

# THE LYCEUM BANNER

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## What Christmas Should Mean.



WE have got into the habit of associating Christmas with turkey and plum pudding, and with very little else. We look upon it as the break in the winter; as something which separates the fall of the leaf from the first white smother of snowdrops; we have in a sense forgotten its true meaning.

Christmas means more than that.

Charles Dickens was the man who brought Christmas back to us, not so much as a religious festival, as a time of feasting and of goodwill. Greetings are exchanged with people all the world over. Presents are sent. Then on Boxing Day the young people say sentimentally, "I wish we could have it all over again, it seems such a long time till next year," and the old people say, "Thank heaven *that's* over."

But *that* isn't quite Christmas.

Christmas is the festival of simplicities. Long ago to lonely meadows angels brought the message down. It was the birth of a Babe in a manger at Bethlehem. In the nineteen hundred years that have intervened, many people have doubted whether it ever happened. They have chosen to doubt it. Many people have deliberately wondered whether Christ was Christ or just another of the prophets come to this earth.

People can think what they choose. One thing is certain, that at that time the world was in a very bad state; the Romans were ruling by force, they were just but they were brutal; they ground everything under their heel. There was much that was vile in life, much that was cruel, much that had to be changed. God changed it in an unexpected manner. The whole world was waiting for the Messiah, and instead they were given the greatest lesson that has ever yet been given to mankind. Their Messiah was Simplicity. He was a small and helpless Babe, laid in the meanest manger and wrapped in poor clothing.

The lesson of Christmas is one that we would do well to mark to-day. We have grown out of hand.

The whole world is restless, standing on the edge of a precipice, and looking down at it laughing. We are not serious enough about matters. In this transitory existence we maintain there is something to be gained from grabbing at what is passing us, nothing to be gained by waiting for the morrow—which may never be.

We are wrong.

We exert ourselves for happiness, clutch at it, reach out for it, demand it. We WORK for it, and happiness

does not come that way.

We have decided that unless we pay entertainment tax on it we cannot expect to be entertained.

Wrong again.

We have thrust aside family life, and marriage, and all the deep tranquillity of home life which made such an excellent background for our efforts.

We need to turn to the lesson of the manger.

The Heavenly Babe came to his parents and lived with them for twelve years in contentment. His was home life; he gave the great lesson for those who might follow him; He worked for his bread; He sat in the quiet of the evening with his people. Where the world had expected a king, in a purple gown, accompanied by the blare of trumpets and the crown of crowns, they gained only a simple child, leading a normal child's life, and living in all the simplicity of poverty and humbleness.

Jesus was chosen to live among the poor, not with the rich. Beggars mixed with him, only the humble and meek were privileged to talk with him. He came to help the down and out, not the high and haughty. He was a King who refused the community of kings, but chose people for their hearts. His crown was of thorns.

This is to-day a world which dreams too much of riches. And riches, though they may be for a time exceedingly pleasant, never take you very far. It is not the very rich who get on in life. Millionaires are just millionaires, but the great leaders, and the

BY  
URSULA BLOOM

happy people, and the people who are doing something for somebody else, which is, after all, the greatest thing you can hope to do in your life, are all poor people.

**I often think what a topsy-turvy world we shall find it when we reach that other side; the exalted will not be there whom we thought so "nice to know." The exalted will be the humble people who here have filled our gutters, and who have faced great hardship and great humiliation. People who have had nowhere to sleep—like the Son of Man. People who have lived a life much like the Great Life nineteen hundred years ago.**

The Message of Christmas is a simple one. It is not just the message of Christmas presents and of amusements, it is more the giving of self. It should teach us contentment, and tolerance. It should give us a lesson that makes us ashamed of those who are elbowing each other, and pushing and shoving their way through life in the great effort to reach the top. And all the while the crown for which they are striving is something far closer to the heart. Something which any man may pick up in humiliation and meekness from the dust of the road down which he may be tramping.

This world's standards do not matter. The standards of the heart matter most.

We were given a life, a perfect life, to copy. Has there been one who copied it faithfully? Even those twelve who had the tremendous advantage of seeing Jesus and being with him, could not live the perfect life. They had to add their own laws to the all-sufficient laws of Jesus—the Pilgrim of Love. Priests interposed. Christianity became lost in a whirlpool of dogma. Christianity has never been given a chance.

If this new generation living amongst us to-day do not turn again to the ethics of true christianity, I feel that some terrible catastrophe will overtake us. The world as it is now cannot continue. It is crashing forward into disaster. We are told that things have righted themselves before. That the pendulum swings back again. So that may be, but this time we have gone too far. It is a bad world. It is a world that may not be worth the saving. And what happens then?

It is urgent that the message of Christmas in all its truth and sincerity should this year be ours. It must not be lost in the confusion of present-giving, and the chatter of spurious good-will. We need that peace-on-earth-good-will-towards-man, more than at any other time in our history.

If every one of us thought peace, and thought good-will, then it would be a new world.

If every one of us remembered that possessions, and good times mattered not one iota, but that the humble Babe of Bethlehem matters considerably, then we should be a new people.

This is the message that Christmas should teach us.

## REMEMBRANCES.

BY

*John Hardiman.*

The guns boomed.  
 Everything was silent.  
 I remembered, with bitter thoughts the war.  
 When young boys, adventurous and gay,  
 Husbands, uncles, thousands killed each day.  
 Mothers hearts were broken.  
 Wives, whole families ruined.  
 Then it was Armistice;  
 The end, thank God, of all that murder,  
 Of all that massacre,  
 Blood and thunder,  
 Filth and mud;  
 Ruin and destruction all around.  
 That was war.  
 Cold-blooded murder.  
 Even the wounded stood no chance against the  
 evils of war.  
 Children killed in school by fiends of destruction.  
 All this came to my mind as thousands upon  
 thousands stood bareheaded,  
 Remembering for only two minutes in the whole  
 year of the millions who "gave their lives that  
 we might live in peace,"  
 Some receiving worse than death, a living death,  
 crippled for life.  
 Do we not owe these souls a great debt?  
 Aye. The greatest debt a nation ever owed,  
 And cannot repay.  
 And, at this two minutes silence,  
 Do not the million souls of those honoured soldiers  
 of the nation,  
 The Army of the Common People;  
 Do not these souls come again?  
 Do we remember it enough to say,  
 "No more war" ?  
 We do.  
 And as the two minutes end, let the cry go forth,  
 Ringing in the ears of every nation,  
 Out over the world:  
 "Let there be no more wholesale massacre."  
 May the cry go forth, reminding countless millions  
 of the horrors, destruction, massacres, evils  
 of war,  
 Leading them to say again and again;  
 To cry with all their might,  
 Not only to cry, but to act and bring about  
 "No more war."

# ILL SHARE MY WORLD

~ ~ ~ Friendly ~ ~ ~  
~ ~ ~ Intimacy ~ ~ ~

ONCE there was a small boy who lay idly dreaming away the hours on the bank of a murmuring stream. All around the hazel catkins were filling the air with a sweet mustiness, their dull brown serving as a marked contrast to the golden radiance of the broom and gorse that flamed out in all its glory.

A silence enfolded him in its tender embrace, to be broken occasionally by the caressing melody of the skylark, or the low drone of the passing bee that was setting out to gather the honeyed sweetness from the nearby fields of clover. Nothing marred the simple beauty of life, for he accepted the thousand little boys of childhood without question.

\* \* \* \*

Later still a youth set out to conquer the world. Already he was awakening to the pain of shedding boyhood's illusions, and facing up to the dream-shattering experiences of adolescence.

The early glow of morning had gone, vanished for ever. Life's prelude was over, and yet its haunting refrain was destined to run like a melody through the dissonance of the passing years. Already he was meeting the challenge of a world in the melting pot, facing up to the realities of a life composed mostly of "and all dear names men use to cheat despair."

\* \* \* \*

Manhood dawned. The horizon was clouded. The stormy darkness of tragedy threatened to shadow each day, as one watched one after another of one's hopes totter to the ground. Life seemed like a game of "Card Houses." One built one's Castles in Spain merely to see them fall into nothingness with the first gust of wind that came along.

There was no return. One had wandered into that strangest of all countries, "The World as It Is," losing in the journey one's vision of the world as it was in those early dream days, those few fair hours whose very glory now mocked one's highest hopes.

And so you find me to-day, a typical product of the post-war world. A little cynical about everything, not very sure about anything, hoping against hope that the vanished dream may some day be recalled; that the first melody may yet again cast its harmony around my days.

And so, "I'll share my world."

\* \* \* \*

I believe that the initial objective all men have in life is the attainment of happiness. It is their natural heritage, and should be, if social life was organised to be a thing to be enjoyed, instead of a mad scramble

after gold, the one security that holds us fast rooted in the simple joy of existence.

To attain such an ideal state few things are needed, and yet those are the very things that are to-day denied us. My philosophy is a philosophy of bodies rather than of souls. Man's birthright ought to be a healthy body, since I am convinced that upon such a foundation alone can be evolved a healthy mind.

To be truly spiritual does not mean to be a creature of ethereal nothingness. It means to be a dignified son of the earth, living out and enjoying the best that this material world has to offer.

Having guaranteed man a healthy body, the next claim he has a right to make upon society is that it shall be properly clothed, fed, and sheltered. The average snail is better housed than the average man, but that is simply because there are no "shelling combines" in snaildom, and there are slum combines in civilisation. Remove the fear of poverty from men's lives, and you have destroyed a thousand and one ills that daily and hourly threaten to destroy us.

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The primary objective of education should be to teach men to live, not to turn out masses who simply exist. The spark of originality which is the essence of personality should be nurtured until we are each contributing our quota to the drama of life. As it is the majority of men are not individuals at all, they are merely the puppets who form the chorus in the Universal Tragedy, "The Modern Madhouse."

And then there are all the shackles of slavery to break down. Slavery to traditions that are the appendages of a worn out social system. Slavery to fears that are the inevitable results of a threadbare religious ethic. Slavery to conventionality which is the bulwark of a mass morality we term respectability, which is in actuality a thing of torment crippling the lives of thousands as it holds them fast in its grips.

We are most of us to-day in the tragic position of Mary Thane, that wonderful character in Ethel Mannin's "Crescendo," and "Ragged Banners," "members of the gallant army of the undefeatable defeated." Politics no longer inspire us. Religion no longer meets our needs. Science, the White Hope of our age, rapidly threatens to become the very factor that increases our misery.

And so we drift on, a misunderstood generation, looking in vain for a light to guide our stumbling feet.

\* \* \* \*

When I survey the world I see it as a place in which sanity is at a discount. In Germany, to be successful, one must be a Jew Baiter. The people of Jewry have probably more brains in their little fingers, than all the Hitler Regime has in its collection of crazy heads, but Hitler scores because he rules by fear.

In America to be a social success one must look down on the Negro, one must refuse to dine in the same restaurant, or to ride in the same car. And yet the sheer physical beauty of the Negro is in every way superior to the loose lankiness of the ninnies of Broadway. The Negro is in love with life. His exotic temperament revels in the rich flowing current of the basic urge of Mother Nature. The Yankee is in love with the death modes of modern commercialism.

## I'LL SHARE MY WORLD

He worships big business, succeeds in making a big noise, and ends up by becoming a big sap.

Let us drift nearer home. Oh England, my England! Thou snug little island of self-contended respectability. The man in dress clothes feels a superior being to the man in overalls. And yet, in actuality, the man who works with his hands, who earns a scanty living by the sweat of his brow, is in every way the more useful citizen of the two. I know all the nice little sentiments about the green fields of England. I also know the sheer insanity of the grimy slums of England. I know the flaming patriotism of the mad rulers of a nation's destiny, who see life in terms of battleships, big guns and poison gas.

And knowing these things I tend to become ironical when I read the ranting sentiments of our politicians, when I hear people proclaiming a message of brotherhood, and living out lives of class hatred.

\* \* \* \*

Such then is the background of my world, and the world of thousands like myself who hope against hope that something will turn up to ease the agony through which we are passing.

We have little room for the old religions, in that all they succeeded in doing after nearly two thousand years of propaganda, was to encourage men to go and die horrible deaths. And to what end? To make profits for munition mongers. To ruthlessly slay their fellow men against whom they bore no personal grudge. To offer the fair flower of youth as a living sacrifice upon the hypocritical altars of Age.

I see a world bristling with tragedy, a world being driven mad with its discontents. I watch the war clouds gathering upon the horizon. And I say if life must again be offered to satiate the monster of murder, the false idol of war, let age be sacrificed. Stick the old fogies who rave about Empires and Union Jacks in the Front Line. Experience in stopping machine-gun bullets may teach them a far more vital lesson than heaping up ill gotten gains on the Stock Exchange.

And seeing these things, I and hundreds like me, refuse to accept the moral sanctions which uphold this gigantic swindle called modern civilisation.

\* \* \* \*

The one thing that seems to be lacking is a frank facing up to our problems, a free acknowledgment of the false values we use to interpret life, a willing recognition of our failures, and a sincere determination to profit by our past mistakes. Our task is to recreate a world fit for men and women to live in, instead of the miserable hell that exists at present, out of which so many escape, via drugs, drink, or the gas oven.

I believe that every child that is born is justified in demanding from society the right to be happy. It should be an obligation we willingly engender to offer it avenues of self fulfilment along which it can express its essential personality.

\* \* \* \*

Of one thing we can rest assured. We shall never make men moral by passing laws, whereas you will

create a true morality by proclaiming love as the mainspring of our very existence.

I desire the simple joys of friendship, friendship as known and proclaimed by the Pagan Greeks, who saw love as a Holy Thing, a Righteous Thing, the one abiding reality in a world of passing illusions. ODTAA. That was Somerset Maugham's way of expressing the mess we have drifted into to-day. One Damn Thing After Another. That's all life has become. A butterfly chase for painted baubles instead of a reaching out to the pure gold of being.

\* \* \* \*

Only one thing can save the world...and that is a revaluation of life, in terms of the great simplicities. A deep flow of tenderness must be created in every sphere of human relationships...A tenderness which inspires within us a new respect for ourselves and a deeper loyalty to others.

The universal boredom that arises inevitably out of our mad rush after the empty bubbles of pleasure, and still more pleasure, must be replaced by a spirit of genuine amusement. The energy of man must be re-directed along creative channels, for in his arts and crafts he fulfils a deep need of his spiritual nature.

\* \* \* \*

We of the Lyceum Movement should be the Torch Bearers of the New World. Spiritualism is the light that sheds its gleam into the gloom of the present, pointing the way to a more hopeful future. Because we survive death, the common round of life should be built around those factors that have a survival value. I believe in caring for bodies because they are the Temple of the Most High God. I believe in Joy because it is the most Spiritual of all the Virtues. I believe in Peace because all men are linked to me no matter what their colour or creed, by virtue of the fact that we are equal sharers in the common life, the Unity of Creation.

Spiritualism can change the world. It needs to be courageous. It must be determined. We want the best for man so that the best in man may triumph. Once we press home the basic truths of our philosophy of life, we have hacked away many of the weeds that are clogging the growth of the Tree of Life. We can be the harbingers of a New Springtime.

Our duty is to the Spirit of the Unborn. To them we owe a debt that can only be paid by striving to remake the hearts and minds of men, until they willingly recognise that the only true wealth of any civilisation is the happy laughter of its children.

\* \* \* \*

Someday I may find the little boy again, who lay idly dreaming away the hours by a murmuring stream. Someday I may discover a new hope in mankind, because I shall see a new race of men, in whom a quality of life is made manifest that shall by its very nature remould this mad world back into serenity.

Are you as a Spiritualist going to help me to find this New World?

# Eleven o'clock



## "The Hollies."

A Short Story.

BY

CHARLES HICKS.

I DO not remember how we started talking about "ghosts." A week before Christmas my old friend Gresham had rung me up inviting me to spend the festive season with him at "The Hollies," his old home. I confess I was somewhat surprised, for if there was one topic that was taboo in our conversation it was those early days of his life prior to our meeting. However, I knew there must be some reason behind this change of front, so without questioning him as to the *raison d'être* for this new attitude I assented.

We arrived at Halfways about nine o'clock in the evening of December the Twenty-fourth. It was tipping down with rain, as though to remind one that Old English Christmasses only existed in the inimitable stories of Dickens, and on the tinselled greeting cards in shop windows. We were cold, and a little depressed after the dragging monotony of a journey such as is only to be experienced on the local lines of our railways. Gresham had been strangely silent all the way, the only intimation of his mood being an occasional deep frowning of the brow. Intuitively I knew that he was drifting back into that period of his life which was a sealed book to me, and I had no desire to intrude into his memories.

The glowing light of the village pub was an alluring sight after the cold dampness of an uncomfortable railway carriage, so we both decided before proceeding to our final destination to call in "The Angler's Rest" for a stiff rum and a good warm by the log fire which would be seen blazing on the hearth, through the window.

As soon as we entered the inn I noticed that one or two of the old cronies eyed Gresham strangely, and then saw a knowing look pass between them. At last one of them, looking across at Gresham, broke the tense silence.

"B'ain't you Mester Gresham, the son of Old John Gresham, as used to live at the 'Hollies'?"

A furtive look crossed Gresham's face, a look half of anger, and half of fear. After a curt acknowledgement he asked me in an unduly loud voice, "Are you ready to push off to the 'Hollies'?"

Again I saw knowing looks pass between the men who were gathered round the Bar. The old man who has first addressed my friend turned to us and said in a strained voice, "It be hardly wise to go up to the 'Hollies' to-night."

At this remark another of the bar loungers, who had kept eyeing up Gresham with a half look of recognition, butted in on the conversation. "Look here, Tom, you keep those Old Wives' Tales of yours to yourself. These two gentlemen are civilised beings, not half-crazed villagers full of silly superstitions."

"That's as may be, Mester Weaver, but there is them in this village as remembers strange goings on at the 'Hollies' years ago."

Weaver turned to Gresham and myself with a friendly smile. I liked the look of him; he was more like one of one's club room acquaintances than a village pub lounger. One felt he was a gentleman, and found oneself wondering why he was living in this backwater of civilisation.

"You know what it is," he said, "these village folk can't bear to think of Christmas without a Ghost. It's part of their tradition, and even if one merely laughs at such nonsense, one is bound to admit that it is the right setting for such a season."

Somehow his words were unconvincing. One felt intuitively he was talking lightly to hide the strain through which he was passing. Gresham appeared to be holding aloof from the conversation, and I noticed that from time to time his eyes strayed to the door, and his feet moved restlessly, telling me as plainly as if he had spoken that he was anxious to be going.

The first man who had addressed us upon our entry, spoke again. His tone was antagonistic, and expressed a resentment at Weaver's banter. "No one mentioned Ghosts save you, Mester Weaver, but you've lived long enough round about to know the truth about why no one has ever taken the 'Hollies' this last ten year."

At last Gresham's impatience broke through. "Ghost or no Ghost, I am going up to the 'Hollies,' and what's more, I am going now. Are you coming, Bob, or are you going to listen to these credulous fools telling bedtime stories?"

Again I was surprised at his tone. It was so unlike the Gresham I knew. At first I had thought I was imagining that he was afraid; now I knew that "something" was making him nervy. And that something belonged to those years in his life about which he never talked.

Weaver looked at Gresham keenly, as though trying to penetrate a veil that hid the real Gresham from view. And then speaking in a cheerful, friendly tone, said, "Look here, I am tired of all this mystery mongering myself. For twenty years I have heard these vague rumours about the 'Hollies.' I will walk up there with you, or better still we will get the old cabby at the door to run us up the hill to the place."

I could not help noticing how eagerly Gresham assented to this suggestion. The whole business was beginning to annoy me, and I was more than glad when we all walked across to the door. Weaver whistled to the old cabby, who could be heard breathing heavily in the interior of his ancient vehicle. On receiving no response he walked across to the cab and unceremoniously dragged the dilapidated old creature from its innards. "We want you to drive us up to the 'Hollies.' It's no use walking up that hill on a night like this, and a little exercise will remind your nag that it can trot as well as stand still."

The cabby ambled across to the doorway, and eyed us all with a doubtful look. His lips moved as though he were ruminating his cud, his hands wandered from pocket to pocket producing in the course of their search an old "Cherry," a length of plug, a battered knife, and a box of matches. He had brought filling his pipe to a fine art. With him it became a thing of significance, a defiant gesture of self-possession. His

pipe was at one with his personality, and as he puffed away clouds of smoke one realised that a storm was about to break through the surface calm of his demeanour.

"I b'ain't going to no 'Hollies' to-night. No, demmit, not if the King of England hisself was to ask me."

"Don't be a fool, man. Look here, it's Christmas time. I will give you a pound note when we arrive at the place."

All Gresham's assurance had disappeared. His voice seemed to tremble slightly, the fear had now asserted itself, and its actuality could no longer be hidden even from the most casual observer.

"I tell you, zur, I b'ain't going to the 'Hollies' to-night. No. Not if you was to offer me a ten pun note."

At this point Weaver, who had watched this new development with a slightly cynical smile upon his pleasant face, once more objectified himself into the conversation. "Look here, let's walk to the place. It's only a good five minutes' walk up the hill, and we can soon have a blazing fire burning to dry our wet clothes."

Suddenly the full significance of this strange Christmas dawned upon me. Here was I, going to an old untenanted house, that had stood empty for nearly twenty-five years, simply to comply with the sudden whim of my best friend. And to make matters queerer still, here was a comparative stranger inviting himself to accompany us, and Gresham, the most reserved fellow I knew, was not merely complying with the suggestion, but appeared to be eager for Weaver's company.

We pushed out into the wet night, and hurriedly walked up the hill without speaking. At last the "Hollies" loomed up before us in the darkness. It looked weird and forbidding, as though it resented the intrusion of we "humans." I could feel Gresham pressing close up to me, and to my amazement he was trembling violently. And then my common sense reasserted itself. Of course he was trembling. The night was cold and wet, we had come on a long and wearisome railway journey, the idle gossip at the village pub had frayed his nerves, and as a result his normal composure was at the moment lying dormant. The rain had softened to a drizzle, and suddenly the moon, which had been hidden most of the evening behind the heavy darkness of the storm, broke through, and bathed everything with a cold white radiance. The bare trees were like black lace hangings, etched against the grey shadows of the clouds, while the "Hollies," which stood in the background, looked like a grim presence standing sentinel in the darkness.

"Well, here we are at the ancestral home. Now for the key." As Gresham spoke, I noticed a startled look pass over Weaver's face. I knew in that moment that Weaver knew Gresham, and found myself wondering where the mystery of this strange Christmas Eve was going to end. As we entered, the place looked barren. If the outside had been desolate, the inside was cheerless and uninviting. Weaver busied himself building up a fire, while Gresham and I proceeded upstairs to look round the bedrooms. As we strolled into the front bedroom that overlooked the unkempt garden, a look of reverence appeared to pass over Gresham's face. Was it my imagination playing

tricks with light that has softened his features into an unfamiliar aspect? Or was it the drawing of the curtain of memories as he wandered back in to those unspoken yesterday?

These thoughts were still in my mind as we returned to the old parlour. I called to find Weaver warming his hands before the flames that were now leaping up merrily upon the hearthstone. We seemed to take it as a matter of course that he would stay the night, and as though to finally seal the issue Gresham said "It's a good thing I asked the Agent in London to have both rooms aired, Mr. Weaver may as well stay with you two can have the large back room, and I will sleep in the front bedroom, overlooking the garden."

Again I noticed an unusual softness in Gresham's tone. Looking at my watch I saw it was nearly eleven o'clock, and as though catching my thoughts Gresham continued, "Well, I am going upstairs, you two can turn in later if you like."

As soon as Gresham had gone Weaver turned and spoke to me. "I suppose you think it queer for a comparative stranger to invite himself to accompany you. Well, Gresham is my brother, but in a manner that he has not recognised me. The first time he came into the "Angler's Rest" I didn't imly remember his face. When you he "Hollies" I realised that he reminded me of my father. When he spoke of the agent and the key I knew my suspicions were correct. He left here twenty-five years ago under a cloud, and that is the reason why he has changed his name. We have never written to one another, and since I was at school when all the trouble occurred I don't remember quite forgotten me. Five years after he died our mother died, leaving the "Hollies" to me. I wandered about the world for a bit and then settled down at Halfways. The last thing I did was to write a letter to Will, as we called her. Although we know she wrote it we never found that letter, and concluded it must have been destroyed."

Here the key was the key to the jig-saw puzzle that had obtruded itself upon me. We were silent for a few moments; suddenly a piercing scream commanded our attention. It came from the room above, the room in which Gresham was sleeping. We both rushed out of the room, only to find Gresham literally tumbling downstairs. His face was ashen, his whole body was trembling. He seemed to be trying to speak, for his mouth moved, yet no words issued forth. We helped him into the dining room and got him settled into a chair. In his hand he was clutching a piece of paper, a yellowed page. I looked across at Weaver, and he was nodding, conveying to me the fact that it would be better if I left them alone.

If an hour had elapsed, when Weaver came out to me and told me the end of this strange story. A moon as Gresham had settled down for the night, the bedroom in which he was drowsing off in a blue radiance. At first he had thought it was moonlight pouring in through the window, and then he had realised that he was not alone; the radiance held "something" pre-gnating to himself. It grew brighter,

? Was it the kindly glow of candle-light that has softened his features into an unfamiliar aspect? Or was it the drawing of the curtain of memories as he wandered back in to those unspoken yesterday?

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Again I noticed an unusual softness in Gresham's tone. Looking at my watch I saw it was nearly eleven o'clock, and as though catching my thoughts Gresham continued, "Well, I am going upstairs, you two can turn in later if you like."

As soon as Gresham had gone Weaver turned and spoke to me. "I suppose you think it queer for a comparative stranger to invite himself to accompany you. Well, Gresham is my brother, but in a manner that he has not recognised me. The first time he came into the "Angler's Rest" I didn't imly remember his face. When you he "Hollies" I realised that he reminded me of my father. When he spoke of the agent and the key I knew my suspicions were correct. He left here twenty-five years ago under a cloud, and that is the reason why he has changed his name. We have never written to one another, and since I was at school when all the trouble occurred I don't remember quite forgotten me. Five years after he died our mother died, leaving the "Hollies" to me. I wandered about the world for a bit and then settled down at Halfways. The last thing I did was to write a letter to Will, as we called her. Although we know she wrote it we never found that letter, and concluded it must have been destroyed."

Here the key was the key to the jig-saw puzzle that had obtruded itself upon me. We were silent for a few moments; suddenly a piercing scream commanded our attention. It came from the room above, the room in which Gresham was sleeping. We both rushed out of the room, only to find Gresham literally tumbling downstairs. His face was ashen, his whole body was trembling. He seemed to be trying to speak, for his mouth moved, yet no words issued forth. We helped him into the dining room and got him settled into a chair. In his hand he was clutching a piece of paper, a yellowed page. I looked across at Weaver, and he was nodding, conveying to me the fact that it would be better if I left them alone.

If an hour had elapsed, when Weaver came out to me and told me the end of this strange story. A moon as Gresham had settled down for the night, the bedroom in which he was drowsing off in a blue radiance. At first he had thought it was moonlight pouring in through the window, and then he had realised that he was not alone; the radiance held "something" pre-gnating to himself. It grew brighter,

(Concluded on page 202).

# THE STRANGE STORY

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## FLORENCE COOK

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Dr. NANDOR FODER.

*The following extract is printed by permission of the author from his forthcoming "Encyclopedia of Psychic Science."—EDITOR.*

THE story of Florence Cook's mediumship opens in 1871. She had seen spirits and heard voices in her childhood, but this was put down to vivid imagination. When she was 15 years of age at a tea party with friends table-turning was proposed. She refused to participate, but the second time, with her mother's permission, consented to the experiment. Extraordinary things happened. The table became unmanageable, and Miss Cook was levitated.

Next she and her mother began to sit at home by themselves. Miss Cook's hand began to write. A message came through in mirror writing that she should go to a certain bookseller and there inquire about the Dalston Association as a meeting would take place in a few days and there she would be able to make the acquaintance of the editor of *The Spiritualist*. For some time afterwards she gave seances for the Dalston society. She attended a few materialisation sittings of Herne and Williams and sat with Herne in her father's house. She soon gave up the Dalston seances as the manifestations became too strong and embarrassing for a public assembly. She was carried over the heads of the sitters, invisible hands stripped her of her clothing and replaced it so that Mrs. Cook decided to allow her only to sit at home by herself. She often became entranced and in this condition a different personality, calling herself "Katie King," the daughter of John King, alias Henry Owen Morgan, the buccaneer, spoke and promised to remain for three years and reveal many strange things.

The promise was generously kept. The Hackney circle, consisting of the parents, the two sisters of Florence, who were also mediums, and Mary, the maid, soon became famous, and Mr. Charles Blackburn, a wealthy citizen of Manchester, guaranteed an annual retaining fee for Miss Cook so that she should be free to give her services when required. She was the first English medium who exhibited full materialisations in good light.

The first attempt by Katie King was made in April, 1872. A face like a death-mask was seen between the curtains of the cabinet. It is curious to note from a letter of Miss Cook to Mr. Harrison that previously in the afternoon Katie "told us that we must give her

a bottle of phosphorescent oil because she could not get the phosphorus that was necessary from my body because my mediumship was not sufficiently developed." The bottle of oil was employed in the place of psychic light and lit up Katie's face. At this stage of development the medium was still conscious. Later she passed into a trance. As time went on increased facility enabled Katie King to show herself more clearly. Her face was felt and found hollow at the back. Later it filled out, the drapery became less abundant and in a year's time she walked out of the cabinet. Not long afterwards she withstood the first ordeal of flashlight photography. Her resemblance to the medium in the materialisation attempts was soon noticed. She could not help it. To prove that she was distinct from her she had changed the colour of her face to chocolate and jet black. As a further proof the medium was tied by the sitters or sometimes by the spirits in the cabinet. Moreover, Katie King was different in stature, manner and personality.

It was reserved for Sir William Crookes to furnish the decisive proofs of Katie's separate existence. The report of his long series of experiments conducted in the Cook home and in his own laboratory was published in 1874, and aroused a storm of ridicule, sarcasm and protest. Previous to this he felt prompted to come before the public in defence of Miss Cook in a curious incident.

On December 9th, 1873, the Earl and Countess of Caithness and Count de Medina Pomar were the guests of Mr. Cook; Mr. W. Volckman, one of the other guests present, became suspicious of Katie King, rushed forward, seized her hand, then her waist. A struggle ensued in which two of the medium's friends went to Katie's help who—in the testimony of Mr. Henry Dumphy, a barrister—appeared to lose her feet and legs and made a movement similar to that of a seal in water. According to his version Katie glided out of Mr. Volckman's grip, leaving no trace of corporeal existence or surroundings in the shape of clothing. According to Volckman she was forcibly freed.

The incontestable fact, however, was that five minutes later, when the excitement subsided and the cabinet was opened, Miss Cook was found in black dress and boots with the tape tightly round her waist as at the beginning of the seance, the knot sealed with the signet ring of the Earl of Caithness and untampered as at first. She was subsequently searched, but no trace of white drapery was discovered. As a result of the ordeal the medium became ill and Sir William Crookes came forward, in three letters in the *Spiritualist* press, with his experiences with Florence Cook. In his first letter, he said that when Katie was standing before him in the room in the house of Mr. Luxmoore, he had distinctly heard from behind the curtain the sobbing and moaning of Miss Cook from the pangs of trance. The second and third letters contained accounts of seances held in Crookes' own house, and at Hackney. Describing how Katie took his arm when walking "the temptation to repeat a recent celebrated experiment became almost irresistible. Feeling, however, that if I had not a spirit I had at all events a lady close to me, I asked her permission to clasp her in my arms so as to be able to verify the interesting observations which a bold experimentalist had recently somewhat verbosely recorded. Permission was graciously given

and I accordingly did—well as any gentleman would do under the circumstances. Mr. Volckman will be pleased to know that I can corroborate his statement that the 'ghost' (not 'struggling' however) was as material as Miss Cook herself."

On March 12th, 1874, Katie came to the opening of the curtain and summoned him to the assistance of the medium. Katie was in white. Crookes immediately went into the cabinet and found Miss Cook, clad in her ordinary black velvet dress, lying across the sofa. Katie vanished. Later in May Crookes actually saw the two forms together during the photographic experiments. To protect herself from the injuries of the flashlight, Miss Cook, lying on the floor, muffled her face with a shawl. The account of Crookes says: "I frequently drew the curtain on one side when Katie was standing near and it was a common thing for the seven or eight of us in the laboratory to see Miss Cook and Katie at the same time under the full blaze of the electric light. We did not on these occasions actually see the face of the medium, because of the shawl, but we saw her hands and feet; we saw her move uneasily under the influence of the intense light and we heard her moan occasionally. I have one photograph of the two together, but Katie is seated in front of Miss Cook's head."

An account of a seance on March 29th furnishes a still better evidence for the simultaneous appearance of the two figures. Katie allowed Crookes to go into the cabinet. From shorthand notes taken at the time Crookes quotes his experiences: "I went cautiously into the room, it being dark, and felt about for Miss Cook. I found her crouching on the floor. Kneeling down, I let air enter the phosphorus lamp, and by its light I saw a young lady dressed in black velvet as she had been in the early part of the evening, and to all appearance perfectly senseless; she did not move when I took her hand and held the light quite close to her face, but continued quietly breathing. Raising the lamp I looked around and saw Katie standing close behind Miss Cook. She was robed in flowing white drapery as we had seen her previously during the seance. Holding one of Miss Cook's hands in mine, and still kneeling, I passed the lamp up and down so as to illuminate Katie's whole figure, and satisfy myself thoroughly that I was really looking at the veritable Katie whom I had clasped in my arms a few minutes before and not at the phantasm of a disordered brain. She did not speak but moved her head and smiled in recognition. Three separate times did I carefully examine Miss Cook, crouching before me to be sure that the hand I held was that of a living woman, and three separate times did I turn the lamp to Katie and examine her with steadfast scrutiny until I had no doubt whatever of her objective reality."

He also noticed that the blister which Miss Cook's neck showed was not to be found on Katie's neck and that Katie's ears were not pierced for earrings whereas Miss Cook's were.

Of the many precautionary measures taken by Crookes to prevent fraud the electrical test devised by Cromwell Varley should be especially mentioned. The medium was placed in an electric circuit connected with a resistance coil and a galvanometer. The movements of the galvanometer were shown in the outer room to the sitters on a large graduated scale.

Had the medium removed the wires the galvanometer would have shown violent fluctuations. Nothing suspicious occurred, yet Katie appeared, waved her arms, shook hands with her friends and wrote in their presence.

As an additional test Crookes asked Katie to plunge her hands into a chemical solution. No deflection of the galvanometer was noticed. This would have been infallibly the case if Katie had had the wires on her because the solution would have modified the current.

Florence Marryat also testifies of having seen Katie together with Miss Cook. She writes in *There is no Death*: "She called me after her into the back room and dropping her white garment, stood perfectly naked before me. 'Now,' she said, 'you can see that I am a woman.' Which indeed she was, and a most beautifully made woman too."

On May 21st, 1874, Crookes witnessed the farewell meeting between Miss Cook and Katie behind the curtain. Katie woke Miss Cook from her trance. The farewell was very moving. They were talking affectionately and Miss Cook shed many tears. She never saw Katie again. Another influence which called herself "Marie" and danced and sang in a professional style took her place.

On January 9th, 1880, Marie was grabbed by Sir George Sitwell. She did not dissolve. She was found to be the medium wearing only her corsets and flannel petticoat. The divested pieces of garment were brought out of the cabinet by another sitter. This time the medium did not fall ill. It is said that she was enveloped in white drapery when Sir George Sitwell grabbed her. This, however, may have been an optical illusion of the darkness, as in cases of personation or transfiguration undergarments are not known to be resorted to to supplant ectoplasmic effects. Moreover, in spite of the ordeal, she fulfilled another seance engagement next morning. But, according to Florence Marryat, following this exposure she declined to sit unless someone remained in the cabinet with her. The choice fell on the authoress. She was tied to her with a stout rope, and remained thus fastened together the whole of the evening. Marie appeared, sang and danced just the same as the day before when she was seized. Owing to the many trials she had to undergo, the medium who, since 1874, was known by marriage as Mrs. Elgie Corner, for some time gave up public mediumship. In 1899, on the invitation of the Sphinx Society, she sat, under test conditions, in Berlin. Marie materialised and produced astounding phenomena. The question whether she was occasionally a fraud is a very delicate one.

The Sitwell exposure is the only condemnatory evidence. Flammarion writes in a satiric vein that Home "gave it to me as his personal opinion that Miss Cook was only a skilful trickster, and has shamefully deceived the eminent scientist, and as for mediums, why there was only one absolutely trustworthy, and that was himself, Daniel Dunglas Home." Crookes certainly never found the least sign of deception, and when he was notified of the death of Mrs. Corner, in a letter dated April 24th, 1904, he expressed his deep sympathy and declared again that the belief in her after-life owes much of its certainty to her mediumship.

## Uncle Bert Goes to a Party.



**D**O, Ra, Me, Fa, So, La, Te, Do. You might think that has something to do with fish, but that is not so. It is only a tonic sol fah. Having received a gilt-edged card inviting me to a party, I thought I had better start straining my vocal organs. Seeing on the bottom left hand side of my invitation card the letters R. S. V. P. appeared. "Refreshments supplied by the Vicar of the Parish," I decided to go.

Reaching the house in question I tripped up to the front door. As there was a notice on the side of the entrance "Beware of the dogs," and only having one suit with me, I considered this was the wisest plan. The door was opened by one of those modern bright young things. She stood under the hall lamp, from which hung a bunch of mistletoe. I was doing my usual greeting when I heard the Vicar's voice at the back of me saying "No, no, no, I am really surprised at you." So was I when I entered the party room, to find everyone laughing at me. Alas! looking in the mirror I discovered evidence of two red lips left on my cheeks. That is the danger of a cheap variety of lipstick, so beware, my dear young friends.

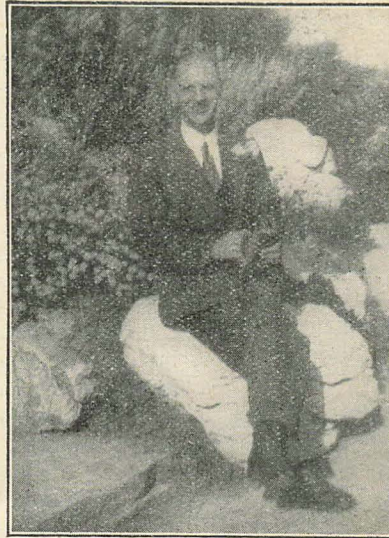
Having got over the first shock of the evening I settled down to enjoy myself.

Of course, you cannot expect me to tell you everything that happened. The number of letters left by the postman in that silly game called postman's knock is quite a private matter between sender and receiver, as are other events.

We played a game called "A House to Let." We all sat in a circle on chairs. With one chair being vacant, while one member of the party stood in the centre. He had to endeavour to sit in the vacant chair, but of course as soon as he made for it the other players moved up, so that the vacant chair was in another part of the circle. This went on until the player in the centre succeeded in sitting on the vacant chair. The last player to sit on the said chair takes his or her place in the centre.

After this an old gentleman with a bald head sang "Come back with hair on." He did, for next time he entered the room he had a wig on, it was so black someone suggested it was from Wigan.

The next game was "an orange race." If Webster had seen me I am sure he would have cartooned me with tangled feet. We sat on two rows of chairs facing each other, putting our legs together with our feet about six inches off the ground, with just a space between the feet of the opposite side. A starter places an orange on the insteps of the starting players of each side. The game was to pass the orange along to the end of the row without dropping it, using the feet only. Should it be dropped, you have to start again



from the starter. I confess eating oranges is much easier, even if you do get the pip.

A lady then obliged by singing "Dinner at eight." The hostess took the hint, and we adjourned to the dining room for a Christmas Feast. What a feast! We started off with soup. I fell right into it. I mean my spoon fell into it. Having licked the spoon politely, I proceeded to do justice to the following items on the menu. In fact, I am now quite an expert at balancing shivery shake on a fork. Someone then sang "Drink to me only with your eyes." I found it much better to do this with my lips. They started asking each other riddles. Here are some I heard:

"If the alphabet were invited out, when ought U, V, W, X, Y and Z to go?"

"After T."

I told the party I should be having breakfast before I got up in the morning, intending to have a roll and a turn over in bed.

We then began to get very serious. One of the party asked "Where does the Bible speak of the inside of a theatre?" One bright student, I think he must have been a G.N.S.C., said "Where it says that Joseph was taken from the family circle and put in the pit."

Then the bright young thing who welcomed me asked me, yes, me indeed, "If 32 degrees is freezing point, what is squeezing point?" "Two in the shade," said I, shyly. She then wanted me to sing "In the shade of the sheltering palm."

Someone then wanted to know "Why does a ticket collector at a railway station punch a hole in your ticket?" "To let you pass through," came the response. So we passed through the door to the party room to continue the revels of the evening.

We pulled bon-bons. I pulled so hard that I found myself in a laying down position, but I got a funny hat, so funny that they called me "The Belle of the Party." The newspaper boy arrived with the "Evening Record," and our host, knowing some of us might be unemployed, began to read the advert. column to us. "Two sisters require washing." No response. "Wanted, a respectable girl for pickling and bottling." No one seemed to be ready. He informed us that an umbrella had been lost on a 'bus by a lady with whale-bone ribs; the couple found in the conservatory appeared to know something about this.

The Vicar then gave us a short speech, concluding by saying he would always be pleased to hear of any illness in the district. Of course we gave the cheerful old soul a clap.

Games were continued, and at last they got me singing for the benefit of a well-known puzzle solving  
(Concluded on page 202).

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.

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DECEMBER, 1933.

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## THE FEAST OF SAINT SIMPLE.

CHRISTMAS IS THE FEAST DAY OF THE great simplicities. I know this statement may sound rather silly and very sentimental, but nevertheless it is one of those simple sane expressions of fact, which are all important in their significance, yet which pass unnoticed as we rush along in this modern whirl.

So many people today try to build up a philosophy of life upon the false assumption that all their grandparents revered was wrong, and all they have ceased to respect must of necessity be right. They decry the sanctities of tradition, without creating any modern notions to replace them; never pausing for one moment to think that perhaps in destroying old loyalties they are evolving new lies to cover up their own deceptions.

I am bringing this little fallacy to your notice because although a small thing in itself, it points to one of the most significant mistakes of our own day and generation, and that is the ridiculous assumption that rushing along the road at eighty miles per hour is the greatest all the virtues, while sauntering along the highway drinking in the tender loveliness of the surrounding scenery is the grossest of all the vices.

The whole trend of the present time seems to be to enthrone complexity, and in so doing to forget the essential simplicities around which the only worth while things in life revolve.

Let us consider the elementary factor which enters into most of our lives we call, "falling in love." I believe rightly or wrongly that Adam and Eve were much happier talking sweet nothings in the cool shades of a garden, than Fred and Flossie are holding a petting party in the stuffy warmth of a greenhouse. There is something intrinsically beautiful in the tender dreams of youth, which is made ugly and sordid in the grim nightmares that so many falsely call pleasure. That peace and pleasure might be synonymous never seems to strike the modern Romeo, but then that is because he has lost his Juliet, since he no longer serenades her on her balcony, but saxophones to her leaning lazily on the sideboard. . . pardon me. . . I mean cocktail bar.

The old way of falling in love tended to cultivate a natural reverence for each other's personalities. The new way seems all the while to drive one into forgetting the meaning of the future in the madness of the passing moment. That Love requires peace, that it must dream in order that there may be a deep flow of content between two souls who are striving to harmonise the tender

meldoy of life never seems to strike the jaded Juliets of 1933.

And so, as we approach the Feast of Saint Simple I would ask you to remind yourselves of a few of the lovable old fashioned things whose beauty we are tending to forget.

Do you still feel a quickening of the pulse, a tightening of the heartstrings, when you see the Herald of Spring in the first white cluster of snowdrops? Can you still lose yourself in an ecstasy of intoxication when the primroses don their yellow ballet skirts for the Springtime Carnival? Are you still awed into a silent reverence, bewildered into a trembling joyousness by the golden splendour of the daffodils as they bow coyly to the passing breeze?

I know it is fashionable nowadays to adopt an attitude of bored sophistication to these simple pleasures, but oh, how much of the genuine thrill of being alive one misses if one has lost the sense of sanctuary that comes with the first flush of dawn, and the purple grey shadows of the twilight hour.

Let us remind ourselves this Christmastide that it is only as we sanctify the commonplace, as we hallow the simplicities, that we are really treading along the golden highway to the Kingdom of Happiness. We shall do well, as this festive season approaches, to stand still and remind ourselves of those lasting values in life that make our daily existence wholesome. As we send our Greetings, let them be the echoing of a heartfelt goodwill. As we offer our gifts, let them symbolise the much deeper gift the offering of ourselves in friendship to the many lonely ones to whom a hand-shake and a word of good cheer may mean more than all the riches of Arcady.

We are living through a time when the world is facing up to tremendous problems. There is too much at stake to waste our heritage in petty superficialities. We shall never solve the big problems in our social life, until we have faced up to the small difficulties that confront each one of us. If the world is to change, we must each be the vital units that makes such a change inevitable. Humanity is the common denominator around which the bringing to birth of a saner and happier civilisation revolves.

If it is merely a legend that two thousand years ago the wise and simple gathered around a manger in the worship of the child, then it is a legend we shall each do well to enshrine in our hearts. I can never look at the dancing light in a baby's eyes without wanting to fall down and worship at its cradle, for to me it is a symbol and a promise; a symbol of hope, a passionate pleading that we shall not mar the delicate thing that has been given into our keeping for a little while; a promise that the Future still awaits us in which the world will be more than all else the Kingdom of the Child.

And so I ask you, as the yule log blazes in the hearth, and as the bells peal out their carol of "Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards all Men," to remember that we have not succeeded in the task that lies nearest at hand, until we have brought down the vision to which we are pledged from the High Heavens and established it among the Common Ways of Earth. It is given to you that you might dream for a little while, it is also demanded of you that you shall transform the whole of society until it reflects within itself the stuff of which dreams are made.

THE EDITOR.



## James Leigh

✻ sends ✻

### A Christmas Message

To all Readers.

THE Christmas numbers of monthly magazines, despite their festive atmosphere and their appearance of topicality, are usually compiled in the heat of mid-summer. Life is full of

the world 10,000,000 war cripples! Altogether, the wounded numbered 20,000,000! It is enough that we recall such major items; nor need we pause to review the numberless tragedies and sorrows and futilities and bitterness.

I would that the Lyceum movement, representing as it does the youth of the Spiritualist Movement, made a firm stand on this question of peace. Resolutions of pacifism are of little value, when once the hounds of war are unleashed and military propagandists fire the young blood of the country. And the issue is urgent. The gravity of the present situation of international relationships does not need to be enlarged; we all know very well that if war were declared tomorrow, few indeed would refuse to fight in a war of self-defence. But who is to say when the appeal of "self-defence" is justified, and who is bold enough to condemn his own country for initiating a spirit of aggression?

curious masquerades like this. Appearances are deceptive, and one of the great achievements of the modern mind is that it is tending less and less to judge by appearances, lest disillusion quickly follow. The realities of life are located in the world invisible. The world of matter is as a cloud, shading from sight the warm reality of a radiant and spiritual sun.

This article, unlike most other contributions to Christmas Numbers, is being written in November—in fact, the morning of that particular day in November when for a few seconds all men are brethren. For two minutes, silence held us in her arms, and thoughts of strife were burnt before the altar of peace. . . . But it was for two minutes only, and the world is now as busy as before: men still walk swiftly along the street, machines resume their uncouth song, and statesmen and politicians return to the ways of yore.

In our calendar, we have set apart two days, out of 365, for specific dedication to peace. . . . Remembrance Day is one of them, Christmas Day the other. Both are days of sacred memory, and only the Spiritualist can survey the prospect with equanimity. For him, there is no mournful recollection that the friends of youth have passed, many of them into the void of death. The fireside circle will have grown smaller, it is true; but that in respect of human embodiments only, and they after all are but temporary vehicles. In the place of desolation, we have consolation, for the vanished friends and relatives are with us in spirit: their thoughts mingle with ours, and we feel an increasing reverence for that Power by whose mercy even frail and lowly humanity may survive.

"Peace on earth. . . ." There is no condition of life more barbarous, more uncivilised, more inhuman, more ungodly, than that which obtains during warfare. Those pioneer Spiritualists who cried forth the message that "All war is murder" were indeed truly inspired. It were better if we could use in the cause of peace and human brotherhood but half the force and ingenuity expended in the crafty interests of war. Ten million died! The unspeakable horror of the last great spectacle of chaos stands thrice indicted before the spirit of Christmas, which is essentially the spirit of peace. When the last shot had been fired in that series of hostilities which "terminated" in 1918, there were in

I feel that peace can never be truly and objectively established until the causes of warfare, not its symptoms, are given remedial treatment. No movement is better placed than Spiritualism to assail that stupendous task, but it seems at times that Spiritualists are more concerned in emphasising the importance of their facts, than in following the facts to their logical implications. Supposing it is all true—and assuredly the fundamental fact of survival is true—what then? That is the question. We ask ourselves whether we—who know that the ten million men who died in the last war survived all destruction and havoc and entered into the world of the spirit,—are doing our right by them. Their part has been played, but they died that peace might return to these and other shores, and if we do not keep the faith, we shall have betrayed them.

Christmas inculcates the spirit of peace into every responsive heart, and even the sceptical marvel now at the magnificence and beauty of Christ's inner teaching. Two thousand years ago there was a visitation from the spiritual world, and a voice bidding men to exchange goodwill. It is a voice which they have ignored, and they have paid dearly for their disobedience. Christianity itself has paid, and is paying, for its negligence in the last war.

But it is true—is it not—that peace shall never be attained in the large sense until our individual lives are raised to a higher level, and in place of personal controversy we participate in reciprocal conferences.

Every family is a nation in embryo, and every family has its interior difficulties. The spiritual and psychological development of the units of a family determine whether it shall be bound by love and sympathy, or rent asunder by domestic disagreements. So we come back to ourselves as individuals—as Lyceumists—and analyse the part *we* play, wondering whether we are sufficiently determined to make this Christmas, come what will, a season of love and peace,—this life an experience of real joy and brotherhood.

# COLONEL BIRCH TAKES THE PACIFISTS ■ ■ ■ IN HAND. ■ ■ ■

Last month we printed Mr. Beverley Nichols' article in reply to a letter we had received from an Army Colonel, as a result of our review of "Cry Havoc." We in the Lyceum Movement believing that Truth and Justice must ultimately triumph, are not afraid of hearing both sides of a case. This month we are printing a short article by Colonel Birch in which he takes Mr. Nichols severely to task.

**I** THANK YOU FOR KINDLY SENDING ME THE November issue of the LYCEUM BANNER. In my letter to you (which, incidentally, was not intended for publication), I used the words "No sensible people believed the absurd slogan 'War to end War.'" Mr. Beverley Nichols in his article in the current issue writes that I said "No sensible people believe . . ."

In France—during the War—we certainly did not believe it, and I think that few really believed it in England, though they would have liked to do so, and always will. But realities do not always conform to our wishes, and the slogan, invented by the Press, was, like other popular catchwords, barely noticed by *sensible people*, who realised the intrinsic falsity of it. Our Rulers were not "detestable hypocrites." The Liberal Government were true Pacifists, and entered into the War with extreme reluctance, but were wise enough to see that if Germany conquered France the former country would afterwards subdue Great Britain and take our Colonies. Germany may yet do this. Her National mentality has not changed. People ignored Lord Roberts' warnings, but events proved him to be right. War is horrible,—denounce it, but let us not forget that we may be attacked. France does not forget.

**Saying that one will refuse to fight is more likely to hearten than to deter a hostile Nation.** As for Mr. Nichols' boyish exuberance regarding my "appalling ignorance," "muddle-headed nonsense," etc., I bear no ill-will.

When Sir Philip Gibbs wrote "The Day after Tomorrow," he ended up by saying: "*There is a good chance that the middle class mind of the common man, so much despised by high-brows and low-brows, will save European Civilization and things worth while by a sanity, good temper, and spirit of co-operation, which in the younger generation are replacing old fetishes of national passion, while they are groping towards a more spiritual understanding of life's enormous riddle, and believing more and more in the common interests of humanity, regardless of race.*"

This is the ideal to strive for, though recent events abroad point to it being far ahead in the dim future. In the meantime what course should we adopt to prevent our being attacked or being involved in another War?

The "strong-man-armed" solution seems more certain. Surely Jesus Himself implied that:

*When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.—St. Luke xi., 21.*

If Mr. Nichols prefers the method of turning the other cheek all honour to him. The majority of mankind have not quite reached that state of perfection yet, and when Mr. Nichols says "we do not intend to go on being damned fools any longer" the answer seems to be "then be sensible for once and face facts."

The Boy Scouts and O.T.C. train lads and men to be useful citizens, and certainly the O.T.C. teach the use of the rifle for killing purposes—both for offence and defence. But they teach also the virtues I enumerated, and paradoxical as it may sound to a youthful Idealist the two virtues which he singles out, viz., unselfishness and humility, are nowhere more exemplified than in the comradeship of the trenches or the ranks of a regiment. Heaven knows that we who went through the War in France and in other countries do not want you young men to suffer a similar ordeal. And yet perhaps it was a Benefit—our Karma. There are worse things even than modern War. I am not sure that a pampered and smug, self-satisfied materialism is not, and surely subjection to a foreign yoke is. The fear of this latter is the reason why France cannot disarm, and to eliminate this fear from our own country an armed preparedness seems to many of us wiser than the doctrine of Peace at any price. Mr. Nichols' remarks about 'the others,' (for whom in War we fight and perhaps die), who in his opinion are the armament makers and are inconsequent. **My friends tell me that it is an obsession with him.** We thought that we were fighting for a good Cause, our Homeland, and would do the same again.

# B.S.L.U. RESTORATION FUND

FLOWER DAY !!!



OPPORTUNITIES !!!

The end of any year is significant in one outstanding feature. It is the time when we review our actions, good or bad, and the recollections of these actions generally form the basis upon which the resolutions of the future are made.

The end of any year is significant in one outstanding feature. It is the time when we review our actions, good or bad, and the recollections of these actions generally form the basis upon which the resolutions of the future are made.

In a few weeks that significant time will arrive, and I appeal to all Lyceumists to review their actions in the light of what they have done, or may not have done, towards building up our Union. It is quite possible that every one of us will realise that opportunities have been missed. Some may not have taken the trouble to think, others may have thought, at the time, these opportunities appeared so insignificant and almost useless, as not to be worth while considering. Again, there may be Lyceumists who have had splendid ideas, but, because they imagined themselves of little account and could not conceive of anyone paying the slightest attention to their ideas, did not trouble to express them.

Consequently, many valuable small opportunities have probably been missed which might have led to mighty issues.

It is gratifying to know that some Lyceumists during the past year realised that their ideas might be useful to the Restoration Fund Committee. They did not hoard them, but let them loose, that they may be picked up and moulded into some constructive form which would become a practical proposition.

One of these ideas was the suggestion of a **FLOWER DAY IN AID OF THE RESTORATION FUND**. The Committee adopted the suggestion, feeling sure that such a "day" would find an enthusiastic response from all Lyceumists. It is to be held on **SUNDAY, JANUARY 28th, IN HONOUR OF FOUNDERS' DAY**. 20,000 Buttercups have been ordered from the British Legion Poppy Factory and are to be disposed of in aid of our Fund.

The Lyceum Movement is mainly one for children and the flower chosen is a simple one, which always appeals to the little ones, both in its colour and design. For our "Flower Day" we have chosen the simple buttercup, a very small emblem, but one which is appropriate to the simplicity, beauty and appeal of the child mind. Further, it is an inexpensive flower and seeing that this scheme is an "experiment," the committee felt that the initial cost should be as small as possible.

All Lyceum Secretaries will be sent a box of these emblems, accompanied by an explanatory circular, in time for Jan. 14th, and we are making a *very special appeal* to Officers and Leaders in the Lyceums to make sure that all Lyceumists, church members and friends have procured a Buttercup to wear on Founders' Day.

It is suggested that the flowers are not sold at a definite price, but that donations large or small be encouraged, and it is requested that Conductors emphasise the fact that the proceeds are to help the financial restoration of the Union.

It is an organisation and like every other organised body requires feeding in order that it may grow; it needs nutriment financially. *Money is urgently needed*, and next month an opportunity will be given whereby every Lyceumist can help towards providing that nutriment.

**Please donate as much as you can possibly afford, remembering that while you are helping the Union, at the same time you are helping our Ex-Service men. Do not neglect this coming opportunity. Make your resolutions of the future include the earnest desire to do everything possible that the B.S.L.U. may regain its healthy condition. A resolute united effort may realise sufficient income to place it on a sure foundation. "Unity is Strength."**

## DONATIONS RECEIVED THIS MONTH.

Armley Lyceum, per W. Wainwright, 10s. 6d.; Manchester and Salford L.D.C., per Mr. Lloyd, £1; Daulby Hall Ly., per C. W. Dixon, £1 5s.; Wigan Ly., per H. Anderton, 8s. 9d.; Bury, King St. Ly., per Mrs. Dean, £1; Newcastle-on-Tyne, Rye Hill Ly., per A. Price, 10s.; Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, 5s.; Mrs. A. Hudson, 2s.; Bows Park Ly., per Miss N. A. Williams, 3s. 6d. (Peace Sunday Collection); Manchester, Moston Ly., per Mrs. E. Guy, 10s. It has been suggested that Birthday Greetings be resumed. Please send your name and birth date, accompanied by 6d., the month previous to publication.

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Wiltshire, the oldest member of Macclesfield Lyceum, who is 80 years young on Dec. 15th. Also many happy returns to Mrs. H. Rushton, on Dec. 1st, and Joan Challinor, who is 5 years old on Dec. 8th, both from Macclesfield Lyceum. Total: £5 16s. 3d.

**PEACE SUNDAY COLLECTION.** Only one Lyceum has forwarded this collection. There may be others who can afford and are willing to donate it to our Fund. Please do so before the year is out.

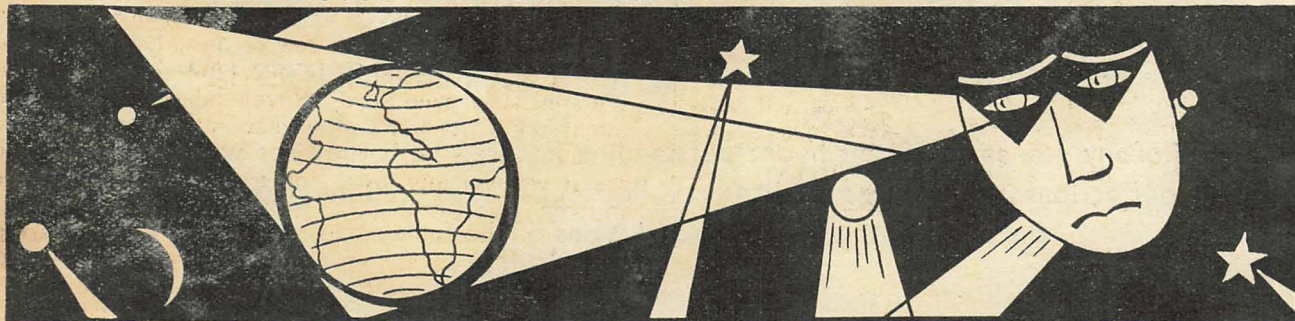
Don't forget to procure a January BANNER for Founder's Day Programme and further details *re* "Flower Day."

Heartiest Greetings to all.

85, Queen's Road,  
Everton,  
Liverpool 6.

LILLIE GEORGE.

... THE EDITOR WISHES ALL READERS EVERYWHERE ...



... A MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR ...

## OUR EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

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

### OUR EDUCATION FUND.

The Committee thanks Manor Park Lyceum for a generous donation to our special fund. It is well understood that the Restoration Fund is a strong counter-attraction, and really it doesn't matter, so long as the Union is supported. So don't overlook Mrs. George.

### OUR A.N.S.Cs.

Elsie Snell (Southampton) has joined the ranks of our Associates, who now number 133. Will the remaining six eligibles please hurry up? I am carrying on as College Secretary *pro tem*.

### THE COLLEGE MEETING.

The half-yearly meeting of the College Governing Board was held at Huddersfield on Saturday, 18th November. Mr. Berry was the only absentee.

Mr. Gush was re-elected as College Chairman and Mr. Connor as College Secretary.

The list of Examiners was revised, and provision made for the setting of questions in each of the Advanced Grades.

Mr. Connor read a "case" submitted for legal opinion on the changes made in the status and method of election of the Education Committees which constitute the College Board, and proposed a special meeting of the full Board (with certain suggested co-options) to consider the legal adviser's reply, which was also read. The Board decided that such a meeting would serve no useful purpose.

The next meeting of the Board will be summoned by the Chairman, and will be held in Manchester.

### THE COLLEGE CONSTITUTION.

The National Spiritualist College was established in 1926, under the auspices of the two Unions, to co-ordinate and control all the educational work of the Organised Spiritualist Movement. The 1926 conferences agreed to a College Board, consisting of the two Education Committees "as appointed respectively" by the Annual Conferences of the Unions. When the College was established, the B.S.L.U. Committee numbered 8, and the S.N.U. Committee 5, members—and this would have been unwieldy and expensive; so it was enacted that there should be (in effect) a sub-committee of the full COLLEGE Board, which should be called the GOVERNING Board, and would be appointed by the two committees, three members from each. The Governing Board was to administer the work of the College, and—for the purposes of the Joint Education Scheme—function as a Joint Education Committee. In all these duties, the College Boards and their constituent parts were declared free from interference and/or dictation; and it was laid down that the Education Committees are as such responsible "each to its own Annual Conference and to that alone."

That is how the work has gone along. The College Board met and arranged for class-work, awarded diplomas, and agreed on a syllabus for the Graduate Section Grades (which are *also* the B.S.L.U. Continuation Grades) which was issued in the *College Guide* booklet. The Governing Board carried on these tasks, and also (functioning as the Joint Education Committee) appointed Examiners for the various Grades and through the two Education Committees carried out the annual examinations.

Seven examinations have been carried out under the College auspices, and there has not been a single hitch—therefore, tested by the supreme test of practical application, the College Scheme has justified itself as a harmoniously workable scheme.

### 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.



My Dear Boys and Girls,

Who'll have a bit of Christmas Pud., a mince pie, a slice of cake, some oranges or nuts?

Chorus of merry voices naturally answer "We will, please." Then I hear a sergeant-majorly voiced individual saying "Wait for it. It is not quite time yet."

I suppose as there appears to be no chance of even getting a taster to go on with, we must content ourselves to wait. While we are waiting let's run and have a look at the shops; they are just beautiful, bedecked with Christmas gifts of every kind.

Let us imagine the many toys we see coming to life and talking to us. I wonder what they will say.

First of all, as we reach the entrance to the shop, we are greeted by dear old Father Xmas, taking full note of what we say. I rather fancy too he must be listening to hear if he can find out what we want him to bring us, so that he can make up his parcels early. So be very careful as to what you say. Inside the shop we find a row of happy looking dollies, all giving us the glad eye, while baby dolly in the corner just turns over and says "Mamma."

We at once say "What dears they are, and how much we would like to cuddle them all," but they do not seem quite so sure about it as we do.

They tell us that it is very nice of us to say such nice things while they have got such clean faces and nice new dresses on. They want to know what we are going to say when they get old and dirty, and whether they are going to be thrown into the corner of the cupboard to sleep, or if we intend to put them in a nice cosy cot, tucking them up comfortably. Look there, Farmer Giles, poking his head round the corner. He says it's time we looked over his leaden farm. Oh, what a beautiful farm! Sheds, trees, stables, animals of all descriptions, including all one needs on a farm. Farmer Giles, although made of lead himself, says all his stock are well behaved and assured us they will be quite at home on the kitchen table.

The pilot, looking down from the cockpit of his aeroplane from the top shelf, suggests he will be able to arrange for you to escape with him by flying across the washtub Atlantic; while the leaden officials of the model railway round the corner say "Book here for Timbuctoo, Fairyland and Treasure Island."

Altogether the whole crowd of toyland people seem to have one object in view, that is, to make Christmas a real jolly time. This brings me to another idea regarding the words used at this season of the year. Everyone seems to have the following words on the tip of their tongues: Bright, Jolly, Happy, Merry, Christmas.

If we take these first letters and juggle them about we might get a real Christmas message from them: Christmas Brings Jolly, Happy, Moments.

This Spirit of Christmas is one which enters every home from castle to cottage. For once at least in the year everyone seems delighted to let the real spirit of love and brotherhood come uppermost in their lives.

Let's try and look in a few of these homes and see if this is true. First, I wonder if we dare venture to try and get a peep at the Royal Palace. I think we might try. Of course, the guard at the gate is sure to say "Hands up!" while he searches our pockets to see if we have any toy pistols from the Christmas tree in them; then I feel sure he would say "Pass, friend." What shall we find within? A king and queen wearing their golden crowns? Oh, no! We should just find them in ordinary clothes, pulling bon-bons with their grandchildren, just as you do with mamma and dadda.

Then there is the Prime Minister. We should find him sitting at the dining table with his children around him, and they would give a cheer when the plum pudding arrived.

I fancy, too, I can see Mr. Baldwin sitting up in bed early on Christmas morning, looking in his stocking and finding a brand new pipe.

At a party a little further down the street I can see Mr. Churchill with yet another funny hat on. All such like people although they hold a very high rank in the affairs of State, are just human beings. They have their jolly parties as we do.

We see another picture. In a country lane we see a number of gypsies, I ask if we may look inside their caravans. Here we find paper chains, holly, mistletoe; while outside a merry party sit round a camp fire toasting chesnuts.

We leave them and go back into the town. We are now going to visit the Children's Ward in the hospital. In the corner we see a huge Christmas tree laden with toys. It is unfortunate that some of our chums will have to spend their Christmas in such institutions, but I can assure you that the doctors and nurses see that they have a real happy time.

Alas, I can see just a few homes where things are not quite so bright, owing to dadda being out of work. Of course, you do not need me to tell you what you can do in such cases. Those books and toys you have finished with could be recovered or repaired and given to children less fortunate than yourselves. Thinking of others adds to the joys of Christmas. I know you will do your best to do this.

Auntie Ruth, Cousin Doris and I wish each reader a real happy time. We cannot write to each one of you individually, much as we should like to.

May your pillow slips be packed with good things, and the whole season be one of happiness.

To our friends overseas I wish you a Happy New Year.

Next month I start my eleventh year of letters to you, and I am hoping to start off with a special surprise item.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. 201.

- |             |           |             |
|-------------|-----------|-------------|
| 1. Isabel   | 2. Donald | 3. Kathleen |
| 4. Cuthbert | 5. Hilda  | 6. Veronica |

PUZZLE NO. 202.

A wish (muddlde).

SSAMTIHRC NEEGGITSR.

Best wishes,

UNCLE BERT.

Ruberrondo,  
126, Woodlands Road,  
Isleworth, Middlesex.

# OUR LYCEUM GUILD

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

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

Dear Guildites,

This month our numbers have just passed the 300 mark, and here are the new members whom we welcome into our family:—

|                              |                               |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 289 Mrs. Seddon, Blackpool.  | 296 J. R. Monks, West Melton  |
| 290 Mr. Danson, „            | 297 G. H. Monks, „            |
| J291 C. Howarth, „           | 298 Mr. Hales, Attercliffe.   |
| J292 D. Howarth, „           | J299 E. Taylor, West Melton.  |
| J293 E. Martin, West Melton. | 300 Mr. Armitage, Attercliffe |
| 294 Mrs. Hirst, „            | J301 F. Armitage, „           |
| 295 B. Rawlinson „           |                               |

Also, I have to report that Mrs. Ellis, of Huddersfield (one of our invalid members), passed to the Higher Life on Nov. 11th. We sympathise with Mr. Ellis in his loss, but we are pleased that Mrs. Ellis is at last released from her sufferings, which have been her lot for such a long time. Please spare a moment to wish her God-speed in her new life. The Guild Leader sincerely thanks Miss Williams, of Bowes Park; and Miss M. E. Lawton, of Barrow, for their letters and post-cards which brought cheer to Mrs. Ellis, and helped her in her hours of trial.

## Finances.

Our total income this month is 9s. 6d. (consisting of 9s. 3d. in fees, and 3d. new badges). The month's expenditure is 3s. for ribbon; and 7s. 2d. for postage. So that the balance now in hand is £5 1s. 4d.

Here is the winning essay in the recent competition:—  
HOW MEMBERS OF OUR GUILD CAN BEST SERVE  
THE B.S.L. Union.

By Mr. J. S. BARNETT.

At the present time the B.S.L. Union is passing through a period of crises which is unparalleled in its history as an organised movement.

The prevailing economic and industrial depression has exacted a very heavy toll in the form of a decline of our membership, this involving a decrease in the sales of our publications.

As a consequence we, as a movement, find ourselves in deplorable financial straits. It is vital, therefore, that we Guildites should consider very carefully the ways and means whereby we can best serve the Union in its efforts to stabilise its position. I think that the finest and best way in which we as Guild Members can further the interests of our movement is by honouring our Guild pledge. By striving to develop ourselves, physically, mentally, psychically and spiritually. It must be born in mind that the general efficiency of any movement is measured, not by the efficiency of its leaders, but of its rank and file. By becoming more efficient ourselves we are thereby raising the standard of our Lyceum, our District Council and also our Union.

Claiming as we do to be a progressive body, we should be alive to the advantages of the Education Scheme, and not only take a keen interest therein ourselves, but to encourage others to do so also. Apart from its educational value the Education Scheme helps to maintain a national outlook. The interest of many Lyceumists is centred within the limited confines of their local Lyceum to the exclusion of District and National affairs. Guildites can render valuable service by judiciously counteracting this parochial outlook, and inculcating a wider vision by stressing the value and importance of national organisation.

There is no doubt that the greatest menace confronting the Union is the spirit of apathy, this can only be dispelled by cultivating is opposite enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is the life blood of all movements. In stirring up enthusiasm, Guildites will be doing much to ensure that the Union will be revitalised and strengthened. We must, however, make sure that our energies are directed into constructive channels.

During the past five years our membership has continuously declined. How do we propose to meet this challenge? Only by eradicating the petty jealousies which disrupt the movement.

By the practice of tolerance and forbearance we can not only arrest the decline, but we can win back many of our old members. What about the LYCEUM BANNER? our Editor is pleading for a circulation of 5,000. After all, the BANNER is our paper and it is our job to see that the sales are increased. By making a determined effort we could arouse the interest of our Friends, Church Committees and Church Members, in this way we should be able to obtain a considerable number of new readers.

From the foregoing it will be seen that we must be prepared to take a keen interest in all the different branches of the Union's activities. The Union is a unit and failure in any phase of its activities must have an adverse effect upon the well-being of the whole.

Of course, many Guildites will find scope for the exercise of their organising ability in the promotion of efforts of a personal and special character.

Guild groups could also find a field of labour by working on these lines. Each of us in our own way can do something, we each have our niche to fill.

Fellow Guildites, the call for service has rung forth, will you answer the call?

The need for service is vital, the opportunities for service are many, while the responsibility is ours. Therefore, let each one do his best,

Who does the best his circumstance allows, does well, acts nobly. Angels could do no more.

## Greetings.

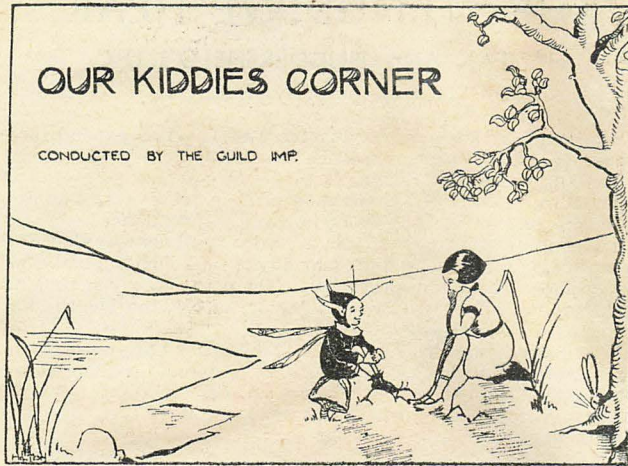
To all of you our very warmest greetings for a happy Christmastide. May each of you feel that you are wanted by someone, that you have gone out of your way to help someone else, and that Christmas Day is a happier day for someone because of you. Then you are sure to be happy yourself.

That you may be blessed with the presence of little children on the Children's Day is the sincere wish of

The Guild Leader,

GLADYS HALLIDAY.

28, Moorlands Place,  
Free School Lane,  
Halifax.



Dear Little Imps,

How the months fly by! Already the shops are looking Christmassy, and all the Imps I know, are wondering if Father Christmas knows their address. He used to find a row of stockings awaiting him at our house. I suppose you will be wanting to hang up a pillow slip instead of a stocking. I wonder why? Are toys bigger than they used to be? At all events, I know you will be busy planning and hoping for a very merry Christmas. May all your plans and hopes come true!

#### A CHRISTMAS LIST.

Quite early in December, Madge started to look in the toy-shops. She spent ever so much time, with her nose pressed to the window-pane, picking the things she wanted at Christmas-time. It was so hard to choose, for never before had the shops seemed so tempting, and every visit to the windows gave Madge new "wants."

There were the dolls! Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without a new doll, but, what kind did she want? Should it be a smart little lady, a cuddly baby, a little one from over the seas, or a doll to dress herself? Then the prams and houses seemed so much better than the ones Father Christmas had left Madge other years. Surely she could have new ones this time. Daddy had been wondering if Madge wasn't too big for dolls now—and, when she saw the bicycles, Madge wondered too! Her playmate had a bicycle. *Could* Father Christmas bring one? And yet—those dolls were so lovable.

Madge decided to make a list of the things she would like and, each sight of the shops made that list grow. It grew nearly as quickly and was almost as long as Jack's Beanstalk of Fairyland fame. If she was to dress her own doll she must have a new work-basket, and the dark nights could be so jolly if she had some more games. Then, of course, there were the books. Madge loved books as much as she loved her dolls; and this year's bookshops were ever so exciting. So books, too, went on that list, as well as all the necessary things like chocolates and nuts, hankies and gloves.

Madge looked at her list, and decided she must send it quite early to Father Christmas, and then, surely he would try to bring her everything she wanted. That evening, she asked Mum for pen and ink, and paper, and wrote her letter.

"Dear Father Christmas,  
Will you please bring me all of these things."

And then followed that long list, so that Madge's letter took up three whole pages of writing paper. When it was written Madge handed the letter to Mum and Dad for them to read, and said, "Do you think Father Christmas will be able to find the right shops?" Mum and Dad read that long list, and looked at each other, before Dad answered Madge with "Mmm! He might know the shops, but what a lot of time this shopping will take him!" Then the letter was addressed and Dad promised to post it.

That night when Madge was asleep, Dad said: "Mum! I think our little girl will be disappointed at Christmas. We shall need a bigger house if she is to have all those things." "Yes!" said Mum. "I wish she would cut down that list. It is far too long for one little girl."

They needn't have worried. Father Christmas has his own little band of helpers, and they know just how to cut down the lists that hold too many wants. They can do most wonderful things with our dreams. Madge was no sooner asleep, than she was in a Dreamland of wishes-come-true, on a magical Christmas Eve. Not a pillow case, but a bolster case was at the foot of her bed, and, fastened to it, was that long list of "wants." A fairy messenger appears, read the list, and then, aloud, began to learn to say it, just like a recitation. Madge pretended to be asleep, but she was surprised. That list did seem long, when it was recited by a fairy messenger.

The little messenger departed up the chimney, and, very soon afterwards, Madge heard the rumble-rumble of big vans, and the sound of many carters. One after another they came into the room bearing everything that Madge had wished for on that dreadful list. Very soon, she was surrounded with parcels of all shapes and sizes, until it seemed the room couldn't hold any more. Yet still they came! A voice called out. "The room is full now." but, the answer came, and Madge knew it was Father Christmas himself who answered; "Then throw out the furniture, and if that won't leave enough room, lift off the roof. There are three more vans full yet, and this little girl ordered every one of these presents. She must have them all." Crash went the dressing table, and the wardrobe, and chairs, as they were thrown into the street. Then, off went the roof, up, up, into the sky, to make room for those never ending gifts. Madge groaned. How could she have thought of wanting all the things, and how ever was she to get up in the morning?

Madge wakened to find the room suddenly light. Mum was calling her to breakfast, and Madge, seeing not a single parcel, and her room just as it should be, knew that she had just been dreaming. What a relief! As soon as she saw Dad, Madge said, "Please, Dad, did you post my letter?" Dad handed her the letter and said, "You can post it yourself, now Madge, unless you want that list to grow any more." Mum and Dad smiled as Madge threw the letter onto the fire, and laughingly told them of her dream, and added, "I think Father Christmas was right, too. I hadn't thought that we'd need a new house to hold all those things. After all, perhaps Father Christmas will know best just what a pillow case can hold." . . . And, to be sure, he did!

A jolly Xmas Imps,

And love from MEG.

UNCLE BERT GOES TO A PARTY.—from PAGE 193. newspaper. The song was "Kiss her once, kiss her twice, kiss her three times over." This did it altogether for the whole party struck up in unison "Now you're married I wish you joy." Surely that is easier than going off to Gretna Green. Cheaper, too, than even the Scotch method.

We then played winking. My eye has now developed the idea. I hope it will not wink at the wrong time. Poor Pussy was next on the list, since whence I have been singing "Daddy won't buy me a bow-wow, I've got a little cat." I did too, enough said now.

Of course for some of these games we had to pay forfeits. In one of them I was told to kiss myself in the looking glass. When I saw myself I said "Goodness gracious, is that me?" I looked as though I wanted the wash and brush up department, but they tried to get me to say "Quizzical quiz, kiss me quick" six times without drawing breath. "You try it yourself," I said.

All good things come to an end, and it was suggested the gentlemen should see the ladies home. Here I scored again. I had two jolly good companions to escort home, namely, Auntie Ruth and Cousin Doris. Of course, we had a car, with chauffeur and conductor complete. The fare was sixpence each.

Now for the day after the night before. Good night all. Pleasant dreams.

#### ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT THE HOLLIES—*from P. 189.*

until every detail in the room stood out as clearly as though it were morning instead of nearly midnight. Out of the blue-white mist a figure appeared. It was then that Gresham had screamed,

We went back into the dining room. Gresham seemed more composed, but was murmuring all the while, "Mother, it was mother." Weaver handed me the crumpled yellow paper which lay spread out upon the table. It was a letter, the missing letter of which he had spoken earlier in the evening.

"My dear Willie,

*I know that I am dying, but I know I shall never rest until I have told you that I have forgiven you for everything. It seems strange to be dying on Christmas Eve. The very thought of it brings back all the tender memories of the happy days we have spent here together. My hand is shaking. I cannot write any more.*

Mot. . . . "

And there the letter ended, and here my story ends too. I left Gresham and Weaver two days later. They had decided to renovate the "Hollies" and make it their home.

## THE THINGS WE HEAR.

### HALIFAX AND HUDDERSFIELD L.D.C.

The above D.C. held its Quarterly Meeting at St. Peter St., Huddersfield, on Nov. 5th.

The total income for the quarter was £4 11s., expenditure £3 8s. 9d., thus leaving a balance in hand of £1 2s. 3d., along with Bank Balance of £2 2s.

The returns from 7 Lyceums showed an increase of 12 scholars on books, and an increase of 13 in average attendance.

The Adjudication Report was accepted, and showed that St. Peter St. (84 3/16 marks) and Quarmby (83 5/16 marks) had won the Shield and Bell respectively. Thanks were given to Mr. Aked, of Bradford, and Mr. J. Taylor, of Newton Heath, for acting as Adjudicators.

Nominations for election of D.C. officers for 1934 *must* be in the Secretary's hands by Jan. 16th, 1934, as material for February BANNER must be sent to the Gen. Sec. by Jan. 20th.

Lyceums are asked to book the D.C. for May, 1934, or Aug. 26th or Sept. 2nd, 1934, and for 1935.

An Open Session was held in the afternoon conducted by St. Peter St. conductor, and the President presided over the evening meeting.

A hearty vote of thanks was given to St. Peter St. friends.

G. HALLIDAY, *Secretary.*

### D.V. REPORT.

I visited Queens Road, on Sept. 10th, Singing good. Good questions and comments on Silver Chain. Marching and callisthenics well conducted.

On Sept. 10th, afternoon I visited West Vale. Singing fairly good. Good comments on the various readings. Marching and callisthenics very good.

E. SMITH, *D.V.*

### A.G.M. OF U.L.D.C.

Held at Vernon St., Nelson, week-ending October 21st and 22nd, 1933.

The Meeting commenced at 6-45 p.m.; Mr. Nellist gave the invocation.

The Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting and it was moved and seconded they be accepted a correct record.

### Correspondence.

Letters of apology were read from Mrs. Paling, Mrs. George and Mr. Shuttleworth. The correspondence was accepted.

*Mrs. George's Letter:* This was discussed at great length, and it was resolved the Secretary circularise all D.C.'s on the matter and that he write the M.C., suggesting that should the effort have any degree of success, the sale of such flowers should take place annually on Founder's Day, even when the funds of the Union are stabilised. In addition each Delegate promised his personal support in their own District.

The President then delivered his address.

**The Secretary in his Report** was of the opinion that the continual attacks on the U.D.C. were detrimental to its membership. D.C.'s were afraid of what may happen should Sub. Sec. A be removed from the Constitution, and suggested that all D.C.'s be circularised in reference to same.

**Election of Officers.** Mr. Nellist was elected President. Mr. Dickinson was elected Secretary and Treasurer.

On Sunday morning Mr. Shuttleworth, B.S.L. Union President, outlined the position in reference to the Education Scheme.

### Finance.

A resolution was accepted that all D.C.'s in arrears for the current year be notified with a request for payment. The invitation of the Leeds D.C. was accepted for the Half-yearly meeting, March 10th and 11th, 1934. A vote of thanks to local friends was moved by Miss Coghlan, seconded Mr. Davies.

The Council took charge of the Services in the afternoon and evening.

A. S. DICKINSON, A.N.S.C., *Sec.*

### NORTH EAST CHESHIRE L.D.C.

Quarterly meeting held at Heaton Norris on the 4th November, the President, Mrs. E. Edwards, in the chair. The President in addressing the meeting with welcome to all, especially Mr. Shuttleworth, the President of the Union.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed, questions re Denton and Hadfield noted.

Letters *re* Hyde and B.S.L.U. Restoration Fund noted. Mr. Shuttleworth then addressed the meeting, giving details of the Union position to date, and the slow progress of the Restoration Fund, requesting that we will all endeavour to make the Founder's Day Effort of Sale of Flowers a great success. The S.N.U. and B.S.L.U. are making strenuous efforts to avoid clashes, and we as Lyceumists will have to realise that when we are old enough we should become Church members.

Vote of thanks by Mr. Dransfield, seconded by Mr. Davies. D. V. report, visits to Macclesfield and Ashton. U.D.C. report by Mr. Davies

Notices of Motion for Annual Meeting received and these will be duly circulated to Lyceums. Note Nomination for Officers will require to be in not later than January 6th.

Discussion on Constitution Revision Report which will be followed up at the next meeting.

R. A. L. MARKHAM, *Sec.*

### THE LONDON L.D.C.

The energetic spirit of Youth was once more demonstrated to its full power at the Armistice Night Dance and Whist Drive held at Holborn Hall, November 11th.

About two hundred Lyceumists and friends representing nearly all Sections of the London Area attended, creating one of the most sociable events of the year.

A pleasing feature of the evening was a visit by Mr. Hannen Swaffer, on several occasions he has thus shown his interest in our work, and London Lyceumists are encouraged by such recognition. Congratulations are due to Mrs. Williams (Social Secretary) and her band of workers, also to the full hearted support given by London Lyceumists for a record evening.

### COVENTRY L.D.C.

Under the auspices of the Coventry and District Lyceum Council, a party of some 40 Lyceumists (representative of 3 Coventry and 1 Rugby Lyceum) conducted the services at the Leamington National Spiritualist Church, Oxford St., on Oct. 8th, with a view to encouraging Leamington to commence a Lyceum.

The afternoon was taken up by short addresses on Lyceum work, preparatory to a massed Lyceum session which was held in the evening, conducted entirely by Lyceumists.

Our Leamington Friends seemed to very much appreciate our efforts, and we hope that the near future will see a new Lyceum opening in this district.

H. B. BUNOUS, *Hon. Sec.*

### MANCHESTER AND SALFORD L.D.C.

Quarterly Meeting, November 4th in the South Manchester Lyceum and Church, Princess Road.

Mr. Green, Vice-President in the Chair.

*Minutes and Correspondence* accepted as read.

Arising therefrom it was agreed to donate £1 to the B.S.L.U. Restoration fund, and hold a Mass Session in the Manchester Progressive Lyceum on Founder's Day, January 28th, 1934, the proceeds of which be forwarded to the same fund.

Applications for Associate members were endorsed, and the Secretary instructed to communicate with the Northwich Lyceum re affiliation fees.

*Reports:* D.V. reports on 10 Lyceums visited brought forth much discussion. It was agreed that District Visiting reports be submitted in writing and that a copy thereof goes to each Lyceum visited.

*Pooling Scheme* report showed continued progress. Socials in Lyceums, a Public Dance, and a Xmas Prize Distribution, being some of the Social features already in hand. There is a Cash Balance of £13 13s. 6d., and substantial returns are anticipated from the aforementioned efforts.

*Sports.* The Annual Sports report showed that, considering the fall in entries, a very successful time had resulted. Income: £3 18s. 8½d., Expenditure £3 16s. 9d. Balance 1s. 11½d.

Moss Side Lyceum were successful in gaining the highest points and win the certificate.

Reports of the Annual Ramble and of Liverpool L.D.C. were given and all reports adopted.

In Open Council the question of reports in the Lyceum Banner was introduced pointing out the failure of publication thereof. After discussion it was agreed that the matter be dealt with by the Lyceums individually.

A vote of thanks was passed for the local hospitality and the meeting closed.

A. G. M. Moston Lyceum Feb. 3rd, 1934.

Massed Session Manchester Prog. Lyceum, Jan; 28th, 1934.

J. TAYLOR, A.N.S.C. *Sec.*

### LIVERPOOL L.D.C. MASSED SESSION.

At the Runcorn National Spiritualists' Church on Sunday, October the 29th at 2-30 p.m. the following Lyceums assembled to take part in the Annual Massed session organized by the L.D.C.—Chester, Wigan, St. Helens, Warrington, Runcorn, Daulby, Liverpool and the Temple of Light, Liverpool. Although only a hundred members present, a bright, happy and harmonious session was enjoyed.

At the commencement of the Session, Mr. Mack, the conductor, handed to three Lyceumists three questions in envelopes, which he explained were not to be opened until he gave permission, when that was given, each one of the three would be allowed one minute to speak on the question, and five minutes on each for general discussion.

This idea proved very successful and added vim to the session. Individual items were enjoyed.

The 6-30 p.m. service was taken by three members of the L.D.C. They were Mrs. George of Liverpool, Mrs. Clitheroe of Wigan and Mr. Owen Jones of Warrington,

Miss Gladys Owen, of Liverpool, sang two solos.

CHAS. N. DIXON, A.N.S.C.

### THE M.C. AT LONDON.

On Oct. 7th and 8th, the M.C. of the Union met in London. The meeting was presided over by the President, and opened up with a presentation to him, by the Vice-President, of a specially bound and engraved Manual, followed by the usual singing of the Presidential Role.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted. Mrs. George in her report stated that the Restoration Fund at the present time showed a total income of £36. 3s. 3d., and outlined a scheme for Flower Day, which was accepted by the M.C., and to which the individual members pledged their full support.

In presenting the General Report the Secretary stated that Fees paid up to date were £136 9s., No. of Lyceums, 258, No. of Lyceumists, 10,950. He also reported several Lyceums had not yet paid fees or made returns for 1933, but the same would be circularised with a reminder letter after the Meeting. Our Overseas position has considerably weakened during the past few years. In 1925 we had 10 Lyceums, and 672 Lyceumists, while in 1932 the figures had dropped to 4 Lyceums and 154 Lyceumists. It was agreed that a quarterly news letter should be sent to all Overseas Lyceums to try to stimulate an interest in the Union. It was also agreed since we had terminated our affiliation to the I.S.F. to become subscribing members.

The Bye-Election in Area E. has resulted as follows: Mr. Charnley, 100. Mr. Dickenson, 41. Mr. Raiton, 39. Mr. Taylor, 62. Mr. Thompson, 37. Mrs. Rothwell, 131. Mrs. Rothwell was declared elected to the vacancy on the M.C.

Applications for membership were endorsed from Easington Colliery, Edwinstowe, Monkwearmouth, Calgary 1st National.

In presenting the BANNER report the Editor stressed the fact that we can now claim to be among the outstanding monthlies of Spiritualism, and emphasised the pressing need for a huge circulation drive all over the country.

The Publishing report showed a slight general decrease in sales in our Publishing Department. The Sales of our Education Handbooks had dropped practically 50%. The Secretary pressed the need for pushing the sales of the new O.G.P. and O.G.R.

The Ainsworth Home of Rest showed 15 cases have passed through our books in 1933, the total cost of treatment to date being £46 13s. 7d.

In the Guild Report Miss Halliday suggested that all Lyceums having three or more Guild members shall pay an annual Continuation Fee of 2s. 6d., but that for other Lyceums the Continuation Fee shall be 1s. per senior, and 3d. per junior member. The M.C. agreed to accept Miss Halliday's recommendations.

The S.N.U., E.C. Representative expressed the need for a fuller recognition of the place and purpose of the Lyceum within the larger field of the General Movement of Spiritualism, since we as an Organisation are laying the Basic Foundations of the Spiritualist Workers of the Future. The Education Report was presented by R. W. Marks. The outline of a New Kindergarten Scheme compiled by Miss Lawton was before the M.C. for consideration, but it was agreed to defer discussion until the January Meeting.

The compilation of the Conference Minutes was delegated to the Finance Committee. Mr. Guy, of Southampton, was authorised to draw up Founders' Day Programme for the January BANNER.

The Meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to our London friends for their hospitality during the week-end.

JAMES NORBURY, Gen. Sec.

## AROUND OUR LYCEUMS.

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

**ACCRINGTON.**—Nov. 12th, Open Session, conducted by Miss E. Tabiner. Pearls were given by the Lyceum scholars. Recitations were rendered by Bessie Bartlett, Miss Tabiner, Nellie Woodhead, Joan De Arcy, Irene Heap, Pearl Richmond.—Mrs. Glover, Sec.

**ACCRINGTON,** Pearl St.—On Nov. 11th we held a memorial service for Master Jack Challoner, aged 14, he passed to the Higher Life on Sat., Nov. 3rd. Mr. Will Edwards, D.N.U., gave a most helpful address which we all felt sure would bring comfort and consolation to his family. Jack was a very promising scholar and one of our Guardians. The schoolroom was beautifully decorated with flowers.—J. T. Nussey, Sec.

**BACUP Progressive Lyceum.**—Peace Sunday: Special Session Nov. 12th. Solos: Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Halsall, Mr. Shaw, Miss Dorris Clayburn, Mary McKenna, Gladys Holmes. Duet Mrs. Carter and H. Salts.—S. Carter, A.N.S.C., Sec.

**BARNSLEY,** Grange St.—Oct. 29th, Open Session, conductor, Mrs. Fisher, we had a good number present who witnessed a Naming Ceremony of the son of Mr. and Mrs. Stott, Melvin, spiritual name, Goodness, the service was conducted by our Conductor, Mrs. Fisher.—Mrs. Newman.

**BIRKENHEAD.**—The Lyceum took the Church Services on 29th Oct. The afternoon taking form of Open Session, in the evening Service of Song. Our Conductor, Mr. Robb, taking the Reading. Both services well attended and successful.—Wm. Kneale, Sec.

**BLACKPOOL.**—"The philosophy of spiritualism is the most ennobling and broadening that it is possible to imagine." This statement was made by Mr. W. H. Lote, the president, in opening a successful "at home," on Nov. 18th, in connection with the National Spiritualist Church, Albert-road, Blackpool.

The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Lote. During the evening there was a programme of songs, recitations and games the following taking part: Fred Long, Edward Walsh, Albert Bates, Frank Webster, Lily Kenyon, Jane Nutter, Lily Driver and Edward Webster. Miss N. Bates was the accompanist.

**CALGARY.**—On Sept. 24th, the Sunday evening meeting of the 1st Spiritualist Church, Calgary, Canada, was taken over by the Lyceum movement. Considerable interest was shown by the number of people present. The meeting was presided over by our worthy conductor, Mrs. Rushton.

Two very new Lyceumists were welcomed into the ranks, in the twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. Collette. The naming ceremony being performed by Rev. A. Eshelby, they receiving the spirit names of Victor and Forward.—E. Poyser, Sec.

**CHESTERFIELD.**—Open Session, Nov. 5th. During the session we had the pleasure of listening to items given by the following Lyceumists: Audrey, Norman, Kathleen and Eveline Clements; Mervyn, Glyn and Irene Cowell; Joan and Jimmy Rippon; Irene and Harold Hobster; Joyce Adams; Shirley Widdowson; Betty Bennett; Arthur Marshall; Joy Hall.—S. Hobster, Sess. Sec.

**DONCASTER,** Catherine St.—We held our open session Nov. 5th, which was conducted by Mr. Trout. Marching and callisthenics were followed by pearls and recitations, all Lyceumists taking an active part.—Mrs. Webb, Sec.

**DURHAM.**—Oct. 22nd an enjoyable session spent. Evening Service, Mr. Colbourn presented certificates to nine successful candidates of the B.S.L.U. Examination. Lyceum song rendered by Miss Byrne.—F. G. Walters, Sec.

**EARBY,** Greenend Avenue.—Open Session Nov. 5th, 1933. Songs and recitation were well given by E. Hancock, K. Hodgkinson, K. Hancock, E. Fox, D. Clough, T. Hancock, J. Hancock, R. Hancock, George Morby, Mrs. Millican, Mrs. Rimmington, A. G. Morby, Mr. W. Millican, W. Hancock.—A. G. Morby, Sec.

**HOLLINWOOD,** Byron St.—Election of officers, Conductor and Marching conductor: Mr. Bayliffe; Assistant conductors: Elsie Mellor and Bernard Frost; Treasurer: Mr. W. Naden; Secretary: Miss J. Fairbotham; Leaders: May Preston, Ronald Nuttall, Delegates: Mr. Schofield and Miss Froggatt; Musical conductor: Miss Snape; Guards: Vera Naden and Ronald Nuttall; Guardians: Miss Froggatt and Mr. Schofield; Librarians: Miss M. Wood and Harry Chadderton; Sick visitor: Mr. A. Taylor; Auditors: Mrs. Chadderton and Mr. Bayliffe; Choir-master: Mr. V. Slater.—J. Fairbotham, Sec.

**HORWICH.**—Oct. 21st we held a social for the presentation of Medallions to Lyceums from the Shield. The Bolton Lyceum District Council executive were present, and the President Mr. Charnley made the presentation, all Lyceums were represented and every one spent a pleasant evening.—Mrs. Giles, Sec.

**HYDE,** George St.—On Nov. 11th we held an Armistice Reunion tea party, also before tea we held a short service, our Queen placing a wreath in the church in respect to the fallen. In the evening we had community singing and a Male Voice Choir. Miss Lowe rendered three solos.—Magretta Mather.

**LANCASTER,** Bulk Rd.—Open Session on Nov. 5th. Items were given by R. Dennison, K. Jennings, I. Partridge, E. Lake, E. Marsden, R. Walker, A. Eddleton and S. Dobson.—M. Bouskill, Sec.

**LEICESTER,** Liberty Progressive.—The Remembrance Service was held on the 12th, and it was explained to the Lyceum what it really means. At the evening service, which was taken by the Conductor (Mrs. Thwaites), the Liberty Group sang special hymns from the Manual, and the roll of honour was read. There were many beautiful flowers which had been brought by the children and adults.—Thomas Kenney, Sec.

**MANCHESTER,** Maskell St.—Open Session Nov. 19th. A special feature was the presentation of the B.S.L.U. Education Certificates, won by our Members. Mr. T. Taylor (Sec. M. and S.L.D.C.) presented same to Messrs J. Ashworth, W. Skelton, R. Skelton, Masters D. Green, S. Ashworth and B. Sharp. Misses D. Greenwood, J. D. Ford and H. Roberts. Solos, Recitations and Pianoforte Solos were rendered very ably by our Lyceumists.—S. Sharp, Sec.

**MIDDLESBROUGH,** Grange Rd.—Sunday 29th October, our Life-Conductor Mr. C. H. Roeder presented a fireside chair to Mrs. Miller (Kit Gibson) as a wedding present on behalf of the Lyceum. Mrs. Miller suitably responded.—Edith Nellist, Sec.

**PORTSMOUTH,** Temple.—Nov. 5th, Open Session, conducted by Mrs. Chambers. Mr. Ella, speaker for the day, gave an interesting address. Items rendered by Peggy Taylor, Sylvia Durman, Joan Hutchins, Freda Tuffery, June and Joan Peters, Joyce Moule, Vera Chambers, Roy Wiggins, Raymond Cox, Oliver Tuffery, Bernard Noule, Mrs. Milne and Mr. Harrison.—F. Moule, Sec.

**N. S. LYCEUM,** Preston St.—Open Session, held in Oct. conducted by Miss Deelay. Recitations were given by Nellie Deelay, Madge Watson, Edna Moss, Jessie Hackitt, Joyce Woodward, Harry Watson, Leslie Thornton. Readings by Mrs. Moss, Rita Hackitt, Wilfred Fenton and Billy Warner.—Mrs. Donkin, Sec.

**ROCHDALE,** Halliwell St.—Lyceum Anniversary Oct. 8th. Pearls Recitations and Solos rendered by Lyceumists and friends. Address and Prize Distribution by Mr. Bentley.—H. Johnson, Sec.

**SCUNTHORPE.**—Nov. 11th, 12th and 13th was Lyceum week-end conducted by Mrs. Barker of Shellow. A spiritual time for all. We had good congregations.—Ivy Sprakes, Sec.

**SHEFFIELD,** Attercliffe.—Councillor J. Cobley gave us a most interesting address on "Peace" on the occasion of the Massed Open Peace Session on November 12th. Mr. G. Armistage presided, and on behalf of the Lyceum reciprocated greetings from Darnall, Parkgate and Lincoln.—James le Noury, G.N.S.C.

**SHEFFIELD,** Heeley Woodseats.—Open Session Nov. 5th conducted by Mr. L. Grant. The following Children gave items: Mavis, Joyce, and Audrey Fox, Joan Morgan, Jean Grant, Ronald Yellops, Robert Yellops, Arthur Bendelow, Edwin Rawson, and Leslie Rawson.—L. Grant, Sec.

**SHILDON.**—We had a happy event at our Lyceum on Nov. 12th, 1933, when Mr. John Riley named the Child of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall. Earthly name Irene, spirit name Solar.—J. W. Kendall, Sec.

**SHIPLEY,** Progressive.—Open Session, Sunday Nov. 5th, conductor for the day Mr. Hollings. The following took part in Open Session, Recitations by Mary, Leslie and Edna Bower, Nellie Hutchinson. Pianoforte Selection by Betty Barnard. Making an enjoyable Session.—E. H. Coles, Sec.

**DEWSBURY.**—Open Session, Oct. 29th, Mrs. Greenwood was conductor for the day, pearls were given by D. Dunn, K. Stott, C. Greenwood, H. Gregory, L. Wightman and Miss E. Stott, A. Hollings Mrs. Shackleton, C. Hirst, L. Gregory and V. Hartley.—Mrs. Hartley, Sec.

**WINNIPEG,** Canada.—On Nov. 5th the first Spiritualist Church Lyceum held their open session. Pearls, solos, recitations, readings, etc., were given by: Mrs. Knox, Francis Pearson, Edith Nichols, Eileen Nichols, Miss Anderson, Daisy Knox, Hazel Dale, Gordon Fairbairn, Mr. Knox, Mr. Pearson, Frank Pearson, Harry Towns, Fred Nichols, Mr. Forrest, Mr. Sander-son.—Harry Towns, Sec.