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TO INTRODUCE MR. JAMES NORBURY

By JAMES LEIGH

The sentiment is often expressed that, although Spiritualism has many organisations—and many leaders—on this side of the veil, the movement is actually led and guided from the Spirit World. That is, of course, largely a matter of theory, but if evidence were called for, I suppose there could be adduced many interesting cases which could point to such a conclusion. Among them, I believe, there would be none more convincing than that which concerns my friend, James Norbury.

How he came to be appointed General Secretary of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union still mystifies me. True, he is young and talented, has many qualifications which entitle him to the position, but he was not a Lyceumist before he was appointed, and the Lyceum movement, as I see it, is the most self-centered and single-minded movement in the world.

He came to me to advise him some weeks before he applied for the position. "Would I be suited to the work?" was his first question. I thought so. "Have I any chance of being appointed?" I thought not, and said so. And so it was against my advice that he applied for the position—and got it.

How came he to be appointed? I cite this as an example of spirit guidance in the work of the Lyceum Union. Had anyone prophesied at the last Lyceum Conference that the successor to G. F. Knott would be a Spiritualist, pure and simple, and not a Lyceumist, he would have been ridiculed. Mr. Ernest Keeling came near to suggesting such a probability—but nearly every other speaker opposed him.

However, Mr. James Norbury has been appointed, and in taking this step the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union has enlisted the services of a young man with big ideas, and ideas that are, moreover, well constructed and properly considered from all standpoints. An excellent conversationalist, he impresses in an interview, but I prefer him as he is on the platform—an enthusiast who does not jar by adopting measures too enthusiastic; an accomplished speaker who does not attempt to override his abilities. In argument, he is equally capable. A great asset, and a rare one, is a

retentive memory—a mind for names and addresses, for facts and figures.

I happen to know a little about his life. He was born in 1904 at Knutsford, which is, incidentally, the scene of Mrs. Gaskell's famous novel, "Cranford." "My only claim to family distinction is that my ancestry was truly rural," he jocularly remarks.

He was educated at Sir John Deane's Grammar School, Northwich, where he was chiefly known by virtue of two traits of character: laziness and a liking

for literature. Born to the former, his first venture in the latter was as a youth. It took the form of a "School Magazine" written in an Exercise Book, of which only one copy appeared. (Further efforts in this direction were forthwith banned).

"I commenced my search for Reality in 1916," he told me. That started by, first, leaving the Church of England for the ranks of Agnosticism. "Then I became an Atheist," he said. In fact, he did worse than that. He became a Theosophist.

But Spiritualism saved him. His first interest in the latter movement was provoked by a perusal of Myers' standard work on "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death." An excellent start.

Professionally, he was then a free-lance journalist, and so knew what it was to live very near to nature. His first article appeared, I believe, in the "Manchester City News," and was succeeded by a

kindly interview with its then Editor, Mr. J. Cuming Walters, who advised the youthful iconoclast to forget all about earning money by writing and persevere with it as a spare-time occupation.

But it is easier to give advice than to receive it. James Norbury wandered about England lecturing on Literature, Mysticism, Philosophy and kindred subjects. In 1927 he toured Scotland and the North of England as a lecturer on Theosophy. Long nights . . . speculative arguments . . . much ado about nothing.

Later he was appointed Publicity Manager to C. Tinling & Co., of Liverpool, where he produced their first House Magazine. In 1930 he compiled Beecham's



" one of the coming young men who have arrived."

"Almanac and Year Book," and wrote "Beecham-Veno Book of Fortune Telling." I was surprised about this when he told me.

Towards the end of that year he called at "The Two Worlds" office at Manchester to inquire about the famous materialization medium, Eva C. It was then that I first met him. I believe I was wearing my hair long at the time, for he mistook me for a woman.

Then he wrote an article for "The Two Worlds," which met with a kindly reception. It was followed up by others. He showed himself as a forceful and provocative writer. Extensive vocabulary . . . a thunder of words.

Last year he became better known in the Spiritualist movement and visited Liverpool and Glasgow, among other places, to lecture on the subject. He was well received.

Then on July 18th, 1932, he was appointed General Secretary of the Lyceum Union and Editor of the LYCEUM BANNER.

He has always struck me as one of those souls who seem specially singled out to be in receipt of Divine Guidance—one of those fools who outclass the angels by rushing in courageously where they fear to tread. I do not think he has any fear, in fact. Sincerely, I would like you to know him as I know him, because you would like him.

Now, although his hobbies are, I believe, reading, writing and vagabonding, I am convinced he can bring to bear in the work of the children's movement just that essential something that will lead to a new vision for the dawning age of International Civilization. Bear with him. His large views and hard work will repay you. As they said of Mr. Ernest W. Oaten when he first spoke at a Spiritualist conference, "He is one of the coming young men who have arrived."

LULLABY.

Lean close, little baby, against my breast
And drift through that world I wrought,
O'er the trembling quiet of a moonlit lake,
Under stars whose light a path shall make,
To a land of Love where dreams are spilled
From the breath of white roses, fragrance filled.
There Dawn with its primrose kiss shall unroll
To stream its wonder across your soul.
Little life! there is sunshine there, and nought
Of evil in that world I wrought
Born of my pain, for you; so rest,
Lean close, little baby, against my breast.

That you might dance through the whispering leaves
On wee glad feet and gather the sheaves
Of fairy bells in the perfumed grass
Where little mice come to peep, then pass,
That you might gather the gold of each star,
Learn the purpose of Beauty beckoning afar.
I carried you—dreaming these tender things
And closed mine eyes 'gainst the sordid things
Within four miserable walls that frowned
On poverty, gnawing its way around,
'Cause God and I loved you ere you were wrought
I fashioned a dream world of each sacred thought.
So sleep, my baby, who yearns for rest,
Lean close, little baby, against my breast.

SYDNEY JEAN BARNES.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

In spite of the worship of efficiency and the modern altars men are daily raising to what D. H. Laurence called "the bitch Goddess Success," there are still in the world one or two rare souls who wander on the lonely pilgrimage to the Shrine of Beauty. Such a man is my friend, Kenneth Craig, who has allowed me to publish in this issue a delightful fantasy, "The Strange Visitation." To him words have always been the sacred emblems with which one weaves the Garment of God's Immanence. He entrances you in the spell of incarnate loveliness with a rhythmic prose that has been likened by a well-known author to the charm of "Elizabeth in her German Garden." We hope to be favoured with more of these mystical fragments from Mr. Craig's pen.

* * *

While talking about authors, I was delighted to read, in a recent issue of "Light," a letter from the well-known novelist, Miss Ursula Bloom. Miss Bloom belongs to the younger school of Spiritualists—but her youth does not dim her vision—and out of that depth of understanding that has characterised her articles on Survival she wisely reminds us

"This is a time of doubt and disbelief. The old dogmas and shibboleths have gone to the wall; we are a people groping in the dark. Out of that darkness shall come light, but not the same light misted by intolerance and clouded by lack of proof. The new faith will be a lamp unto our feet. Spiritualism, although it may not supply that faith, can supply the proof of continuity. Without the proof of continuity we flounder."

* * *

The old adage, "Familiarity breeds Contempt," might well be lengthened by adding "and popularity deteriorates into sensation." I feel this truism very keenly after reading in a recent issue of the "Psychic News" how a famous medium used her power of psychometry "to tell the difference between good shells and imperfect ones" during the War. Her psychic powers may be tremendous, but her spiritual insight into their use seems rather limited—or is it that the "Psychic News" prefers stunt journalism rather than a sound literary exposition of Spiritualistic Philosophy.

* * *

The contemporary journal of Spiritualism in New Zealand, "The Message of Life," has printed a brilliant address by Reuben A. Webb, entitled "Is Spiritualism Worth While?" In his answer to this all-important question Mr. Webb issues a friendly and timely warning which we shall all find worthy of consideration when he reminds us "that the acceptance of a once unpopular cause by those in superior position is always a danger point, for when a progressive and humanitarian cause becomes acceptable to the high and mighty, to the privileged, then it is in real danger of being tarnished by the vested interests of the wealthy and by all manner of rite and ceremony."

To-day that phase seems to be threatening Spiritualism. Freak theology and fantastic philosophies are replacing the wide field of thought that dominated the early days of the movement and made it acceptable to men of all nations and varying creeds. Spiritualism is worth while in the measure that it tends to unify the diverse currents of men's thoughts into the main stream of Universal Truth.

JUPITER.

THE STRANGE VISITATION.

A FANTASY. By KENNETH CRAIG.

My window, which overlooks a wild garden and strangely soothing scenes, is dusty and quaintly latticed and serves me as an eye that looks out only on to beautiful things—some admittedly conjured by my own imagination which persistently thirsts for more than Life can give to it—an eye that refreshes my soul.

Through my window I can see what I can never see when I go down and into the garden. I shall not rub the dust off it, for it may be magic. Who should know? On a warm, still afternoon, ivy always seems dusty, and, like old parchments, sacredly dusty, I think. A great branch of ivy hangs down in sympathy over one corner of my window, and in the cool of the evening the leaves sometimes tap gently against the lattice corner as if, having been brought to some understanding by their common attribute of dustiness, they are privileged to understand each other, and so converse in these fitful tappings.

I am always very lonely, and loneliness sometimes means sadness. But not always, because at times my soul is restfully soothed by the peace that loneliness brings. It is only loneliness of *heart* that makes one sad and Life a solitude. Generally I am happy when lonely. If I am not, I know that it is my heart that is sad because of its loneliness; it is then that I try to forget, by stealing back to my little window, the eye that sees only happy things for me.

The garden is wild and sadly neglected, and because of this, it is very beautiful. The grass is long, so that when the wind or the evening breeze comes, it whispers and sings very, very softly in the twilight. If the grass were cut I should lose that song. The trees are all intergrowing and tangled, and present strange waving shapes in the gloom. Lavender abounds, and some pale hypaceas, so delicate in bloom, straggle in a long uneven line towards a pool at the bottom of the garden. That end of the garden is sunken, and three steps, grass grown now, lead down towards the pool, which is hidden from my view. Tall reeds, though, growing by the side I can see quite clearly, slender and lost looking, waving before the lightest breeze, as if they were going to break forever. On the right side of the garden, just below my window, there is an old boulder of rock cut close to the little path. I love this path. Whenever I see a green lawn with a white gravel path sweeping through the centre of it I always think "God—spoiled by man." So my path is flagged and cracked and almost covered by very green moss, and its way twists and turns so that the gate at the far end cannot be seen from the window.

The trees at the end of the garden are very tall and thick, and I catch only a glimpse at times of a distant mountain, faintly blue against the sky, miles and miles away. But when the hush of evening has stilled the world and long shadows are falling over the garden—all faint green and brown of the undergrowth, with just the streak of hypaceas to remind the wild grass that there are many kinds of beauty; and sometimes a star suddenly lights into view like a tiny lantern among the branches of the big trees—then I see all the beauty of Life and more, from my little window. And all the world that I see looking down in the twilight is filled with soft whisperings, which I have learned to under-

stand, and the garden is patched with velvet shadows that have fallen across the grass; the trees are ragged black lace against the darkening sky, which is waiting quietly for the moon, and here and there I see the gleam of a silver jewel which I know to be a star gleaming for me.

Last night, in the gloom, as I sat at my window, a figure came uncertainly through the gate. I heard the creak, so I peered down at the path in the darkness, and that figure seemed only the shadow of a man; but suddenly, I thought I saw his face, so worldly-wise, young-old, and so tired, and I wondered how ever he had found the way to my garden. I knew by his expression that he was tired of the world, the world that he knew, and perhaps he had wandered here, not caring where he went.

As I looked he carelessly pushed his way through the hedge and stepped into the garden. Then a sudden quiet fell over everything. The grass ceased its whispering, the shadows did not dance, and even the fluttering of the leaves stopped, as if in surprise at this sudden intrusion.

But just then the figure sat down upon the boulder and leaned against a tree trunk, and he seemed to become one of the shadows, and the garden, suddenly, was as usual again.

He was seated with his back to me, gazing up, I imagined, at the tracery of the branches, so dark even against the gloom of the sky.

And, all at once, I seemed to know that my garden was filled with a purpose, an almost holy purpose.

The shadows danced as they never had danced until then. They flitted in and out from the trees and across the grass in a rhythm that I could scarcely believe, and they said to the figure as they danced, "Look, there are dances you have never seen before"; and while they flitted about, the breeze came softly sighing through the grass so wild about his feet, and the grass sang, "Listen, there are songs you have never heard before"; and the soft low melody brought a strange peace to my soul as I listened and watched there. All the care seemed to be driven from my heart and I only knew that I was alive in God's good world and peacefully content. I wondered if the same happiness was being brought to that shadowy figure down there.

I could hear the pool rippling gently too, and a sad sighing of the reeds was a glorious undersong.

Then the twilight whispers so peculiar to my garden seemed to say "There is sadness, but there is joy too, and the dawn has yet to come." Out of the darkness flashed bright little night moths that flew happily around that figure.

The twilight whispers, I know, had sent them to him, like new hopes, new dreams, to flutter around and cheer him. Or perhaps they came as symbols of new friends, new love, to be found in a different life from that which he knew. I reflected on the strife, and love; the fighting and losing, sinking and struggling, so common to the world outside; then, looking around to see only the shadowy star-lit peacefulness so remindful of God, I thanked Him for my immunity from it all.

I wondered if the stranger was thinking of this. But
(Continued on page 150).

THE GODS ARE ATHIRST!

Among the heroes of Mount Olympus many seem to be fated to an unhappy decease. I question, however, if any suffered more keenly than the God "Ajax," of whom we are told, "his defeat brought on madness, and he slaughtered a flock of sheep under the delusion that they were his greatest opponents. He came to himself again, and, smitten with remorse, threw himself on his sword."

As the Gods are re-born, the same fate seems to dog their footsteps among the children of mankind. Ajax has returned. He has slaughtered his flock of sheep under the delusion that his mock warfare will infuse new vitality into the Lyceum Movement. It only remains for him to be smitten with remorse and throw himself on his sword, or, in more familiar jargon, to cast his useless pen into the waste-paper basket.

We do not for one moment doubt his sincerity, but since sincerity is no guarantee of sanity, and since frank criticism often comes from freakish cranks, we can only conclude his madness is one of the painful episodes which seem to overcome the most harmless individuals at some period in their lives.

The first essential factor to consider is "What does the Lyceum Movement stand for?" Is it seeking to establish in the hearts and minds of its members a sense of spiritual citizenship that will enable them to be leaders of the new order of fellowship in a world in distress, or is it simply a social club created to cater for the whimsicalities of the butterfly chasers of illusion, who seem to be in a majority amid the modern dilemma that challenges us in these days when chaos and confusion abound?

Ajax's solution to the world problem is amazingly simple; but if at times simplicity has been the hallmark of saints, at others it has been the trade-mark of simpletons. I am afraid I utterly fail to see how marching up and down the streets of our towns blowing bugles and beating drums like a lot of tin soldiers, or running over hills and dales in short trousers and open-necked shirts, will help us to solve the essential problems that humanity must face in the present hour if world civilisation is to be saved from disaster.

Apart, however, from the absurdity of most of the comments published under "The Young Idea," we venture to remind Ajax that many of his suggestions are not psychologically sound. The day is past when we can consider the child or the adolescent as a lump of clay to be moulded by discipline and exercise into a reflection of our own particular peculiarities. The founders of the Lyceum Movement fully recognised this factor long before it became, in a perverted form, the creed of Ethel Mannin and the philosophy of Bertram Russell. They saw the child as it really was, as a vital mass of potentialities all waiting to be "drawn-out" by creating a background against which the child would be enabled to live out its own life; to develop its own individuality, and to express its own spiritual aspirations.

Wherever the psychology of the crowd has been applied it seems to have fostered just those forces in the elements that compose it, that make them a danger to themselves, and a menace to the well-being of society. The Fascisti of Italy, the Hitlerites of Germany, the Bolsheviks of Russia, have all seized upon the basic

principles that underlie Ajax's contentions, and have used them to foster a spirit of nationalistic patriotism which makes it practically impossible for their followers to have the world vision of Internationalism which has as its keynote "Freedom."

Are we, of the Lyceum Movement, to follow their example and degenerate into another competitive section of society, harassed by a discipline which will at some time or other destroy the object for which the Lyceum Movement was founded? In the past we have fully recognised the necessity for social intercourse as well as spiritual education. All over the country Lyceums have organised their open-air rallies, have enjoyed excursions into the country-side, have wandered among the beauties of nature, finding in their communal gatherings the essential joy of healthy fellowship. In all cases we have relied upon the initiative and understanding of those in whose hands the development of the youth of our movement has been so wisely placed—and in no case have they failed in their duty. Shall we then destroy that initiative by evolving new rules and regulations, new standards of discipline, or shall we continue to place our reliance upon individual inspiration rather than mass psychology?

In my vagabonding through life I have had close contact with those fraternities who have organised camps and rambles for their followers, and I cannot, with any honesty, say that the results they have achieved have been at all worthy of the energy that has been expended in organising the same. The new cult of hiking is, I am convinced, in the main, merely an active expression of the philosophy of defeat which threatens the stability of human life to-day. It is a way of escape from life rather than the bold acceptance of its challenge. The close contact with nature that hiking gives has not brought to birth that love of our great Mother-earth that one would have expected. Rather has it tended to demoralise an already immoral and corrupt generation.

In emphasising "the importance of the popular outdoor movements which are attracting so much attention from the youth of to-day," Ajax fails to point out to us what their importance is, and also entirely ignores the fact that the attention they are attracting does not seem to have created in youth any initiative to really take a lead in aiding to solve the vital problems of our own day and generation. As one or two speakers in the wireless symposium, entitled "The Modern Dilemma," stated, youth in the main is sitting on the fence; it is adopting an attitude of non-co-operation, and out of this spirit of selfishness the problems of the hour are merely being intensified.

The plain fact is that the social madness for entertainment stamps us to-day as merely existing instead of living. Some day we shall awaken to the call of the spirit of life that lies buried within us. We shall again worship at the shrine of beauty; we shall again bow in adoration before the majesty of the universe; we shall again be lost in wonder at the glory of the starry heavens. These things are not brought into being by rushing hither and thither, but rather in the learning of the truth uttered by William Davis when he echoed out his plaintive song:—

"O, what is life if full of care

We have no time to stand and stare."

Let us by all means seriously consider anything that

(Continued at the end of page 149).

SPIRITUALISM AND THE NEW WORLD. I.

SPIRITUALISM AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

By J. B. McINDOE, President, S.N.U.

(The following article opens up a symposium in which we shall endeavour to consider the effect of recent developments in science, religion and philosophy on Spiritualism.—ED.)

Psychical Research concerns itself with Supernormal phenomena, which are more or less either ignored or denied by orthodox science, partly because they do not seem to come strictly within the scope of any one of the sciences, and partly because they seem to be at variance with generally accepted scientific principles. But the achievements of Psychical Research during the past 60 to 70 years have gone far towards bringing some, at least, of these phenomena well within the range of one or other of the branches of biological science.

Psychical Research is, therefore, an essential branch of Spiritualism. Without it Spiritualism has no claim to be a science. Real psychical research treats our phenomena in exactly the same way as electrical research or chemical research or physiological research treat the phenomena with which they are concerned.

It carefully observes and records the phenomena, verifies them by oft-repeated observations and experiments. It studies the conditions under which the phenomena occur, and by varying these, tries to ascertain which are essential, which non-essential, which helpful, which harmful. From the data thus obtained it formulates working hypotheses to explain the *modus operandi* of the phenomena, and if possible to definitely elucidate the laws governing them.

The achievements of Psychical Research may be summarised thus:—

Hypnotism has been raised to the rank of a branch of medical science, though not yet to the position it occupies in France.

By its Census of Hallucinations, the S.P.R. established the fact that a large percentage of normal healthy people at some time or other experience a veridical (truth-telling) hallucination, and that these are coincident—or nearly so—with the death, or some serious crisis, in the life of the person seen, or heard, in the hallucination, to a very much larger degree than they would be were the coincidence merely one of chance. From these facts some kind of telepathic impact was inferred, and taken in conjunction with the results of definite experiments in thought transference, telepathy is now a generally accepted fact, though its laws are still unknown.

“Dowsing,” or water divining, and to some extent the similar location of minerals, has been established as genuine phenomena.

Many of what are generally termed Spiritualistic phenomena are now widely accepted by unbiassed psychical researchers. These include clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance mediumship, psychometry, and the phenomena of apports and of materialisation.

Dr. Hans Driesch has gone so far in regard to the latter phenomena as to say that they are so much in line with generally accepted biological principles, or the probable extension of these principles, that, had we not the evidence of the occurrence of them in the seance room, we would have been able to predict their occurrence, under suitable conditions. It has also

established, for the great bulk of psychical researchers, the reality of communication between the living and the dead, thereby proving the continuity of life after death.

These are some of the findings of the science of psychical research. But a science as such is not concerned with co-relating its findings with those of other sciences. That is the realm of the philosopher, and as neither the materialistic or mechanistic philosophy, which has held sway since the latter part of the 19th century, nor any of the various systems of philosophy which it has so largely displaced, and which for want of more suitable terms we may call idealist or Christian philosophy, can bring the findings of psychic science within their scheme of things—without drastic and radical revision—Spiritualism has had to formulate its own philosophy. This also embraces the religious concepts of Spiritualism. It is summarised in our Seven Principles.

It regards the Universe as the product of a Supreme Beneficent Intelligence, whose creation is a continuous process, working by evolution, operating by immutable universal laws, immanent in all things, whether inert matter or living organisms. The most highly evolved of these is man, an individualised part of the Supreme Intelligence, having inherent powers and qualities alike in kind to those of that Supreme Intelligence, but limited in their present development and power of manifestation, and placed here on earth to gain experience in contact with physical matter, and destined to develop and expand these potentialities in other phases of experience, and being spirit, independent of the death of the physical body. Also being spirit, capable of communication with other spirits, incarnate, or discarnate, and independently of physical channels.

(NEXT MONTH. Mrs. Champion de Crespigny on “SPIRITUALISM AND THE CHILD.”)

THE GODS ARE ATHIRST.—Continued from page 148.

will really aid us to see life steadily and see it whole. Let us quite frankly face up to any of the past failings of the Lyceum Movement and attempt to meet the needs of humanity in this time of its distress; but do not let it be said, as was said of Nero of old, that we fiddled while Rome burned. The day has passed for trivialities, and hiking and camping are trivialities when considered in the light of the tremendous questions that are making an impact upon us all, and that in our times seem well-nigh insolvable. If we can build into the child a sense of responsibility to be freely borne, if we can educate our adolescents into the realisation of the essential part they have to play in the drama of our times, then we shall not have failed in our duty, and, unlike Ajax of old, we shall not be “Smitten with remorse” and commit the racial suicide that at the moment seems to threaten mankind.

JAMES NORBURY.

THE WORLD CRISIS.

(The following is reprinted, through the courtesy of L. Lind-af-Hageby, from "Progress To-day." We feel the sentiments expressed reach right down to the vital need of the present hour.—ED.)

The word "crisis" must have been applied to conditions of social life many times in the history of humanity. By crisis we understand a critical time, an impending change, a danger which may be averted, if we take the right steps. There are crises in the life of the individual—spiritual, mental, moral, physical—times when the soul is faced with the necessity for decision and action.

The crisis through which the so-called civilised world is passing is a painful awakening to the fact that there is no stability, no reality, in principles and policies which have dominated the minds of men for centuries.

There has been a general belief in the efficacy of the methods of war and violence. Humanity is discovering that war does not pay, that the victor and the vanquished suffer alike, that social misery and degradation follow in the wake of the "glory" of war.

There has been a general belief in the soundness of an economic system, built up on the "take-what-you-can" and "beggar-my-neighbour" policy, in financial war between individuals and between nations. Through unemployment and industrial stagnation; through the fall of monetary values, the failure of banks and the suicides of the Lords of Money the old financial system is crashing about the ears of the devotees of wealth.

There has been a general belief in national self-sufficiency. The "foreigner" was always the potential enemy. It was thought that by building walls of ignorance between the nations, by emphasising *differences*, by creating contempt and scorn of the ways of the peoples on the other side of "the frontier," patriotism would be fostered and unconquerable national strength gained. The truth of the interdependence of the nations is forced on the consciousness of humanity through the paralysis of world-trade, the failure to exact full payments from the enemies of yesterday, through poverty and humiliation of the people.

Industrial efficiency, the manufacture of *things*, have enslaved the minds of men. Millions upon millions have been taken from the soil, from contact with the earth and the trees and the benevolent forces of Nature. They have been placed by machines, in factories, where their human qualities have been crushed until they, too, become but wheels and bolts in the huge system of machinery, which has dominated the world. The natural life of the country has been replaced by artificial life in the slums. Through over-crowding and specialising men have been made into robots. The failure of the Magnates of the Machine has been so great that people are beginning to see that the simple home economics of the African savage are preferable as a means of promoting human happiness and dignity.

It is not sufficient to deal with the surface of things. The civilisation which is cracking and breaking is a social order based on materialism, on the denial of the spirit, of moral law, and of God. Religion has been considered not practical, a matter of aspiration, not of deeds. There has generally been one morality for Sunday professions and another for the business and politics of Monday.

I repeat, it is not enough to patch up the glaringly

apparent holes in our civilisation. We have to begin again, to *re-form*, to find social expressions for the demands of kinship.

It is human character which is the supreme factor of change. Politics, national and international, are the outcome of character. Specialisation is responsible for moral blindness in regard to work and policies with which one is not immediately concerned. Reformers of the past have often been pitifully narrow of outlook. *All real movements for the reform of life are closely related and interdependent.*

Spiritual Law calls for the exercise of compassion and justice in all our relations to fellow-creatures, whether human or non-human. Sympathy is the foundation of civilisation, not mechanical inventions, not wealth, not military pomp. Finding pleasure in killing and terrifying animals (it is called sport) is supposed not to disqualify a man or a woman from good citizenship, yet there is something lacking in the mind which seeks such amusement, and that lack must make itself felt in those aspects of social and political life which apparently have no connection with our treatment of animals.

Men are beginning to see that they cannot sow the whirlwind and reap peace, that they cannot foment hatred and distrust and find international unity when they are in dire need. They are beginning to understand that economic and industrial anarchy brings its punishment of unemployment and poverty. The time will come when men will comprehend that they cannot exterminate the fellow-creatures of this earth with gun and trap and poison and find Nature benevolent towards their tilling and their crops. We cannot torment and slay innocent animals with the object of finding cures for our self-induced diseases and achieve health. That black magic, that vicarious sacrifice will not succeed. Disease will hold us in new and old forms until we bend to Nature's teaching of the ways of health.

L. LIND-AF-HAGEBY.

THE STRANGE VISITATION—Continued from page 147.

his head was turned always towards the trees at the far end of the garden. He had relaxed now comfortably, as though to a dream.

Then, through the branches of the distant trees, there suddenly shone out one jewel of a star gleaming down at the shadowy figure. And the star was like a brilliantly silver lamp in the black darkness of unending waste, a beacon that glimmered through a void, which but for the one light was limitless. And I knew it shone only for that lost figure there, glimmered and twinkled through the black lace of the trees like a great hope, immortalised.

I closed my eyes with the wonder of it all, and when I looked again through my lonely lattice, the light of the star had gone, the figure had gone too, the shadows were still, and, as though a heavenly task had been completed, there seemed to be a long last sigh, and my garden was quiet and lonely again. In vain I peered through my window. I thought "Perhaps, he has gone back—to his world," then suddenly remembering my knowledge of that world, I knew the message of the star, the holy purpose of the garden.

I wondered what he would do. Would he return?

I was afraid of the immensity of it all. Perhaps it was my imagination; perhaps the figure had been only a shadow after all.

But—to-night I shall *not* look through my window.

OUR LYCEUM GUILD.

MOTTO:—"We live to learn and learn to live."

Our Guild is now in the initial stages of being revived; all preparations have been completed, and now I am patiently waiting for your applications for membership. I am pleased to let you know that the original Guild Register turned up during the removal of the Office, and now it is in my keeping, waiting to have all your names entered.

You will remember that in the July BANNER I appealed for donations so that the Guild should not be a burden to the Union, and I wondered who would be the first to respond. It came as a surprise to me, and perhaps it will be the same to some of my readers—the first to respond was Nellie Kitson, the Guild Leader in spirit.

This was how it came about. On July 19th, which, by the way is Nellie's birthday, I received a letter from Mrs. Singleton of London saying that as she was reading about the Guild in the July BANNER Nellie Kitson said to her, "Lou, send the flower money to 'Our Guild Fund.'" For her custom had been to send flowers to Dewsbury on Nellie's birthday, but this year Dad Kitson had asked her not to do so, as he could not take them to Nellie's grave. So Mrs. Singleton sent me the first donation of 5/-. I quote from her letter:—"Every joy we receive entails a duty. It is now my duty to ask that every Guildite and fellow Lyceumist who loves our Nellie for all her noble work and sacrifice for the Lyceum Movement, (as well as for herself, which all of us who knew her personally *do*, and know she still helps us) will these co-workers send Nellie a birthday greeting in the form of a small gift (even a few stamps) to her successor, Miss Halliday, our new Guild Leader, to give her the necessary funds to work with. Nellie was always practical, so please, fellow Lyceumists, give her a practical greeting."

Then later I had a letter from Miss Elliott to say that Mrs. Singleton had informed her that a special birthday seance had been held in Nellie's honour, Nellie has become a fairly competent user of the Communigraph, and during the seance she communicated a message. An extract from the message is—"My loving greetings and hearty good wishes to all Lyceumists at home and overseas. This is my first universal message."

This will help us to realise that Nellie Kitson's interest in the Guild is still as keen as ever. Please follow in her footsteps, and show that your interest is keen, keen enough to make a sacrifice in order to send me a donation, however small.

Thanks.

Sincere thanks to those who have already contributed: Mrs. Singleton, 5s; Anonymous per E. Elliott 2s. 6d.; W. Burrows, 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Taylor, 2s. Total 10s. 6d.

Much more than this has already been spent on ribbon and printing, so let me have a ready response so that the Guild may be self-supporting.

Thanks also to all those enquirers who have enclosed a 1½d. stamp for a reply; it is little things like these that make all the difference.

To Lyceum Secretaries and Conductors.

Will you help me in the work by bringing the Guild to the notice of your Lyceum, and would Secretaries please help Lyceumists by sending to me for the required number of application forms, and by so doing save postage? Thanks very much, if you would.

How to become a Member.

First of all read carefully the aims and rules of Our Guild in the August BANNER, and then, if you consider that you can *seriously* make the promises, send to me for an application form, or get your Lyceum secretary to send for you. Fill this in, and send it back to me, along with P.O. for 1/- when you will receive in return your certificate of membership and your ribbon Guild badge.

Next month I hope to be able to give you the first list of members, as some Lyceumists have already given me their fees, but have been waiting for application forms, before being properly enrolled.

Number 1 on the Guild Register is Nellie Kitson, our "Honorary Guild President" in spirit.

Also next month I hope to talk about the various ways of running a week-night Guild class. So will those of you who have been successful in that respect please let me have your ideas on the subject? You will be pleased, I am sure, to help others from your experiences, which, I have no doubt, have been many and varied judging from the letters I have already received.

That you may contemplate seriously on these things is the sincere wish of

The Guild Leader,
28, Moorlands Place, GLADYS M. HALLIDAY.
Free School Lane,
Halifax, Yorks.

OUR GREAT EFFORT.

A MILE OF PENNIES.

Lyceumists All,

It is with the greatest pleasure that I announce to you how much the B.S.L.U. is favoured by having a real friend in a gentleman who is interested in our welfare and has shown his interest in a very practical way, by providing us, free of cost, a large number of cards for the purpose of collecting a "Mile of Pennies" in aid of our £2000 Effort Fund.

I think the most adequate way in which we can show our appreciation of his generosity is by *filling* the envelopes with pennies and thereby helping to swell the Fund if not to its full limit, at least very near to it.

All Lyceums by now, should have received 10 cards. One half of the Mile is in circulation and I hope that very shortly, Lyceums will be in need of more cards until the whole mile has been distributed.

What a "splendid achievement" it would be if we could fill 5,280 cards (one mile) this year. The £2000 Effort would then be increased by £176. Please do your best so that I may have the pleasure of reporting a substantial increase next month.

I am pleased to report that one Lyceum has commenced the Social Evening Scheme by holding a small Garden Party. We wish it every success. This is an

Continued on page 153.

THE LYCEUM BANNER

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.

EDITOR: JAMES NORBURY.

Terms to Lyceums and Societies:

The *Lyceum Banner* is supplied at 1/9 per dozen copies (13/12) up to four dozen. Additional half dozens may be ordered. All orders for four dozen copies and upwards are supplied at 1s. 8d. per dozen. All parcels sent post free. Accounts due quarterly: March, June, September and December. Single copies, 2½d., post free.

Send your Orders not later than the 23rd of each month.

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All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any views stated unless same are signed or endorsed by him. Visitors by appointment only.

SEPTEMBER, 1932.

DEATH—AND THE AVERAGE MAN.

Probably never before in the long history of the human race have men felt the need of a vital faith more keenly than in the present hour of the world's discontent. Daily and hourly we find problems pressing in upon us that demand a solution, and because we lack a real faith in life, we fail to find an answer to the many perplexities that make life so unbearable. The attitude of the average man is well voiced by Mr. Max Plowman, who meditating upon the ever-present question of death and its meaning, reminds us that "if we believe that the dead are really extinct, then the sooner we turn from the thought of them the better; for life is short, and if the death of our most beloved is just an interruption in the business of life, clearly it is our duty to make it as short an interruption as possible. This, in point of fact, is just what happens. I do not say that most people believe in individual extinction, though the belief is common; but what is painfully clear is that most people are at heart so bewildered by the thought of death that they turn from it as useless and distressing."

These words, from such a well-known writer, embody within themselves, I believe, the attitude of the average man towards the Silent Reaper. He simply lives in a state of uncertainty and seeks to escape from the terrifying demands of that uncertainty by plunging into a whirl of daily activities, thus striving to forget the ever-present and unanswered question. As he objectifies this attitude we find it creating a spirit of greed and selfishness that is to-day growing so gigantic in its proportions, that it threatens the stability of civilisation itself. The plain fact is, that because he lacks a moral back-ground to his life, which is within itself sufficient to meet every need that the exacting business

of living makes upon him, he simply wanders about in the waste lands of his own uncertainty, hoping for the best, yet ever dreading that the worst will befall him.

The most salient witnesses to the failure of religion to meet the common needs of man are the above facts. When he has asked for bread he has been given the stones of theological doctrine and controversial dogma. When he has sought for light he has been told that blind faith is essential for his eternal salvation. And so, hungry and blinded, he has lost any hopes he might have had in the religion of his childhood. At the point where he has most needed its help it has utterly failed him, and this failure has stamped orthodox religion as the base metal it has become. To-day men demand a living faith and the dying dogma of the Church seems well-nigh incapable of appreciating that demand.

Perhaps, after realising that the creeds of his forefathers cannot satisfy the needs of his own generation, he has turned to science, and here again, it is sad to relate, he has found himself faltering and floundering among out-worn theories, rather than the bold facing to newly discovered facts. Realising that Psychic Science cannot be ignored, the majority of orthodox scientists have subjected it to ridicule rather than face up to its insistence for a rightful place in their investigations. Where, then, shall the average man of the world turn in his attempt to discover a fundamentally sound basis for a belief in the actuality of survival, and for proof of the after life, other than to Spiritualism? After 2,000 years of propaganda the Christian religion is daily bemoaning the fact that its adherents are steadily diminishing year by year. After almost a century of extensive propagation of facts instead of fancies, Spiritualism can proudly boast that it is ever growing stronger in its evidences, and is yearly swelling in the number of its adherents. To-day its message is as vital as it was a century ago. It is still bringing hope to those who for years have been hopeless, light to those who have stumblingly walked in the darkness, certainty to those whose lives have been made a dread nightmare by the ever-present fear of death.

Its task, however, is not yet completed. The world needs new men and new women who have been re-born into an understanding of the moral implications of human immortality. Those of us who have found the truth of survival recognise the daily round and the common task for what is it: an opportunity to bring into being the latent spirituality that lies dormant within the soul of every man. We know that between the little here and the larger yonder there stretches a bridge, so narrow, that it can be crossed and re-crossed by the denizens of earth and by the citizens of that larger sphere that presses in daily upon each one of us. We do not say we *think*, we say we *know*, and out of our knowledge we have been born into a new freedom which has taken away the shackles of fear, and has replaced them with the joyous certainty that there is no death.

THE EDITOR.

OUR EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

HINTS, NOTES AND NEWS ITEMS.

Conducted by the EDUCATION SECRETARY.

A Busy Week -End.

The week-end of 22nd to 25th July was a busy one for the members of the Education Committee. Here is the time-table: Friday and Saturday nights—proof reading the Results Book; Saturday morning, all Sunday and Monday—filling in Certificates and preparing Lyceum parcels; and Saturday afternoon and evening, and Monday afternoon—Committee meeting, at which a lot of important business was transacted, including an agreed statement laying down the duties of the new General Secretary *re* his co-operation with Mr. Connor in Examination work and Circulars.

In the Guild Page Miss Halliday will tell you about the Guild arrangements, so I need not deal with them here, further than to hope that ardent student Lyceumists will lose no time in joining up. We must unite to give our new Leader an encouraging start.

We spent quite a lot of time discussing the reports on (a) our own Conference, (b) the S.N.U. Conference, and (c) the Examination Results. Our new Oral Grade Primer is going well, but could do better—and the sooner it is sold out the sooner we shall have a still further enlarged edition. And here let me say a word to those who think there is a long wait between the Oral Grade and Grade I. A student can sit for the Junior Oral at 10 years old; for the Senior at 11, and for Grade I at 12. So there need be no wait, while at the same time allowing those who so wish to begin earlier than 10.

Then we went into the S.N.U. Conference, and last month's Education Article (containing the report of the discussion about College Degrees) was submitted to, and approved by, the Committee.

Next came the Examiners' Reports, and many important recommendations were fully and carefully considered. A recommendation to abandon the "Connective Reading" was negated. In several Lyceums impromptu Connective Readings are frequently given in the Session, and besides, the exercise shows whether the Lyceumist thoroughly understands the lesson or message of the verse that has just been sung. Another submission was the handicap in Grade IV of not having alternative questions. It was decided to consider the possibility of including some alternative questions in Grade IV paper. It was further decided to give quotations from some of the Examiners' comments, from time to time, as space and other considerations allow. I must apologise for not being able to give any this month, but perhaps next month the Editor will allow me an extra column to make up for this month's shortcomings. Nearly all my waking hours are at present spent at work, or going to or coming home from it. I have little time for "home" work.

Are you getting busy?

You will agree that that was a busy week-end. I hope all tutors and students are getting busy on preparation work for 1933. One of the Examiners' comments was that in some cases the time given to preparation was too short. This happens in all Examination Schemes, but ours should be an exception—just as our system is.

SECRETARIES PLEASE NOTE.

ALL the text books needed for the B.S.L.U. Scheme are supplied from the General Offices, Mr. Connor does not stock or sell ANY Handbooks.

When writing for pamphlets, leaflets, etc., please send a stamped addressed envelope large enough to hold what is asked for.

For all B.S.L.U. Education Handbooks, copies of Examination Questions, etc., apply to:—

THE GENERAL SECRETARY, Hollins Chambers,
64A, Bridge Street, Deansgate, Manchester.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE with regard to the College or the B.S.L.U. Education Scheme should be sent (with 1½d. stamped addressed envelope for reply) to:—

Mr. A. T. CONNOR, F.N.S.C., 13, Claremont Road,
Forest Gate, London, E.7.

OUR £2,000 EFFORT. *Continued from page 151.*

admirable way, and perhaps others who have a garden will follow suit.

Miss Muriel Keeling of Daulby Hall Lyceum, Liverpool, has been the first to take advantage of the Birthday Greeting Scheme and I am sure you will all join with me in sending your thoughts along to her, wishing her many happy returns of her birthday on September 25th.

Who will be the next to receive a greeting. Is it you? Don't miss the opportunity of receiving a flow of goodwill. It only costs 6d.

A PRIZE will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the most suitable last line to complete the following Limerick:

**My appeal for your pennies is strong,
To build up our cause against wrong;
So please do not fail
To send yours by mail,**

Rules for entry:—Please send your efforts to me, together with your name, address, Lyceum and a donation to the £2000 Effort Fund of 2d. in stamps, not later than September 16th. A competitor may send as many efforts as desired but a donation of 2d. must accompany each effort.

I do not think it is necessary to emphasize the importance of Lyceumists concentrating upon any Scheme which will help to build up the B.S.L.U. Finance and I leave the above appeal, schemes and competition in your hands feeling confident that by now, your interest will be sufficiently aroused, to do your utmost towards reaching the goal of our ambition. £2,000.

I shall look forward eagerly for the response to OUR GREAT EFFORT.—A MILE OF PENNIES.

LILLIE GEORGE, Sec.

85, Queen's Rd.,
Everton, Liverpool.

OUR KIDDIES' CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY THE "GUILD IMP"

Dear Little Imps,

I am one of the lucky people and have been able to see lots of places, and people, and things during my holidays. I have seen crowds on the sea-shore, and crowds in the cities, and I've been out to the quiet hills, with their glens and woods, and their lovely heather-covered slopes. The hills gave me a big surprise. I found out that they were not nearly so quiet as they seemed. In fact, like the children in our story, I discovered—

THE CITY ON THE HILL.

The city was ever so big; it covered the slopes of the hill. Not far away, down in the valley, was the city of bricks and mortar, the home of thousands of noisy, hurrying people. Few of those people ever thought that there could be just as many dwellers on the hill that towered above the city. The hill was so far away that not many people troubled to walk further than the farm that nestled by the stream at its foot.

Arthur and Joan had been sent to Mill Beck Farm for their holidays, and, after the grimy streets of their town, everything about the farm filled them with wonder. They liked the farm people, and the farm pets, and soon learned to love all the walks around the farm. Quite near were the Valley Woods, and one day the children followed the path through the woods, and climbed up to the top of the hill, above the trees, where only heather seemed to live.

At first they didn't notice the heather, they were too busy admiring the view. They could see the woods, and the farmhouse below them, and could even see the cows and sheep in the fields. Far off they could see the spires and roofs of a town, and away beyond that lay the shining sea, with ships, that looked like toys, sailing upon it.

It was all very enchanting, but after a time, the children stretched themselves out on the heather, and watched the woolly clouds drift across the blue sky. It was then that Arthur said, "Why, Joan, we are lying on a bed of heather. This is a new kind of bed for us!" "Ssh—sh! Arthur!" whispered Joan, "I thought I heard a sound. What can it be? We are all alone aren't we?" "All alone, indeed!" muttered a chorus of tiny voices. "Whatever next will people imagine? Fancy thinking that anybody can be all alone, anywhere at all! Dear, dear, dear! When will people learn to think!"

Arthur and Joan turned their heads in dismay. Who could be so cross with them? For a moment they couldn't see the speakers, but, very soon, they found that a host of tiny, purple-clad fairies had crept from their houses of heather bells. The hillside had suddenly come to life and Arthur couldn't help exclaiming "Oh! Joan, the hill must be a city. There are as many people here as there are in our big town." "That

is better," agreed the fairies. "Of course the hill is a city and we are just as busy as the people who live in your cities." "Whatever kind of work can you do?" asked Joan. "I never thought that fairies had to work." "Neither did I," said Arthur. "Have you got workshops like real people?"

Eagerly the fairies offered to show their city to the children. They let them peep into the bell flowers that were their homes, and, for the first time in their lives, the children gazed into the heart of a flower. They saw the nectar cups so cunningly hidden in the flowers and learned that that was fairies work. As one fairy explained: "You see, we all want to help the flowers, because they give us such splendid homes." Joan and Arthur watched fairies help the ants, telling them where to go to find fresh food, and where new ant-hills were needed. Bees came to the fairies, and the flowers with the ripe nectar were shown to them. Baby buds were helped to grow, and little seeds-to-be were tended by the fairies. Joan and Arthur decided that the fairies just helped flowers and insects, but the fairies taught them better than that. They showed them the rabbits burrows, and how they taught the baby rabbits not to eat the poisonous plants. That was a big help to the father and mother rabbits. Birds sang to the children—and they saw how the fairies helped the heather to hide the nests. That work made the fairies rather sad, for, as they explained, "If people were really wise the birds wouldn't need to hide their nests."

Just one thing puzzled the children. They were ever so interested in all that the fairies *did*, but none of the fairies showed them any of the treasures they *owned*. Now, when Joan and Arthur had visitors, they always showed them their toys and books, and Mother and Dad often showed their treasures. Joan asked about it "We have had a lovely time seeing all that you do, but please may we see some of your very own things?" The fairies smiled, and shook their heads. "We cannot do that. Fairies never keep anything just for themselves. We never have any money, for we don't need to buy anything, and nobody can grow rich or poor. There are such a lot of wonderful things in the world that we just all share them together. That saves us any quarrelling—and that is why we fairy-folk are nearly always happy."

Just then Arthur looked down towards the farm, and saw the cows going towards the milking shed. He knew that it must be almost tea time, and so, he and Joan thanked the fairies and went back to the farm. As they went, Joan said "This afternoon has been the happiest afternoon of all our holidays. Who would have thought of a city on a hill?" "Yes," said Arthur "but who would have guessed why fairies should be such happy folk? I am glad we have found that too."

Lots of love, Imps.

MEG.



FOR HOME AND OVERSEAS.

My dear Boys and Girls,

I wonder how many of you built up the town of ideal happiness during the past month. Not only the one I suggested to you in my last month's letter, but the one in reality.

As I expect to hear good reports of your holiday adventures, it is only fair I should try and give you a little idea of the happiness Auntie Ruth, Cousin Doris and I have discovered in Somerset.

When we are on holiday we all become adventurers, just as much as those who go out to make wide-world history.

Of course the difference is in degree; for instance, we are not faced with the many dangers which explorers experience, nor do we have to wonder where our next meal is coming from, whether we have enough drinking water, or where we shall sleep for the night. Ours is an adventure of pleasure, where few hardships seldom creep in, except missing our nearest way home. Let me try and give you an example of what I mean from our own holiday experiences.

At the time of writing this letter to you, we are staying on the edge or the gateway to Exmoor. I wonder if I can convey to you a picture of our surroundings by taking what I call an adventurer's trip over the moors.

We leave the town behind us, and in a very few minutes, mounting up steep inclines through winding lanes, which never have much attention by man, on either side there is a confusion of wild flowers and undergrowth.

We journey on and soon find ourselves in the midst of a thickly wooded forest, where many a hoot or call from the birds in the branches is heard; suddenly a rabbit or stoat runs across the path in front of us; thus we get another aspect of nature's gift.

We have now reached the end of the forest, and coming out into the open we find ourselves in the wide open space on the moors. What a wonderful sight, hundreds of feet above sea level. We are faced with miles and miles of hills and vales covered with bracken, heather, bilberries; while looking down to the right we see the open sea. Now our real adventure starts, for we find many narrow paths leading in all directions, all looking alike and all leading to somewhere, but the main question we are faced with is, which one shall we take, for it must be remembered there are no sign posts to direct you, and sometimes you can be on the moors the whole day, and not meet another person. The only thing to do is to get a sense of direction by the sun, and set off along the path which would appear to go in the desired direction you want to reach.

Alas, by personal experience, these paths wind and wind in so many manner of ways that unless you have a full knowledge of the few landmarks you may be able to see in the distance you seldom find yourselves getting to

where you intended, and on your homeward journey, although you may feel quite satisfied that you are on the right path, you find yourselves arriving on a roadway about two or three miles from where you intended.

Such is the holiday we are enjoying; every trip across the moor is an adventure, but one which provides untold lessons if we compare them with our daily lives.

Shall we just look at one or two of them. I think the first one is that the Lyceum Manual becomes a guide book and a friend to travellers, for we seldom get very far on our journey before one of us quotes some of its lines which apply to our surroundings.

For instance, frequently we say to each other, "Go watch the matchless working of the power that shuts within the seed the future flower," or "God of the granite and the rose, soul of the sparrow and the bee." Such thoughts as these bring us into closer harmony with our Father God.

Then there are the many winding paths I have referred to. In life we are always coming face to face with the question: which path shall I take? We shall not go far wrong if we allow ourselves to be guided by the sun, the sun of righteousness, for all paths will eventually lead us home.

Such thoughts as these help us to appreciate our holidays, and I hope if this letter is a little more serious than usual you will appreciate the fact that such nature is so very beautiful that it is a living reality to me.

Of course we have not spent all the time on top of the moors; we have also been on the sands, which is the kiddies' paradise, where daily adventures of building castles and suchlike pleasures abound. I have also paddled my feet in the briny and sun-bathed, but so far I have not met any Lyceumist, therefore this being the latter part of my holidays, it will be a case of seeing who has the most money left to pay for ice creams.

I hope you will write and tell me about your holidays this month, and that my oversea friends will tell me when you have your holidays from school and how you spend them.

Answers to last month's Puzzle No. 186:

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Dover. | 2. Bude. |
| 3. Southsea. | 4. Deal. |
| 5. Cardiff. | 6. Southend. |

Congratulations to those who worked out correct answers.

Puzzle No. 187. Disjointed Lyceum Centres.

Can you join these words together so as to make sixteen Lyceums.

New, Stock, Bolt, Wind, Devon, Old, Park, Staple, Winning, Guild, Ear, Stock, Run, Little, Long, Corn, Ham, Gate, By, Ford, Corn, Town, Hill, On, Say, Ton, Port.

Now the ding, dong sound of the school bell is heard again. To those who are returning to school and those who are starting out in the business world, I want to give you a pearl which may encourage you:

"We cannot expect our ship to come in if we have never set one sailing on the seas of life."

With love,

Ruberrondo,	Your loving friend,
126, Woodlands Rd.,	UNCLE BERT.
Isleworth, Middx.	

THE THINGS WE HEAR.

Under this heading, Lyceums whose Reports exceed the words allowed in the Table as shown in Rule 3 may have them inserted in full by enclosing 6d. for every extra nine words.

NORTH PAVEMENT SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, BARNESLEY.

On July 17th, 1932, we celebrated our Lyceum Anniversary, and everyone had a very enjoyable time.

It is in the presence of children that the sweet influence of the Angel Friends is felt, and on this occasion was more keenly felt by some of the elders of the Lyceum, for during the evening service a little one was christened. The ceremony was performed by Mrs. Atherton, who is a member of our own Church, and the mother, a Lyceumist, was very proud of her daughter, whose name from the Spirit World was "Joyous."

How beautiful to become a child for one hour.

On Monday we had a Social Evening, when we were all children again, and everyone was happy. T. SYKES, Sec.

NORTH EAST CHESHIRE LYCEUM DISTRICT COUNCIL.

We held our annual outing on 9th July, at Middlewood, and had a very pleasant time. All Lyceums turned out in good number and we mustered 190 strong. Games and sports helped on the pleasure of the afternoon. Quarterly meeting held at Macclesfield, 6th Aug., opening with 346, "Spirit Voices." Invocation by Mrs. Moulton. The President's address emphasised the fact of the efforts with pleasure for the love of our cause, and reminding all of the work yet before us.

Minutes of Meeting held Heaton Norris read and confirmed. Correspondence was letter form Royal Humane Society, who regretted they could not reward Mr. Burgess, of Hyde, for his courage and quickness of thought when he saved the life of Millicent Harding from drowning at our annual outing. Resolution was passed recording our thanks to Mr. Burgess.

D.V. Report. Mrs. Ennion, acting D.V., reported visit to Congleton. We are sorry to report that Mr. H. Ennion, our D.V., is not progressing so well as was expected. Still we hope to see him in harness again at our next meeting.

Conference Report of Mrs. Moulton.

Annual Outing report by Secretary and voted balance of funds to council. With thanks to all Lyceums for prize donations.

Mass Sessions. Suggestions were submitted to help these to be more successful and the E.C. have duly noted them.

Correspondence from United District Council re Special Committee was read and discussed. We were particularly interested in method and procedure of Conference, and consider Standing Orders committee should be elected at conference, say 1932 for 1933, and Preliminary Agenda should be issued in Jan. BANNER and Final Agenda in April, and no amendments to be accepted from floor of Conference. Only items of Special Business which have arisen since issuing of agenda and then only on permission of Standing Orders should be dealt with and amendments received at a conference. We had various other items, and secretary instructed to write the U.D.C. for these to be placed before the special committee. One point arises. We must all realise that time is precious, and especially at a conference, and we trust all councils will see to it that they get busy between now and next conferences, so that we are going to get the very best constitution possible with the most reasonable outlook, and will be agreeable to all despite our various differences both of opinion and circumstances.

R. A. L. MARKHAM.

HALIFAX AND HUDDERSFIELD L.D.C.

The Quarterly Meeting was held at Alma St., Halifax, on Aug. 21st, commencing at 10-30 a.m., the President, Miss G. Haigh, being in the chair. The weather was terrible, and no doubt accounted for the fact that only 5 Lyceums were represented.

Arising out of correspondence from the U.D.C. a motion was put to the meeting which resulted in even votes for and against the further need of the U.D.C. to the movement.

The application of Slaithwaite Lyceum for membership of the Union was endorsed.

The 'mile of pennies' cards from the Secretary of the £2000 Effort were distributed to the delegates, and these are to be returned duly filled at our next meeting in November.

The Financial Statement showed a balance in the bank of £4 12s., and a balance in hand of 12/9½d.

The Statistical Returns showed a decrease in the number of Lyceumists on the registers.

We are pleased to hear that Elland Lyceum is re-opening the first Sunday in September with an Open Session at 2-30 p.m. Will those who can please be there to help them?

An Open Session was held in the afternoon, the President conducting. Mr. Baxter, of Quarmby, took S.C.R. 4; Miss Lees, Mrs. Burrows and Messrs. F. Smith and Buttle took the connective readings of M.R. 237. Mr. W. Burrows conducted the G.C.R. 125.

After marching and callisthenics, the President presented certificates to those who had been successful in the recent B.S.L.U. examinations.

Recitations were given by Kenneth Chapman and Miss Lees, and a solo by Mrs. Barwell. The closing hymn was 401.

At the evening service the invocation and clairvoyant descriptions were given by Mr. E. Smith, while Mr. Ellis gave the address.

A hearty vote of thanks to Alma St. friends for their hospitality given by Mr. F. Smith brought a happy day to a close.

LEEDS DISTRICT.

On Sept. 10th the presentation has to take place of the Silver Bell and Certificates to the successful Lyceums, at Wellington St., Dewsbury, and we are hoping Dad Kitson will be able to be with us and preside over the proceedings. The Dewsbury Lyceumists have arranged a social evening, and the prices of admission are adults 6d., children 3d. The proceeds are in aid of the Council funds and we hope all Lyceumists will rally round and show their appreciation of this effort of our Dewsbury friends.

The quarterly Conference will be held at Lr. Oxford St., Castleford, on Sept. 13th, at 3-30 p.m., to discuss important business. Agenda:—Opening exercises; invocation; welcome; President's Address; Minutes; Correspondence; Rol. Call; Reports,—District Visitor, Treasurer, L.D.C., Field Day, Secretary's Financial Statement, Auditors, Silver Bell Scheme; Associates; Notice of Motion from E.C. "That £7 be withdrawn from Field Day Fund account; Open Council; Date of Next Meeting; Vote of thanks to local friends.

After the Conference is over the Aimby Concert Party and Castleford Prize Choir will give an entertainment in aid of Council funds, and your Executive hope that as many Lyceumists as possible will support this splendid effort. Prices and other particulars will be sent later.

A. W. HARDING, Sec.

SPIRITUALIST CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Newcastle, Rye Hill. On May 31st, through the instrumentality of our fellow Lyceumist, Mrs. Bolton, a concert in aid of the Lyceum was given by the Gateshead Brotherhood Male Voice Choir. Items comprised part-songs, solos, and humorous recitations were much applauded by an enthusiastic audience. A well-merited performance, reflecting great credit on those taking part.

On July 2nd we held our Annual Trip to Whitley Bay, much to the delight of the children, who greatly enjoyed themselves on the sands. After tea, kindly prepared for us by our Lyceum friends at Whitley, races were arranged on the links, followed by the distribution of prizes. Altogether it proved to be a pleasant outing for all.

On July 12th a Lyceum Rally was held, we being ably assisted by members of the E.C. of the T.L.D.C. Each Lyceum represented contributed various items to the programme. Our speaker, Mr. G. P. Robson, gave an outspoken and interesting address on Lyceum teachings, which we hope will create a further interest in Lyceumism in this area.

A. RICHARDSON, Sec.

RYDE SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

On Sunday, July 24th, our Lyceum was favoured by a visit from Mrs. E. Paling, of Beeston, Notts., and a special session was arranged by the Conductor, Mr. O. Perkis. There was an excellent attendance. The subject dealt with was the Seven Principles of Spiritualism, which were recited by Colin Coles and explained by:—

1st, The Fatherhood of God. Joan Hole.

2nd, The Brotherhood of Man. Patricia Clarges.

3rd, Immortality of the Soul. Pearl Hopkins.

4th, Proven Facts of Communion. Mr. O. Perkis.

6th, Personal Responsibility.

6th, with Compensation and Retribution, etc. Mrs. Hole.

7th, Path of Eternal Progress. Mrs. Winter.

(Continued on page 158).

AROUND OUR LYCEUMS.

- RULE 1.**—Reports must be written in ink or typed 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 August 24th.
- RULE 3.**—Lyceums taking 1 dozen copies are allowed free insertion of 25 words; 2 dozen, 50 words; 3 dozen, 75 words; 4 dozen copies or over, 100 words. Additional words to be paid for at the rate of 6d. for every nine words. This Rule does not apply to Lyceums numbering fewer than 30 members.
- RULE 4.**—All Reports must reach this Office not later than September 21st, to ensure insertion in the October issue.
- RULE 5.**—Colonial Reports, if posted to the LYCEUM BANNER within 7 days after the events reported, will be inserted in the next issue after receipt at the BANNER Office.

ACCRINGTON.—An Open Session was held on Aug. 14th, which was presided over by Mr. Duckworth. Recitations were given by P. Glover, Mrs. Glover, Miss Woodhead, N. Smith, N. Tabiner, Mrs. Taylor, and a duet was delightfully rendered by Mrs. Tipping and Mrs. Barlet. We all shared in a very enjoyable time.—J. Jameson, Sec.

BACUP.—An Open Session was held on Aug. 7th at which Pearls, Recitations, Solos, Duets, etc., were delightfully rendered. On Saturday, Aug. 13th, we held our Demonstration and Field Day. About 150 persons paraded, headed by the Heywood English Concertina Band. Games and Races was indulged in on the field. On Sunday, July 31st, Education Certificates were presented to six successful students by Mrs. Carter, conductor.—S. Carter, A.N.S.C., Sec.

BIRKENHEAD.—The Open Session on Aug. 7th was conducted by Mr. Thompson. A very delightful time was spent at which pearls were given by Ernest Kneale, Mr. Taylor, Reg. Robb, Miss E. Thompson, Mrs. Harper. Recitations were delivered by Lily Saunders, Muriel and Gertie Watson, Vera Hamilton, Mrs. Mars, Olwyn Daly, Lillian Harding. Solos were rendered by Donald Mars, Mr. Groves, Miss E. Thompson, Nancy Hollingworth, Mrs. Harper, Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Harding. Two piano solos by Eileen Edwards and Lorna Dearlove rounded off a very happy Session.—Wm. Kneale, Sec.

BLACKBURN, St. Peter Street.—On Sunday, June 25th, it was our Lyceum Flower Service. The Church and school were decorated with flowers. In the afternoon we held an Open Session. Mr. and Mrs. R. Webb, who are on a visit from New Zealand, were invited to the platform to address the Lyceum. The following gave recitations: C. Raiton, O. Parker, Joyce Entwistle, E. Livesey, A. Parker, Iris Entwistle, D. Parker, Jean Entwistle, G. Ormerod. Duets were contributed by Mrs. E. Raiton and Miss A. Lancaster. We had a good session, about 150 being present. The evening service was taken by the Choir and Lyceumists, who gave the song service, "Buds and Blossom," to a crowded Church.—T. Wood, Hon. Sec.

BLACKBURN, St. Peter St.—On Sunday, July 31st, we held our usual Open Session. Mrs. Sutton, one of our Lyceumists, named the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith. She gave the child the earthly name of Nanetta, spirit name, Sunbeam. The following gave recitations: E. Livesey, F. Holding, Iris Entwistle, R. Livesey, Jean Entwistle. Solo, Mrs. Webb. There were about 120 present and we had a very good session.—T. Wood, Sec.

BLACKPOOL, Albert Road.—We held our Open Sessions Sunday, Aug. 4th, Mr. Musgrave, of Accrington, was our conductor for the afternoon and was the speaker at the 6-30 service. The speaker at 8 p.m. was Mrs. Pickles, of Blackpool. There was a good attendance of visiting Lyceumists and friends who joined with us in spending an enjoyable time.—E. H. Rothwell,

BROADGATE.—We held our Annual Outing on July 17th, when we went to Evesham. We had a nice day. After a picnic dinner we strolled round the gardens, and then went on the river, this giving us a good appetite for our tea, after which we all did as we liked till train time. This jolly day was one of the best outings we have had.—E. Coe, Sec.

CHESTERFIELD.—On Sunday, July 2nd, we held our Open Session, when the following Lyceumists contributed to a very pleasing programme:—Recitations by Norman, Kathleen and Eveline Clements, Irene, Glynn and Mervyn Cowell, Dennis Lee, Vera and Jimmy Rippon, Irene Hobster, Ivy Hall, Shirley Widdowson and Kathleen Bennett. Duets from the "Songster" by May Wheatley and Avis Bown, Vera Rippon and Ivy Hall, Kathleen Bennett and Joan Wheatley, Irene Cowell and Eveline Clements, and Irene Hobster and Shirley Widdowson. The LYCEUM BANNERS were distributed and a happy time was brought to a close.—A. Bown, Session Sec.

CHESTERFIELD.—On Sunday, August 7th, we held our Open Session when the following Lyceumists contributed to a very pleasing programme. Recitations by Audrey, Norman, Kathleen and Evelyn Clements, Jimmy and Vera Rippon, Glynn and Irene Cowell, Marion Orwin, Irene and Harold Hobster, Shirley Widdowson, Ivy Hall, Kathleen Bennett and Mr. Becket. Duets by Kathleen Bennett and Joan Wheatley, Irene Hobster and Shirley Widdowson, Ethel Gore and Irene Cowell, and Vera Rippon and Ivy Hall. Pearls by Mr. Campbell and Mr. Bown. A happy time was brought to a close with the distribution of the Lyceum Banners.—Avis Bown, Session Sec.

CLECKHEATON.—An Open Session was held on Aug. 7th and was conducted by Mr. H. Yates. After the opening hymn an inspiring prayer was delivered by Mrs. Woodcock. Following the S.C.R. pearls were given by H. Horsley (2), M. Ellison, F. Newton, H. Yates, T. Brooke, R. Mann, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Horsley. A delightful solo was rendered by H. Horsley.

On the 14th Aug. we held our Anniversary Services which were conducted by Lyceumists and were greatly enjoyed by a crowded congregation.—M. B. Robinson, Sec.

DONCASTER, Catherine Street.—We held our Anniversary Services, July 17th and 18th. On Sunday afternoon we held an Open Session, which was well attended. The Sunday evening service was taken by young Lyceumists and included singing, recitations and solos. The Lyceumists taking part were:—P. Bates, D. Middleton, S. Middleton, B. Maltby, J. Mottram, M. and V. Bates, M. Chalmers, D. Mottram, A. Ball, W. Riley, L. Middleton, D. Mumford, M. and B. Scotting, V. Soan. Our second service was taken by Miss Goose, Mrs. Maltby and Mrs. Webb, Miss Johnson, the Conductor, presiding at all meetings. The Church was full and we had a very spiritual and uplifting time.—Mrs. Webb, Sec.

DUNEDIN.—On June 23rd the 9th Annual Birthday Party of the Lyceum was held, when 48 past and present members and friends sat down to well-filled, gaily-decorated tables, the number being augmented by about 26 friends during the evening, several being past scholars. A very wet evening prevented many from attending. Games, recitations, songs and dancing caused the evening to slip quickly away, and when, at 10 p.m., Auld Lang Syne was sung, some of the children regretted it was all over. They had a royal time one and all.—(Miss) R. Burgess, Con.-Sec.

EARBY, Greenend Avenue.—At the Open Session on Aug. 7th Songs and recitations were well given by O. Hodgson, K. Hodkinson, G. Blackburn, D. Lea, M. Lea, C. Eaton, R. Hancock, R. Hodkinson, J. Hancock, G. Morby, D. Eaton, T. Hancock, E. Fox, N. Hodkinson, O. Wilkins, I. Cryer, H. Holden, which were greatly enjoyed by all present.—A. G. Morby, Sec.

FLEETWOOD.—On July 2nd and 3rd our Lyceum Anniversary was held. On the Saturday we went to Fairhaven for our trip. We had a very happy time and glorious weather. On Sunday we held our Open Session in the afternoon, to celebrate our anniversary, at which there was a good attendance. It was truly the children's day and they did their best to make the session happy and harmonious. Recitations were given by Mona Hague, Doris Parkinson, Marie Dews, Irene Roscow and Tom Wright. Solo by Minnie Wright. Duets by Kathleen Hague and Ruth Harris, Brenda Mayhew and Jessie Woods (Pearls). In the evening a special demonstration session was given, at which the reading and methods of instruction were explained by Mr. Batley, our Conductor. The whole of the day's services were taken by Lyceumists.—S. Vollans, Sec.

FLEETWOOD.—On Aug. 21st, Mr. Batley, our Conductor, named another little baby in the Lyceum, Leslie Read, Spirit name Hope. The Lyceum was successful in gaining the third prize in the Hospital Parade with the Tableau, Blossom Time.—L. Vollans.

GORTON, Garlick Street.—On August 14th we held our Open Sessions at which the recitations and songs were greatly enjoyed by all present. We received greetings from various Lyceum representatives.—J. Hall, Sec.

HEMSWORTH.—On Aug. 14th we held our Flower Service and Open Session conducted by F. Walker. Many friends were with us for the unveiling of the portrait of our Librarian by Mrs. Bates. Solo by F. Walker. Duet by Mr. and Mrs. Froud. In the evening Mr. Wright was the Speaker and Mr. Colman unveiled another photograph of a member of Church. It was a day to be long remembered by all. We all sent out thoughts for the speedy return to health of our Treasurer, Mrs. Wardle.—Mrs. Bates, Sec.

MANCHESTER, Maskell Street.—Having now reached the second half of our term of office, we are hoping to reach that purpose we so earnestly set out to accomplish at the beginning of the term, that is 'Progression.' We specially invite old and new friends to our sessions. On Sunday, July 17th, our Liberty Group was conducted by Mr. B. Robinson, of Leigh, which was interesting to all present. Our next Open Session is September 4th.—S. Sharp, Sec.

MANCHESTER, Maskell Street.—Now that the holiday period is drawing to a close we are hoping our desires of 'Progression' which we set out to accomplish at the beginning of the year will materialise. We desire old and new members to help us in our efforts. We extend a special invitation to all to be present at our Sessions. Our Liberty Groups are becoming an interesting feature. Mr. J. Robinson, of Leigh, conducted our Group on July 17th and Mr. W. W. Ely, President of Princess Rd. South Church, conducted the Group on August 21st, subject outlining 'Auto Suggestion.' Our next Group Sept. 18th. S. Sharp, Sec.

MANOR PARK.—July 17th, Open Session. The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archer was named by Mr. Wills. The earthly name was Avril, the spirit name was 'Peace.' An enjoyable afternoon was spent.—A. E. Trumble, Sec.

MORECAMBE, West End Rd.—We held an Open Session on August 7th, very good attendance; quite a number of visitors from the Yorkshire districts. Conductor, Mr. Harrison. Recitations were given by W. H. Liversidge, Dennis Liversidge. Pearls by Phyllis Moores, Wm. Hy. Liversidge and friends.—W. H. Moores, Sec.

NEWTON HEATH —On Sunday, June 26th, we held our Open Sessions. The afternoon session was conducted by Mr. Walter Taylor, Assistant Conductor, and in the evening by Mr. J. Taylor, our Conductor. At the evening session we had two dialogues by the Lyceum children. Barbara Fletcher, Lillian Hudson. Willie Robinson gave 'Playing the Game,' while Dorothy Mellery and Alice Whitehead gave 'What Spiritualism teaches us.' Mrs. J. Taylor and Miss Shaw sang a duet. Miss Frost sang a solo. Greetings were given from 11 Lyceums.

On Sunday, July 24th, during the session, Mrs. Gibson named the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Cunningham, giving her the spirit name 'Joy.' The Lyceum children sang very sweetly 'Joybells' and 'Sunny days of childhood.'—(Miss) Fannie Shaw, Sec.

REDCAR, Milbank Terrace.—On Sunday, July 3rd, we held our Open Session. Pearls were given by Gordon Smith, Vera Jones, Brenda Jones, Bernard Baird, Dorothy Bennett, Edith Bennett, Winnie Smith, Andrew Baird, Ronald Wells, Albert Wells and Frank Smith. Recitations and solos were also given.—A. E. Wells, Sec.

REDCAR, Milbank Terrace.—On Sunday, Aug. 7th, we held our Open Session at which Pearls were rendered by Andrew Baird, John Lewis, Vera Jones, George Wells, Dorothy Bennett, Albert Wells, Ronald Mattock, Rose Lewis, Edith Pearson. Recitations were given by George Wells, and Vera Jones. Solos by George Wells.—A. E. Wells.

RYDE 'Progressive,' Newport St.—On July 23rd, our Lyceum members journeyed by boat and bus to Lee-on-Solent to join in an amalgamated outing of Lyceums organised by S.D.L.C. Tea and sports were much enjoyed and all spent a very happy day.

Aug. 7th, Open Session. Recitations by Joan Bell and Dorothy Perkis. Reading, Tony Perkis. Pearls by all present. We were pleased to welcome two visitors from U.S.A. Welcome to all Lyceumists when visiting Ryde.—E. Oak, Sec.

SCUNTHORPE.—Our outing took place on August 11th. We went to Cleethorpes, where all scholars had tea, and the weather was beautiful. We arrived home by train 8-30, tired but happy. We are sorry to report the passing to higher life of Mrs. Martin on Aug 11th; the funeral took place on Friday, the interment being by the vicar of Crosby, after which Mrs. Begg conducted a spiritualist service as a token of respect for the service she had rendered the church. The members and friends subscribed and bought a marble flower vase.—Ivy Sprakes Sec.

SHEFFIELD, Heeley, Woodseats.—On July 24th Mrs. Maude, of Rotherham, officiated at a naming ceremony when the son of Mr. and Mrs. Grant was given the earthly name of Robert Hugh Mac; spirit name, Star of Progress. Lyceum children placed roses on our new Lyceumist; a very impressive ceremony. Sunday, Aug. 7th, we held our open session, conducted by Mr. Romanes. Individual items were given by the following child-

ren: Audrey, Joyce and Mavis Fox, Mary Oldham, Joan Morgan, Joan Eaton, Freda Lake, and Ivy Cartledge.—L. Grant, Sec.

SHEFFIELD, Attercliffe.—It is interesting to note that this Lyceum have commenced a Photographic Snap-shot Competition. All types and sizes of snap-shots can be submitted as long as the photograph has been taken by the competitor. The competition is to be adjudicated on the basis of the general interest and quality of photographs, and prizes will be awarded to those whom the adjudicators consider worthy of same.—J. Le Noury, A.N.S.C., Sec.

SOUTHEND.—This Lyceum held their Annual Outing on July 2nd. Two coaches conveyed members and friends to Maldon, where a very enjoyable day was spent.—Stanley F. Thompson, Sec.

TOTTENHAM, High Road.—Our outing to Southend-on-Sea was a great day. The sun shined all the while. Met Lyceumist from three Lyceums.—F. King, Hon. Sec.

WEST MELTON.—The Anniversary Services were held on June 19th, when Mrs. Webb was the speaker, and a Service of Song was given, July 31st, by the Lyceumists. Both were enjoyable times and enjoyed by all.—Mrs. J. Hirst, Sec.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Drummond Street. On August 10th our Open Session was conducted by one of our Lyceumists, Hilda Bradburn, age 10. On August 14th our president, Mr. Johnson, presented the Education certificates to nine successful entrants.—Paul Warrilow, Sec.

BIRTH.

Beautiful Little Sun-Ray was born unto Ethel Kate Reade and Amos Reade, and he was named at the Gorton Lyceum Sessions, Robert George Reade.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARTIN.—At Crosby, Scunthorpe, on August 11th, 1932, Mary Ann Martin passed to higher life at the age of 64 years.—Ivy Sprakes, Sec.

THE THINGS WE HEAR (Continued from page 156).

There were many other individual efforts, and, after warmly praising the work of the Lyceumists, Mrs. Paling gave a very encouraging and helpful address. Mrs. Taylor, President of the Lyceum S.D.C., who was also present, gave a short talk.

The session will be an outstanding one in the memories of us all as one of the happiest and most instructive we have ever spent.
ANNIE HOLE, Lyceum Sec.

S.N.U. SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, WREXHAM.

In connection with the above Church, the official Opening and Dedication Service of the Lyceum took place on Sunday, Aug. 7th.

Mrs. M. A. Kelly, of Manchester, officiated, giving to the Lyceum the name 'Excelsior.'

There was a very good attendance; several friends came all the way from Warrington. We are indebted to these friends, not only for their presence, but for their valuable help.

Mr. Jones, Treasurer of the Liverpool Lyceum District Council, was also present, and his enthusiasm in the cause was very elevating. He was a great asset and had the Lyceum in marching order in a very short time. He and the other Warrington Lyceumists gave a demonstration in Callisthenics.

It was a day never to be forgotten. Words cannot express the glorious time we spent together. Time and space won't allow a fuller description.

At the close of the Session Mrs. Kelly presented each Lyceumist with a beautiful flower, in remembrance of this glorious occasion.

May God and our spirit friends ever help us to keep our banner unfurled, ever flying higher. Excelsior.

EDGAR TOMLINSON, Sec.

DISTRICT VISITOR'S REPORT.

HALIFAX AND HUDDERSFIELD L.D.C.

On Sunday, May 8th, I visited Kirkburton Lyceum. It was very small in numbers but the readings were well rendered and the marching good.

I visited St. Paul's, Alma St., on June 26th. Singing good; good response from silver chain. The marching and callisthenics were well conducted.

On Sunday, July 24th, I visited Quarmby. Punctual start; singing not so good, but Golden Chain was well commented on. The marching and callisthenics were very good.

E. SMITH, D.V.

THE BATTLE OF WORDS.

"*GOD IN THE SHADOWS*," by Hugh Redwood. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s.).

Fleet Street, street of adventure, of romance, of tragedy,—and now of mystics and miracles. Mr. Hugh Redwood, in telling us the life story of Peter Rawlins, has opened up to us the inner sanctuary of his spiritual pilgrimage in search of reality. Reporter, journalist, night editor, Salvationist, mystic—a strange medley of colours in this beautiful kaleidoscope of human experience.

In his early years Peter Rawlins had none of the signs of piety. As he himself tells us, "He had known religion, this far, only through its forms, and those forms had now grown frankly unreal." We all share with him this early stage in life's journey when we accept any theory of life by lip service, but, as Mr. Redwood reminds us, "God the Gardener uses strange soil for His experiments." We can all echo with Francis Thompson, "I fled Him down the nights and down the days," and yet deep down in our lives we feel the need of something greater than the small lives we live to bear us up on the troublous waves that so often beat in on the frail craft in which we are seeking the Harbour of Eternity.

And so Peter wandered on until he reached a point where all his puny efforts seemed to be defeated, until kneeling in utter loneliness he offered his life to the guidance of the Fatherhood of God. As he tells us, "he had pledged himself to live in accordance with Divine Guidance, and he could not now make reservations as to the extent or nature of his actions." In spite of this, Peter slipped back into his old ways. For a moment he had seen a Vision—for many years yet it was still to elude his grasp. After his father's death he seems to have had some form of psychic experience, for, "In later life, when his father died, he often felt they came in close communion over some technical problem of journalism." On and on he wanders, with greater success came deeper dissatisfaction—on and on he must still wander until the burden of a troubled heart had discovered the Peace that beats at the Heart of the World.

Peter's challenge came from the strangest of all places—a slum meeting of the Salvation Army. In the happy faces of that little band, in the simple trust of their prayer life he saw radiated a quality his own life lacked. His intellectual power broke down before the evidence of living experience with which he was confronted. The last barrier in himself had been broken. "The ship was casting off from the quay; the last of the shore lines was being hauled in. It was a quiet outgoing; there were no cheering farewells. He knelt again in his study one night and made the surrender complete; offered to God all he had, all he was and all he might be made. And the ship of his soul put silently out to sea, to a destination unknown."

From that night he regained his vision—a new life had come to birth in him, and God the Gardener was silently sowing the seeds of a New World. "The need of a world in crisis is that God shall come out from the machine. In every department of life the tendency of man in religion no less than in industry, has been to mechanise. If we have lost the faculty of simple trust; if we have suffered an atrophy of faith, we may look around us and find an almost exact parallel in the submergence of the craftsman." A profound conclusion and one that points to the heart of the disease called modern civilisation. In a world where men have lost the significance of spiritual values in their own lives humanity has lost its vision. Can we regain that Vision? I believe we can, and I believe "God in the Shadows" points the way. An entire surrender was the price to Mr. Redwood and while some of us may disagree with the theological background to his story, all of us must find what Peter Rawlins discovered—that, in spite of all, underneath are the Everlasting Arms.

"*THE CROSS MOVES EAST*," by John S. Hoyland. (George Allen & Unwin. 6s.).

Has the Cross any significance for modern man? Disassociated from the confusion of theological contradictions, it surely symbolises the essential truth of God seeking release through His creation. This thought arises as a result of reading "The Cross Moves East," by John S. Hoyland. In this delightfully written volume the author eloquently pleads for a new approach by orthodox Christianity to the religion of India. After emphasising the universal principle inherent in the message from a lonely hill outside Jerusalem, Mr. Hoyland creates for us a magnificent picture of the beauty and redemptive power of suffering willingly borne by man in the spirit of fellowship towards all humanity.

The depth and intensity of the opening chapters give to us a very real insight into the spiritual background of Mr. Hoyland's life, "If we have no pain, it is almost impossible that the spirit of Christlikeness—the spirit which joyfully bears pain for others, and for and with God—will be even dimly developed in us and through us," and again, "Here we have 'the sense of God in history' emerging almost fully developed from the very start, and intimately bound up with the emergence of the conception of the Eternal Cross."

After portraying for us the importance of the Cross in the life and teachings of St. Paul, Mr. Hoyland shows us how this experience of spiritual rebirth through suffering can be seen etched out as the essential background of the two great Eastern religions: Hinduism and Buddhism. Through the pen strokes of a master hand we are brought face to face with the challenge of Mahatma Ghandi—whose supreme message to the modern world is again one of cross-bearing to win men to a new life of joyous fellowship. Ghandi himself has said, "The leader depends not on his own strength, but on that of God. He acts as the Voice Within guides him." We of the western world are sorely in need of men who will act up to the highest, guided not by tradition or custom, but solely dissected by the Spiritual Voice within them. C. F. Andrews has said, "What has not yet been found in the West is a moral genius of such commanding spiritual personality as to be able to unite and combine the various organised efforts (for world peace) into one organised movement of Non-Violence," and Mr. Hoyland, in echoing these sentiments, adds, "God send us that personality before it is too late." This book has greatly impressed me. Its sentiments ring true—and in a world largely lost in its own selfish illusions one experiences a genuine delight in discovering a man who has the courage to reveal to us the straight and narrow pathway to Reality.

"*AN IDEALIST VIEW OF LIFE*," by S. Radhakrishnan. (George Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.).

Occasionally a book is written that is much more than a book—it is a landmark in the spiritual history of the human race. Nearly half-a-century ago William James gave to us such a work in his Gifford Lectures on "The Varieties of Religious Experience." I have recently been reading the Hibbert Lectures of 1929, delivered by the famous Hindu philosopher, S. Radhakrishnan, under the title of "The Idealist View of Life," and have no hesitation in placing this new work side by side on my library shelf with James' masterpiece.

Radhakrishnan's volume is more than a reprint of the spoken word—it is a philosophy of life hammered out in agony to meet the challenge of the tangled skein of conflicting ideas that confront us in the modern world. After a masterly analysis of the modern approach to religion, and a devastating criticism of why that approach fails, Mr. Radhakrishnan is inspired to remind us that, "The prophet souls and not the priest minds, the original men of understanding, and not the mechanical imitators of the inherent habits, are needed to help our wandering generation to fashion a goal for itself." After voicing this need, the author then considers the variegated medley of modern substitutes for religion and rightly classifies them as "a way of escape," since "the philosophical fashions of naturalism, atheism, agnosticism, scepticism, humanism, and authoritativeism are obvious and easy, but they do not show an adequate appreciation of the natural profundity of the human soul." Religion is not, after all, founded on philosophy—rather is it an established attitude to the personal challenge of the universe within the individual as he seeks to interpret his own deepest needs. Living in time, yet reaching out to eternity, the spirit of man seeks "an experience which constitutes dwelling in heaven, which is not a place where God lives, but a mode of being which is fully and completely real." From this point we are led to share in the joy of the prophet minds of all ages, of whom Radhakrishnan says, "the seers are free from dogmatism and breathe the spirit of large tolerance. They welcome all who worship God revealed, not once, but everywhere, and always accept the variety of the world with understanding and sympathy."

In the next lecture we are given a scholarly insight into the function of intellect and the birth of intuition, in which we are shown that the root principles of all philosophy are "articles of faith, and not attained by argument," which point to "the working of a Universal Spirit in us." "The Spirit in Man." What a theme! And when discussed by those rare souls in whom it is aflame in all its glory, what an inspiration to those of us who as yet are still seeking that Gate which is called Beautiful. On and on we wander—through art, through poetry,

through ethics, until we realise that as these things are expressed in "souls of men, transfigured, rendered new. . . . The contours of their God-intoxicated faces possess the radiance of such as have seen eternity."

"Matter, Life and Mind" are next discussed and are then related to the vision of "Human Personality and its Destiny," and out of the conflict of the spirit in man and the universe there arises the spiritualised man, "a new genus of man exhibiting a new quality of life. His self becomes as wide as the world itself, as he feels that the one spirit is present in all minds, lives and bodies. The supermen, the masters of life, enter into conscious possession of this truth and act from it. They represent the eternal norms of humanity." Still onwards and ever upwards we travel—the author steals into the realms of time and transplants us on to the ocean of eternity. In our pilgrimage of thought with Radhakrishnan as our guide we have found the truth of life as against the problem of existence. "God is the final satisfaction, and in Him man finds self-completion."

As I lay down my pen I am dissatisfied. I cannot review this book—before its power I am a pigmy—and yet, in sharing its delight with you, I have found joy,—I have been born into a new peace.

THE ETERNAL POLES. Claude Bragdon. (Rider & Co. 4s. 6d.).

Mr. Bernard Shaw, in one of his brighter moments, reminded us that "waiting and patience mean nothing to the Eternal," and in Mr. Bragdon's latest work we are invited to pause and consider man's pilgrimage to the Eternal as through a period of "waiting and patience" the Life Force solves the contradictions between the positive and negative aspects of being.

Running like a golden thread through all the religions of humanity, and uniting them in a common pursuit after spiritual freedom, is the idea of man the slave becoming liberated from his chains until he emerges as Man Triumphant. Of this all-important factor Mr. Bragdon says, "Unity of being through the union of the creature with its creator constitutes the inner content of every religion worthy of the name; it is the theme of every singer of sacred songs." Lao-Tze said, "He who acts in accordance with Toa becomes one with Tao"; Buddha said, "The dew-drop slips into the shining sea"; Christ said, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me."

How is this union to be accomplished? How may man merge the inherent contradictions in his own nature until he rays out a Light of Spiritual Freedom across the path of all who come his way? By losing his bondage to the complexity of his self-created symbolic universe and re-discovering his divine simplicity, man can transcend these factors and establish himself in perfected harmony with the creative rhythm of life. Of all the manifold needs which encompass man as he journeys through life, Mr. Bragdon agrees with Paul that "the greatest of these is Love." "All the ills from which we suffer and which history records are caused by limitations, perversions and defects of love; Christ came to benefit the whole world, not merely Christian, but the love of Him took the form of hatred of the Infidels, whom the Crusaders piously slew by thousands in the streets of that very city of Jerusalem where He was crucified. The Sicilian Vespers and Saint Bartholomew's Day massacres were instituted in the name of Christ. It is small wonder that He declared: *Ye choose that I come with a sword*. Our lack of love for animals is responsible for our cruelty to them, and for those stockyards and slaughter houses which pollute the air of Chicago for twenty miles round; our lack of love for trees has brought about that deforestation which is the cause of aridity and floods, and our lack of love for beauty is responsible for the soul-stifling ugliness of our cities and the vulgarisation of the countryside."

"The Eternal Poles" is the eloquent plea of a philosophic mind mystically contemplating the chaos in the present world spectacle and attempting to once more point to "The Royal Road of Union," down which all mankind must eventually travel. The secret of the ages, the living out of the eternal in time, is its basic note and, as Mr. Bragdon reminds us, "Perhaps, after war, diplomacy, arbitration, mind-idolatry, churchianity, humanism, behaviourism, psycho-analysis, yoga-breathing, gland-grafting, and all false-reasonings of this age of reason have run their course and revealed their hollowness, we might try the experiment of organising our lives, private and communal, on a basis of love—for love is the great reality."

THE PILGRIM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FACTS "AJAX" FORGOT.

(In the last issue we stated the letter by Mr. Calway had been refused publication by "Ajax." We now find this was not quite correct, but feel the following letter from Mr. Calway will clear the air on this matter and serve to rectify our slight inaccuracy.—EDITOR.)

Dear Mr. Norbury,

You mentioned that my letter had been submitted to the "Two Worlds" and refused publication. This, I am afraid, is not true. When "Ajax" first commenced his articles I replied to him giving my reasons against bringing scouting into the Lyceum Movement (I have been in the Scout Movement for fourteen years), and also telling him about our athletic club and a few of its aims. "Ajax" did not publish any of the reply at all, but he wrote and told me my objections perplexed him (we wonder why?—ED.) and asked me to send him an article about the Club.

I am amused to find that "Ajax" accepts the opinions of those who have no experience in the Scouting Movement and ignores the opinions of those who have.

Yours fraternally,

SIDNEY F. O. CALWAY.

WHAT ABOUT CIRCULATION?

My Dear Friends,

We all feel the world is passing through one of those phases when tremendous changes are taking place in the foundation of civilisation. Whereas to the ordinary man these changes may at times sound a note of tragedy, to those of us who are conscious of spiritual forces playing their part in the material world the realisation has gradually dawned that out of the chaos and confusion of the present time, a new world is being brought to birth.

What are we, as the Vanguard of the New Age going to do in these adventurous times? A century ago the Pioneers of Spiritualism ploughed a lonely furrow. To-day thousands are following where the "strange roads go down" along which they commenced a mighty pilgrimage across the borderland of the Unknown. To-day their work has been consolidated, but their task is not yet completed, and to you and I has been handed the challenge to carry on bravely in the face of every difficulty that confronts us.

I believe the Lyceum Movement has a great role to play in the mighty drama that is now being enacted on the human stage. I am convinced the LYCEUM BANNER has to re-create itself as the mouthpiece of the new ideas with which youth is meeting the crumbling foundations of the old world. With this as my objective as newly appointed Editor of our monthly organ I am writing this personal letter to invite your full co-operation. To-day we have 265 Lyceums which are attempting to educate 12,000 Lyceumists into the primary duty of spiritual citizenship. In spite of these figures the monthly circulation of our organ is only just over 3,000. WE HAVE GOT TO INCREASE THAT CIRCULATION and it is my keen desire to reach the 5,000 mark by Christmas. I know I can rely on your full co-operation in this matter of such great import and that out of our mutual fellowship we can make the BANNER a live organ of the youth that is seeking to re-interpret life in terms of spiritual values.

If every family in which there are any Lyceumists would take a copy per month I am sure we should soon be much nearer the 10,000 than the 5,000 mark. If every Lyceum will join in this mutual endeavour to create new interest and enthusiasm for our Movement then we can, I feel, look with confidence to a very happy future together.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES NORBURY,

Editor.

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