

THE LYCEUM BANNER

VOL. XLIII. No. 513.

NOVEMBER, 1933.

PRICE TWOPENCE.



BEVERLEY NICHOLS

■ ■ ■ STILL ■ ■ ■

"CRIES HAVOC"—

important things than that. And one of them is the appalling ignorance of the Colonel himself, an ignorance which is typical of the state of mind of a great many of the ruling classes of this country.

Colonel Birch's letter was a short one, but it contained three fundamental fallacies.

First of all he says: "No sensible people believe the absurd slogan 'War to End War.'"

A sentence like that makes my flesh creep. If the slogan "War to End War" was absurd, then the rulers of this country, in the last war, were a band of detestable hypocrites compared with whom Judas Iscariot was a saint.

It was precisely this slogan which was responsible for hundreds of thousands of young men, who might otherwise have wavered, giving themselves for the last sacrifice.

They believed the slogan. They were fighting for England, yes, but they were fighting for something nobler than that. It was that "something" which gave them the ultimate courage.

I was at school during most of the war, and I went to Oxford immediately after it. Every intelligent young man, in those days, was fired with the hope and the ideal of lasting peace.

The Colonel tells us, now, that we were not "sensible." I quite agree. It is evident that we were damned fools. And that is precisely the reason why we do not intend to go on being damned fools any longer.

Fallacy No. 2. "The O.T.Cs," says the Colonel, "teach unselfishness and humility."

If this is so, then the O.T.Cs. are a dangerous and pernicious institution. An O.T.C. has only one excuse for its existence, and that is that it is a strictly efficient military organization. Otherwise, it is merely a cheating symbol. If you put a rifle into a boy's hand you are behaving like a cowardly hypocrite if you do

I HAVE READ with interest the letter from Col. V. K. Birch, informing you that he intended to stop his subscription to the LYCEUM BANNER, on account of the leading article in praise of my book "Cry Havoc!" I regret that I should have been the cause of losing you a subscriber. However, there are more im-

not tell him that this rifle is *not* a pretty toy, and is in no way connected with "unselfishness" or "humility." A rifle was designed for killing, and for no other purpose. The O.T.Cs. treat rifles as though they were ribbons, to be waved in some little boyish dance. Pacifists are not quite so illogical as that.

Lastly, the Colonel says "Surely to die for others is nobler than to live a few years longer in a material and sordid world."

This is about as perfect an example of muddle-headed nonsense as I have ever come across. Pacifists, let me assure the Colonel, consider it is somewhat more difficult to *live* for others than to die for them.

However, that is not the point. The point is, who are these "others?" If the Colonel will take the trouble to read "Cry Havoc!" he will realize that they are *not* the common people, nor the decent people, millions of whom, in England to-day, are in a state of

destitution and misery.

No, the "others" for whom the Colonel wishes us to die are the armament makers, and the big business bosses, who are the only people who ever have benefited, or ever will benefit, from this disease called war.

—BUT

"THE COLONEL

■ DISAGREES." ■

Charlecote,
Milford Grove,
Salisbury.

Sept. 5th.

Dear Sir,

I do not wish to renew my subscription to the "Lyceum Banner." In your Sept. issue you have a leading article with which I entirely disagree. It was (to me) a pleasure to turn to that by J. C. Walters, "To Feed the Flame." I have no desire to read about the misguided opinions of Norman Angel and Beverley Nichols. Pacifism is a laudable teaching, but surely to die for others is nobler than to live a few years longer in a material and sordid world.

No sensible people believed the absurd slogan "War to end War!" The Boy Scouts Association and O.T.C. teach unselfishness, nobility of character, fair dealing, humility, etc. (which our National Schools no longer teach) and I feel sure the world has realized this, though Pacifists, usually militant, have not.

Yours faithfully,

COL. V. K. BIRCH.

PEACE - AND THE RISING GENERATION.

IT IS 15 YEARS SINCE THE GREAT War ended and it is like a nightmare to look back upon—a dream of agony, filth and death—everyone would be glad to forget it.

But what of the future? Is there any risk that this frightful thing may happen again? There is, so long as the chief nations of the world keep up great Navies, Armies and Air Forces, and we can never be safe against another World War so long as the governments of the world maintain their desire for armaments.

We have the League of Nations, we have an International Court, we have machinery for Arbitration and declarations against war, and yet the standing armies are greater than they were at the time of the outbreak of the Great War.

It is one thing to realise that war is stupid and obsolete, but quite another to act on the knowledge, and there exists a danger that, as in the last war, the roll of the drum and repetition of catch words and slogans will stampede the youth of the nations. To-day almost everyone pays lip service to the cause of peace, but far too few express their bitter disappointment that progress towards the goal is so slow.

Those who have worked for it during the past 14 years, and those who studied the attitude of some of the great national dailies, must wonder where the opposition comes from. It does not spring from any casual apathy to disarmament, but is part of a policy deliberately fostered and engineered by those who have a financial stake in the manufacture and sale of arms. Their hostility is not a result of blind patriotism, they do not aim at the triumph of any particular nation, but they are willing to make profits out of the degradation and suffering of the peoples of every nation.

Those who make arms live on the divisions of nations. The idea that if you want peace you must prepare for war is still held by many.

In 1921 the League of Nations Commission which had been examining the question of the private manufacture of Arms averred that arms contractors had been active in fomenting war scares with the object of persuading their countries to increase their arms.

Surely it is time that this horrible trade should be put under restriction?

The moral and humanitarian reasons for Disarmament are evident. Many Government pledges have been made on the subject since the War. One of the first of these statements was contained in Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations:

"The members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with National safety, and the enforcement by common action of international obligations."

The Covenant is an essential part of the Treaty of Versailles, and is as binding on Great Britain as on the



BY

FRANK T. HARRIS.

other signatories. Part 5 of that Treaty required Germany to disarm in order to "render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations."

It was on this understanding that Germany accepted this part of the Treaty and it is only logical to assume that unless this part is carried out, then the other parts cannot be regarded as binding.

The Covenant of the League of Nations points a way out, and provides an adequate foundation for action in enforcing the peaceful settlement of disputes.

The problem is bound up with that of Disarmament. Disarmament does not mean giving up something, but gaining something—Security—from the fear that the other nations of the world are conspiring either singly or together to build up great armaments. Disarmament is an evolutionary process and as such can be achieved only by international agreement.

War will be ruled out only when the nations have reduced their armaments to the level of domestic Police Forces.

The Nations must be willing to have their disputes settled by an international court just as individual disputes are settled in Courts of Law. Separate countries will have to give up keeping vast independent fighting forces, just as individuals have been deterred from taking the law into their own hands.

It may take a long time before we reach this ideal. It may only be reached a step at a time, but it is no use waiting for someone else to take the first step.

In his Presidential address at the first assembly of the League of Nations in 1920 M. Paul Hymans summed up the feeling that is growing rapidly in the minds of those who remain of the men who fought in the last war. He said:

"Let us appeal to Youth. It is upon them that the great burden is laid, on the youth of all the countries in the world. It is to Youth that I appeal to construct the new moral world, which is indispensable to the full growth of the League of Nations."

For the future there can be only one road, and that is the road of Peace. It is along this that the enthusiasm and idealism of Youth must lead the way, from the futility of War as a way to settle national disputes.

The League of Nations passes each year more directly into the hands of the generation which has arisen to manhood and womanhood since the War. The League, with its inevitable appeal to the spirit of chivalry and fair play and its clear call to the comradeship of Youth in the greatest enterprise that mankind has ever undertaken, cannot succeed or reach its full development unless the enthusiasm, the brains, and the faith of Youth are behind it. The fate of the World is in its hands. Do not let succeeding generations lay the charge at the door of Youth that can be laid at the door of middle age.

WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS MOST WORTH?

BY

RONALD
McCORQUODALE

LIFE IS AN EDUCATIVE EXPERIENCE of trial and conflict.

It must never be forgotten that one great object of our life in the visible universe is obviously to learn and that advance in learning implies a high purpose kept steadily before us.

We have to learn to know ourselves and to understand the world in which we find ourselves. The efforts of all scientists in their pursuit of truth are directed to this one end:—to reveal the nature of man's existence and the universe of whose creative forces he is the crowning achievement.

The mind must therefore be trained in those subjects that give necessary knowledge. We must learn to use our brain and body properly. This necessitates a study of the biological sciences since we must know how the body works and understand the physiology of the brain and nervous system. The study of psychology pays us. It teaches us how to be masters of ourselves—to understand something of our own being. We must know our inner selves—how the mind works, how it grows, how it develops. By examining the processes of sense perception and reflecting on our own self-consciousness we gradually learn something about the greatest mystery in the universe—the mystery of ourselves. In a word, we must know our own minds.

Furthermore we must learn to think clearly and rationally. The study of logic will enable us to become acquainted with the general principles of valid reasoning. To acquire the art of thinking is absolutely necessary. All knowledge depends upon the ability to reason. We must not merely think rationally, but learn to express our thoughts. How few of us really acquire the art of writing and speaking.

The art of expression is a fundamental requisite of success in life. This art of expression must be cultivated by learning the grammar of our language. To learn grammar is to understand the principles that regulate the construction of words. Only by such study can we know how to use words in a valid way, as well as being able to reason in a valid manner. Efficient mental work requires, however, a sound brain and nervous system. Therefore learn how to use your bodily mechanism. Train the body as well as the mind. Educate and cultivate the senses; let your perceptions be accurate and precise. Develop a systematic habit of observation.

To cultivate your mind you must acquire the art of reading. Remember Bacon's words: "Reading maketh a full man." Books present to us a resumé of scholarship and thought and convey to us something of the richness of life. Read the works of the world's classical thinkers. By extensive and intensive study store your mind with facts about all departments of knowledge. Read widely and cultivate wide interests. But you must not merely acquire knowledge—you must know how to organize, use and apply it. A good store of knowledge organized into suitable masses and systems: this is one requisite for a truly successful life.

After seeking to know ourselves and thus aiming at self-realisation we should then endeavour to understand the universe in which we exist. The study of the natural sciences will

enable us to penetrate into the nature of the things—to understand how things came to be.

The world of matter is of surpassing beauty and repays a lifetime of study. Its study cannot fail to impress one with the glory and majesty of existence. We should seek to explore things as they are and to ascertain by brooding and thinking what our earthly dwelling place is really like. It must be remembered, however, that the pursuit of truth, is not all that is necessary. There is moral and spiritual education to consider. The spiritual life, or the full life, is inspired by the ideals of the true, the good, and the beautiful. Truth, beauty, and goodness, are an indissoluble whole. A human being is not and should not be limited to any one of these departments. To comprehend the nature of reality one must be something of a philosopher and take a comprehensive view.

Perhaps the chief lesson of life is to teach us *how* to live. We may learn how to use our body and our brains and yet not have learnt how to live.

To live wisely and well is the essence of wisdom and the highest achievement of learning. Mankind has yet to learn how to live. All our rational problems which distress and perplex us to-day arise from this failure to use and apply the knowledge we possess in making life full and happy. How full of joy and beauty life would be if we could only learn or acquire the art of living! Only by acquiring that art can we make existence the lovely thing it ought to be. Our economic life would not be so chaotic and poverty would not exist in a world of plenty if men knew *how* to live.

Let us learn to devote our knowledge to the service of the highest and best. The world is impressed by example and not argument. Let your culture and learning reveal itself in your way of life and remember that the fullness of life is not measured by the span of years. The real function of higher education is the cultivating of the seeing eye and the understanding heart in order to appreciate the real meaning and value of life itself. Only by such development of your heart, brain and soul, can you be able to appreciate the great discoveries that are made in science, to sympathize with human struggle and effort, and to perceive the beauty and order of nature, to take a worthy part in the life around you, and to participate in the highest aspirations of man. You must aim at self-culture and realisation in order to acquire true wealth.

John Ruskin taught me the true meaning of wealth—to see the world as it is and it soon became for me a new world full of charm and loveliness. This point shows the value of reading. Next to Ruskin I commend to all young minds the works of Emerson. Emerson taught me to see with the mind. An acquaintance with him will develop the intellect and quicken the reason. A

WHAT WE TAUGHT OUR CHILDREN ABOUT DEATH

IN OUR HOME LIFE THE WORD Death is never used to denote the mere dissolution of the physical body. To us it always means the entry of the spirit into Spirit Life, the dissolution and burial of the physical body being accepted as the natural accompaniment and consequence of the withdrawal of the spirit from normal, physical manifestation—even when it has occurred in our own family circle. How my wife and I brought our children to this desirable mental attitude I shall try to describe later; but first let us consider a fact that must ever be kept in mind because of its vital importance.

There is no need to bring the physical side of death specially to the notice of children. On the contrary, it cannot be hidden from them, and its mental effect must be recognised and combated. Death surrounds us or meets us on every side. Children cannot be kept unaware of the transition of parents, relatives, school-friends or playmates—and they cannot be kept from talking about it. The sadness and solemnity associated with death and burial impress themselves on the child mind, and questions are asked about them in just the same mental mood as about why the clock ticks; why the wheels of a bicycle go round; why dogs bark but donkeys bray—and the thousand-and-one “Why’s” that make intelligent children so entertaining to normal adults. These questions are the outcome of natural curiosity regarding observed natural phenomena, and the questions about death should be answered as frankly and truthfully as any other questions. Dodging the issue, or lying about it, harms the child by supplying him with useless or misleading information. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—this should be the standard of our answers, so far as our knowledge and experience allow us to live up to it. We are the guardians and cultivators of our children’s minds.

My frank opinion is that the average child’s fear of death is mainly due to the dread imparted to him by the attitude of his elders; for, as Andrew Jackson Davis taught, the mind of a child is pure and undefiled, in physical as in spiritual matters. He exults in the life stream that flows so stirringly through his being, and he has no more dread of death than has the lamb gambolling in the field. But gradually he begins to notice that “the air is full of farewells to the dying and mournings for the dead”—and he also begins to associate death with black clothes, sorrow and weeping. When his questions are met with evasive answers or confessions of ignorance, he is not satisfied; he only feels baffled and uneasy. Then Man’s primitive instinctive fear of the unknown grips him and soon his soul cries, with Claudio, that “death is a fearful thing.” All through his life this repulsion grows, and in turn he passes his fears on to his own children. The problem my wife and I had to face, then, was how we were going to teach our children so that nothing they should see or



BY
A. T. CONNOR
F.N.S.C.

hear would give them a dread of death.

As the children grew old enough to start asking questions, we discussed the problem and decided that, so far as in us lay, our answers on all subjects would be honest and truthful—making due allowance, of course, for the children’s powers of grasping and understanding what was said to them. The next thing to be settled was where we should begin: and we agreed to let the children decide the order of teaching by the order of their questions. Strange to say (or perhaps it was not so strange) the problem of death attracted their attention long before they seemed to realise that there was also a problem of life. And the first question asked was what becomes of

those who die and are buried—where do they go and what do they do?

We left the question of burial till later and started with life in the Summerland. We told them, or read to them, stories of how spirit children spend their time. They learned how children who had been weak or sickly are cared for and trained until all thought of pain or disease or weakness is removed from their minds and they become healthy and strong. They heard of Lily Vale, Rocky Nook, Crystal Lake, and other country districts where the spirit children go picnicking; of the schools where learning is made pleasant and easy because of the beauty of the buildings and surroundings, and the high ability and perfect methods of the teachers; and of the happy day—for it is a happy day even to Summerland students—when school life comes to an end (though learning does not) and the newly-qualified workers start on the tasks for which they have been trained or have fitted themselves. They had described to them how poor little boys and girls whom death had robbed of their parents are met on the Spirit Side by those they thought they had lost, or by others equally loving—and were assured that no little spirit is ever allowed to enter the Spirit World alone or untended.

From this it was only a short step to outlining the activities of adult spirits, and to offering the suggestion—readily accepted—that life in the Summerland is not a thing to be avoided or feared. Of course, we were greatly helped by the fact that my wife is an experienced medium, and thus the children were able to get into intimate contact with youthful and aged inhabitants of the spirit regions and to learn from them how they lived, what they did and how they did it. Many most lovable boys and girls have come to our Home Circle and talked with the children about their spirit activities, in addition to the guides and controls who have attached themselves to our home conditions and who gladly “come through” to talk with us. How real this is to the children may be judged from the fact that when a message is given for their mother they promise to “tell mam when she comes back”—and as soon as the control is over there is eager competition as to who will deliver the message first. And when their granny comes to

them she gets the warm greetings always given to a welcome visitor. Our spirit friends are accepted and treated as actual normal human beings, and are spoken to as naturally and casually as if they still wore physical bodies of their own.

Thus we removed all fear of "going to the Other Side" by showing that it is only a continuation of life on This Side and that those who live there are only human beings who used to live here. And then came what at first looked like a bomb-shell. "But how can they go about and do work on the Other Side?"—we were asked: "they haven't any bodies." It took some thinking to get a satisfactory answer that would be understood, but at last we managed it. We explained that Man really has two bodies, a physical body and a spirit body: that the physical body is used for manifesting in the phase of life known as physical life, and the spirit body (even during physical life, as when their mother "leaves her body"—a phenomenon with which our older children are familiar) for manifesting in the spirit spheres. So the clearly understood answer was that, though our friends had given up their physical bodies, they still possessed their spirit bodies and used them to live and work on the Spirit Side. To a further question we answered that our friends could come back into physical conditions because, mother being a medium, they could borrow and use her physical body for a reasonable time—and therefore they did not need to have a permanent physical body.

This conclusion inevitably raised the question of burial. It was agreed that the physical body could be of no further service to its former owner and, as a matter of sanitary precaution, had to be disposed of—reverently, because of its association with the departed spirit but necessarily for the well-being of those left behind. And burial (or cremation) was accepted as a logical matter of course.

It must not be thought that the foregoing is the record of a series of set teachings. It is merely a summary of conversations that arose from time to time and gave us our chance of imparting or explaining some item of information. Some of the explanations were not fully understood, owing to the children's youth or lack of experience; but the information was supplied, ready for use when increasing knowledge would bring understanding in its train. The association of dying with physical pain was a difficult problem. The best we could do was to point out that in our physical lives pain seemed to be unavoidable. The growth of their new teeth and of their physical bodies brought pain with it; and as our physical bodies must die sooner or later, being afraid of death pains would not make dying any easier—would in fact make it harder, by adding avoidable fear to unavoidable pain. Besides, death is not always painful, and many people look forward to it as a welcome release from years of physical suffering.

Here we had to avoid the danger of a disturbingly logical inference—if death means relief from the pains and troubles of physical life, and entry into the pleasures and opportunities of spirit life, why try to continue in Earth life? In answer to expressed opinions we spoke of the duties of parents to their children, and of children to their parents and each other: pointed out that some people are born with special gifts, and it is their duty to use these gifts for the benefit of others; and declared that physical life provides us with opportunities

of self-development which cannot be found in spirit life. Viewed in this light, the only possible conclusion is that to shorten our physical lives deliberately is either cowardly or selfish, and a crime committed in ignorance against our own best interests.

Through our conversations our children have absorbed the teaching that life and death must be, and can be, faced with confidence and courage; that a straight life leads to a dreadless death: that *what we call* death is only the change from life with a physical body to life without a physical body—is only the outward and visible sign of our inward and spiritual emancipation from the flesh and its limitations; and that only fools will deliberately cast away the opportunity of preparing themselves as completely as possible for the new life and conditions that await us. They believe that even the physical body does not really die, but only breaks up into the living elemental forms and forces from whose combination it was formed and sustained; that death is only a word, a name, an incident if you like, a clock-tick in the duration of Eternal Time, with no concrete existence of its own; and that, in the scheme of the universe planned by Infinite Wisdom, no place has been assigned to death that can annihilate or destroy.

WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS MOST WORTH?

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study of Emerson will go far to cultivate that blessed quality—self-reliance.

Finally I believe that our Lyceum training develops that kind of education that culminates in the spiritual way of life. By a knowledge of man's spiritual nature, duties and capacities we are led to a gradual unfolding of our better selves. To aim at unfolding the infinite and divine in man is to aim at the highest and best. The outcome of learning should be a life full of love and beauty that participates in the highest aspirations of humanity. As the poet truly says: "He liveth best, who loveth best, all things both great and small." Love is at once the highest and best expression of the well spent life.

The union of love and knowledge that results in wisdom constitutes the apex of learning. Our aim in this school house of existence should be to gain a liberal education. And what is a liberal education? Let us sum up in the words of Thomas Henry Hulley, "That man, I think has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will and does with ease and all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear cold logic machine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who is stunted ascetic is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness and to respect others as himself. Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education."

EDWARD CARPENTER

PHILOSOPHER

~~~~~ & SPIRITUALIST

by

GEORGE F. BERRY.

**F**EW Spiritualists would count Edward Carpenter as one of themselves. He is remembered mainly as an ardent, and somewhat mystical prophet of Socialism. Following his death in 1929, the Press obituary notices seemed content to recall his stirring Socialist hymn, "England Arise" and his volume of unrhymed verse "Towards Democracy" as almost his sole claim to fame.

In a fine tribute to an old colleague in "John o' London's Weekly," referring to this seemingly studied neglect, Robert Blatchford wrote "Why should he covet fame after his death, who never strove for fame in his life? He lived the simple life, because he liked it. He was a real philosopher but he was not a professional philosopher. He was a real artist without the artistic temperament. He had real influence upon the thought of his time." From a close study of his writings I would add that to his philosophy he brought spiritual intuition and deep religious emotion.

Carpenter was profoundly interested in the history of man's early religions, especially with the aspect of the unity of all life—men, animals, plants, angels—in a universal self. This idea forms the background of his own philosophy. He is one with Ruskin in his endeavour to see these early religions at their purest and best, and not take his ideas of them as presented by their later degenerative forms. He recognises quite frankly "that the sexual and the astronomical were the main forms of religion,—men instinctively felt and worshipped the great life coming to them through sex, the great life coming to them from the deeps of Heaven. . . . They deified both."

Having surrendered orthodox theology he places in a truer perspective the long line of prophets, seers, and philosophers and scientists through the ages as jointly contributing to the spiritual outlook of the future. In "The Art of Creation," he writes: "The world-old wisdom of the Upanishads with their profound and impregnable doctrine of the universal self, the teaching of Buddha, or of Lao-Tze, the poetic insight of Plato, the inspired sayings of Jesus and Paul . . . the wonderful contributions of later thought from the 14th century mystics down through Spinoza, Berkeley, Kant and others, all these combining with the immense mass of material furnished by modern physical and biological science and psychology, are preparing a great birth, as it were, and out of the meeting of these elements is already arising the dim outline of a philosophy which must surely dominate human thought for a long period."

Whoever is perplexed at the present world crisis will find a spiritual tonic in the teachings propounded in "Civilisation, its cause and cure." Carpenter thinks that the emergence of the civilised periods of social development was in essence a fall from the simpler and

more truly spiritual freedom of the earlier pre-civilised eras. This fall as it works out its full effects, including the rise and ultimate disappearance of the older civilisations, and the unrest of modern times, is an inevitable part of the evolution of the race, and is therefore not meaningless. There is a purpose behind the disunity in social life. That purpose is to teach men self-knowledge. "Man has to become conscious of his destiny—to lay hold of his own freedom and blessedness—to transfer his consciousness from the outer and mortal part to the inner and the undying."

In "The Art of Creation," Carpenter turns from the consideration of the social developments to the individual realisation of unity with the creative soul of the universe. He opens with a discussion of matter and consciousness to show the impossibility of divorcing matter from its association with Mind. "Atoms, there may be," he says, "but if we think of them we must think of them related to mind,—either as being centres of consciousness themselves, or as being outlying elements (thoughts) in a wider system of consciousness." He then leads up to the illuminating suggestion "that possibly all egos are in essence the same,—they are all portions or branches of one universal mind-stuff, of which all thoughts and experiences are modifications." He urges our acceptance of this idea as a means of discovering the spiritual brotherhood of the race. He holds aloft the entrancing moment of mystic illumination when "the whole creation falls together into expressions of one endless, boundless, fathomless self and its myriad affiliations. The self, hitherto deeming itself a separate atom suddenly becomes aware of its inner unity with other human beings, animals and plants even. It is as if a veil had been withdrawn aside, a deep understanding knowledge flows in. Love takes the place of ignorance and blindness."

The ordinary Spiritualist will feel most at home with Carpenter in "The Drama of Love and Death." Here he will find chapters dealing with psychic phenomena and the evidences for survival. In his views on Materialisations he comes close to the outlook of Dr. Geley in "From the Unconscious to the Conscious." Discussing these phenomena Carpenter says "in the ordinary evolution of thought, in dreams, in trance, and other psychic states, we are witness of a process which is continuously and eternally going on, by which the faintest invisible forms and outlines, the merest cloud currents of the inner soul, gradually condense themselves, pass into visibility, tangibility, and ultimately take their place amongst the things of the outer world."

Allied to "The Drama of Love and Death" is "Love's coming of Age." In both books Carpenter develops the idea that "Love in its narrow sex manifestation no less than in its wider implications, is to be considered as one of the great factors in human evolution." Falling in love is part of a process designed to prepare the separate human units for the fuller and more complete existence of the married state. "Literally," says Carpenter, "it is to be born again in someone else or through someone else, and only secondarily through the advent of the child." He agrees with Swedenborg "those who are truly married on earth are in Heaven one angel." Death is a necessary door through which we pass from one phase of the self-life and consciousness to another; and "Love is even a similar door."

# JAMES LEIGH

||| DISCOVERS |||

## A BOOK THAT • NEEDS PRINTING

LET US LOOK at psychical literature. At least ten thousand volumes have been published, in the English language alone, dealing with the several aspects of Spiritualism and Psychical Research. Where are they? In book-shop windows, in reference and lending libraries, in the homes of Spiritualists and . . . on publishers' shelves. A great number of psychical books are now, of course, out of print. But thousands remain. Few are advertised. Inquirers know little or nothing about them, although inquirers are advised to *read* about Spiritualism before they commence to investigate it.

Within the last eighty years, an amazing new literature has sprung into being. It is in fact so enormous that the appearance of new books now calls for explanation, for so many excellent volumes are already published and still awaiting circulation. In spite of this, however, I am going to suggest that there is a need—a real need—for one more publication.

Is there a *Guide* to psychical literature?

Every year a huge army of people pass through the doors which lead into the fascinating realm of the psyche. They approach the subject from varying points of view: some in the religious spirit, some as mystics, some in the cold attitude of science. All come with curious preconceptions. All have to be disillusioned. And the seasoned Spiritualist impresses the enthusiastic inquirer with the necessity of studying the subject first by studying its literature; so that when he actually commences personal investigation, he will know what to encourage and what to avoid.

The inquirer is non-plussed. He gladly accepts the advice but is at a loss to apply it. What book shall he read? "On the Edge of the Unknown," says somebody; "On the Threshold of the Unseen," says somebody else; "On the Edge of the Etheric," says a third. Now here are three books, with very similar titles, all of them touching upon psychical investigation. Yet a world of difference separates one from the other. Doyle, Barrett and Findlay are distinctive leaders, and their books are different.

So it is not unusual for the interested inquirer to purchase, in a vain attempt to apply the advice of his tutors, a work dealing with Psychical Research when he is concerned with Spiritualism proper; or a volume on the world beyond when his desire is to obtain records of psychical phenomena. Again, some of the

most valuable books are victims of symbolic titles which can be elucidated by the uninitiated, but which in the case of beginners only confuse.

Thus we have "The Earthen Vessel," by Pamela Glenconner, which deals with spirit communications in the form of book-tests. The idea that titles alone explain a literature is refuted by cases similar to this. As well might we say that "A Lamp to the Feet" implies that it deals with cross-correspondences, when as a matter of fact it does not present reports of supernatural phenomena at all. "The Ear of Dionysius," by the Rt. Hon. G. W. Balfour is one of the most remarkable and compact books on mental phenomena; but its title does not indicate that it is associated with psychical research, much less a particular province of it.

In the absence of information, the inquirer may well be excused if he flouts our advice and commences impetuously to examine mediumship for himself. He may even argue that he is justified in immediately so doing: for the books he reads do not satisfy him. They deal with aspects in which he is not interested: the branches which interest him are traced all too briefly, or may be eliminated altogether. It is not sufficient to say "You have been reading the *wrong* books." What is wanted is a *GUIDE*: and it is remarkable that with a literature so extensive, and a subject so profound, the fact has not been recognised long ago.

A few books on Spiritualism publish bibliographies, but how is the inquirer to know which books do so? A few pamphlets have been published, such as Morse's "Hints to Inquirers," which do briefly survey the literature; but all, or nearly all, are out of date or forgotten and none have ever tackled the problem comprehensively.

We have discovered a book that needs printing. Is there a publisher sufficiently enterprising to prepare it? Is there a writer sufficiently capable to compile it? Until something of the sort is done inquirers and even experienced persons must continue to be confused, for psychical literature will still be published without a key.

What are the best books on Spiritualism as a philosophy?—on direct voice?—on clairvoyance?—on telekinesis?—on telepathy? . . . Obviously, the ten thousand and first volume is long overdue.

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### ■ ■ WINTER—STUDY TIME. ■ ■

We have recently been re-reading our education Handbook, "Spiritualism for the Student and Investigator," and feel we would like to emphasise how invaluable this work would be to Study Groups that are being formed in Churches and Lyceums. In this symposium there are articles by well-known Leaders in the Movement who deal with Mediumship, Spiritualism, from the point of view of religion, philosophy and science, and, what is invaluable to all who are seriously interested in the welfare of the Movement "Various Phases of opposition and how to meet them."

Send your order to the General Secretary, British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, Hollins Chambers, 64a, Bridge Street, Manchester. Single copies 7d. post free. 4/9 per dozen, post free.

# THE LYCEUM BANNER

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.

Editor: JAMES NORBURY.

The *Lyceum Banner* is supplied at 1/9 per dozen copies (13/12) up to four dozen. Additional half dozens may be ordered. All orders for four dozen copies and upwards are supplied at 1s. 8d. per dozen. All parcels sent post free. Single copies, 2d., post free. Accounts due quarterly. Orders not later than the 23rd of each month. Annual subscription, post free, 2s. 6d. To Canada and the United States, 72c. Foreign currency taken.

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NOVEMBER, 1933.

## THE TREASURES OF THE DARKNESS.

**P**ROBABLY NO PROBLEM HAS EXCITED THE mind of man more than the rationale of suffering.

It offers out a challenge from which none of us can escape, and to which each of us must discover an answer. We think of a mother standing by the grave-side of her only child, of a husband watching by the bedside of his wife who is passing through an agonising illness which must end in death, and from each of them we have the same question, "Why must such things be?"

The first factor which I feel must be emphasised in arriving at some conclusions on this all important question is, that suffering seems in some way inextricably bound up in the very nature of the Universe. Wherever we turn we see pain as the Gateway to a new life. And because it is the way of rebirth, in this fact we have I believe the clue to the problem.

Think for a moment of the travail of child birth. Here you have nature manifesting her creative joy in the mystery of suffering. The mother knows that pain must accompany the triumph of her being, and yet willingly engenders that pain in order that the new life may be brought forth. Her pain is linked with her purpose, and through its ministry she fulfils her highest destiny.

Let us cite another example. Think for a moment of the metamorphosis of the butterfly. First we have the grub which passes through its stages of growth, constantly bursting its bonds of the flesh that it may enter into that fuller and richer life of the full grown caterpillar. And then comes the apparent death of the same caterpillar as it passes into the darkness of its chrysalis casket. Its body disintegrates, its very nature is destroyed, and yet this process of destruction is in actuality the Gateway to a New Life.

Who knows the agony of the caterpillar when it realises it is leaving the familiar grub life of its childhood behind? Who can understand the bewilderment of the chrysalis when it is faced with the challenge of disintegration? Who can appreciate the joy of the butterfly as it wings away on its first airy flight knowing it has arrived at the consummation of its being.

So we are led to see pain, not as an evil thing, a force to fly from in terror, but as the great liberator, the entrance to the fulfilment of our true destiny.

I am firmly convinced that a conscious knowledge of the purpose of pain will lead to a triumphant recognition of the beauty of suffering. Man in his infancy is like the grub. He lives entirely in the world of the senses reaching out to transitory pleasures, and finding their reaction in the sharp pains of growth. His

sufferings are the growing pains which are creating in him his true nature.

After a time when he has drunk deep of the nectar of sensuality, within him there awakens a desire for the ambrosia of the Gods. He leaves the first stage of his caterpillar existence, and enters into the brooding meditations of his chrysalis age. He analyses out his reactions to life. He learns to see that many of his agonies are self imposed in that he has resisted life instead of simply accepting it. As his powers of awareness are sharpened, so his capacity for suffering is intensified. At first he blames demonical forces for causing him so much sorrow. He creates a fantasy of evil and builds up a theology of sin. In his hour of weakness he clings to outer supports for his strength. His Saviours and Redeemers are created out of the weariness and tension of his own inner conflict.

Yet he is destined to drink still deeper the dregs of bitterness. The first law of his being is growth, and as his inner nature expands, his outer natures disintegrate. All his ideas, his religious beliefs, his creeds and his theologies, are reduced to pulp. The chrysalis of the Divine Man is in the processes of travail. Step by step he presses forward. Stage by stage he rises into a fuller consciousness of the power and purpose inherent within the mystery of being. He sees a vague glimmer of himself as he is a creature in the process of becoming.

The Dark Night of the Soul hangs its shadowy mantle around him. In this his last anguish none are near to aid him. His fellow men are strangers, they seem to pass him by on the other side. His Gods apparently hold aloof and leave him in the death throes of a final agony. In that hour when all else has departed the New Life is glimpsed, the regenerated man is born. A glimmer of light sheds a kindly radiance into the misty place he is treading. He knows himself to be his own redeemer. As the illumination grows in intensity his suffering takes upon itself a new meaning. He sees evil as the thing it is, ignorance. He knows pain for its true worth, the way to knowledge.

All his life he has leaned on others for his happiness. His parents, his friends, his passing pleasures, all these things have been the crutches that have supported him as he wandered along. One after another they have failed him. His parents have been claimed by the Silent Reaper, his friends have misunderstood, his pleasures have proved merely transient in the joys they bring. The sheer agony of circumstance has driven him to the central citadel of personality where he has learned the hardest lesson of all in the school of life, to stand utterly and entirely alone. He knows he must die, not the death of the body, but the living death of self-redemption.

Only those of us who have passed through that death can know all it implies. Only those of us who have drunk that cup can understand the terrible struggle of a New Man in the birth throes. Only those of us who have clasped close to ourselves, "the Treasures of the Darkness," can realise all that is involved in entering into the New Life of Spiritual Understanding.

The grub has been transformed. The metamorphosis from the chrysalis is complete. The butterfly emerges into a New World of Light and Radiance. As it flies out to greet the Noon-Day Sun in all its glory it is the triumphant symbol, the Living Witness to the fact that "There is no evil, all is growth."

THE EDITOR.

# YOUTH AT THE HELM

*A Study in  
Contrasts.*

By  
JAMES  
NORBURY

I STOOD WATCHING THE crowds drift by on Piccadilly Circus. Hundreds per minute, thousands per hour, millions per day, and among all that motley crowd not a single hearty handshake, not a face lighted up with a welcoming smile.

London, the Enchanted City of my Childhood Dreams. London, the City of Illusions of my Adolescent Fantasies. London, the hub of the Universe, the loneliest City in the World. I gazed intently into the sea of faces as they surged along. A moving tide of masks, all stamped with the same longing, all registering the same desire. This Human Ocean was bound to one incessant roll, it was seeking the haven of happiness, and yet was beating ever on the shores of despair.

And there, perched high above this pageant of hungry souls in search of contentment, was Eros, the God of Love and Laughter. He symbolised for me the last touch of some malicious artist who was determined to throw into high relief this place from which Love had fled; in which Laughter was unknown.

I wandered from the seething tides of Piccadilly to the quiet backwaters of Mayfair. It was here I discovered Romeo and Juliet. I do not think they saw me, and even if they did, I was merely the unwelcome stranger who had stolen into their Romantic Idyll. Here there was no glare of a thousand multi-coloured lights. The Night had hung out a canopy of stars embroidering the sky with the silver and gold of Arcady. The Moon had hidden her whiteness behind the grey shadows of a passing cloud lest her glare should destroy the bitter sweetness of the ever old, yet ever new melody that was echoing in the hearts of these two wayfarers.

And this boy and girl beneath the stars rekindled within me a new faith in the lovely and tender things in life. When the madness of the modern frantic rush after pleasure, and still more pleasure, has died, their song will remain, for its roots are the symphonic rhapsody of creation itself.

From Mayfair to a Cocktail Party in Campden Town. Here one saw younger London at play. It was all terribly boring. Everything seemed unreal. The gaiety was forced. The laughter was hollow. What was meant to be madly funny was merely tragic. Life seemed to be locked outside the door. Death stalked the musty smoke-filled rooms striving in vain to wear the guise of Life.

Suddenly a strange longing possessed me. I wanted to escape from this puppet show, this apeing at being alive, and steal away into the dark stillness of pinewoods where one could feel a tang in the air; where one could

nestle in the clammy loveliness of Mother Earth. I prayed that a wild wind might blow and sweep away all this sordid pretence. A cold wind, a clean wind, a wind that brought the salt spray of the Sea in its embrace. My thoughts drifted to the wonder dream of Marion Cran:—

*"Deeply I have wanted a long, low, cottage. This my sanctuary, this my home. Here one may tune in to the eternities that lie behind and before, here one may listen to the pipings of the Wild Wood God."*

I knew in this moment that in the frantic haste of life to-day we have missed one vital need, denied ourselves an essence which is a primary necessity to our souls well-being, in that from time to time we "have need to busy our hearts with solitude."

\* \* \* \*

And so to bed, to awaken next morning to the realisation that this was the London Lyceums Day of Days. Uncle Bert was up with the lark. There is something undefinable in the nature of Albert Fruin. He has about the biggest capacity for simple friendliness of any man I know. Around the magnetic quality of his personality the success of the London Lyceum Demonstration revolves.

The Winter Gardens, Clapham, was all hurry and bustle when I arrived. It seemed as though some Pied Piper had danced through the streets of London and gathered in the children from North, South, East, and West. There were big girls and little girls, quiet boys and noisy boys, and forming a kind of hidden background were Fathers and Mothers. But they didn't matter really. This was the Children's Day, so we parked the grown ups away in the Gallery where they could see everything, but would not be in the way.

I felt quite out of the picture. I needed short trousers, brillianteened hair, and a swagger of importance, to be really Somebody. Actually I was a Nobody, but I managed to look important, or hope I did, as I sat very sedately upon the platform.

Suddenly the Winter Gardens was transformed. All I could see was a long arch of Flowers. A long procession of Children played a new kind of "Oranges and Lemons," under the bowers of multi-coloured blossoms. In fact I am not sure if they were children at all. I do not know if I was really in the Winter Gardens. I half suspect I had been spirited off to fairyland.

\* \* \* \*

Right through the Lyceum Session one realised it was Children's Day. The speeches from the adults were merely asides. A kind of hint that men and women still existed. And that's just how it ought to be in a Lyceum Session. The Children are the centre of the picture, the Adults the background.

After we had remembered the Arisen Workers some of us got a tremendous surprise. It was not Christmas, and I do not think it was anyone's Birthday, but the M.C. received a Present. Two full purses. I saw a merry little twinkle in Walter Burrow's eyes. You see he's the man who matters most since he looks after our money.

The Silver Chain and Musical Readings were all carried out by London Lyceumists. After that each Lyceum represented gave us a pearl. And then the M.C. got another shock. They all had to add their quota to the pearls of thought. I only have a vague recollection of what happened when they called on me.

I know I mumbled something about, "dogs, and fights," and then sat down.

After Individual Efforts, the President of the Union, James Shuttleworth, presented the medals to the prize-winners in the Competitions for Elocution and Singing. He spoke as only Jim Shuttleworth knows how. Simply and straight from the heart.

\* \* \* \*

And here is the essence of what the President said.

"When we think of Competition, we must not think of getting the better of anyone weaker than ourselves, we must see the thing as it really is, the Winning of the Best. What we need to-day are more workers in our movement who have had born within them the realisation that Spiritualism can change the destinies of mankind. We are, within the Lyceum Movement, working in the Oldest Industry in the World, Soul Making, and it is our task to see that we reveal in our lives the highest qualities of humanity, a humanity who have tuned themselves in to the fact that nobility of Character is the greatest good towards which we can strive."

And then Hannan Swaffer spoke. He told us of his own childhood, and emphasised the fact that the Lyceum System was a tremendous advance on the old Sunday School Systems of his younger days. "Forty years ago I was a child near here; horse trams went by then; there were no 'pictures,' no motor cars, no electric railways, no motor cycles, no gramophones, no Boy Scouts."

"Life was dull, respectable, grovelling. They taught us to bless the squire and his relations, and they kept us in our proper stations. At thirteen I began to doubt, then came a terrible awakening. I saw the world as it was, as a place where there was terrible poverty, a place in which people were starving for the common necessities of life. Man has made it possible to conquer all that. You, of the younger generation are the inheritors of a New World, and it is your destiny to become the citizens of a New Social Order."

"It is your task to go out into the world and fight Tyranny, Pomp, and Power. Through you the Kingdom of Heaven can be brought into being on earth, if you are willing to fight the greed and selfishness which robs life of so much of its beauty."

\* \* \* \*

Lyceumism is not only the cultivation of Souls, it is also a philosophy of bodies, since we believe that the natural, healthy life of the instrument we use is an essential part of the Spiritual Life we are trying to live. Spiritualism knows no secular, and no sacred. Life in all its expressions should be revealing the highest capacity of our natures every moment of the day.

The London Lyceums demonstrated this fact in their display of Marching and Calisthenics. Chatting with our Vice-President earlier in the day, we had discussed the need for an understanding within our Movement of the Esoteric Side of the Physical Aspect of a Lyceum Session. The cultivation of the body should be a key to the unfoldment of the soul. So as these Children marched about the hall I thought on how lying behind the outer symbol was the inner meaning, the stressing of the need for discipline and relaxation if we are to soar to those higher levels of inspiration that should be our fount of strength, our mount of vision.

\* \* \* \*

I believe someone else spoke as well. I have a faint recollection of someone saying we have grown tired of the cheap cynicism of the post war years, and that we are

now striving to discover a renewed positive faith in life.

In this fact lies the reason for my somewhat strange introduction to these paragraphs. On the one hand we have the disillusioned youth of London, the jazz mad, gaiety seeking crowd of rather jaded looking Bright Young Things. On the other we have the youth of the Lyceum Movement who are endeavouring to express in a practical way the fact that life has value only as it is lived out on a worth while level.

\* \* \* \*

At the end of the Demonstration Mrs. Calway, who has been the more than efficient Secretary behind the scenes of this Gala Day of London Lyceums, thanked everybody who had contributed to the success of the Session.

And then we all went home. Most of us were feeling a little tired, but all of us were feeling extremely happy. We had learned in the two hours we had spent together to see life steadily and whole, to see the world of the future we are each striving to build for the Children of the Present. We all knew with H. G. Wells, that "Someday people will learn to build their Happiness in Gardens, but Meanwhile. . . ."

## THE FOUNT OF WISDOM.

**S**PIRITUALISM, IN DIRECT LINEAGE WITH all the great religions, has always upheld the doctrine of Inspiration. As in the past the Seers have been enabled to tread the narrow pathway to the summit of the Hill of Vision, so to-day there are those who can escape from the hurly-burly of time into the Golden Splendour of the Eternal.

These thoughts form a running sequence in my mind, as I ponder over a little book that has recently been brought to my notice, by my friend, W. H. Evans. Based upon the Wisdom utterance, "The Spirit of Man is the Candle of the Lord," Mr. Evans' work is essentially a melody on a single theme, the doctrine of Divine Immanence.

WE ARE THE LIGHT, and only in the measure that we are revealing that quality of life which has the capacity for reflecting our indwelling sense of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, can we claim to be truly human in that we are ever reaching out to the Divine Order. Frederick Nietzsche once said: "Man is a bridge stretched twixt two eternities." Mr. Evans reiterates this truth, and emphasises the fact that only as we learn to ourselves tread across the bridge of our own being, only as we seek our Celestial rather than our Terrestrial Nature, are we fulfilling the promise inherent within the Citadel of Personality.

Mr. Evans is essentially a mystic, and as such his revelation is a heart searching proclamation of that inner awakening we must all pass through, that cleansing by fire we must face if we would truly enjoy to the full the riches of the spirit.

Canon Grenstead, the famous psychologist, has spoken of an indwelling sense of Godliness as "the transforming power of a higher affection." Mr. Evans recognises this same factor and dwells long and ardently on its influence within our individual life. For all who desire deep devotional reading, which will enrich and transform the whole area of the personality I strongly recommend this little work.

"The Candle of the Lord." W. H. Evans. Wright & Brown. 3s. 6d.



My Dear Boys and Girls,

Seeing the 5th falls on a Sunday, and that this Magazine will be issued on that date, it rather spoils any effort I may have to write to you about Fireworks, Guys and Bonfires.

Then comes another doubt: Is it any use my writing at all; are any of you young guys left to read this page. Well, I can only hope a few of you escaped; so perhaps after all it's worth while.

What, then, is the next best thing to do under these doubtful circumstances?

☐ Mee wow! Mee wow! Mee wow! What is that I hear: A pussy cat singing its usual anthem? Yes, a pussy cat true, but it is trying to come to my rescue by saying Me now? Me now! Me now! Let me tell you what to write about.

Listen a moment, it says to me, "Cannot you hear those bells in the distant chiming?"

They have a message for this month's page.

I listened as advised. The old message of the bells were saying: "Turn again, Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London Town."

First, then, I must thank pussy for reminding me that, after the bonfire and firework display, come the Lord Mayor's Show.

This is, of course, a great event in many of our big cities, especially in London, where on Highgate Hill there still remains the stone on which Dick Whittington is said to have rested when he heard the message of the bells.

To-day the Lord Mayor's Show is always a grand carnival of national pageantry to which thousands of people flock to see the grand parade and give the Lord Mayor a cheer.

I will not deal with the show or with the whole story of Dick and his cat. I think most of you kiddies know the story well enough without me repeating it.

What I want to do is to deal with just two words in the message of the bells, because I can see in them encouragement, new hopes, ambitions and endeavours; a wonderful message for every boy and girl and grown up too.

The two words are "turn again"; such simple little words, but so full of meaning.

When you are drilling in the playground, your teacher calls out: right about turn; the whole class (with the exception of the few who have not time to do the knife and fork trick with their fingers, and therefore turn left) obey the order quickly.

The message Dick heard was of quite a different nature. I want you to remember he had walked miles and miles, he was tired and weary; his only companion was pussy, who purred away. He was so worn out that he was almost ready to give in and say "I'm beaten" when he heard the bells chiming.

In just the same way as you and I try to fit in words

to the sounds we hear, such as suggesting that church bells say: "All come to church now," Dick read the words into the sounds of each gong; thus it was he heard "turn again." It gave him new hope; he became a different man; he forgot he was tired. I fancy, too, he must have given pussy an extra hug and said: "Come along, old chum, we're not beaten yet; we will make good." Pussy, in return, purred her approval; thus they set forth on the roadway of progress.

I want each one of you to hear these two words ringing in your ears too.

It may be you have been sitting for an examination at school or the Lyceum Education Scheme. When the results are given, you find you have just failed to obtain the marks required to get a pass.

Naturally you feel upset and tempted to say: "What's the use of trying; I'll not sit again." Listen for the bells; they say "turn again," for by so doing success is yours.

You are a member of your school football, hockey or netball club; you have been putting every ounce of energy into the game, but somehow you have failed to net the ball; you feel you are letting the club down. "Turn again" with keener desire in your next match and you'll win through.

In your Lyceum you have tried to give a pleasing recitation, but memory fails and you break down at the third verse. Is it worth trying again? Yes. "Turn again," you will master the piece next time.

To those who are old enough to read the daily papers I would like you to note how often you see this message put into practice by leading statesmen and others. In national conferences and industrial disputes we read that a deadlock has occurred; within an hour or two one of these leaders have heard "turn again" ringing in his ears; he comes forward with some new plan which saves the situation, bringing joy and peace to thousands.

So when you get a touch of the blues or are fed up, as we term it, with everything and everybody; when your own little world seems covered with clouds; then is the time to remember this "turn again" message. It is not the world which has gone wrong; it is that we are trying to see the promised land without climbing the mountain to do so. In other words, we are waiting for success to come to us without working for it.

If every footballer gave in because he got a nasty charge on the playing field there would soon be no football. If every boy and girl decided to give up trying because they got only "fair" for their last arithmetic test, there would soon be no accountants or bookkeepers in the business world.

That idea of giving in when defeated has to be overcome by this spirit of Dick's "to turn again" and a keen determination to win through. I hope we shall all apply it in all walks of life; it is worth while every time.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. 200.

"The Lyceum is a school worthy of a visit."

PUZZLE No. 201.

First and last letters of Christian Names.

- I—L Six letters. D—D Six letters.
- K—N Eight letters. C—T Eight letters.
- H—A Five letters. V—A Eight letters.

With love,

UNCLE BERT.

Ruberrondo,  
126, Woodlands Road,  
Isleworth, Middlesex.

# OUR EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

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

## SAMPLE SET OF QUESTIONS FOR THE "EXTRA GRADE" EXAMINATION.

Either Part A or Part B of each of the FIVE Questions must be attempted—NOT BOTH Parts.

20 marks per question. Possible total, 100. Time allowed not more than 2 hours.

1. Part A.—Write down the three verses of *God is Love* beginning "Every sunbeam in the sky;"

OR

Part B.—Write down the second verse of *Angels' Eyes* beginning "'Tis sweet to believe . . ."

2. Part A.—Write down, in your own words, the story of *Meadow Friends*;

OR

Part B.—Write a letter to a friend who is not a Lyceumist, saying that you have been reading *The Golden Keys*, and telling what the story is about.

3. Part A.—Tell in your own words, or the words of the Primer, the story of Alfred Kitson;

OR

Part B.—Answer the following:

- (a) Where, and when, was Alfred Kitson born?  
(b) Why could he not attend school regularly, and how did he learn to read and write?  
(c) What was his first office in the Lyceum Movement, and how old was he when he was appointed.

4. Part A.—Answer any two of the following:

- (a) What do we mean when we claim that we have told the truth?  
(b) Why do we claim that all liars are cowards?  
(c) What is the Lyceum's advice to all boys and girls?

OR

Part B.—Answer any two of the following:

- (a) Where, and when, did the Hydesville Knockings start?  
(b) What were the names and ages of the children?  
(c) How did they find out that the Spirit Friend could see and hear?

5. Part A.—Answer any two of the following:

- (a) What is the Summerland?  
(b) What happens to children who were ill in Earth life?  
(c) What can be done at Lily Vale or Crystal Lake?

OR

Part B.—Answer any two of the following:

- (a) How are Spirit Children taught, and who teaches them?  
(b) What are the Summerland schools like?  
(c) Who told us about the Summerland, and how did he find out?

## To be Noted.

It must not be overlooked that the foregoing set of questions is not the actual set which candidates in the "Extra" Grade will have to answer at any given examination. It is only a sample of the standard to be aimed at, and of the *kind* of questions to expect. Tutors are requested to go through the questions and look up the answers in the *Oral Grade Primer*. Any comments or suggestions will be gladly received and dealt with in the December issue of the BANNER.

Please keep in mind that this is only the scheme which will be put before next year's Conference, and it is not to be taken as settled in any way. That is why comments will be helpful and acceptable.

## The Winter Session.

The usual Winter Circulars were sent out in mid-October—but it is hoped that our Education Lyceums have not waited for them before making a start. Normally the circulars are sent out early in September; but this year, owing to illness, over-work and changes at the General Office the issue has been unavoidably delayed. We are hoping that in the coming winter all our old workers will rally round and give the new officers and workers in the Scheme a record year of entries and results.

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

Up to the date of going to press the Diploma of Associate of the National Spiritualist College has been granted (in order of issue) to Cissie F. Jackman, John L. Jackman, John S. Barnett, Gladys Bamber, Philip Doswell, Dorothy Coghlan, Irene M. Wenborn, Ruth Temple and Sarah E. Burrows. The College Board thanks those who enclosed donations to the College funds.

There are still seven eligible Grade Fivers who have not yet applied. If they see this, and wish to apply, will they please send in as soon as possible, as I am resigning from the College Secretaryship on 18th Nov. and will not be issuing any Diplomas after the 14th.

## Our Education Fund.

The Education Committee thanks Southend and Westcliff, Reading and Rotherham Lyceums for donations to this fund. I am sorry, and just a little disappointed, that the donations have been so few. Since the present Scheme was adopted in 1920, over 150 Lyceums have taken part; and I was hoping that (as, with my resignation, there is none left of the Committee that took it over) all who have taken part would have seized the opportunity to send a donation as a mark of appreciation of work done, and a sort of testimonial to the pioneer Committee. However, there is still time, as my resignation does not take place till 31st December.

## SECRETARIES PLEASE NOTE.

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.



Dear Little Imps,

"Winter Time" is with us again! Here, it seemed that the clocks and the weather planned together, for we had sunny days until the last day of "Summer Time." Then, when the fingers of the clock told a different time, different weather came too. I wonder! Who told the weather that the clocks were to tell "Winter Time?" Wouldn't you like to know? I should!

#### MR. WEATHERMAN.

Somewhere, quite up above the sky, there lives a most important little man. He really is important, for he can make people sad or glad, just as he wishes, and, with so many people to please, that isn't at all an easy matter.

Mr. Weatherman lives all alone in the quaintest, queerest house that ever was built in the everywhere. There are lots of rooms in that house. Indeed, there are just as many rooms as there are sorts of weather. Whatever the weather is going to be, Mr. Weatherman moves into that weather's own room, so that, hail, rain, shine, or snow, he is as happy as can be.

Mr. Weatherman is even more wonderful than his house. Every day, at a quarter to half past, he walks into his office, sharpens his pencil, puts on his spectacles, and decides what sort of weather we are to have. Somehow, in his own clever way, he knows what kind of weather people are wanting, and they want so many different kinds that the little man only laughs, and pleases himself. His wonderful house lets him do that, for in it every weather the days could bring is stored. He keeps snowflakes, and sunbeams, rainbow ends and hailstones, blue skies and angry winds, all beautifully tucked away in their own rooms.

Long, long, ago, Mr. Weatherman chose the weather, and just hoped that people would be pleased about it. But they weren't, at least, not very often. People never knew what kind of weather the day might bring, and that led to all sorts of mistakes. They would get nicely started on a picnic, and hailstones would fall, or they would sit around big fires, and see the scorching sunshine outside. It was very, very muddling, and people grumbled dreadfully.

Poor Mr. Weatherman didn't know what to do. It was dreadful to sit in his house and hear only grumbles coming up from the earth, and the little man was

puzzled as to what to do for the best. In those days, he decided people might be happier if he tried a different plan. Instead of changing the weather so often, he tried to give a week of each sort. Christmas week was cold and frosty, and was followed by a week of snowy days. Only the children seemed to like that, and even they grumbled when the snow melted. A week of sunshine would be followed by a week of rain, or seven days of blow-about winds. Yet people were not satisfied, though, to be sure, except for Saturday nights, they did know what weather to expect. Oh! how they grumbled! If the townsfolk wanted sunshine, the farmers hoped for rain, and no one at all ever seemed to want the grey days, though Mr. Weatherman was quite sure they were needed too.

The busy man decided that weekly weather wouldn't do at all. He did want to make people happy, so he changed his ways again. This time he decided to mix up the weather, but he would help people to know what to expect, and so he scattered little weather signs about. People with very bright eyes soon saw those signs, and the brightest eyes of all belonged to the people who did not live in the towns. They soon learnt to know that a red sky at night was followed by good weather, and to watch the moon for signs of frost to come. Mr. Weatherman let the sky hold lots of signs, and even the smoke from house chimneys could tell the weather to those with eyes to see.

Things were a little better, but Mr. Weatherman was disappointed that so few people found out his signs. Even those who did see the signs were not always believed by their friends, at least not until the weather they had promised had really come to pass. Then someone would smile and say: "Just fancy! Old Mr. So-and-So guessed the right weather last week." Mr. Weatherman listened and almost groaned aloud. "Guessed, indeed! Is that all the blind people care for my signs?"

Signs of the weather were seen by too few folks to satisfy old Mr. Weatherman. There were still too many grumbles to please the kindly old man. Next, he sent nice little notes to all the "Mr. Editors" of the newspapers, for he had found such a lot of people who never believed anything unless they had read it in the newspapers. But, oh dear, most of the editors tucked Mr. Weatherman's notes away in the bottom corners of their last pages, so that only the very serious readers could find them.

Things were slowly improving when Mr. Weatherman first heard wireless messages going through the air, and saw people, sitting in their homes, pull out little knobs and hear the messages. At last he had found a way out of his troubles. People could listen to *him*, as well as to bands and talks. That little man shouted so hard that even the people at the B.B.C. heard him, and said, "Why, certainly, you must be heard, Mr. Weatherman. You can tell people just what you can give them. You are so important that we'll let you speak first, before all the other news of the world." And he does, Imps, so that now we can't really grumble about the weather; for Mr. Weatherman only smiles, from his little house in the sky, as he says: "Ah! I told you what to expect!"

My love, Imps,

MEG.

# OUR LYCEUM GUILD

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

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

Dear Guildites,

We have a good list of new members to welcome into our midst:

|                             |                                     |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| J252 L. D. Wood, Blackpool. | 271 Mr. Rothwell, Blackpool         |
| J253 J. Nutter "            | 272 H. Carter "                     |
| J254 G. Ashcroft "          | 273 Mrs. Danson "                   |
| J255 J. Carter "            | 274 D. Hammerton "                  |
| J256 M. E. Bailey "         | 275 A. Chattington "                |
| J257 E. Long "              | 276 E. A. Rawlinson<br>West Melton. |
| 258 J. M. Kirkman "         | J277 H. Wilkinson "                 |
| 259 A. Kenyon "             | J278 M. Lee "                       |
| 260 F. S. Baker "           | J279 D. Woffindin "                 |
| 261 Mr. Hobbs "             | 280 A. Mortin, Ashton               |
| 262 Mrs. Long "             | 281 A. Pinder "                     |
| 263 Mrs. Rothwell "         | 282 F. Hobson "                     |
| 264 L. Baker "              | J283 F. Webster, Blackpool          |
| 265 Mrs. Wood "             | J284 E. Webster "                   |
| 266 Mrs. Bates "            | J285 C. Wood "                      |
| 267 N. Bates "              | J286 G. Ashcroft "                  |
| 268 P. Chattington "        | 287 F. Long "                       |
| 269 Mrs. Carter "           | 288 A. Bates "                      |
| 270 J. Bamber "             |                                     |

Well done Blackpool! You have broken the record, and head the list of Lyceums having Guild members. Rotherham, look to your laurels—you are *one* behind Blackpool, and West Melton is gradually creeping nearer to you.

## Finances.

This month I have received 2s. 6d. for new badges, 9d. from Mrs. Paling when sending for new badge, and £1 7s. 3d. in fees; while the postage amounts to 7s. 3d. so that now we have cash in hand of £5 2s. 0d.

## Competition Results.

A small number of you have been anxiously waiting for these, but at last your patience is rewarded.

## JUNIORS.

Only *one* collection of pressed leaves, and *one* of pressed wild flowers was received. Both these collections, the work of Kenneth West (aged 8) of Stratford Lyceum and Freda Bold (aged 12) of Rotherham Lyceum, were well done, and showed that a great amount of time, care and patience had been expended. Therefore, as a result of the judge's remarks, I have decided that the prizes given by *The Two Worlds* to Our Lyceum Guild shall be awarded, in spite of the lack of competition, and if you could see the two entries I am sure you would agree with me.

## SNAPSHOT COMPETITION.

Six entries were received for this competition. They have been judged by a professional photographer (who wishes to remain anonymous) and the prize is awarded to Mr. A. Boyd of Warrington, who obtained 88 marks

out of 100; while Mr. H. Williams of Warrington is second with 83 marks.

## ESSAY COMPETITION.

For the two set subjects there were *seven* entries, so they have been taken as one competition. Mr. J. S. Barnett of Collyhurst Lyceum is first with 95 marks out of 100, and Miss M. Catterall of Eccles Lyceum with 86 marks second.

It is hardly necessary for me to say how disappointed I am, not with those who have entered and done their best, but with the others who have failed to respond. On August 1st we had 240 Guild members, and yet only 15 entered for competitions. This tells me as plainly as can be that *you do not want competitions*—I shall not forget.

My grateful thanks to those who did enter, especially those who had not really time, but squeezed it in, just to encourage me in the work. By the time you are reading this I hope you will have received individual criticisms of your work, which will perhaps help you at some future time.

## Guild Classes.

The number of weekly Guild Classes is steadily improving and encouraging reports have been received.

*West Melton* have appointed Mrs. Rawlinson as their Guild Leader. They have 14 members, meet on Wednesday nights and their Church has allowed them the use of the room every Saturday in order to raise funds for their Guild. One of their members, Edith Alice Rawlinson, won the Schoolgirls' Swimming Championship at Wath-on-Dearne on Oct. 9th, while another Lyceumist, Elsie Little (who is not yet a Guildite) was second. Well done.

*Rotherham* also hold a Guild class on Friday evenings. I spent a very happy day with them on Sept. 17th, and met most of my Guildites. One pleasing feature of the session was a song sung by some of the children. The words of *Rose-Buds* had been composed by Miss Beth Britton, a Rotherham Guildite, and the music by Mr. Hales of Attercliffe, who conducted that item.

Daisy Embley, one of my Rotherham family, had swum 18 lengths at the baths (25 yds.) and was taking a life saving exam. I, should like to know how you went on Daisy.

*Blackpool* hold their Guild class at the home of Mrs. Wood, and they are very enthusiastic. Mrs. Wood has kindly sent me a handkerchief with a painted design in one corner, similar to the ones she is doing in order to swell their Guild fund.

Warrington, Darwen, West Vale, Stratford, and Alma St., also hold weekly Guild classes, and in each case good work is being done.

Carry on all of you, and success is sure to crown your efforts.

## Guild Fees.

Nothing is to be done in this respect until January 1934, and by then you will have heard all particulars. Best wishes to all of you, but especially to those who are conducting Guild classes.

The Guild Leader,

28, Moorlands Place,

GLADYS HALLIDAY,

Free School Lane, Halifax.

## OUR RESTORATION FUND.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations received this month: Daulby Hall Lyceum, per Mr. C. W. Dixon £2; Armley Lyceum, per W. Wainwright, 12s. 6d.; Mr. Ely, 2s. 6d.; Mr. R. Robb, 2s. 6d.; South Shields United Lyceum Workers, per R. Smith, 7s.; Miss Lawton, per Mr. Burrows, 10s.; Mrs. Paling, per Mr. Burrows, 10s.; Mr. George, 2s. 6d. Total, £4 7s. The following has been received by Mr. Burrows: J. Calway, 10s.; Mr. Last, 2s. 6d.; Miss D. Jordan, 15s.; Mr. and Mrs. Fruin, £1, Mrs. Calway, 10s. Total, £2 17s. 6d.

We are very grateful to all those who have responded to our Appeal, but we feel that this fund should be growing more rapidly.

We understand that some Lyceums are collecting towards raising a definite amount before forwarding, but there may be others who have not yet realised the urgent need of this money and consequently have not taken steps towards adopting any of the schemes mentioned in these columns.

Up to date £42 5s. 3d. has been donated. There are 250 Affiliated Lyceums, and it would be something of which all Lyceumists could be proud to know "that every Lyceum in the Union has done its part in sending forward a donation however small."

Now that our £2,000 Effort Fund is suspended, we would like to suggest that the "Lyceum Peace Sunday Collection," which was sent previously to this Fund, might be transferred to the "Restoration Fund." It would be a grateful acknowledgment of Peace and afford Lyceums an opportunity of expressing this in a practical way. To those Lyceums who have not at any time donated the Peace Sunday Collection, we would suggest that the question be placed before them for their immediate consideration.

Our President at the Conference appealed very strongly to all of us to try and raise a substantial sum of money, sufficient to place our Union on a firm financial basis. The year is passing quickly. May we urge, to all those who have promised a definite amount to try and respond before the end of the year, so that we can feel that some practical good has been accomplished and commence the New Year with renewed hope.

We are looking forward to a substantial return from all Lyceums who have adopted the "Jumble Sale" idea, and hope that their efforts will be successful.

PLEASE SEND ALL DONATIONS FOR THE RESTORATION FUND DIRECT TO MRS. L. GEORGE, 85, Queen's Rd., Everton, Liverpool 6.

Hon. Sec., L. GEORGE.

(Continued from column 2).

Advertisement in BANNER for Lyceums' activities. An appeal for Lyceums to support. Action of Secretary re Letter of thanks to Chief Constable, York; also Rowntree and Wakefield Bands confirmed. Accepted and filed.

Reports. D.V.'s. 3 Lyceums visited and reports good. Treasurer's report showed a balance of £6 7s. 8½d.

L.D.C. Report. Two meetings attended. Accepted. Field Day Secretary's Report. Recommendation of M.C. re Woolgrave, accepted.

Balance Sheet agreed on acceptance subject to certain alterations. Auditor's Report accepted.

Agreed next Conference be at same place as presentation of Silver Bell. Vote of thanks to Local Friends.

A. W. HARDING, Secretary.

## THE THINGS WE HEAR.

LONDON L.D.C.

SINGING RESULTS, 1933.

*Junior Girls:* Thelma Shimell 1st, Jean Halfacre 2nd.  
*Intermediate Girls:* Joan Danvers 1st, Marjorie Jordan 2nd, Queenie Banham 3rd.  
*Intermediate Boys:* Alan Bradley 1st, Joan Huggett 2nd, Douglas Champion 3rd.  
*Senior Ladies:* Mrs. Danvers 1st, Mrs. Thompson 2nd, Miss Jordan 3rd.  
*Senior Men:* Mr. Hardwick 1st, Mr. Thompson 2nd, Mr. Bates 3rd.

ELOCUTION RESULTS 1933.

*Junior Boys:* Geoffrey Richards 1st, Arthur Yarrow 2nd, Harry Wenborne 3rd.  
*Junior Girls:* Vera Danvers 1st, Gladys Phillips 2nd, Joyce Capper 3rd.  
*Intermediate Boys:* James Lindsey 1st, Alfred Wilkes 2nd, Michael Collins 3rd.  
*Intermediate Girls:* Peggy Richards 1st, Stella Jordan 2nd, Thelma Finch 3rd.  
*Senior Ladies:* Miss Habgood 1st, Celia Brinton 2nd, Lily Chiplin 3rd.  
*Senior Men:* Mr. Stevenson 3rd Class.

NORTH EAST CHESHIRE L.D.C.

Sept 24th we held Mass Sessions at Ashton, conducted by Mrs. E. Edwards; President of the Council, after an invocation by Mrs. Moulton. The "Rose Queen" of the Hyde Lyceum presented the President with a bouquet of flowers.

S.C. was conducted by Mr. E. Lloyd. M.R. by Mr. F. Harrison, Heaton Norris; the "Rose Queen" of Hyde, and Mr. Hill, Stockport, who each in turn gave their expression on the reading. Pearls numerous.

Evening opened well with 'In the March of Life' and S.C., conducted by Miss Temple, of Collyhurst. M.R. "Catch the Sunshine," with readings and comments by Mr. J. W. Jackson, Ashton, Mr. Phillips, Barnsley, and Mr. Guy, Gorton.

The special feature was the presentation of the B.S.L.U. Education Awards to successful students by the President, Mrs. Edwards. Mrs. Moulton, the Vice-President, presented the Council prize, "Outlines of Spiritualism for the young" to Master John Jackson, who gained 100 in Senior Oral Grade.

R. A. L. MARKHAM, Sec.

SOUTH SHIELDS UNITED LYCEUM WORKERS.

The above body held its final Meeting on Sat., Sept. 23rd, 1933, and the cash in hand 7s. has been donated to the B.S.L.U. Restoration Fund.

Although originally commenced in 1914, the United Committee has worked continuously since 1920, and successfully organised four Massed Sessions and Propaganda Meetings per year. A few Field Days with sports, visit of Mr. A. T. Connor and the M.C. last year. At one time also a large Choir, and a troop of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides worked under its auspices.

N. E. AINLEY, A.N.S.C., Pres.

R. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

LEEDS LYCEUM DISTRICT COUNCIL.

Quarterly Conference held Walkerly Lane, Heckmondwike, Sept. 30th. Welcome to Conference, Mr. Martin (Conductor, Heckmondwike Lyceum), accepted on behalf of Conference by President, Mr. Wainwright. The President's Address followed.

Notice of Motion, Inter-Change of Conductors. Agreed to commence in Jan. 1934, to operate once every quarter. Secretary instructed to issue to each Lyceum a visiting plan.

No invitation for 1934. Demonstration agreed to place on agenda for next December Meeting.

B.S.L.U. Finance, an appeal for all Lyceums to help Socials, Concerts, Collections by each Lyceumist of working age, contribution 1d. per week.

No Invitation for U.D.C. Conference in March agreed to place on agenda for December Meeting Associates, none.

Open Council. Agreed Secretary write Hull Lyceums re D.V. visits.

Associate cards and new case for Secretary be obtained. B.S.L.U. Finance Area represented. F. Tweedale suggested a retiring collection at all Council Meetings be made. This was agreed to and a substantial sum was realised at this meeting. Agreed F. Tweedale be elected Secretary for this fund.

Minutes of last meeting (confirmed). Correspondence

(Continued in previous column).

## 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 Street.—Open Session, Sept. 17th. Recitations was given by N. Woodhead, B. Bartlette, Irene Heap, J. De Arcy, M. Woodhead, F. Higson. Solos by G. Woodhead, K. Nuttal, B. Hope, M. Woodhead, J. De Arcy, J. Woodhead, J. Heap, N. Woodhead, Mrs. Bartlette, F. Moreton, Mrs. Higson, Mr. De Arcy, Mr. Heap, Mr. Duckworth.—Mrs. H. Dunn, Hon. Sec.

**BACUP**.—Open Session, Sept. 3rd. Conductor, Mrs. Carter. Pearls: James Taylor, H. Turner, Mr. Ashcroft, Miss McKenna, Gladys Holmes, Dennis Holinsworth, Mr. Halsall, Mrs. Wright, Alice Wright, Gladys Ormerod, Mrs. Carter, Mr. Lord, J. W. Taylor. Recitation: Molly Halsall. Solos: Mr. Harris, Miss McKenna. Duets: Miss McKenna and Gladys Holmes. Quartette: Mr. Halsall, Edward Pettit, Mr. Ashcroft.—S. Carter, A.N.S.C., Sec.

**BARROW IN FURNESS**.—We regret to announce the passing to the Summerland of one of our youngest Lyceumists, John Edward Howbrook, aged 14 years, beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. Howbrook. The funeral and memorial services, which were attended by a large number of Lyceumists and members of the Church, were conducted by the Life President and Guardian of the Lyceum, Mrs. Butterworth, D.N.U.

**BIRKENHEAD**.—Open Session, Oct. 1st. Conductor, Mr. Robb. Pearls by Miss Elsie Thompson, Mr. Taylor, Ernest Kneale, Mrs. Mars, Mrs. Harper, Florrie Watson. Pianoforte Solo, Eileen Edwards. Recitations by Earna, and Elizabeth Saunders, Peggy Williams, Gwennie Watson. Solos by Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Harper, Mr. Taylor, W. A. Kneale.—Wm. Kneale, Sec.

**CALGARY**.—The National Spiritual Lyceum was opened Sept. 10th, 1933. There was a large attendance and prizes consisting of books and Lyceum Manuals were given for the longest attendance for the year. June Ford, age 11 years, won first prize; Ada M. Garrad conducted the service. Pearls and recitations were said by all. It was arranged that the Lyceum socials for the young people would be held every two weeks. Walter Holder will be in charge.—M. Ford, Sec.

**CHESTERFIELD**.—Oct. 1st, Open Session. The following Lyceumists contributed to a very entertaining programme. Audrey, Norman, Kathleen and Eveline Clements; Irene, Glynn, and Mervyn Cowell, Ivy Hall, Arthur Marshall, Shirley Widdowson, Annie Fowler, Lillian Briggs, Vera Rippon, Irene Hobster, Betty Holmes, Joyce Adams, Mrs. Fowler and Mrs. Cowell.—S. Hobster, Session Secretary.

**DEWSBURY**.—Open Session, Sept. 24th. We had a very nice session. Several pearls were given by Lyceumists, also recitations, and solos by Miss Amy Bentley and Miss Mona Stott.—Mrs. A. Hartley, Sec.

**EARBY**, Greenend Avenue.—Open Session, Oct. 7th. Songs and recitations were well given by E. Hancock, R. Hodgkinson, E. Greenhalgh, M. Sheffield, E. Hodgkinson, R. Hancock, D. Clough, K. Hancock, J. Hancock. Solos, Mrs. Morby, Mrs. Millican, G. Morby, Mr. A. G. Morby, W. Hancock.—A. G. Morby, Sec.

**FLEETWOOD**.—Open Session, Oct. 1st. The following Lyceumists gave items: recitation by Tom Wright, duet by Mr. Batley and Mr. Sherlock. Trios by Kathleen Hague, Doris Parkinson and Minnie Wright, Irene Roscow, Marie Dews and Dorothy Cropper, solos by Mrs. Parkinson and Mrs. Firth.—L. Vollans, Sec.

**HEELEY**, Gifford Road.—Oct. 1st was our Anniversary Day, when the Services were taken by Mr. Hopkins and Mrs. Clive. On Oct. 2nd we held our Anniversary Tea and in the evening our conductor, Mr. Hopkins, assisted by Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Truelove, presented prizes to the children.—H. Truelove, Sec.

**LANCASTER**, Bulk Road.—Open Session, Oct. 1st. We had a very good session, the children responding well with recitations and solos. We also had the pleasure of having with us Mr. Will Edwards, who was our speaker for the day.—M. Bouskill, Sec.

**MACCLESFIELD**.—Sept. 19th. Our Harvest Festival was a great success. Mr. Keeling was the speaker at each service. The children sang a song, both afternoon and evening. Recitations by Miss Swindells, Joyce Potts, and Mrs. Wellings. Solos, Mrs. Southwell and Miss Cotterill. Violin Solo, Mr. Booth; organist, Mr. Parrott.—H. Rushton.

**MORECAMBE**, West End Road.—Oct. 1st, Open Session. Recitations by Donald Victor Liversedge, Dennis Liversedge. Pearls by Olga Lees, Kathleen Liversedge.—W. H. Moores, Sec.

**NELSON**.—During the past month we held our Lyceum Day, which was fairly well attended. At 6 o'clock an Open Session was held, many individual and combined items being rendered. Earlier in the day Lyceumists had brought flowers to decorate the room. Visitors from other Lyceums gave their greetings and the proceedings closed in time for the 8-o p.m. service, which was also given to benefit Lyceum funds.—E. Burn, Sec.

**PRESTON**, Moor Lane.—We had a very enjoyable Open Session, Oct. 1st. The children sang songs from the manual, and several recitations were well rendered. The marching and callisthenics were well performed.—Helen Kilner, Sec.

**READING**.—Harvest Festival and Open Session. Mrs. Jackson conducted. Pearls by all scholars. Musical Programme, Peggy Radford, Gordon Seaward, John Andrew Jackson; other items, Doris Barker, Wilfred Barker, Majorie Radford, Margaret Lottie, Reginald Fiefield. Mr. Douglas Lawrance presented certificates to successful students.—John Jackson, Hon. Sec.

**ROTHERHAM**.—Sept. 17th and 18th, Miss Hollis conducted Anniversary Services. Speaker, Miss G. Halliday, A.N.S.C. Children rendered songs and recitations, Education Certificates presented. Monday, Tea and Social, a successful week-end.—A. Bruce, G.N.S.C., Sec.

**RYDE**, Newport St.—Oct. 8th, Harvest Festival. Surrounded by a beautiful display of fruit and flowers; Lyceumists and friends joined in Harvest Hymns, Readings, Pearls. Solos by Dorothy, Eileen and Tony Perkis. Recitations—Joan Heapey, Daphne McNamara, Betty King. The Church President, Mr. McNeil, presented the Certificates to five successful candidates in the B.S.L.U. Examination.—E. Oak, Sec.

**RYDE**, Belvedere.—Sept. 24th, Special Harvest Session. Great interest was taken by Lyceumists in their own special effort towards the beautifying of the Church with their offerings of flowers, fruit, etc., a lovely Session. Attendance excellent. Mr. A. Perkis, as Conductor, made this Special Session an opportunity for presenting certificates to Lyceumists successful in recent examinations.—Annie Hole, Sec.

**SHEFFIELD**, Attercliffe.—On Oct. 15th Mrs. B. Petz, of London, the Artist-Medium, together with her spirit helpers, gave us a most pleasing demonstration of the use of psychic gifts.—James Le Noury, G.N.S.C., Sec.

**SHEFFIELD**, Heeley, Woodseats.—Oct. 1st, Open Session, conducted by Miss V. Spooner. Pearls, recitations, etc., made our session well worth the while for all present.—L. Grant, Sec.

**SHIPLEY**.—Sept. 3rd, Open Session. Conductor, Miss Winterbottom. The following took part: recitations, Miss Mary and Edna Bower and Miss Nellie Hutchinson; pianoforte selections by Miss Betty Barnard and Miss Coles. Solo by Miss Hudson and duet by Mr. and Mrs. Hollings.—E. H. Coles, Sec.

**SOUTHEND AND WESTCLIFF**.—Anniversary, Sept. 24th. Sixty-five Lyceumists and friends were present. Examination medals, certificates and other prizes were presented by Mrs. Connor. Mr. Connor gave an address.—F. Thompson, Hon. Sec.

**WEST MELTON**.—Harvest Festival held Sept. 24th. Five Certificates were presented during the afternoon session to those who had sat for the Education Examination.—Mrs. J. Hirst, Sec.

**WINNIPEG**.—The First Spiritualist Church Lyceum held their monthly Open Session on Sunday, October 1st, 1933. We spent a very enjoyable afternoon and pearls, recitations, solos, etc., were given by Gordon Fairbairn, Mr. Knox, Harry Towns, Edith and Eileen Nichols, Marguerite Kinghorn, Hazel Dale, Miss Anderson, Mrs. Knox, Daisy Knox, and Mr. Forrest.—H. Towns, Sec.

### OUR £2,000 EFFORT FUND.

Dear Lyceumists All,

I am again pleased to acknowledge the following amounts from the Mile of Pennies Scheme.

Bristol, Grosvenor Rd. Lyceum, per M. Thompson, 2s. 9d.; Horsforth Lyceum, per Mrs. B. Eccles, 4s. 8d.; Newcastle-on-Tyne Central National Spiritualist Lyceum, per A. Price, 4s. 8d. Total, 12s. 1d.

With thanks,

85, Queen's Road,  
Everton, Liverpool.

LILLIE GEORGE, Hon. Sec.