

# THE LYCEUM BANNER

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MRS. M. A. ST. CLAIR STOBART'S

interpretation of

## THE BIBLE

AND

## SPIRITUALISM

By  
JAMES  
NORBURY.

LIFE IS FULL OF SURPRISES. THE MOST amazing incident that ever occurred to me was some years ago when I was discussing journalism with the Editor of one of our leading dailies. Out of the wealth of his experience in the craft of letters he was advising me as to the best course an enthusiastic young man could adopt to become successful in the world of Fleet Street. Suddenly there was a pause in the conversation and then quite casually, as though he were asking me the most ordinary question in the world, he said, "Do you ever read your bible?"

I thought he had gone mad. Was this a famous editor or an escaped lunatic, or was he having one of those evangelical moments that seem to snare the best of men in their toils at some time in their lives? He must have seen the look of amazement on my face and, to put me at my ease, he continued, "No, I am quite serious. I don't mean reading the bible in the religious sense, I mean learning to enjoy it as the most wonderful collection of literature in the world. A News Editor would find it difficult to excel some of the sensational stories that are contained within its pages, and its language is the finest expression of the English tongue you will find."

I took his advice and I have handed it on to many budding journalists since. And the more I read the pages of this book with the largest circulation in the world the more I realised why he had made this amazing suggestion to me.

What majestic phrasing, and what a strong news sense some of the old writers had when telling the story of the things that happened in their own day and generation. What masterpieces of prose and poetry are contained in its pages. Listen to the Song of Solomon.

*"Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame.*

*Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be condemned."* Even Shelley has not excelled the beautiful language of this old love song.

So I could go on, showing you how within the pages of my well-thumbed bible I find time and time again a renewed inspiration when my ideas are not flowing as freely as they might.

But there is another aspect of the bible that has been to a large extent overlooked until the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and that is its psychic revelations. Time and time again we come across incidents that are in-

explicable unless we apply our psychic knowledge to their interpretation. We have the revelations given to Joseph in the form of dreams; the tablets of stone engraved with the law apported to Moses; the wonderful story of Saul and Samuel; the strange adventures of the Woman of Endor; the lives of Elijah and Elisha; the adventures of Daniel; all contained within the Old Testament and each revealing some form or other of psychic manifestation.

When we turn to the pages of the New Testament, that misunderstood and misinterpreted book, which is in many ways the most spiritualistic manuscript in the world, we have the many experiences through which Jesus passed. The transfiguration; the meeting of the woman at the well at Samaria; the resurrection story; the post-crucifixion appearances; and when we turn to the Acts of the Apostles, the illumination that came to Saul as he travelled along the Damascus road; all again necessitate a knowledge of Spiritualism before they can be fully understood.

Now these wonderful "Psychic Bible Stories" have been collected together and re-told for young and old by Mrs. M. A. St. Clair Stobart. In attempting to unravel this hidden side of the bible Mrs. Stobart has been ably assisted by her wealth of knowledge upon Spiritualism. Its language is, to say the least of it, unusual, and it undoubtedly shows tremendous courage to write of this most misunderstood book in the world in the way she has done. In telling the story of King Jeroboam she commences as follows,— "I am going to tell you about some quaint mediums. The stories are not very edifying, and you would not find such tales in a Spiritualist bible, but they are rather amusing, and there is this to be said for them, that you can scarcely imagine anyone inventing such yarns, and we may therefore suppose that they *may* have occurred. At any rate, they go to show how common the practice of



Spiritualism was in bible days." An introduction like that simply makes you want to read the story. It gives it a vitality that has somehow been lacking in the past when one has attempted to unravel the psychic aspects of these amazing documents. Thank God for a sense of humour . . . and what a sense of humour Mrs. Stobart has in the re-telling of some of these tales. She never loses her sense of perspective, and wisely reminds us that "Mediums weren't all Saints, even in the bible."

In relating the story of Micaiah Mrs. Stobart opens by warning us "I am going to tell you rather a funny story, I mean it is a funny story to be in the bible. But I am glad it is there, because when people to-day complain that spirits who come through at seances do not always speak the truth, we can say, no, but it was the same in the bible." And then she tells of the marvellous seance at which there were two sitters and four hundred mediums through whom King Ahab and King Jehosaphat hoped to get information as to whether they should go and fight against the Syrians. The answer as unanimous, "It's alright, you can go up and fight, as you will be successful." In the meantime Micaiah had been sent for and the messenger who had brought him warned the King that the four hundred prophets had merely been playing up to his vanity instead of fulfilling their high mediumistic calling.

Poor old Micaiah. He also fell beneath the spell of the King's grandeur for he said "Yes, go up and prosper, the spirit will deliver the enemy into your hand." Ahab, however, was a much shrewder man than many thought, and suddenly turning to Micaiah he asked "Micaiah, how many times must I warn you only to speak the truth?" The poor old medium found himself in a rare kettle of fish. If he told the truth now he was going to be out of favour with his four hundred fellow prophets; if he lied he was sending the Israelites to their doom.

For a moment he plucked up courage and told how he had seen the Israelites scattered upon the mountains as sheep that had no shepherd. This fairly got the King's back up. It was as unpleasant as the pleasant fictions had been that the four hundred other mediums had told him. Meanwhile Micaiah was getting more and more uncomfortable for he knew he was more or less placing himself out of grace in the prophetic fraternity of his day, and then he told an amazing story, that he had seen the Great Spirit sitting on his throne with all the hosts of heaven around him and that the Lord had asked, "Who will go and entice Ahab to fight against the Syrians and be defeated?" None of the heavenly host were particularly enamoured with this idea, but at last one spirit plucked up courage and agreed to go and entice Ahab to his death. This spirit undoubtedly had the gift of a unique imagination for when the Lord asked him how he would do it he replied, "I will go forth and be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. . . . Now then, said Micaiah triumphantly, "it is this lying spirit which spoke just now through the mouths of all your prophets."

We can well imagine that Micaiah had a pretty rough time with the prophets, but he fared worse with Ahab who ordered him to be thrust in the prison and fed on bread and water until King Ahab returned in peace from his fight. At once Micaiah's back was up. "Ah ha," he said, "Unless my spirit

guide and I are very much mistaken you never *will* return in peace, and Micaiah shouted to all the people to take note of what he was prophesying."

We all know the end of the story; how in the battle that ensued Ahab was wounded between the joints in his armour and how the Israelites were defeated and scattered and how they all went back to their homes without a master, as Micaiah had prophesied. On the same evening Ahab died, fulfilling the prophesy of Micaiah and did not return home in peace.

There is a touch of genius in the way Mrs. Stobart re-tells this story. The characters of the by-gone age re-live and the scenes of the past are re-created with us with a renewed vitality as she vigorously re-interprets these yarns in a modern setting.

Without doubt Mrs. Stobart's book should be exceedingly useful to all Lyceum Conductors and Group Leaders. While we may not agree with all she has to say we shall undoubtedly benefit by a study of the method in which she has treated these stories. There is nothing sanctimonious about the book. It is as interesting as "Robinson Crusoe" and as exciting as "Dick Turpin's Ride to York." No Lyceum Library should be without a copy, for "Psychic Bible Stories" will undoubtedly fill a niche that has been vacant in the shelf for some years.

("Psychic Bible Stories," by M. A. St. Clair Stobart. Price 5s. Publishers, Wright & Brown, Ltd., 12-14, Red Lion Court, E.C.4).

### A FEW "PILLS" FOR MR. BARLOW.

These doses were self-administered by Mr. Barlow during a long investigation of William Hope's mediumship.

*"The evidence for the truth of psychic photography is overwhelming. . . . A very little first hand investigation will satisfy any unprejudiced individual as to the reality of psychic photography."*

*"Knowing it to be true I look forward to that day, not far distant, when all this talk of fake or fraud shall be no more. . . . I do not see how we can possibly get away from the fact that many of these photographic effects are produced by discarnate intelligences."*

*"An apology is due to the Crewe friends for the very suggestion of fraud, so far as they are concerned. To know them is to esteem them. . . . I declare after mature consideration that in many of the tests trickery was impossible."*

*"I have got results with Hope here in my own home under conditions where fraud was absolutely impossible. I have loaded my dark slides in Birmingham and taken them to Crewe with my own camera and have carried out the whole operation myself, even to the taking of the photograph, and have secured supernormal results."*

*"I know of no means whereby he (William Hope) could possibly have printed the image on the plate while the slide was in his pocket without being immediately detected. I have been told that Hope printed the effects on the plates by flashlight while he had hold of my wrist. If the critic derives any comfort from believing that such actually occurred he is welcome to his belief."*

The above extracts are all Mr. Barlow's own statements and are quoted from "The Vindication of William Hope," by the Rev. Charles L. Tweedale.

# ORGANISING ◀ THE NEW ▶ REVELATION

BY . . . . .

W. H. EVANS,

. . . Editor "Beyond."

**I**F THE SPIRITUALIST MOVEMENT IS THE result of organised effort on the part of the people in spirit life, why is it such effort has not been made before in the history of mankind? Why was the race left without this witness until the nineteenth century?

These were the questions put to me at a meeting where, in the course of an address, I had stated that I believed the Spiritualist Movement was inaugurated by Spirit people, and is the result of their organised attempt, to prove to the race the survival of man over bodily death.

This question is not easy to answer, but it should be pointed out that the door between the seen and the unseen has always been open. Every religion in the world bears witness to this fact; though we have no clear evidence that orderly and systematic communication such as we now enjoy was ever so widespread as at present.

It is well to bear in mind that the spirit people are not omnipotent; that they cannot force an entry into this side of life any more than we can into their state of existence. Like us they have to await favourable conditions for communion, which is a matter of co-operation between the seen and the unseen. That there have been attempts to organise and systematise spirit communications is, I think, highly probable.

In the past, such communion has been the preserve of the priests who has naturally endeavoured to keep the power within his own hands. In the religious history of past ages it seems that the people generally were more or less priest-ridden. On account of the efficient organisation of priesthoods, and their influence upon and association with the state, they were always able to suppress any one among the people who might manifest psychic ability. They could easily declare that the spirits were evil and the victim (medium) a witch. The pages of history bear witness to the prevalence of this so-called crime in all ages.

If we look back to the beginnings of the Christian religion it seems clear that the members of the early Christian church did enjoy communion with the unseen. The Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the letters of Paul, and the Epistles, all indicate that spirit communion was well known to them, and Paul in writing to the Corinthians advises them upon how to conduct such meetings. It is an interesting point as to

why, if my suggestion is right regarding such communion, it ceased?

Did the early Christians misuse the power? Or did the persecution of the church by the state influence it to abstain from such communion? One thing seems clear; with the closing of the Apostolic age the letters and epistles of Paul and the Disciples came to be regarded as authoritative. There was a consolidation of the organisation of the church reared upon the foundations outlined by St. Paul. As so often happens, when the organisation became strong its preservation came to be regarded as even more important than the truth it was designed to represent to the world. And when the Christian church became the state religion of Rome and emerged into full blaze of respectability, it declined as a spiritual force in the world.

Authority took the place of truth, and the preservation of the church became of paramount importance. With its councils and synods, it went swiftly along the path that led to the fossilisation of truth in creed and dogma, with the logical result that it became an enemy of free thought and persecuted those who dared to question its authority.

Then there is the long history of the witchcraft persecutions. Granted that much of what was called witchcraft was really silly and a reflection of an ignorant age, there is a substratum of genuine psychic phenomena. One could not expect the spirit world to attempt to break through when such conditions prevailed. Yet the world was not left entirely without witnesses to the existence of the spirit people and their influence upon the affairs of men. The many miraculous happenings recorded in the lives of the saints bear this out. One notes that the spirit world was watchful, and the rise of different sects, although considered heretical, is some indication of its activity.

The phenomena at the Epworth parsonage was probably an effort to arrest attention and open the door between the two states of existence, but it was not understood. Swedenborgs' work was ruined by its sectarian bias, the Quakers and the Shakers enjoyed some measure of spirit communion, especially the latter, but neither became the channel through which the unseen could operate universally. In the end efforts were directed towards opening the door outside of sectarian influences, and once more the world has witnessed the rise of a great movement from the people.

From the manner in which the spiritualist movement has spread it seems clear that the plans of the spirit people had been well worked out, but they had to wait until the race was psychologically ready for it. Now the door is wide open and upon the spiritualist rests a grave responsibility.

If we do not make a right use of this wonderful power of mediumship, those who govern and direct this movement may withdraw their support, in which case psychic phenomena would cease. For mediumship depends for its operation upon co-operation with the unseen hosts. We must not imagine the spirit people can do everything. They cannot live our life for us, and they are largely dependent upon the use we make of their blessings. In the past the leaders of the race may, on many occasions, have had to withdraw the power. May we be able to rise above sectarian differences, the trammels of organisation, and keep the channel clear from the debris of loose thinking and low living.

# "WHITE WINGS"

## A SHORT STORY

by

SYLVIA BROOKES.

I WAS STAYING IN A QUIANT OLD FISHING village for my health when the following story was told to me. The place as I have mentioned was very old, with a wild untrammelled beauty of sea and country, whipped by the clean salt winds, that brought with them whispers of other lands.

The village itself lay like a sacred jewel, snugly set amid gigantic rocks, with the wide expanse of gleaming ocean to its fore, and a rising woodland that dreamed behind.

How I found my way there I now forget, but at that time their visitors, other than myself numbered four; a honeymoon couple and two young artists. The romance of the lovers left them far too engrossed in each other to listen much to the quaint tales and legends, and the artists spent most of their time out among the surrounding scenery, busy with brushes and palettes. I was alone with nothing else to do, but listen to these stories, and my time was often spent in the company of some old mariner.

Adam Blake was one of these, and he was looked upon by the rest as their leader. Whatever Adam did or said was passed from lip to lip, much as though he had been a king, and the children worshipped him. He was a true son of the sea; tall and broad, with the rich tan of the sun burned strong on his bearded face, and eyes that were filled with the blue of many seas, and the twinkles of many stars. He lived alone, and his work was done by one of the village women. It was she who first told me of White Wings. I had seen Adam many times, but never once without the dazzling white bird that I had at first taken to be but one of the pet gulls, of which there were so many. But here is the story of the bird as he told it to me in the gold and rose afterglow of a setting sun.

"YOU may have pondered, as others have, on my fondness for the bird, but you shall wonder no longer when I have told you." He looked at me keenly from beneath his shaggy brows, as though searching my soul. Then, evidently satisfied, he resumed.

"I am not of these parts. The place of my birth lies far away among the fjords. My father, who sailed the seas longer than even I have done, loved and married a fair Norwegian girl, during one of his many voyages in those parts. I was their only child. In course of time I grew old enough to join my father, and I left for my first voyage when I was thirteen years old. Up to that time I had been constantly in my mother's care, but once on the sea I loved, and with my face turned to other lands, the English blood of my father surged within me. I wanted to plant my feet in English soil, and I begged him to take me there, but he said the time had not come and I must wait. I waited. Nine years later that my dream realized. In the land of my father I met the girl I made my wife.

"She was beautiful, in the golden, delicate way of the Saxon race; but frail with the trusting wistfulness of a petted fawn, in her wonderful eyes. We were happy, too happy, I always feared, and when she was taken from me at the birth of our first child, the four years she had been mine seemed only a dream. I was left with nothing. Even the little one she gave me did not stay. The time in between is of little interest; but what I have told you explains my love for White Wings.

"It is just over three seasons ago that I found the bird, a wee fledgling, maimed and dying among the rocks. She wasn't old enough to fly, and I was at a loss how to feed her, but by careful tending I soon had her well again. As she grew I noticed what a strange bird she was, almost human in her ways, yet I taught her nothing. When the squalls were strong and the seas lashing white foam, she would take off and stay until the storms were over. It was during one very severe gale that she returned with a ring slipped on her leg to which was fastened a note. It was an appeal from a ship in distress, many miles out. I myself could do nothing so I replaced the message and sent her off to one of the big liners I knew was in those waters. Later I read the account of the vessel being saved, and you can judge how proud I felt when the crew praised and blessed, a certain white bird.

"Many times has White Wings been the means of salvation, for sailors, but she never stays for their thanks. Only once, I remember, she was away nearly two months, and I began to think she was either dead or had joined her wild companions; but she returned looking well pleased with herself as she held one pink foot to notice, over which a child's ring had been slipped. It was of fine gold with a name in delicate engraving. Someone had cared for her; some child had loved her, but White Wings would not stay. Always she returns.

Even when the "nights are at their darkest I need no lantern. Her white form and peculiar cry are my safest guides. She has strange little ways that remind me tenderly of Alethea, my wife, and on her birthday, which she knows full well, for I have whispered it to her many times, she will fetch tiny offerings of the daintiest things that charm only the eyes and heart of a woman. Like all sailors I am superstitious, and I know the sweet soul of Alethea lives again in White Wings. It is for her sake I stay here, as years ago I stayed in England, and perhaps it is as well, for while she is with me I feel a great contentment." He sighed and rose. Realizing the story was ended, I too rose and prepared to go, but Adam stayed me.

"Would you not like to see the bird before you leave? I hear you are returning to-morrow."

I assured him I would. He uttered a strange shrill whistle and a few moments later she came, her pearly whiteness gleaming in the soft moonlight. On his wrist she rested, twisting her little dark head this way and that, as though ill at ease in the presence of a stranger. He raised his hand until she was on a level with his eyes, and spoke caressingly. "White Wings, our friend, look! Greetings to him from Adam." He pointed a finger in my direction, and she flew towards me and perched on my shoulder. I raised my hand to touch her, but with a startled cry and rustle of wings she was gone. Adam laughed as he watched her disappear. "She is not very trusting, but never mind, you are the first one she has ever greeted. Well, bon voyage, my son, some day we may meet again."

I stood and watched him out of sight, then with the hearty grip of his hand still tingling through my fingers. I walked back to the village.

When I reached home, greatly restored in health, there was much work waiting for me, and with the taking up of my duties, in time that episode was almost forgotten.

HOWEVER chancing to be round those parts again, although nearly ten years had slipped away, I once more visited the little village. Adam Blake was gone. White Wings was dead, and he had buried her, leaving only her name scored deep in the rock beneath whose shadow she lay. After her death, he had stayed on, but as the days went by he grew very restless, and before the year had passed Adam took his departure. Of course I had not expected him to be there, but there was something that saddened and disappointed me, when I *knew* he was gone.

In the guidance of the good woman I visited White Wings resting place, and there in the beautifully chiselled name, one realized the love and devotion that had existed between the man and bird.

What happened to Adam Blake I never knew, but I cannot forget the beauty and depths of a man's thoughts who could find the soul of his lost mate, beneath soft wings of a white bird.

## • • • • AND WHY NOT PSYCHOLOGY?

asks

ALBERT HENSHAW.

MANY PEOPLE HAVE HEARD OF PSYCHOLOGY, few, however, really understand fully what the term implies, and probably still less realise that it has a tremendous value if applied to the development of a Lyceum.

We have all met the type of individual in the Lyceum who sits through the whole of the session hardly daring to make a sound for fear of attracting the Conductor's attention, and perhaps being given some reading to explain from which, on account of extreme shyness and reserve, they shrink. On the other hand, there is the individual who is almost like the proverbial "Jack-in-the-box," always asking and answering questions and ever ready to express their opinion on any reading. It is here that it becomes very useful to employ psychological methods.

Do not let it be thought for one moment that this means the Lyceum shall spend money on the procuring of elaborate equipment, organisation of special classes, or the isolation of individuals.

Although we may not be aware of it, most of us employ some degree of psychology in our everyday mode of life. For instance, if I may be excused for using a slang term, we often "rub our friends the right way." In other words, we examine their characteristics, try to *understand* them, and then act according to how we think they will best respond to our requirements.

Psychology is the producing by practical application of the mind a definite result on the mind of another

individual. Therefore, in my opinion, it is the most important duty of a Conductor and his Officers to make a serious attempt to develop in a *natural* way the inherent capacities of each individual Lyceumist. This can only be done by observation and careful study and the employment of *tact*. This is practical psychology.

Allied to the psychological effect on the mind of the individual, there is the psychological reaction of the mass, or in this case, the Lyceum as a whole as distinct from the individual. This is called crowd psychology.

This could be employed to advantage by the Lyceum Officers by repetition of certain essential lessons at periodical intervals throughout the year, thus causing a mental complex in the mind of the Lyceumists, which will suggest to them to automatically think of the principles given thus. To put it simply, we cultivate healthy mental habits, and it will be noted that this method is invaluable for the inculcation of principles during the years of childhood, and I believe that in many instances where conscience has presumably pointed out the straight and narrow path in later life, a search through our mental history would trace this to be based on the inculcation of right and truth during our early Sunday school life.

Just as much as psychological methods can be employed with the Lyceumists, so can various readings in the Manual be adapted to its principles. I instanced a little earlier in this article the value of repetition of certain lessons on truth in order to create a mental complex in the minds of the Lyceumists and it is in this connection that the Manual can become invaluable. In its most elementary stage this takes the form of nothing more difficult than the definite arrangement of the session programme to stress a particular given idea. For instance, it might be desired to instil into the minds of the Lyceumists the need for progression. To obtain the best results in this connection, each reading, song and leading comment given by the Conductor should have a definite relation to the subject chosen.

The simple psychological effect of this may almost be likened to the striking on a sheet iron plate with a hammer. When we strike this plate a blow on one side, a dint is produced. This may be likened to the effect on the minds of the listeners of the first reading taken in the Lyceum session.

The next reading, dealing with similar matter, causes a still further impression to be made, or to use our analogy, again the dint becomes deeper and as each reading progresses and the leading comments are given, so stronger and stronger becomes the impression on the minds of the Lyceumists.

When, however, the session is chosen in a haphazard manner and deals with various phases of activity, the effect produced is of very much less value than when the above constructive method is employed. To again return to our analogy, using the same sheet iron and hammer, it is almost like striking a blow on first one side of the plate and then striking another blow on the reverse side of the plate, thus practically removing, by the opposite action, the effect first produced.

Of course, the above by no means exhausts the psychological study in connection with the Lyceum, but a detailed consideration of this will readily bring a marked improvement in the mental unfoldment of our Lyceumists and consequently upon the general efficiency of our Lyceums.

# EVOLUTION.

BY

LANGDON SMITH.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,  
 In the Paleozoic time,  
 And side by side on the ebbing tide  
 We sprawled through the ooze and slime,  
 Or skittered with many a caudal flip  
 Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,  
 My heart was rife with the joy of life,  
 For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,  
 And mindless at last we died;  
 And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift  
 We slumbered side by side.  
 The world turned on in the lathe of time,  
 The hot lands heaved amain,  
 Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,  
 And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,  
 And drab as a dead man's hand;  
 We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,  
 Or trailed through the mud and sand,  
 Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet  
 Writing a language dumb,  
 With never a spark in the empty dark  
 To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,  
 And happy we died once more;  
 Our forms were rolled in the clinging mould  
 Of a Neocomian shore.  
 The eons came, and the eons fled,  
 And the sleep that wrapped us fast  
 Was driven away in a newer day,  
 And the night of death was past.

When light and swift through the jungle trees  
 We swung in our airy flights,  
 Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms,  
 In the hush of the moonless nights.  
 And oh what beautiful years were these,  
 When our hearts clung each to each;  
 When life was filled, and our senses thrilled  
 In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,  
 We passed through the cycles strange,  
 And breath by breath, and death by death,  
 We followed the chain of change,  
 Till there came a time in the law of life  
 When over the nursing sod  
 The shadows broke, and the soul awoke  
 In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,  
 And tusked like the great Cave Bear;  
 And you, my sweet, from head to feet,  
 Were gowned in your glorious hair.  
 Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,  
 When the night fell o'er the plain,  
 And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,  
 We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,  
 And shaped it with brutish craft;  
 I broke a shank from the woodland dank,  
 And fitted it, head and haft.  
 Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,  
 Where the Mammoth came to drink;  
 Through brawn and bone I drave the stone,  
 And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,  
 Loud answered our kith and kin;  
 From west and east to the crimson feast  
 The clan came trooping in.  
 O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,  
 We fought, and clawed, and tore,  
 And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,  
 We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,  
 With rude and hairy hand,  
 I pictured his fall on the cavern wall  
 That men might understand.  
 For we lived by blood, and the right of might,  
 Ere human laws were drawn,  
 And the Age of Sin did not begin  
 Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,  
 In a time that no man knows;  
 Yet here to-night in the mellow light,  
 We sit at Delmonico's;  
 Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,  
 Your hair is as dark as jet.  
 Your years are few, your life is new,  
 Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,  
 And the scrap of the Purbeck flags,  
 We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,  
 And deep in the Coraline crags;  
 Our love is old, our lives are old,  
 And death shall come amain;  
 Should it come to-day, what man may say  
 We shall not live again?

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds  
 And furnished them wings to fly;  
 He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,  
 And I know that it shall not die.  
 Though cities have sprung above the graves  
 Where the crook-boned men made war,  
 And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves  
 Where the mummied mammoths are.

Then as we linger at luncheon here,  
 O'er many a dainty dish,  
 Let us drink anew to the time when you  
 Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

# THIS WORLD OF MATTER.

■ ■ WHOSE ? ? ?  
■ ■ WORLD ? ? ?

by

DR. NANDOR  
FODOR.

IT ALMOST AMOUNTS to a truism to say that the spirit world is interpenetrating the world of matter. Yet how many stop to think of the exclusiveness associated with our conception of the human spirit. We have to go to the occultists for ideas on sub-human and super-human spirits as also claiming a place in the sun. If their existence be admitted their worlds may similarly interpenetrate, co-exist with our own. Interpenetration means possibilities of interaction. The occultists champion it when they ascribe most of our spirit communications to sub-human entities, to elementals. While this will be derisively turned down by spiritualists, and in my belief justifiably so, we may possibly think of an interaction between a superhuman and human world in this sense:

The human spirit may be taken as part of universal life, individualised, rendered conscious through a process of age-long evolution. The beginnings of this evolution may reach back to the first rudimentary manifestations of life through minerals, plants in an ascending scale to animals and men. At least such "spiritual Darwinism" is a logical inference from Myers' conception of the group-soul in *The Road to Immortality*. It is a form of metempsychosis which is suggested by his remark that the group-soul includes plants, fishes, birds and animals as well as human spirits, both on this and on other planets. Whether the conception is admissible or not our bodies are of the earth earthy. Let us then suppose that the grand scheme of spiritual evolution is not restricted to the living world; that a larger slice of universal life may enter into a special relationship with a planet, at the time of its creation, to be rendered conscious and individualised by the summary efforts and experiences of all living things thereon. Such relationship would involve the gradual unfoldment of an Earth Consciousness. This again would mean a new evolutionary urge. The impulse to create and achieve would not be solely coming from our own upward striving spirits, but from the Planetary Spirit as well. The world of matter or civilisation would then distinctly belong as an enduring reality to the life of the planetary spirit. It would go on developing towards an unsuspected state of perfection because of an all-powerful prime moving factor behind it. But if civilisation as a sum total of human efforts

gains independence as a mental state in Earth Consciousness there must be an accompaniment of memory alongside it. Earth Consciousness implies Earth Memory.

This has an important bearing on some problems of spiritualism. According to the discarnate Myers (*The Road to Immortality*) we do not carry our memories into the after-death state as an integral part of our self. Memory will remain something detached but recoverable. It will become part of the Great Memory. This Great Memory, must it be conceived as the Memory of God? To understand what the occultists call Akashic Records must we leave *terra firma* and remind ourselves of astronomical analogies about light rays which travelling at a speed of 180,000 miles per second, have carried the story of creation into the wombs of space? Why not call the Great Memory the Memory of Earth?

If we have the Great Memory here all around us the mystery of psychometry may not be so baffling. A piece of stone, telling the story of the paleolithic age to the sensitive, would be the associative link to certain earth memories; and we could hope to understand such spontaneous, collective visions as phantom armies descending on mountain sides, as testified to by the Duke of Argyle some years ago in *The Times*. Such visions may obey some mysterious law of periodicity. The coming of the seasons, the diurnal revolution of the earth, its journey around the sun, the coming of the comets, etc., all evidence periodicity. That periodicity is not mechanical. Where there is a plan there is a planner. There is a thought behind. If we notice periodicity in certain psychic manifestations there may be a thought behind them as well. A thought which evokes a memory. A memory flash, unfolding a strange scene just as our anniversary recollections start a process of mental imagery in our brain. In a word, could we not say that the secret of the deeper mysteries of psychometry and mayhap that of other phenomena should not be looked for in our own psyché but in a superior one, in that of a Planetary Spirit?

To what spiritual state would such a planetary spirit evolve? Who can tell? Could we conceive of it as a greater group-soul which encompasses the whole of humanity and in which, after aeons of progress, every member would become conscious of the other and of the spirit that fed them and protected humanity against unsuspected cosmic dangers from the void? Or should it be considered a being of totally different order, approaching God and finally merging into Him through inconceivable, other than human states of progression?

Happily the speculative problem which matters for us is a much lesser one; the interaction between the human and the hypothetical planetary spirit while on this earth. To what extent a planetary spirit may feed us we would only know if we established contact with humanities on other planets and noted the difference in the evolution of their worlds. But the extent to which our spirit may feed the planetary consciousness is more apparent. It is civilisation, world mentality and world morality. It is a lasting contribution. Its effects endure long after the contributive spirit left the earth to pursue its own evolutionary destiny. The legacy which it leaves helps posterity to increasing achievements both for human spiritual advancement and for that of Mother Earth.

# THE LYCEUM BANNER

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.

Editor: JAMES NORBURY.

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

JUNE, 1933.

## A PARABLE.

*"In the mind and eyes of the average man this world is as high as Eden and as sunken as Atlantis. There runs a strange lie through the length of human history—that men are continually tending to undervalue their environment, to undervalue their happiness, to undervalue themselves . . . . It is a strange thing that many truly spiritual men have actually spent some hours in speculating upon the precise location of the Garden of Eden. Most probably we are in Eden still. It is only our eyes that have changed."*—G. K. CHESTERTON.

Silence please! While the moments are flying past I am attempting to re-capture the half forgotten memory from out of one of life's yesterdays; to hold in its passage through the rainbow-hued hours one glorious moment in which I seemed to be free from the burdens of the flesh.

It seemed I stood on a high mountain peak. Deep below me, edged by the green sward of the valley, lay the Perfect City of men's dreams. Overhead the skies were opal tinted, and as the glowing sun sunk behind the horizon, the roofs and spires of the seeming near, yet distant town, reflected the crimson and golden shadows that were cast down from the radiant orb as it rapidly sank below the skyline.

A serenity enfolded me as from the heights I passed into the fair place that beckoned a welcome to me. A feeling of exultation surged through my very being; my soul seemed to be tuning in to new harmonies and I shared with Pilgrim the thrill he must have felt when, after wandering through the Slough of Despond, he beheld the beauty of the Celestial City.

As I wandered down the mountain side into the quiet seclusion of the valley below, the air was filled with the songs of myriads of birds, while the honey bees hummed merrily as they winged through the air in their homeward flight. All around me I could hear the trembling of the leaves and the gentle murmur of the insects. Everywhere in the glade into which my footsteps were led was a tranquility and peace that echoed itself into the depths of my soul.

Could anything be more lovely than this Temple of Nature whose simple loveliness seemed to contain within itself everything that man could possibly desire. The birds' songs were as the carolling of angels, while the gentle humming of the bees and the soft murmuring of the insects seemed like the whispering of fairy folk,

whom, I was sure, haunted this place in the stillness of the midnight hour.

And in my dream I wandered into this Perfect City. Everything was quiet, the people were clad in gaily hued garments and the children played merrily in the squares and open places as I passed by. No sound of quarrelling broke in upon the quietude of the contented little township. Voices echoed out a word of good cheer, and faces smiled a friendly welcome as one passed.

Outside the inns the aged ones were sitting, their heads nodding together as they exchanged confidences regarding the day's happenings and compared notes out of the garnered memories of many years.

And yet, although apparently I had reached the ideal city at last, something seemed to mar its essential loveliness. The very peace of the place seemed to strike a chord of discontent in my heart. The words of good-cheer and the smiling faces seemed rather to portray the characters in some drama than a living people who embodied these things in their lives. Even perfection can be commonplace and the actuality of the city's perfection seemed like a monotonous monologue with never a break in tone as it rang in my ears.

Something was wrong. The place was so divine that the essential humanity that makes for the liveableness of life seemed sadly lacking. How I longed for the howling of a dog or the screaming of cats on the garden wall, or the quarrelsome voices of men raised in a dispute, or the hoot of a siren horn as a fast driven car speeded through the streets of this city.

Suddenly I heard a commotion. A break in the placidity that seemed like a carol of angels as it disturbed the tranquility of this dream world I had found. Running down the street was a little child; its whole attitude was one of sheer abandonment, of joyous release from the burden that life had become in the place. As it passed me I could hear the sharp panting of its breath, but there was no slackening of the pace as its sturdy little legs flashed up and down. A look of horror passed over the faces of the dwellers of the place. One or two even plucked up sufficient courage to follow the child with languid steps.

A shriek of joy rang through the still atmosphere together with a loud crashing, and as I hastened to the corner of the street to see what had happened, an amazing picture met my eyes. The child who had passed me was wildly dancing, first on one leg and then on the other, and as it broke its capers for a moment, it dived its hands into its pockets which were apparently filled with pebbles, and flung them into the windows of the surrounding houses. A splintering of glass filled the air.

Slowly I wandered back into the quiet glade that lay beyond the city. Already the purple-blue shadows of the night were descending upon the mountain side, and there in that place of sanctuary my heart echoed out a song of thanksgiving. Thanksgiving for the spirit of a happy child that had broken the monotony of a fool's paradise.

EDITOR.

## MANY THANKS.

We wish to extend to the Directors and Editor of the *Two Worlds* our thanks for the loan of blocks, which has been so courteously extended to us during the first year of our control of the Editorial chair of the *LYCEUM BANNER*.

Easter to  
Whitsun, A.D. 29.

A "Human" View of  
Jesus. V.

## WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS THIS?

THE TUMULT AND THE  
shouting have died,  
and we have now time  
to ask ourselves what we think

BY  
A. T. CONNOR

of the central figure in all that has happened. The Sabbath has come. Jesus is dead; Judas is dead; Peter and the other apostles are in hiding from the Jews. But, careless of all this, Jerusalem is celebrating the Passover. And we, who have no interest in these celebrations, are able to sit and consider calmly all the events, and to attempt to find an answer to the age-old question—"What manner of man is this?" And, like all before us who have tried, we discover that the answer is not nearly so easy to find as might be supposed. There are so many prejudices and credulities to consider that the inquirer gets confused and mistrustful of his own judgment.

But if we review our subject on broad lines, all these inquiries can be reasonably arranged under the heading of four questions. What was his nature (was he god, or man, or both?); what was his standard as a psychic; what was the essence of his teachings—and, if he was man, what was his general character? If we are true students, we shall face the questions honestly, and accept the answers we find whether they agree with our previous opinions or not.

First of all, we must insist that Jesus was Man—a human being composed of the combination in him of our normal physical, mental, psychic and spiritual natures. The only difference there *could* be between him and other human beings was the proportion in which these four natures were blended—as it was this blending which produced his decisions, his opinions and his actions. The only difference between men is the degree to which any one of these four attributes predominates over, and dictates to, the other three. All psychological investigation narrows down, in the ultimate, to finding the causes of human behaviour, and the answer lies in the finding of the predominant urge—the nature which controls the others. And every teaching and every action of Jesus submits itself to this fact. A god would not have lost his temper, as we are told that Jesus did, over a fig-tree that did not bear fruit *out of its proper season*. A god would not have sweated in heart-breaking agony over the prospect of physical death, as Jesus did, nor have felt alone on the cross and cried out that *his God* had forsaken him. And a god would not have wept over Lazarus or the coming destruction of Jerusalem. All these were the actions or reactions of a highly-strung and extremely sensitive human being; a god would have been superior to such eminently human emotions. We must conclude that he was Man.

The psychic powers he demonstrated include clairvoyance, television and healing at a distance, and he was also a physical and transfiguration medium. His miracles should present no difficulties to an experienced Spiritualist. Most of them, and especially his healing, have been duplicated by our own present-day mediums over and over again. The withering of the fig tree, and

the turning of water into wine, may seem unbelievable until we remember the marvels of de-materialisation—which would appear to be a somewhat similar operation, though of course with a different object in view. Even the raising of the dead (as it was believed to be) need not be a stumbling block to belief. The classic case of Sir Walter Scott's mother, who was laid as dead in the family vault, and restored through a thief trying to get a ring off her finger; the use of artificial respiration and other modern discoveries and practices, argue that the physical life does not leave the physical body as quickly or as easily as we used to think. Further, we must remember that Jesus, in the case of Jairus's daughter, insisted that "she is not dead, but sleepeth"—and called upon her to "arise." So even these three miracles may be accepted as a healer's psychic insight combined with the exertion under favourable conditions of strong healing power.

It is no argument against Jesus' teachings that they may be found in the writings of other spiritual leaders. Even if Confucius and Buddha did proclaim the same truths; even if every one of his teachings could be found elsewhere and before his time—that is no proof that, so far as he was concerned, his teachings were not original. We Spiritualists have listened to sublime teachings from exalted Spirit friends which we are sure were not, and could not have been, copied from books. Realisation of spiritual truth does not depend on nationality or religion, but on deep meditation and a humble seeking for illumination. Once that is found all things become clear, and the teacher pours forth what he has seen and realised of Things as They Are. Jesus, by earnest contemplation and meditation, had raised himself to the level of a mystic, and he KNEW things which to others less advanced have to be taught.

As we have seen, the one great drawback to his teaching was that it was expressed in symbolic language with apocalyptic imagery. His hearers misunderstood it, and especially his references to the Kingdom. To them this meant a victorious Israel dominating the whole world, with him as ruler and his supporters in posts of honour and power. To him it was a Kingdom of Love and Righteousness, wherein the only mark of greatness is willingness to serve. The only conquest worth attempting is conquest of self, and the only true gain is in spiritual attainment. There are no privileged classes; all have talents, and every talent must be developed and used to its utmost capacity. The only King is God. God is Love and our Heavenly Father, and we as His children must be true brothers and sisters, loving and serving each other; must love those who despitefully use us—for we cannot approach the King unless we have forgiven all our enemies, even unto seventy times seven. We must succour the fatherless and the widow; must be a help, and not a hindrance, to the spiritual advancement of the young; and must do unto others as we would they should do unto us. Finally, everyone who would enter the Kingdom must be born again—must enter it as a little child, innocent and pure of heart; must trust unflinchingly in the goodness and the loving kindness of God, and, putting aside all worldly and personal desires, seek His will and do it. Truly a teaching that, if acted upon, would create a world that would be a Heaven on Earth.

It may seem ungracious to inquire into the character of the preacher of such a gospel—but the value of a gospel depends on the character of its preacher. We can

appreciate and excuse traces of human shortcomings, for our ideals are always greater than our powers of achievement—and, as Jesus himself said, there is none good but God. So, when we meet in the gospels with some incident that jars on our sense of fitness, it only brings Jesus nearer to us as a human being. He had his own trials and vexations, and he reacted to them very much as we would ourselves. His impatience with his mother at Cana, and his ill-tempered destruction of the fig tree, are obvious outbursts due to overstrained nerves; his use of parables may be put down to intellectual pride, as may the unjustifiable destruction of the Gadarene swine to unthinking pride in his psychic powers. It is hard to explain his decision that Mary had chosen the better part when she sat listening to him instead of helping the overtasked Martha with the housework—unless we bracket it with the clearing of the Temple court, and allowing his head to be anointed (which really does seem unnecessary and extravagant), as signs of his growing conviction that he was more than human. For this conviction we can hardly blame him. Brought up in the Hebrew traditions of Man's fall and ultimate redemption, and of Israel's final deliverance by a Messiah, we can understand that, with such training, he expected these things to happen at any time—and why not through him? He must have noticed how far apart he was in powers and ideals from any of his companions; and we can follow his advance from this to thinking himself a special missionary from the national God, and lastly to feeling in some way akin to his Heavenly Father. True, the relationship, like the Kingdom, was a spiritual one, but to Him it was so real that it brought him to the cross.

Now, fellow students, what manner of man was this? We must decide that, apart from the above incidents, he seems to have been a most lovable man, meek and kindly and unassuming. He was a first-class psychic and medium, with an unusual variety of gifts, and his spiritual insight raised him to the ranks of the great prophets. His ministry was devoted to healing the broken-hearted, preaching deliverance to the spiritually captive and recovery of sight to the spiritually blind. His greatest miracles were reactions to the sufferings of others, and his teachings were his attempts to reveal to others what his searchings after truth had revealed to him. And, glory to God in the Highest, he was a man; not a god masquerading in a human body, but a man who lived and loved and suffered and joyed and sorrowed as we do, and who conquered his own fears and desires for the sake of others, as he tried to teach us that we ought to conquer ours. Hail, Jesus.

## SERVICES OF SONGS

It was unanimously agreed at the last Management Committee meeting of the above Union that when our present stock of Services of Songs is sold out we do not reprint same or issue any new editions of Services of Songs.

We have still a small stock of "The Minister," "Netty," and "Summerland," and advise all Lyceums who are interested in organising Services of Songs to purchase the same immediately while these stocks last to avoid disappointment in the future.

JAMES NORBURY,  
General Secretary.

# OUR EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

HINTS, NOTES AND NEWS ITEMS.

Conducted by the EDUCATION SECRETARY.

## NATIONAL SCHEME EXAM. FIGURES.

### ASSOCIATE (B.S.L.U.) SECTION.

The B.S.L.U. Section Examinations were held during the week-end of 14th May, and entrants and sitters from the various Districts are as follows.

District.	Lyceums	Entered	Sat.
Birmingham .. ..	2	39	35
Bolton .. ..	2	21	18
Bradford .. ..		Nil.	
Coventry .. ..		Nil.	
Halifax & Huddersfield	2	6	6
Leeds .. ..	5	59	45
Liverpool .. ..	6	65	48
London .. ..	15	155	127
Manchester .. ..	6	48	41
N. East Cheshire .. ..	1	9	9
N. East Lancashire .. ..	5	54	48
Nottingham .. ..	3	36	19
Scottish .. ..	1	4	3
Sheffield .. ..	3	33	22
Southern Counties .. ..	5	69	64
S. East Lancashire .. ..	2	20	15
South Wales .. ..	2	28	26
Tees-Side .. ..	5	56	44
Tyne-Side .. ..	5	39	29
Area Lyceums .. ..	1	3	3
Overseas .. ..	1	13	13
	72	757	615

### GRADUATE (S.N.U.) SECTION.

The Entrance Examination was held with the B.S.L.U. exams; the other Grades in March. The Entrance results are not yet to hand.

Grade	Entered	Sat.	Passed.
Entrance .. ..	23	23	—
Intermediate .. ..	17	13	11
Subsidiary .. ..	12	12	12
Final .. ..	8	7	6
	60	55	—

### OUR A.N.S.C.'s

The Education Committee congratulate Mr. A. S. Dickinson, Mr. S. G. Jones, Mrs. I. Bonney, Mr. A. E. Fruin, Mr. W. Taylor, Mrs. M. Briggs, Mr. H. Hardwick and Mrs. E. M. E. Taylor on having passed their respective Grades, and Messrs. J. M. Stewart and J. Le Noury on having qualified for their Graduate Degree.

### 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 LYCEUM GUILD

MOTTO: "We Live  
to Learn and  
Learn to Live."

AIMS:—(1) To be progressive.  
(2) To develop ourselves.



Our Guild Leader,  
GLADYS HALLIDAY,

The other sixteen members are from Darwen, and I am eagerly awaiting their forms in order to enrol them, although I have already received their fees. Please hurry up Darwen secretary, won't you?

## Finances.

This month there have been no donations received, merely the entrance fees which amount to £1 1s. 9d., so that our balance in hand is now £2 5s. 6d. But, by the time you are reading this, that will have dwindled, as we have on order stationery with a Guild heading, so that, in future, you will receive letters written on official Guild paper instead of Woolworth's cheapest.

## Guild Classes.

In addition to the three I reported last month I hear that West Vale hold a Guild class every Tuesday evening, and are making fine progress. Also, Darwen have a weekly Guild class (many of the members are enrolling under Our Guild), and on the occasion of the visit of the M.C. to Darwen in April it was their Guild that provided meals. Well done! both West Vale and Darwen, may other Lyceums follow your example.

## Wanted.

Would any other Guild member volunteer to write to an invalid Lyceumist? If you would care to write to this middle-aged married lady, please let me know as soon as possible.

Also, a correspondent is required for one of our young lady members (aged about 17 or 18).

## Competition.

Look out in next month's BANNER for the Summer Competition, which will just be in time to give you younger people something to do in your summer holidays. It will not be just a writing competition, but something for you to do with your hands.

There will also be provision for older Guildites, who have voiced their desire for another essay competition.

## Changes.

It has been suggested to me that the Guild fees of 3d. and 1s. should be payable annually, as are the fees for the Radio Circle. Children who wish to have their birthdays read out in the Children's Hour pay 9d. each year, and also receive a new badge.

If this were done the Guild would always be a paying proposition, and the register would be kept up-to-date, as membership would be for one year only unless renewed.

However, this will be mentioned at Conference, and we shall see what the delegates have to say on the matter.

## Hobbies.

Now that summer with its long nights has come, I expect you are all as busy as can be doing the things you like. Seeing that the B.S.L.U. examinations are over (and I hope *all* of you who could took the exams.) you can devote the whole of your Guild class evenings to the pursuit of your various hobbies. I hope to hear interesting reports of your achievements. Let me know if you get off swimming this year, or if you manage to win any certificates at school (say for swimming 25, 50 or 100 yards) or for passing life-saving examinations. Tell me if you enter for any galas, or win any prizes. In fact I shall be pleased and interested to hear anything whatever about swimming which is *my* favourite hobby.

Then you will all be doing wonderful things on the cricket field. Let me know about your scores in the various matches you play, your favourite position for fielding, and how your school does in the Cricket League. I suppose also you will be rambling through fields, lanes, and woods, and enjoying all the lovely things to be seen, and always learning more and more of the wonders of Nature.

Whatever your summer hobby is, please let me share it with you, won't you? I shall be so disappointed if you leave me out in the cold.

One little word I must whisper before I close—don't forget to let me have a snap sometime during the summer.

All the best to all of you—plenty of sunshine and fine weather so that you may have rosy cheeks and bright eyes and skin all aglow with health—this is the sincere wish of

The Guild Leader,  
28, Moorlands Place, G. M. HALLIDAY.  
Halifax.

Dear Guildites,

We have now reached the grand total of 192 members, and I am hoping that we shall have enrolled the 200th member before you read this. Here is the list for this month:—

- J.169 K. J. Mann,  
Lewisham.  
170 E. E. E. Henley,  
Lewisham.  
171 Mrs. Shuttleworth,  
Darwen.  
J.172 F. Lake, Heeley  
Woodseats.  
173 S. Bold, Warring-  
ton  
J.174 A. Foster ,,  
175 J. Railton, Black-  
burn  
176 Mrs. Railton ,,



My dear Boys and Girls,

I was conducting the Anniversary Services at a Lyceum a few Sundays ago, when a gentleman present said what a wonderful book our Lyceum Manual was. He had done a great deal of travelling in the West, and spoke with some experience of the practical help it was to him.

It is quite true. We can find within its pages something which applies in all walks of life, therefore I will endeavour this month to show you one or two of them. We will start off well by taking Silver Chain Recitation No. 46, "Get up early."

"Get up early! while all nature  
Blesses nature's God."

In this recitation we are reminded of the beauties of nature we lose by wasting time in bed. I am always getting into trouble for getting up early from Auntie Ruth, especially Sunday mornings. She says once I'm up there's no more rest for anyone, but, of course, you have to take this complaint with a pinch of salt. She often has to confess that she did not hear me get up, and then when I take her up some tea I have to wake her up, so I do not think I am quite so bad as I'm painted, do you?

Let us turn to Musical Reading 211, "Never rob the little birds' nests of their eggs." I do not think any one of you would ever think of doing such a thing if you had watched them build their nests. Laying straw and twigs neatly together until it becomes a neat, warm cosy nook. Compare for a moment the difference in the size of yourself with that of, say, the sparrow. You would not dream of hitting a little boy or girl even half your own size, even if you do have a school squabble. Then surely you would not harm something which was even less in size. You would not be a cruel coward, for this is what you would be if you stooped to rob a bird's nest of its eggs.

There's the beautiful coloured butterfly too. Shall we catch it and stick a pin through it for a collection? This is something even smaller still than a sparrow. The Manual says we should never even mar its wings.

I made a reference to school squabbles. I know boys will be boys, and girls will be girls, and like all grown-up people there are times when something goes wrong, and we lose our balance in temper for a moment. I wonder if the Manual can tell us anything about these things. Oh, yes. In the first place it says we are to treat all playmates as equals by right, and that we have to be generous with our playthings, we have to share our happiness with others. In these days when so many children's fathers are out of work, where could we find a better lesson.

It also tells us in Silver Chain recitation 71, "To keep our balance as through life we onward go." Those of you who know what it is to have a pair of roller skates on for the first time, or to try and ride a

bicycle before you know how to balance it, will appreciate the full meaning of this recitation.

It is not easy, you will agree, but there is a saying, "Practice makes perfect," and this applies to the cultivation of temper in the same way as balancing ourselves on wheels, and as we are told in Musical Reading 231, "We must learn to keep a strict guard over our tongues that they may not needlessly wound the feelings of others."

We find the result of doing these things when we turn to Musical Reading 237:

"And our lives will be the richer, and sweeter, and better here,  
For the helping one another, and speaking the word of cheer;  
Then let us be true to duty, though sometimes hard is the way,  
For we shall find true happiness comes through loving service each day."

At this time of the year our attention is directed towards nature's gifts in the gardens and parks. Reference after reference is to be found in the Manual dealing with such beauty, as Song 337:

"Gather bright flowers, gather bright flowers,  
Glory to God who has given us flowers, sweet flowers."

The reason I have given you this lesson this month is because I want you all to learn to love the Manual. As Lyceumists it is our own book, and contains many of the best works published.

All the various Sunday Schools have their own particular book from which they are able to learn lessons for daily life, each value their own, of course, as we should value ours.

The Manual is helpful in many directions. It not only tells us how to cultivate noble ideals and habits, but it tells us why we should do these things. It gives us beautiful thoughts for every day use. Poems and songs which we can learn to sing and say for the happiness of ourselves and others. Every boy and girl should strive to have their own copy. It is worth saving your pennies for. I would say the more you read it, the more you will love it.

PUZZLE NO. 196.

To further this lesson this month I have arranged a series of BANNER questions, for which I want you to give me the Title of the Recitation, Reading or Song from which they are taken.

1. "So shall we come to realise its highest ideal."
2. "The truth shall make you free."
3. "Clap your hands for joy."
4. "Laugh, frolic, dance and be merry."
5. "Then let each heart be happy."
6. "Charms our sadness into gladness."

PUZZLE 197.

P B S T G R. Change the following six words by adding one of these letters to each:

KATE. LUCK. OLD. ABLE. RAIN. AGE.

I think the younger Lyceumists can do this one.

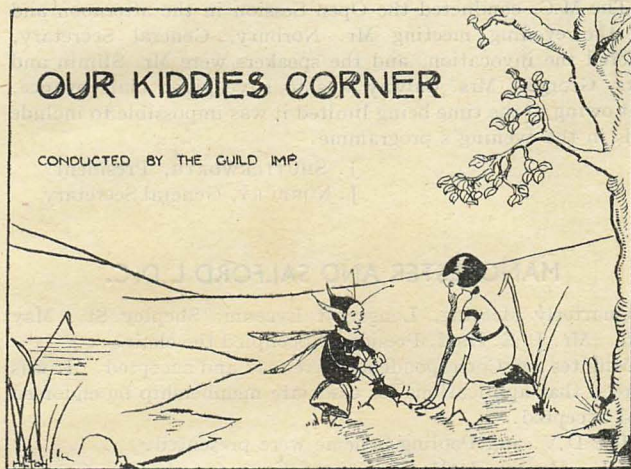
The summer months and lighter evenings are coming. Usually I find my correspondence from you much less, but please write when you can.

With love,

126, Woodlands Road,  
Isleworth, Middx.

Your loving friend,

UNCLE BERT.



Dear Little Imps,

A happy Whitsuntide to you all! This is the time when all the baby promises of Spring grow up. The buds have opened, the new little birds are here, and lambs, and calves, and all young things are rollicking about. These things, of themselves, should make a happy month, but June gives us still more. The golden Buttercups are out, and you must hear their story.

#### FAIRY GOLD.

Ever so long ago, when the world was quite young, Buttercups were not nearly so fine as they are now. They were yellow cups, it is true, but, both inside and outside, the petals were just dull yellow. That was before the fairies found them out.

Every year, the sun scattered his golden rays across the world on each sunny day. Yet the fairies were worried. They had noticed that on dull days, not a tiny bit of the sun-gold could be found. Of course, the world had to have rainy days as well as sunny days, but, to the fairies, those dull days were dreadful. It almost seemed as though the clouds made a prisoner of the sun and would not let him shine in his cheery way.

One little fairy grew quite sad about those lost sunbeams. Could nothing be done to save them for the cloudy days? If only a little bit of the sun-gold could be kept for rainy days, how much brighter and happier, the world would be. That fairy went to talk to the Fairy Queen, and very soon, every one in Fairyland was wondering how to save up the gold that the sun gave to the earth. They thought, and talked, and even dreamt about it. Indeed, it was through dreaming that the Fairy Queen herself found the way out of the difficulty.

The Queen of Fairyland dreamt that every single ray of sunshine became a little messenger who stored up the gold of the sun in countless little cups, so that not a bit was ever wasted. A much happier Queen arose the next morning and summoned her people to hear of her dream. She told the wee folk about the little messengers and then said, "Could not *we* be the messengers of the sun, and fill up lots of cups with his gold? Do let us try! Please, each one of you, look about for cups that will hold sunshine."

That did give the fairies work to do, and, since the year was already half gone, they had little time to spare. They hunted everywhere, and carried all manner of cups to their Queen. Fairies sought out acorn cups, and beech nut cups, and every kind of drinking cup. They even took the fairy babies' china

mugs, but none quite satisfied the Queen. Not one of these cups seemed fit for the gold from the sun. Then a fairy suggested using the flowers. That idea pleased the Queen, and so lots of flower-cups were tried. Still the Queen was not quite satisfied. The flower cups were very dainty, but so many of them could not hold the gold properly, and it was most important that not a drop of the precious sun-gold must be lost.

The Queen herself then joined in the search, and it was she who found a Buttercup, a dull, yellow Buttercup. She was overjoyed. "Here is the very thing, Fairies!" she cried. "See, this flower has a real cup, and it stands upright, so that the gold will not be spilt. Let us fill this one now and see if it will really do." She had no sooner spoken than eager fairy hands caught a golden sunbeam, and poured it into the yellow cup. As they poured, they stared in wonderment, for, as the gold touched the petals, they became a gleaming, shining gold, as bright as the sunshine itself. They carried the full cup to the Queen, and, at her bidding, emptied that cup into another Buttercup. The petals of the empty flower still gleamed with the gold of the sun, and the flower was a thousand times lovelier than before. What a wonderful trick they had discovered! Once fill a Buttercup with the golden ray of the sun, and its gold would be saved up for ever. What a lot of cups could be filled. Would there be enough Buttercups to hold the sun-gold of the year?

That June gave the fairies such a busy, happy time. There were so many lovely sunny days, and each day meant the pouring of the sun-gold into so many waiting Buttercups. Never was Fairyland busier, and never was Fairyland happier. Every single Buttercup was stored with the golden glory of sunshine, and still there was sun-gold to spare. The fairies popped little sunny specks inside every Buttercup seed, quite sure that they would grow up into sun-filled Buttercups in the coming year.

And, that is just what did happen, and has happened ever since. Every single Buttercup is a little savings bank for fairy gold, for, of course, only fairies could save up the sunshine for us in the flowers.

So, Imps! The next time Daddy or Mum talk about "Saving up for a rainy day," ask them if they learnt to do that from the fairies who filled the Buttercups with gold.

Here is a holiday tit-bit for you. A big Imp has given us this little nonsense rhyme, and I know you will want to share it.

#### WHEN ADAM WAS A BOY.

Say, kiddies, would you like to know  
What happened many years ago,

When Adam was a boy—  
Where there was one delightful rule:  
That children never went to school  
On week-days, and the world was full  
Of merriment and joy.

The animals were very nice—  
The tiger used to play with mice  
Around the kitchen door;  
The unicorn had constant work  
Using his horn, just like a fork,  
For toasting bread to feed the stork  
That lived at Elsinore.

The world was one big playground then—  
Of course there were not any men  
To spoil poor children's joy;  
But elephants and kangaroos,  
And bears and lions and emus  
And all the birds that live in zoos,  
When Adam was a boy.

My love to all Imps,

MEG.

## THE THINGS WE HEAR.

### THE MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE AT DARWEN.

The Management Committee held their quarterly meeting in the Darwen National Spiritualist Church and Lyceum on Saturday and Sunday, April 8th and 9th, 1933. Mr. J. Shuttleworth, President, was in the chair.

Mr. Tweedale was asked to investigate the position at Gipsyville Lyceum, Hull, and to report at the next M.C. Meeting. It was definitely decided that we supply no Registers until we again publish the same ourselves. The matter of Onward Progressive Lyceum, Liverpool, was left until the actual application for membership was to hand. Mr. Shaw, of Glasgow, is to be asked to act as Scottish District Visitor until such time as the Scottish L.D.C. is re-formed.

In the General Report the list of Lyceums who had not up to that date paid fees was read. The cash derived from 1933 fees was declared, and the various statistics were quoted. Lyceum disputes were reported and Mr. Woodlands is to be asked to investigate the Blackwood dispute.

Mr. Burrows, on behalf of the members of the Management Committee, made a presentation to Mrs. Guy on the occasion of her marriage, and Mrs. Guy very gracefully replied.

The Treasurer presented his statement. Mrs. George reported an income of £52 14s. 7d. since taking over the secretaryship of the £2,000 Effort on June 16th, 1932.

The comparative sales were given, showing a slight increase on the 1932 sales.

The BANNER report was favourable, showing that the Lyceums are taking a keener interest in the official organ than they have been doing. The Calendar of Events is proving both a source of income and a very useful asset to Lyceums in organising Sessions, etc.

In the S.N.U. Report stress was laid on the desire for closer unity between the two Unions. The inauguration of a scheme whereby qualified individuals could obtain the College diploma without going through all the preliminary examinations was discussed.

The Ainsworth Home of Rest Report showed that this Scheme is now serving a very useful purpose, 37 patients having derived benefit from it since its inception.

It was decided that we suggest to Conference that the M.C. have power to appoint one representative to the Education Committee on the basis of direct representation.

The Guild Leader had sent through a favourable report showing that the Guild was now an active part of our Union.

A Vote of Thanks was offered to the Darwen friends, all Guild Members, who had given hospitality over the week-end.

Mr. Slimin presented the U.S.C. report. Mr. Shuttleworth presented the Constitution Revision Committee Report. On the point being raised the President explained that Mr. Batley had agreed to complete the audit with Mr. Dixon. Under the circumstances he would be called to Conference as Auditor.

Shaw, Rochdale, Halliwell St., Gillingham, Ashton-on-Mersey, and Toronto (Britten Hall) Lyceums were accepted into membership.

The various local arrangements for Conference were agreed to and it was decided that we invite Mr. Hannen Swaffer to be present at the Sunday Sessions.

The M.C. Conference Report was discussed and it was agreed that we stress the grave financial position of the Union, raise the question of the powers of Conference Committees between Conferences, and report on the S.N.U. suggestions *re* the Joint Education Scheme.

A hearty vote of thanks to the Darwen Church and Lyceum was given.

The M.C. conducted the Open Session in the afternoon and at the evening meeting Mr. Norbury, General Secretary, offered the invocation, and the speakers were Mr. Slimin and Mrs. George. Mrs. Calway was to have given clairvoyance, but owing to the time being limited it was impossible to include this in the evening's programme.

J. SHUTTLEWORTH, President.  
J. NORBURY, General Secretary.

### MANCHESTER AND Salford L.D.C.

Quarterly Meeting, Longsight Lyceum, Shepley St., May 6th. Mr. J. E. Hart, President, occupied the chair.

Minutes and Correspondence were read and accepted. It was agreed that applications for associate membership be endorsed and accepted.

The D.V. and Pooling Scheme were presented.

E.C. Report dealt with suggestions for Annual Council Ramble, Annual Sports, Open Sessions, and Associate applications. It was agreed that the Ramble should take place on Saturday, July 29th, to Middlewood and Pointon. The Annual Sports were discussed and officers appointed. Reports were then adopted.

B.S.L.U. Conference. The President drew attention to the paragraph in the LYCEUM BANNER, in which the B.S.L.U. President appealed to Lyceums and D.C.'s to give delegates a free hand.

It was moved 'that the President's recommendation be adopted,' but as no clear indication as to reason for so important a matter was given, on being put to vote the motion lost; 7 for, 13 against. The Council proceeded with discussion of B.S.L.U. Agenda and Reports, and instructed the delegates accordingly. During the discussion the question arose *re* one member's position and his attendance at Conference and nomination there-at. After a full discussion the position was made clear and a satisfactory decision arrived at.

J. TAYLOR, A.N.S.C., Secretary.

### N.E. LANCASHIRE L.D.C.

The above Council held the quarterly meeting at Blackburn St. Peter Street Church and Lyceum. Mr. C. T. Batley presided. The President invited Mr. Edwards to the meeting. Miss Lawton and Mr. Wood were appointed Credential Officers.

Reference was made to the passing of Mrs. Brown, of Barrow-in-Furness, and Cyril Jowett, of Blackburn.

After questions the Minutes were adopted. After full discussion correspondence was adopted. The National Report was accepted. Treasurer's report showed Income £10 9s. 6d. Expenses £5 3s. 8d. Credit balance £5 5s. 7d. Gain £4 0s. 6d. Credential report showed 42 present, including 12 Visitors. Pool was 3s.

Miss Coghlan gave the U.D.C. report, which was well commented on. We decided to support the recommendation *re* the £2,000 Effort Fund. We decided to approach the two District Groups concerned *re* inter-relations.

The President spoke of relevant matters, and the address was accepted. After a general discussion upon the new Constitution we decided to vote for immediate adoption, and express thanks to the Committee.

Points were raised regarding several points in the adjudication scheme. The matter of disputes at some of the Lyceums and Churches was considered, and several points cleared up.

Miss Lawton was appointed to the Chair upon the President leaving the meeting.

A hearty and sincere vote of thanks was accorded to the Blackburn friends for their entertainment.

J. S. Sec.

## LEEDS L.D.C.

Quarterly Conference will be held on Saturday, July 1st, 1933, at Carr Street, Batley Carr, 3-30 p.m.

Agenda: Open Exercise, Invocation, Welcome, President's Remarks, Minutes, Correspondence, Roll Call.

Reports: D.V.'s, Treasurer's, H.D.C., L.D.C., Field Day, Secretary's Final Report, Silver Bell Progress Scheme, Associates, B.S.L.U. Financial Position, Open Council.

Next Conference, Date and Place, Vote of Thanks Local Friends, Business Important. All associates cordially invited. The Annual Field Day and Demonstration at York, Saturday, July 8th.

W. WAINWRIGHT,  
A. W. HARDING, Secretary.

*Batley Carr.* Jan. 8th. Questions taken on all readings and explanations good. Marching and callisthenics fair. Singing good. *Castleford.* Jan. 22nd. A lively discussion took place on all readings. Marching and callisthenics good. Singing very good. fair. *Birstall.* An interesting discussion on all readings. No marching. Callisthenics fair. Singing good. D.V.

## NOTTINGHAM L.D.C.

*Nottingham, Chaucer Street.* Jan. 8th. 50 present. Useful session. I am delighted with this Lyceum. *Derby, Charnwood Street.* Jan. 22nd. 27 present. Singing was excellent. Reading could be improved. Marching and callisthenics faultless. *Long Eaton.* Jan. 29th. 14 present. Singing remarkably good. Pearls and efforts call for special recommendation.—D.V.

## AN APPRECIATION OF THE LATE MRS. KITSON.

I would like, with your permission, to put on record, through the columns of the LYCEUM BANNER, an appreciation of Mrs. Kitson's home work for Our Movement. The many offices I held in the B.S.L.U., especially when I was Auditor, gave me excellent opportunities of seeing her self-sacrificing work.

She did not take any active part in the Movement outside her home, and so has not been in the limelight, but in the background, her work was great. Nothing displeased her more than to see her well-cooked appetising food left unfinished by her guests, and they were many when her husband, "Alfred Kitson," was the General Secretary of the B.S.L.U. This was only one of her self-imposed duties.

When Nellie passed on, she again shared in the self-sacrifice when Dad Kitson decided to go into a smaller house and relinquished his salary as Adviser in order to assist the funds of the Union. Many more examples of her quiet, though necessary, work could be stated, but I think that I have mentioned sufficient to show that, although she worked behind the scenes, her work for the Movement was appreciated and left on record.

GEO. A. MACK.

## IN PASSING.

Mr. and Mrs. Tinker, of Hr. Broughton, travel by the "Themistocles," to Sydney, Australia, leaving Liverpool on June 1st. They go to end their days on earth with their granddaughter—"Bessie's girl." They express their wishes for health and prosperity to the many friends and colleagues made during their 50 years' connection with Spiritualism.

Lyceumists visiting Fleetwood note that the Morning Session is suspended during the months of June, July, August and September. A hearty welcome awaits all Lyceumists at the afternoon Session, commencing at 2-30.

## FUNERAL OF MRS. EDITH AGNES DE HOUX.

A woman conducted the funeral service when the burial took place at Gilroes Cemetery, yesterday, of Mrs. Edith Agnes de Houx, aged 35, of Bloomfield Street, Leicester, who was fatally injured in a collision with a motor-car.

The dead woman was a member of the city spiritualist community and had attended the Levity Progressive Lyceum in Southampton Street.

Mrs. Florence Thwaites, the president of the Lyceum, wearing

a black frock and a purple sash, read passages from the manual referring to the sect's belief in personal survival.

Most of the mourners wore ordinary clothes, but carried bunches of flowers symbolising their acceptance of the fragility of life.

Mrs. Thwaites mentioned the work which Mrs. de Houx had done for the Lyceum and said she would be greatly missed. Representatives of nine spiritualist gatherings in the city attended.

The family mourners were Mr. and Mrs. A. Hurst, father and mother, Yvonne, daughter, and Herbert and Leonard, brothers.

The readers were Messrs. W. Taylor, S. Pickford and T. Keeney.

## IN MEMORIAM.

BALL.—Treasured memories of our dear Lily, who passed to the Higher Life, May 20th, 1927. Aged 5 years, 10 months.

Our little flower we loved so well,  
For this cold earth was much too fair.  
She was taken to the Summerland  
To bloom in full perfection there.

From her loving Mamma, Dad, and her brother Albert.

## THANK YOU.

*Patron Fund.* Attercliffe 9s., Moston 2s. 2d., Mrs. Rushton 2s. 6d., Whitley Bay 7s., Mrs. Paling 2s. 6d., Attercliffe 6s. 6d., Bowes Park 1s. 8d.; Mr. T. Wright 5s., Hyde, per Mr. Belcher, 2s. 6d.

*Supplementary Fund.* Rotherham 2s. 6d., Leeds L.D.C. (Mr. Barnes half-share expenses returned) £1 4s. 9d., Parkgate 5s., Nottingham (Mechanics' Hall) 3s., Macclesfield 5s., Whitley Bay 2s. 6d., Nottingham (Sherwood Street) 13s. 4d., Tottenham (High Road) 6d., Handsworth 2s. 6d.; Heaton Norris £1 18s.; F. D. (East Southsea) 6s.; West Melton Lyceum 5s.

*Special Appeals.* Ashton 5s., N.E. Lancs. L.D.C. £2 12s. 6d., Miss Rothwell 1s., Mrs. Hanson 5s., Lincoln (Coultham Street) 2s. 6d., Preston (Moor Lane) 5s., N.E. Cheshire L.D.C. 13s.

## AROUND OUR LYCEUMS.

*Copy for these columns must be received at the office by first post on the 20th of each month, recording events after the 20th of the preceding month. Lyceums taking 12 copies, 25 words; 24 copies, 50 words; 36 copies, 75 words. Additional copy 6d. per nine words.*

ACCRINGTON, Pearl Street.—Open Session May 7th, conductor, Mr. Fazackerly. The following took part: Jean Farnworth, Nellie Laycock, Bessie Hilton, Stanley Laycock, Mrs. Jones, Billy Edwards, Mrs. Houlker, Walter Swift, Phyllis Edwards, Francis Laycock.—J. T. Nussey, Sec.

ARMLEY.—Sunday, May 14th, we had a most interesting event in the naming of the baby daughter of Mr. Linney, the Church President. Mrs. Jessie Greenwood, of Hebden Bridge named the baby Patricia, with spirit name Pearl.—G. Sarton, Sec.

BACUP.—Open Session May 7th, Conductor, Mrs. Carter. Pearls: Gladys Holmes, J. W. Taylor, H. Shaw, H. Turner, A. Harris, Mrs. Carter, Joyce Savage, Dennis Halinsworth. Recitations: Alice Wright, Olive Taylor. Duet: Mary McKenna, Ernest Melabone.—S. Carter, A.N.S.C., Sec.

BLACKPOOL, Albert Road.—Open Session, May 14th. Mr. Hopper from Blackburn was the Speaker for the day. The children sang a Song of Welcome to the member, and friends at the afternoon session and evening service.—E. H. Rothwell, Sec.

BRIERFIELD.—Open session, May 7th. Songs, recitations by Ethel Kershaw, Margaret James, Peggy Schofield, Miss Beveridge, Frank Jackson, Harold Kershaw.—E. Miller, Sec.

CALGARY, Canada.—Open session Easter Sunday. In spite of a heavy snow storm we had a very good attendance. A naming service conducted by Rev. Garrad of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, Joan Anne Ruth Hudson, spirit name was Lily. Also the son of Mr. and Mrs. Yates, George Ervine Yates, spirit name was Victor.—Margaret Ford, Sec.

**CHESTERFIELD.**—April 30th Anniversary Sessions. Miss Taylor Wagstaffe of Derby, speaker. Miss Wagstaffe presented the prizes and each recipient received a kindly message in addition. All the Lyceumists contributed to the success of the various sessions either by recitations, songs, or conduct.—S. Hobster, Sec.

**CLECKHEATON.**—Open Session May 1st. Conductor Miss E. Thornton. Pearls by Newton Dennis, Mr. Hartley, Gladys Hutton, Amy Barber, Mr. Brooke. Recitation by Newton Dennis. Duet by Misses A. Thornton and M. Wilson. Quartet by Misses G. Hutton, M. Ellison, F. Newton and Mr. Hartley.—(Miss) M. B. Robinson, Sec.

**COVENTRY, Broadgate.**—Anniversary Services, May 7th, conducted entirely by Lyceumists. Prizes presented by Vice-President of Church.—M. S. Gaze, Sec.

**DONCASTER, Catherine St.**—Open Session May 7th, conductor Mr. Trout. Invocation given by Miss Johnson. Recitations were given by M. Chalmers, B. Scottin, D. Middleton and L. Middleton.—Mrs. Webb, Sec.

**EARBY, Greenend Avenue.**—Open Session, May 7th. Songs and Recitations by E. Greenhalgh, E. Hancock, K. Hancock, G. Morby, R. Hancock, and G. Hancock, Mr. Millican, A. S. Morby, Mrs. Millican, Miss J. Smith, E. Fox, O. Wilkins.—A. G. Morby, Sec.

**EDINBURGH, 9, Gayfield Square.**—May 7th, Open Session. Pearls, recitations, and songs were delightfully rendered by juvenile and adult Lyceumists.—J. Andrew, Sec.

**FLEETWOOD.**—May 8th, Open Session. Songs and recitation by Ada Cooke, Tom Wright, Irene Roscow, Jessie Woods, Marie Dew, Laura Mather, Dorothy Cropper, Minnie Wright, Dorothy Harris, Mary Gibson, Ethel Bugg, John Reeve, Willie Gibson, Kenneth Harris and Eric Horan.—L. Hollins.

**FULHAM, Kelvedon Road.**—May 7th. A real bumper Anniversary was held, the first in our new hall, six lyceums represented making an attendance of 120. Session conducted by Mrs. Edmonds (Con.) Auntie Ruth presented prizes, and was later presented with a bouquet. Uncle Bert excelled himself when taking the morning and evening Services, ably assisted by Mr. Rainbow and Mr. Bates. H. A. Halfacre, Sec.

**HORWICH.**—April 30th, Open Session. In the afternoon we had a naming ceremony. The infant daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Hinkinson and Mr. and Mrs. Cheer. Mr. J. Sherrington performed the ceremony, naming Margaret Hinkinson and Gwendoline Cheer, both children received the Spirit name of Sunshine.—Mrs. Giles, Sec.

**LANCASTER, Bulk Road.**—Open Session May 7th, items by D. Bleasdale, K. Jennings, M. Dodd, N. Park, I. Partridge, E. Lake, W. Hargreaves.—M. Bouseilk, Sec.

**LONDON, Brixton.**—At Easter about twenty of us held a camp at Coudson, for three days, it was a great success. We held midnight rambles etc.—F. B. Cross.

**MORECAMBE, West End.**—Annual picnic to Sandside, by charabanc. Leaders and children enjoyed games on the shore.—W. H. Moores, Sec.

**PRESTON, Moor Lane.**—Open Session, May 7th. The children rendered recitations and William Lee gave a pianoforte solo "Home Sweet Home." All the children sang Swanee River accompanied by W. Lee. Mr. Simmonds read "L'envoi" by Rudyard Kipling.—Helen Kilner, Sec.

**RYDE, Newport Street.**—May 7th Open Session. Solo: Eileen Perkis, Recitations: Joan Heapey, Joan Bell, Tony Perkis. Pearls by all.—E. Oak, Sec.

**SCUNTHORPE.**—On May 6th, 7th, 8th, Lyceum week-end, our speaker being Mrs. Metcalf, of Rotherham. We spent a delightful week-end together.—Ivy Sprakes, Sec.

**SHEFFIELD, Heeley.**—Open Session, Sunday, May 7th, Conductor, Mr. G. Hill. Individual items by Theresa, Jessie, and Alfred Beatson, Mary and Dennis Fox, Olive, Enid,

Albert and William Nutt, Jean Porter, Doreen and Winnie Fisher, Jean Hawley, Madge, Jean, and Thelma Turton, Nellie Gibson, Leonard Cook, Irene Porter, Lewis Gregory, Connie Higginbottom, Douglas and Roy Kerrigan, Dennis Stevenson.—H. Truelove, Sec.

**SHEFFIELD, Heeley, Woodseats.**—May 7th, Open Session. Conductor, Mr. Romanes. Pearls and recitations were well rendered. A very enjoyable afternoon for old and young.—L. Grant, Sec.

**SHILDON.**—I am proud to report our success in the tableau section of Shildon Carnival on the 29th of April. We won 1st Prize, and Shield to be held one year, our entry was called "The Daffodil Queen."—F. W. Lee, Sec.

**SOUTHEND and WESTCLIFF.**—On April 9th, Anniversary. Uncle Bert was in attendance and addressed members and friends at each session. The official welcome was tastefully arranged by Mrs. Bell, and applicable verses well rendered by the younger Lyceumists on presentation of the flowers. Queenie Banham and Catherine Earl composed the invocations. Mr. Thompson and Peggy Shackell gave interesting addresses, and solos were sung by Lyceumists at the morning and evening services.—Stanley F. Thompson, Sec.

**WOLVERHAMPTON, "Zenith Aim," Lyceum, Wolverhampton.**—Ada Newall, age 12, conducted on May 7th our Open Session in an uplifting way.—Paul Warrilow, Sec.

## OUR £2000 EFFORT FUND.

Dear Lyceumists all,

I am making a very special appeal to all Lyceums who have not yet filled in the "Mile of Pennies" card to do their best to hurry things along.

There is a suggestion in the May BANNER that our "£2,000 Effort Fund" be suspended for a while and all our efforts be towards stabilising the funds of the Union. If this suggestion is adopted at the Conference, I do not think that the penny cards already in circulation should be cast aside and forgotten, but rather filled in and money forwarded. The casting aside of the cards would kill the spirit of the scheme, so please try and fill them. Then our way will be clear to respond to the very necessary appeal which is to be made to help the stabilisation of our Union.

I am pleased to acknowledge the following amounts:

**MILE OF PENNIES.**—Attercliffe Lyceum, per J. Le Noury, 3s.; Armley Lyceum, per G. Parton, 5s.; Fleetwood Lyceum, per L. Vollans, 8s.; Total 16s.

**FOUNDER'S DAY COLLECTION.** Sowerby Bridge Lyceum, per W. A. Rowson, 10s.

**DONATIONS.** Liverpool Lyceum District Council's Effort, 5s. 6d.

**BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.** Hello twins! We are very pleased to wish Mr. Reginald Robb and Mr. William Robb many happy returns of their birthday on June 29th. I do hope more birthday greetings will come along. Every sixpence adds to the Fund and will give "pleasure" to the "giver." May we join together in sending our best wishes for many happy birthdays to Mrs. S. Hughes, of Daulby Hall Lyceum, whose birthday is on June 28th.

The grand total this month is £1 13s. With the best of wishes to all Lyceumists; looking forward to a speedy response to the "Mile of Pennies Scheme."

85, Queen's Road,

Everton, Liverpool, 6.

Yours,

LILLIE GEORGE.