which reflects great credit on the Executive Council and the District Visitors. The collections at the propaganda meetings have not been so good as in 1903, and the E.C. have evidently done their utmost to keep expenses down, as a comparison shows that if the local expenses at Rochdale and Barrow are deducted there is very little difference in actual railway fares for E.C. and conference meetings, notwithstanding the greater distances travelled. The expenses of the District Visitors have increased £5 2s. 8½d., and the best result of their labours is shown by the increase of contributions and numerical strength of Lyceums.

The Permanent Secretary Fund shows an increase of £3 9s. 6d., and reflects great credit on the Secretary, Mrs. Greenwood, and the best thanks of the conference are due to her for her indefatigable efforts. We only hope that the delegates present to-day will realise the greater responsibility resting upon them, and the importance of still further increasing this fund, thereby retaining the permanent services of Mr. Alfred Kitson, whose labours require no eulogy, they speak for themselves.

The Publishing Department is more than fulfilling the prediction we made two years ago, and shows an increase over 1903 of £107 15s. 6d., which with a diminution of stock of £37 16s. 1d., gives a net profit of £69 19s. 5d. We would remind you that the E.C. will need to arrange this year for the issue of new editions of the LYCEUM MANUAL and SPIRITUAL SONGSTER, and it is imperative that this cash balance, which will be considerably reduced by the large outlay, should be preserved in order that the Lyceum movement may reap the advantage consequent on the E.C. being enabled to still further increase the scope of this department, by placing before them other publications which will become necessary with the inevitable growth of the Union's operations.

The LYCEUM BANNER bids fair to proportionately rival the Publishing Department for prosperity. The work of this department is enormous, as we can testify from the amount of time required to thoroughly audit the accounts, and when the fact is realised that Mr. Kitson has also to discharge the duties of editor and manager, in addition to the detail which the multifarious entries require, we can heartily congratulate him on the great success and efficiency which he has attained in the management of the Union's official organ.

The Lyceum Home Fund has been added to by bank interest, and will form the basis of a future scheme that will require careful thought before being proceeded with.

The assets stand at £915 2s. 7½d., compared with £828 18s. 7¼d. at the end of 1903, and the liabilities nil, thus showing a net profit for the year of £86 4s. 0½d. This satisfactory state of affairs is undoubtedly due to the efforts of the E.C. and the officers who have worked hard and well for the B.S.L.U., and they must feel proud of being the means (by their uphill struggle and the co-operation of the Lyceum workers generally) of placing the Union in such a strong financial position.

We have again to testify to the careful and precise manner in which the books have been kept, and thank Mr. Alfred Kitson, secretary, Mr. A. E. Sutcliffe, treasurer, and Mrs. Greenwood, secretary of the P.S.F., who have at all times treated us with courtesy and kindness, and satisfactorily explained anything we were not sure of. We also thank the members of the Executive Council for their kind co-operation with us in helping to secure greater efficiency in the conduct of the business of the Union.

We thank you for your continued confidence, and assure you that although the work of the audit is long and arduous, we have always cheerfully done our utmost to advance the welfare of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union.

FRANK CHISWELL, }
J. J. BENNETT, } Auditors.

It was resolved on the motion of Mr. Parr, seconded by Mr. E. J. Barnes, that in future the auditors' report be printed in the LYCEUM BANNER, May issue, instead of being read at the conference.

Mr. J. J. Bennett, on behalf of Mrs. Greenwood, read the annual report of the P.S.F., which was unanimously adopted.

REPORT OF THE PERMANENT SECRETARY FUND OF THE B.S.L.U.

In presenting to you my report for the year 1904, I am pleased to be able to state that a fair response has resulted to the many appeals made, which shows that the importance of this fund is gradually impressing itself upon the Lyceum workers, and its sympathisers throughout the country,—though I regret to have to state that the Lyceums, as a whole, do not yet sufficiently recognise the duty they owe to this fund, but I am hopeful that the future may see an improvement in this direction.

It is an easy thing for delegates to vote at Conference meetings for the carrying out of certain projects, but the delegates should realise that their obligations do not end with the casting of their votes, but their duty is to see that the Lyceums in whose interests they vote, carry out their share of the financial responsibilities thereby entailed. I do not wish to discourage those who have done their share in this matter, but desire to present this view to you with the object of still further increasing your interest therein. During the past year 45 Lyceums, out of a roll call of 136 (or rather less than one-third) have responded to the appeals made, and the amount realised thereby is £27 13s. 2d. During the year, private subscribers have contributed the splendid sum of £43 12s. 9d., so that with the generous assistance of these wellwishers of the children's movement we have a grand total for the year of £71 5s. 2d. This shows an appreciable increase on the previous year's results, but I would remind you that the liabilities of this fund are now considerably increased, and I therefore earnestly appeal to you to continue and extend your support to this fund in order that it may be able to discharge its obligations.

The collecting books have realised the sum of £3 10s. 6d., and the few friends who have interested

themselves in this way merit your praise. Services rendered by Mrs. Law have realised £2 12s. 3d., by Mr. Alfred Kitson £5 12s. 6d., and by Mrs. Greenwood £1 10s., and these amounts, together with that from the collecting books, are included in the total received from private subscribers. I desire to acknowledge on behalf of the Union the assistance rendered by Mr. White, of Belper, Mrs. Clarke, of Nottingham, and Mr. Bennett, of Walsall, who have worked well in the capacity of helpers, and also to Mrs. K. T. Robinson and Mrs. L. A. Griffin, and other good friends for their generous contributions of books, etc., our thanks are offered. I would also acknowledge the kind contribution by Mr. Wadsworth, of Keighley, who generously drafted and printed (with the approval and authority of the E.C.) the appeals to private subscribers, and also to the editors of the spiritual press for the free use of the columns of their papers for bringing this fund before the notice of the movement generally.

In conclusion I thank you most heartily for your confidence and support, and sincerely trust that you will during the present year put forth renewed efforts, so that the amount realised may reach the total suggested by me when I took charge of this fund, viz., £100.

Yours fraternally,

JESSY GREENWOOD, Hon. Sec., P.S.F.

The report of the sub-committee on suitable books was read by Mr. A. Kitson, and adopted.

SUB-COMMITTEE'S REPORT ON SUITABLE BOOKS.

To the President and Members of the Executive Council:—We desire to report to you the result of our examination of the extensive list of catalogues submitted to us, from which to select suitable books for lessons, prizes and personal study.

We met on July 25th, 1904, and carefully examined the catalogues seriatim.

We then submitted the whole, with our selections duly marked, to Mr. John Albert Green, Librarian to the Moss Side Public Library, Manchester, soliciting his wide and extensive knowledge of books in helping us in our task by going over our lists and deleting what he thought unsuitable and adding others he might think worthy a place in our list. This he very kindly and readily consented to do. The result is as follows:—

George Newnes & Co.'s catalogue, 40 books published at 1s. each; Blackie & Sons' catalogue, 16 books, ranging from 3d. to 7s. 6d. each; the Sunday School Association books for young people, 197 books, ranging from 1s. to 3s. 6d.; Kegan Paul, 1st catalogue, 8 books, ranging from 10d. to 15s.; ditto, 2nd catalogue, 32 books, ranging from 2s. 6d. to 25s.; Blackwood & Sons' catalogue, 23 books, ranging from 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.; Chatto & Windus' catalogue, 71 books, ranging from 1s. 6d. to 6s.; Cassell's catalogue, 105 books, ranging from 1s. to 10s. 6d.; Open Court Publishing Co.'s catalogue, 15 books, ranging from 6d. to 4s. 6d.; total number of suitable books, 549.

We may also add that Mr. Green kindly enclosed one of their library's catalogues of books for young

folks, containing a further list of 951 suitable books, thus making a grand total of 1,500.

We feel sure that the scope of the task was not grasped by the conference when it decided to enter into this important branch. It is a subject that grows at a rapid rate, and will require a large capital and extensive storage room to stock them ready for supply.

Then, again, ought not our own movement's publications to be added to this list, such as A. J. Davis, Hudson Tuttle's, J. M. Peebles, Wm. Denton's, Lizzie Doten's, Moses Hull's, and a host of others?

These are some of the ideas that strike us, and we throw them out to you for what they are worth. If they, or our modest labours are acceptable and will help to meet the demand we shall feel that our humble efforts have not been time and labour spent in vain.

We beg to remain,
 MRS. JESSY GREENWOOD, } The Sub-
 ALFRED KITSON, } Committee.

The following suggestions were offered by the conference:—Essexhall Publications, "Primer to Literature," by Stopford Brook; an **E**lementary to the **L**YCEUM **M**ANUAL was suggested by Mr Harrison, Burnley. It was ultimately resolved, on the motion of Mr. Burchell, Bradford, "That the committee continue with the work of selection, and that they print a list of suitable books soon."

The publication of a new edition of the **L**YCEUM **M**ANUAL was discussed at some length. Mr. Stott, of Nelson, asked if the **M**ANUAL was the actual property of the Union, and whether they had a free hand in the revision of it? Mr. H. A. Kersey, as controlling trustee, briefly replied, and offered to meet the **E.C.** in any reasonable manner.

The conference then adjourned till Sunday morning.

SUNDAY MORNING.

After the opening exercises, Miss Daisy Stead, aged 11 years, welcomed the conference to York in the following lines:—

WELCOME.

Welcome to this ancient city,
 With its churches great and small;
 On its charms we hope you'll linger
 Ere you bid adieu to all.

May your hearts be knit together,
 And your thoughts be pure for all;
 Then your duty to the children
 Will be blessed by young and old.

The President replied in suitable terms.

The President then referred in feeling terms to the passing on of Mr. Alfred Smedley and Mr. Wm. Greenwood, and moved that letters of condolence be sent to Mrs. Smedley and Mrs. Greenwood.

Mr. S. S. Chiswell seconded, which was supported by Councillor J. Venables (Walsall), T. H. Wright (Sowerby Bridge), J. J. Parr (Bootle), and Mr. Harrison (Burnley), and carried unanimously by a standing vote.

The President then delivered his address, in the course of which he congratulated the Union upon its

numerical and financial strength. He also referred in eulogistic terms to the work of Mrs. Jessy Greenwood in connection with the Permanent Secretary Fund, and Mr. Herbert E. Clarke's excellent articles in the Temperance Page of the **L**YCEUM **B**ANNER. He had visited 32 Lyceums during his term of office. He urged upon the conference the necessity of conducting its deliberations without personal feeling.

The report on the trustees was given to the conference verbally by the President, who stated that certain legal obstacles had made it impossible for any definite action to be taken, and suggested that the matter be left in the hands of the **E.C.**

The previous question was moved and unanimously carried.

On a vote of instruction to the chair, it was decided, with 15 dissentients, that the **E.C.** be increased.

Mr. J. J. Parr moved, and Mr. R. A. Owen seconded (both of Bootle), on behalf of Bootle Lyceum, a resolution to amend Article III. of the Constitution, last paragraph: "And an Executive Council consisting of ten members to be elected as hereinafter provided," and further, to amend Article X., last paragraph: "Five members of the Executive Council shall retire annually."

Mr. H. Holgate, of Darwen, moved, and Mr. R. Latham seconded, as an amendment, on behalf of the Darwen Lyceum, "That the Executive of this Union shall be president, vice-president, treasurer, and an executive council consisting of eight members, to be elected as hereinafter provided"; "That all accredited members to each conference be eligible to the aforesaid offices"; "Article X.—That the officers of the Union (except the secretary) shall retire annually. Four members of the Executive to retire annually, but all are eligible for re-election, by ballot, at the annual conference."

Eighty-two voted for the amendment, and 14 for the proposition.

It was resolved that the first paragraph of this motion come into immediate operation.

Mr. T. H. Wright (Sowerby Bridge) moved, seconded by Mr. Stott (Nelson), "That the officers and members of the B.S.L.U. make not less than 12 attendances at some Lyceum in every twelve months."

Mr. Barnes (Bury) moved, seconded by Mr. Griffiths (Barrow), the following amendment: "That all officers of this Union be expected to attend not less than twenty Lyceum sessions during the year."

On being put to the vote, 27 voted for the amendment and 50 for the proposition. The latter was declared carried.

The Credential Committee reported that there were present 4 officers, 5 members of the **E.C.**, 2 auditors, 10 Union D.V.'s, 3 District Council D.V.'s, and 88 delegates, total 112.

In the absence of a representative from Bolton (Bradford Street) Lyceum, Mr. J. Knight (Bolton, Wood Street) asked permission to take up the notice of motion sent by Bradford Street Lyceum. The conference voted against such a proceeding being allowed.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Professor T. Vane (Blackpool) moved, and Mr. R. Latham seconded, the following resolution affecting the constitution for Lyceums: "That the voting powers of Lyceumists be 14 years of age and upwards on all matters." After a number of delegates had spoken to the motion it was put to the vote and lost by a large majority.

The following notice of motion for the next conference was given by the delegate from York St. Saviourgate Lyceum: "That one delegate only be sent from each Lyceum, but that they have one vote for every fifty members or part of fifty, as at present, but that each delegate be supplied with a ticket numbered 1, 2, or 3, according to the numerical strength of their Lyceum."

It was resolved to hold the conference of 1906 at Keighley.

Mr. S. S. Chiswell asked for the ruling of the Chair as to his eligibility for election as a member of the E.C. He stated that he was not a member of a Lyceum or Spiritualist Society and declined to give any promise that he would make any attendance at Lyceums.

The President ruled, "That Mr. Chiswell must be an accredited member of the conference, and that to be such he must be a member of a local Lyceum. As he admitted that he was not a member of a Lyceum he regretted exceedingly that his nomination could not stand."

The election of officers was as follows:—For president, Mr. H. A. Kersey 60, Mr. T. Wilson 50; vice-president, Mr. Wm. Johnson; treasurer, Mr. T. H. Wright 14, Councillor John Venables 47, Mr. R. Latham 45. A second ballot was taken on the two highest, with the following result: Councillor J. Venables 62, Mr. R. Latham 47. A vote for length of service on the E.C. was taken (there being six nominations for six vacancies, two of them for one year only), and resulted as follows: Mrs. Jessie Greenwood 98, Mr. George Howarth 78, Mr. Albert Wilkinson 67, Mr. J. Colbeck 64, Mrs. Annie E. Bentley 62, Mrs. J. H. Jackson 36. The lowest two serve for one year.

Mr. John J. Bennett was re-elected auditor without opposition. Mr. R. Latham and Mrs. M. Law were elected delegates to represent the B.S.L.U. at the annual conference of the Spiritualists National Union. Mrs. Jessie Greenwood was unanimously elected secretary to the Permanent Secretary Fund.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the retiring officers, which was suitably responded to by Mr. S. S. Chiswell and Mrs. M. Law.

A special vote of thanks was passed to the retiring treasurer, Mr. Albert E. Sutcliffe.

Mrs. Greenwood proposed, and Mr. Chiswell seconded: "That a message of encouragement be sent to Mr. Ring, of Texas, editor and publisher of the only Lyceum paper in the United States of America," which was carried unanimously.

Mr. W. Phillips, of the *Two Worlds*, conveyed the greeting of Dr. J. M. Peebles to the conference, and it was resolved to respond most heartily to the same.

Resolved unanimously—"That the best thanks of this conference be accorded to the local Lyceums and Societies for their kind entertainment of the officials and delegates."

Resolved—"That the best thanks of the conference be accorded to the Spiritual Press for their assistance during the past year."

AN ELEPHANT'S SAGACITY.

I READ a pretty story the other day of an elephant which carried the Royal Standard in one of the battles of India.

At the beginning of the battle the driver of this elephant told him that he must *stand*. He did so. A little later the driver fell to the ground mortally wounded, but the elephant, accustomed to obey implicitly, stood firmly there and the fight raged fast and furious round him and the banner he carried. Still he stood without moving a foot, and the host to which he belonged was driven back. But when they saw the standard still floating, they rallied again to the spot. Again and again this was done, till at last the elephant's firmness actually gained the battle.

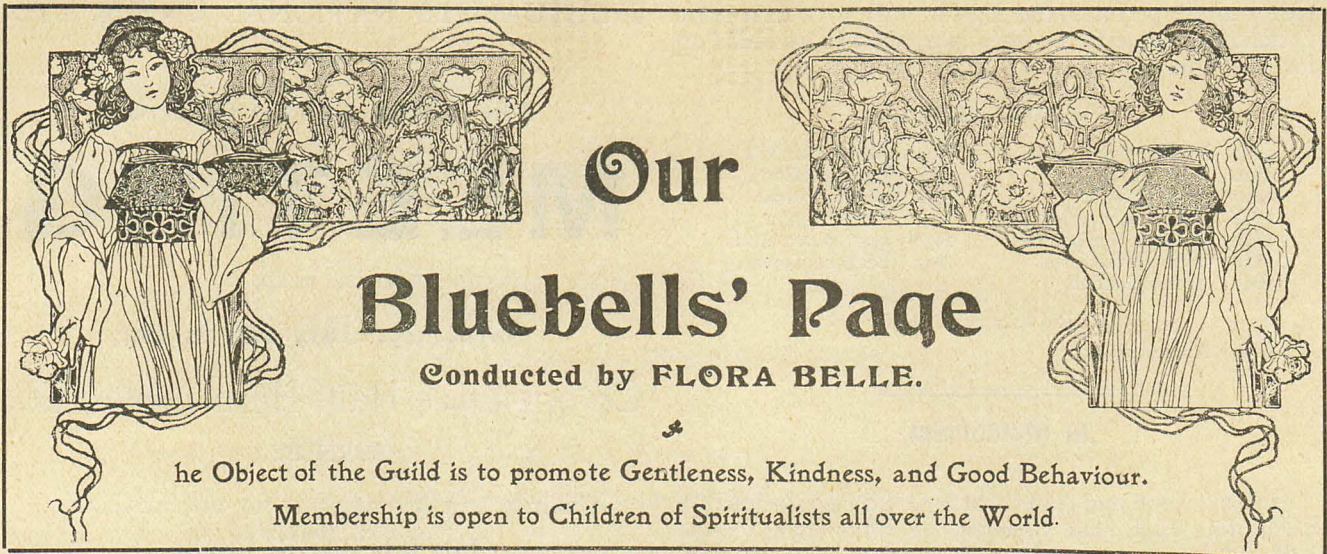
When the fighting was over and all was quiet, men came and tried to lead the elephant away, but he did not recognise their voices, nor their right to command, and neither coaxing nor threatening could move him. For three days and three nights he stood there—just because his master had said to him "Stand."

At last the men around remembered that the driver had a son, and though he lived a hundred miles away, they sent with all haste for him. When the boy came and spoke to the elephant, the noble creature recognised the voice and knew that at times his master had given his authority to his son. So when the boy told him to move he obeyed and went quietly away.

What a wonderful example of exact obedience! Boys and girls may learn a lesson from the sagacity of this animal.

SOME TIME.

We are going to do a kindly deed,
Some time, perhaps, but when?
Our sympathy given in a time of need,
Some time, perhaps, but when?
We will do so much in the coming years;
We will banish the heartaches and doubts and fears,
And we'll comfort the lonely and dry their tears,
Some time, perhaps, but when?
We will give a smile to a saddened heart,
Some time, perhaps, but when?
Of the heavy burdens we'll share a part,
Some time, perhaps, but when?
Some time we're going to right the wrong;
Some time the weak we will help make strong;
Some time we'll come with Love's old, sweet song,
Some time, perhaps, but when?



MY DEAR BLUEBELLS,

Owing to the pressure of Conference items in our last BANNER, I have not had a talk with you since the Easter holidays, and I have not been able to ask you how you spent your holidays.

We had a delightful time. Bob had been spending his holidays with us, and though the weather was rather cold, we practically lived out of doors.

One day, which was exceedingly fine, we started off by nine o'clock on our cycles, and went along at a smart pace (not scorching, of course) until we reached the country. Oh! it was splendid. I never saw a prettier sight in the whole of my life. To hear the birds singing, to see the hedges and trees just budding, was beyond description. Ted said it made him feel as if he would like to go on for ever. We knew, of course, that that was impossible. It makes one feel glad that one is alive.

After two or three rests we stopped for dinner at a farm-house, and we spent about an hour visiting the cattle and poultry, and talking to the farmer and his wife. I do wish you had all been with me, but as that is impossible, I thought you would like to hear about it.

After dinner, when we mounted our machines again, we rode very slowly, taking in all the beauty which surrounded us. Some cyclists passed us and they had a splendid collie dog with them, which seemed to be enjoying itself as much as they were. Just as they had gone by, Ted and I both exclaimed, "I wish we had brought Bob!" "Well, so you did," said Bob." "Oh, but we mean the dog," I replied. "What a pity we didn't think of it, but next time we go for a long ride we will." About half-past three Ted had a puncture, nothing very serious, but still it delayed us about half-an-hour.

There was nothing else happened which would interest you. The ride, you see, was planned in such a way that we rode in a large circle and arrived back home without going over the same road twice.

Ted has just been in to say that Bob (the dog of

course) is very ill. When he told me I went at once to see him, and found him lying partly outside his kennel with his tongue out. We brought him into the house, and just then father came in. "Go and bring a vet, Ted," he said. I knew he meant a veterinary surgeon. Off Ted went like a shot. He soon returned with the surgeon, who examined our poor little friend, and shook his head and said "I can do nothing for him, he has been poisoned." "Oh, who can have done such a cruel thing," I cried. "Perhaps nobody, miss," said the man, "it may be something he has eaten in the streets." Just while we were talking poor Bob breathed his last. The vet. asked if he should send some one for him, and as we had nowhere to bury him, we consented.

After a little while I remembered my half finished letter, and when I sat down again I had forgotten what I was going to say, so I decided to tell you all about poor Bob. I know you will all feel very sorry for me, especially those who have lost a pet. I can't write any more now, but I will let you read a very nice letter I got from Harriet Edwards of the Horwich Lyceum.

Dear Flora Belle,—I am pleased at having an opportunity of writing to you at last. I attend the Horwich Lyceum every Sunday morning. We have quite a lot of scholars now, and I am afraid if the number increases much more we shall need a larger room for them. Most of the scholars have joined your Bluebell Guild, and they were quite delighted when they saw their names in the BANNER last month. The enclosed is an article I wrote this week. I hope you think it is worth publishing, the Conductor of our Lyceum read it this morning and he advised me to send it to you.—I remain, yours sincerely, HARRIET EDWARDS, aged 16 years.

Your essay, Harriet, is very good, and I will publish it next month, as I have no room for it this time.

I am awfully sorry there was no Bluebell Page last month, but when it is Conference, that and its business must stand first, as it is always very important.

Never mind, perhaps the Editor will give us a little extra space some time when we want it to make up for it.—Your loving sister, FLORA BELLE.

PRESTON LYCEUM.

1825 Dolly Stephenson	1832 George Sandall
1826 Leah Hood	1833 James Pullan
1827 Alice Dawkins	1834 Bertha Pullan
1828 Lena Fazackerley	1835 Annie Pullan
1829 William Stephenson	1836 Martha Haydock
1830 Robert Wilkinson	1837 Beatrice Town
1831 Arthur Sandall	

HORWICH LYCEUM.

1838 Annie Glover

In Memoriam.

It is with profound regret that I record the passing on of our dear sister, Miss Greenall, of Edinburgh, on the 15th of May, aged 28 years. The burial service was conducted by Mr. J. Armitage, of Dewsbury, and was attended by about 150 persons, who listened attentively to the consoling words which Spiritualism has to offer to all mourners.—Mr. A. DAVIS, Lancaster.

We deeply regret the loss of our worthy and esteemed conductor, Miss Greenall, who passed to the higher life on the 15th of May, at Lancaster, where she was staying on holiday. A beautiful wreath was sent from the children of the Lyceum, with suitable inscription and verse. On Sunday, the 20th May, an "In memoriam" service was ably carried through by our assistant conductor, Mr. Neilson. The platform was decorated with flowers, as also was her vacant chair. Several clairvoyants saw her at the service, which enables us to realise that through a material loss we have a spiritual gain. She has left behind her a monument ever sacred to her name, viz., the Edinburgh Lyceum. The flowers were afterwards taken to the Sick Children's Hospital, along with back numbers of the LYCEUM BANNER, and 10s., the proceeds of a special collection. Miss Greenall's father passed on on the 20th of May, and leaves behind him a son. Brother and sister Lyceumists, extend your sympathy to him.

W. H. ELDER, Sec., Edinburgh Lyceum.

IVY ROOMS LYCEUM

WILL HOLD THEIR ANNUAL

Meat Tea and Entertainment

On SATURDAY, JUNE 24th.

Prices 8d., 6d. and 4d. Entertainment 2d. and 1d.

On SUNDAY, JUNE 25th, ANNIVERSARY SERVICES. Two Open Sessions and Grand Mass Meeting. Speaker, Mr. Alfred Kitson.

SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL UNION, LTD.

The Third Annual General
MEETING

WILL BE HELD ON

Saturday, July 1st, in the
Co-operative Hall, Hammerton St.,
BURNLEY.

Chair to be taken at 5 p.m. by the President,

Mr. J. J. PARR, Bootle.

The Consultative Conference

WILL BE HELD

On SUNDAY, JULY 2nd.

SESSIONS 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

At the Morning Session a paper will be read by **Mr. E. W. WALLIS** (London), on "**Mediumship.**"

Afternoon: **W. E. LONG, Esq.** (London). Subject: "**Our Devotional Attitude: is it all to be desired.**"

Discussion follows each paper.

Tea will be provided on Saturday from 4 o'clock.

Dinner on Sunday at 12-30. Tea at 4-30 p.m. Teas 6d. each.

Dinner 1/- each.

Sunday Evening at Six p.m. a

MASS MEETING

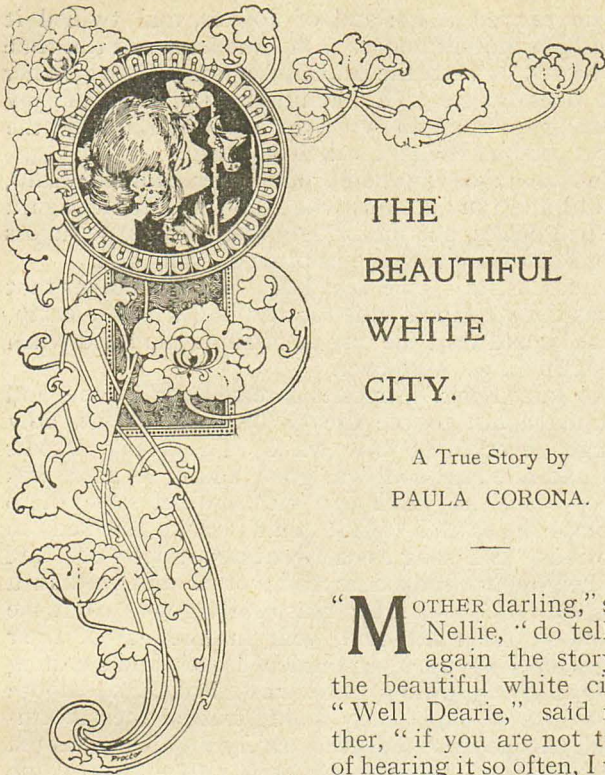
WILL BE HELD IN THE

CO-OPERATIVE HALL,

to be addressed by prominent workers in the cause.

Collections at all meetings.

Reserved Seat Tickets 1/0 each, admitting to all three meetings.



THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE CITY.

A True Story by
PAULA CORONA.

"MOTHER darling," said Nellie, "do tell us again the story of the beautiful white city." "Well Dearie," said mother, "if you are not tired of hearing it so often, I will

tell it to you again, so come and sit by my knee," and she cuddled Bennie closer in her arms, whilst a far-away look came into her dear patient eyes.

"Far away, darling, past the land of sleep, there is a beautiful white city. The sun never sets there, for it is always day. No gloom, nor sorrow can enter its gates, for all is eternal peace and joy. Flowers bloom there—such flowers as earth never knew; flowers that fill the air with a sweet perfume. There are children there, dearie,—happy, contented children, who sing and are happy all the day long. There are loving angels to take care of them and watch over the little ones. These dear sweet angels teach the children their lessons, but the teaching is all done in love, and the little ones love to learn. There is no toiling for money there, and no partings or heartbreaks," went on mother, with a suspicion of tears in her voice, for she faltered a little. "but everybody is happy."

"Is father there, do you think mother?" asked Nellie. "I mean does he live there now instead of with us?"

"Yes darling," said she, "God took father away from us to live in the beautiful white city, which he himself made for those who served him faithfully, young or old."

"I wish we might all go there together" said Nellie wistfully, "I am sure father would like it better than being there without us by himself. I'll ask him to-night mother, when he comes after you go downstairs, if he will ask God to let us come too."

"What do you mean darling?" asked mother, somewhat mystified. "Father is away in the beautiful city and can't come to you. We shall go some day to him in God's good time, but he can't come to us."

"But he does come, mother dear. I see him often at night when you go downstairs, and he tells me he is still taking care of us, so he *must* come to us. And

he strokes my hair just like he used to do, and kisses me and Bennie too, before he goes."

"Darling, it is only a dream—but dream on little one" she added, "the time will come only too soon when stern reality will sweep all such air castles away." And the mother heaved a sigh as she thought of the husband and father slumbering in the restless sea, and looked at her little ones, the only comforters left. "And dearie, you remember the other part of the story? All round this glorious happy city, there roars a torrent of water deep and wide, so deep that no one can ever cross it except in the angels arms; so dark and gloomy that the stoutest heart fears to cross it." "Good-night, my precious ones" said the mother later, as she tucked her darlings into bed. "Go to sleep and dream your beautiful dreams again."

"God!" she prayed, "Thou hast taken my heart's dearest, leave me these to comfort and bless, or indeed I shall be desolate. Help me to say "Thy will be done" and to bow meekly to Thy stroke, although my heart seems nigh breaking."

"Mother," said Nellie, the next morning, "I did see father last night, and he told me that very soon Bennie and I would go to the beautiful city to stay there with him, and you would come after."

The mother's heart almost stopped beating for the time, as she gazed startled into the face of the child. But again she thought 'twas only a dream, a fancy, and as she kissed the dear face uplifted to her own she answered "Yes darling, we'll all go some day." She gazed round at Bennie, who was seated on the rug contentedly sucking his thumb, and cooing to himself in little gurgles, and again at her little girl so winsome and sweet and pure, and the words again came, but this time more assuredly. "Of course, we'll all go some day," little thinking of the dark days in store for her. But when a few weeks later a pestilent fever scourged through the town, the words of the child came again to her recollection.

Amongst the first of the stricken ones were the children attending the school where Nellie went, and soon, very soon, dear little Nellie fell a victim. Her distracted mother nursed her zealously night and day, and soon was her sorrow doubled, for Bennie fell ill too of the same fever.

"God! God!" she cried wildly, "spare them, in mercy spare them. Thou hast so many, Ah! pass mine by. Angel of pity, plead for me, they are my all."

One night as she was watching with heavy eyes and heavier heart, the bonny blue eyes opened, and once more gazed with love into her own. The weak voice of her little girl—so piteously weak, spoke in answer to her unspoken desire.

"Mother," it said slowly, "I am so tired, and father is going to carry me over the river into the white city—he is coming soon for me, and then for Bennie."

"Oh, my darling one," sobbed the heart-broken mother, "stay with mother just a bit longer; I cannot spare you, my treasure," she sobbed.

"Oh, don't cry," said the weak voice; "I am so very tired, mother, and father says you will come too in a while." And the weary eyes closed. Soon they opened again, and a smile spread over the thin little face. "Father," she said, "oh, dear father, have you come? I am ready now; mother knows what you

said." And with her eager arms uplifted, the mother's comforter passed over into the city of eternal day.

The stricken mother fell prostrate on the bed, and heavy tearless sobs racked her body. But the living Bennie claimed her attention, and she raised herself and passed across the room where he lay. He was lying in a stupor, with his dear little face so pale and wan. The little hands that never could keep still when in health, were now quiet—too quiet.

"God in heaven, spare me just this one," prayed the mother. "Only one left; stay thine hand, Lord, in mercy; leave me one to rest on my starved heart."

But ere the evening faded into morning little Bennie too had gone in his father's arms, to dwell in the beautiful white city.

Who could bear to recall the dark after days that followed?

The bereaved mother went about as in a dream. Her white, wild face haunted all who saw it, but there were too many households with empty places for her case to be much noticed.

One night she had gone to her lonely bed, where she spent many sleepless nights. This night she saw a small object under a chair in the corner of the room. She stooped to pick it up, and found it was a little slate—one of Nellie's. As she clutched it to her aching heart, something seemed to snap—something that had frozen up her brain since her little ones were taken. Tears poured down her cheeks in torrents as she kissed repeatedly the slate in her hands. Then she carefully wrapped up the treasure and put it with other little things that had belonged to Nellie. Wearily she lay down upon her bed, but this night sleep came to her almost as soon as she placed her head upon the pillow. The tears had saved her reason. In her sleep she dreamed a wonderful dream—a bright angel stood by her bedside, clothed in glistening white raiments. He beckoned her to rise, and said in loving tones, "Daughter, come with me, and I will take thee to thy little ones." Taking his hand she passed out of the dreary room, and upward, onward, until in the distance she saw gleaming brightly the beautiful white city of her story. Nearer and nearer they went, until at last she could dimly discern the forms of children and their teachers walking to and fro. But, alas! as she approached closer, she saw a raging torrent dividing the city from the earth she had left.

"Oh! angel," she gasped, "hast thou brought me here but to mock me? Who can cross that torrent as it rages and rolls along?"

"Child, be patient," said the angel's gentle voice; "I mock thee not, but if thou hadst waited a little, thou wouldst have seen that the gulf is now bridged over by the bridge of love, and thou and I will soon cross it."

In the twinkling of an eye she saw a number of bright ones let down across the gulf a bridge of light, so frail looking and yet so strong. The river raged and roared beneath, but could not reach the bridge of love. The mother and her guide passed over in safety into the city.

She saw approaching her the forms of her beloved ones, and soon was she clasped in her husband's arms, and felt his kisses upon her face. The little ones—her Nellie and baby Bennie—looked so rosy and well.

Nellie carried a garland of flowers, and twined it round her mother's neck. Oh! the happy restful time she passed there in the beautiful white city, which her dear ones called "The Summerland." Oh! the joy of being once again with them all, and hearing the voices she had thought stilled in death.

But the angel who had brought her came and said, "Child, the time is come when thou must return again to earth duties, but the bridge will always be across the gulf for thee to come as often as thou wilt."

"Let me stay," she pleaded. But he told her that it was not yet God's time for her to leave the earth, but she could visit the city as often as she liked when the day's duties were over.

She kissed her dear ones farewell for a time, and returned again to the dreary bedroom. But, how changed everything now was! The blank despair that had filled her soul was gone, and in its place was a deep peace that filled her with a quiet strength to accomplish earth's tasks, that before seemed so laborious. She sang as she went about her work, and the neighbours looked at each other and said in a whisper, "Poor soul, her reason has gone." But she smiled at them all, and went in and out of their houses helping the over-burdened ones, and soothing many a dying pillow. She was like a calm, smooth sea to whose care many a one trusted their storm-tossed barque in confidence. Every night she visited her darlings in the company of the angel who came for her, and every morning she awoke with fresh strength to bear all things.

The fever passed away almost as unexpectedly as it came. Slowly the people began to hope, and pitifully the restored ones again tried to pick up the old threads, and the mother's work was done. They held her in reverence as a saint, and said she bore a charmed life, for she had passed in and out amongst the most pestilent places and lived amongst them at the worst, and escaped unharmed.

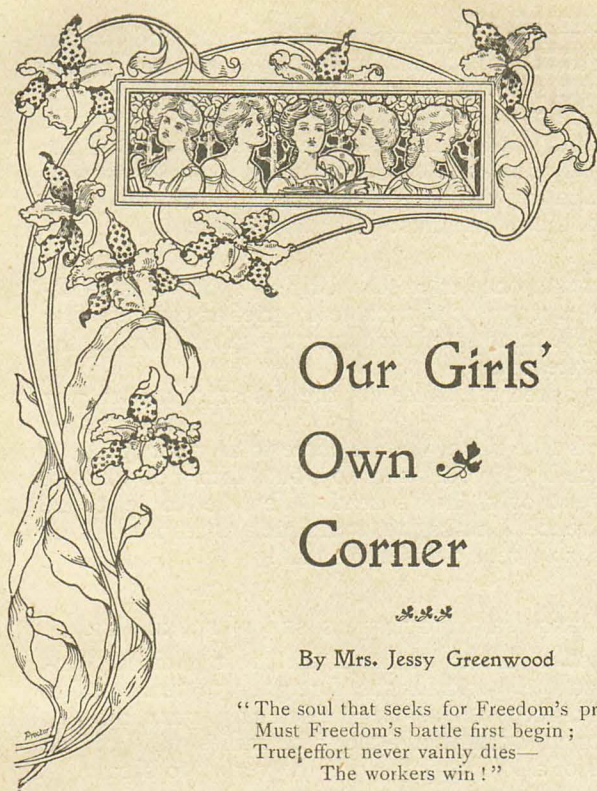
One morning they missed her, and after the day had lengthened into afternoon, they knocked at her door, fearing they knew not what.

There was no answering "Come in," so some of the boldest burst the frail latch and entered.

All was so quiet and peaceful that they paused on the threshold. But one woman, whose baby had drawn its last breath in her arms, passed up the stairs with a beating heart. She entered the room and found *her*, yet not *her*, for *she* was far away in the beautiful white city—the summerland. A smile of ineffable sweetness was on the cold white face, and the parted lips looked as if she had uttered some glad some exclamation in answer to a long expected call. They laid her body beside the little ones, and the children scattered flowers on her grave, but none knew that she had had a foretaste of the heaven she now enjoyed. And amongst her papers they found one which bore the lines:—

The tired heads rest on the angel breast
In the land where the children are;
And the weary heart is hushed to rest
In the land where the children are.
For angels let down a bridge of light
That all who would pass from the earthly night
May walk with the dear ones pure and bright
In the land where the children are.

PAULA CORONA.



Our Girls' Own Corner

By Mrs. Jessy Greenwood

"The soul that seeks for Freedom's prize
Must Freedom's battle first begin;
True effort never vainly dies—
The workers win!"

"**W**HAT fairy palaces we may make of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity, bright fancies, satisfied memories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in."—*Ruskin*.

I feel these words are full of truth, beauty and goodness, and very near akin to those words we often hear repeated by our speakers—"Under all circumstances keep an even mind."

I cannot do that, and I have not met the person who can; but I believe it is possible to grow in spirit until you can subject all things unto yourself; but, Oh! the grinding mills of God, the "exceeding small" and exactness of His power with which he tempers the souls of those who pass muster for noble men and women.

When I see the sun shining on the fair green of earth's first resurrection from winter's thrall, and see how each bud unfolds to its vivifying power by revealing beauties of form and colour that gladdens the eye—I think how like life when all is going well. No anxiety, no care, no sickness, but happiness on all sides.

The day can become clouded and rain fall, and what appeared lovely is disguised in tearful sheen. Again, how like life it is. The sun of contentment and happiness is beclouded and the heart is weary with trouble.

What about the "beautiful thoughts proof against all adversities?" or the "treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb nor pain make gloomy." Why the sun breaks through the darkest cloud and disperses the mists which hide the landscape from our view, as does the sun of Spiritualism with its bright winged messages of hope and comfort, causing those days of long

ago to pass before the mind, framed in memory's brightest gilding—"satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings," and, like stars in sorrow's night, point to the treasure home of the soul in which these experiences count.

Many of you will be reading in my chat the past events in my own home during April, and perhaps my sorrow has tinged these lines. I have tried to avoid that because there is so much sorrow in the world, not even smoothed and comforted by our own philosophy, so I feel it is my duty to remember past happy hours, thoughts and sayings, and keep on building for that time which re-unites. Other people's thoughts are helpful, and just now I cling to Longfellow and his poem "Resignation." It is too long to print here, but it is not too long to commit to memory, and thus place in the storehouse of the soul grand thoughts that grow more beautiful as the soul passes its Gethsemane and Calvary from which its Ascension to true, full light of God is sure.

The flower of sympathy grows in all hearts, but reaches its maturity in those that suffer.

"Father," said a thoughtful little boy, "how many feet has a dog if we call his tail a foot?"

"Why, five feet, my son." "No, father, that isn't right." "How so, my son?" "Why, he would only have four feet. You see, calling his tail a foot doesn't make it a foot."

* * *

"Let us," he said, "pretend that you are South Africa and I am England." "Oh, I don't like these geographical games," she returned; "they require so much thinking." "But this doesn't require any at all," he insisted. "How do you play it?" she asked. "Why, I simply annex you," he answered. "It's not such a bad game," she admitted, after a while.

* * *

LOSING HOPE.

When an old lady alighted from a four-wheeler at Halifax Station, she carefully selected the exact fare from her purse, and handed it to the ancient on the box.

"Been down, I see," she observed, as she glanced at the horse's knees.

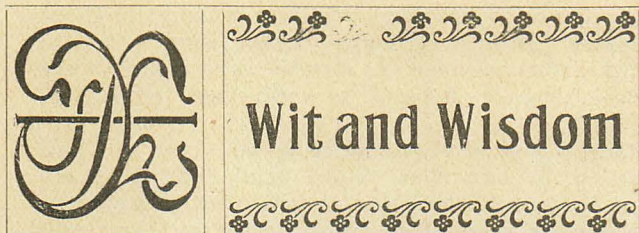
"Only been prayin' for better times, ma'am," came the answer; "but lor' bless yer!" as he glanced ruefully at the two sixpences in his hand, "e's a-losing 'ope fast. Another fare or two like yourself, ma'am, and mebbe he'll die a bloomin' infidel!"

* * *

To think kindly of one another is good, to speak kindly of one another is better, but to act kindly one towards another is the best of all.

* * *

A wise heathen said: "Every man carries two wallets with him, hanging one before and the other behind him. Into that before he puts the faults of others; into that behind, his own. Thus he never sees his own failings, while he has those of others always before him."



Wit and Wisdom

Tommy had been very naughty at school, and the teacher sent him home with a note for his mother, requesting her to talk to him and show him how wrong it was to misbehave. Next day Tommy came back with a note from his mother to the teacher, which ran: "I have talked to Tommy, as you requested. Will you please allow him to stand at lessons to-day?"

Before the collection was taken up at a negro place of worship, the preacher, a coloured man, announced that a certain brother had retired to rest the night before without locking the door of his fowlhouse, and he regretted to state that in the morning most of his chickens had vanished.

"I don't want to be personal," he added; "but I hab my suspicions as to who stole dem chickens. If I'm right in dose suspicions, dat man won't put any money in de box which will now be passed round."

There was a fine collection, not a single member of the congregation feigning sleep.

"Now, brederen," continued the minister, "I don't want all yoah dinners spoilt by wondering where dat brother lives who stole dem chickens. Dat brother doesn't exist, mah, friends; he was a parable foh purposes ob finance."

Parson: "Have you ever realised how difficult it is for a rich man to enter heaven?" Magnate: "Yes; but it doesn't worry me. All my money is in my wife's name."

"My boy," said a father to his son, "treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you. For remember, you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

A VERY NECESSARY ABBREVIATION.

Mr. Justice Lawrence, at Anglesey Assizes, on Saturday, the 4th, asked what the letters "P. G." after Llanfair meant. Mr. Bryn Roberts, M.P. replied that it was an abbreviation for the village of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllandysiliogogoch. The name is known as the "Englishman's jaw-breaker."

A HIBERNIAN SERMON.

Mr. S. M. Hussey, in his "Reminiscences of an Irish Land Agent," gives the following quotation from a parish priest's sermon: "It's whisky makes you bate your wives; it's whisky makes your home desolate; it's whisky makes you shoot your landlords; and—with emphasis as he thumped the pulpit—it's whisky makes you miss them."

Don't whine! Take what comes to you and do your best with it. Make the bravest fight you can; train yourself to see the cheerful side of things, even the funny side of the mishaps you cannot help. Strangle complaints with a laugh—a cheery laugh is good for heart and brain, and clears the mists from the eyes of faith. Endure what needs must be endured, go bravely forward, die if you must, but don't whine.

A German once tried the British sport of steeple-chasing, but, unluckily, came to grief at the very first fence. He remounted, and met the same fate at the second attempt.

When asked the cause of the disaster, his answer was:

"It vas like this: Ven he come to ze virst vence, I tink mine horse vould zhump; bud him not zhump, zo me vent overs him's zead. Ven he come to ze zecond vence I tinks he vould not zhumps, but he zhumps, zo I vent overs him's tail!"

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AS SHE IS BROKEN UP.

English is said to be one of the most difficult languages in the world for the foreigner to learn. The verbs and prepositions are particularly puzzling. A professor in Columbia School of mines tells of the troubles of a Frenchman with the verb "to break."

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, M. De Beauvoir, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them up so with prepositions."

"I saw your friend, Mrs. Berky, just now," he continued. "She said she intends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?"

"Break up her school, she must have said."

"Oh, yes I remember; break up school."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes. - And, indeed, since fever has broken up in her town——"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

No; she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No, that engagement is broken—broken——"

"Broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard of that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow—a breaker, I think."

"A broker and a fine fellow. Good-day."

So much for the verb "break." —"The British Weekly."

What our Lyceums are doing.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—On May 7th we held our usual monthly open session, 65 out of 76 being present. The singing was excellent, attracting the bright messengers from their spirit homes. We felt it good to be there. The silver and golden chain recitations were well rendered, the former being led by Mr. J. Smith. The musical reading, "Spirit friends are at the threshold," was sung with feeling, in fact the spirit friends came into our midst. The marching and calisthenics, led by Miss H. M. Dransfield and Mr. T. Shepley, were well gone through. Recitations were given by Lena Tonge, Eileen Grimshaw, Nina Jones, Alick and Adam Plenderleith. The collections in aid of the band to head our procession on Whit-Friday was well responded to.—ALFRED SIMPSON, Sec.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—On April 30th we celebrated our Lyceum anniversary. We had a splendid open session in the morning. The rostrum was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The children acquitted themselves with credit in the rendering of their several items. The Lyceum groups were beautifully symbolised by 12 little girls, tastefully dressed for the occasion. Mr. Alfred Kitson was our speaker, who pleaded in his usual earnest manner for the better sustaining of the Lyceum. The day was exceptionally wet, which deterred many friends and supporters from attending to join the celebration.—COR.

BATLEY CARR.—On Sunday, May 7th, we celebrated our 23rd Lyceum anniversary. Mrs. Bentley (née Miss Burton) was the speaker. We had friends from Morley, Armley, Bradford and Horbury, each and all enjoying themselves to the full. The open session in the morning was splendid. Miss L. Mortimer conducted, in her usual efficient style. Special hymns were sung both afternoon and evening, and Mrs. Bentley surpassed herself in her able pleading for the better support of the Lyceum, giving splendid clairvoyant tests at the close of each service. On the Saturday we held our annual tea and concert, both of which were heartily enjoyed by all who took part therein.

—COR.

BIRMINGHAM (Saltley).—We have had some very interesting Sunday afternoons at our Lyceum, to which the following have contributed by their papers, etc.:—Mr. Shergold, two papers, "The good and evils of the press" and "The disposal of the dead"; Mr. Mansell, "Jehovah and the Bible heroes"; Mr. Laxton, "The Gospels," in which he pointed out some very striking contradictions. I hope Mr. Laxton will continue in the Lyceum work, to which he has only lately become attached. Mr. Williams gave a paper on "The Light of the World."

L. STEPHENS, Sec.

BLACKBURN (St. Peter Street).—On April 30th we celebrated the 21st anniversary of our Lyceum. On April 5th, 1884, the Lyceum was opened by the late Mr. J. Pemberton, and from that day it has continued to grow, until to-day it can boast of being the largest Lyceum in England. The morning session was ably conducted by Mr. C. N. S. Moorey, assisted by Mr. G. Edwards. In the afternoon, about 300 scholars and friends were present at our open session. The musical readings and recitations were well rendered, as also were the marching and calisthenics. Miss Ruth Sage, of Nelson, performed the

very pleasing ceremony of naming the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham, and gave its spirit name as being "Faithful." A "lullaby" was rendered by the Lyceum choir. Miss Sage spoke a few words on the beauty and teachings of the Lyceum compared with other Sunday schools. Mr. R. Bullen, the first assistant conductor, spoke a few words, as also did Mr. Coupe, of Rawtenstall, who is another old conductor. The session closed with a vote of condolence to Mrs. Jessie Greenwood and family. In the evening the rostrum was well occupied with Miss Sage and others, Mr. Moorey presiding. Mr. G. Edwards spoke on the forming of the Lyceum, 21 years ago, and its progress. Mr. Bullen remarked that some of the Lyceum-ists had gone all over the country and helped to build up other Lyceums. Mr. J. T. Ward also expressed a few words on the *Lyceum Manual* as being the finest book in the country, having passed it round to his friends, who confessed to it being a second Bible. Miss Sage, in a short, inspiring address, asked all parents to send their children to the Lyceum, saying the religion of to-day did not exist between four walls, but had to be lived in our homes and workshops.—A. ROBINSON, Sec.

BOLTON (Bradford Street).—Miss Burton, of Bury, conducted our open session on April 16th. In the evening she named, in a very pleasing manner, a child who, I hope, will become a scholar. Mr. Knight, of Bury, gave a very interesting lesson on "Evolution" to the liberty group. We were also pleased to have with us Mr. Wm. Chisnall, the Rochdale D.V.—ERNEST PILKINGTON, Sec.

BOOTLE.—On Sunday, May 7th, a most interesting ceremony took place at our Lyceum, which will be long remembered, namely, the naming of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson's child, and its dedication to the Lyceum cause, its father being the assistant conductor. The ordinary session was duly gone through, which included two solos, "The children's home" and "The gift," which were well rendered by Misses Irvine and M. Clarke. Then during the marching each Lyceumist presented a floral tribute to the child as they marched past the rostrum. Mr. J. J. Parr, president of the S.N.U., gave a few explanatory remarks, named the baby Henry Thompson, and offered a most inspiring invocation for the child's future welfare. Then three boys arranged themselves behind the parents and child, each holding a flag, red, blue and white, symbolising love, truth and wisdom; and three girls arranged themselves in front of the parents and child, each holding a flower, which they presented to the child, as Mr. Parr read the following words: "I dedicate this child, Henry Thomson, in the name of all that is true and noble, to this Lyceum." Our conductor, Mr. R. A. Owen, then favoured us with a few remarks, and wished the parents and child long and happy lives. Mr. Thomson responded, although he was almost overcome with emotion. Friends from Liverpool (Daulby Hall) and Wigan were with us, who were accorded a hearty welcome.

MISS MARIE JONES, Sec.

BRADFORD (St. Paul's).—On Sunday, May 7th, we held our usual monthly open session. The attendance on the male side was not as good as we should like to see it. Recitations were given by Misses T. Butler, Florence Nadin, Emily Godfrey, Louisa Raw; Mr. Raw, Masters H. Thresh, Myers, Pitts and Rodham. Readings by Masters Harry Fallan, Myers and Pitts. Solos by Misses

Holdsworth, E. Knowles and Rodham. Duets by Misses Frances Godfrey and Annie Proudlove.

H. BARNES, Sec.

BURY.—At our half-yearly meeting the following were elected :—Conductor, Mrs. Kershaw ; assistant conductor, Mrs. Chadwick ; conductor of marching and calisthenics, Miss E. A. Kershaw ; guards, Miss E. Chadwick and Mr. H. Metcalfe ; leaders : Fountain Group, Mrs. Kershaw and Mr. Golding ; Stream Group, Misses Dickson and Ogden ; River Group, Miss E. A. Kershaw and Mr. Fletcher ; Sea Group, Misses Golding and Hepworth ; Excelsior Group, Mr. Swarbrick and Miss Clough ; Liberty Group, Mr. J. Knight ; librarian, Mr. Swarbrick.

ALBERT E. KERSHAW, Sec.

CREWE.—On Easter Monday our Lyceumists were entertained to tea, and afterwards rendered in a very efficient manner an operetta entitled "The Sleeping Beauty." The characters were lavishly dressed, and the performance was frequently applauded. The children were specially trained by Mrs. Baguley, and were afterwards photographed in groups. The audience numbered 200. About 115 partook of the public tea. This, our first Lyceum effort, has been a success in every way. The following have entertained the Lyceum with recitations during the past month :—Leonard Sinclair, Arthur Heuson, Frank Reay, and Harold Gawthorne. The following have sung for us :—Ada Buxton, Belle Heuson, Cissie Robinson and Nellie Ford.—G. H. BAGULEY, Sec.

DARWEN.—We celebrated our Lyceum anniversary on May 7th, when Mr. Will Phillips addressed the Lyceum scholars in the morning in a very encouraging manner, and we had great pleasure in seeing our hall filled with old and new scholars. Mrs. Thompson, of Accrington, assisted, and gave very good clairvoyance. We spent a very good day, mentally, spiritually and financially, the collections amounting to £24.

DEARNLEY.—On May 7th we held our election of officers, Mr. Towler presiding. The result was as follows : Conductors, Mr. Watson and Miss C. Greenwood ; treasurer, Mr. Crowther ; secretary, Miss C. Greenwood ; leaders of groups, Mr. and Mrs. Towler, Mr. Walkden, Mrs. Carr and Miss Mills ; guardians, Mr. Shore and Miss Carr. A best copy of "Outlines of Spiritualism" was presented to one of our scholars, who is leaving for America, as a token of our love and esteem.

MISS C. GREENWOOD, Sec.

EDINBURGH.—I am pleased to inform you that our Lyceum gave its first report of three months work to the half-yearly business meeting of the association, which was well received. The membership is now 56, and the state of affairs financially shows a balance in hand of £1 11s. 6d., after paying all expenses up to date, so that on the whole we think it highly satisfactory.—W. H. ELDER, Sec.

HOLLINWOOD (Bower Lane).—On Sunday we held an open session, Miss A. E. Burton being the speaker for the day. The marching and calisthenics were well done. Solos and recitations were given by several Lyceumists. Then Miss Burton gave an address concerning the Lyceum work, which was well appreciated. She also gave clairvoyant descriptions to the children, which were recognised by their parents. Mr. Goddard (our conductor) presided over the evening meeting. Mr. Brentnall kindly sang

"The Holy City" and "The Better Land." Miss Burton gave another splendid address. Altogether we had a very successful day.—A. WORRALL, Sec.

KEIGHLEY.—On Monday, May 8th, the members of the Keighley Lyceum assembled to give a send-off to one of their members—Mr. Isaac Binns—who sailed for America on the 9th. On behalf of the Lyceum, the conductor, Mr. J. Kay, presented Mr. Binns with a useful purse containing 24s., which had been subscribed by members and friends. Mr. Holdsworth also spoke of the good work done in our Lyceum, and wished our friend every success in his new sphere of labour. The drum and fife band played a couple of selections in good style, and were heartily encored. The evening was spent in games and dancing, and at the close, all joined hands round the room and sang "Auld Lang Syne" "God be with you till we meet again."—J. KAY.

LEEDS LYCEUM DISTRICT COUNCIL.—The above Council held its annual meeting at the Batley Carr Lyceum on April 2nd, all Lyceums in the Council being represented but one. After the usual business, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year :—President, Mr. S. Lee, of Armley ; treasurer, Mr. Pitts, also of Armley ; secretary, Miss L. Mortimer ; and D.V., Mr. J. Colbeck, both of Batley Carr. The secretary reported a gain of 7 officers, and a loss of 29 scholars in the council during the past year. There was a credit balance of £1 8s. 4½d. at the commencement of the year, and at the close a credit balance of 11s. 5½d. Members of the council occupied the rostrum in the evening, Mr. J. Colbeck presiding. All made earnest appeals on behalf of the Lyceum cause, which were well appreciated.

E. ROBINSON, late Sec.

LEICESTER (Silver Street).—I am pleased to report that our Lyceum is progressing favourably. We are now seven months old, and we have doubled the number of scholars that we had at the start. This is perhaps partly on account of the rivalry which has sprung up between ourselves and our fellow Lyceumists at Walsall, viz., who should have the largest Lyceum at the end of the year 1905. We have also started a swimming club for the male section of our Lyceum in order to keep them together in the weeknights. This is a method which other Lyceums would do well to adopt. The next time we report ourselves we shall probably have a new address, as we are thinking of removing to more suitable premises. Last week we had a social and dance in aid of our Lyceum, and a very enjoyable time was spent, the dancing being interspersed with songs from our Lyceumists and other friends.—ALFRED J. BAKER, Cor. Sec.

LONDON, BATTERSEA (Henley Hall Lyceum).—The seventh Anniversary of the above Lyceum was held on Sunday, May 14th. Recitations were given by the scholars in the afternoon, the children taking their parts very well. Interesting addresses were given by Mrs. Boddington and Mr. Spriggs. In the evening a dialogue was given by two of our oldest scholars, which was much appreciated by the congregation. Addresses were also given by Mr. Frost and Mr. Clegg. The following officers were elected : Conductor, Miss Morris ; Secretary, Mrs. Bolton ; Group Leaders, A. Saltmarsh, Mrs. Cousins, E. Bracebridge, F. Rodford, Mrs. Bolton, Miss Morris ; Drill Instructor, Mrs. Bolton ; Book

Guardians, Mr. W. Rodford and Mr. E. Saltmarsh; Wardens, A. Bracebridge and F. Fuller.

MANCHESTER (Gorton, Hyde Road).—I am very glad to inform you that we held our first open session on Sunday, April 16th, which proved a great success. We had instructive recitations from Misses Elsie Brown and Annie Beesley, and a fine solo from Miss Lily Beesley. Mrs. Brown gave a touching address on "Parents and children." The golden chain recitations were well rendered by the children. In the evening at 6-30 recitations were given by Masters S. Brown and W. Beesley. Miss Peltringer and Mrs. Hobson gave solos. Mr. Beesley gave a good address on "The children." The pleasant incidents of the day will long be remembered.—H. GREEN, Sec.

MANCHESTER (Harpurhey).—On Sunday, May 14th, we held our usual open sessions in the morning and afternoon. We went through the usual golden and silver chain recitations, musical readings, and voluntary recitations, which the visitors enjoyed very much. In the evening, Mr. Gee, of Dukinfield, spoke on "Suffer little children to come unto me." His address was very good. Great praise is due to the Lyceum officers and children for the way they worked to make it a success.

T. EDMONDSON, Sec.

MANCHESTER (Higher Broughton).—You will no doubt be pleased to learn that the Lyceum is now making steady progress. From an attendance of 8 or 9 we have risen to 30, and we hope by all working together in harmony to further improve. We have formed a rambling club, and are forming a Lyceum choir.—J. A. STARBUCK.

MIDDLESBROUGH.—I am pleased to inform you that our Lyceum is gradually improving. Mr. Hepworth congratulated us on Sunday, May 21st, on our improved condition since he last visited us. We have decided to furnish each Lyceumist with a badge. The children are delighted with the idea. We were pleased to learn from our delegates of the suggestion made to the conference of a key to the "Lyceum Manual," as our conductor and leaders have often thought it would be a benefit if something could be done in that direction.

J. BUCKINGHAM, Sec.

OLDHAM (Elliott Street).—On Sunday, April 9th, we held our usual quarterly open session, the church being well filled with parents and friends; we went through our chain recitations, after which the following recited—E. Ashworth, H. Clayton, F. Bagley, J. Clayton, and John Greenwood; a quartette was rendered by Misses M. Carter, T. Barlow, and Messrs. Barlow and D. Barlow; solo by Miss Ashworth; duet by Misses Barlow and Wilson; and a pianoforte solo by Miss Ada Benson. Afterwards we went through our marching and calisthenics which were gone through very well and was a credit to the Lyceum and our worthy conductor. We were all pleased to have with us Mrs. Nurse of Rochdale, who gave us some encouraging words on the Lyceum and hoped we would all work in harmony with each other and keep to the front with our Lyceum work. I am very pleased to say our Lyceum continues to keep in a flourishing condition, and great praise is due to the officers for the able manner in which they are sustaining it.—JOHN FROST, Sec.

PRESTON.—We celebrated our 12th anniversary on May 21st, Mr. A. Kitson being the speaker. The platform was tastefully decorated with a profusion of flowers and choice plants. The open session in the morning was a most enjoyable time, under the able conductorship of Mr. Jones. The little girls readily volunteering their recitations. In the afternoon and evening Mr. Kitson discoursed on "The rise and progress of the Lyceum Cause in England;" and "Spiritual Gifts." Mr. Jones recited "Nature and Grace;" and Miss Gibbs sweetly rendered a vocal solo.—COR.

RISHTON.—We held our Lyceum anniversary on May 21st. There was a good attendance at the morning session. Mrs. Holgate (Darwen) and Mrs. Holden (Whitebirk) gave brief addresses, and were attentively listened to. In the afternoon Mrs. Holden gave an address on "Thought, and its relation to Spiritualism." Special singing by the choir. In the evening Mrs. Holgate addressed a very good audience on "The aim of Spiritualism." Miss Bury, of Darwen, gave clairvoyance. A most enjoyable day was spent.—MISS M. HAUGHTON, Sec.

ROCHDALE (Penn Street).—On May 14th we had a good session, there being 40 present. There was an interesting discussion on the Drink question. I am pleased to say our Lyceum is doing well again, I think we shall gain a few more of the old scholars back again.—WM. BROWN, Sec.

SHEFFIELD (Heeley).—We visited the above Lyceum on Sunday, April 30th, when a most successful session was held under the conductorship of Mr. Norris, ably assisted by a splendid corps of officers. The children were much interested in our remarks on the Lyceum work, and our explanation of the prizes announced in the BANNER last month. This Lyceum is increasing in numbers, and already the groups have filled up the extra room. We addressed Liberty Group, by request, on the subject of "Personal development of mediumship," which was highly appreciated. I have promised to continue on my next visit.—"BANNER POLE," T.T.

STALYBRIDGE (Bennett Street).—Just a few lines to let you know our Lyceum is progressing nicely. On May 7th we had a good muster. We use the upper room for marching and calisthenics. We have over 60 on our register. At the evening service, in place of the hymn before the address, we had a musical reading and a silver chain recitation, which interested and pleased the audience. On Good Friday we had a picnic to Chow Valley, going by electric cars to Roaches, then walked up the valley and had tea at the farm. The children were as happy as larks, singing their hymns all the way home.

J. CROASDALE, Conductor,

Tuesday evening last, in St. George's Hall, Bradford, will long be remembered by all those present. 400 Lyceum Scholars and an Orchestral Band of 20 performers were mustered on the platform, and presented a fine sight. Mr. John Lobb, L.C.C., was in grand form, and gave a splendid address to upwards of 2,000 people. It was an excellent meeting, and will do much for the cause in the town of Bradford.

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.

- Accrington**, Argyle st, 10-30 a.m., Mr. Fazakerley, 4, Back South-st.
" China-st., a, 10-30 a.m., Mr. Fred Rushton, 11a, Wesley-st, Antley
" Carter St., 15-30, Miss Jane Walmsley, 26, Marsden-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, Market street, 10 a.m. Mr. A. Embry, 81, Todmorden-rd.
Barnoldswick, Market-st, 10-30, Miss Agnes Wilson, 16, Chapel-st
Barrow-in-Furness, Lyceum Hall, Mr John Huddleston, 26, Harrison st.
Barrow-in-Furness, Berry's Buildings, 10 and 2, Miss Lily Watkins, 34, Monk-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. Stephens, 105, Highfie d-rd., Saltley
" B.S.U., 11 a.m., County Chambers, Martineau Street. Mrs. F. H. Knibb 146, Bristol-st., 2-45
" Smethwick, Central hall, cape hill 2-45, p.m., Mr. Fred Purcell, 97, Cheshire-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. E. Pilkington, 72, Union-st., Tonge Moor
Bolton, Wood st, 10 and 2-30, Mr. James Hibbert, 44 Bullock st.
Bootle, Liverpool, Mechanics' hall, 11 a.m., Miss Marie Jones, 27, Marsh-st., Kirkdale
Bradford, Ivy Rooms, 10 a.m., Mr. J. Burchell 65, Girlington-rd
" Otley rd., 10-30 a.m., Mr. D. W. Hall, 72, Cartwright Terrace, Stanacre Place
" 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, 136, Lonsdale st.
" West bowling, Boynton st., 10 a.m., & 1 45 p.m., Herbert Bower, 138, Ryan-st., West Bowling
Brighouse, Martin st, 10 a.m., Mr. George Crowther, 10 Piggot-st.,
Burnley, Hammerton st, 10 a.m., Mr. James Heys, 4, Howard-st
Burnley, Fulledge, Richard st, 10 a.m., Mr. John Schofield, 17, Oxford-rd.
" Guy st., 10-30, Mr. Wm. A. Nutter, 31, Hulme-st.
" North st, 9-30, Mr. Herbert E. Laycock, 16, Renshaw street.
Burton-on-Trent, Hurninglow Wharf, 10 & 2-45, Mr. J. Turner, 108, Hunter-st.
Bury, Georgiana st., 10 a.m. and 1-45. Mr. Albert E. Kershaw, 92, Devon-st., Fishpole
Castleford, Mr. W. Parry, 52, Smawthorne-ave.
Clayton-le-Moors, 10 a.m., Miss Mary Simpson, 80, Pickup-st., near Accrington.
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., and 2-15, Mr. W. Jagger, 15, Hill-st., Shaw
Darwen, Church bank-st, 9-30, & 1-5 Mr. W. Thompson, 67, Sarah-st.
Dearnley near Rochdale, 10, Miss C. Greenwood, 17, Fair View, Gale, Littleboro'
Derby, Traffic st., 10-30 Mr. E. W. Stanton, 80, Yates st.
" 81, Hastings-st, 10-30. Miss Neville, 90, St. Thomas-rd
Dewsbury, Bond st, 10 and 1-45, Miss Ann Hirst, 8, Wood-st
Doncaster, 104, St. Sepulchre Gate, 10-30 a.m. Miss Hilda Helson, 42, Childer's-st.
" Nether Hall Road, 10-30. Mr. Walter Jefferies, 69, Hexthorpe-rd.
Dundee, Foresters' Hall, Mr. Wm. A. Jackson, 47, Dens-road.
Elland, James st., 10, Miss N. A. Smithies, 6, Bath-st.
Gateshead, St Cuthbert's hall, Bensham, 2-30, Mr. P. Herd, 96, Rodsley-st.
Glasgow, Assembly Rooms, 136, Bath st., Mr. Robert B. Smart, 23, Gayfield-st
Great Harwood, nr., Blackburn, Cambridge st., 10, Mr. Jas. Smith, 35, Park rd.
Hadfield, Albert-st., 10-30 a.m., Mr. Christopher Nuttall, Station-rd
Halifax, St. Paul's, Alma st., 10 and 1-45. Mr. Fred Townsend, 8, Melville Place, Pellon Lane.
" Raven-st., 10 and 1-30, Mr. J. J. Dunn, 67, Hartley-st, Battinson-rd
Hebden Bridge, Victoria Hall, 10 a.m., Mr. Henry Stables, 16, Oak-st
Heekmondwike, Church st., 10 and 1-30, Miss E. Horner, Albert Terrace, Littletown, Liversedge
Heywood, William st, 10 a.m., Mr. Harry Diggles, 33, Cromwell-st.
Higher Broughton, Salford, Hilton st, 10-30 and 2, Mr. J. S. Starbuck, 16, Wellington-st., W., Higher Broughton.
Hindley, Bridge-st., 10 a.m., Miss A. Yates, 55, Liverpool-rd.
Hollinwood, Mr. Ernest Snape, 91, Chapel-rd., near Oldham.
Hollinwood, Labour Hall, 10-30, Mr. A. Worrall, 2, Norman st., Faulsworth.
Horwich nr. Bolton, Beatrice st, 10-30, Mr. D. Emsall, 8, Abraham st.
Huddersfield, Brook st., 10, Mr. H. L. Westery, 26, Dale-st
" St. Peter st., 10-15, Mr. Walter Wilson, 37, Spaines-rd., Fartown
Hull, Lime-st. 10 a.m. Miss Ethel Wright, 122, Severn-st.
Hyde Clarendon-st. 10 a.m., Mr. Charles R. Armitage, 157, Dukinfield-rd., Newton.
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. Walter Belfield, 9, Westwood Grove, Lady Pit Lane
Leeds, Psychological hall, Grove house lane, 10. Mr. Harry Pearson, 63, Blackmane lane
" Joseph-st, 10-30, Mrs. L. R. Hirst, 3 Hopewell Terrace, Glasshouse-st, Hunslet
" Hunslet, Church-st, 10-30. Mr. G. A. Hunter, 28, Atkinson-st., Stourton
Leeds, 57, Kennedy-st., off Birstall-rd., 10-30 and 2 to 3, Mrs. Earl, 110, Kirkstall-road
Leicester, Queen st., 10-30, Mr. A. Boulton, 145, Clarendon Park-rd
" Silver-st, 10-30 and 2-30. Mr. Percy Timson, 3, Museum-square.
Liverpool, East Liverpool, Farnworth Hall, West Derby-rd., 11 a.m., Mr. H. Langley, 31, Rutland-st, Everton
" Dauby hall, Dauby st., 2-30 p.m., Miss Millicent Clark, 18, Canton-st., Everton
London, Battersea park, Miss G. Dent, 49, Ellesley-road, Lavender Hill, S.W.
London, W. Chiswick, 2-45, Mr. G. H. Harris, 2 Cranbrook-rd., High-rd., Chiswick, W.
" Tottenham, 193, High-rd., 3 p.m., Mr. J. R. Parsonson, 55, Rosebery-rd., Lt. Edmonton, N.
Loughboro', Sparrow Hill, 10-45 Mr. A. Bentley 39, Fearon-st.
Macclesfield, Cumberland street, 10 a.m., M1. S. Hays, 46, Vincent-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, Beulah st., 2-30 p.m., Mr. Hy. Sinclair, 11, Thornton-st., Openshaw.
" Gorton, Trade and Labour Hall, 10-30, 1-54 Mr. H. Green, 8, Peter-st., Ardwick
" Longsight, 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., Miss T. Robinson, 3, Churchhill-avenue, Whalley Range
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' Grange rd, 10 a.m., Mr. J. Buckingham, 31, Garret st.
Millom, Main-st., 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, 23, Prospect Buildings, pr. Leeds
Nelson, Every st, 10 a.m. Miss E. Jackson, 273, Leeds road
" Pendle-st., 10 a.m., Mr. T. Reed, 81, Hibson-rd.
Newcastle Northumberland hall, High Friar-st 2-30, Mr. Alfred C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill
" Heaton Spiritual Institute, Mr. A. N. Gay, 4, South View, Heaton, near Newcastle
New Hirst, Ashington, Miners Hall, 2 p.m., Mr. S. Shears, 74, Poplar-st, Nr. Morpeth
Nottingham Gladston hall 2-30, Miss E H Yates, 75, Brighton st
" Mechanics' hall, 2-30 Mr. Lewis Cooke, 195, Wollaton-st
Oldham, Coronation st, Mr. H. Burns, 16, Dickinson-st
Oldham, Elliott st, Lower Moor, Mr. John Frost, 203, Rochdale road
Oswaldtwistle, James st, 10-45, Mr. John W Rogers, 7, Elmfield terrace, Drill Hall lane, Church, nr Accrington
Padiham, 10 a.m. and 1-30 p.m., Mr. J. Heywood, 24, Albert-st, nr Burnley
Pendleton, Broad-st. 10-30 Miss E. Edge, 29 Frampton-st. Cross lane Salford.
Pendleton, Junction: Ford Lane and Broad-st., 10-30, John Jackson, 18, Allan-st
Preston, Walker-st., 10 a.m., Mr. T. Downey, 11, St. Martin's-rd., South
Quarmany, nr Huddersfield, 10-15, Mr Dennis Milnes, 48, Oakes-rd, Lindley.
Rawtenstall Back ormerod st., 10-15 to 11-45, Mr. John T. Pinchbeck, 11, Rosevale-street, Cloughfold
Rishton, Etchell-st., 10 a.m., Miss M. Haughton, 31, Hr. Burton-st., nr Blackburn
Rochdale, Oldham-rd., 10 a.m., Mr. Wm. Green, 71, Merefield-st
Rochdale Regent hall, Regent st., 9-45, Mr. G. F. Knott, 30, 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., Mr. W. Pickersgill, Bath Terrace, Carlton Lane, nr Leeds
Royton, Union st., 10 a.m., Mr. A. W. Smith, 60, Spring Garden-st., nr. Oldham.
Saddleworth, 1-45 p.m., Mr J. Shaw, Court-st, Uppermill, near Oldham.
Salford, Chapel st., 10-30, Mr. A. H. Roche, 11, Sligo-st., Pendleton.
Scarborough, North st., 10-30, Mr. Chas. Lyth, 54, Hampden-rd, Falsgrave
Sheffield Attercliffe, 10 a.m. Mr. W. H. Nuttall, 46, Coleridge-rd., Attercliffe
Sheffield Heeley Herchel 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.
Schildon, 10 30, Mr. F. James, 16, Kilburn-st., New Sildon, R.S.O., co. Durham.
Skipton Temperance hall, 10 a.m. Mr. H. Hignett, 23, George-st.
Slithwaite Laith lane. 10-30. Mr. John Sutcliffe, 45, Carr lane.
Sowerby Bridge, The Lyceum, Hollins lane, 10 a.m., Mr. John Wilcock, 19, 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.
" Forester-st, 10-30, Mr. G. A. Blain, 11, Bridge-st.
Stockport Spiritual hall, wellington rd. Mr. Marsden, 223, Chestergate.
Stockton-on-Tees, Silver-st, 10 a.m. Mr. Charles Harrison, 13, Lambert-st.
Todmorden, Dale st., 10 a.m., Mr. Edwin B. Hollis, 34, Cambridge st.
Wakefield, Kirkgate, Dixon's Yard, 10 and 1-45, Mr. A. Baldwin, 42, Carlton-st., Lawefield-lane.
Walsall Central hall, 2-30, Mr. W. H. Tompkins, Hagley, Lyssways-st
Warrington, Sankey-st., Mr. R. Gleave, jun., 7, Priestley-st.
West Pelton, Old Store Hall 10-30 Mr. Wm. Lock, 7, Queen-st., Grange Villas.
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, 17, St. Martin's Crescent, Micklegate. E. Dickenson, 7, St. Martin's Crescent, Micklegate.
York, St. Saviourgate, 10-15, and 1-30, Mr. T. Chapman, 36, Ebor-st.