

WHAT SHOULD WE TEACH A CHILD ABOUT DEATH?



BY
ERNEST W.
OATEN.

I HAVE BEEN ASKED A question which was intended to puzzle. "What shall we teach our children about death?" How can it be presented to them in such a way as to destroy all trace of morbidity and cause them not to shrink from facing facts.

With most people, of course, the question of death awakens feelings of loss and hopelessness, which has the effect of destroying happiness and brightness. Conventionally, it is impossible to be cheerful at a funeral. It is probably true that more tears have been shed at the graveside than in any single spot on earth. It is none the less true that what the world calls death is a perfectly natural process. In fact, all life depends on death. If death ceased at this moment, life could not be perpetuated for an hour.

I inhale oxygen and destroy it in order that I might live. I exhale it as carbonic acid, &c., which would mean death if it remained in my lungs, but I have merely changed its form. I live partly by eating, and in order to do so have to destroy the animal and vegetable life, all of which is part of the great life stream, in order that I may preserve the existence of my body.

We have to accustom ourselves, first, to the conception that nothing which exists can cease to exist, though it may change its form or location many times. The morbidity which has gathered round the grave is

purely due to *ignorance*, and whatever steps may be taken to teach children the nature of death must be based on truth. It is folly to lie to children. There are questions which a child can ask which admittedly are difficult to answer, but lying is no way out of the difficulty. The telling of falsehoods too often excites curiosity and when the truth becomes revealed it destroys the child's faith in the individual who misled him.

The first approach to the subject of death, when presented to the child, must be the presentation of the facts of life. Life on this plane is given us for a period only, and it must be used for the purpose of accumulating experience and developing character. Just as the child rises in the morning and must go to rest at night, so men are born and die; and life and death mean no more than that. As the child is urged to make use of the opportunities of to-day, the development of strength and the unfoldment of its faculties, and just as such activity is essential to sweet rest at night, so the child must be taught that life is a period of opportunity and that he will rest best who has taken advantage of the day to get something done.

Yes, the way to teach children the naturalness and the infinite possibilities which lie within the idea of death is to teach them the value of life, and to teach them to regard death as they would regard the night's sleep,—as a prelude to a new day, a renewed sphere of activity; for just as the child grows to greater accomplishment day by day and year by year, so he will expect to rise to greater accomplishments on the morrow of a larger day.

In the hour of bereavement it is quite usual to meet the child's query concerning death with the vague statement that "He has gone to heaven," or that "God has called him away"—all of which may have some measure of truth in it, but conveys very little to the child-mind. I have frequently told a child "He has gone away to work in another country and he'll be sending for us some day." I have found such an answer very satisfying, particularly when, as a Spiritualist, I can say we shall receive some letters or messages from him by and by! Surely that is all death means?

There is, of course, the stark cold form lying in the coffin, and the disposal of the remains has to be explained. I remember my own nephew standing by the coffin of my father, and looking at the pale but peaceful face, he said: "He aint dead, Uncle." "No," I retorted, "he aint dead, but his body was very bad and worn out, and he's gone to get a new one. Some day he'll come back and tell us what it is like."

The child was only ten years of age, but it set him thinking, for frequently thereafter he asked, "Have you heard from granddad?" and I was able to assure him that I had, and that some day he might hear from granddad too. It kept in his mind the truth that he still

had a grandad, despite the contents of the coffin; and from then until manhood he never forgot the fact.

The great thing in approaching children on this subject is to make them realise that you yourself fervently believe what you are telling them. The individual who tries to prevaricate in the face of death by his very attitude awakens feelings of insincerity.

Yes, death is as natural as life, and if it comes in the ordinary course of events it is as natural as the falling of the leaves from the tree. There are many similies which can usefully be drawn from Nature, for the purpose of instructing children on the subject of death in such form that the phenomenon becomes not only natural but even beautiful and beneficial.

WHY I LIKE THE LYCEUM.

By OLIVER TUFFERY (aged 13).

I have only been a Lyceumist for about eight months, but I have become acquainted with nearly every member of the Lyceum, for there is such a homely feeling in the Lyceum that I could not help making friends the first few Sundays I attended.

The first thing I noticed when I joined the Lyceum was the amount of patience Mrs. Chambers (the conductor) must have to look after all the children, and not scold them when they disobey. Although, indeed, I think Mrs. Chamber's look at a guilty person would hurt some more than angry words and scolding would.

In many other Sunday Schools the teachers are looked upon as people who are there only to teach and be obeyed, but in the Lyceum the conductor acts more like a mother than a reserved somebody standing on a platform, who is to be looked at and feared.

In many other Sunday Schools the children are told not to do this and not to do that, and of course in most cases the children do everything that they are told not to do. In the Lyceum we are told the things we should do, and are told in such a way that we cannot help at least trying to do as we are told.

As I have mentioned before, the adults in most Sunday Schools (there are hardly ever any who are not teachers) are so reserved, but here in the Lyceum they enter into our games, our joys, and—unlike most people—our sorrows, if any. The adults in the Lyceum seem to be adults as they walk towards the door, and, in heart at least, change to little children like the rest of us when they sit down in the Lyceum.

In nearly every religion people are taught, or at any rate get the idea, that God is a great person sitting on a golden throne, whom we must fear, but in the Lyceum we learn to love God and not to fear him, and in this way we seem to get nearer to God.

Another thing which surprised me when I first entered the Lyceum was that Lyceumists all over England are like a great brotherhood, who with the aid of the BANNER, can almost be in constant communication with each other. When I first saw Uncle Bert, I was surprised to see a man holding such an important position entering in with everybody else, and taking the trouble to write to all of his little friends all over England. When I read my answer to the letter I had sent Uncle Bert, I thought how strange it would be for the Archbishop of Canterbury, or even a bishop, to join in the public amusement. I expect if children called him "Uncle Somebody" he would look upon that

as an insult, instead of as an honour, as Uncle Bert does.

In most Sunday Schools the children go on Sunday and think no more of it for the rest of the week, but in the Lyceum we have our Guilds on Wednesdays, and our Rambles once a month, which everybody looks forward to.

I think an easier composition than this would be "Why I hate the Lyceum," then I would not have had any reasons to write about.

CREATION

:: *By* ::

W. H. EVANS.

Oh! wondrous, vast, primeval void!
E'er Time's great horologue creates,
In starry mechanism grand,
Their wheels of fire in ether states.
Vast nothingness! Immortal Now!
The cosmic highways yet unborn.
No starry night in splendour gleams,
And mighty silence reigns forlorn.

~ ~ ~

Out of the magic silence breathes
A vital breath o'er matter's sea;
The mighty laws of Being move,
And mark the course of worlds "to be."
The galaxies of glittering stars
Are marshalled in by law's command;
The horologue of Time begins
To trace the hours in sun and sand.

~ ~ ~

Wheel within wheel the universe
Revolves, obedient to the law.
Creation's story still is writ
In granite mount, and tiger's maw.
Night follows day, fantastic dreams
From out the 'horn' and 'ivory' gates,
Crowd on man's world, and he begins
His toilsome march to higher states.

✱ ✱ ✱

Ah! shall we say that forces blind
In wondrous order has arrayed
The starry hosts, so finely spaced?
Is law by anarchy betrayed?
Oh, foolish one! whose knowledge small
Makes drunk thy mind with vain conceit,
One letter from the Mighty All
Thy wisdom shatters at thy feet.

□ □ □

Time, ever changing, yet the same,
Writes each event on Nature's page;
And he whose vision open is
May read the story, age by age.
The song of life grows deep and strong—
Its harmony, without a flaw,
Reveals unto the seeking soul
This potent truth, that "God is Law."

KINGDOMS OF THE MIND

"I HAVE NOTHING TO DO!" THIS was the continual cry of a boy of thirteen with whom I spent a holiday recently. He was not mentally backward, rather the reverse. Yet from morning till night he grumbled, not only creating misery for himself, but for all concerned.

Not so long ago, a boy behaving like this would have been thrashed, with a view to putting "this nonsense out of his head."

Physical pain was regarded as a mental, as well as a moral, corrective. The infliction of physical pain, however, is no longer considered as a cure for mental crookedness. In the case of the boy above, a thrashing might have shown him the error of expressing his dissatisfaction, but his mind would remain a playground for discontented thoughts.

The Science of Psychology reveals to us the working of the mind and particularly how to eliminate states of mind such as the case cited.

Now, why should this boy with the advantages of modern education, in fairly comfortable economic circumstances, continually complain about having nothing to do? Our grandparents would have probably put it down to laziness or wickedness. Not so the psychologist of to-day. He would want to get the history of the mental contents, as far as possible. Just as the duration of a building depends, to a large extent, on its foundations, so does the expression of the mind depend on the fundamental thought impressions implanted at an early age.

Everyone, no matter what their age may be, can remedy a faulty mind. When the builder discovers that his foundations are faulty, he does not hesitate to pull down his structure, no matter how far he may have proceeded with it, and begins again on a more sure foundation. This can be accomplished by anyone with a faulty mind. The first step is to eliminate all that is unnecessary. Day-dreaming should not be indulged in, except for creative purposes. When utilised for practical ends, day-dreaming can be of the greatest value.

Cultivate a habit of mental selection. Choose your thoughts as you would your friends. Marie Corelli, in one of her novels, portrays a character in chronic ill-health, as a result of morbid brooding on disease and sickness.

Select your reading. The youth of to-day cram their minds with ideas gleaned from twopenny horrors, absurd romantic love stories that never have, and never could, happen. The remedy is obvious. Ask yourself, prior to reading a book, "Am I likely to benefit mentally and culturally by a perusal of this book." The author's name and the list of contents will assist in coming to a decision.

The greatest asset in mental training is Interest. Without Interest development is almost impossible.

By
DAVID R. S.
SMITH

*"The mind can make
Substance, and people planets all its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms that can outlive all flesh."*

—Byron.

What holds your interest is your special sphere of activity. True, modern economic conditions are responsible for the increasing number of people who are compelled to labour at tasks they have little or no interest in. Seldom, if ever, are such unfortunate people successful. To have an interest in one's daily task is half the battle.

Train the mind as you would your body. The muscles of the body require regular exercise to

keep them fit. So does the mind. Set a given time aside each day for 'thinking.' To be exclusively occupied with reading books, magazines, and newspapers, and from them adopting the ideas of others, is not 'thinking.' This is the mind's lazy way of working. Make the mind work out the details of an idea, and make it truly your own, before you adopt such as part of your mental equipment.

You are the pivot round which your mental universe revolves. You have the power to create planets of your own, as Byron so aptly expresses it. But never forget that out with your mental solar system there are other solar systems of thought, and as the modern Astronomers enlarged upon the knowledge of the ancient Astrologers, so can you, by contact with others, enlarge your mental outlook upon life. This is the essence of human experience. The foundation of Society itself. No man can efficiently live unto himself in mind, any more than he can in social organisation.

Periodically have a mental stock-taking. Discard the ideas that have become obsolete. Rearrange the remaining ideas in a fresh order. Consider the importance of each carefully, and give them precedence accordingly.

To be obsessed by crooked or false ideas is as dangerous as to be possessed by evil spirits. They are like the weeds that clog the growth of the valuable plants in our mental garden. They destroy the beauty of life. They mar the inner harmony of our nature. They cripple our possibilities of happiness.

In your selection of ideas, see to it that you remain their master and that they are not allowed ultimately to master you. Only by this caution can you ever hope to be a reasoning and logical thinker, free from bias and bigotry. In your mental expression be something more than a sponge, which gives out only what it has absorbed. The world to-day, more than ever before, is in need of original thinkers. Make your mind a temple worthy of the God of Reason. Be fearless in expressing what you believe to be true. For as Carlyle has said,

"A thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have."

THE MAN WHO = SAW DEATH =

*A Short Story by
JAMES NORBURY.*

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED WHY HARRY Lake told me the story of Jim Martin. We were not friends, merely casual acquaintances; fellow-passengers who had been drawn into one of those inevitable companionships that arise from pacing the deck of a liner cruising through the Mediterranean. Our only common interest lay in the fact that we were both cruising out East, and each of us desired to penetrate a little deeper into the metaphysics and philosophy of the Hindu peoples.

We were talking of the way men face life. How to some it was always more or less a thing to escape from, while to others it ever seemed a joyous adventure.

And then we talked of death; . . . a fellow-passenger had succumbed to the last enemy a day previously and was to be buried at sea the following morning; . . . and gradually Harry Lake unfolded to me the story of Jim Martin.



JIM MARTIN HAD ALWAYS FEARED DEATH. As far back as he could remember, into the early days of his childhood, the fear had been an obsession; a thing he could not escape from, since it ever seemed to be crossing his path. His first memory of this terror that had shrouded the whole of his life was when, as a child of five, he had been lifted up to gaze at his grandfather's corpse that lay swathed in the wrappings of its last sleep. The bluey-yellow cheeks, the haggard drawn look upon the face, the skeleton-like hands, the musty, stale-bread smell of the room in which he lay: all these clung round Jim Martin. They haunted him in the first hours of the dawn, and stalked by him in terror with the closing hours of the night.

And then, on the farm at home, he had been at a pig-sticking. He had watched the terrified animal lugged up on to the block and heard its piercing shrieks as his father stabbed the thin knife into the veins of its throat: shrieks that pierced the morning air, to be lost in thin wails as the last drops of life blood fell from the animal.

When the war came, bringing its daily death roll, Jim, who had just passed through the stages of adolescence to the beginnings of manhood, felt a chill down his spine each morning as he glanced at the casualty lists in the paper. He always saw the hollow sunken cheeks, and heard shrieks of agony, and smelt the clammy closeness that symbolised the death chamber.

The fear of this "Thing" had slowly but surely become an obsession with him. He could not glance at a flower without thinking of its withering at the close

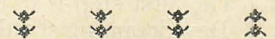
of summer, while the sight of a dead bird lying across his path would send tremours through his body. All in life was frustrated by the mighty gesture of the Silent Reaper as he passed relentlessly onwards, garnering to himself all things that had lived, that were living, and that were yet to be born. Each day was a day nearer to that dreadful moment; each minute, as it ticked away, brought the darkness in which there was no light closer at hand.



NO-ONE EVER KNEW WHAT MADE JIM Martin take up motor racing, but a few of his intimate friends half guessed that he hoped, in the excitement that comes with the lure of speed, to escape from the grips of the Thing that dominated his life. Perhaps he thought that in the recklessness that is essential to the driver of a racing car he would find a way of escape; that in toying with death constantly he would rob it of its power and give to life a meaning and purpose, instead of a sense of futility and despair. After a few years, his driving became the talk of two continents, and, as record after record was surpassed on the racing tracks of England and America, he became more or less a popular hero. His personality became buoyant and his laughter had that infectious quality that gained him many friends. Although he might deceive the world, Jim Martin could not deceive himself, and the nearer he raced to the Monstrous Fear that still dominated his days, the more grimly grew his determination to overcome it. When last Harry Lake had heard of him he was setting out to America to establish another record.



THERE THE STORY ENDED. DURING THE following days, as we paced the deck, we often talked of Jim Martin. He seemed to interweave himself into the companionship that had sprung up between us. Whenever we spoke of him I felt a vague uneasiness; a premonition, if you like, that somehow the story I had been told was but the prelude to a drama that had yet to be enacted. I left the boat at Colombo and Harry Lake passed out of my life, as do the casual acquaintances one meets on an ocean voyage.



SIX MONTHS LATER, ON MY VOYAGE HOME, the memory of Harry Lake's story came back to me. We were passing through the Mediterranean, and probably the association of ideas was responsible for the re-kindling of an interest in Jim Martin, the Man who saw Death.

As I look back over the years that have intervened, I remember the night that marked the close of the drama vividly. The sky had the velvet blackness, lit only by the points of light that are stars, that belongs essentially to the Mediterranean night. On the deck below I could hear a gramophone wailing out the latest rhythm of dance tunes; while deep below me the dull hum of the engines could be heard as the ship ploughed its way from Naples to Gibraltar.

Suddenly a feeling of fear unfolded me in a cloak of terror. I knew Something was close to me on the

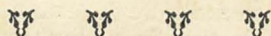
deck; Something invisible, yet more real than anything seen with the eyes.

I half-turned, and then quickly tried to focus my attention on anything to forget the Thing that pressed in upon me. Frantically I tried to centre my whole being in the wailing strains of the gramophone; to allay myself with the dull thud of the engines below. It was of no avail. I knew I had got to face whatever this moment held in my life, and then realised why Jim Martin had feared death.

This intangible dread that was closing in upon me, that seemed to be sapping away my vitality as it held me like a vampire in its clutches, and drawing the very life from my veins; this was the Thing that Jim Martin had feared; the uncertainty of not knowing something that ought to be known, of not facing the issue that every man should face. Life could be robbed of all meaning and all purpose unless I boldly turned to triumph over whatever it was I was attempting to avoid.

Slowly I turned round and confronted the unseen force that was assailing me, and there, vividly outlined against the blackness of the Mediterranean night, I saw Jim Martin. I knew it was him for all that I had never met him. He seemed to have woven himself so closely into my life that the vision of him established itself at once in my consciousness. In his eyes there was no fear, only a look of triumph. He reached out his hand towards me, and, as I extended mine to clasp his in a friendly grasp, he was gone; had vanished as quickly as he had appeared.

After strolling about the deck for a few minutes, I wandered down into the smoke room and joined a table where a rubber of bridge was in progress. Within me was a calm, a stillness that seemed like the end and the beginning. I knew I had feared death and that I had seen it and feared no longer.



THE NEXT MORNING WE STEAMED INTO Gibraltar and as the tender took us ashore, my eyes immediately caught sight of a placard of the "Continental Daily Mail": "Death of Famous Racing Motorist." Jim Martin had been killed on the racing track at Brooklands two days previously. The lure of speed, the constant seeking after new excitements, to escape from the fear that had clouded his life with shadows, had proved his undoing. He had seen Death, but in seeing it had triumphed.



CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

SECRETARIES PLEASE NOTE.

ADVISER.

Mr. A. Kitson, F.N.S.C., c/o Mrs. Singleton, 10, Blenheim Road, London, W 4.

TREASURER.

Mr. W. Burrows, 50, Abbey Walk, Halifax.

OUR EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

HINTS, NOTES AND NEWS ITEMS.
Conducted by the EDUCATION SECRETARY.

EDUCATION WEEK-END.

The Education Committee met at the General Office on Saturday, 9th September. The Saturday afternoon and evening were devoted to the usual business meeting. Saturday morning and all day Sunday were devoted to filling in Certificates and preparing Lyceum packets; and all the packets were despatched on the Monday.

At the business meeting the two schemes referred by Conference to the Committee were carefully examined and finally adopted for submission to 1934 Conference. Miss Lawton explained the Kindergarten Scheme she had drawn up, and undertook to prepare a sample lesson for the October meeting of the M.C. (which will administer the Scheme when it has been adopted by the Movement). Mr. Connor submitted a detailed scheme for the proposed "Extra" Grade, with a sample Syllabus, as given under.

NEW EXTRA GRADE IN THE EDUCATION SCHEME.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

At our 1932 Conference it was pointed out, as a drawback to the success of the Education Scheme, that often a child takes the ORAL GRADE Junior examination at the age of 9, and the Senior examination at 10—and then loses interest because he has to wait until he is 12 years old before he can sit for Grade I; and it is worse still if he starts at 8.

The Education Committee gave serious consideration to the suggestion, and submitted to our 1933 Conference the general outline of an idea for an EXTRA GRADE to fit into the present Scheme between the Oral Grade Senior and Grade I. The general idea was accepted, and the Committee was authorised to prepare a detailed scheme of the proposed new Grade for presentation to the 1934 Conference.

The Committee has drawn up the following scheme, which combines a system of Group-teaching in the Junior Groups with a series of THREE examinations which will lead by easy steps to Grade I examination.

It is considered advisable that the age-limits for the Oral Grade examinations should be altered. At present they are—**Juniors**, between 8 and 10 years old; **Seniors**, 10 years and over. The new limits will be—**Juniors**, from 9 to 11 years old; **Seniors**, from 10 to 12 years old—and this will allow the **Extra Grade** examination to be taken at 11, 12 or 13 years old. In this way a student who starts at 9 years old will be able to qualify for Grade III. without a break—and one who starts at 11 years old to go right through to Grade V. without any waiting.

II. SUGGESTED DIVISION OF GROUPS.

It is suggested that each Lyceum will divide its Groups into THREE Sections, as under:—

- A. **The KINDERGARTEN GROUPS**—all children up to 8 years old. At the age of 8 years all children will be automatically promoted to
- B. **The JUNIOR GROUPS**—all children between 8 and 12 years old. At the age of 12, each child will be allowed to decide whether to remain in the Junior Groups for another year, or go up to
- C. **The SENIOR GROUPS**—open to all Lyceum-ists of 12 years and over.

NOTE.—A special scheme for the Kindergarten Groups is being drawn up. The Senior Groups will carry on the ordinary Lyceum Session. The following paragraphs refer only to Session work for the Junior Groups.

III. SUGGESTED SESSION WORK FOR THE JUNIOR GROUPS.

- (a) Each Lyceum which adopts the Scheme will lay in a stock of the new ORAL GRADE PRIMER (which is now also a JUNIOR GROUPS MANUAL) for use in the Junior Groups—on the same principle that *Lyceum Manuals* are provided for the ordinary Sessions. It is essential to the success of the scheme that each Junior should have a personal copy.
- (b) In the **Junior Oral Group**, Lyceumists of from 8 up to 11 years will read the stories, rhymes, Golden Chains, etc., in the primer (and be encouraged to learn the Rhymes as Individual Efforts); they will be taught the Junior Section of the Oral Grade Scheme; and at the end of the year—which should run from the first Sunday in June to the second week-end in May—they will sit for their examination.
- (c) In the **Senior Oral Group**, Lyceumists of from 9 up to 12 years will continue to read the stories, etc.; during the GROUP session they will be encouraged to try to tell the stories in their own words; they will be taught the Senior Section of the Oral Grade Scheme; and at the end of the year they will sit for their examination.
- (d) In the **Special Extra Group**, Lyceumists of from 10 up to 12 or 13 years old will be asked to learn selected stories, rhymes, etc., set from Sections A to D of the Primer, and at the examination (which will be entirely a written one) they would be expected to be able to
- (i) Write a verse or verses from any ONE of THREE set Rhymes;
 - (ii) Tell, in their own words, any ONE of THREE set Stories;
 - (iii) Answer questions on the Life Story of EITHER Miss Kitson, OR Mr. Kitson, OR Mr. A. J. Davis (whichever is set for study);
 - (iv) Answer questions from THREE set Golden Chains.

The question paper will be on the same general lines as Grade I. paper, and the marking standard the same as for Grades I. and II. The TIME allowed will be TWO hours.

Age limits—from 11 to 13 years. Entry fee—6d. per candidate.

Candidates for the Extra Grade must have passed the Senior Oral Grade examination.

COMMENT.

The two years of reading, summarising and discussing the stories, etc. (in the Oral Groups), will have made the students familiar with them, and the work of the Extra Grade Course will be more in the nature of revision work. It will also be preparation for the summaries of *Manual* selections required in the higher Grades.

IV. SAMPLE SYLLABUS FOR THE EXTRA GRADE EXAMINATION.

Section of the PRIMER.

SELECTED ITEMS.

- | | |
|------------------|---|
| A. RHYMES | God is Love; Angels Love Children; Angels' Eyes. |
| B. TALES | Meadow Friends; The Golden Keys; Gifts. |
| C. LIFE STORY | Alfred Kitson. |
| D. GOLDEN CHAINS | Always Tell the Truth; How Modern Spiritualism Started; Child Life in the Summerland. |

POINTS FOR LEADERS AND TUTORS.

It will be noted that the Syllabus is only a SAMPLE, and is not to be mistaken as a set course of work. The set course will be issued each year as a cyclostyled circular, and sent out with the Examination packets in February.

Next month a SAMPLE set of questions will be published—and again, these must not be taken as an official set. They will only be intended to give Group Leaders and tutors an idea on what lines to prepare their students. The set that must be answered will be sent along with the other Examination questions to the supervisor, about a week before the examination.

The general idea is that from June up to the end of January, the Group will get ordinary Group teaching from the **Oral Grade Primer**, and from mid-February till Mid-day all teaching will be in preparation for the May examination. All eligible members of the Group will be automatically entered for the examination, which is really a preparation for the Grade I. examination which will, it is hoped, be taken in the following year.

Read the Guild Page to see what Miss Halliday has to say about badges.

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., 3, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7.

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Editor: JAMES NORBURY.

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All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor.
The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any views stated unless same are signed or endorsed by him. Visitors by appointment only.

OCTOBER, 1933.

WHERE THE IMMANENCE AND THE TRANSCENDENCE MEET.

WE ALL OF US EXPERIENCE TO A greater or lesser degree those moments in which we are aware of the essential friendliness of the Universe. We recognise our frailty, and yet are conscious that in our very weakness itself is the secret of our strength. We do not reason about the purpose of life, but know that we, within ourselves, are a part of a greater whole.

This experience, this living sense of being in the process of Becoming a part of an Eternal Order, and not merely the useless puppets of a time sequence of events is in its essence the heart of Religion. It is the affirmation of knowledge, as against the contradictions of speculations. It takes the parts of our varied experience and weaves them into a whole, in which we see ourselves and the world around us as the Living Garment of God.

The most primitive of our ancestors shared with us in this common heritage of being witnesses to the Vision of the Eternal. As they etched on the walls of their cave dwellings the crude drawings of the incidents that had pleased them most in the routine of their lives, the transient pleasures that had spelt for them a moment of joy, we see humanity striving to assert the Eternal while confounded by the passing phantasmagoria of daily life.

If we survey the long processes of evolution we shall see within them an emergence capacity, which is in itself the key to unlock the mystery of life. As the stream of life passes through the various kingdoms of nature, its unity becoming embodied in the diversity of creation, we see that the higher it evolves the more does the capacity emerge for interpreting life in terms of value. The capacity for union with God is inherent in the mineral, the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. It is only, however, at that point where man emerges from the long evolutionary process that this capacity is released sufficiently for its conscious realisation. The law of life is the law of growth. And man fulfils that law by seeking to grow to the fulness and stature of his Divine Sonship, to become, to use the words of one of the great Seers, "as a pillar in the house of the Lord, who shall go forth no more."

If it is valid to assert that the scientist, in analysing out his mental experiences in terms of theories and formulas is contributing something vital to our knowledge of the meaning of Life, it is surely equally valid

to assert that the Mystic, the master of the Spiritual Science, has also his quota to contribute to this all-absorbing question. The Scientist approaches every problem from the mental angle, and in so doing is enabled to give us a quantitative interpretation of the life process. The Mystic approaching it from an emotional angle is likewise enabled to give us a qualitative interpretation, in which he states that the purpose within the same process is the emergence of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

The essential message of all religion is that God is an ever-present factor within the world. The Old Hebrew Prophet immortalised this truth when he said, "Nearer is He than breathing, closer than hands and feet." And as the whole is greater than the part, so is God greater than any factor within His creation. He is not only an immanent actuality, but also a transcendental reality, ever unfolding His nature as the stream of life passes onward in its long pilgrimage towards "that far off divine event towards which the whole creation turns."

Spiritualism, in proclaiming the gospel of a Spiritual Order with which we can enjoy conscious co-operation, is thus seen to be in direct lineage with the religious evolution of Mankind.

Viewing our philosophy from this angle then, what should be our objective as Spiritualists? Surely to become conscious co-workers in the purpose of creation, that purpose being the unfoldment of the life of God in the hearts of men.

As Miss Evelyn Underhill has so wisely reminded us, "The raw material to be super-naturalised is mostly found in the common ways of life. But the power of dealing with that raw material, the deep certitude in which such dealing becomes possible—these are only achieved in those periods of exclusive attention to God in which the growing spirit, whether alone or with its fellows, turns from succession and breathes the bracing atmosphere of the Eternal World."

It is our duty and our privilege to live constantly in such an atmosphere in exact ratio as we turn our desire to the jewels of the spirit. We have our hourly communion with the unseen, yet ever-present world of spirit. In our pilgrimage we are never alone, those travel by our sides who no longer see as through a glass darkly, but who have awakened to the full and radiant splendour of the Light that never was on sea or land.

Mediumship is the culmination of the Mystery of Life and Death. It is the opening up of the portals of Immortality to the denizens of the everyday world. While yet in our terrestrial vestments we glimpse our celestial heritage. The proof of survival is merely the first step of our journey, the A.B.C. of our Spiritual Affirmation. One of the great Mystics, Elisabeth Lesour, has epitomised for us for all time what should be our main objective in life.

"I resolve to sanctify my intellectual work by giving to it supernatural attention, performing it humbly, without personal preoccupation, for the sake of other souls. I desire only one thing—the accomplishment of Thy Will in me and through me; and I pursue, and desire more and more to pursue, one end alone: the realisation of Thy greater glory through the realisation of Thy design for me."

Let this, then, be our aim, to so purify and ennoble our lives that we are the witnesses of the truth of the revelation we proclaim.

THE EDITOR.

OUR GUEST REVIEWER

NONE OTHER GODS

JUST AT THAT POINT IN history when we are celebrating the centenary of Charles Bradlaugh—as great a champion as any of truth and human liberty—there has been published a book which is destined to play its part in a work which Bradlaugh, along with others, initiated. I am not thinking now of 'the gifted freethinker's' passionate efforts for the amelioration of social conditions, nor his work for adult suffrage, international peace, freedom of the press and a score of other campaigns in which he was interested; but am concerned only with Bradlaugh's fearless exposure of imposture, especially where that imposition was associated with religion.

Mr. J. Arthur Findlay has emerged in his latest book* as the self-appointed successor of Bradlaugh, Foote, Ingersoll, and others, who left the imprint of their lives upon the beaten rock of Christianity. He has accomplished in a single book (but also in a less comprehensive capacity) what Blatchford, for instance, accomplished in a whole series. For this has to be borne in mind, we can never properly evaluate Blatchford's work unless we take into consideration its twofold aspect: on the one hand were his destructive criticisms, and on the other his constructive hopes. Blatchford, the passionate agnostic, was modified and subdued in Blatchford, the earnest seeker after truth. The man who published the impregnable attacks on the letter of the Christian faith was equalled, if not actually eclipsed, in the man who investigated modern mediumship and found new things in his philosophy, whereof previously he had never dreamed.

But here in Mr. Findlay's book we have both aspects displayed. Here the fearless picture of the historic development of Christianity; here the gripping exposure of priestly dictate and authority; here the candid unmasking of much that masquerades as "truth," but is based on no surer foundation than pagan myth.

Much scholarship and careful research has been expended in the compilation of this volume, and Mr. Findlay has been keen to corroborate his researches by seeking the aid of independent authorities. In these pages there is unfolded, of course, nothing that is intrinsically new, but there is a great deal of forceful argument and critical acumen; and the reader is called upon to revise almost completely his former estimate of Christianity.

It will be objected by some Spiritualists that Mr. Findlay's book will do as much harm as it is likely to achieve good—I dissent. Granted that this work, published from the pen of a leading Spiritualist and presenting (in its latter portion) the case for Spiritualism, will be interpreted as a representative example of the Spiritualistic attitude to Christianity—the possi-

bility is that it will alienate from association with Spiritualism many who would rather cling faithfully to their cherished illusions concerning Christian faith. It does not foreshadow a serious crisis. There will always be room for more than one religious community, and there is no reason at all why Spiritualism and Christianity should not perpetually exist as separate and distinct statements of belief.

Not long ago Bernard Shaw presented us with an illustration of what has happened, and now is happening again, as a result of mixing spiritual truths with superstitious myths. In his *Black Girl in Search of God* he showed again the fallacy of the idea that in order to make dirty water clean, one has but to pour a sufficient supply of clean water into it. It is an attitude to deprecate.

To hold in reverence at one and the same time the Spiritualist view of life and responsibility, and yet to accept Christ as one's saviour, in whom it is necessary to believe to achieve salvation, is to offend one system of religion and do an injustice to the other.

At the same time, *The Rock of Truth* does elucidate the simple teachings of the earliest form of Christianity, and it could be maintained that nothing of great importance to true Christian life has been lost in Mr. Findlay's very critical analysis. The spirit of Christ's teachings is, in fact, here accentuated. Elevated above the confusing mass of theological strictures with which men have encompassed it, Christianity stands now clear and 'transparent'. So that it is no surprise that at the end Mr. Findlay is seen kneeling at the sacred altar of truth, passionately proclaiming the basic essentials of the Christian faith. Stripped of their misleading and superstitious environment, these vital truths are greatly accentuated, and we are confronted by the spectacle of the former agnostic now testifying to belief—belief which is justified by the present-day demonstrations of Spiritualism.

There were many who believed that Mr. Findlay would fail ever to repeat the success of his first book, but I believe that the present volume will more than achieve that distinction. One of the disadvantages with which *On the Edge of the Etheric* had to contend was the exaggeration of its advertising. It was announced as "a book that will make religious history" and it was said to "prove conclusively" that the dead speak, &c., &c. The present book (which is much better written) will appeal to the mind which is not impressed by sensational claims difficult to substantiate, and if Mr. Findlay can exert his influence in this matter of publicity, it will assuredly leave a profound impression upon students and thinkers everywhere.

By
JAMES
LEIGH

Mr. J.
Arthur
Findlay.



* *The Rock of Truth*. By J. ARTHUR FINDLAY. (London: Rider & Co. 5/-).

ANOTHER "EMINENT VICTORIAN"

THE PASSING OF ANNIE

Besant, is like the fading of a star at dawn. In the dark night of Victorian England her radiance illumined the gloom, carrying light into darkened places, and casting a ray of cheerfulness into the sordid surroundings of working-class homes. One could almost liken her to that other "Grand Old Lady," at whose passing a Nation donned mourning, but whereas Victoria in her life symbolised an age that was passing, Annie Besant embodied within her work an age that was struggling to birth.

Perhaps Geoffrey West has captured the spirit of Annie Besant for all time when, speaking of her, he says:—

"The metaphor which comes most aptly to mind is that of an express train speeding irresistibly on, a headlong progress continued day after day, year after year, decade after decade, with ever gathering momentum. There has been slackening of speed at no station, junction, or warning signal, and the complaints of the gasping passengers whirled breathless in her wake have been altogether ignored."

This, then, was the personality, of whom an English Official in India said: "Who would have thought that there would have been such a fuss about one old woman." The Official was wrong, Annie Besant was The Woman of her Age, and by no stretch of imagination could one call her old, for she belongs to the immortal youth of the world, the youth who tirelessly labour on that in mankind there may be born a nobility of character, a loftiness of outlook, a sincerity of purpose, that shall by its very force transform the chaos of the present into the Utopian Dream of the Ages.

If Mrs. Besant had one failing, it was that she was incurably religious. Her flirtation with Freethought was merely an intellectual aside, for just as she "thought" herself into Atheism, she "felt" herself into Theosophy. The barren lands of Rationalism were too cold and austere for the rich and fantastic adolescent dreams of Annie Wood.

As one surveys her childhood, one wonders how the Wood Brood had managed to be disturbed by this "Cuckoo in the Nest." Her early environment was the essence of propriety. Women were seen but seldom heard, and if their voice dared to intrude itself into the conversation of men, forever their superiors, it was merely to utter pretty cadences that sounded nice, but meant nothing. Probably the death of her father, while she was still a child, was the primary cause of that urge to independence which established her as a free woman while the majority of her sex were still in shackles.

Her mother, Emily Morris, was proud, not in the boastful way of those who have little to uphold, but spend most of their time hiding their lack of dignity by

masquerading as "somebodies," but in the spirit of one who believes that character and education are the main assets in life. Her father enters very little into her life, and can be dismissed in the statement that the sceptical attitude he adopted towards everything was undoubtedly to bear a rich harvest in his only daughter.

Upon her father's death, her mother determined to give her son all the advantages of a first class education, removed from London to Harrow, where she supplemented her small income by preparing boys for entry into the famous school set upon "The Hill." It was here that Annie Wood was brought into contact with Miss Florence Marryatt, the sister of the novelist, who offered to act as her guardian, and educate Annie along with her niece. Miss Marryatt's outlook upon education was typically modern, in an era when respectability demanded that one should be old fashioned. She saw it as a process of drawing out, and not a forcible pumping in. It was while under her care that the spirit of intelligent enquiry and original thinking was built into Annie Wood.

The next, and in many ways the most momentous, step in her life was her marriage to the Rev. Frank Besant, a man who had hardly any opinions worth mentioning, but who firmly believed that wives were at all times subject to their husbands, and as such must uphold their husband's opinions, even if they disagreed with them.

Annie was incurably romantic. In this pillar of the Church she saw one who opened out wide avenues of service in which she could practice the greatest of all virtues, "Christian Charity." Of one thing we can be assured. Annie Wood never loved Frank Besant; she saw him through the glamour of his calling, and even while engaged caught a glimpse of the mistake she was making. If her mother was liberal minded, she was also eminently respectable as only the Victorians knew how to be. Her daughter had pledged her hand to this man, and loyalty demanded she should fulfil her obligations. Where love failed, loyalty triumphed.

From the cosmopolitan life, as the ward of Miss Marryatt, to the parochial life, as wife of a country parson, was too great a gulf for Annie Wood to bridge. Her knowledge on the physiological facts of married life was nil, her shock at awakening to the full significance of "sleeping partnerships" was tremendous. The tragedy of ignorance, and the brutality of knowledge, marked the first breach on her home life. If at first she seemed outwardly reconciled, she was inwardly a rebel. Her mind turned to an examination of Christian Origins. The contradictions in the Gospels amazed her. Slowly, but surely, a spirit of unbelief was born which led, after a period of family differences, to her separation from her husband.

Annie Besant's first contact with rationalism was in the St. George's Hall, where she listened to Voysey, the heretic, who was preaching the spirit of Christ, as against the letter of Christianity. Through Voysey she met Thomas Scott, who published her first pamphlet, "On the Deity of Jesus of Nazareth." Through Scott she was led to go and hear Charles Bradlaugh, and out of a first acquaintance with this noble free-thinker sprang into being one of the most amazing friendships in History.

Once her association with Bradlaugh had become a public fact, the gathering storm of an outraged husband's wrath broke in its full force. The Rev. Frank Besant was not in love with his wife, but he was in love with his position. He never tried to understand her. Had he done so her life might have been more domestic and less picturesque. The husband's first step was to obtain a separation, and the second to rob her of her children, since the habitue of Atheist Meetings and the proclaimer of Freethought Doctrines was no fit guardian for his children.

The blow of losing her children had a two-fold effect. On the one hand it brought to the fore of her mind the cruelty of the law to married women, on the other it sharpened her loyalty to Truth, as she saw it, a loyalty that has ever been the very foundation of her life.

Atheism was to Annie Besant more a religion than a science. If she proclaimed from the platform its supposed mental stability, she ensouled it in her life as an emotional experience.

Her oratory was magnificent. Its appeal was more to the

(Continued on page 168),

OUR LYCEUM GUILD

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

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

Dear Guildites,

Since August, 12 new members have been made, and here are the names of those we welcome into our family:

240 W. Underwood, Warrington. J 241 P. Watson, West Melton. J 242 H. Darby, West Melton. 243 M. E. Moores, West Melton. J 244 E. Gray, West Melton. 245 Mrs. Jones, Darwen. 246 Mrs. Chorlton, Darwen. 247 Mr. Hirst, West Melton. J 248 J. Hirst, West Melton. 249 Mr. Rawlinson, West Melton. 250 Mrs. Rawlinson, West Melton. 251 Mrs. Gray, West Melton.

Our oldest Guildite, Mr. H. T. Whorlow of North London, celebrated his 90th birthday on August 27th, and greetings were sent to him from Our Guild.

Finances.

Since the last statement was given to you I have received 9s. in fees, 3d. for a new badge, and donations of 2s. from Miss Irons, and 2s. 6d. from Mr. Hales; while the postage from Aug. 1st amounts to 6s. 6d., so that the balance in hand is now £3 18s. 9d.

Guild Fees.

Sincere thanks to all of you who wrote giving me your opinions re-annual fees. These were laid before the Education Meeting held on September 9th, with the result that "the Education Committee recommend to Our Guild that the *entrance* fee for individuals be 1s., but the *continuation* fee for each *Lyceum* be 2s. 6d. per annum, and the charge for new badges be 3d. each." The suggestion of one Guild member that continuation fees be payable on July or August 1st, so as to coincide with the need of new badges after publication of examination results was also considered a very good idea.

If you have any objection to this new plan please write to me *immediately* before I circularise Lyceums.

Hobbies.

The Guild Leader had a surprise at the end of July when she received gifts made by the children at Tyne-side Lyceum. These were a tea-pot stand (cane work on a wooden base) and a length of beads made from coloured papers. Their leader was approached, and here is the result.

How to make Paper Beads.

Materials required.

1. Coloured covers from books or magazines, or self-coloured wallpaper.
2. 1d. card of straight hair clips.
3. 1d. coil of wire.
4. Paste or seccotine.
5. Camel hair brush.
6. 6d. bottle of clear paper varnish.

Method of Working.

First cut the paper into strips 10ins. long. The simplest shape is a long V, the broad end 1in. wide, and tapering to a central point. Some could also be cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or $\frac{3}{4}$ in. at broad end, and, of course, various sizes of beads would be obtained. Afterwards experiment with

shapes. Next hold the broad end of the paper in the hair clip, and roll *tightly* guiding with the left fore-finger and thumb. If one end of the hair clip turns up it is best to straighten it out first with the pliers. A touch of paste on your last inch of the roll, and then your bead is ready to slip off, and on to the wire for varnishing. If you use wall-paper, which is rather porous and therefore apt to discolour with the varnish it is best to give two coats of glue size before varnishing.

Note.—Be careful in cutting the paper—no 'cat's teeth' please. (If you have a friend who works where there is a guillotine he will cut strips of paper in a few moments; though the hand cutting is good training in patience).

The beads look very pretty if they are threaded with small self coloured glass or white beads between.

Other uses—Threaded on cord for small window curtains or fringes for lamp shades.

Selfridges' have given demonstrations of this kind of work, as they sell a small machine for rolling or winding the paper, though hair clips or steel knitting needles are much cheaper.

Mrs. N. Macdonald, 64, Laburnum Avenue, Walls-end-on-Tyne (who has provided me with the above instructions) has generously offered to send a few sample beads to any leader of a Guild Class who writes to her *enclosing a stamped addressed envelope*. Don't be afraid of doing this, it will show that you are interested, and Mrs. Macdonald really means what she says.

Good luck to you all in your bead making!

To some of You.

Hearty and sincere congratulations to those 76 Guildites whose names are in the 1933 Results Book. I think that you have all done splendidly, and want you to know that Our Guild is proud of you. There may be some Guildites who sat for the examinations and yet their names are not to be found in the lists (I have no means of getting to know); if there are, to them I say also "well done," for remember, "the only failure is in ceasing to strive," and the so-called failure this year will help towards success next year.

Wanted.

Mr. Hales, the Honorary Musical Director of Attercliffe Lyceum, asks for original poems to set to music. If any Lyceumist can oblige please write direct to Mr. Hales, 60, Hunsley Street, Sheffield, 9.

Any contribution to the Hobby branch of Our Guild will be gratefully received. You who have tried various things in your classes please write and let me know so that I can pass the information on to others.

Also, one Guild Secretary writes to say that she has a pile of Art and Crafts supplements to dispose of—these give hints on raffia, leatherwork, pewter, etc. If any Guild class would care to have some please write to me.

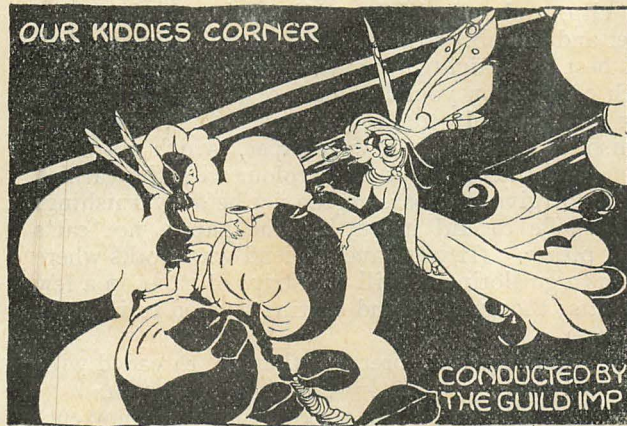
Competition.

The results will be announced next month—but I am very disappointed with Junior entries.

I hope that Guild classes are beginning to meet now for the winter session, and that you are all full of energy and new ideas.

The Guild Leader,
GLADYS M. HALLIDAY.

28, Moorlands Place,
Free School Lane,
Halifax.



Dear Little Imps,

Here comes brown October, "when to gather nuts is pleasant!" What a generous year this is. The hedges and woodlands seem to be having a very special Harvest Festival of their own, since they have such lots of nuts and berries. With such bright berries, the leaves scarcely need to don their Autumn dresses. But, we need have no fears about that. Every leaf that can be gay, will surely add to the colours of this rich Autumn. They know that falling leaves must be lovely if they are to do their own work for the fairies. Let me tell you about that.

AUTUMN AND THE FAIRIES.

Autumn once had a dreadful thought. She decided that the fairies did not need her help, and felt terribly sad about it. That is just the worst of only thinking once. If, like clever people, Autumn had thought twice, instead of only once, she must have known that the fairies need everything in the world that is lovely. Perhaps Autumn was shy, or, may be, she did not know how pretty she really was, but she certainly did think that she was useless to the fairy folk.

It happened this way: Autumn had been told by the gossiping wind that many people thought the Autumn months were sad ones. Winter meant jolly fireside times, and gave them the friendly Christmas-time, and a New Year of young hopes. Spring happily wakened up the world, whilst Summer-time meant sunshine and flowers, and holidays, but, oh dear, Autumn brought flowerless gardens, and falling leaves.

Poor Autumn thought about that, and too quickly decided that if the fairies needed her, she wouldn't ever make people feel sad. How could the fairies use her? She knew they frolicked in the snow, and were busy at Christmas. She knew how happy the Spring-time made them, and what fun they had amongst Summer's flowers, but, what did they do in her time? The season felt quite lonely for she couldn't think of anything at all that she might do for the fairies.

Somehow those inquisitive fairies found out why Autumn was sad. Perhaps that same wind had gossiped with them too, or, perhaps, they just guessed it for themselves one day when Autumn was especially quiet. Well, sadness and fairy folk cannot live to-

gether, and so, the fairies simply had to show Autumn how wonderful she was. Of course, they always had liked and needed her, but they had forgotten to tell her for such a long time. When people never hear the nice things about themselves, they begin to think they are not at all nice. That was really Autumn's trouble.

At once, all Fairyland set out to show Autumn how much the world loved and needed her. It was a wonderful Autumn. Dry sunny days showed up the gleaming berries in every hedge; never had there been more fruit, orchards were loaded with good stores, and apples and plums fell from the trees to save folks the trouble of picking them. Nuts and acorns were almost as plentiful as blackberries. Farmers smiled happily on their crowded barns. The fairies didn't need to scatter many thoughts amongst the people, for soon everyone was saying "What a wonderful Autumn this is." Even the miserable folks felt too pleased to growl, as they usually did, that "Many berries mean a hard Winter."

Autumn smiled, but still she wasn't quite satisfied. Of course people were glad of her gifts, they needed her every year, but, did the fairies need her too. She still was afraid, that, of all the seasons, she was useless to the fairies. She knew that the fairies always helped her to find new homes for the seed babies. Did she help the fairies?

The poor fairies thought and thought. They must find out some very special work that only Autumn could do? They found out that special work. A naughty fairy baby showed it to them when she was being very naughty indeed. You know how, whenever a new little baby smiles for the very first time, that a baby fairy is born? Well, until they are big enough to look after themselves, all the baby fairies that are born in the Spring and Summer time, live in the trees. That is because the trees make such fine cradles. Now, tree cradles are the very thing during the warm weather, but they are not a bit of use for draughty days and nights. Therefore, each Autumn, the nurse fairies have to bring their babies down from the trees to tuck them up in thistledown blankets for the Winter. Oh dear, dear, dear, what a time those nurses have. The babies hate to leave the trees, because they are so fond of the birds and the little winds that come to play with them. Getting the babies from the trees to the ground used to be a dreadful job, but, not now. Autumn showed a new way.

One very naughty baby would not let her nurse fly to earth with her. That baby climbed on to a rosy leaf, and clung tight. Just when the nurse didn't know what to do next, the leaf broke away from the twig, and flew, gracefully and gently down to the ground. The nurse followed gleefully, and saw how safely her baby had reached the earth and was ready for Blanket-town. Quickly the good news spread. Autumn's lovely leaves made ideal flying machines in which baby fairies could safely travel from their trees to the ground. Autumn was happy at last.

No other season allowed the leaves to fall, and so, here was her own work for the fairies. Therefore Imps, if ever a leaf takes a long time to fall, just think, it must be giving a joy-ride to a darling baby fairy.

With my love, Imps,

MEG.



My Dear Boys and Girls,

You with all your Yah! Yah! Yah's! and He! he! He's! because you have gone back to school. What shall I do with you this month.

If I were your School Master or Mistress, I might be tempted to use a cane, but, there, I forgot, you are all such little angels that you would not need it. Oh, yes, says you, and rightly so, too. Which, of course, denotes there may be some doubt about it, this I will leave you to solve yourselves.

There was one little boy who used to live in a house which was built several feet high from the ground. When he was about to get a good spanking from his mother, ran away and hid under the house. Later his father crawled under to find him. When he reached him he was greeted by the following remark: "Hallo, Dad; is she after you too."

With all your faults, I hope you do not do things like that.

A few weeks ago I saw a little girl crying her eyes out, as we say. Not only were her eyes wet, but also her clothes were soaked. I put my arm round her and tried to comfort her, soon we were pals; this is what she told me: "I fell into the pond in the park, and there is a policeman at the corner whom I am afraid of."

I assured her that he was one of the best friends little boys and girls had. By this time he had joined me and together we were able to find out her name and address and arrange for her to be taken home quickly, so that she could get a change of clothing.

This little incident started me thinking why it is that boys and girls so often are afraid of a policeman or your school teachers.

I know you hold a naming service of your own and call them all sorts of nicknames, but they may not be aware of this fact. Even some of you may forget it says in *The Manual* that we should not call anyone by an unwelcome nickname. I cannot say too much to you about doing this sort of thing, for I have been guilty of doing it when I was at school.

That does not find a cause of your fear. I do not think it is because you are naughty. I am inclined to think that it is often due to the fact that, when you were very tiny, some elder persons used to tell you if you were naughty they would tell a policeman or your school master or mistress; that idea has grown with you.

Whether this is the cause or not, I want you to get this notion out of your minds, for if ever you find you have the misfortune to meet with an accident like the little girl, or any other mishap, there is no better person to help you than a policeman. In the same way at school, if you place confidence in your teachers you will find they are your friends. This brings me to the subject I want to talk to you about: "The Links of Friendship."

Links, do not mistake me and think I am going to talk to you about playing golf; nothing of the kind. The links I want to talk about first are those we find in chains.

Just for illustration, we will think of three very common ones which you are able to see every day. The first is a very tiny one, usually found on a bracelet, and is called a safety chain; not very strong, but serves a very useful purpose.

Secondly, the watch chain, which is made up of stronger links, always being pulled and pushed just where we want it. Then, thirdly, a very powerful chain which you see on railway trucks, and is known as the coupling chain; these are so made to stand the strongest strain possible.

We could, of course, consider the many ways this word link could be used.

For instance, we refer to the Postal Service as being a link between friends.

Inventions as the links of progress; History as links between the past and the present.

Then there is the missing link, but his having not been found, we need not worry about this one.

The three I have already quoted will serve our purpose. Considering them in the light of friendship links, the smallest link I will call the stranger: the boy or girl who comes to school for the first time, unknown to any one of you. Then the next link I will refer to as an acquaintance: those children who we see every day, but only know by passing them on the way to and from school. The strongest link of all is the coupling chain, which I call friendship.

To have a friend, we have to be one, so what are the qualifications of a friend, a pal, or a real chum?

Why, is it not sharing our joys and troubles alike; standing by each other in times of failure as well as success; ever seeking to be true and faithful in all our dealings.

One weak link in a chain may soon divide it into two sections, while one weak link in the chain of friendship soon causes misunderstanding and mistrust and spoil our best intentions.

School life is perhaps as hard as any stage in life's history, but if you let these noble ideas of friendship start now and grow up with you, until you enter the larger world of business, you will find how useful they will become.

Of course, you will make hundreds of acquaintances during your life, but there will only be a limited number which can be classed under the heading of Coupling Chains, made up by links of real, true friendship.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. 199:—"Seaside."

PUZZLE NO. 200:—

THLYCMSSCHLWRTHYFVST

If you insert the missing vowels in their correct order between the above letters, you will find out what a Lyceumist said to a friend.

Results of Essay Competitions will be given next month.

With love,
UNCLE BERT.

Rubberondo,
126, Woodlands Road,
Isleworth, Middx.

OUR RESTORATION FUND.

Again we are grateful for the following donations to the above fund, which have been received this month: Beeston Spiritualists' Church, Notts. per G. Wayman, £1.; Hull No. 1. (Holborn Hall) Lyceum per J. H. Rosser, £1 15s.; Daulby Hall, per C. W. Dixon, £8 5s.; Wigan Lyceum, per J. Bird, 4s.; Mrs. E. Clitheroe, 2s. 6d.; Stockport, Chatham Street Lyceum, per E. Brown £2. Total £13 6s. 6d.

In the September BANNER the last item in donations should read, Middleton Old Hall St., 10s.

I am pleased to give you an example of what can be done by enthusiasm and a little sacrifice on the part of all Lyceumists.

One Lyceum has adopted the "Lyceum Houses Scheme" and it is reported that this scheme has been an immense success socially as well as financially. All the Lyceumists caught the spirit of co-operation and service and joined together, determined to make it a success. The Lyceum was divided into four Houses (adults and children equally distributed) under the headings of B.S.L.U. standing for 1. Beauty, 2. Spirituality, 3. Love, 4. Unity. The members of each house determined their own procedure, electing a secretary, etc. Great interest and enjoyment has been manifested and all four houses are still competing for the largest total amount raised in three months by parties, competitions, sale of sweets, confectionery, etc., and up to date £9 has been donated to the Restoration Fund. I mention this success as an example for other Lyceums to follow. Any Lyceum can take it up, and if each Lyceumist determines to do his or her little bit, it is surprising how the "pennies grow to pounds." If any Lyceum wishes further details, please do not hesitate to write me.

In another Lyceum a member composed a Limerick, making a small entrance fee, half the proceeds was given as a prize and the other half donated to our Funds. I hope other Lyceumists will copy this example. In another instance, a Service of Song was rendered in aid of the Fund. There are many ways by which a Lyceum can help providing the "will" is there. Please do your best towards making a "bumping" total for next month.

In reference to the suggested "Jumble Sale." If holding it in November should clash with any previous arrangement, do not give up the idea but take the first opportunity nearest that time. I do hope all Lyceums will endeavour to adopt it, because it is a means within the scope of all Lyceums, irrespective of size, locality, or financial standing.

It has been suggested, and some District Councils are adopting the idea, that they try and encourage each Lyceum to promise a donation of at least £2 by the end of the year. Will Councils please consider this suggestion, and work towards gaining this promise.

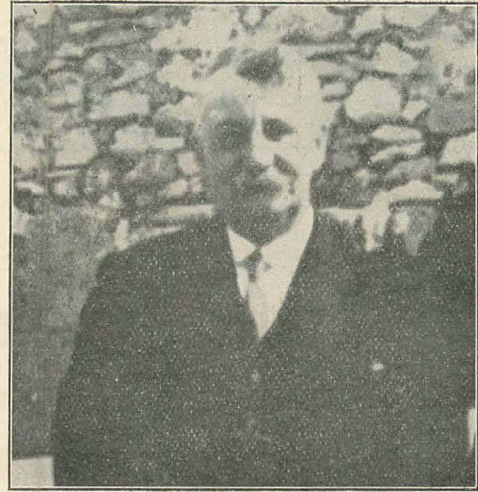
With sincere thanks to all helpers.

LILLIE GEORGE,

Hon. Sec.

85, Queen's Road,
Everton, Liverpool.

THE THINGS WE HEAR. OLD BOLTON WORKER'S TRANSITION.



In placing on record the passing of Mr. W. Ridings, we feel that our Church and Lyceum have sustained a great loss. Associated as he had been with the church and lyceum for over 25 years and serving as organist for that period of time, he will thus be greatly missed by all visiting speakers whom he always received with a smile.

Whilst Lyceumists will miss him in training them for Social events, especially the young children for whom he had much interest and patience.

He also held office as Treasurer in the Lyceum for 16 years. We at Bolton, Bradford Street, feel this to be a Life of service well done, and worthy to be placed on record.

To his wife and daughter, to whom he was always dutiful, we extend our deepest sympathy in their sad parting.

UNITED L.D.C.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Council will take place in the Church and Lyceum, Vernon Street, Nelson, on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 21st and 22nd, 1933.

Meeting to commence at 6-30 p.m., Saturday. Tea will be provided by our Nelson friends at a charge of 1s. A good attendance of delegates is requested as business is important.

Fees are now due, such fees being 1s. per each Lyceum in affiliation to the D.C.

Agenda:—1. Opening exs., 2. Pro Tem Appointments, 3. Minutes, 4. Correspondence, 5. Pres. Address, 6. Reports, i.e., Sec's. Conference, etc., 7. Elect Officers and Auditors, 8. Open Council, Notices of Motion, etc., Education, 9. Date and place of next meeting, 10. Votes of Thanks, 11. Closing exercises.

With every good wish for a successful meeting.

A. S. DICKINSON, Sec.

LIVERPOOL D.C.

The Liverpool Lyceum District Council held their quarterly meeting on Sept. 9th, at Warrington.

Arising out of the minutes Mr. Roberts reported the opening of a new Lyceum in Liverpool "The Temple of Light."

Reports: Secretary: The Eisteddfod yielded a profit of 15s. 9d. Southport, Daulby Hall, Runcorn, Birkenhead, Wigan and Onward Lyceums entered candidates. Fifty-six Lyceumists competed and 19 prizes were awarded. It was pointed out that many Lyceumists were disappointed owing to certain items not being taken because of insufficient entries. Mr. Norbury officiated as Adjudicator.

District Visitor. Mr. Roberts reported having visited Chester, St. Helens, and Prescott Lyceums. Treasurer: Mr. Jones reported a cash in hand of £2 16s. 6d. in the General Fund and £3 5s. in the Pooling Scheme Fund. Manchester and Salford L.D.C. Mrs. George reported upon her visit as delegate and the friendly and co-operative feeling prevailing between the two councils.

S. West Lancs. Group. Mrs. George reported upon meetings held on Sat. May 20th and Sept. 2nd. giving details of next

year's Good Friday Demonstration to be held in Warrington and the visit of Mr. Berry to the Liverpool District as Organising Propagandist.

B.S.L.U. Conference. Mr. Roberts gave a detailed report supplemented by Mr. Jones.

Adjudicator. Mr. Hart gave a very interesting general criticism of our Session Competition which aroused good discussion. Mr. Jones, the chairman, congratulated Daulby Hall on winning the Shield and Southport as second on the list. A very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Hart.

Eisteddfod 1934. It was decided to approach Wigan church for the venue, and the date to be the first available Saturday in June. All Lyceums are invited to send suggestions re-additional items for competition, to the Secretary, not later than Oct. 31st.

B.S.L.U. Conference in Liverpool 1934. The response to Liverpool's appeal re assistance was rather disappointing, only two Lyceums have definitely promised to help.

A very hearty vote of thanks was given to Warrington friends. *Will Lyceums requiring tea at the Massed Session to be held at Runcorn Church on Sunday, October 20th at 2-30 p.m. please notify Mr. H. Cohen, 12, Waterloo Rd., Runcorn, Cheshire. All Lyceumists and friends are invited.* L. GEORGE, Sec.

HALIFAX AND HUDDERSFIELD L D.C.

The Quarterly Meeting was held at Alma St., on Sept. 3rd. The total income for the quarter was £3 10s. 8½d., expenditure 11s. 8½d., leaving a balance in hand of £3 5s., and bank balance of £2 2s.

A committee of four was appointed to report to the next meeting on the new Constitution as published for last Conference. It was decided to send Adjudication Results by post.

It was unanimously agreed that all money received at the social for presentation of Shield and Bell be forwarded to the Restoration Fund.

Next Meeting: Nov. 5th, at 10-30 a.m. St. Peter Street.
G. HALLIDAY, Sec.

D.V. REPORT.

I visited Brighouse on May 14th. Punctual start, singing good. Readings very fair, marching and calisthenics well rendered. On July 15th I visited Quarmby, singing very good, good comment on readings. Recitations and Pearls well rendered. Marching and calisthenics well conducted.

E. SMITH, D.V.

NORTH-EAST LANCs. L.D.C

The meeting of the above Council was held at Preston, on August 26th, 1933. Miss Lawton and Mr. T. Wood were appointed credential officers.

The Secretary reported that there were two delegates present from the N.E. Lancs. Group of Churches in conformity with the resolution of the last meeting, to further the work and co-operation of Churches and Lyceums.

The minutes of last meeting were read and accepted. Arrising out of the Correspondence it was agreed to notify all N.E. Lancs. Lyceums of the offer of the Blackburn Concert Party.

The Secretary in his report spoke in reference to the General Affairs of the Union, and the need for creating ways and means to assist in the Restoration Fund Appeal.

Questions were asked by several delegates re. Election of Area Rep. for Area E. It appeared there had been some mistake in the issue of the Ballot Forms, and it was agreed to write to the General Secretary and protest, claiming the right to a re-election in the Area.

Mr. J. Sutton was appointed accredited representative to N.E. Lancs Group Meeting in November.

Some discussion took place re uniformity of demonstrating Calisthenics. Mr. Railton, mov., J. Railton, sec. "That there be a definite uniform series of Calisthenics, and that all Lyceums be adjudicated thereon."

The question was discussed re Mr. Latham's resignation on account of his poor health. After inviting Mr. Latham to retain the position, it was agreed to accept his resignation with regret and to place on record our thanks for his valuable services.

The question of Constitution Revision was placed before the Council and they were asked what were their Lyceums doing in this matter. A hearty vote of thanks was given to Preston Friends.

The next Meeting of the Council will be held at Barnoldswick, on Nov. 25th, 1933.

J.S. Sec.

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, Argyle St.—On August 6th we held our Open Day for the Lyceum conducted by Miss E. Tabiner. Recitations, Pearls and Solos were well rendered. The marching and calisthenics, Silver Chains and Golden Chain Readings, Musical Readings, questions and answers were enjoyed at all sessions.—Mrs. H. Dunn, Hon. Sec.

ACCRINGTON, Pearl St.—On Sept. 10th, 1933, we held our Open Session. The following scholars took part. Recitations by Jean Wright, Bessie Hilton, Thomas Laycock, Francis Laycock, Stella Wright, Jean Hilton, Madge Shuttleworth, Stanley Laycock, Nellie Laycock, Miss Barnes, Walter Taylor. Hymn by the Children. Songs by Phyllis Edwards, Nellie Laycock, Miss Keniford, B. Edwards, and others. The Lyceum was conducted by Mr. Duckworth, visiting conductor from North St., Burnley.—J. T. Nussey, Sec.

BACUP.—Open Session Aug. 6th. Pearls: Mr. Lord, James Taylor, Joan Patchett, Dorothy Halsall, Joyce Savage, Mrs. Carter, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Harris. Solos: Mr. Harris, Mary McKenna, Mrs. Wright, Gladys M. Holmes, Mrs. Carter, Mr. Shaw. Duets, Mrs. Wright, Alice Wright. Groups: Mary McKenna, Doris Clayburn, Edward Pettitt, Harry Salts, James Clements.—S. Carter, A.N.S.C., Sec.

BIRKENHEAD.—Open Session, Aug 6th, 1933. Conductor, Mr. Reg. Robb. Recitations by Mrs. and Donald Mars, Gwenie, Muriel and Florrie Watson, Eileen Probyn, Mr. Taylor, Peggy Williams and Lilian Saunders. Pearls by Miss E. Thompson, Ernest Kneale, Mrs. Mars, Mr. Taylor. Violin Solo, Albert Thompson. Pianoforte Solos: Eileen Edwards and Mr. Whiteley.—Mrs. Kneale, Sec.

BLACKBURN, St. Peter St.—Open Session, July 30th. Items rendered by H. and E. Holding, E. Thompson, Mrs. F. Robinson, Mrs. J. A. Battersby. Mrs. J. B. Battersby officiated at a Naming ceremony. Child named Eva May Bullen, Spirit name Joy. Saturday, Aug. 5th, was our field day, over 600 walked in the procession to the field for sports, dancing, etc., Wilpshire Prize Band rendered the music of Great Day.—Mr. T. Wood, Hon. Sec.

BLACKPOOL.—We held our Lyceum Session on Sunday, Aug. 13th. Mrs. E. Johnson of Bolton was our Speaker for the day. Recitations were given by Eileen Long, Mrs. Johnson, Pianoforte solo by Miss Pearson. Solo by Mrs. E. H. Rothwell. A very good attendance.—E. H. Rothwell, Sec.

BOLTON, Dean Rd.—On Sunday, July 30th, the E.C. of the Bolton Lyceum District Council paid a visit to our Lyceum, which gave the officers fresh courage to go forward.—E. Bleackley, Sec.

CHESTERFIELD.—Open Session, August 6th. The following Lyceumists gave items: Joan and Vera Rippon, Audrey and Eveline Clements, Norman and Kathleen Clements, Mervyn, Glyn and Irene Cowell, Irene, Harold, and Mr. E. Hobster, Jackie Smith, Betty Bennett, Shirley Widdowson, George Adams, Ivy Hall, Arthur Marshall, Fred Gore and Mr. Campbell.—S. Hobster, Sec.

DARWEN.—We were honoured by the presence of Mr. J. Shuttleworth and Mr. J. Slimin, President and Vice-President of the B.S.L.U. at our Open Session on Sept. 3rd, when many helpful thoughts were expressed. Recitations, solos and pearls by Lyceumists also helped to make the session a success.—J. Blackledge, Sec.

DERBY, Charnwood St.—A Memorial session, inspiring in its beauty was held on Sunday, July 23rd, for Thomas William Spence, who passed on under tragic circumstances.—George Spence, Sec.

DONCASTER, Catherine St.—We held our Open Session on Aug. 6th. Conducted by Mr. Trout, all Lyceumists taking a part in marching and Callisthenics. We have had our usual trip to Skegness this year, having a very enjoyable time, returning home happy and tired.—Mrs. Webb, Sec.

EARBY.—Open Session, Sept. 3rd. Songs and Recitations were well given by E. Hancock, E. Greenhalgh, R. Hancock, C. Eaton, J. Hancock, A. G. Morby, Mr. W. Millican, K. Hancock, G. Morby, T. Hancock, H. Holden.—Alfred George Morby, Sec.

FLEETWOOD.—The Open Session on Aug. 6th was not quite up to the usual numbers through the glorious weather and many away on holidays. The usual interest was taken up by those present. Recitations were by Ruth Harris, Marie Dews, Irene Roscoe and Tom Wright. Duets by Dorothy Harris and

Kathleen Hague, Minne Weight and Ruth Harris. Solos by Mrs. Parkinson and Laura Moore. The Lyceum was successful in gaining the First Prize in the Hospital Parade with the Tableau, Old King Cole, which brought praise from the spectators en route.—Mrs. L. Vollans, Sec.

HEELY, Gifford Road.—On Bank Holiday Monday a party of Lyceumists and friends spent an enjoyable day's ramble over Houndkirk Moor and Blacka Moor, the last being Sheffield's latest public Park.

HOLLINWOOD.—August 13th. Musical service at 2-30. Items ably rendered by Miss E. Mellor and M. Slater, Mr. V. Slater and Mr. Horsman, Lily Barber and Tom Sanderson. Evening Open Session, several individual efforts by Lyceumists, Adult and Children.—J. Fairbotham, Sec.

HORWICH.—On Aug. 19th we held our Annual Picnic, Lyceumists and friends visited a Garden Party, given by Lyceumists at Westhoughton, we had a most enjoyable day and every one was made welcome.—Mrs. Giles, Sec.

HYDE, George St.—Massed Session held Sunday, Aug. 27th. Conducted by Mrs. Edwards, president of the N.E.C.C. Marching and calisthenics by our conductor Mr. Ralph Lee. Visitors from the different Lyceums were welcomed by the deputy Lyceum Queen, Miss Alice Plover, as our Queen was away. In the evening our session was greatly enjoyed by everyone present, the honour being due to a Male Voice Choir who gave us their services. I am very sorry to report the passing of our church organist, Mr. Mead. he has been one of us for a number of years.—Margretta Mather, Sec.

LANCASTER, Bulk Rd.—Open Session Sept. 3rd. Recitations were given by B. Parker, N. Park, M. Bleasdale, N. Dobson, M. Park, E. Stephenson, D. Bleasdale, W. Hargreaves and M. Dodd.—M. Bouskill, Sec.

LEICESTER, Liberty Progressive—Recitations: Doris Crowdell, Jack Whitbread, Kathleen Crowdell. Readings, Mrs. Hurst, Mrs. Manton, Mrs. Whitbread, Yvonne Dehoux, Cyril Clements: Quartette Kathleen Crowdell, Gladys Warwick, Elsie Garrett and Rosie Newton. Recitation: Mrs. Jordan. Trio: M. Kenney, Mr. Pickford, Miss Ashby. Solos: Mr. Gamble and Mr. Taylor.—Thomas Kenny, Sec.

LIVERPOOL, Temple of Light.—We opened our first Lyceum at 11 a.m. on Sunday, the 11th June. Firstly we gathered in the church then marched to the Lyceum room singing "Open the door for the children," and during the last verse our youngest Lyceumist, Master George Leslie Ault, opened the door, we then sang "Marching to Zion." Invocation was given by Mrs. Ault, followed by Golden and Silver Chain recitations and Musical Reading. Questions were asked and answered, marching and exercises were performed.—W. Ault, Sec.

MIDDLETON, Oldhall St.—July 30th, Beautiful Service of Song by Lyceumists and Friends entitled The Guiding Light, conducted by Mrs. Marcroft, Middleton.—Mrs. Walker, Sec.

MORECAMBE, West End Rd.—Open Session August 6th. Conductor, Mrs. Eyer. Visited by friends from Sheffield. Pearls by Kathleen Liversedge, Olga Lees, Dennis Liversedge and friends.—W. H. Moores, Sec.

SCUNTHORPE.—On Aug. 24th we went to Cleethorpes by train. All children had tea, and a happy but tired party arrived home again, 8-30.—Ivy Sprakes, Sec.

SHEFFIELD, Woodseats.—Sunday, 6th August, Open Session, conducted by Mr. Romanes. Individual items were well rendered both by young and old. Very pleasing session.—L. Grant, Sec.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Harvest Festival, Sept. 17th. Open Session conducted by Mrs. M. E. Pickles of Blackpool. Recitations were given by Sylvia Rushworth, Mary Holt and Joe Mitchell. Mrs. Ackroyd sang "The Harvest Song." Pearls by Mr. T. H. Wright, Mr. V. Hartley, Miss A. Holt and Mrs. Pickles.—Miss F. M. Lees, Sec.

SUNDERLAND.—On Sat. Aug. 26th. we had our annual trip to Seaham Harbour, the weather was fine. The Lyceum Committee had arranged races for all ages; Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Hunt presented the prizes.—Mr. R. W. Scott, Sec.

WEST MELTON.—Lyceumist outing Aug. 24th to River-lin Valley. Lyceumist and Church members all thoroughly enjoyed themselves and had a real good time.—Mrs. J. Hirst, Sec.

WOLVERHAMPTON, Zenith Aim Lyceum—On Aug. 19th we held our Annual Outing by Canal boat to Ashmore Park. We had a fine attendance of friends apart from the Lyceum.—Paul H. Warrilow, Sec.

YORK.—Annual School Treat was held on Saturday, August 19th, when 60 Lyceumists journeyed to Bridlington by road. An enjoyable day was spent.—S. Whitwam, Sec.

ANOTHER EMINENT VICTORIAN (concluded from page 162).

heart than the head, for she realised that the masses move by emotional stirring and not by mental realisation. Her Gospel of Atheism was an appeal to value life for its own sake, to live nobly in that nobility was the greatest good, to follow Truth, in that Truth was its own justification.

As one reads her Freethought Lectures one sees already germinating the next stage in her pilgrimage. Bradlaugh was an individualist, Annie Besant was a Socialist, and long before she actively allied herself to the Fabian Society she was proclaiming the theme of "the greatest good of the greatest number." Always primarily an emotional woman, she desired a God to Worship, and in this the Truth of her Freethought days, and the Mahatmas of her Theosophical activities, are the same entity in a different garb.

The breach with Bradlaugh was caused mainly through his debate with Hyndman, the Socialist. Bradlaugh's training in logical thinking was the factor that disrupted the passionate alliance of himself and Annie Besant. She saw Hyndman had the better of his opponent, and as a result drifted from Atheism to Fabianism.

Since leaving her husband, her pen and her oratory had been her financial mainstay. The outstanding characteristic of this amazing woman was her tireless energy. Her work in social reform brought her in contact with W. T. Stead, then Editor of "The Review of Reviews," who, upon the advice of George Bernard Shaw, asked her to review for him "The Secret Doctrine," by Helen Petrova Blavatsky. Once more the wheel of fate had turned, once more the Light called her to follow its gleam. She had already contacted spiritualistic phenomena and been impressed by its truth, but here in Theosophy she found a New Arabian Night, a fantasy so alluring that it at once claimed her allegiance. Truth was her watchword, and here was Truth in all her glory. The Ancient Wisdom called, and she, "although born this time in a Western body," found once more her spiritual home, India, and Hinduism, the priceless heritage of Spiritual Light.

To Madam Blavatsky Theosophy was primarily a mental exercise. To Annie Besant it was a way of life. The genius of the Russian Seer inspired the vision of a new heaven and a new earth. The tireless energy of the Social Reformer sought practical ways of making the vision an actuality.

From now onwards her life was to be a series of minor melodies on a major theme, and that theme was Theosophy, with its varied paraphernalia of Reincarnation, Karma and Masters of the Wisdom. Of her work for India we need say little. No sacrifice was too great for this land of her adoption. India had shown her the Light, Hinduism had opened up the Way, and to its glory the rest of her life was to be devoted. In her childhood she had worshipped the Radiant Vision of the Christ, in her maturity she once more found the same Vision reclaiming her as its own. And the Christ to her was no narrow theological conception, He was the essence of all Wisdom, expressed in and through the vehicles of the world's religions. As each age had rolled by the Teacher had come to set the pattern of the age to be born. We were living through the passing of an age, a new age was in its birth pangs. Again He who should be its pattern, whose teaching should be its key, must tread the ways of men. In conjunction with Charles Webster Leadbetter, a man of doubtful moral standing, she launched her next and last campaign, "The Coming of a World Teacher." Alas! Poor Yorick! The best laid schemes of mice and men, etc. Jiddu Krishnamurti, the vehicle of the Wisdom, after years of preparation, recanted. The Order of the Star, founded by Annie Besant and Charles Leadbetter, which owned him as the Chosen One, was by him disowned and disbanded. Her life had been a series of defeats, in that the very Truth she sought ever evaded her grasp.

Yet her very defeat was in itself her victory, for no sooner did one avenue fail her than she found a new channel of self-expression, each turn and twist in the endless quest, crowning her with fresh laurels, and adding greater glory to her name.

And so she died as she lived, a loyal disciple of Truth, an ardent servant of mankind, an inspiring example of womanhood triumphant. Though Causes failed her, Annie Besant never failed. Social Reform, Education, Woman's Suffrage, and Indian Home Rule, all bear the marks of her endeavours. Of her riches she gave freely, she valued life ever for its own sake, and in so doing sowed the seeds that yielded a rich harvest. With all her failings, she was the Noblest Woman of her Age, the Brightest Star in the dawn-time of a New World.