

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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ONE PENNY.

Stories from the Classics

JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

CHAPTER II.

JASON RETURNS HOME.

(Continued from last month.)

Then a great fear fell on Jason: but after a while he grew light of heart and he blessed old Chiron [Kī-ron], and said, "surely the centaur is a prophet, for he told me what would come to pass, when he bade me speak harshly to no soul whom I might meet.

Then he went toward Iolcos [I-ol-kos], and as he walked he saw that he had lost one of the sandals in the flooded river.

As he walked through the streets, the people came out to look at him, so tall and fair was he to look upon; but some of the elders who remembered the prophecy of the man wearing only one sandal, and noticing he had only one sandal, began to whisper together, and at last one of them stopped Jason, and said, "Fair lad, who are you, and whence came you; and what is your errand in the town?"

And Jason said, "My name, good father, is Jason, and I came from Mount Pelion yonder; and my errand is to Pelias, your king. Tell me, then, where is his palace?"

When the old man heard this he turned pale with fear for the youth's sake, and said, "Do you not know the oracle, my son, that you go so boldly through the town with but one sandal on?"

"I am a stranger here, and know of no oracle; but what of my one sandal? I lost the other in the river Anauros, while I was battling with the flood."

The old man looked at his companions. One of them sighed when he heard the story, and another smiled. At last he said, "I will tell you, lest you rush upon your ruin unawares. The oracle of Delphi has said that a man wearing one sandal should appear and take the kingdom from Pēlias, and keep it for himself. Therefore beware how you go up to his palace, for he is the fiercest and most cunning of all kings."

Jason laughed and exclaimed, "Good news, good father, both for you and me. For that very end I came into the town!"

He arrived at length at the market-place, where all the people gazed on him with amazement, doubting whether he was not a god; and Pelias, who happened to come by at the time, shuddered when he saw he had but one sandal on, for it reminded him of the oracle, and he set his cunning wits to work to devise some means of getting rid of him.

Jason went to the house of his father, and there his uncles and cousins came to meet him, and after they had feasted and rejoiced for five days at his safe return home, he went to the palace of Pelias and standing in the doorway he cried out, "Come out, come out, Pelias, and fight for your kingdom like a man."

Pelias, having decided on his plan and instructed

his three daughters in the parts they were to play, came out and said, "Who are you, bold youth?"

"I am Jason, the son of Æson, the heir of all this land."

Pelias lifted up his hands and eyes, and pretended to weep for joy, and blessed the gods of heaven who had brought his nephew to him, never to leave him again. "For," said he, "I have but three daughters, and no son to be my heir. You shall be my heir then, and rule the kingdom after me, and marry whichever of my daughters you shall choose; though a sad kingdom you will find it, and whosoever rules it is a miserable man. But come in, come in, and feast."

So he drew Jason into his palace, and spoke to him so kindly and feasted him so well, that Jason's anger passed away; and after supper his three cousins came into the hall, and Jason thought that he would like to have one of them for his wife.

But at last he said to Pelias, "Why do you look so sad, my uncle? And what did you mean just now when you said that this was a sorrowful kingdom, and its ruler a miserable man?"

Then the crafty king sighed very heavily several times, like a man who had to tell some very dreadful story, and was afraid to begin; but at last he said:

"For seven long years and more have I never known a quiet night; and no more will he who comes after me, till the Golden Fleece be brought home."

Then he proceeded to tell Jason the story of Phrixus [Frix-us], and of the Golden Fleece; and told him, too, which was not true, that Phrixus' spirit tormented him, calling to him day and night. And his daughters confirmed his story, as their father had instructed them, and wept, and said, "Oh, who will bring home the Golden Fleece, that our uncle's spirit may be at rest; and that we may have rest also, whom he never lets sleep in peace?"

I must here make a slight digression, in order to place before the reader how the Golden Fleece became so highly prized that men should risk their valuable lives to secure it and bring it back to Iolcas. The story briefly stated is as follows:—

Athamas [A-tha-mas], a prince of Bœotia [Bē-ō-shi-a] was married to Nephela [Nē-fel-a], by whom he had two children, named Phrixus [Frix-us] and Helle [Hel-le]. On the death of Nephela he married Ino [I-nō], the daughter of Cadmus [Kad-mus], who, jealous of her two step-children, resolved to have them destroyed. To this end she persuaded the women to parch the seed-corn unknown to their husbands, so that when it was sown it would not grow. The land consequently yielded no harvest; and when the oracle was consulted as to the reason, Ino bribed the priests to say that the evil could only be removed by sacrificing Phrixus and Helle to Jupiter. Athamas reluctantly placed them before the altar for sacrifice; but Nephela, or the spirit of Nephela, the children's mother, suddenly snatched away both her son and daughter, and placing them on a golden-fleeced ram, which had been given her by Hermes, or Mercury, and which, like the celestial steeds, could run through the air or

along the water, directed them to fly to Colchis [Kōl-kis]. They reached in safety the strait between Europe and Asia; but here Helle, either through fright or giddiness, fell off the ram's back and was drowned, and the sea was thereafter named from her "Hellespont," or *Helle's sea*, as "pont" means "sea." Phrixus pursued his journey till he arrived at Colchis, where he was kindly received by the king Æetes [E-ē-tez], who, when he grew to be a man, gave him his daughter, called Calcioppe [Kal-kī-ō-pe], in marriage. In course of time Phrixus, remembering his wonderful escape, sacrificed his golden-fleeced ram to Jupiter, and Æetes nailed it to an oak in the grove of Mars, where it was guarded day and night by a large serpent.

We will now return to Jason and his crafty uncle.

Jason sat sad and silent, for he had often heard of the Golden Fleece, but he looked on it as a thing impossible for any mortal man to win.

But when Pelias saw him silent he began to talk about other things and asked his advice on various matters of state, as if he were certain to be his heir. Jason, who was young and simple, could not help saying to himself, "Surely he is not the dark man whom people call him. Yet, why did he drive my father out of his kingdom? So he asked Pelias boldly. "Men say that you are terrible, and a man of blood; but I find you a kind and hospitable man; and as you are to me, so will I be to you. Yet, why did you drive my father out?"

Pelias smiled and sighed, "Men have slandered me in that, as in all things. Your father was growing old and weary, and he gave the kingdom up to me of his own will. I will go with you to see him to-morrow, and he will tell you the same."

Jason's heart leapt with joy at the suggestion of his father being referred to as a witness, and forgot that his father might not dare to tell the truth.

"One more thing there is," said Pelias, "on which I need your advice; for, though you are young, I see in you a wisdom beyond your years. There is one neighbour of mine whom I dread more than all men on earth. I am stronger than he now, and can command him; but I know that if he stays among us, he will work my ruin in the end. Can you give me a plan, Jason, by which I can rid myself of that man?"

Jason answered merrily, "Were I you, I would send him to fetch that same Golden Fleece; for if he once set forth after it you would never be troubled with him again."

At that a bitter smile came across Pelias' lips, and a flash of wicked joy into his eyes; and Jason saw it, and started; and over his mind came the warning of the old man, and his own one sandal, and the oracle, and he saw, when it was too late, that he was as one taken in a trap.

But Pelias only answered calmly, "My son, he shall be sent forthwith."

"You mean me?" cried Jason, starting up. "because I came here with one sandal?" And he lifted his hand as if to strike.

Pelias said, "Why so rash, my son? You, and not I, have said what is said; why blame me for what I have not done? Had you bid me love the man of whom I spoke, and make him my son-in-law and heir, I would have obeyed you; and what if I obey you now, and send the man to win immortal fame? One thing at least I know, that he will go, and that gladly; for he has a hero's heart within him, loving glory, and scornful to break the word which he has given."

Then Jason thought, "What if the centaur were a prophet in that also, and meant that I should win the Golden Fleece?" Then he said:—

"You have well spoken, cunning uncle of mine, that I love glory, and I dare to keep my word. I will go and fetch this Golden Fleece, if you will keep your word as I keep mine, and treat my father lovingly while I am away, for the sake of the all-seeing Zeus; and give up to me the kingdom for my own on the day that I bring back the Golden Fleece."

Then Pelias said, "I promise, and I will perform. It will be no shame to give up my kingdom to the man who wins the Fleece."

Jason could not sleep for thinking of the promise. He tossed a long time upon his bed; sometimes the spirit of Phrixus seemed to call to him, "Let me come home to my fathers and have rest." And sometimes he seemed to see the eyes of the goddess Hera, and to hear her words again, "Call on me in the hour of need, and see if the Immortals can forget."

On the following morning he went to Pelias, and said, "Give me a victim, that I may sacrifice to Hera." So he went up to the altar, and offered his sacrifice; and as he stood by the altar the goddess sent him a thought as to what he should do. So he went to Pelias and said: "If you are indeed in earnest, give me two heralds, that they may go round to all the princes, who were pupils of the Centaur with me, that we may fit out a ship together, and take what shall befall us."

At that Pelias praised his wisdom, and hastened to send the heralds out; for he said in his heart, "Let all the princes go with him, and, like him, never return; for so I shall be lord of all the country, and the greatest king in all Hellas."

(To be continued).

INTUITION.

By Mrs. FRANCES KINGMAN.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Mrs. Blake, I have been wondering who Mrs. Grundy is; will you tell me, please? I was just thinking of everybody I ever heard of."

"Why Lizzie, where have you heard of the person in question?"

"Oh, I have heard a good many people talk 'bout Mrs. Grundy, and sometimes I read 'bout her in the papers—that Mrs. Grundy says so-and-so. I s'pose she must be of great account, isn't she?"

"Yes, dear," I replied, "she is a person of some note."

"Well Mrs. Blake, who is she?"

"Guess, Lizzie."

"Oh, I never can guess."

"Intuition, perhaps will enable you to find out."

"Well—let me see," as she gazed at the ceiling.

"Its Harriet Beecher Stowe."

"No dear. Try again."

Drawing a long breath, as if it were hard work, she said, "Its—the woman who wants to vote."

"No Lizzie."

"Well, then, the woman who wears her own hair in a little bit of a pug."

"No," I laughingly replied; "try once more dear."

"The woman who doesn't want to get married."

"No, Lizzie, the Grundys do like to get married."

"Well, I can't guess," she replied, quite in despair; "if it were Mr. Grundy I could tell easy enough—anybody can tell that."

"Well, who is he, dear?"

"Why, he's the man who hasn't got any personal friends in Washington, but who has got lots and lots of *impersonal* ones."

"Well, Lizzie," I said, "that will do for Mr. Grundy, but I want you to think awhile longer about his wife."

"Cutty's coming—I guess she can tell."

My darling entered, and laying aside her hat, she sat upon another footstool, which she had brought forward.

"What is it, please, mother?"

Lizzie answered: "Oh, Cutty! I wish you'd guess who Mrs. Grundy is."

My adopted blushed, as though guilty of immense ignorance, and falteringly said: "I never even heard of her, Lizzie; is she very great?"

Suddenly Lizzie started up, standing opposite me, and exclaimed: "No cheating this time. I've got it, and no fail. Mrs. Blake! Isn't it something 'bout"—her merry eyes twinkled and her attitude was all expectancy—"Intuition whispers to me it's something 'bout making pins of people's noses."

"You have it at last, Lizzie."

Cutty laughed heartily, while Lizzie drew herself up to her fullest stature, and said, "Oh! I've got it! but 'tis awful *figurative*. Mrs. Blake, *awful*."

"I think Miss Eunice Peek is a Grundy, Mrs. Blake."

"Why, dear?"

"Oh! 'cause she does ask so many questions 'bout mother, and 'bout my cousin Mollie, and you and Cutty; and she likes James Upham, but he doesn't like her, I know. She's always asking me what he says 'bout her. He comes to our house, and as quick as she knows he's there she comes, too. She asked me yesterday what he said 'bout her when she went home the other night. I told her he said she was always stickin' round him."

"Why did you tell her so, Lizzie?"

"Well, he did say it, and she wanted to know."

At this moment her mother came in for a chat. I repeated my conversation with her daughter, and she was highly amused, saying: "Did she not ask you what the Grundys would do in heaven? I can assure you that will be her next question. You can hardly answer that. Mrs. Blake."

"As easily as any question concerning our future, Mrs. Holt. Grundys in the hereafter will be objects of earnest solicitude for philanthropic angels."

"You believe they will progress out of their inquisitive habits?"

"Certainly. I do not expect they are to be Grundys through eternity."

"Why do they not do it here?"

"Because they do not realise what the consequences hereafter will be."

"Where do you find them oftenest?"

"I can hardly discriminate: they are everywhere."

"I suppose they like places of excitement best?"

"Yes; they are in at the birth, holding their fingers to count the interregnum between the marriage and the baby's advent."

"That is true, Mrs. Blake; and they are very fond of weddings."

"Yes; they wonder if the couple are well matched,

if love really was the object, or money, or position, or for a home, or beauty, or through spite, because somebody jilted one of them."

"I have heard the tribe described as 'Scenting Commissioners,' 'Leeches,' and 'Sorcerers,' added Mrs. Holt.

"Yes, they are Harlequins; their wands are thrust into every sacred home, stabbing aching hearts, smiting the fallen with blows so brutal that they sink never to rise again."

"Do they never get punished for their conduct?"

"A continual punishment, only they are so obstinate they will not acknowledge it. I *have* known them receive a straight arrow for the sharpened steel they had made ready for somebody's back, a broad palm-slab for their blasting conjecture and hypocritical anonymity, a dark-coloured eye for a shameless attack upon a defenceless woman, whose uncontrollable circumstances they had no right to demand or condemn."

"It is truly so, Mrs. Blake. Who escapes? Is there any escape for any of us?"

"No, my dear lady; but scandal little affects the class whose respect is worth having. No; there is no escape."

"Is there any weapon with which to battle these Grundys?"

"Contempt!" I replied.

"And must they ever flourish—never become exterminated?"

"I will answer you, Mrs. Holt, with Hare's logic: 'When will talkers refrain from evil speaking? When listeners refrain from evil listening.'"

At this moment Cutty and Lizzie came into the room and we ceased our conversation, laughing at Lizzie's "Now, Mrs. Blake, I want you to tell me what the angels do with the Grundys."

CHAPTER XI.

The evening had been assigned for a visit to a friend; but Charles professed great weariness, and preferred to remain at home. Cutty was pleased with the arrangement, for she desired answers to several questions.

Lizzie Holt came in, but declined to meet my brother Charles. Her pretty face wore a shade of sadness, and she said:

"I came over, Mrs. Blake, to tell you my poor little sick dove, Lily, has just gone to the Summerland."

Cutty laughed, and I could hardly help doing so.

"You do not believe Mrs. Blake they have another life do you? I do, somehow—perhaps it isn't that neither; but I know that all the pretty knowings Lily had can't die. She would come when I called her, and run whenever she saw me, and find the bread crumbs though I hid them in ever so sure a place, and no one knows how much she *knew* when she was in danger. Now, Mrs. Blake, where's all that "*knew*" gone to?"

"Come into the parlour, Lizzie, and ask this gentleman; perhaps he will be able to tell you what has become of your dove."

"No, Cutty, thank you, I am on an errand, and cannot stop."

So the dear child ran away, graceful as a young fawn, and Cutty and I returned to the parlour. I told Charles of Lizzie and her beliefs, and I had to promise that he should see her before he left. When we were seated he said: "I have longed to have

evening come so that we might discuss some of those problems that are troubling me."

"Well, Charles," I replied, "I have little to give you save that which comes from reason and intuition, I will do the best I can."

"Can we really feel the presence of our lost ones, and seem to converse with them?"

"My brother, give your affections and will to the consideration of this subject. Throw aside prejudice, and let us remember that Jesus upon the mount of transfiguration held converse with Moses and Elijah. Socrates lived constantly with his angel-guides. They admonished him, gave him assistance when in need, and held in check his indiscretions. How many have felt the presence of their dear departed ones? You and I may talk with angels as well as they of the past—'tis no miracle."

"Explain, Anne, I cannot understand."

"A man can take nothing to himself except it be given from above. Reichenbach has said: 'In proportion to a magnet's length flow forth luminous rays; some persons are so susceptible as to see these. So, my brother, striving to make ourselves the recipients of spiritual evidence causes a susceptibility. Some persons can and do behold the return of those they love through their susceptibility, while others strive to grasp before they have prepared themselves.'"

"But the Spiritualists talk of proper organisations—proper states."

"Charles, I never saw the spiritual presence of Cecil, but I feel it daily; he goes hand in hand with me through the house, laughs, talks, and caresses me because I am in the proper state. I forget the world. I reach up, and in proportion as I reach up he reaches down to me. I hunger and thirst for knowledge of his spiritual life. Angels bring me food. I long for proof that he still loves me. The very desire draws him nearer to me. My mind is receptive to the spiritual influx. Then he comes, smiling soft and sweet. In thought I kiss his lips, I caress his hands, I pillow his head as I did when in the flesh and sing, 'Rock me to sleep.'"

Charles had risen to a sitting posture. "Anne," he said, "it may be so. I know very well how this inner life tries to direct the outer, and how we rebel. I understood something of the successive emanations from God to angels, from angels to us, and from us as we will give to those lower in life's scale. If we would only live as they live, and give to others as they give to us, how quickly God's will would be done!"

"Oh, I understand it all now," exclaimed Cutty, "and I shall try so hard to give Lizzie, and others all my knowledge, and I am determined to go every day to the cemetery and comfort those poor hopeless mourners; and as I give away my goods, the angels will watch me—perhaps mother, and father, and Johnny can give me a little by this time, just as fast as I give they will give me some more."

A very gentle knock was heard on the parlour door. It was Lizzie Holt, just returned from her errand; her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks were rosy red. She seated herself close by my brother. He regarded her with a good share of inquisitiveness, a faint smile on his face. She turned very quickly towards him, saying:

"I am sorry you are sick."

"So am I," he replied.

"Are you very sick?" she asked.

"I fear so, I am afraid I am very sick."

"Have you any little girls?"

This reference to little girls touched his heart. He

answered, "Yes, a lovely daughter, about your age."

I saw a tear glisten upon his eye lashes. He was thinking of the parting from her which was so surely drawing near.

Recovering his self-possession, he whispered, "I should like to ask her some questions."

"Do so if you wish," I whispered.

I asked Lizzie if she had committed her sabbath school lesson to memory.

"Oh, yes," she answered, and then added, "I wish I was old enough, and knew enough, to write a catechism."

"So do I," echoed Cutty; "perhaps we will some day, Lizzie."

"What kind of one would you have?" asked Charles.

"The first thing I'd say, would be 'God is love.'"

"What then?"

"Next, I'd prove it," was the prompt reply.

"What then," asked Charles, anxious to obtain her little thoughts.

"I'd tell little children, and big men and women, too, that all they had got to do is to love God with all their might, and do unto others as they would have others do to them. I would tell them that if they told lies, and did wicked things, when they died they would be unhappy for it, but I wouldn't tell 'em they must burn in hell for ever. I wouldn't have any *figurative* talk in it. I'd say, 'Remember, God is all love, and if you don't do right you can't see him for a great many years.' I'd tell them how angels cry when they see us do wicked things, and strive to help us do what is right. I'd tell them every day must be as good as Sunday, and that they musn't be cheating and telling lies 'bout things all the week to get money, and then, when Sunday comes, put on all their best clothes and go to meetings and look so good just as though they had been good ever since the last time they were there. I'd tell 'em to be good to poor orphans, and not pray for 'em, and then not give 'em enough to eat, and—and I'd tell 'em to live so that when the angel Gabriel comes (I believe it means when we die), they won't be afraid, but glad 'cause you see 'tis so beautiful in heaven, and we shall have such good times, talking 'bout what things we did here. I mean to write a catechism one of these days."

"Then you are not afraid to die?" said Charles, gazing at the child.

"No," she quickly answered; then added, "but then I ain't in any hurry, I like this world and all the people, and the flowers and birds, and everything; but if God calls me, why then I am willing, 'cause I know it's all right, and I believe the flowers and birds and trees are a great *deal* more beautiful there."

"What do you expect it to be like Lizzie?" I asked.

"Oh, just like what I am here, only much prettier. I have thought it all out, how I will tell all the folks I have ever known all about their folks I have left. When I think I'm going to die, I shall send for all the people I know who have got angels up there, so I can carry lots of messages; and I'll tell 'em what their folks are doing here, and—and, oh, I can't talk 'bout it, it makes me want to go so, and *I shall know so much there.*"

"Lizzie," I said, "who taught you this?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she glanced towards Cutty, and added, "She has answered all my questions, so good and so true. You see I felt it here (pressing her hand to her heart), but couldn't explain what it meant."

My darling Cutty turned to me, and whispered, "Mother, 'tis all so simple, we children can understand it well."

My brother reached out his arms to them, and both went to him. He drew a deep breath, and breathed an inward prayer to speedily relieve him of his doubts concerning the hereafter. I felt he was trying to accept the grand belief of the Father's little ones. Presently his arms relaxed their hold, and the two withdrew to Cutty's bed-room.

Charles said, "Anne, it does seem as though the soul must find something to satisfy its longings. I have called myself a good Christian for years."

"So did I, Charles; but when death came and carried away my loved one, I could not bridge over the terrible chasm of death with my religion."

"I understand, sister. I thought I was ready for anything. I have never neglected prayer or the church: I have been benevolent; have endeavoured to obey God; but now when I know I must die, I awake from my dream of fancied security—lo! I am empty where I believed I was filled."

(To be continued).

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS OPPONENTS.

[The following is a verbatim copy of a letter sent to the "North Mail" in answer to a correspondent signing himself "Verbi Dei Minister," of 26, Derwent Street, Darlington. As the Editor of the "North Mail" has not had the courtesy to insert the letter, thus giving the public the impression that the Spiritualists have no reply to the adverse criticism which is appearing in its pages, we insert the letter in full, trusting our Tyneside and Tees-side friends will make the fact known at their services.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the *North Mail*.

Sir,—Your correspondent "*Verbi Dei Minister*," in your issue of August 8th, quotes from "*Outlines of Spiritualism*," page 13, as follows:—"To assert that it (the Bible) is a holy and divine book, that God inspired the writers to make known His Divine Will, is a gross outrage on, and misleading to the public."

Surely such a strong assertion would not be made by any writer unless he had grave reason for it. What is the reason? Your correspondent does not say, and so leaves your readers in the dark. Allow me, then, to quote some of the evidence that is placed before the readers of the book in question, so that your readers may judge as to whether the statement is warranted or not.

Dealing with the compilation of the Old Testament, the Rev. S. Davidson, D.D., LL.D., says in his work of the Canon of the Bible, "The first commencement of the Old Testament was the *ten words* of Moses, which in the course of time were made into the ten commandments" (page 9). "To these other writings of prophets and priests were collected; various portions were *left out*, and others were added" (page 13). After the lapse of upward of 20 years the two books called the Deuteronomy and Joshua were added, when they were again revised, and several additions and alterations were made" (page 14).

Afterwards the Jews were made prisoners and carried away as captives to Babylon, where they remained for 70 years.

On regaining their liberty and returning to Jerusalem, it was feared that nearly all their old writings (Manuscripts of the Old Testament) had been destroyed or lost, and an old priest named Ezra, who had full authority to re-build Jerusalem and its walls, set about re-writing the lost records. If the reader will turn to the fourteenth chapter of second Esdras

he will learn of one of the methods he employed. Besides which we are further told by the Rev. S. Davidson, that Ezra made the writings to his liking by adding to, removing from, and altering what did not please him. He threw back several enactments to earlier times, and did not scruple to refer to Moses what had taken place after his death." (page 21).

It is such evidence as this, and much more of a like nature that induced the writer of "*Outlines of Spiritualism*" to say: "To assert that it (the Bible) is a holy and divine book, that God inspired the writers to make known His Divine Will, is a gross outrage on, and misleading to, the public."

It must be self-evident to any unbiassed Biblical student, that a book treated in the manner Ezra alone treated it, cannot be Divinely inspired.

Your correspondent also makes the following statement regarding the book called "*Outlines of Spiritualism*," referring to page 40 he says: "Here they endeavour to prove that the spirits of the departed return to earth. A number of passages are quoted of angels appearing, but not once is a spirit of a departed human being mentioned."

"*Verbi Dei Minister*" should know that the Hebrew term "*Malach*," which is translated "angel" in the Old Testament, signifies a "messenger." He also should know, seeing he signs himself in latin "*Minister of God's Word*," that the latin term "*angelus*," from which the English term "angel" is derived, signifies a "messenger," and is so translated in Matt. XI., 10; Luke VII., 24; and IX., 52; and James II., 25; and in Acts XII., 15, it is translated "angel."

But those spirit visitations are not all termed "angels" in the Old Testament, for Ezekiel says he saw a man (spirit) sat on a throne. Later it entered into him and sat him on his feet, Ezek. I., 26-28, and II., 1-10. (See also chapter III.). Daniel speaks of the angel Gabriel as a man clothed in linen. See chapters, Dan. IX., 21-22; X., 1-5; and XII., 5-7. These cases are quoted from the book of which he (your correspondent) says, "But not once is a spirit of a departed human being mentioned." But if there be any lingering doubt as to any human spirits mentioned let me refer him to page 50 where the case of Moses and Elias (Elijah) visits Jesus is considered. Now, according to the Bible, Moses died B.C. 1451, and Elijah died B.C. 896. Here are two human spirits mentioned. What would your correspondent say to any one to-day claiming to have had a visit from a spirit who passed on 1451 years ago? Equally definite is the case cited on page 53 of John who, on two occasions is about to fall down and worship the angel who shows him the wonderful visions. But the angel says, "See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren, the prophets: worship God." Rev. XIX., 10; and XXII., 8-9. Here the angel declares himself to have been a prophet, and so is a human spirit acting as a spiritual servant to John.

I do not wish to insult a "*Minister of God's Word*," by suggesting that he is ignorant as to how the Bible was compiled, and the proper meaning of the term "angel," and what a large and important part they play in the Old and New Testaments. But I do wish him to tell your readers in his next letter, why he hid his Biblical knowledge, and left your readers to grope in the darkness of ignorance and misapprehension concerning such vital questions?

ALFRED KITSON.

17, Bromley Road, Hanging Heaton, Dewsbury, August 13th, 1912.

Bluebell Guild.

OBJECT: To promote Gentleness, Kindness and Good Behaviour. Membership is open to all.

MY DEAR BLUEBELLS:

I trust that all of you have enjoyed your holidays, and feel better and happier for them.

Two of my Bluebells, Willie Warrington, and M. Wilkinson, both aged ten, and members of the Earby Lyceum, have kindly sent me letters, through their Lyceum secretary, telling me of their holidays. I thank my young friends for their efforts, and hope to hear from them again.

I am delighted to receive a few more names to be enrolled as members of our guild from the Leicester (Silver St.) Lyceum. These have been duly enrolled and membership cards supplied.

My biggest surprise has come from South Shields (King St.) Lyceum. Mr. Wm. Woodall, the esteemed conductor, has sent me a list of over fifty new members! He says in his letter:

"Dear Flora Belle,"

"In this, my first letter to you, I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the BLUEBELL GUILD and its Objects, if these objects were always kept in view, then the Brotherhood of Man would soon be an accomplished fact."

I think the idea of Bro. Sixsmith *re* a Bluebell Badge, a very good one; and it should bear fruit.

I enclose a list of names for membership from South Shields, King Street Lyceum. I wish the Guild every success in promoting true Fellowship.

"Yours fraternally,

WM. WOODALL, Conductor.

I thank Mr. Woodall most sincerely for his good wishes.

Will all Lyceums who have members enrolled in our GUILD please report to me how many Bluebell Badges they will buy if a special badge be designed and made?

I wish to have a little chat this month with

THE PARTIAL MOTHER.

Mother, Is that you my darling?

Child, No mamma, 'tis *only* me.

Fancy a little, pale faced, sensitive child meekly returning that touching answer to the mother who pets the beautiful sister! Who would not find a warm corner in their heart for her? Who would not hasten to make those sad, pensive eyes beam with joy and happiness? Who would not try to raise her estimate of her own powers, chilled and crushed in the bud by the hand that should wipe away every childish tear? How seldom is equal justice done to the children of a large family! The superficial, the brilliant, the showy, and witty child throws a dazzling glare over most parental eyes, causing envy, jealousy, and often hatred to find a resting place in the bosom of those that feel slighted and kept in the background. Many parents mark not the less gifted, but often warm-hearted children of their household, and allow the sensitive child to creep with swelling heart and tearful eyes to some unnoticed corner, to sob, with passionate tears, "Ah! it's only me."

Do not frown upon, nor scold, the little shrinking child at your side, slow of speech, and stammering of tongue, turning his eye timidly even from his mother's glance—because the quick flush of embarrassment

mounts to his forehead, and he stands up not with a bold, flashing eye, to answer the guest you are anxious to please by showing off the talents of your children. Do not chide him, but let him hide his tearful eye and blushing cheeks in the folds of your dress, if he wishes, and put a loving arm around him, and let him creep to your heart and nestle there, till the little one gains more courage to speak his mind with confidence. He will in time, eaglelike face the sun. You shall yet scarcely be able to keep him in sight. Bear with him yet awhile, you ambitious mother, and he shall be a credit to you.

Your loving sister,

FLORA BELLE.

LEICESTER (Silver Street).

3355	Miss F. Smith.	3359	Mr. W. Tuckwood.
3356	Miss A. Wightman.	3360	Mr. A. Spence.
3357	Miss D. Cartwright.	3361	Mr. A. Cartwright.
3358	Mr. A. Smith.		

SOUTH SHIELDS (King Street).

3362	Mr. Wm. Woodall.	3388	Master Willie Scott.
3363	Mr. James Turnbull.	3389	Miss Emily Beadham.
3364	Mrs. Turnbull.	3390	Miss Mary Dobson.
3365	Mr. John Palmer.	3391	Miss Maggie Johnson.
3366	Mrs. John Palmer.	3392	Miss Jennie Johnson.
3367	Mrs. Bell.	3393	Miss Olga Shotton.
3368	Miss Evelyn Woodall.	3394	Master John Townsend.
3369	Miss Eliza Woodall.	3395	Miss Lily Christie.
3370	Miss Isabella Woodall.	3396	Master David Christie.
3371	Miss Ella Woodall.	3397	Master Fred Loft.
3372	Miss Ethel Palmer.	3398	Miss Annie Loft.
3373	Master John Palmer.	3399	Miss Maggie Elliott.
3374	Miss Violet Palmer.	3400	Miss Ada Ridley.
3375	Miss Madge Palmer.	3401	Miss Florence Henderson.
3376	Miss Lily Patterson.	3402	Miss Nancy Brown.
3377	Master John Patterson.	3403	Miss Bessie Brown.
3378	Miss Winnie Patterson.	3404	Miss Lily Trosh.
3379	Miss Alice Patterson.	3405	Miss Ivy Trosh.
3380	Miss Clara Dorkin.	3406	Miss Kate Terry.
3381	Miss Alice Dorkin.	3407	Miss Annie Terry.
3382	Master Willie Dorkin.	3408	Master Norman Hancock.
3383	Miss Annie Dorkin.	3409	Miss Dorothy Goodman.
3384	Master Charles Storey.	3410	Miss Mary Batchelor.
3385	Master Thomas Storey.	3411	Miss Lily Batchelor.
3386	Miss Lily Storey.	3412	Master Willie Batchelor.
3387	Miss Julia Scott.	3413	Master George Batchelor.

THE ANGEL'S STORY.

Outside the wind is howling wild,
 Inside a grieving mother cries,
 She weeps, she says, for her dear child
 Who toss'd in fever, lies.

I stand awhile on the threshold there,
 And gaze on that prostrated frame
 Of a mother weeping silently,
 And thank God that I came.

Can I help in this sad household;
 Anyhow, friend, I mean to try;
 I lay my hand on her shoulder,
 And whisper, "Dear, don't cry."

She turns, with eyes appealing so,
 And asks me, "Oh! sir, must he die?"
 With arms outstretched she's pleading, too,
 But I can't tell a lie.

So I soothe her painful sobbing,
 And I tell her of all that's bright,
 How her boy longs to be playing
 In Summerland of Light.

She stops her crying to listen,
 And heeds the tale I to her tell;
 Her little one's eyes then open,
 I whisper, "All is well."

I. J. B.

Girls' Own Corner.

By Mrs. JESSY GREENWOOD



LESSON PROGRAMME, SEPT., 1912.

Date.	Opening Hymn.	S.C.R.	Mus. Reading.	G.C.R.	Closing Hymn.
1	412	51	*25	131	407
8	403	57	214	127	406
15	390	95	240	126	592
22	357	344	241	146	356
29	379	371	239	112	360

* Impromptu readings by selected members of Lyceum

PEARLS.

SEPT. 1st.—“Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with, but a man can make a goose of himself with one.”

SEPT. 8th.—“Be not simply good; be good for something.”

SEPT. 15th.—“God loves me; God needs me; Humanity needs me.”

SEPT. 22nd.—“While the man is living here, walking these common streets, living in closest intercourse with other men, he is already in the Everlasting Presence and his heaven has begun.”

Rt. Rev. Phillip Brooks.

SEPT. 29th.—“Simple as it seems, the doing one's best at each moment is all there is of life.”

MOMENTS WITH MOTHERS.

Last month our talk was somewhat of a serious nature. The picture given was one which is frequently seen in most homes—that of the Angel of Life stealing into the house and with her beckoning finger calling one away to the delights of another life. Now, let us suggest another picture, also a parting with a dear one, but with this difference, it is accomplished by joy, merriment, music, flowers, beautiful dresses, the gathering together of youths and maidens and relatives just to hear a few simple words passed between a minister and the two who are the cause of all the excitement.

A wedding! Yes, a wedding. Just two people who find they cannot live without each other, and so desire to share interests as husband and wife. It is the right thing to do, providing due consideration has been given to the most momentous question in either of their lives, and surely the thousand and one good wishes poured on them like a burst of glorious sunshine on a sweet May morning, is a strong freight carrier of love and goodwill with which to open the mysterious door of wedded life.

It is not with the young folks so much we are concerned, as with the mother. Can any one say what it means to her? Naturally she looks ahead of wedding days, with all the excitement and preparation, to the real life-to-be-lived of her girl.

For her she is anxious; for her she is wishing many things, e.g., a good, kind husband, a happy life, etc. But above all she wants to be assured that LOVE, the magic power and dominant influence in married life—for love is the life of a woman's existence—is mutually given.

Mother lives her life again in her girl's good fortune. So if the tears well up, and she is troubled when others are so happy, need we wonder?

It is an evidence of her great wealth of mother-nature, of a tender concern for the well-being of her own child. Happy the mother who has made a confidante and companion of her girls. Not cold, unresponsive, possessing simply clear sense and good intention, but women who *let their hearts live*.

I like to see women who have windows on every side of their nature, through which they understand the obvious claims of truth and righteousness in family matters. Why? Because they are the models for future mothers, wives and sweethearts.

The mother I have described would not allow her girl bride to enter this highway to maternity with an idea all was sweetness—a fool's paradise, from which to be rudely awakened by the hard, dry facts of making ends meet.

“Moments with mothers” would have paved the way to the land of “give and take,” and the great asset of knowledge the mother possesses makes her a wonderful influence for good which the young girl has yet to gain.

What a big subject it is! A subject teeming with tremendous import to us all; and yet in hundreds of cases entered upon lightly, frivolously and carelessly.

Girls, be women! high-souled women! sweet women first, home women next! outside interests later.

Listen to the poet in the following words:—

“The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink Together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free. If she be small, slight-natured, miserable, How shall men grow? But work no more alone! Let man be more of woman, she of man; He gain in sweetness and in moral height, Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world; She mental breath, nor fail in childhood care, Nor lose the child-like in the larger mind; Till at last she set herself to man, Like perfect music unto nobler words; And so these twain, upon the skirts of time, Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers, Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be, Self-reverent each, and reverencing each, Distinct in individualities, But like each other, even as those who love. Then comes the statelier Eden back to man; Then reigns the world's great bridals, chaste and calm; Then springs the crowning race of human kind.”

BRADFORD (Boynton Street).—We held our Open Session on August 4th, which, owing to the bad weather and the District Council meeting being on the same day, somewhat reduced our numbers, but on the whole, the session was a complete success. The following took part:—Misses A. Ward, Flora McIntosh, and Master N. Haley recited, and Miss Garth gave a solo, and Miss Elsie Bairstow gave a piano solo; duets by Misses Ada and Annie Carter, Mrs. Wilkinson and Miss White; Mrs. Stewart and Miss Leckie, and Mr. Dracup a reading.—A. E. Carter.

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 May, 1902.

THE LYCEUM BANNER:

ALFRED KITSON, *Editor.*

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Office—Bromley Road, Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury.

SEPTEMBER, 1912.

LYCEUM MOTTO FOR 1912.

"THE GREATEST GOOD OF THE GREATEST NUMBER."

Lyceum Notes and Comments.

We are glad to announce that several Lyceums have been re-opened during the past month, amongst which may be mentioned Bradford (Bradford Lane), Salford (Chapel Street), Windhill. Also the friends of the late Holme Street, Bradford, have succeeded in finding a new home in Gate Street, Little Horton, which has been used for 30 years by the Salvation Army. We wish their efforts every success.

Information is to hand that a new Society is being started in Burton-on-Trent, and they are contemplating opening a Lyceum in connection with it. Will our Burton friends please send particulars to this office?

We trust the friends in the Nottingham District will make an effort to get the lapsed Lyceums at Hucknall and Loughborough re-opened at an early date. "Open the door for the children, tenderly gather them in."

Mr. John Roberts, Winnipeg (late of Blackpool) sends us the cheering news that they have bought a site of land, containing 2,800 square feet, in Polson Avenue, and a building is now in course of erection, which is to be their permanent home. They hope to have their new place ready before the end of September.

We had the pleasure of attending the Tyneside Lyceum Demonstration on Bank Holiday, in company with a party of 20 from Middlesbrough, joined by friends from Shildon and West Hartlepool. We were kindly greeted on our arrival at the Station by Mr. D. R. Davis, the Secretary; Mr. J. Rodgers, the President; Mr. W. J. Taylor, the D.V.; Mr. Laurence, and other friends.

The various Lyceum officers and scholars assembled in St. Mary's Place. They looked very neat and attractive, wearing their special favours, and then marched along Osborne Road to Jesmond Dene, a very pretty and attractive holiday resort, where prizes were eagerly competed for by members of the various Lyceums.

After tea in the Pavilion, the Lyceumists were formed into file for a display of marching; and then Miss Lawrence led them through the calisthenics. We admired the pluck and energy she put into her task, and pitied her, as there was no music to give time and unity to the assembled multitude before her.

The whole effort may be regarded as an experiment, and no doubt next year a competent brass band will be engaged to head the procession and play for the marching and calisthenics.

If we may, we would suggest that on future occasions each Lyceum be apportioned sufficient space in which to do its own series of marches, after which arrange all of the Lyceums in a compact square in front of the Conductor for a massed display of calisthenics.

We had an unpleasant surprise, being invited to address the vast gathering of Lyceumists and sympathisers, which we gladly consented to do, as it was nearly 26 years ago since Mrs. Kitson and self had first visited Newcastle to open its first Lyceum (from which occasion dated the compiling and publishing of the "English Lyceum Manual," by our esteemed colleague, Mr. H. A. Kersey), for which the movement up to then was languishing. We had just commented on these historical facts when we were requested to cease speaking as speeches were against the regulations. Moral: In future ascertain if it is against the regulations to address large gatherings before inviting your guests so to do.

NOTTINGHAM.

King's Theatre, Market Street.

FIRST ANNUAL

Mass Anniversary

Of the Five Spiritualistic Lyceums
 of Nottingham

On Sunday, Sept. 22nd, 1912.

Morning, 10-45. Evening, 6-30.

SPEAKER—

Mrs. A. E. BENTLEY (of Manchester).

Special Singing and Recitations by the Children.

In the Afternoon at 2-30, A Grand

Open-Air Demonstration

of a Lyceum Session will be given on the Nottingham Forrest, when there will be Marching and Calisthenics, Conducted by **Mr. L. SHIPLEY.**

Speaker - **Mrs. A. E. BENTLEY.**

Collection at each Service to defray Expenses.

For the Boys.

Conducted by Geo. Fred Knott.

MY DEAR CHUMS,—

I have been handed a request from Mr. Pratt, of Todmorden, by the Editor, asking for hints on Botany, with a view to interesting a class of boys. I know there are many leaders and Lyceumists interested in this subject, so I make it the basis of my monthly message to you, and also make the request for the readers of this page to write me on this, or on any other matter of general interest to boys in our Movement.

Nature study has a very wide field of investigation open to its students. Knowledge is easiest to obtain when accompanied by the pleasure of experiment. Some little knowledge of the earth is necessary for the ground work of our thoughts. This will already have been obtained in our ordinary daily education. The leader can review this for a commencement. We may now consider the surface of the earth's crust. The soil produces plants. Plants or vegetation are necessary for the existence of animals and human beings alike. We obtain food, clothing and shelter from the earth's resources. There is one primitive race of dark-skinned people, who live on one of the islands in the Indian Ocean, who find their every necessity from the cocoanut tree. They drink the milk and eat the nut, make their drinking and eating vessels from the shell, which they take a great pride in polishing. Their huts are made with a framework of the trees drawn together at the top and covered with a mixture of muddy clay and fibre, taken from the husks which grow around the cocoanuts. The clothing of these people is woven from fibre, as are also the mats with which the tent is floored. How much happier should we be with so many various materials to hand to build and beautify our lives and homes when we consider how much these primitive people can do from this one tree!

Botany is called a concrete science, because all its ways or laws can be proved by observation and experiment. I am hoping, as the months go by, to be able to tell you much of nature's way of doing things. This month I am just giving you a little lesson on one plant, which I hope will give Mr. Pratt and other leaders the impetus to further this study with the co-operation of the Lyceumists, who, formed into classes, are their especial care.

Every boy can obtain a pod of beans at the present time. If you will obtain one of the seeds by opening the pod, you will notice the bean is kidney shaped. There is a small stalk attaching the bean to the pod. Break off the bean and you will notice a dark scar on the side of the bean where it has been broken away. This scar is called the *hilum*. There is a small hole near the hilum which you can find by squeezing the bean, when water will be seen to ooze out. This hole is called the *micropyle*. If you will turn the bean round to the other side and insert a sharp knife or pin gently, as you would peel a potato, you can remove the seed-coat, called the *spermoderm*, which consists of two layers. The outer layer is called the *testa*, and the inner seed-coat is called the *tegmen*. You will now see a whitish mass which forms the

embryo. The embryo is food which has been stored by the plant within the seed to keep the young plant alive until it can obtain from the soil in which it is set sufficient food to continue its existence. If the embryo is examined, there will be found along the side near to the micropyle a small body, called the *radicle*: this will form the future root of the plant. The embryo can now be divided into two divisions or leaves, which the botanist calls *cotyledons*, or seed leaves. Do this very gently and examine them very closely, and you will find a continuation of the radicle, which is the stalk of the new plant. At the top of this stalk are some very, very small leaves. If you want to try the experiment you can set a mustard seed, a pea or a bean sown in damp sawdust. You will then be able to notice the growth of the root and leaves, discerning the wasting of the embryo by the food being drawn therefrom into the plant itself.

I am hopeful the illustration here given of a small bean will denote to class leaders the necessity of previous study, and to Lyceumists the trouble their teachers have taken for their welfare, and so pay greater attention in obtaining a good knowledge of nature, with the hope that all our boys may grow to useful men in the coming days. It is with this ambition Mr. Brown took his little party to Matlock in this wet-summer, which short story concludes in this issue of our page. My readers will remember they had reached Matlock Station.

The little party proceeded down Dale Road, Mr. Brown relating to them as they went along the story of Dr. Livingstone, the explorer. He told them about his native followers, who carried his baggage and journeyed with him through the Dark Continent. After this story, he said they would that day pretend they were missionaries, but instead of a continent they would explore a dark cavern under the Peak of Derbyshire. The leader presently stopped at a restaurant, to which he had telephoned before starting, for the necessary utensils they would require during the day. These things were divided amongst his little band and they trooped merrily towards the cavern.

When they reached the entrance, each one was given a candle. With these dim illuminations they passed into the dark underground passages until a boat was reached. All getting into this conveyance, the little band passed along the underground river. Mr. Brown pointed out the lead ore, the stalactites and stalagmites,—columns of a soft stone, light in colour, which had been formed from the minerals held in solution by water dripping from the roof of the cavern; and other interesting things. Coming to the end of a long passage, the boat was stopped at a great cavern. The pioneers here got out of the boat, bringing with them the food and utensils. Mr. Brown opened his bag and pulled out a circular tin with a tap to it. Inside this tin was another tin, and inside of the second tin was a smaller tin again. Opening the smallest tin, the leader partly filled it with a white substance. The largest tin was partly filled with water. The three tins were now put together. A pipe was attached to the tap. This pipe had a bracket with a burner placed in the end. Mr. Brown had now completed his small gasometer. Turning on the tap, he struck a match and put it to the burner, when a brilliant light of acetylene gas was emitted which lighted up the cavern splendidly. The candles were put out, and the leader found some little job for all to do. Some laid the cloth on a large flat stone, others

brought the pots and the food, whilst Mr. Brown produced another device for boiling the water. A stove heated by methylated spirits was set going, surmounted by a kettle of water.

Whilst the water was coming to a boil, Mr. Brown told his hearers how lead ore was found in one of these caverns and men commenced to pick and dig for this ore. In one part of the mine was a wide, deep well of water. The miners, instead of taking the refuse out of the mine, threw it into the well, thinking they would fill the mine. Tons of the useless rocks were cast down until the miners found the pit an unprofitable one and ceased to work it any longer. Men afterwards tried to find the depth of the great well, and it was found to be so deep they could not find the bottom, although so many tons of earth and stone had been put into it with the idea of filling the well with refuse. Many people in the district now give this well the name of "The Bottomless Pit," and it is one of the many interesting points to visitors in the district.

The water boiled, the tea was brewed and the little merry party sat down with hungry appetites to enjoy the meal, their novel surroundings pleasing the children greatly. When the meal was finished, Mr. Brown led the children through the caverns, carrying the portable light to illuminate the way. He explained the way the caverns had been formed by the action of water, as foretold in the train, and all the youngsters were very much interested. Returning to the great cavern he told them more about the action of the water in certain portions of the district having the power to petrify birds' nests and other things with a coating of stone, produced by the constant dripping of the water upon the object. Some of the children expressed a wish to see one of these petrifying wells. Mr. Brown gave the order to pack up, and many busy hands replaced the utensils in the boxes. The candles were re-lighted, the gas apparatus packed away in Mr. Brown's bag, and each with a small burden commenced the return journey to the mouth of the cave.

A halt was made at the refreshment rooms, to take back the pots, &c. Mr. Brown paid the expenses and the little band resumed their way to the petrifying spring situated on the roadside leading to Matlock Baths. The man at the door gave the leader a friendly nod and all trooped into a room which was very cold inside, and had been dug in the side of the hill which fringes the roadside at this point. A fountain of spray sprang into the air and fell upon a miscellaneous collection of articles grouped in the centre of the room. The collection consisted of many kinds of toys: tin engines, baby rattles, bells, buckets, catapults, &c. There were also birds' nests, containing eggs, books, pans, pots, umbrellas, and many other things, all undergoing a strange process of being coated with a layer of stone. Some of the articles were entirely covered with the sediment formed by the chemicals which the water contained. The process of petrification was explained by Mr. Brown. The children listened most attentively to the explanations. Various articles were collected from beneath the spring water, and each boy and girl received a memento of their visit. The leader gave the man in charge a number of toys from his bag to replace the ones taken away. These were placed beneath the spray, to undergo the process, and Mr. Brown promised the children he would return to the petrifying spring for them before many weeks had passed and would show them to the scholars in the Lyceum.

Then leaving the petrifying spring, the picnics walked through the town and into the country. It was now raining very little, so the party had a ride through Via Gellia, a very pretty country drive, returning to Matlock to find the time of the return journey homewards was fast approaching.

On the journey home the leader spent the time in showing points of interest along the route and explaining to the boys and girls the names, uses and habits of the flowers the children had gathered in Via Gellia Valley. The latter portion of the railway journey was spent in singing Lyceum songs. When Birkton Station was reached a tired, but happy troupe of youngsters jumped out of the carriage. Mr. Brown was delighted at the appreciation of the children. Although it was still raining, none of them seemed to mind, and the little band of Lyceumists separated for their different homes with pleasant feelings, having spent a novel, enjoyable holiday under the leadership of their esteemed teacher, Mr. Brown, who felt proud of their devotion to him. To learn with the object of teaching others was his great hobby, and a wet holiday was not sufficient to stop his interest in his children.

Let us hope we shall find in our movement many men similar to Mr. Brown.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRIVATE WILLIAMS.

By C.W.M.

"Hast thou, midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?"

—Whittier.

There are times in all our lives when, on reading a verse like the above, our minds are carried back into the past;—there to live over a part of our lives; there to link up with past events; and sometimes we are permitted to hold converse with those we have known and loved. Such has been my experience now, whilst I was thinking over which of my adventures I should relate to you. I know not whether Simal Romazi has found another Gateway of Life or not, but this I do know, he is with me to-night.

Some time after the events I last related to you, our regiment was ordered to leave England for Malta, and it was whilst we were stationed there that I first made the acquaintance of Simal Romazi. My Company was then guarding Zabbar Gate, which lies about one and a-half miles from Fort St. Elmo. I had been given the position of Battalion Orderly, whose duties were to carry despatches to and from the General's Offices, situated in Valetta. To do this, I had to go by the Garrison Boat, which left the St. Elmo landing stage every morning at ten o'clock prompt. To be late meant being left behind, which in turn meant—cells.

One morning, while waiting for the boat, I was standing marvelling at the contrast between the East and the West. Here in England almost everything looks dull and sordid. Our streets and towns wear an aspect of mourning when placed in comparison with those of the East. Still, I was longing to be back, for the faces of old friends flitted across my vision, linking us up with each other again.

Whilst thus musing, I was startled by a voice saying "Good morning, soldier! Could you tell me at what time the Garrison Boat arrives?" I turned to see who was the speaker, and beheld a man whose appearance told me he came from India. To his query I

answered, "Yes, sir. She will be here in a few minutes. See! That is the one, just beyond the second buoy. I am waiting for her myself."

"Yes, I know that. You are the dispatch crurier, are you not?"

"Yes, I am. But how did you know?"

"Because you are carrying the satchel."

"You speak as though you were very familiar with army life."

"Yes. My country is infested with British soldiers."

"You don't like it very much, by the tone of your voice."

"Like it! I don't wish to insult you, but, if you can forget that you are a soldier and I a Hindu for a little while, I will speak with you. We may both help each other, and although our interests in life seem far apart, we shall see that you are as much a slave as I. To-morrow will be your Queen's birthday. Here in Malta, far away in India, and wherever the British flag flies, thousands of pounds will be spent in decorations. Every man who minds a gun or rifle will fire a salute, which is supposed to be a sign of patriotism. Dare one of you refuse to fire? Is there one out of every thousand of you whose heart swells with manly pride at the sight of your flag;—your flag, which is called the emblem of freedom? Away there in England to-morrow, will there not be little children waving their banners and shouting "Long live the Queen!" who have scarcely a rag to protect their frail bodies from the cold? Will not their fathers and mothers be boasting of their liberty? Will not your leaders of thought express their approval of it all? Yes, they will; but why? Because your merchant princes rule the world, and because you educate your offspring to pander to them. Here are two causes, and I may mention others, if we meet again. But to you and to all Britishers in other climes I would say a word of advice; go back to your homes. Make England free. Then, and then only, boast of your freedom. Yet, even then, your flag will be the symbol of serfdom in India."

"If you two want to catch this boat you will have to hurry up," cried a voice, which interrupted our conversation for a time.

(To be continued).

We beg to draw our readers' attention to a verbatim copy of a letter to the "North Mail," in which appeared a letter against Spiritualism, and making misleading references to "Outlines of Spiritualism for the Young," which we deemed it our duty to correct. As our letter was declined insertion, we decided to give publicity in the LYCEUM BANNER, and sincerely trust our Tyneside and Tees-side friends will draw the attention of their Societies' congregations to the manner in which we are treated by our opponents, which is certainly not in accordance with the British love of fair play.

NOTTINGHAM (Bentick Road).—On August 18th we had an Open Session and a visit from Nurse Sketchley, of Leicester, who gave a short address. Solo, "The roses of life," Miss Mary Stokes; recitation, "The maple leaf for ever," Mr. George Purdy; duet, "Open wide the gates," Mr. G. Woodward and Miss May Savage; quartette, "The helping hand"; recitation, "Hiawatha's childhood," Mr. J. Purdy. Marching and calisthenics. A very pleasant afternoon was brought to a close by a few encouraging remarks from the District Visitor.—A. H. Cole, Secretary.

LYCEUM AND SPIRITUALISM.

An Essay, by Mrs. Law, Mossley.

I write as a Lyceumist, as I am fully convinced of the merits and importance of the Lyceum principles. Some people will ask "What is a Lyceum for?" Well for one thing, it is for the training of the young, and installing into their minds and hearts the teachings of Spiritualism. The children of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow. They are to be the future workers in the ranks now being rapidly thinned by the passing on of the pioneers. 'A child is the repository of infinite possibilities.' Let the deliberations of the Congress look towards the betterment of the race, and its spiritual development. Let us work together, as it says in our *Manual*, "Hand in hand with Angels." Let us, as Lyceumists, work hand in hand with more sisterly and brotherly love. Let us elderly ones show unto the rising generation the good we have derived from being Lyceumists. Let us ask of our Father God to help each one of us to take away that hatred and jealousy from our hearts, so that we shall be able to work more in love and harmony in the future. Then we shall be able to realise more fully that we shall have heaven upon earth. Think, friends, what a pleasure it is to be able to have an hour's communion with the loved ones who have passed the change called Death. Think again friends what a consolation it will be when you have passed the change, when you know your spirit is at peace with all. Why should we mourn and weep when we know the loved can come back and bring us messages of love and consolation to our aching hearts? This is what our Lyceums and Spiritualism is teaching us from day to day, showing unto us what happiness and comfort Spiritualism can bring into our lives as we traverse this earthly plain. Spiritualism not only brings us consolation, but it cultivates our minds, makes us stronger minded men and women, and more fitted for our position in life, and it also gives us food for thought for the coming week. Friends if we could only show unto the people of this land the value of Spiritualism, what a power for good it would be. But there will come a time when people will understand and realise that the spirit can and does return from time to time. Spiritualism has been the making of me, and it will be the making of you, if you will only investigate for the truth. It is a grand and noble cause. We know full well that people of to-day laugh and scorn us, but what do we care when we know and realise that Spiritualism is true. When we have a clear conscience and a clean heart we can face the world as Spiritualists. As Spiritualism is defined in the *Manual* as "comprehending man in all his various relations," it must comprehend and include the harmonious and well rounded development of the individual both in body and mind. Spiritualism and Lyceum teachings are the same in principle as regards their comprehensiveness. The Lyceumists try to carry out one part of Spiritualism—the scientific and the philosophic—while the Societies are giving greater attention to the phenomena—the psychic side of Spiritualism. Let us be bold for the truth as were the martyrs in ancient Rome for the truth as they understood it. Let us always be open to receive fresh light to gain wider experiences, but never let us falter in the slightest degree from our adhesion to the basic fact which is our sure foundation.

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

[The following is a summary of an essay on "What is the Workers' Educational Association?" by John Parkinson, of Hammerton Street Lyceum, Burnley. As the question of Education is engaging the attention of our Lyceum District Councils, perhaps the following will be of service to many aspiring students.—Ed.]

The question, "What is the National Educational Association?" is not unnatural, when it is remembered that the Association started its work with no direct mandate from any previously existing body, but as the result of the enthusiasm of a small group of Trade Unionists, and Co-operators who, after having worked for many years at the problem of education for work people, were convinced that advance in the immediate future depended upon the construction of a body deriving its motive power from workpeople and their organisations, but including within its ranks scholars and educational institutions. A body, non-party, unsectarian, and democratic, in which Labour and Education were to be unified, because the inspiration of labour must be the direct result of an educational system which is in sympathy with labour as a dominating force in the National Life. Moreover, the efficiency of education depends upon its having drawn to itself the rich mental influence which labour, under right conditions, can impart.

The W.E.A. was formed in August 1903, at a representative conference of Trade Unions, Co-operative and Friendly Societies, and Educational Institutions, with the object of uniting the workers in their demand for Higher Education, and of gradually bringing the existing agencies supplying higher education, into harmony with the demand. Since its formation nine years ago it has grown rapidly, as the returns of 1911 will show. There were connected with it 543 Trade Union Branches and Trade Councils; 261 Adult Schools; 184 Working Men's Clubs; 110 Co-operative Committees; 22 University Bodies; 97 Teachers' Associations; 91 Educational and Literary Societies; and 214 various other bodies.

The government of the W.E.A. is entirely democratic, and consists of three bodies: the Central Authority, District Authorities, and Local Branches.

The central authority operates nationally and assists the district authorities and local branches in all possible ways. The district authorities are federations of district bodies and individual members, and operate in their respective areas. The Local Branches operate over areas determined, in consultation with the district authorities.

I should like to state here some of the things the W.E.A. has already done in co-operation with its Branches. First—It has secured Labour representation on the governing bodies of Universities. Second—It has helped to create a system of University Tuitional classes, 100 of which have already been formed. Third—It has supplied Teachers and Lecturers for the 100 Branches, and arranged for lectures to thousands of workers in all parts of the country, and has secured increased educational facilities in harmony with the desires of the workers. Fourth—It has worked to secure reform in connection with numerous educational questions, such as free entrance of children into Secondary Schools and the raising of the age of attending school.

There has been no cut and dried method of work, every branch has developed on lines suitable to its own peculiar needs, always making its aim the opening up of the broad highway of education. Its most character-

istic instrument is the University Tuitional Class which is composed of not more than thirty men and women, who meet as students weekly through three successive winters to study some subject selected by themselves with the guidance of a University teacher, who is approved by the class. Each lesson lasts for one hour, and is followed by an hour for discussion. In every instance the governing body is a Joint Committee, on which Labour is equally represented with the University which is supplying the teacher.

The position assumed by the W.E.A. is that *brains and character* should alone qualify for admission to the highest educational privileges, and that *money and pride of birth* ought to have nothing at all to do with the matter. It assumes that the time now spent at school is all too short, and that child labour for *profit* during the years of attendance at school is obstructive to development. It also assumes, that Secondary Education should be open to every one and that Universities should be accessible to all who can fit themselves for the highest teaching irrespective of birth. This is what the W.E.A. means when it talks about the "Broad Highway of Education." This road must be open, not only to boys and girls who have passed from school to college, but to those who, having passed into industrial and commercial life have kept true to their intellectual ideals. These must be able to claim the best that the Universities can give, and in return they must give to the University the benefit of the invaluable experiences of real life, the stress and strain of modern industrial life. And, on the other hand, University Teachers should take part in the toil and stress of work-a-day life. It is most certainly true that the Universities need to learn lessons from the workpeople; just as they, in turn, need learn of the Universities.

Universities, and indeed all higher schools of education, have become divorced from labour, and the consequence is, they have missed much, and *bias* has revealed itself in their teachings,—bias mainly occasioned by ignorance of the lives and thoughts of the working classes. The Tuitional Classes may help to set matters right, as they are, in a sense, the outposts of the Universities; and on the other hand, they are as eyes and ears to the Universities through which they may learn the needs and aspirations of the people. The working classes include a great variety of aspirations. We know now, through the Tuitional Classes, that the working classes were crowded with fine scholars which poverty had long concealed or wrecked.

Finally, I would like to pay my tribute of praise to those men and women whose enthusiasm for education has been so great that out of a too scanty and leisure time, and not neglecting the claims of their own political and trade organisations, have supplied the main force which has raised the W.E.A. to be one of the most representative National Movements of our time. I would also like to pay a tribute to the good fellowship and inspiring comradeship of scholars of high attainments, who have worked with them untiringly as searchers for truth.

I earnestly recommend my fellow Lyceumists to join the Tuitional Classes, and fit themselves for teachers in the great and wise Democracy that is to be. Then England need have no fear of the Winter of Decay.

SHEFFIELD, HEELEY.—Mr. Magness passed away to the higher life August 4th, after a long illness, and was interred at Burngreave Cemetery August 8th, Mr. Oaten officiating.—G. H. Magness.

LYCEUM WEDDING.

On August 3rd the marriage took place at Armley of Miss Laura Thewlis and Mr. G. R. Marshall, of Bradford. Tea was provided in the Church. A very pleasant evening was spent, in which all Lyceumists and friends wished them every success in life.—Mrs. Whitaker.

In Memoria.

Ordinary intimations will be inserted as follows:—Not exceeding twenty-four words, Free. 6d. will be charged for every additional nine words. Poetry 6d. per line. Payment must accompany all intimations of more than 24 words, or they cannot be inserted.

CROMPTON.—Passed to the higher life, August 3rd, Mr. Shepherd, and was interred at Shaw Cemetery on August 6th, Mrs. Hamer, officiating.—John T. Clegg, Secretary.

DARLINGTON.—Passed to the higher life, Ada Dodsworth, aged 16, one of our first guards in the Lyceum. A willing worker greatly missed by all.—Geo. A. Park.

SHEFFIELD, ATTERCLIFFE.—We regret to announce the passing to the higher life of Minnie Martin, at the age of 16 years. Mr. Oaten officiated at the interment.—F. Whiteley.

SHILDON—On Sunday, July 28th, we held our Annual Election of Officers:—Conductor, Mr. Joseph Smith; Assistant Conductor, Mrs. Wilson; Secretary, Mr. Thos. W. Brown; Treasurer, Mrs. Wilson; Guardian, Mrs. Johnson; Organist, Mr. T. Brown; Assistant Organist, Mrs. Weirs; Captain of Guards, Master P. Johnson, F. Robinson, J. Kirkbride and W. Smith; Auditors, Mr. F. Coates and Mr. Radgerson; Leaders for groups are, Liberty Group, Mr. Smith; Sunflower Group, Mr. Brass; Rose Group, Mr. Riley; Pansy Group, Mr. Chappell; Daisy Group, Miss Race; Violet Group, Mr. Wilson. On Sunday, August 11th, we held our Open Session, there being a good gathering. The most striking feature was the naming of Mr. and Mrs. Riley's child.—T. W. Brown, Sec.

BRADFORD LYCEUM DISTRICT COUNCIL.

A meeting of the above D.C. was held at Dudley Hill, on Sunday August 4th. The report of the Lyceum examinations was accepted, and the secretary was instructed to forward same to Mr. Kitson to be inserted in the BANNER. The secretary was elected delegate to U.D.C. meeting at Burnley and Rochdale. Our delegate's report of the Leeds L.D.C. demonstration at York was accepted with thanks. It was decided to hold a "Children's Treat" on the first Saturday in September, at Dudley Hill, and that one from each Lyceum in the district form a committee to work same. A motion was passed to the effect that we hold a Field Day in 1913. The date for the presentation of the Silver Shield to Shipley Lyceum was fixed for the third Saturday in October (19th), in Shipley church, and that Mr. Kitson be asked to perform the presentation. An invitation from Keighley to hold our annual meeting in their church was accepted. A splendid open session was held in the afternoon. There were about 40 present. Mr. Rau, Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Gomersal, Misses L. Rau, I. Fearnley, Pollard, Stair and Mr. Simpson all took part in the entertainment. The evening service was fairly well attended. Messrs. Alderson, Barnes, and Rau, gave brief addresses. Mr. J. P. Simpson gave clairvoyance and Miss Stair recited.

The next meeting is at Boynton Street, Bradford, on Sunday, September 29th, at 10 a.m.

H. BIRDSALL.

BRADFORD LYCEUM DISTRICT COUNCIL.

ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS FOR THE SILVER SHIELD. EXAMINERS' AVERAGE REPORT.

NAME OF LYCEUM	Start	Punctuality and Attendance.		Platform duty	Marks awarded	Order and general conduct.		Comments	Marks awarded	Singing.	Pearls, Questions and Answers.		Comments	Marks awarded	Marching.		Comments	Marks awarded	C. Isthmics.		Comments	Marks awarded	Group work.	Total	
		Number on Register	Possible marks 10.			Present at start	Late				Sick	Order and general conduct.			Possible marks 15.	Read ng.			Possible marks 10.	Answers					Questions
Shipley	...	punctual	22	18	nil	1	nil	8 1/2	very good	14 1/2	good	9	good	9	good	8 1/2	good	9	good	8 1/2	good	8 1/2	good	12 3/4	79 3/4
Bradford (Holme Street)	...	punctual	30	21	2	1	nil	7 1/2	good	13 7/8	good	9	mod. mod.	7 1/4	good	8 1/2	good	8 1/2	good	8 1/2	good	8 1/2	good	13 5/8	77 1/4
Bradford (Ivy Rooms)	...	punctual	42	34	nil	2	1	8 3/4	Did not stand erect, etc.	13 1/4	good	8 1/4	mod. mod.	7 1/4	fair	9	poor	8 1/4	good	8 1/4	poor	8 1/4	good	13 1/2	77 1/4
Bradford (Boynton Street)	2 minutes late	50	41	1	5	nil	8 1/4	good	13 1/2	good	9 1/4	very good	9 1/2	very good	8 1/2	very fair	9 1/2	very fair	8 1/2	very	7 3/4	moderate	12 1/4	75 1/2	
Keighley	...1 minute late	51	36	4	1	nil	7 1/4	Same fault as Ivy Rooms. Moderate.	13	good	9 1/4	fair	8	very poor	7 3/4	poor	8 1/4	very	7 3/4	poor	8 1/4	good	12 1/4	75 1/2	
Bradford (Otley Road)	...1 minute late	21	18	nil	2	nil	9	good	13	good	9	good	8 1/2	fair	8 1/2	fair	8 1/2	very	8 1/2	good	9 1/4	fair	8 3/4	70 3/4	
Cleckheaton	... punctual	28	12	7	nil	5 1/2	5 1/2	Moderate	12 3/4	good	8 3/4	fair	9	good	8 1/2	good	9	good	8 1/2	good	8 1/2	nil	nil	58 1/2	

Bradford, Dudley Hill, and Bradford Lane Lyceums, along with Windhill Lyceum, were re-opened too late to be examined

Signed, HENRY RAU,
LEONARD WHITEHEAD,
WILLIAM BARNES, } Examiners.

CORRESPONDENCE.

District Visitor's Report.

Dear Sir,—Our Lyceum (Maskell Street, Manchester), has requested me to write and protest against the incorrect and out of date report of the District Visitor's visit to our Lyceum, as stated in this month's issue (August). We had no visit from the D.V. in her official capacity, or as a Lyceumist, from Dec., 1911, to March 10th, 1912, when she came to allow us to elect her as our delegate for the B.S.L.U. Council, and again on March 24th, to hear the lecture she makes report of.

This lecture was the second of a series given by Mr. Sharples, of Collyhurst Lyceum, on "Astrology," and not Physiology, as reported. We never had a lecture on the latter subject to my knowledge. This lecture should have been printed in March quarterly report, but I find our D.V. had no report for that quarter. (See May issue).

Also in reference to Miss Cheetwood's leaving us for Canada, the lady was Secretary, and not Conductor, as stated. This latter office I was elected to in March by the Lyceum. Seeing that the D.V. knew personally I was Conductor, why make such a ridiculous blunder? Further, we have not been honoured with a visit from the D.V. since March 24th. Am I right in assuming that one of the functions of a D.V. is to report something of which they have no personal knowledge?

Seeing that we have only four lines of a report for six months, surely it is not asking too much that they be correct. We do not mind adverse criticism, if it be true and deserved. But we do protest against incorrect and misleading reports.

Yours fraternally,

ALBERT E. JONES.

LEEDS LYCEUM DISTRICT COUNCIL.

The next quarterly meeting of the above Council will be held at Dewsbury, Bond Street, on Sunday, September 15th, at 10-30 a.m.

It is urgently desired that all Lyceums will be represented, as the business is of great importance.

An open session will be held in the afternoon, and delegates to the Council will give short addresses in the evening.

A.H., Sec.

LYCEUM REPORTS.

RULE 1. —Reports must be written on one side of the paper only. Commence the Report by stating the name of your Lyceum, and sign your name at the end.

RULE 2.—Record only the events occurring after Aug. 24th.

RULE 3.—Ordinary reports must not exceed 120 words. Special reports will be inserted as follows: The first 120 words free of charge. All above that number will be inserted at the rate of 6d. for every nine words. Payment must accompany all special reports or they will be cut down and inserted as ordinary reports.

RULE 4.—All Reports must reach this Office not later than Wednesday, Sept. 25th, to ensure insertion in the Oct. issue.

BARROW (Dalkeith Street).—On Sunday, July 28th, we held our usual Open Session, when a very enjoyable afternoon was spent. Mr. J. Kendall, our retiring Conductor, also presented about 20 prizes to Lyceumists for regular attendance.

Not so many, but hope to double the number next year. Mr. J. Kendall leaves Barrow with the Battleship H.M.S. Princess Royal. And I am sure all our Lyceumists will join with me in wishing our old friend God speed.—Mrs. Wallace, Secretary.

BRADFORD (Otley Road).—We held our Open Session on Sunday, August 4th. The weather was very bad, and in consequence a very few scholars were present. Still we had a very interesting session. A number of pearls were given by the scholars, after which our Conductor, Mr. Horn, gave a select reading out of the *Manual*, "The Golden Side" (No. 58). A trio was then sung by W. Hale, J. Crabtree and Miss Jones, "Shall we know each other there" (347 *Manual*). I am very sorry to say our Lyceum is not making satisfactory progress. I would be glad if parents would bring their children to our Lyceum, where I'm sure they would gain some knowledge that would benefit them, both mentally and spiritually.—W. Hale, Secretary.

BURNLEY (Hammerton Street).—On Sunday, August 11th, we held a special Open Session to wish farewell and good luck to our brother, John Parkinson, who is about to depart for Canada. The following took part:—Recitations were given by Misses A. Longworth and M. Longworth; solos by Misses W. Thompson and E. Chappell; readings by Misses D. Landsdown and J. Redman; pianoforte duets by A. Redman and F. Dean; duet by Misses E. Hartley and C. Smith. Addresses were given by Mr. E. Richardson, G. H. Higham and H. Crossley, to which John Parkinson ably replied.—Harry Bannister, Secretary.

BURY (66, King Street).—On Sunday, July 28th, we held our Open Session. Marching and calisthenics were gone through at all the three sessions. In the morning songs were given by Messrs. Duckworth, Howarth and Metcalfe, and Mrs. Cotterell, and a duet by E. and J. Kaye. We had also a short address from Mr. Mills, and a reading from the *Manual* by C. Henderson. The time in the afternoon was also well occupied. We had readings from the *Manual* by Mr. Fletcher and Miss M. Landless, and songs by Misses M. Hepworth and A. Wood. The Misses J. A. and A. Henderson gave a duet. In the evening a trio was given by the Sisters Henderson and Mr. S. Howarth.—Mrs. Cotterell, Secretary.

CREWE (Mill Street).—Our usual monthly Open Session was held on Sunday, August 4th, when the following items were suitably rendered:—Solo, "Sweet Golden Age," by Gwenie Baggeley and Edith Bebbington; recitation, "Britain's victory," by Walter Chadwick; song, "Spiritual harps," by Kate Owen; solo, "Hail the Day of Jubilee," by Doris Kinsey and Rose Smart. Pearls were good, but not as many as I should like, though they are steadily increasing. The marching was good, and I may say that we are getting ready for judging day, and we mean to make the Lyceum work that is going to beat us this time.—Fred Homer, Secretary.

GATESHEAD (Rectory Hall).—On Monday, August 5th, the above Lyceum had a very enjoyable day at Jesmond Dene, Newcastle, where a demonstration was held, which was organized by the Tyneside Lyceum District Council. Eleven Lyceums were present and gave a combined display of marching and calisthenics. On Sunday, August 11th and 18th, we held our Anniversary. At each service a splendid programme was rendered by the Lyceum Choir, special music having been obtained for the occasion. Recitations, solos, duets and pearls were numerous, which gave interest and inspiration to the audience. During the evening service of the 18th, Mr. Lashbrook, who presided, performed the ceremony of naming a child, in which much interest was taken.—W. Hall, Jr., Hon. Secretary.

GURNEY VALLEY.—On August 3rd, fifteen Darlington Lyceumists paid us a visit and rendered a splendid programme, consisting of songs, solos, duets, etc., the following taking part:—Mesdames Roberts, Handcock, Nesbitt and Simpson, and Misses E. Hunter, D. Wintergate and F. Nicholson, along with Messrs. Wheldon, Nicholson, Park, and other gentlemen. Our Lyceumists gave a sketch, entitled "The Irish Servant," which caused much amusement and laughter. We had a splendid time, and are very much obliged to our Darlington friends for their helpful visit.—William Hardwick, Sec.

HALIFAX (Raven Street).—We held a splendid Open Session on Sunday, August 11th, full of interest and inspiration. The marching and calisthenics were gone through by the younger Lyceumists in a creditable manner. Recitations were given by Ernest Fletcher and Amy Blackburn. Miss Shaw sang as a solo "Sweet Golden Age," in a pleasing manner. Also a song by Lizzie Thorpe, being well rendered. Our Conductor, Mr. Fletcher, gave an excellent exposition on the Silver and Golden Chain recitations and Musical Reading.—F. Baldwin, Sec.

HULL (Holborn Street).—On three consecutive Sunday after

noons we have had the naming of a child in our Lyceum. On July 28th Mrs. Ward, of Castleford, the speaker for the day, named Mr. and Mrs. Evison's daughter, earth name Thelma Maud, spirit name Purity; on August 4th, our President, Mr. Smith, named Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard's daughter, Ann Elizabeth; also on August 11th, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp's daughter, Grace. On the same day we had a very interesting essay, given by Miss Miller, on "Spirit."—Mrs. C. Headley, Secretary.

KEIGHLEY (Heber Street).—On Sunday, August 4th, we held our usual Open Session, which was well attended, and was as bright and happy as usual. We also had the pleasure of naming the baby of our late secretary, Mrs. Wright. Mrs. Sunderland performed the ceremony, ably helped by our Conductor, Miss Fissey. Also on Sunday, August 18th, we again had the pleasure of naming the baby of our Society Secretary, Mrs. and Mr. Moss. Mrs. Sunderland again performed the ceremony, ably helped by the Conductor. Mr. E. Summer conducted the marching and calisthenics. Recitations were given by Misses O. Teal, M. Walker, and Master J. Wright. Solo by Master Cook.

LANCASTER (Collegian Rooms).—Only a poor attendance, many away on holiday, but the morning session was much enjoyed. We had visitors from Bradford and Blackburn. Miss Ferdinand conducted calisthenics, while another gave a recitation, entitled "Potatoes," gaining applause from all. Then followed Mrs. Isherwood, Jennie Potter, and a recitation sent by Mr. G. Bleasdale from Canada. Janie Kirk, Elsie Kennedy and John Kirk favoured us with "Over the River," which was most favourably received. Our Summer Trip took place, and had we been ducks, instead of human beings, the weather could not have been more suitable. Anyway the best was made under the conditions.—Mr. J. Kirk.

LEICESTER (Silver Street).—On July 28th we held a special Open Session, when a suitable presentation was made by Mr. J. Hurst, on behalf of our Lyceum, to two of our Lyceumists, on the occasion of their nuptial festivity. Mr. Hurst made a nice speech suitable to the occasion, to which they suitably replied. Songs and recitations were rendered by Misses Whitmore and G. Wayne, Messrs. A. Hurst, Robertson, and a gentleman visitor from Coventry, which were very much appreciated by all. A good collection was the outcome of a very interesting session.—G. C. Butler, Secretary.

LONDON, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—We have held our usual Sunday afternoon sessions, and I think each session has been of great help to those who attended. Average attendance 20. August 4th, we held our Open Session, our speaker being our late Conductor, Mr. Tritton. We also had as a visitor Miss Knight, the late leader of Beacon Group. Both received a hearty welcome, and we hope to persuade them to rejoin us. Pearls and individual efforts were good. Mr. Tritton passed favourable comment on the improvement shown, particularly in the singing. By comparing the tasks of our daily lives to the tasks of Hercules, Mr. Tritton gave us some beautiful lessons.—J.W.H.

NORTH LONDON, PARKHURST HALL, HOLLOWAY.—During the month our sessions have been well attended, and many friends from the Church have paid us surprise visits, all expressing delight with our progress and teachings. Sunday, 28th, we had with us Mr. and Mrs. Alcock Rush, Mr. and Mrs. Clegg, who gave us delightful little talks. We were also pleased to enrol one new member, Isabel Murray, during the month. Pearls, recitations and solos have added to the enjoyment of the visitors. Marching and calisthenics have been well done.—J. Forsyth, Conductor.

LONDON, TOTTENHAM.—We have had rather small sessions this month owing to the holidays. On July 28th we were very pleased to enrol Mrs. Barrington, our Conductor's wife, as a member. On Bank Holiday Sunday we closed the Lyceum together. Recitations through the month have been rendered by Dorothy Steel, Elsie Simkins and Kathleen Jones. Solos by Elsie Barnes and Dorothy Steel. We are hoping that our Lyceum will increase in numbers and that the members of the Church will come forward and give us a helping hand.—K. H. Jones, Secretary.

LONDON, WOOLWICH.—On July 28th a Flower Service was held by this Society, which was very successful. The flowers afterwards being sent to our sick friends. We are still having good essays from the scholars, and good efforts with pearls and recitations. We are glad to report the return of our late Conductor, Mr. Drury, to his old position, so we hope for renewed vigour in our work. We had a very pretty essay from one of our young scholars, *re* the passing of our esteemed friend, Mr. Stebbens.—H. Watthey.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, BENWELL (Co-op. Hall).—We held our Open Session on August 4th. The usual programme

was gone through. Recitations were given by the children. We again invited the elders on to the platform. The following responded:—Mr. McCullum gave remarks about the Lyceum; Mr. Hamilton, who interests the children very much by his wonderful way of reciting, gave us "The little hero"; Mr. Turnbull gave remarks about nature and plant life, which were very interesting; Mr. Gibson read out of the *Manual* "Where there's a will there's a way," and in his remarks endeavoured to encourage the children in their efforts. Mrs. Salkald favoured us with a solo.—Wm. Stock, Secretary.

OLDHAM (Elliot Street).—On Sunday, August 18th, we held our Open Session at night, which proved a great success. The attendance was very good. This is the first time it has been tried, and we are sure it will not be the last. Solos were very well rendered by Miss L. Booth, Mrs. J. Frost and Miss A. Diggle. Recitations and pearls were plentiful, very interesting and instructive. The attendance at our Lyceum is much better, but we are always wanting more. We have a splendid Liberty Group, which ought, in itself, to bring crowds without the other part of the session. Everybody is given a hearty welcome.—H. Shaw, Secretary.

PERTH BRANCH, B.S.L.U. (Museum Street), WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—We held our Anniversary Service on Sunday, July 7th. We had a splendid programme of solos, recitations, harp, mandolin and pianoforte selections, which were very well rendered. Everybody seemed to be in the best of form. The marching and calisthenics were smartly and well done. Mr. Jones spoke to the children on the Teachings of Spiritualism. At the evening service Mr. Jones was the speaker and gave a very able discourse on "Truth." Misses Jones and Clifford, and Mrs. Carter were the soloists, again being favoured with good singing. The afternoon attendance was moderate; the evening very good. I am very pleased to report that our Lyceum is progressing.—Mr. A. Carter, Secretary.

ROTHERHAM (Percy Street).—On August 11th we held our Open Session, when we had our late President, Mr. Gartrey, of Scarborough, with us, when we had a very pleasant session, and a marked improvement in the marching, and better attention to lessons. We were very sorry to receive the Conductor's resignation owing to ill-health. I am sure we all join in sympathy and wish him a speedy recovery. On Tuesday, August 20th, we had our Lyceum Tea and Presentation of Prizes. 15 scholars were successful. We hope in the near future to see more scholars and friends taking a more active part in the working of our Lyceum, as we are in need of willing helpers.—E. H. Metcalf, Secretary.

SHEFFIELD, ATTERCLIFFE.—On Sunday, July 28th, the evening service was conducted by Lyceumists throughout, when short addresses on Lyceum work were given by Messrs. J. K. Jones, A. Green, J. Hird and C. Saxilby. Mrs. Johnson conducted golden chain recitation, "Life and happiness." Ernest Pegg recited in his usual admirable style. Altogether the meeting was very successful. For the winter months we are commencing a developing circle, and we are expecting some good results, as we have a band of earnest and enthusiastic young workers who only need a little help and encouragement to become useful members of the movement.—F. Whiteley, Sec.

SOUTH SHIELDS (King Street).—It is with great satisfaction I send you this report. During the past three months we have increased our membership from 2 adults and 14 scholars to 6 adults and 48 scholars, with an average attendance of 40. We were sorry not to be able to take part in the Bank Holiday Demonstration at Newcastle, owing to previous arrangements for our annual outing. This year we went to Saltwell Park, Gateshead, where we spent an enjoyable day.—Wm. Woodall, Conductor.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.—On Sunday, August 4th, we held our monthly Open Session, conducted by Mrs. Roberts, the Assistant Conductor. The following contributed to a very enjoyable meeting:—Mr. W. Vernon and Miss Caine, organ and violin; song, Mr. N. Forrest, "Sunny days"; song, Mr. Wigley, "Over the river"; recitations, Miss P. Brown and M. R. Cartman. We are building a new Church and Lyceum, and hope to be in same in a very short time.—Charles Birch, Secretary.

YORK (Cromwell Road).—We held our Annual Excursion to Scarborough on Wednesday, July 31st, which proved a great success. The weather just marred a little, but that was easily overcome by taking the children into the Picture Show, to the delight of the little ones, through the kindness of our Conductor, Mrs. Stier. Also, we are pleased to have news from our late Secretary, Mr. Bilbrough, with a postal order for 5/- towards our Banner, this being the second donation received from Canada. We are also pleased to say we have got another six scholars on our books. Our motto is, "The Workers Win."—E. Stier, Secretary.

The British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union.

INSTITUTED AT OLDHAM, MAY, 1890.

President: Mr. Reuben Latham, 31, Waterburn Street, Burnley.
 Treasurer: Mr. Councillor John Venables, Hydesville, Foden Road, Walsall.
 Secretary: Mr. Alfred Kitson, Bromley Road, Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury.

Lyceum District Councils.

Bolton.—Mr. Edward Walsh, 46, Wright-st., Horwich, near Bolton.
Bradford.—Secretary, Mr. H. Birdsall, 80, Cartwright Terrace, Otley Road, Bradford.
Halifax and Huddersfield.—Sec., Mr. Fred France, 35, Elland-rd., Brighouse.
Leeds.—Sec., Miss Alice Hesp, 10, Cross Flatts Drive, Beeston, Leeds.
Liverpool.—Sec., Mr. Henry Walker, 26, Stamford Avenue, Crewe.
London.—Sec., Mr. Alex. Brooking, 17, Geneva-rd., Brixton, S.W.
Manchester.—Sec., Mr. S. Rhead, 24, Renshaw-st., Greenheys, Manchester.
North-East Lancashire.—Mr. G. C. Higham, 107, Burnley-rd., Padiham, near Burnley.
North-Lancashire and Cumberland.—Sec., Mr. John J. Taylor, 13, Casson st., Ulverston.
Rochdale.—Sec., Mr. Ernest Dean, 84, William-st., Featherstall, Littleborough.
Sheffield.—Sec., Mr. S. D. Spittlehouse, 13, New-st., Wombwell, near Barnsley.
Scotland.—Sec., Mr. David Hamilton, 232, Edgefauld-rd., Springburn, Glasgow.
Teeside.—Mr. W. Cowell-Pugh, 61, St. Paul's-rd., Middlesbrough.
Tyneside.—Mr. D. R. Davies, 105, West View, Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

United District Councils.

Hon. Secretary—Mr. Fred France, 35, Elland Road, Brighouse.

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

Accrington, Carter-street, 10-30 a.m. Miss Nellie Ormerod, 27, Spring Street
Accrington, China-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. T. W. Pincott, 41, Leyland-street.
Ashington, 6th Row, 2 p.m. Mr. William Smith, No. 37, 6th Row, via Morpheth.
Ashton-under-Lyne, Burlington-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. W. Dransfield, 13, Russell street. Hurst
Bacup, Market-street, 10 a.m. Mr. William Nixon, 24, Gladstone-street
Barnoldswick, West End Spiritual Temple, 10 and 1-30. Mr. J. Parkinson, 9, Colins street, near Colne.
Barnsley, George-yard, 10-30 and 1-45. Mr. Arthur Lockwood, 10, Darby-terrace, Stocks Lane.
Barrow-in-Furness, Abbey-road, 10-30 and 2. Mr. Robert Dobson, 28, Argyle-street
Barrow-in-Furness, Dalkeith-street, 10 and 2. Mrs. Wallace, 191, Marsh-street.
Batley Carr, Carr street, 10 and 2. Mr. Walter Hartley, 54, Albert Street, Batley Carr, Batley.
Belper, Jubilee Hall, 10 and 2. Mr. J. H. Hawkins Brookside
Birkenhead, 46, Bridge-street. 11 a.m. Mr. George Robb, 56, Thompson-street, Hr. Tranmere.
Birmingham, Crabtree-road, 2-30 p.m. Mr. J. R. Clarke, 17, Hosesley-road, Handsworth
Birmingham, 52, Crawford-street, Salthley. 10-30. Miss Vera Marshall, 39, Aston Road, North Aston.
Birmingham, Smethwick, 2-30 p.m. Mr. Fred Purcell, 97, Cheshire-road, Smethwick
Blackburn, Salford-street, 10 and 1-45. Mr. A. H. Caville, 2, Meadow-street.
Blackburn, Northgate. 9-30 and 1-45. Mr. E. Walsley, 25, Corporation Terrace, Windam-street
Blackburn, St. Peter Street, 9-30 and 1-45. Mr. John Ainsworth, 25, Culvert street.
Blackpool, Albert-road, 9-30 a.m. Mr. Arthur E. Eaton, 11, Cookson street.
Bolton, Bradford-street, 10 a.m. Mr. Harry Speakman, 86, Stewart-street.
Bolton, Commission-street, 10 a.m. Mr. J. Hibbert, 44, Bullock-street
Bradford, Carlisle-road, Ivy Rooms, 10 a.m. Mr. J. P. Simpson, 29, Young-street, Gillington
Bradford, Little Horton Gate street, 10-30 and 2. Mrs. Snarey, 820, Manchester-road.
Bradford, Otley-road, 10-30 a.m. Mr. Walter Hale, 80, Cartwright terrace.
Bradford, Shirley-road (Dudley Hill), 10 and 1-45. Mr. R. Platts, 1, Dawson Mount, Dawson Lane, Dudley Hill
Bradford, West Bowling, Boynton-street, 10-30 and 1-45. Mr. A. E. Carter, 59, Park Terrace, Bowling Hall Road.
Brierfield, Colne-road, 10 a.m. Mr. Joseph Blake, 35, Albert-street, nr. Burnley
Brighouse, Commercial-street, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Mr. James Crossley, 1, Bryan-street, Rastrick
Brighouse, Martin-street, 10 and 2. Mr. H. Crowther, 18, Rogerson-square, Waring Green
Brighton, Manchester-street, 2-45 p.m. Mr. Roy Banks, 29, Waterloo-street.
Brownhills, High-street, 9-30 and 2 to 3. Mrs. C. Adams, High-street, near Walsall
Burnley, Hammerton-street, 9-30 and 1-45. Mr. A. Bannister, 22, Lutner-street.
Burnley, North-street, 9-30 a.m. and 1-45. Mr. John Laycock, 16, Renshaw street
Burton-on-Trent, Central Hall, 10 and 2-45. Mr. R. S. Knight, 18, Hawkins Lane
Bury, 66, King-street, Rochdale-road. 10 and 1-45. Mrs. E. Cotterell, 17, Hardman-street.
Burwood, N.S.W. School of Art, 11 a.m. Mr. Leslie Jones, "Hildaville," No. 1, Sloane street, Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W.
Chadderton, off Brook-street, 10 & 2-30 p.m. Mrs. M. Oldfield, 18, Brook-street, near Oldham
Chester, Commonhall-street, 10-30 a.m. Miss Rainford, 1, Bishop Lloyd Palace Yard
Chesterfield, Old Falcon Assembly Rooms, 10-30. Mr. Edwin H. Widdowson, William-st., Stonegravel
Chorley, 11a, Union-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. J. Roscoe, 20, Springfield-road.
Clayton-le-Moors, Victor-st., 10-30 a.m. and 2. Mr. James Livsey, 5, Chapel street, near Accrington.
Cleckheaton, Old-Kobin-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. John Wm. Harrison, Halifax-road, Hightown, Liversedge
Colne, Cloth-hall, 10 a.m. Mr. Fred Driver, 27, Bright street
Coventry, Bull-street (off Hertford-street), 10-30 a.m. Mr. W. Rice, 43, Kingsway
Crewe, Mill-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. Fred Homer, 7, Ernest street.
Crompton, Rochdale-rd., 10 and 2. Mr. John Thomas Clegg, 13, Hill-street, near Oldham.
Daisy Hill, Mabel-street, 10-0 a.m. Mr. Daniel Hope, 146, Lower Leigh Road, near Bolton
Darlington, Bondgate, 10-30 a.m. Mr. G. A. Park, 42, Cartmell Terrace, Hopetown
Darwen, Churchbank-street, 9-30 and 1-45. Mr. James Nightingale, 60, Redearth Rd.
Dearnley, Rochdale-rd., 10 a.m. Mrs. John Crowther, 2, Clough Head, Calderbrook, Littleborough.
Derby, Charnwood-street, 9-45 and 2 p.m. Mr. H. Wade, 2, Cockpit-hill, Marledge
Dewsbury, Bond-street, 10 and 1-45. Mr. Joseph Colbeck, 26, Hartley-street
Dukinfield, Railway-street, 10-30 and 2 p.m. Mr. Thomas Hadfield, 5, Ten Houses, off Wharf-street.
Dundee, Barrack-street, 12-45 a.m. Mr. David Coulter, 15, Lockee-road
Dundee, Rattray-street, 12-30 a.m. Miss May Henderson, Harbour Chambers, Dock St.
Earby, Aspen lane, 10 and 1-30. Mr. J. W. Clark, 23, Albion street, near Colne.
Earlestown, Wargrave Road. 10-30 and 2 p.m. Mr. C. Brammer, 13, Sheffield Road, Vulcan, nr. Newton-le-Willows.
Elland, James-street, 10 a.m. Miss Mary A. Marsden, 82, Langdale Street.
Farsley, Beckbottom, 1-45 p.m. Miss Mabel Allerton, 26, Prospect place, High Bank, near Leeds
Gateshead, Rectory Hall, St. Cuthbert's Place, 2-30 p.m. Mr. William Hall, 115, Brighton-road.
Glasgow, Birkley street, 4 p.m., Mr. Wm. Guild, jr., 4, Kildonan Terrace, Ibrox.
Glasgow, Kingston, 60, St. James-street. 3 p.m. Tuesdays, 7-30 p.m. Mr. T. P. McLaughlin, 365, Eglinton-street, S.S.
Great Harwood, West Well-street, 10-0 a.m. and 1-45. Mr. R. Baxter, 25, Oak-street, near Blackburn.
Grimsbey, Strand-street, 2 p.m. Miss Daisy Scott, 75 Blundell Avenue, New Cleethorpes
Gurney Valley, 10-30 a.m. Mr. Wm. Hardwick, 4, West Row, Coudon Grange, nr. Bishop Auckland
Hadfield, Albert-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. W. Chorley, 5, Marlow-street, near Manchester.
Halifax, Alma-street, 10 and 1-45. Mr. Fred Townsend, 4, Green Terrace Square, Savile Park.
Halifax, Raven-street, 10 and 1-30. Mr. F. Baldwin, 14, Clay-street, Hanson Lane
Hanley, Percy-street, 2-30 p.m. Miss S. Freakley, 86, Wellesley-street, Shelton, Staffs.
Heaton Norris, Baker-street, 10 and 2. Mrs. J. Williams, 60, Lancaster Hill, Stockport.
Hebden Bridge, Victoria Hall, Cheetham Street, 10-30 and 1-45. Mr. W. E. Worsley, 5, Nutclough
Heckmondwike, Tower Street, 10-30 and 2. Mr. W. R. Lunn, Co-op. Buildings, Huddersfield-road, Liversedge
Heywood, William-street, 10 and 1-45. Mr. Archie Barley, 12, Fox-street.
Higher Broughton, 357A, Bury New Road, 10-30 a.m. Mr. F. Starbuck, 69, Milton Road, Bury Old Road, Prestwich, Manchester
Hindley, Bridge-street, 10 and 1-45. Mr. Alfred Hayward, 182, Sandy Lane, near Wigan.
Hirst, 27, Mortimer street, 2 p.m., Miss Sarah Eke, 52, Rosalind street, Hirst, Ashington, via Morpheth.
Hollinwood, Byrom-street, 10 a.m. Mr. W. Anderson, 38, Carnarvon-street, Hollins-road near Oldham.
Hollinwood, Hudson-street, 10 a.m., Wm. Hy. Dawson, 29, Brunlees-street, nr. Oldham
Horwich, Beatrix-street, 10 a.m. Mr. R. Frost, 9, Wright street, near Bolton
Huddersfield, Ramsden-street, 10 a.m. Mr. Tom Ellis, 74, Firth-street
Hull, Anlaby road, Day-street, 2 p.m.; Miss Ethel Watson, Sanas Buildings, Hessele road.
Hull, Holborn Hall, Holborn street, Witham. 10-30 a.m. Mrs. C. Headley, 18, Ellis terrace, Holderness road
Hyde, Clarendon-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. A. S. Wright, 49, Lunn's reet
Jarrow, Market-square, 2 p.m. Mrs. Ada Poole, 21, Birch-street
Johannesburg, 11 a.m. 47, Hemwoods Arcade, Mr. R. J. Thomas, c/o Mrs. Jose, 12, Avenue, Mayfair, S-A
Keighley, Heber-street, 10 and 2. Mr. E. Shackleton, 18 Tenmyson-street
Lancaster, Collegian Rooms, Gage-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. James Kirk, 3, Hope-street.
Leeds, Armley, Theaker-lane, 10 a.m. and 2-15 Miss Emma Whitaker, 2, Colton road, Armley.
Leeds, Bethel-street, 10 a.m. Miss F. Woodhead, 5, Khandella Place, Beeston Hill
Leeds, Church-street, Hunslet, 10-30 and 2. Mr. Albert Harrison, 7, Teale street, Stourton.
Leeds, EAST, 7, Easy-road, 10-30 and 2. Mr. H. Shepherd, 9, Copperfield Grove, Cross Green lane.
Leeds, Grove-house-lane (Psycho), Miss Todd, 19, Sutherland-terrace, Harehills-lane
Leeds, Hunslet Black Bull St. 10-30 and 2. Mr. Fred Ross, 49, 93, Hunslet Road Hunslet.
Leeds, Joseph-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. Thomas Covill, 35, Cross Flatts Parade, Beeston
Leicester, Queen-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. John Wicks, 170, Curzon-street.
Leicester, Silver-street, Queen's Hall, 2-45 p.m. Mr. Butler, 18, Lytton road
Leigh, Brown-street, 10 a.m. Mr. Hurdus, 43 Clifford-street
Lincoln, Progressive Hill Coultham street, 10-15 a.m. Mr. H. C. Dobb, 14, Westbourne Grove, Carlholme-road.
Littleton, Well-street, 10-30 and 2. Miss A. Hirst, Well-street, Littleton, nr. Liversedge
Liverpool, Dauby-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. W. J. Adamson, 37, Mulberry street.
Liverpool, 2, Romer-road, Kensington, 2-45 p.m. Mrs. Madge Parker, 2, Spofforth road, Edge Hill.
London, Brixton, 84, Stockwell Park Road, 3 p.m. Mr. Alex. Brooking, 17, Geneva-road, Brixton S.W.
London, Fulham, S.W., 25, Fernhurst-street, 3 p.m. Mr. Joseph Dix, 9, Bloom Park-road, Fulham
London, Holloway, N., Parkhurst Hall, 32, Parkhurst-road, 3 p.m. Mr. Bert Kent, 4, Devonshire-road Holloway, N.
London, Kingston-on-Tames, Assembly-rooms, Park Road, Hampton Wick, 3 p.m. Miss M. Welbe ove 109, Bonner Hill-road, Norbiton, Surrey
London, E., Manor Park, Shrewsbury-road, 3 p.m. Miss Harrison, 35, Woodstock Road, Forest Gate E
London, E., Plaistow, Braemar-road, 3 p.m. Mr. Robert J. Robottom, 2, Braemar-road, Barking-road, Plaistow, E.
London, Tottenham, 684, High-road, 3 p.m. Miss K. H. Jones, 77A, St. Ann's-road, Stamford Hill, N.
London, Woolwich and Plumstead, Villas-road, 3-15 p.m. Mr. A. Watthey, 40, Frederick-place, Plumstead.
Longton, Stone-road, 10 and 2. Mr. Hugh McCartney, Meir Heath, near Blvthe Bridge, North Staff.
Macclesfield, Cumberland-street, 10-30 a.m. Mr. William Albinson, 5, Bond-street
Manchester Ardwick, 58, Maskell-street. 10-30 a.m. Mr. A. Jones, 41, Old Elm-street, Stockport-road.